

SKOAN

GIANT TWENTH ISSUE!

INSIDE!

"....You may be just a
figment of Bob Lichtman's
imagination."

--Harry Warner, Jr.

"....it will belong to the
letterhacks."

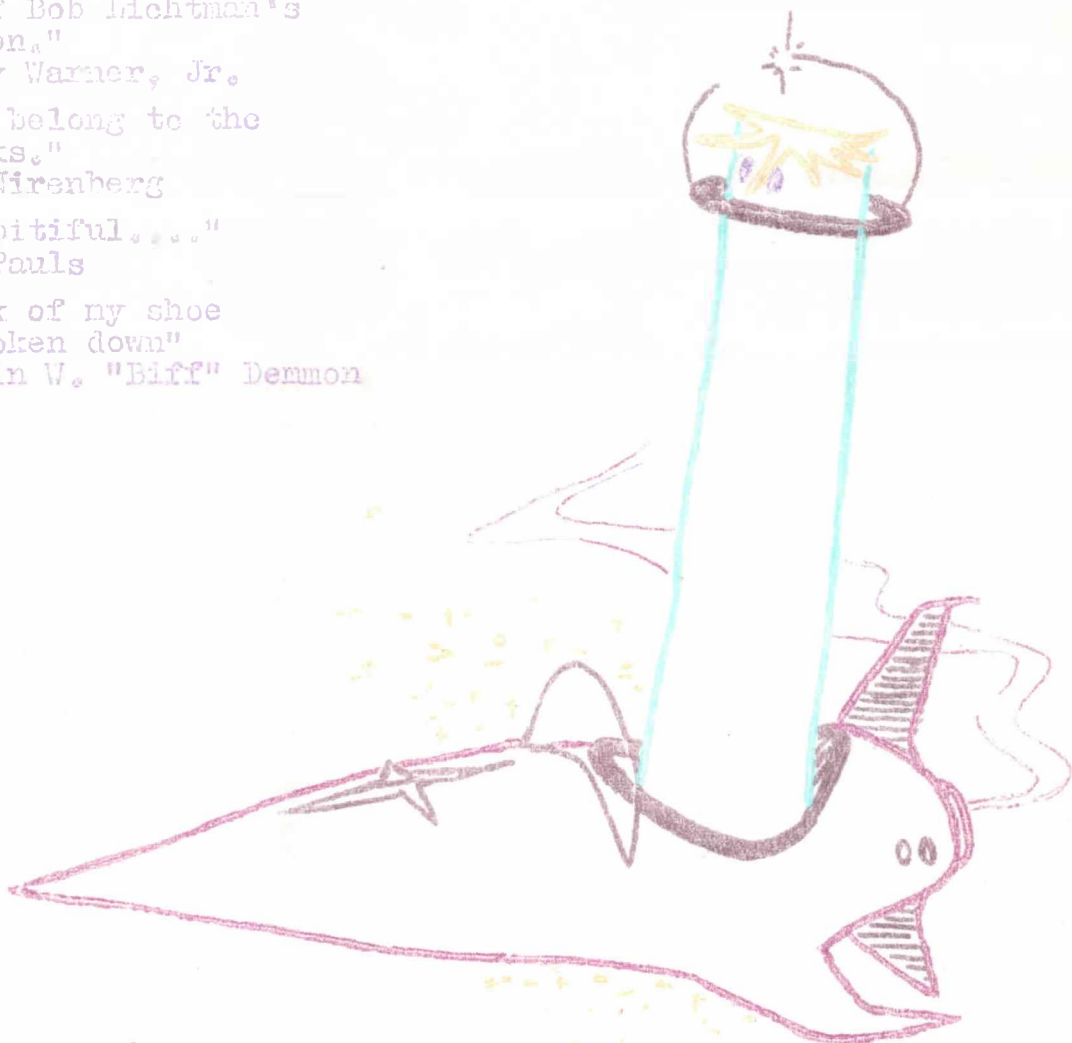
--Les Nirenberg

"....pretty pitiful...."

--Ted Pauls

"....the back of my shoe
is all broken down"

--Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon



ALSM

AT LAST!

SECRETS OF THE TRICE

Many of our readers have expressed an interest (most abnormal, really) in the everpopular Biffables which have graced our pages since the last issue. To Satisfy Your Needs, we present here an account of a Writing Session at which a Biffable was produced, in the hopes that it will give you Valuable Insight into the workings of the Biffmind....



We sat down at the typewriter, feeling depressed. This was good, for it is only with depression that the Full Flavour of Fantasy comes gurgling up from our subconscious. In fact, we were so depressed that we almost didn't write anything. We were very depressed, and we opened the Drawer and pulled out the gun which had been reposing in there for so long. We looked at the cold blue metal with fear and triumph intermingled rather effectively in our eyes.

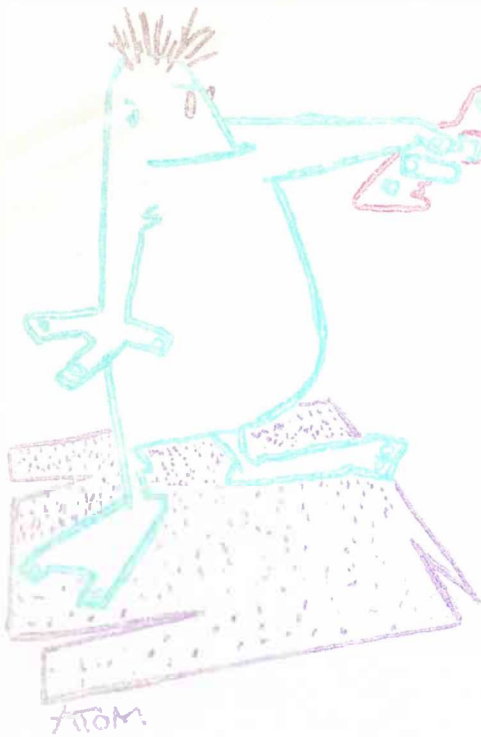
We said a quiet prayer of Repentance as we opened our mouth and placed the icy muzzle between our yawning jaws. We squeezed the trigger quickly. A thin stream of water trickled down the back of our throat, and our thirst was quenched. With that out of the way we could get down to the business at hand.

