☆SKOAN☆ number 13

☆SKOAN☆ GALA ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

"SKOAN" is published with considerable irregularity by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, of 1002 East 66th Street, Inglewood, California, and may be obtained for trades or letters. Subscriptions $1.00 the issue. (Any money sent in under this plan will be Kept.) Subscriptions encouraged. A check in this Box ☐ could mean a whole bunch of things. It could mean that you didn't respond to the last issue. It could mean that this issue is being sent to you on a Free Trial Basis. Or it could mean that we didn't like what you said in your last letter. In any case, however, if The Box, above, is checked, this issue of "SKOAN" will be your last unless you Respond. This is not a request; this is an Ultimatum, and a "PresS" Publication, Winter, 1961. Art Credits Elsewhere.

THE EDITOR OURSELF

A SUSTAINING FEATURE

In a fanzine such as "SKOAN" it becomes increasingly harder for the editor to project himself. A bunch of you would probably be pretty surprised, for instance, if we told you that we were married, and the father of One. And well you should be, for it is nothing short of a Damned Lie. Anyway, it is very discouraging to us when we realize that if one were to try to formulate a Picture or an Idea of us from these pages, and from these pages alone, he would get it all wrong. In fact, in re-reading our past few efforts we have tried to do this very thing. We have tried to be Objective, and to figure out what we sound like in our own Printed words.

Well, to us we sound like a short, fat guy with a smelly cigar, and maybe a flowered tie. And we decided, therewith, to Do Something About It. We decided that we must project More Of OurSelf. We must be unafraid to Stand Revealed Before The Searching Eyes Of The World. And we must get rid of that crummy old flowered tie (ahahahaha!). So, in what will probably be a suicidal attempt, we herewith present some LittleKnownFacts about Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, the editor and publisher of "SKOAN".....

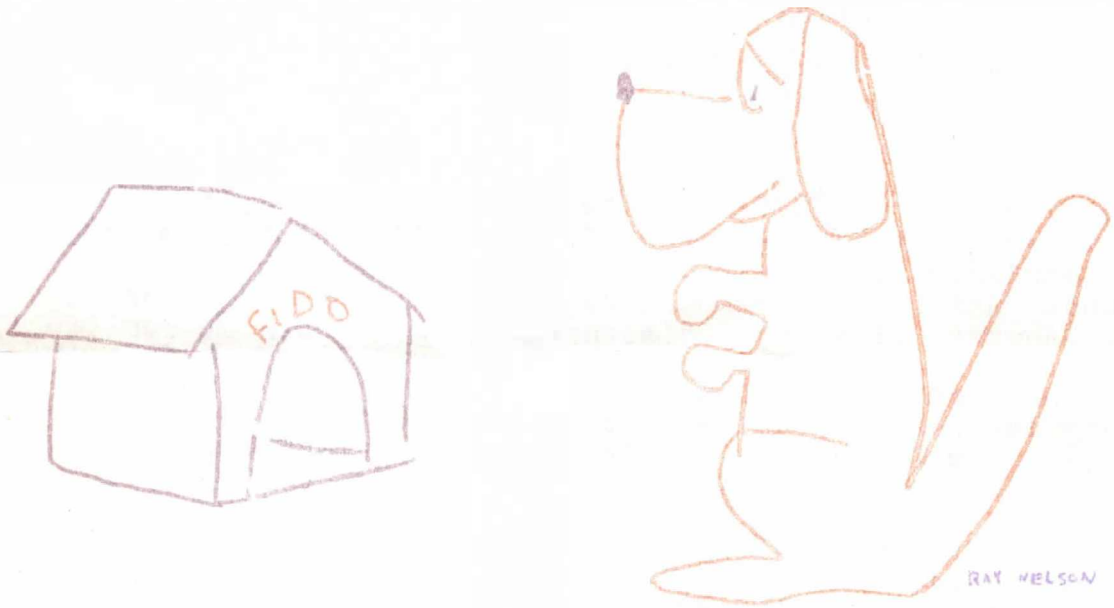
(a) It is not generally known that Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is over six feet tall. Even some of his best friends, who hang around him all day, are often surprised to find this out. "Golly, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon," they have been known to say, "we thought you were just another short, fat guy with a smelly cigar, and maybe a flowered tie." A pox on them.

