

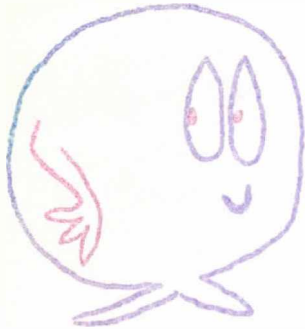
☆SKOAN☆



SILVERDRUM PRESS - 1961

AN INTRODUCTION INTO THE THEORY & PRACTICE OF
SKOANA

The purpose of this editorial, or whatever you wish to call it, is to introduce you to the editor of this highly-regarded (by us) new fanzine. Bob Lichtman has advised us that such an editorial is necessary. It seems to us like so much space wasted, but who are we to argue with a BNF (Big Name Fan)? Nobody, that's who we are.



Let it be said right here and now that it is not the purpose of this editorial to persuade you that we exist. The folly of such endeavors has been proven to us graphically (whatever that means) in the past. We were a member (or rather, $\frac{1}{2}$ a member) of the Carbon Reproduced Amateur Press (fondly known to the membership as the CRAP) for several months before most of the members believed in us (the suckers!). At any rate, we cannot persuade you to believe in us with mere words. Many people, in fact,

have expressed disbelief even after seeing us, but they weren't very nice people anyway.

Okay. Anyway, the burning question in your minds at the present is probably, "Who are We?" or perhaps even, "Who is We?", "we" referring to us, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. Right. Well, we are an eighteen-year-old former college student (now junior college student), rather large for our size, who wears glasses. Any other personal details about us will have to be gleaned from the contents of this Bright New Fanzine. We are rather reluctant to give out even this much information. We give our age only so that those of you who recognize our work as having Great Merit will not place us in the age bracket of, say, Hemingway or Dos Passos. We would not fool you, under any circumstances.

We have really just about gone the limit by telling you our age and condition of eyesight. Consequently, we shall not waste a lot of time explaining the title of our fanzine to you. The title of our fanzine was recently the title of our narrow-circulation newsletter, which was sent mainly to nonfans while we were living in Berkeley and attending the University of California. We were hardpressed for a title, and the derivation of this one is extremely esoteric. We would blanch at the thought of having to explain it in all of its ramifications to anyone; in fact, we doubt if we could. So there. A title serves no purpose, really, anyway, does it? It soon becomes a part of the total gestalt (ahahahahahaha!) of the magazine, right? So call us some kind of a nut if you wish, but do not press us about our title. Okay.

And so. We are presently attending El Camino College, which is in Torrance, California, more or less. Last semester we were at the

This is *SKOAN*, Vol II No. 1 Whole Number 11, published by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood 3, California. Trades and letters of comment encouraged. Subscription rates: \$1.00 domestic, \$1.50 foreign. Per issue. Subscriptions discouraged. You are receiving this fanzine because you are on our mailing list. Stay on it! Send trades! Cover by ATom courtesy Bob Lichtman.

University of California in Berkeley, and it was a panic being there, but due to unforeseen circumstances (not flunking out; we didn't) (and we) we were unable to return. While there, however, we met many fine Berkeley fans. For one thing, there was our good buddy (at this writing) Jerry Knight, with whom we roomed. Then there were the Gars, and Ron Bilik, and Bill Donako, and Dave Rike....and many others. Too numerous to mention. We shan't mention them.

We should probably mention, however, Bob Lichtman. Bob Lichtman is the one who has given us the encouragement to Publish, mainly by letting us use his ditto machine on more than one occasion. He has also been our good friend for at least three years, and our acquaintance for many more (the friendly years have been the latter)(we knew Bob Lichtman when he was a freshman in high school and he wrote dirty poems in algebra class). Bob Lichtman is a BNF (Big Name Fan), and we honestly appreciate his generosity. But this is not the Bob Lichtman Appreciation Fanzine, and we shall leave egoboo for Bob at that.

Anyone who is interested can find our name close to the bottom on the FAPA, SAPS, and Cult waitlists, we think. We have received postcard acknowledgement from Dick Iney that we are on the SAPS waitlist, but other than that, nothing from any of these. Perhaps 'tis because they all have our Berkeley address....