We slipped a piece of paper into the typewriter and wrote: "Dear June: It was only last night that we pledged our love to each other. And now it is this morning. How the time does fly! However, I am feeling quite well. Hoping you are the same, I remain,..."

Somehow, that didn't quite sum up our impassioned emotions, but we sealed it in an envelope and nailed it anyway. We were too tired to care. (And in fact, a few weeks later we were to hear from June. She sent a picture postcard from San Francisco -- one of those with Alcatraz Island on the back. June had written "Wish you were here" on the picture. My! how we laughed! How we longed for our little June with the marvelous sense of humour! But it was all behind us now.... She had forgotten her "Big Book of 212 Jokes" and it was behind us on the shelf along with the morning's oatmeal. We hate oatmeal, but at the time we were studying to become a lawyer.)

We slipped yet another sheet of paper into the typewriter and began (or, as they say, "commenced" -- and when they do, we hit them in the mouth) writing. This time, to nobody's surprise, a Biffable started to take form. It began as follows: "Once upon a time there was a small boy who lived all by himself in an isolated forest." "Good Grief!" we thought to ourself. "Is this going to be yet another Biffable about the little boy who lives alone in the forest?" Apparently it was, because it became one and finished itself off nicely after the customary page had been filled. (And you should see that customary page! It's really a mess, what with having been filled so many times!)

So we tossed the new Biffable into the Drawer, noted that the pile of Biffwritings was growing, and said to ourself, "See whizz! Perhaps we should start on another issue of *SKOAN*." And we did....



Atom

SKOAN
Vol II No. 2
Whole number twelve

SKOAN is published with irregularity by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood, California, and may be obtained for trades or letters of comment. Subscriptions \$1.00 the issue (any money sent in under this plan will probably be contributed to the Willis Fund). Subscriptions discouraged. A check in this box means either that you didn't respond to the last issue, or that this issue is being sent out on a Free Trial Basis. In either case, you had better Write or Trade. This is not a request. This is an ultimatum, and a *Press* Publication, Summer, 1961. R.E. for TAPP.

THE EDITOR OURSELF

--being numblings in the firstpersonplural manner to which you have all become accustomed--

Gee! Golly! It's been some time, hasn't it, gang? Since our last issue we have finished a surprisingly worthwhile and enjoyable semester at El Camino Junior College, we have gained New And Different Employment, we have purchased a Spirit Duplicator (the very same *Press* upon which this is being reproduced), and we have received quite a drawerful of fanzines in trade from many Generous and Kind and Thoughtful Fans. (We shan't attempt to acknowledge all those fanzines in these pages, since such an attempt would be Sheer Folly, but rest assured that your fanzine was well received, if received. And many thanks to Daphne Buckmaster, who sent us the 32 German newspaper columns and stories. Unfortunately, we don't read German, or any other language.)

SKOAN, due to some unfortunate nonsense which appeared in its last issue, has received virtually no contributions, material-wise, from the Real World. This is a situation which we wish to correct. Contributions of written material or artwork are hereby faunched for. Goshwow! Your Chance to break into Fringe Fandom! Send Material to *SKOAN*! Do it today! However, before you become too enthusiastic (somehow, we have a feeling that we needn't worry too much about this), we must set up some Standards, or at least set forth some Explanations. (1) If you are sending in artwork remember that we have no Elaborate Equipment for reproducing same: we have no shading plates, nor funny little wheels-on-a-stick, nor any of that stuff. What we have, actually, is a red ballpoint pen which ran out of ink some time ago. Perhaps this is why we dig Rotoler and Atom illos so much: they are Extremely Easy to trace. Also they are Neat and Funny. (2) If you are sending in written material (and you will, won't you?) remember this: it must seem Funny to the Editors. We reserve the right to

reject any and all Serious and Constructive material (although we may not, since we are rubber surverse), and any and all of anything else, for that matter (we are quite sure that we had something to go after that last "any and all" but after it was down in cold black print, we couldn't remember for the life of us) (which isn't too important, anyway)(the Linguist will note that the preceding is not a Dangling Which Clause, which is a good thing). Actually, since the moods of the Editor vary so much from week to week (and yea! from day to day and from moment to moment!), you are probably safe in sending in Anything, since if we don't like it when we get it, we will probably like it later.

So, Send those articles in! This is a Serious Request. The fascinating pile of Writings in The Drawer is dwindling at an alarming rate, and we will soon be left with nothing but a bunch of pornography which was written in Off Moments, and which would certainly not please any of our readers, whom we think of as Clean Minded and Happy Go Lucky, if not downright Prudish....

Be the first fan on your block to receive a beautifully decorated Rejection Slip from the Editors of *SKOAL*. And anybody who sends in written material or artwork, whether we use it or not, will receive the next issue of *SKOAL* free, because we will probably feel very Sorry for him....

Illustrations in this issue are by Atom (cover, title page) and Rotsler (probably everything else). There are no illustrations by Calvin W. "Biff" Dennon in this issue, unless there are some in that Great Beyond which we haven't even Thought About yet....

Since our last issue we have gained Employment twice. Before we left Inglewood for the University of California at Berkeley last year we were gainfully employed (and the question you might well ask here is, "Gainfully for whom?") by the Colonial Flower Shop, in Inglewood, as Delivery Boy. And, shortly after the last issue hit the stands, we were re-hired as Delivery Boy for the Colonial Flower Shop. We kept this position until the beginning of the summer, when we were offered a position with a large Radio Parts Distributor, which position we accepted. So we are now the official keeper of Inventory and Wempers for this distributor, as well as an indoor salesman on Saturdays. The money which we have obtained from these two part-time jobs has allowed us to continue our fanatic, to buy Gasoline for our Hot Car, to Go Out On Dates, and to sack away a little gold for that time in the distant future when we once more shall attend a Real University. We must admit, by the way, that our last semester at El Camino College (it seems like we've already admitted this, but keep quiet about it, will you?) was most Enjoyable, and not at all like what we thought it was going to be when we wrote our grotchy editorial about the place in the last issue. In fact, if ECC were a four year Institution, we would probably and certainly stay there for that long, at least. And that's about all the egoboo that El Camino College wants, needs, or is going to get.....