(b) Another astounding thing which may knock you right over on your elbows is the fact that Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is a Veterinarian of some reknown. The other day a young lady called our offices and inquired about her Turtle. "His eyes are all bugged out," she said, "and he's just been sitting around for a couple of weeks, not doing anything." (You might be led to think that we're making all of this up. Well, "Les fleurs que j'ai plantées n'ont pas poussé," as they say in France.)

We advised her to throw the turtle away. We assured her that it would not be painful. "It'll be best for all concerned," we said. We might add that the same treatment works effectively on most all domestic animals. If your pet gets sick, it is best if you just sneak up behind him some day and throw him away before he knows what is happening. In this way you can avoid a lot of heartache Later On, and you will have something to talk about for two or three days. Incidentally, we are pleased to report that the girl to whom we talked on the phone followed our advice and was much pleased with it. She has since thrown away three cats, 43 goldfish, and a couple of spider monkeys, and she's very happy about it.

(c) Finally, it has been, up until now, a rather well-kept secret that Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is a Funny and Witty Guy. Well, the cat's out of the bag now!

- -



- -

Our plea for written material for "SKOAN" is hereby withdrawn, since nobody responded to it anyway except with pseudo-Biffables. We hadn't anticipated anything like this. We must've received six or seven fake Biffables altogether, plus assorted fake Biffpoetry and the like. Thus, a new Policy of "SKOAN" is hereby announced: all Biffables printed herein will absolutely be written only by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, unless somebody Famous sends one in.

So. If you don't want to contribute anything Worthwhile to "SKOAN", then you can jolly well go away and leave us alone. If you're not interested in making "SKOAN" a Thing Of Beauty, it's okay with us. Just remember that this is your magazine, and that you'll be the ones to suffer! (Don't you hate it when they say that?)

However, a couple of Fine and Gracious artists out There have Come Through, and we are more than thankful. We kiss the feet of them, verbally, herewith. We kiss the brown saddle oxfords of RICHARD SCHULTZ, who sent us some fine drawings which, unfortunately, got lost in the Shuffle. Our apologies to Mr. Schultz. We kiss the dirty tan sandals

of RAY NELSON, who sent us all the funny Ray Nelson Cartoons which adorn this issue. And we kiss the shiny black wedgies of Gary Deindorfer, or, as they said in the original, GARY DEINDORFER, who sent us our Cover, and some other, more Obscene drawings which we rejected. Schultz and Deindorfer responded to our plea for Artwork of their own free wills, respectively. Mr. Nelson was prodded into Contributing by runaway Bob Lightman (or, if you prefer, BOB LIGHTMAN), now of Berkeley. We kiss Mr. Lightman's red hunting cap for his part in this well-timed effort.

Wm. Rotsler is hereby replaced as our staff artist. For this issue, anyway, Ray Nelson is our Staff Artist, with Deindorfer and Schultz in there pitching because they were so Nice about everything. Welcome to the staff, guys! We had been featuring the Leftover works of Wm. Rotsler for the last several issues, but Mr. Rotsler apparently doesn't give a damn, nor a drawing or two, either, so he is hereby Replaced, and any drawings appearing herein which are obviously his should not even be looked at.

There is also a Leftover ATom Illustration in here. It has been used at least once before by somebody Else, and probably Twice. And there are a couple of illustrations in here by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon; isn't he Versatile? Unfortunately, most of the artwork is unidentified as to Artist. This was rather unavoidable, but we apologize for it, and we feel that you'll all be able to Tell, anyway.

Seriously, however, we really want to thank, from the bottom of our heart and with every sincere wish for a happy future and lots of Luck, our former room-mate and Good Buddy (~~[illegible]~~), Jerry Knight. It was Jerry Knight who first discovered our many Talents and urged us to push forward to a lot of New Frontiers. "Calvin Demmon," said Jerry Knight one day, "you're really funny."

We were doing a pushup at the time, however.