This column subscribes to TIME, F&SF, and the humour magazine of the University of California, THE CALIFORNIA PELICAN, and buys NUTTY MAD (though this magazine has degenerated terrifically recently; we buy it mainly because we are somewhat of a MAD completist), GALAXY, and an occasional NEW YORKER. We have several dollars in a Berkeley Bank Account, and we must remember to write up There and get it out. This is a reminder to ourselves. Get on the stick, Demmon!

Any illustrations found herein are probably by either Wm. Rotalar or Biff Demmon, unless they are clearly by someone else. Bob Lichtman has promised to supply us with some illustrations, but as yet they are of indeterminate origin. It may be amusing for some of you to see if you can guess who drew what. Ahahahahahaha!

All writing in this issue is for sure by us. We have decided to go it Alone for our first break into fanzine publishing, unless we give Lichtman a free page or so. We are not averse to doing so, either. It all depends on how things shape up when we take this over to be run off on the giant Silverdrum Press.

There is no table of contents in *SKOAN*. There are no atheists in Hell.

Does anyone in the audience like Lima Beans as much as does Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon? If so, we are kindred spirits, and you should write to us at once!

Readers' contributions to *SKOAN* are faunched for, in an offhanded sort of manner. However, due to the unpredictable temperment of the editor, it is suggested that those who would write long histories of fandom (or of anything, for that matter) signify this plainly on the mailing envelope, so we may deal with such material according to the Mood of the Day. We feel, and apparently we are in a startlingly small minority, that enough accounts of fannish happenings are published each week to satisfy the most acti of actifen, and that these pages should be reserved for us! Ahahahaahahaha! This selfish atti-
(cont. P. 6)

A STORY FOR CHILDREN (of all ages if we may be so bold) by BIFF

INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE THE PRETTY ADDAMS GIRL

Once upon a time there was a shy young lad named Leonard. He had dark, wavy hair, a slight build, and a dog named Butch. Butch had short, curly hair and a powerful physique. Butch was a reconstituted bulldog.

One day Butch and Leonard were walking in the woods. Butch had a collar around his fat neck. There was a chain attached to the collar. Leonard was holding the end of the chain. As they walked along, Butch suddenly snarled.

After they got home, Leonard ate dinner. Then he took Butch out to the dog house to tie him up for the evening. It was very dark. Leonard was afraid of the dark, being only a young lad and inexperienced in the ways of Night. He whistled nervously as he walked Butch to the dog house. Suddenly, behind him, he heard footsteps crunching carefully on the gravel.

The next morning Leonard went to school. While he was studying his Geography lesson he saw the pretty Addams girl looking at him. "Kiss me, oh pretty Addams girl!" said Leonard. The pretty Addams girl kissed him passionately.



While he was eating lunch, Leonard found some ground glass in his ham-on-rye sandwich. Washing it down with some cool lemonade, he kissed the pretty Addams girl again. She was sitting on his lap.

On his way home, Leonard noticed that a black car was following him. Suddenly two men jumped out of the car and rushed towards him, honking a foghorn and waving long shiny knives.

After dinner that night, Leonard and Butch and the pretty Addams girl watched TV together.

THE END

**Author's note: "So what?" will probably be your first reaction to this story. This was ours too. However, let us point out that (1) it makes as much sense as any other story of the same length, (2) it has girls and sex (kissing), which makes it acceptable for adults, and (3) it also has violent-type violence. What else you want?

Admonition to a small boy who has just removed the Talking Machine from a small rodent of which I was very fond:

You took the words right out of my mouse.

The bottom of the page sends me into an agonizing rage of pure joy and sometimes for a brief moment I am able to forget that basically and on the Inside I am only kindurva Little Boy.



itude is brought about by an abhorrence of typing material which hasn't been written by us. Probably everyone shares this feeling to some degree, and it must be overcome, of course, if one is to become a Worthy Editor. However, we particularly abhor fannish histories. Mayhap we will feel differently about them if we ever break into them..

After reading the above, one may be led to believe that we are as opinionated as, say, John Campbell Jr. This may or may not be so. But that is not the important thing here. The important thing is that no government agency will take the trouble to find out if we are as opinionated as all that. The point is not, Will *SKOAN* provoke, it is Whether Or Not anyone will give us a chance to provoke him. It is a question of morals. Everyone

knows that the guys in the Government Offices are a bunch of shepherds anyway. And for these we shall use the symbol # (to save making a new typepiece), which we shall call nulldict, which is not the same as a real zero or an hieronymus machine. We never could spell that. Hieronymouse.