Now Your Big Chance!

"A RIFFABLE ANALYZED" (liberally annotated by an
Expert in the Field.....)

READ THE FOLLOWING "BIFTABLE" CAREFULLY, NOTING PARTICULARLY STYLE, THEME, CHARACTERIZATION, AND PURPOSE:



Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived in a tiny cottage in the woods. His name was Stanley, and he was White. This made him sad. He didn't like it at all, in fact. He had always wanted to be named Theodore.

Stanley went to bed one night and didn't re-awaken until the next morning. When he got up, he fixed himself a piping hot breakfast of warmed-over Crushed Gravel, which he had picked only the day before in the woods. After downing the last luscious morsel, and then after finishing his breakfast, he decided that he would go for a walk with his dog in the woods.

"C'mon, Edna!" he called to his dog, Winston.

While they were walking through the woods, Stanley thought about his background. He had been born in the big city, just outside the small woods where now he lived, and had been abandoned quickly when his parents found that he had an insatiable appetite for Woolen Goods. "Too much like a moth," his mother had said. "Really not worth the bother." They had left him in the care of a kindly mother wolf, whom Stanley had grown to love. In fact, she now occupied a little cell in Stanley's barn. Stanley fed her quite regularly, for he knew that he owed her a great debt. Unfortunately, she didn't seem to like Hot Crushed Gravel, and she was seldom very strong or healthy. "I'll have to go and see how she is," Stanley said to his dog, Winston. "After all, it is her birthday tomorrow, and I haven't been out there for some time. In fact, I haven't been out there since last year at this time. Let's see: last year at this time it was, I believe, her birthday." They walked further.

"C'mon, Edna," said Stanley, addressing his dog, Winston.

-----End-----

Now. Let's analyze the so-called "Biffable" above. Stuff like this has been going around, polluting the minds of impressionable young adults (41 and up) from time immemorial (and in fact, so far back that we can't remember). However, this is certainly no excuse.

We shall start with the first "paragraph." Obviously there is a deep-seated hatred for all that is Good and Kind and American in this paragraph. Not much more can or should be said about it (in fact, the least said the better, when one is dealing with sordid trash such as this). As for the short sentence which follows, one can only surmise that here is a violent rebellion against all Holy. The little couplet following shows nothing more nor less than a deep-seated resentment for things Foreign, while the spurious "ballad" sung by the degenerate "Seth J. Thomas" (who obviously is a symbol for Stalin) is an outright lie, as well as being rather poorly spun, and not at all closeknit.

So. It has been said, and rather well, it seems, that "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, to Grandfather's house we go." And this co-relates beautifully with what we have been saying all along. We will say no more, in fact, about the vile little obscenity printed above, except to quote with a final thought from Shakespeare. This is a thought

which contains much food for thinking with:

"You'll never be wrong,
If you're ¹Big and Strong!"

--Wm. Shakespeare, Spring, 1813

Other ancient authorities suggest "your", which sheds doubt on the authenticity of the couplet, and suggests that another line in place of the second, reading "...if your wife is around" might have been in the original. However, this line, plainly, doesn't rhyme worth two wry grins and a handshake (aha!), not even if one gives it the whole shake with Old English and all. Many authorities therefore suggest that the whole passage is spurious, if not downright apocryphal. It just goes to show you. (cf. Bacon, Frank, Wm. Shakespeare -- The Joke I Shall Always Regret, Random House, \$3.95. Dewey Decimal Reference: 933.3: "Soreheads." Slightly higher on the West Coast.)

"DEMON'S RULES FOR ETIQUETTE ON ALL OCCASIONS" -- continued from page 3
shake hands if the girl extends her hand first. A girl who is introduced to a rat should scream and faint.

REVIEWS -- continued from inside front cover



It came as no surprise to us this week that "Grandfather Wore A Girdle," America's favorite perennial musical-comedy, is being revived at the Globe. Richard Ventura, the venerable old trooper fresh from his recent success in "Winter Discount," our nomination for this year's most poignant and heart-warming drama about a service station attendant in the North, plays the title role with a vivacity and charm unusual in an actor of his age (4½).

--cwd

THIS SPACE FOR Doodles

Gina Lollabrigida
Makes me squirm and figida.

When I see a little bird flying 'neath
a cloud,
I go and yell at him, and sometimes very loud.

I think they are really pushing Groupism and Conformity with all those new Singalong Records, chief and prime mover of which is Mitch Miller
And I could probably expand this into a full-blown essay, but I think I will just leave it as a sortuva thought-provoking filler.

CHASING REFERENCES

A Fun Game For one or more Bright Players

While we were rummaging through The Drawer the other day we came across some typewritten sentences which fascinated us. We had written them in an idle moment, apparently some time ago. There was no explanatory note, but we recognized our Own Work. Anyway, these sentences were done by the good old Follow That Train Of Thought method. We shall illustrate with an example before explaining further:

Francis Powers that be or not to be that is the questionnaire is free.

