

RAN OUT OF  
NEWSPAPERS...



hot shit 14

railroad station, and the truck was marked "Garbage and Mail." That's hardship, when your mail gets delivered from the garbage truck.

Pulling out of Winnipeg, at night, there was a sharp grinding sound and the train stopped suddenly, only to start up again soon after. It wasn't until the next day that a fellow I met in the bar car told me that we had side-swiped another train that night. Nothing serious. He'd heard it over the trainmen's walkie-talkies. They never told us. The next night, we felt the same jerk and sudden stop. We thought nothing had happened, but when the sun came up we found that the train had hit a mudslide and the first two engines had fallen down an 80-foot slope into the North Thompson River. That was our introduction to Beautiful British Columbia. We went the rest of the way through Beautiful B.C. by bus.

I'm going to save all the stuff about Vancouver, which I have recently been told has the second largest opium-addict population in North America, for my Major Treatise in Mike & Susan Glicksohn's fanzine. You'll have to look there.

Before riding a bus full of weird old men down the coast to San Francisco, I stopped off in Seattle to see FM & Elinor Busby. Unfortunately, the little cold I had picked up in Vancouver grew up in Seattle, so I snuffled and dripped my way through many pleasant conversations with Buz & Elinor. They are both happy and wonderful, and I like their city very much. There were lots of dogwood trees in bloom on the University of Washington campus, which I walked around. It made me feel just like a student again.

Time marches on. And with it, or perhaps a little behind it, lying at occasional intervals along the path of history, comes HOT SHIT. If you count the little piles (unless you are canine, you are excused from doing this by smell alone), you'll find that this is the 14th issue of HOT SHIT, The Housebroken Fanzine. This publication issues as always from the white-hot typewriters of Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry, of the well-known San Francisco firm of Berry & Demmon, Unlimited. It is Monday, April 17, 1972, in the City By The Bay. Don't take any wooden shit.

WHOLESONE • HEALTHFUL • NOURISHING

MORE COMET TALES: When we last left our hero, he was adrift in the mighty Prairies of Western Canada, aboard Canadian National's "Supercontinental." The "Supercontinental" is also the "Local" for all the little three-shack communities along the tracks in the forests of western Ontario. As I said before, I'm going to write this stuff up in more depth for Another Fanzine, so this is just the crème de la crème (or "sediment"). I got a glimpse of what it must be like to be a Pioneer when, in Armstrong, I spied a truck speeding away from the

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS . . .

ALVA ROGERS :: "Los Angeles has, or did have when they were using trolleys, a subway with a terminal at 5th & Hill, I believe it was. The subway was quite long and was used by the northern LA area and Hollywood cars. (The building is still there, & once in a while some rich society types hold gala affairs in what's left of the tunnel beneath.--cd) /

"I wouldn't apologize for your enthusiasm for Chandler, Cal. I've been reading Chandler for over thirty years and I'm still as enthusiastic about him as I was when I first discovered him. Not long ago I re-read for the umpty-umpty time The Big Sleep, I just finished Farewell, My Lovely, and am now part way through The High Window. I find that once I start re-reading a Philip Marlowe novel that one leads to another, and then another, until I've re-read them all. If you can find a copy you might glom onto the book Raymond Chandler Speaking which is a collection of his letters plus a couple of short stories and the opening chapter of the Marlowe novel he started just before he died. I knew Chandler slightly in the late forties and he was a very pleasant gentleman."

GREG SHAW :: "I just found out that there's a Hawaiian scheming to get our house. When we first moved in here somebody always used to call our landlord and complain that we had a hairy mop-headed rock band hanging out here playing obnoxious music til all hours. We didn't find out til he moved away that the man across the street was responsible, the same man who used to blast the neighborhood awake at 6:00 every Sunday morning with Hawaiian steel guitar music played at full volume on a very powerful hi-fi set. Now that he's moved away, he's got the lady up the street, who's his wife's sister's best friend, making the calls. That's why sometimes we wake up mornings to find the landlady prowling through the front yard, looking for some hippie commune that was allegedly camping out there."

WAHF: George Clayton Johnson

AVRAM DAVIDSON: "You may just possibly remember that a couple of years ago there were Student Revolutions going on, with kids eagerly seizing an excuse not to crack their books, it being more fun to rampage around the campus yelling 'Burn it down!' Well, the Establishment at UCI came out on a balcony and, nervously twisting its necktie, said, 'Don't burn it down, boys and girl, we don't do that sort of thing here in Awrnj County, and as a reward we will allow yiz to appoint two % of the faculty on one year appointments without tenure.' The students cheered and used their matches to light their cigarettes. Well, somehow or other I was invited to apply for one of these appointments by a Student Group. I drew up a class program entitled Aspects of Unhistory and wrote to about a million people to send letters on my behalf. The Associated Students at UCI met in secret conclave on the 4th Feb. It was so secret that they haven't to this day gotten around to notifying me about the result. (Besides, they are busy organizing a nose-picking contest.) However, Grania told me that Jim Benford told her that Greg Benford told him that an associated student told him that 'Owing to a cut-back in funds they decided only to appoint five people for one term each, and Avram Davidson came in sixth.' So much for student revolution, and they can now all go back to wearing their Doctor Dentons again, the little fuckers."