> When I go basking in the sun
I feel like a Human carroway bun.
--Rome, 1960 <

Interspersed between these Editorial Ramblings will be found many delightful stories and dialogues, written by our Humourous Editor. In these stories one will find Mankind, mirrored in a too-revealing looking glass. For, in his own highly irreverent way, Mr. Demmon has set out to create a world of implausibility, where anything can happen, and does, with hilarious results. Each of these marvelously wrought tales will not only bring delight to the reader, but will drive home some Deep Moral which has been missing or ill famed since the time of Plato, or the Pittoon Man (a hoax).

But all this is neither here nor there. We were trying to write as one would write for a paperback book cover, and we found ourselves being carried away by It All. Perhaps we have missed our calling.....

A WORD ABOUT OUR MAILING LIST: Our mailing list has been supplied almost entirely by Bob Lichtman. Unless you are one of our Special Friends (and we can assure you most heartily that you probably aren't) you would do well to write or trade with us if you wish to receive the next issue of *SKOAN*. This is not a threat. This is an ultimatum. In this way we can weed out those who are not true Believers. If any of you think that we are a hoax, then write to whomever you think is hoaxing you, and you won't get any more issues. So there.

Did you ever notice that Hell
Rhymes with Swell?
But I'm not too sure that there is any connection.

"IF I ONLY HAD A BRAIN"

by BIFF DEMMON

WMM

A STARTLING EXPOSE



Feeling that it may be of some interest to a few of our readers, we present here a discussion of the Tape Files of Biff. We obtained a Wollensak tape recorder about a year and a half ago, and since then we have accumulated about 30 reels of assorted tape recordings--most of them filled with music and song swiped from the output of our trusty FM tuner.

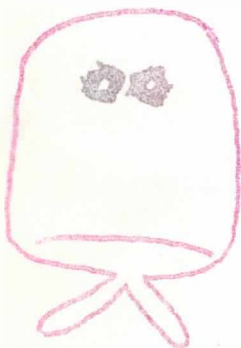
We have Comedy Things by Bill Dana, Jonathon Winters, Dayton Allen, Mort Sahl, Bob and Ray (probably our favorites), Bob Newhart, Stan Freburg, Jean Shepard, and Tom Lehrer, among others. We have many Biff Skits on tape, with which only Biff is familiar. We have at least two hours, and most probably much more, of Frank Sinatra. We are a Frank Sinatra Buff, and we are not ashamed of this. So there!

We have the soundtracks from South Pacific and The Wizard of Oz. We have the French version of Gigi. We have James Mason reading Edgar Allen Poe, and Ronald Coleman semi-acting in the grand finale (guillotine scene) of Tale of Two Cities. We have Fred Astaire singing "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and we have the Kingston Trio on the ends of two tapes which have been mostly filled with better things since we originally recorded said Trio.

We have a varied and unusual assortment of classical music--unusual in that we know not the names of any of the selections, though some of it is our Favourite, if you dig. And we have too much square music which is so strategically interspersed between our more beloved recordings that to try to remove it would be Disaster.

We dig jazz, but have little, if any, on tape, for reasons best known to our tape librarian, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, and he's not talking.

Anyone is invited to take us to task for the contents of our tape library. However, you are warned that you will be dealing with the sentimental and easily-aroused-to-anger-when-called-to-defend-Frank-Sinatra Biff. We will take little pious platitudining from those who would condemn us for enjoying South Pacific. We will take even less from those who do not like The Wizard of Oz. Since we first shut our eyes with fright at the sight of the fearful Green Witch, many many long years ago, during this good old movie, we have grown to know and love its every song. We can, upon request, recite (or, if pressed, sing) the complete lyric to "If I Only Had A Brain," the Scarecrow Theme. So there.



We will taperespond with almost anyone who has a roll of tape and a Clean Mind. However, we cannot dub stuff from our collection usually, since we have only one taper. This situation will be dealt with for anyone who wishes to obtain portions of The Wizard of Oz, perhaps, however, because we feel that anyone who is that far off the deep end is worthy of our attention. We can maybe borrow a taper from our Friend.... Anyone who shares roughly the same interests in music and Other Things is invited to have his head examined.