Do you dig? One writes a couple of words and then builds upon the last one, and continues in this fashion with whatever comes to mind until he tires of the whole thing. In this instance we had obviously been influenced by the U-2 flights, and the first thing that came into our mind was the name of that Gentle American Spy, Frank Powers. We went on to "powers that be", then to "be or not to be that is the question-" then to "questionnaire", and finally to "-air(e) is free." Dig? It's a lot of fun (he said). This explanation may have been a little inane, but aren't we all. Anyway, now you can Understand and have fun and chuckles with this startling oneman game. Following are a few more examples which we shall not break down. Obviously, if you don't have the same references, approximately, as we do, you may not be able to follow some of them. Here goes:

- *small world isn't it wonderful marvelous what I longed to see what he could see
- *bloody mary is the girl i love me or leave me alone by the fire in your eyes so blue skies smiling at me not you but me
- *now ain't that too damn bad business organization man and boy
- *bali ha' will call you away from the everyday in every way I'm getting better and eggs
- *i'm singing in the rain on the roof
- *i've got you under my skin i've got you deep in the heart of texas
- *shot rod and gun 'em down by the old mill stream of consciousness, eliot

Those of you who have noticed that in these examples the soundtrack from South Pacific played an important part are advised that these sentences were probably written shortly after we saw South Pacific (from the Place by the same name), which musical we enjoyed a little, at the time.

Those of you who don't dig this whole idea are advised not to waste our time telling us so, because we'll just get all cranky and everything....

THOUGHTS WHILE SUNNING MYSELF -- Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

When I see little children gleefully playing in the sand,
It makes me feel simply, wonderfully, joyously Grand.
When I go basking in the sun,
I feel like a Human Carroway Bun.
When sunlight beats upon my neck,
The whole world's at my call and beck.
And I feel exuberantly, magnificently, alive,
Though I must leave at a quarter to five.
And here's a line about my girl friend, Nina:
She looks good in a dress, but a lot better in a Bikina.

LOOKING BACKWARDS: 1961-1960



"I'M THE ONLY FAN IN THE
WORLD WITH A COMPLETE SET
OF *SKOAN*!!"

It seems to be the custom nowadays to Reimisce when one has published a goodly number of issues of a Fanzine, or whatever. This, then, will be a bunch of Nostalgic Reminiscences, which will surely make you See The Light. All the historical material included here will undoubtedly prove to be of great value in the years to come when somebody asks you a lot of questions about *SKOAN* or its Editors (and they will! you just wait!).

SKOAN was conceived and thought up by Biff Demmon one bright morning (or maybe it was the evening or the afternoon — actually, our memory isn't that Good, so Beware of statements such as the preceding: they are probably Darned Ideas) in September, or one of those months around there (we absolutely refuse to

rummage around in The Drawer and get out the *SKOAN* file, feeling that we can make up a lot more and better facts than we could find out by seeking the Truth), while the Editor was living in Berkeley and attending the University of California there, fourteen years ago. And so, a couple of days later, on a Saturday morning, Biff Demmon hauled out his trusty German typewriter, borrowed some carbon paper and thin tissue from his roommate, Jerry Knight, and put out the first issue of *SKOAN*, in an edition of eight. Bob Lichtman is the only other fan in the World who has issue #1 of *SKOAN*. In fact, he is the only other fan in the World with a complete set of *SKOAN*. Just ask him about it. If you ask him, he will say something Very Nice about the whole thing. Please ask him.

SKOAN was intended as a letter substitute, and it turned out to be one. The next issue was duplicated on a hektograph made from a cookie sheet and some bokto jelly purchased by the Editor, as were the succeeding issues up to and including #9. There isn't much we can say about these issues, except that they were a Fun Thing to do, and that they were rather well received (in fact, our mailing list more than trebled—going from eight to about 27—in the nine or ten weeks involved between issues one and nine), and that we get a Big Kick out of re-reading them every once in a while, because it makes us feel all Nostalgic, and Every-thing. Those were the good old days, when we enjoyed the Simple Pleasures of Life, such as taking bicycle rides of a Saturday Morning, and talking with our Friends until long hours of the next morning (or something). But we digress...

Issue #10 was published while we were visiting Inglewood during Christmas recess, and it was a Giant Issue, with a cover and everything, which was published on Bob Lichtman's Silverdrum Press. And you all know about issue #11. With this issue, #12, a new Innovation is hanging around here. Namely, the very *Press* which is running this off. The *Press* is a Spirit Duplicator which we purchased in Los Angeles. And guess who found it for us, in that Giant Mecca fifteen minutes away on the freeway (except during rush hours)? Think hard, now! Right! Goshwow! Yes. It was Bob Lichtman who found the *Press* for us. The *Press* is black, with a red handle. It has an automatic feed which works, believe it or not, very effectively. The feedam never crinkles the paper or anything. It is a truly Amazing Thing.

SKOAN, the newsletter, suspended publication with the tenth issue, mainly because we were fed up with the hektograph process. For one thing, in order to run off more than one page per day we had to Wash the Jelly Pad with water and a sponge, and this process, repeated, reduced considerably the number of runs which could be made with one trayful of compound. And, for another thing, since our cookie sheet was made of Metal, it tended to rust underneath the jelly. The rust would soak up into the jelly by some sort of Magic Process, and cause hard and rotten lumps which would make spots on pages run off on the hektograph. And, besides all that, hektograph is a lousy thing anyway.

About three months after we dropped *SKOAN*, like the proverbial Hot Potato (although a different person), we resumed it again, from our present address and with our present Wide Audience.

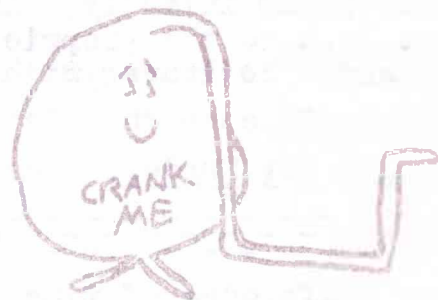
Any Questions? (We realize that we are leaving ourself Wide Open, here, for stuff such as "Why did the chicken cross the road?" and "Who was buried in Grant's Tomb?" but we have an infallible method for dealing with persons who would treat us so roughly: we slap them across the mouth two or three times. Be advised.)

And, speaking of our Wide Audience, let us issue this Ultimatum (not a request) while we are in a Gay, Nostalgic Mood: our mailing list will be trimmed by about 1/4 next time. If a check appears in The Box on our title page, you won't be receiving the next issue unless you Write or Trade. This may sound terribly Snotty, and maybe it is, but we certainly don't want to send *SKOAN* to anybody who doesn't want it. We aren't that Rich. Many of you have expressed the same Feeling in your own fanzines, although perhaps not as tersely, nor as crossly, either. We think it a Good Feeling.