NORM CLARKE:: "Your eldest son calls you 'Calvin'? That's shocking. You ought to insist that he address you respectfully as 'Biff.' Seriously, though, now that you've recovered from that thigh-slapper, I enjoy reading quotes, etc., from your kids (even though Casson doesn't say much). It makes me think of the days when Gina and I were publishing giants and I filled our pages with Cute Kiddy Stories. Donaho accused me of founding "brat fandom." Who the fuck is Bill Donaho, anyway? I can't go on."

PALO ALTO NIGHTS: Our usual prime-time feature is supplanted tonight by this special report. Since getting back to the Bay Area, I've seen all sorts of unusually-sliced life on my days spent in Palo Alto. (This, you may recall, is the home of the Leland Stanford Junior University, Organized 1891.) Last week Spiro Agnew came to town, to be greeted by the Republican Party inside and by a lot of other people outside the Cabana Hyatt House. The Republican Party greeted the Vice President with money. They had to do this early in the day, however, because Mr. Agnew hurriedly changed his plans and was long gone when everybody else assembled to meet him that evening. There was the usual rally and march along El Camino Real, although it was the most spirited political rally I've seen in a couple of years. After the body of demonstrators had marched off down El Camino, a few of us started picking up the leaflets and other trash that was scattered across the road, as usual. There was a cordon of helmeted police around the Hyatt House, and the road was blocked off. Someone had started piling trash in the center of the street, so we continued to pile it there, then we put a small park bench on the pile so the wind wouldn't blow it all away again. As we started to leave, a burly policeman, probably of some rank, called me over. "You gotta get that bench out of there; the cars will hit it," he said. This seemed reasonable, but I explained that we'd need a trash barrel in that case to put the trash in. Where was the nearest trash barrel, I asked. "Just get that bench out of there," he said. Then, while we were talking, six cops marched in a double file out of their cordon, and while two of them took the park bench away, the other four proceeded to kick the trash all over the street. Two girls who had been helping to clean up got very mad, as a white layer of paper spread over El Camino Real. I stared awhile, then turned around and left.

The other memorable Palo Alto Night was last Friday, when I went to a house-warming party at the house Tom Goodhue has moved into. All the people in it used to live in Columbae House at Stanford, and hordes of current and old Columbae residents showed up for the party. There were lots of interesting and unique people there, and with lots of cheap wine and terrible beer there were soon a lot of jumping, noise-making bodies. Someone brought little pink flowers as gifts for each resident of the house, and so the house was christened, at least by some, "The House of the Pink Flower." In any case, everyone agreed that the house had been well warmed.

NORTH BEACH NIGHTS: Well, I had one of those too. Like most such, it started in the Old Spaghetti Factory, where they seat you at big tables with random other people. This week's random people turned out to be a young, fairly straight man and his mother with bad eyesight. We got talking by the end of the meal, and as we were members of different generations we argued in the American Way. It seems inevitable. We thoroughly enjoyed it, though, and they offered to drive me home. We stopped off on the way at their home, which is posh and has a ridiculously nice view of the Bay, and they showed me the mother's paintings. She is an artist, and a prolific one. This doesn't seem to detach her from an essentially complacent view of life. They recommended some books to me, and I think the whole reason they invited me over was their shock that I would respond by whipping out a pen and paper and ask the names of the books. North Beach Nights has struck again.

CODA: It seems my coeditor has filled his pages with unborn eggs this time, so I've had to supply you with all the original wit for which we've become famous. But I've been told that our Staff Artist, Mr. Canfield, is going to have a rider with us this time, so our quotient of brilliance will be filled after all. That's all, folks.

LETTERS . . .

LES GERBER, who is the only person who seems to understand what I meant about "waking dream humor," but that's okay, writes: "Here is an authentic sample of waking dream humor which just happened to me about an hour ago. The background you need is that this morning I came back from the post office, smiling, and woke Sandi up very cheerily, telling her we'd received a big load of money in the mail. She said sleepily (otherwise she'd never have said such a dumb thing) that there was nothing like money to make me wake up happy. I told her no, there's something better, and left it at that. Well, I took a nap this afternoon. After Sandi woke me up (just plain waking up) I lay around in bed for a while in a half-waking state and suddenly the flash hit me. I saw myself asleep in the bed. Sandi was lying beside me, completely nude, holding over me a long pole like a fishing rod with a big bundle of money dangling from the end. And she was saying, 'Wake up, Les. Wake up.'"