Our Editorial Meetings now shift in focus for a brief moment. At this writing we are sitting in the Typing Room at El Camino College in Torrance, California. Feeling that this magazine will probably not see publication for some time, we shall withhold the date. We can tell you, however, that it is a Nice Day. The sun is shining mightily and it gives one that Great To Be Alive feeling. It is early morning, and the grass is still kinda wet from the last evening Dew.

And that's about as Poetic as we are going to become, we hope.

El Camino College is a Real Town in itself, in that it is its own mailing address, and like that. The town of El Camino College has a population of four -- all janitors who live on the campus permanently. However, the student population is about 10,000.

The buildings are long and low, and there is much green grass growing all around, all around. There are trees of the banana type, and much Wide open space. Despite its pleasing appearance, El Camino College looks not so much like a College as like a high school. It has the same formidable air about it -- the feeling that if you talk in the halls or chew gum in class you will be hauled down to the Principal's Office (and we may well have a Principal here, for all we know!). It is a feeling which we didn't experience while attending the University of California, and it is not really a welcome feeling. When one graduates from High School he really expects that all Oppression is over, but if he attends a college such as El Camino, he will find himself plagued by the same nonsense.

One thing we miss probably the most is the privilege to Cut Class. It Isn't Done here, because the State supplies money to the school only for the days in which there are actual Students in Attendance. Thus, for one accustomed to being able to sleep in and cut a class or a whole day of classes if he wished, El Camino College is not the ideal place. You are allowed only so many absences (unexcused) for each class, and then.....out!

However, we shall probably be ensconced in this College for some time, and so we have decided to make the most of it. We have decided not to notice the many typos that fill the weekly newspaper, and the many gramatically lousy sentences. We shall try to forget the DAILY CAL, the newspaper of the University of California, which was not afraid to speak out about the HUAC or the SitIn Strikes or other matters of importance -- even after it was taken over by an unfriendly group of fraternity men. The WARHOOP, ECC's weekly paper, is not afraid to speak out on the controversial topics of Student Parking, Teachers Treating Us Like Kids, and Our New Library and What it can Do for You.

But enough of this grotching. We are trying to give you an idea of the Feel of the Campus. Actually, faculty-wise (to make use of an old Advertising technique)(-wise)(get it?)(*phleg*), faculty-wise El Camino College has it Over UC, as far as we can see. We have real Professors here, and not some fresh young students who know only what they have learned in Grad Work (wowie! are we opinionated!). Our classes are somewhat smaller, although not startlingly (the startling thing was how small our classes were at UC). We are close to home, and we have use of a Car, and we have many many old friends here. So we are not so bad off, right?

Who said we were?

We miss the Radicals and the Leftists and the Dupes of the Communists of old UC, but we are settling down here to a quiet semester or two of Study and Relaxation, with enjoyable classes and tolerable professors. And we have filled another page! For this we are exceeding great joy, and we shift now from El Camino College back to Inglewood, California. Your staff writer has been Calvin W. "Grotch-Grotch" Demmon.





A NOTE TO RICH TYPES: (being an explanation)



Those of you who would be Critical have probably noticed by now that sometimes we Hand Letter and that our columns are unjustified (marginally as well as Morally). But we ask that you forget these mere technical or mechanical facets of this Giant Issue of *SKOAN* and concentrate on the Quality of Content.

And perhaps by the next issue we will have Lettering Guides and Justified Margins to take your attention off of that, too.

NOTICE OF RECEPTION OF CERTAIN FANZINES:

***Besides the CRAP mailings and certain handed-over fanzines from our Friend, Bob Lichtman, we almost never receive fanzines in the mail. Two exceptions are BHISMI'LLAH #6, from Andy Main bem, and THE LURKING SHADOW, from Chas. Ford Hansen. We mention these two fanzines because they are the only two we have received outside of the exceptions above (see above). We should like to thank these two Nice People for sending us fanzines. We hope that the rest of you will follow Suit (whatever that means). We enjoy getting mail, and this may well be one of our prime motivations for publishing *SKOAN*. In fact, we know it is. So do not disappoint us! Be the third in Fandom to send Biff a fanzine! Do it today, and feel fine tomorrow! Also Les Nirenberg sent us QUE PASADO, we hasten to add, and Lee Thorin sent us her fanzine (sort of), and a few others did, but that shoots the whole drama of the thing, you see?