And (ahaha?) if The Box in your copy isn't checked, don't sit back on your haunches and think, "Hoo-boy! I don't have to Write or Trade!" Hah! We just may have forgotten to check The Box in your copy. (But of course, if you are one of our Good Friends ((and you aren't)), then you needn't Worry.)

If we sound Terribly Nasty on this page, it is only because we got out the Early *SKOAN* file, despite our earlier resolve, read through it, and became Thoroughly Depressed because (a) it reminded us of Times Past and (b) it wasn't All That Good, anyway....

Any Questions?



Our plea for fanzines as Trades in the last issue brought really overwhelming response. We have received, at the present writing, close to fifty fanzines in Trade for *SKOAN*. We are gratified, and we hope that all of you will keep Trading with us. There is, however, no fanzine review column in *SKOAN*. There are no atheists in heaven.

Spring has come and gone this year and left its warm feeling in the hearts of all of us, I am sure. Especially if our minds are pure.

The poster stretched across the showroom window reads:

GRAND OPENING!
BIGGEST SELECTION OF BOOKS!
PAPERBACKS!

Inside, the owner is inspecting his new premises with obvious pride. "Yep," he says to the little man standing next to him, "got everything you could want in here. Especially paperbacks. Got everything in these paperbacks from Plato to Evelyn Waugh, with a few hundred other authors in between." He picks up a fifty-cent copy of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

"Cheapest way to build up a real good library next to downright stealing!" He laughs, and nudges the little man, who smiles uncomfortably.

"Used to be," the owner continues, "you had to pay five, six dollars for a Hamlet. Maybe more. Fifty cents now. That's all. Macbeth -- fifty cents. Any Shaw, Orwell, Huxley -- all your thinkers -- fifty cents. Got that humorist guy -- Thurber -- fifty cents. Great stuff! Wish they'd 've had 'em when I was a kid. Some day I'm gonna read all these classics, when I've got some time." The little man nods and takes the copy of Hamlet which has been thrust upon him.

"And they sell, too! People buy them like hotcakes, what I hear. Don't know if they read 'em, but they sure as hell buy 'em!" He chuckles again, adding: "You watch. Sell a Hamlet right off, I bet."

A young man enters. He walks past the owner, stops, inspects the paperback books intently. After some time he makes his selection. He takes the book to the proprietor, gives him a dollar bill, and waits for his change. He leaves with his book.

"Hamlet?" asks the little man.

"Strip For Murder," answers the owner, unhappily.

The knife-edge of time sweeps over a brief moment of consciousness, leaving it forgotten and out of reach like the cow from the trainwindow -- never the same, and never again. And if you pull the emergency cord you will be killed by the shock or punched full of stars by the angry Conductor. And you hurtle toward tomorrow, leaving behind a backwash of forgotten You. You remember and think: today is tomorrow's yesterday. You can ride the carousel tonight, but tomorrow morning you will wake up alone with your brass ring in your hand, and you are on the train and the carnival is far behind and folding up and fading away like the paper and cellophane it is, and maybe you got the brass ring from your nose.

Unshared happiness is rather like an all-day sucker
but lonely sadness is like an ache in your guts
and the friendless-among-friendly lies purple and
crumpled in the corner
when they pass out the ice-cream
and dares not ask to lick the carton

"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE"

.....? Biffable which reeks of Symbolism and other junk

Once upon a time, in a little known kingdom in an uncharted portion of Europe, there lived a very beautiful and very rich young princess. She was so beautiful that all the young men of the kingdom were in love with her and talked about her constantly.

This made it rather rough on the wives of all the young men of the kingdom. One day the King, the princess' father, issued the following decree, which was posted in all sorts of public places:

WHEREAS, my very beautiful and very rich young daughter can no longer be claimed as a dependent since she owns roughly three-fourths (¾) of the business in this abominable and little-known kingdom, and she's 32, besides, and

WHEREAS, the young men of this kingdom are in love with her, hopelessly and simultaneously, and

WHEREAS, this makes it rather rough on the wives of all the young men of this kingdom,

IT IS HEREBY DECREED that a public contest will be held to find the homliest and ugliest young unmarried man (or "bachelor") in the kingdom, so that he can marry my conceited, although beautiful, young daughter, and it will serve her right, too.

Well! You can just imagine the furor that this announcement caused! For one thing, there was only one ugly young man in the country at the time, as everyone knew, and he lived in the woods by himself and would probably never see the decree (everyone hoped). For another thing, many handsome young men suddenly began growing very fat, or very thin, or breaking their noses, or plucking their eyebrows, or piercing their ears, or using MANTAN (®), or doing all sorts of other horrible things to themselves so that they would be very ugly and could maybe marry the beautiful princess.

This made it rather rough on the wives of many of the handsome young men of the country, as you can just imagine.

At last, however, the big day arrived! And gathered in the courtyard of the spacious castle in which the beautiful princess and her father (her mother had died in the Boxer Rebellion) lived were all the ugly young men, real and phony, of the kingdom. And what a sight they were! A horrible bunch of flabby-eyed, pot-bellied, droopy-eared suitors flanked the balcony, hoping for the chance of marriage to the beautiful young princess.

"LET THE JUDGING BEGIN!" roared the King.

"I'll take that one," said the princess, pointing to a rather handsome young brute who had entered under false pretences by wearing a pair of glasses with a plastic nose and false moustache attached.

"THROW HIM OUT!" roared the King. And the young man was thrown out.

"Throw that one out, too, please, Father," said the beautiful young princess, pointing to the only really ugly young man in the entire kingdom (who had read the decree in a pharmacy while buying his Cranky Pills).



"BRING HIM HERE!" roared the King. "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, and 'all like that?" roared the King at the ugly young man.

"You betcha!" said the ugly young man, leering at the beautiful young princess.

"Then she's yours! Take her away!" roared the King.