- -

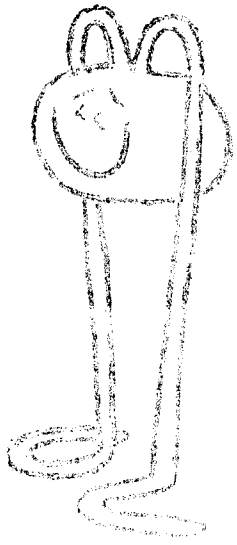
This issue of *SKOAN* features, again, a couple Biffables and one or two Biffpoems. The Biffpoetry has been dwindling of late, and you probably won't see too much of it in the future. Our capacity for this sort of thing seems to have gone the way of so many other things in this funny Modern world -- far away from here. *Sigh.*

- -

The next guy who writes in and asks us if we are really plural or if it's just "you and your tapeworm" is going to get a personally autographed rap in the mouth. That joke was old when Ben Franklin first told it, but then he went out and founded the Saturday Evening Post in repentance, and a sorry mess that was, too. (It is not generally known that Norman Rockwell first invented the bifocal lens, but gave Franklin the credit in return for the privilege of painting the SatEvePost's covers. Unfortunately, Mr. Rockwell made his original lenses out of cellophane, and his paintings have been rather blurry ever since.)

- -

It was really a giant kick in the head for us to get all the many letters of comment which we received on *SKOAN* #12, even though this line is all crooked and everything. Les Gerber, that Funny Guy from



BURDICK RETURNS! WOWEE!

As the BLACK COUNT BURDICK sat musing evilly in his little tarpaper cottage in the Forest one day, a knock could be heard quite plainly coming from what sounded to the BLACK COUNT BURDICK as the vicinity of the Front Door. Never being one to quibble, old BLACK COUNT opened the front door, and, sure enough, the knocking stopped. The BLACK COUNT found himself removing the fist of a rather short and stocky Giant from his face.

"Sorry," said the Giant. "I didn't know you were going to open the door," he said.

"Quite," said the BLACK COUNT. "And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I'm selling subscriptions to Boy's Life Magazine, and I wondered if you'd like to Buy One," replied the Giant, gesturing naively with a small sawed-off shotgun.

"Always glad to oblige a Student," replied the BLACK COUNT graciously, handing the Giant an enchanted nickel which turned him into a cabbage beetle. The unfeeling BLACK COUNT then stepped on the cabbage beetle, wiped his shoes on the Welcome Mat, and shut the door.

Four days later the Welcome Mat was gone, and in its place was a note which read as follows:

ther are Giants inthe land!
ahahahahahahaha!
(signed) E. H. R.

After buying a new Welcome Mat and a house in the Country, the BLACK COUNT BURDICK sat musing evilly once more, in his brand-new Living Room. Suddenly, a thought struck him in the head with such force that it knocked him backwards out of his chair and onto the floor. He got up, dusted himself off, and headed for his brand-new Kitchen. Working quietly and expertly, he mixed up several vials of Evil Liquids, and packed them gently into an old shoebox, after connecting them with all sorts of mysterious wires and gears and levers and strings and fuses. He sealed the package, tied it tightly with heavy twine, and, in the most feminine hand he could manage, he addressed it: "To The Handsome Young Giant (*sigh*), Big House, Forest."

Sprinkling the package liberally with a bottle labelled "Extract of Chocolate Chip Cookie," he laughed gleefully and shucked it into the little "outgoing" basket on his desk. Then he changed his shoes, gathered up the outgoing mail (which consisted of one rather smelly little package wrapped in brown paper and twine), and hurried down to the corner. After depositing the package in the mailbox, he returned home, opened the window which faced North towards the Big House, and settled back with a pair of 30x binoculars to await the anticipated results.

You can well imagine his surprise when the package was delivered back to him two days later (marked, "returned for better address"), and he picked it up and it blew him to smithereens and other places. He didn't recover for two days, and in the meantime he missed two hangings and a coming-out orgy. He was seen in the village later that week, with "four sheets to the wind," as the saying goes. "Plain Drunk," however, was the way it was listed on the books. ##The many fans of the BLACK COUNT BURDICK will be happy to hear that his collected adventures are to be published by Random House in the Spring. So will we.