Included in our fanzine collection, besides the abovenamed fmz, are a copy of QUELQUECHOSE #1 (now out of print), a copy of PSI-PHI #7, to which we contributed (which is why we have a copy of it)(and that's a Dangling Which Clause), and one each of KIP, ZOUNDS!, WATLING STREET, and HERE THERE BE SAPS. It is easy to see that our collection is mostly Lichtman. Indeed, this just about sums up our fanzine files.

Do you not wish that you had this few fanzines at your house? Think of the storage space we save!

But, if you Friendlies come through with Trades, we will start scrounging around for an old Foot Locker or something to keep fanzines in, and we will be happy for the privilege. This has been a special editorial faunching for fanzines. A Really Beg Editorial.

"...Ever since the first carbon-copied issue, ten long weeks ago, the eighth carbon of which I received (and got a fine case of eye-strain trying to read), I have been sponsoring {*SKOAN*} in one way or another..." -- Bob Lichtman, in *SKOAN* #10

Our thanks go out to Mr. Lichtman, for being such a Fantastic Sucker.

never a vital message here a serious essay by calvin
w biff demmon

many people have asked me why i dont use punctuation in some o
f my pieces and i do use it in others they say however that they
know really that i am trying to put across a vital message and t
hat the non use of capitals and punctuation helps put it across
well that may or may not be true for one thing when you dont use
punctuation people tend to notice you more and think that you ha
ve something really important or maybe even world shattering to
say about the mind or the universe or poetry or the classics so
even if you dont say anything they will praise your work for fea
r that they have not grasped the between the lines meaning and p
eople will scoff at their stupidity for another thing i have fou
nd that not capitalizing is faster than capitalizing and consequ
ently i can turn out more wordage cleverly designed to make peop
le think that they are getting slice of life stuff or really imp
ortant comments on the society of today also since i dont use ca
pital letters either i find it very convenient not to use punctu
ation because it sort of messes up my neat pages punctuation dee
s i mean boy that is a lousy sentence but that is another thing
i never do i never retype my work not even for princes or earls
but i digress anyway punctuation makes people slow down in the m
iddle of a thought and that is bad the human mind can think a lo
t faster than the human eye can read so why slow down the eye wi
th a lot of punctuation that is the question and since i am writ
ing presumably for the reader of great brain and capability and
he thinks that he is getting a message from my non capitalized s
tuff and leaving out punctuation makes him think he is getting m
ore why make him unhappy after all who am i to insult the reader
i mean maybe my work does have vital messages hidden between the
lines but if it does i didnt put them there on purpose however i
or those of you who doubt i shall perform the supreme sacrifice
to those in this field and prove i can too use punctuation here
is the proof. now if you still think that vital messages are fo
rthcoming whenever an author doesnt use punctuation and or capit
alization you may be in for a surprise if you try the forthcomin
g test undoubtedly you thought that this essay waxed great with
hidden gems of wisdom or maybe an ever so subtle satire on manki
nd well try this in the space provided below write out this whol
e composition only fill in the punctuation and capital letters h
ah then you will be surprised when you find not one single hidde
n point to ponder

work only in the space provided do as well as you can without
exceeding the time limit good luck and may i remind you that you
are on your own all right the time starts now ready begin

finish here

see not one hidden anything not one phrase which is cleverly tur
ned to make the reader think twice well i told you so

★ THE GOOD GUY AND THE BAD GUY by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon
a whimsical tale guaranteed to warm the hearts of your heart
→ though this condition may not be the Most Desirable ←

Once upon a time there was a Handsome Young Prince who lived in a large marble castle in the western corner of a beautiful green forest. The castle was surrounded by lovely flowers and was encompassed by a water-filled moat which contained many white lilies and green jumping frogs (sort of a cross between a frog and a longer frog) (their Father is Typo). The Handsome Young Prince kept no alligators or sharks in his moat, though the times were Hard. He wanted to hurt no one, for his name was Maynard.