JIM BENFORD :: "The enclosed material is being returned to you because of insufficient karmic content."

AVRAM DAVIDSON :: "You didn't tell us what Cass said the day after saying his first sentence, or 'More date,' but I bet it was, 'Remember date?' I would write more but the man I am trying to currently cozen into being my agent keeps writing things like, 'Stop being so goddam fey and whimsical,' so I have to stop. Love and kisses, Fey N. Whimsical."

RAY NELSON :: Mr. Nelson sent us two memberships in the Berkeley Plastic Men.

TERRY HUGHES :: (These are selected excerpts from six letters:) "29, eh? Gee it seems like only last year when you were 28. You still write pretty good for an old fart.

Thank you very much for your phone call. It was just like a copy of Hot Shit, only oral.

Alice Sanvito wrote me recently and asked whether I read Hot Shit (page numbers) 1,2,3,4 or 1,3,2,4. I told her 1,2,3,4 and she said she reads it 1,3,2,4. She said she was going crazy worrying about it. She was probably a very nice girl until Chris Couch introduced her to fandom.

I'm glad you have stopped smoking. A friend of mine was smoking lots of cigarettes. He stopped smoking lots of cigarettes by smoking lots of joints. He stopped smoking lots of joints by dropping lots of acid. He stopped dropping lots of acid by smoking lots of cigarettes. Then he got arrested. Today he is the assistant manager of a drive-in restaurant that is going out of business."

There are some more letters around here. Also Terry Carr sent us a newspaper clipping about Toad Wars. He said he'd been saving it for six years.

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CABBAGE PEE-PEE

FROM: Berry, 625 Scott, #607  
San Francisco, CA. 94117  
&: Demmon, 371 - 21st Ave.  
San Francisco, CA. 94121

## Butcher

(Continued from Page 1)

resent" his performance as a butcher. It showed a piece of meat with a large insect on it, indicating he was not concerned with health and cleanliness.

He claims "fraud and deceit" were used in getting him to act in the film.

(thanx: Jonh  
Ingham)

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Sorry, kids, Cowboy Bob won't be with us this week, having been incarcerated for crimes against the person of a young boychild, so we reluctantly present alternate programming in the form of Grant's GAS-GRAM #1, another HOT SHIT rider. GAS-GRAM is written & directed by me, Grant Canfield, 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117. Some of you may know me as the peerless Hugo-nominated fan artist, but sometimes I get sick of the endless round of cocktail parties we Famous Artists have to endure, so I flex my typing finger to bring you GAS-GRAM, which is, mainly, words. Don't blame Calvin & John, as they are Innocent. Costuming by Edith Head.

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**POETRY CORNER:** In an effort to establish GAS-GRAM as a publication with redeeming social merit, we present a poem by Louis Silverfield, self-styled Poet Laureate of San Francisco. Mr. Silverfield is a charming septuagenarian who publishes his poems on post cards which he sells on the street corners and in the sandwich shops of San Francisco at 25¢ a crack. It's a living, I suppose. With no further ado, Alcatraz, by Louis Silverfield, copyright 1972.

There's no more jazz on Alcatraz--  
No more trombone for Al Capone;  
No more piano for Luciano.  
No more cell blocks--gates of Hell;  
No more waiting for the dinner bell.  
The tom-toms of Indians are heard no more;  
Only shrieking seagulls, by the score.

**MEDICAL REPORT:** I was having chest pains, see, so naturally I thought it was a heart attack. Cathy called an ambulance. By the time it arrived, the sensations had subsided, so I felt rather silly lying strapped down to a stretcher for a 6-block ride to Kaiser Hospital. Upon arrival, Cathy was left in the Waiting Room and I was taken to a 3-bed examining room. On my left, on the other side of the curtain, was an unfortunate individual receiving an up-nose-down-throat rubber tube, surely the most heinous torture in Medicine's black bag. On my right was an old black wino with a bad case of bleeding hemorrhoids. An intern came in to stick his rubber-gloved finger up this guy's ass, eliciting a shriek of agony. (Cathy, sitting in the Waiting Room not knowing what was happening to me, said that scream caused her, and everyone else in the Waiting Room, to bolt out of their chairs.) Finally another intern came in to examine me. After an EKG said my heart was OK, he eventually diagnosed my trouble as....gas.

I was very embarrassed.