"You betcha!" said the leering young man.

And he rode off into the darkness with his unwilling bride.

MORAL: Hah! There is no Moral here. However, for those of you who persist in seeking Truth and Inspiration from pointless little stories such as this, might we suggest the following: complete this statement in 25 words or less, and mail it to yourself at the earliest convenience, with a note reminding yourself to "wise up": "I think the reason a chicken crosses the road is because....." Decision of the judges is final. In case of ties, duplicate shirts will be awarded (ahahahahaha!).

Once upon a time there was a very small boy who lived all by himself in the forest. He had been raised by a family of bears. Later, his real mother and father had deserted him. His only companion was a wolf cub who lived in a nearby cave. The wolf cub was named Harold, and was very bright for its age. It was 43, and an albino.

One day the small boy was walking in the Cheerful Woods with Harold. They talked of many things: of life, of the new Dam that Mister Beaver was building, of the sharp quills that Mrs. Porcupine had, and of the cozy little den that Peter Rabbit enjoyed.

"Isn't it a shame about Mr. Rabbit?" asked the little boy. "His only clothes are cheap fur, and his children are always in a stew."

"Good grief, John!" replied Harold, the reconstituted wolf cub. "Must you always be with the puns? Thornton W. Burgess would never pun like that about the Forest Children."

"Soxxy, Harold," replied John. "It's just that I was raised by a rather Bearish family."

And, taking a sizeable chunk from John's leg with his cub teeth, Harold ran off chuckling through the Merry Little Forest and down to the Giggling Brook.

To a shoehorn:

shiny glittering reflector
maybe i will call you hector
you could do better service in another town
because the back of my shoe is all broken down

LETTERS FROM THE REAL WORLD DEPARTMENT

Response to *SKOAN* was quite astonishing, when one considers what it was that our letter-writers were responding to. We received about 15 pieces of mail besides Trades (not counting postcards and scribbled notes telling us to "wise up" and "live right!"). However, feeling that letters of comment have absolutely no value at all, we herewith present a few excerpts from some of the best (ahaha!) in the hopes that perhaps we might encourage some potential letterwriters out there to respond to our desperate plea for Mail of All Sorts....

IMS NIRENBERG, of 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Canada, writes:

Thank you for SKOAN. (Asterisks before and after title are not optional; however, you are not alone in your unnoticed state, since hardly anybody else paid any attention to the asterisks either--biff) It swings. I am especially wiggled by your little nonsense tales. I hope you keep up this kind of stuff....It has some kind of unexplainable shiny-ness, personality wise (phee). Eventually, like all sparkling personality zines it will become bogged down with a lettercol, like Deckinger movie reviews, Berry reprints, and all the rest of those things that make a zine dull. I hope this doesn't happen. Don't let* it happen*! When people start addressing each other in your lettercol, you will know the zine is no longer yours, it will belong to the letterhacks. This has happened to QUE PASADO. (Our Good Friend From The North has brought up an interesting point, and he sums up well our feelings towards certain tendencies of certain fanzines. However, an anomaly crops up: Nirenberg has hit something which is Near And Dear to the hearts of many fanzine editors, and we just may be swamped with letters about it, and we shall have to print the letters, and....It's a Cruel and Vicious World Which We Live In Now In This Modern Time Today.--biff)

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland:

I DREAMED I READ *SKOAN* IN MY BALTIMORE BRA
--which is pretty pitiful, considering that I'm an eighteen-year-old male.

I haven't time for extended comments on *Skoan* ((Goshwow*! Mr. Pauls is an Asterisk Noticee! For this is he commended!--biff)), but I would like to make one observation: your writing is an example of the idiotic carried so far that it becomes genius. You are probably one of the few real humorists to enter fandom in five years.

HARRY WARNER, JR, 423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, Maryland:

I enjoyed Skoan--most of it, anyway ((Then you are Forgiven for not being an Asterisk Noticee--Gentle biff)) --and was pleased to note that a EAPA waiting lister is writing as if he were already a member of that organization. This includes a mystery title, which no ayjay member seems to be without today. I can find no clues to its derivation except for the vaguely Norwegian sound which might mean that it is some kind of dreadful Scandinavian obscenity, or it might be an anagram for Ask On, although I can



see nothing in that imperative which makes it worth the trouble to create an anagram.

You don't sound too happy to be in junior college....Even if you can't cut classes very often, I'm sure your dean would give you sick leave any time you let him read Local Boy Makes Good.

Of course, you may be just a figment of Bob Lichtman's imagination....

JEFF WANSHEL, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York:

It (4*SKOAN*) is not Great Literature, but it is awfully entertaining; it has a slightly neurotic sense of humor, in that anything which is different from the norm is neurotic (I've been reading Habbakuk too!), but that same sense of humor actually brought us at least a half-dozen laughs out loud, and only one magazine in the last three months has done that - it was a MAFazine, so we shall not bother you with it.

There are one or two spots where the humor attempts to do something and falls flat on its face; those spots, thank Willis, are more infrequent (somehow, I think my English Teacher would jump on me for those two words) than the funny spots are.

Unfortunately, I don't think you'll ever be a professional; you sound rather perceptive, and one day you might carelessly say that you didn't like the DAR, and that would be that....can't offend any of those organizations, you know, (perhaps the DAR would bear a Demon Investigation. We have already been called Communistically Duped for our feelings about the NCUA.--biff)

DON FITCH, 3908 Prijo, Covina, California:

Please don't make any concerted effort to have Lettering Guides and Justified Margins in the next issue: all titles written with lettering guides look like all other titles written with lettering guides--not only are they undistinguished, but frequently the LGs are aesthetically unpleasing...Hand lettering, when done in a sufficiently free and off-hand style (as yours is) is at least as pleasing and is much more individualistic (A Good Thing To Be).