As the sun set behind the sandhill that evening, the Prince was quite occupied in drinking several kegs of the ROYAL BREW, "so as to prevent a surplus", as he put it. Being busy at this task, he failed to notice the black flannel shadow that crept up behind him slowly as he sat at the ROYAL TABLE. The shadow was the figure of a beautiful young maiden with arms outreached in Passion. However, the person who was making the shadow was none other than the BLACK COUNT BURDICK, who had disguised himself, rather effectively, as an alluring young Beauty.

As the prince threw another empty can over his ROYAL SHOULDER, he turned just in time to see it hit the BLACK COUNT BURDICK and knock his wig off, so that his disguise was thereby rendered ineffective. The Prince, quaffing yet another can of the foaming yellow liquid, burped impatiently and summoned the ROYAL GUARD, who came quietly and left with his lifeless burden. Having thus disposed of yet another enemy, the Prince opened another can to celebrate.



You can imagine, of course, his surprise when he found that the can contained not an ounce of the ROYAL BREW, but, instead, a small roll of microfilm! The prince realised, of course, at once, that the BLACK COUNT BURDICK had come to obtain this microfilm, and was prepared to give his life for the same. The prince laughed gleefully, and summoned the ROYAL PROJECTIONIST, who set up the ROYAL PROJECTOR and began the tedious task of threading the microfilm onto its corresponding spools and ratchets.

Having accomplished his mission, the ROYAL PROJECTIONIST saluted the Crown, which was reposing upside down on the ROYAL APGHAN, and signaled the Prince that all was ready. The Prince told him to "go ahead", and the Projectionist flipped the switch, filling the room with many watts of light energy. After viewing the first 17 frames, the Prince concluded that they were indeed a Grave Menace to the National Security, as they were CANDID PICTURES taken in the ROYAL HAREM! The Prince, infuriated, sent word to the ROYAL EXECUTIONER, played by Henry Fonda, that the BLACK COUNT BURDICK was to be executed, and then settled down to watch the rest of the show. The chorus concluded with a rousing, "Hail to the King and his descendents/ Who freed us from our independence!" and the curtain came ringing down. Your reporter has been Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, recently seen in the role of the BLACK COUNT BURDICK. Three shows daily.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

written & illustrated by BIFF
DEMMON

an exotic, eerie, fuzzily-wrought Tale.....

CHAPTER ONE

Once upon a time there was a fat little boy named Solomon. He had a little dog named Sheba, but the similarity ends there. Solomon was poor, homeless, and hungry. He had been an orphan since the day his parents had left him.

While meandering through the streets of a Large Metropolitan City one day, Solomon came upon a strange and exciting store window, in which were displayed many fascinating treasures of the Far East. There were rubies and oriental rugs and fine pieces of carved jade. Solomon paused long by the window, drinking in the wonder of it all.

He returned again and again to that little shop, and spent many happy moments reveling in its mystical charms.

About twenty years later Solomon had occasion to visit the city once more. He was now a very prosperous young businessman. His dog Sheba had died some time before (he wasn't quite sure what time), and he had re-married. And, naturally, the first place he went to visit when he stepped off the train was (you guessed it!) the bathroom.



He was in town for several days before he remembered about the little shop, and then it was only because he fell down two flights of stairs after tripping over the hunchbacked Chinese scrubwoman.

After disposing of her body, Solomon went to visit the little shop. Sure enough! It was still there, its windows filled with all the old treasures that Solomon had grown to love so as a boy.

And Solomon entered the shop for the first time! (He hadn't dared do this in his childhood.)

As he opened the door, a strange, exotic, mystical bell could be heard ringing in its own eerie fashion. Solomon walked slowly through the semi-darkness and stood before the dusty counter. A door behind the counter opened slowly, emitting many exotic creaking noises, and an incredibly old Chinese walked out carefully and mysteriously.

"Solomon, my son. We've been expecting you," he said to the astonished young businessman.

CHAPTER TWO

"Good Grief! It's Rod Serling!" yelled Solomon, and he got the hell out of there and never came back.

This is a sample of CWI handwriting. How many fonzies you know about have samples of the Editor's handwriting? Not many, we bet! THEY HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH THEIR LEFT-OVER SPACE! (WE LIKE TO PRINT BETTER) (BUT WE USUALLY PRINT JUST AS BADLY!) (HOPE YOU GET THE DOUBLE INTENODE INHERENT HERE!) (ahahaha!)