The other day we received a formletter from a company which wanted to sell us a bunch of books about Science, for our Children. Attached to the top of the letter, to attract our attention so that we wouldn't throw the letter away, was an "authentic Japanese Butterfly" in a little cellophane envelope. After unfastening the little cellophane envelope containing the "authentic Japanese Butterfly," we threw the letter away.

Upon close inspection of the "butterfly" we found that the wings were Real but the fuselage was made of paper and the feelers (or "antennae") were made of cheap Japanese thread. Not only did this Shock us, but it has made us Damned Suspicious. Anybody who comes around here with free things after this is going to have to answer to us, personally. Perhaps artificial flavorings and plastic "permanent" flowers are symptomatic of our hurried-up world, or something. But phony butterflies! Cheese! (Those of you who detect a lot of Moral Indignation in this article are to be commended. We decided that it was about time that we began to comment on our Corrupt and Decadent Modern Civilization, since everybody else is doing it. We hope that you will think Deep Thoughts about what we just said, and then start little groups right in your own Community. We can lick this threat before it gets started across the bridge, although it has infiltrated to the very roots of Society!)

- -

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jimmy. He was a regular little fellow, with freckles and tousled hair. He liked to go and play "catch" with the other children, and everybody liked him. Even the Grownups in the Neighborhood liked him. "Mercy," the old lady next door would always say, "he is such a sweet Child." Jimmy had always hated the old lady next door, and she wasn't helping matters any, though heaven knows she Tried, the poor old soul.

Everything went along fine for little Jimmy until he was about eleven. Then he fell in Love with the little girl who lived across the street. Her name was Carolyn Addams, and Jimmy would sit for hours by the window down in the Living Room of his house, gazing sadly across the street and bathing his feet in a soothing bath of epsom salts. (He had read somewhere that Girls like their Men to be Cranky, so he put tacks in his shoes.) He waited patiently for the little Addams girl to leave for school every day, so he could walk with her. Sometimes she would even let him carry her books. (Some lousy psychologist out There is probably going to say that I got soured on Wimmen at an early age. Aw, shutup!)

Fifteen years later, Jimmy had been happily married to a completely different girl for about fourteen years. He had forgotten all about the little girl from the house across the street, and when she came to his house one day to return his copy of "Robert's Rules Of Order" his wife went to the door and he never knew anything about it because he was sick in bed with a migraine headache.

- -

I wonder why everybody looks at me so Queer
when I put the tip of my tail in my ear?

- -

Once upon a time, in the dark and gloomy woods just north of Idaho, there lived a very crafty and powerful and wicked old witch. (I have never been able to draw my female characters with any credibility, and for this I apologize in advance.) She lived in a house made of candy, but it didn't help her much. It was very dirty candy with hard centers, and the little kids didn't seem to like it. "Look," a little child would say, "there's a house all made out of candy! Let us go over there, and nibble awhile."

"Fooey!" his little companion would reply. "It's the wrong kind of candy. It's that kind of hard candy with hard centers."

"Oh, well, in that case," the first child would say, "let us keep on walking in the woods. Besides, I have heard it said that that house belongs to a very crafty and powerful and wicked old witch," he would say.

"You never have been able to draw your female characters with any believability, have you?" his little companion would retort in an offensive manner.

"You mean 'credibility?'"

"Yes, I do."

"No, I haven't."