Oh Joy! Oh Rapture Unforeseen! I just noticed that you pasted the stamp on below the little line of ***, and the Post Office cancelling machine made its little squiggly lines above the aforesaid little line of ***, so that by soaking the zine in water to remove the stamp, and adding a 1¢er, it will be possible to save 3¢ postage. Anything is fair in a ploy for outwitting the post office department. (We are glad to have been of service. Many of our other readers have reported receiving *SKOAN* with uncanceled stamps on same. Although this means that much of our writing will go down the drain (literally) (ahahaha!), we shall try to oblige in the same manner this time.--biff)

I'm at a loss to read that interjected (ahahahahahaha) (You mean such as, unfortunately, slipped in above?--biff)--is it a chuckle, a chortle, or demonical laughter. Or Demmonical? (Ahaha! Actually, Don, many people have asked from Whence It Comes, this laugh. Well, as Jerry Knight once said, it is a way of "putting oneself down on paper."--biff)



ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddeson, Herts.,
England:

Yours is the second fanzine I've seen in the past month written entirely by the editor. The other was William H. Neumann's SF READER. Of course to get enough varied material for an issue all by yourself is quite an achievement in itself and I think you have a definite style of writing that looks very promising. I still think you're a nut, mind you, but a talented one. I wonder what a Lima bean is - like a soya bean only farther south? (After puns like this one we generally cough quietly and retire to the Den for an hour or so of meditation and fasting.--biff) Have you ever tried growing New Guinea Butter Beans? I read they grow to a height of several feet and one is enough for several meals. You can get the seeds from the firm in Detroit that sells all the novelties. At the moment I'm growing Snakes cucumbers, Chinese Fragrant Tree Ferns, and Tree of Heaven. Shoots are coming up gradually. (May we wish you every success in your agricultural endeavor. At one time our backyard was seeded out in corn, potatoes, carrots, and (of course) lima beans. There is nothing so thrilling as wandering in the backyard of a morning and "testing" the carrot planting by gently pulling up about half of it.--biff)



In the GOOD GUY AND THE BAD GUY it says in one paragraph (No. 3) "left with his lifeless burden" yet in paragraph No. 5 "sent word to the Royal Executioner" - what's up? - you killing this fellow off twice or something? (Whassamatter? You some sort of nut who doesn't believe in reincarnation or anything? Actually, the Black Count Burdick has been reincarnated several times, and is due to reappear in these pages shortly. We mention this only because his many fans have requested such information...--biff) Do bodies shrink up when they die over the years? (Well...we would certainly shrivel up if we were to die over the years.--biff) I went to the British Museum this morning and the bandaged mummies there seemed to be either of very small men and women or maybe the process of embalming or mummification shrinks the bodies over the centuries. There seems something horrible about the bodies of people even thousands of years dead, seeing the ancient coffins, the bandaged feet with even the toes bones protruding. And there is one of a shrunken girl like a Belsen fugitive in a stone coffin that still has leathery flesh on it after all these years. Obscene looking. Kept wondering if it wasn't really a terrible sacrilege to have removed these dead people from their graves and taken them to museums like this. I don't think I'd care to be unearthed after 2,000 years for girls to giggle at in a foreign language even in the interests of science. But Demons always living wherever they are. (They sure are...we guess?--biff) Did you ever have any witches in your family? (At first we found this a rather Personal question. However, we are happy to report that, so far as we know, there were never any witches in our family. We ourself, however, are a Card-Carrying Warlock.--biff)

RUSS HILLS, 43422-25th Street West, Lancaster, California, writes:

The clever way you inserted the real title of SKOAN in the "editorial" was not lost on me, is assure you. (It was, however, lost on almost

everyone else. The clever way we inserted asterisks around "SKOAF" was lost on almost everybody, tambien ("of course").--biff)) You are wrong, i think, when you say there are no atheists in hell. If you analyse this statement, you'll see that it says: There exists in hell a set of things. The set of things, of course, is an empty set, i.e. no atheists. Plus whatever else might be there. But assuming that the empty set is the only thing which exists in hell, one still must conclude that hell itself exists. Since hell doesn't exist, one must conclude that your statement was inaccurate. ("False" isn't the right word for this condition, of course, since this would imply that there are no atheists in hell.) So how's that for a philosophical argument? (Mr. Mills has indeed shown himself to be a master magician, except for the fact that one will notice, upon a careful re-reading of our original statement, that we said (and indeed, we quote), "There are no atheists in Hell," thus cleverly avoiding ploys such as yours, Russ.--biff))



You claim that your essay, called never a vital message here, has no cleverly hidden messages. Well, I'm sure you're wrong. Take a look at the letters in the left margin. The first two are FK, a deliberately concealed and altered dirty word! But that's not all: further down the page you find the following sequence of letters: toilet. Altho i have no idea why you persist thinking perverted thoughts, and concealing them in your work, these thoughts are undeniably there. No doubt the misspelling in the last example was due to your inability to find a suitable word with an E in it....

MSgt L.H. Tackett, USMC, H&MS-1 (Comm), IMWG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California, begins with a query:

A question arises. Are you pregnant? I know that "we" is used as an editorial appellation to avoid, for some reason, using "I" which carries overtones of egotism. He, I'm an egotist.

Oh, Bob Lichtman encouraged you to publish? Remind me to send him a barrel of quicksand.

Ah, well. I just wanted to let you know that I'd send you a copy of Dynatron one of these days.

And to comment on -- ahhh, -- SKOAF. (Despite your Deep Military Breath, it should have come out as *SKOAF*.--grotchy biff))

But I haven't really commented much on SKOAF, have I? (Not even in all that stuff we cut out.--biff))

PEGGY McKNIGHT, "Six Acres" Box 306, Tansdale, Pennsylvania:

I just finished reading SKOAF. (Sigh)--biff)) It is a good start. The reproduction is quite good. And your writing will get better as you practice more. (Glad to hear that. As you saw from the sample of our writing included at the bottom of a page, our writing is nearly illegible. Practice will do it, right?--biff)) Someone (I think it was Ron Blilik) once told me that the quickest way to learn to write well is to see your own work in print. He's right, too. (Say! Maybe that's why we never learned to write well. We mean, we never

saw any of it in print. We just say down at one of those brown pads with half inch lines ruled on it and started writing, "Look Dick! See Spot! See Spot run all over the place!" and like that.--biff--)

Some of your stories are cute -- to fill up space -- but the whole issue seemed to be composed of material to fill up space. (4*sob*!)