Subsequent examination (and I am here to tell you that they have improved the flavor of the Barium they make you drink for an Upper GI series of X-Rays tremendously in recent years) indicated that my gas (or hyperacidity and acute heartburn, if you will) is caused by a small hiatus hernia. This condition, wherein a small fold of the stomach sticks up into the diaphragm muscle, is evidently present in about 20% of the population at large. There's nothing that can be done for it, except to take antacid when it flares up, and bite on a bullet.

This malady has given me the title for this rider: GAS-GRAM. Which is the only reason I bring it up in the first place. Now you may think gas is pretty funny--Jewish Father jokes, and like that--but it's pretty goddamn uncomfortable, even painful, and I don't think it's anything but cruel and inhumane to laugh at someone in pain, so consider yourself properly chastised.

It's a terrible, terrible thing when your body begins to turn traitor on you.

**STREET THEATRE:** San Francisco, of course, with its assortment of dwarves & winos and freaks of all descriptions, is World Headquarters for bizarre street theatre. Street musicians are a diverting recent addition to the Scene, ranging from your standard crew of folk guitarists and dulcimerists to a burrheaded blind guy who plays a toy piano like Shroeder's and sings ballads like Danny Boy

at the top of his lungs. A new group in Union Square is a black percussion trio: one dude on snares & cymbal & cowbell, one on congas, and one flutist. They're pretty good, so on the day of their debut they had attracted a healthy crowd. Along came this decrepit, emaciated, dirt-encrusted wino (a San Francisco staple), and he began to dance on the sidewalk in front of the ensemble. First he took off his hat. Then he took off his coat. Then he took off his shirt, such as it was. As he danced, his torn trousers slipped down around his knees, exposing a disgustingly soiled pair of yellowing boxer shorts. It looked like he might go "all the way", as they say down in the Tenderloin, but he evidently came to what was left of his senses. Amidst scattered nervous applause, he picked up his clothing and sauntered away. I crossed the street and was accosted by a Jesus Freak. I knew he was a Jesus Freak because he said to me, "Hi, I'm a Jesus Freak." He wanted to know if I had met Jesus. I said I didn't actually know Him personally, but I had seen Him hanging around over in North Beach. He thought that was pretty funny. He told me Jesus is coming back again, very soon. Before I die, as a matter of fact.

Well, that's San Francisco!

**SKINNY JOKES:** My good friend Robert "Snake" Hays of Detroit is one of the world's six skinniest men. I can't recall the other five. Herewith, in his honor, are as many of the skinny jokes as I can remember from our days together at Washington University in St. Louis. Robert "Snake" Hays, This Is Your Life!

Snake is so skinny he has to tie his legs in knots to make knees.

Snake is so skinny he has to strap a board across his ass to keep from falling down a soda straw.

Snake is so skinny he has to pass a place twice to cast a shadow.

Snake is so skinny when he sticks out his tongue and stands sideways he looks like a zipper.

Snake is so skinny when he takes a shower he looks like a wet hard-on.

Snake is so skinny his pyjamas only have one stripe.

If any one out there in Mailing List Land can think of any more skinny jokes, please send them to me, so I can spring them on the Snake.

**WORK IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD:** It's not my fault, I'm a pretty fair architectural draftsman--it's just that Business was bad. I've been laid off. Curiously, this doesn't upset me as much as perhaps it should, because I didn't particularly like my job anyway. Every one of the people I worked with is a Senior-Grade Prick! Monday I'll truck on down to the Unemployment Place and put in my chit for 75 tax-free dollars a week, not bad! Mr. Berry & Mr. Demmon insist that if I wuz smart I'd stay on Unemployment like indefinitely. Unfortunately I was inoculated at an early age with the Puritan Ethic, and besides I want to buy a car. So I'll be looking for another full-time job. In my heart of hearts, however, I kinda sorta hope I don't find one for a while at least.

**THE COMMERCIAL:** What I really want to be, see, is a Cartoonist--specifically, a gag cartoonist, although eventually, of course, I wouldn't mind having a successful syndicated strip. Gag cartoons are those single-panel (usually), black-&-white (usually), captioned (usually) cartoons like in the back pages of PLAYBOY. For me thinking of the ideas (the "gags") is the hardest part. So it occurs to me to enlist the aid of the Funny Persons on the Mailing List as my personal gagwriters. If you think of an idea for a cartoon, write it down and send it to me. If I use it, and if the subsequent cartoon sells to a professional magazine market, I'll pay you the standard gagwriter's commission of 25%. Riches can be yours! For instance, PLAYBOY, the top market, pays \$300 and up for a B&W cartoon--of course, I've yet to hit PLAYBOY. I have made sales recently to LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE, GIRL TALK MAGAZINE, GENT, NUGGET, and THE SWINGER--these last three being raunchy tit mags.

Believe me, I've no direction to go in this endeavor but Up. Please help.

**THANKS:** For tuning in to GAS-GRAM. Maybe I'll do this again some time.....