After a hurried consultation with our Publisher, Bob Lichtman, we have been advised that to run Textual Material on the back of our Beautiful Atom Cover would be sheer folly. Mr. Lichtman advises us that there would be Intolerable Show Through and other Undesirable Effects which would spoil and otherwise detract from the cover illustration (which we have not as yet seen). Therefore, we have once again hauled out the Green German Typewriter, and we must needs fill yet another page with Natterings.

We first queried our brother, Robert Demmon, on the feasibility of his writing a Guest Editorial for us (Robert Lichtman having earlier declined the offer), but he replied negatively in no uncertain terms. We would print his exact remarks for the Curious, but it has been some time, and we have forgotten their Substance, as well as what he said.

Then, while rummaging through The Drawer in search of some blank paper, we came across the following heretofore unpublished Biffstory, which is, besides, unfinished. It is apparent that the young author was caught in the Throes of a Vital Decision, and that to abandon his work was his only course. We print, then, this untitled manuscript in its entirety, with certain explanatory remarks:



Once upon a time there was a small boy who lived on an island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. He lived there all alone and fed off coconuts. (Readers who detect certain Structural Anomalies in the grammatical formation of this paragraph will do well to remember the words of M. Pierre Dalember, in his Dialogues: "Y a-t-il un au-bre restaurant près d'ici?")

One day a castaway appeared off the shore of the island. The small boy went and rescued him. The castaway left soon. He had an important dinner engagement in Brussels.

The boy was ten years old when his next castaway washed up on shore. This time it was a beautiful maiden. Hating girls, the small boy left her on the shore, and she was later carried away by a lecherous young shark.

Since the boy had never been around people, he didn't know how to talk. He only muttered strange sounds in his sleep.

Unfortunately, the narrative ends at this point. From here on we can but guess at what was to follow. The author apparently became indifferent to his story, and threw it aside for Better Things. We can but wonder why.....

"Calvin Demmon...is a keen political observer." -- Bob Lichtman,
in QUELQUECHOSE #1 (page 10)

JOIN OMPA! Do it today. Short waiting list, little waiting. Activity only sixteen pages per year, dues only a buck. Apply now to Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan Street, Kirkcudbright, Scotland. This has been a suggestion from the proprietor of the Silverdrum Press and the future President of OMPA, Bob Lichtman.

You have been reading the first in the New Series of "SKOAN", the Fanzine that set the World on its ear and kicked it while it was down. All Credit or Blame for this Issue belongs squarely on the shoulders of the Editor, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, of 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood 3, California. Mr. Demmon will be happy to answer personally any letters of comment which reach him when he is in the right mood. Mr. Demmon is usually in the right mood between 12 and 5 P.M. on Saturdays, and all day Sunday. We will not be responsible for Mr. Demmon's moods during the other days of the week.

Any criticisms or suggestions will be greatly appreciated. Those of you who would Get Smart with a Young Author, however, would do well to remember the words of Jean Pierre Dalember, the famous French poet and critic: "Je ne veux pas que les poules puissent entrer ma maison." surely upon meditating upon this Famous Saying you will see the Folly in Your Ways.

Mr. Demmon is, plainly, in need of artwork of any and all kinds. None of this Serious stuff, however. It would be a fulfillment of the Dream of a Lifetime if we were to receive a giant envelope from Somewhere filled with hoteler cartoons. However, we must step from our cloud of fantasy into the world of Real. So anyone who wishes is welcome to contribute. Those of you who are non-wishers probably don't have any imagination anyway. Decision of the judges is final.

May we remind you once again that you are on the mailing list because of the Grace of Demmon (no relative). We are doing you a Big Favour, and we hope that you will reciprocate. We are launching for trades, in other words, if you don't dig the Egotistical approach. Due to a change in policy, the staff will probably soon start sending out letters of comment to fanzines. Be the first fan on your block to get a letter of comment from Biff! Write today!

This has been "SKOAN", the Fanzine with the Madison Avenue approach. Watch for the next Giant Issue in a shorter time than you (or we) would dare imagine. Present plans call for bimonthly publication (if that means once every two months). And don't believe all that Cabbage you hear about the Best Laid Plans.....

"SKOAN" Vol II #1
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