CRAIG COCHRAN, 467 West First Street, Scottsdale, Arizona:

I cracked up over your "humorous" stories, but I can't quite figure out whether it's because I'm from Arizona or because I'm a fan. I somehow doubt that it's because I'm a fan, but then I also doubt that it's because I'm from Arizona. It simply must be because I'm like the other high school students in this vicinity. Of course, my next door neighbor read one of your stories, and she's convinced you're crazy, but I ought to show her some of the compositions I turn in to my helpless old English teacher.

Did that Atom cover ever appear on an issue of Psi Phi, maybe? (4No, although many of our readers claimed to have seen it before. Actually, if you must know, it was copied from an old back issue of the Saturday Evening Post, and was drawn, of course, by Norman Rockwell. (And how many of you really believe that the Saturday Post was founded by Benjamin Franklin? C'mon, now.--biff--))

BOB SMITH, c/o John Baxter, PO Box 39, King Street,
POST OFFICE, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia:

Many thanks for sending me Sloan. (4*?) For a moment there I thought it was a Lichtman zine -- like, the ditto, letter-headings on the cover, etc., -- especially when I looked at the Atom illustration; seen it before someplace. (4Oh yeah? See above.--biff--)) Well,, maybe in a way it was a Lichtman zine. His mailing list certainly gets around.

Enclosed are a few...er, cartoons which may make you wish you had never asked for "artwork" in Sloan. Use 'em or throw 'em away, I don't mind. (4Thank you very much for the cartoons. Although we didn't credit you on the credit page (mainly because we forgot), we used one of your cartoons on the firstpage of the letter section. We appreciate your sending them, and we can only hope that other cartoonists out there will follow suit. (Or trousers, if you must.)--biff--)

Hope we get further episodes featuring the pretty Addams girl. The story (?) sent me into periods of mumbling incoherency, but don't let that stop you....Next issue how about describing in more detail those candid pictures taken in the Royal Haren, and how can I get that job as Royal Projectionist? (4Only by stomping about 500 other guys with the same idea.--biff--)

RUTH BERLIAN, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota:

Um, that's rather an unfortunate nickname you've got. Last year we got to read Death of a Salesman in senior English. Fine. Nice play. This year, guess what play we just started reading in Freshman English?



Introducing - for the first time anywhere! - the Vicious Marmaduke!



The Vicious Marmaduke!
(or perhaps Jupiter P. February)

"It is a funny thing, that which I have observed about the Marmaduke," said Jupiter P. February, sipping his malted. "In the many years I have track this vicious animal in the wilds I have yet to encounter one in which is life. Each time I find him he is already dead before I get there."

I ordered another malted all around and sat back to enjoy another of the captivating tales of Jupiter P. February, animal explorer and world reknowned killer.

The Marmaduke (said Jupiter P. February laconically, dropping his accent like a ton of bricks) is indeed a magnificent animal. It lives in the warm African veldt, and from the lush undergrowth it springs forth on the unwary passerby. I first heard of this mighty beast when on an hunting expedition in the South Country. But I digress....

While hunting one day, on this expedition, a native bearer ran up to me and, yelling very loud and clear (he went and shouted in my ear, in fact), he imparted to me the information that a strange and exotic track had been discovered outside the camp. Naturally, I proceeded to investigate. Arming myself with naught but a small sidearm, I, accompanied by a small but fanatical group of native bearers, swiftly reached the place alleged that the track it was. Fighting nausea, I brushed aside the horribly crumpled, bleeding, eviscerated little body of a jungle ant which was lying in the track, and stopped to my knees. Upon examination, I found that the track was nothing more nor less than that made by the camp dog, Shep.

Upon liquidating both the easily excited bearer and Shep, I returned to camp. It was not, in fact, until several days later that I actually saw a Marmaduke in his native habitat.

He was dead, of course, as is the custom. Fighting back nausea (for indeed, he had been dead for some time, and he tended to exude an olefactorily unpleasantness, besides smelling like the Devil's own breakfast), I approached the carcass. Here was no ordinary beast of prey, indeed! Here was the legendary and much feared Marmaduke!

The blood coursing in my veins, I called to the natives. "Break camp! We must leave this place at once! It smells like Hell around here!" And we set out on the now historic trek which was to net us 32 dead Marmaduke carcasses and a bad head cold.

"And to this day, I have never seen a live Marmaduke," he concluded, draining his malted with obvious pleasure. And I sat back and reveled in the wonders which had been placed before my imagination that warm summer day. Jupiter P. February, legendary animal explorer, had related another of his famous tales, and I was content.

Girls make noise when followed by boys,
But they fuss louder if a boy says, "Take a powder."

There are a whole lot of fans Out There who haven't got the Slightest Idea of what this whole thing is all about. Namely, all the good guys on our Mailing List. Since it has become a habit, we persist with the Editorial "We" and we manage to convey little of our Total Personality to Fandom. This will never do. So, for one time only, we step down from our anonymity. Read Carefully! This may be your only chance to Understand The Biff:

Hi there!

I'm kind of all Choked Up at being able to stretch my arms and yawn and use singular pronouns for once (and this is odd, because it is, the middle of the night)!

However, I don't have a darned thing to say. If you want to understand me, you're going to have to Send Money, or something. Otherwise, I'm afraid I can't be of any help. So, pulling my cloak of plurality around me, we remain, hoping that you'll write to us and Send Fanzines,

Cal

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon

**All mail should go to us at the address listed on the title page. (However, a lot of it gets sent to other people. We're working on that...)

And remember this: If we are really filled with love,
We'll never choke another dove.

Bye!

SKOAN #12

from

Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon
1002 East 66th Street
Inglewood, California



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CALIFORNIA

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