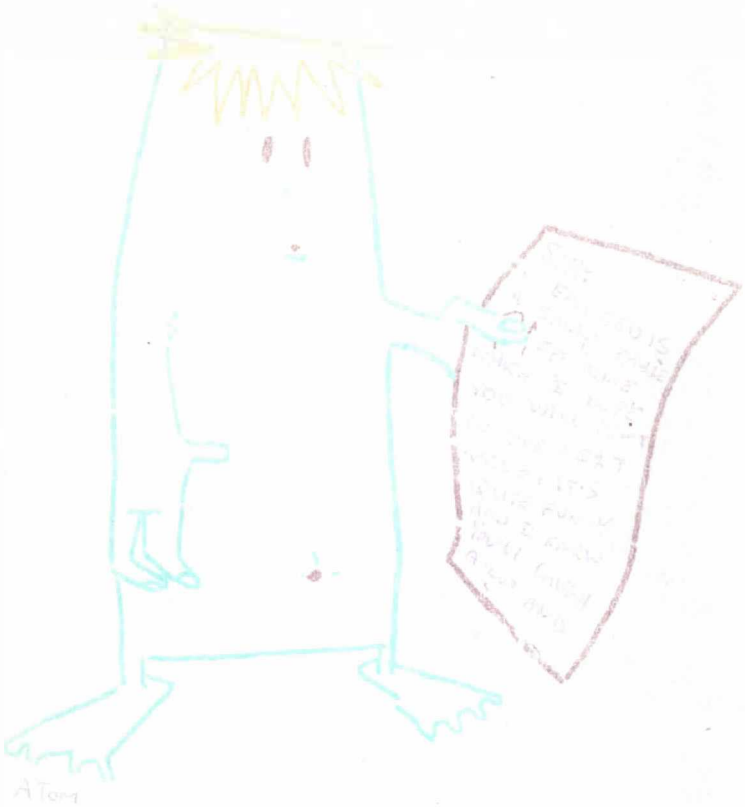
(I've always had sort of a problem with little kid dialogue, too.)

The witch's name was Muriel. She lived in the house for three days and then, consumed with hunger, she ate it down to the ground. "Quite a pity, really," she later remarked, "but one does get so hungry, you know." After having thirty-two fillings put in her teeth, she gained employment at a local orphanage. "More fun than a Saturday Matinee," she says.

- -

SINCE WE GOT HIM THAT PUPPY DOG, HE HASN'T BEEN A BIT OF TROUBLE.

LETTERS FROM THE FUNNY REAL WORLD



[illegible] for some time one pol[illegible] to print letters/comment in [illegible] Order postmark[illegible] It's simply fair. Those of you who write in first would be worried, and besides, in this [illegible] not be aware of when [illegible] possibility to dent Buffies or [illegible] by printing their letters first.

The first letter to arrive here [illegible] "SKOAN" was from our dear Buffie and friend, Frank Landsman, who lives across Town, and who dropped himself right into we-dum [illegible] as a direct result of having for a long time [illegible] of the rare Complete Files of "SKOAN".....

FRANK LANDSMAN, Inglewood

It strikes me that if a person and/or reader liked your first efforts of "SKOAN" he would put this issue up. But then again, who likes Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon or his efforts in or out of print? (Frank [illegible] for the affections of a Jeffrin Earl. Neither of us won, but there is a heapsa ted bitterness between us, as you can well surmise. Such is the Tragedy of Life. --Biff) The cover was neat. However, it was not all and it was SOK. Perhaps maybe that's why we think it's about the best thing in the mag.... The real main thing that we liked about this issue is that it was all Calvin W. Demmon. You used no tried stuff that was already proven funny. Cute. ...A lot of people will write you and it will make you lots of friends and you will be happy and your heart will pound with as much merriment as it could.....which all makes us sick so this is the reason why you brought out "SKOAN" in the first place....If it be the same we hope it works.... The last line of criticism comes from another little mag put out by our close friends, Andrew Heiskell and Roy Larsen. This little magazine (it is not considered a fanzine) has become somewhat popular. We quote a neat little line of criticism from their department entitled Cinema: "(Calvin Demmon's) effort might be compared to the pastime of a successful gunfighter who, between important assassinations, lies on his back in a hotel room, drinks dark ale, and obliterates with his six-gun all the flies on the ceiling. The onlooker admires the skill and deplores the pointlessness."

- -

KEN HEDBERG, Florin, California

$1 for Willis Fund enclosed. Would like to get "SKOAN" #12, which I saw reviewed in Yandro #103. (Sorry guys out there want to say again that nobody will pay a quarter for a fanzine, anybody ever pay a dollar for your fanzine? --Biff)

- -

E. LOTHAMER, El Camino College, California:

Your Giant Twelfth issue coming as it did at the end of a harrowing summer session served as a miraculous laugh ex machina. (¢Since Miss Lothamer Detests pseudo-intellectuals, we hereby admit that we don't know what an "ex machina" is, having never studied. We are to be commended, however, for our Remarkable Candor, right ?¢)

Have been playing your cnemanupsmanship-chasing-references game and have lost innumerable friends. Thank you.

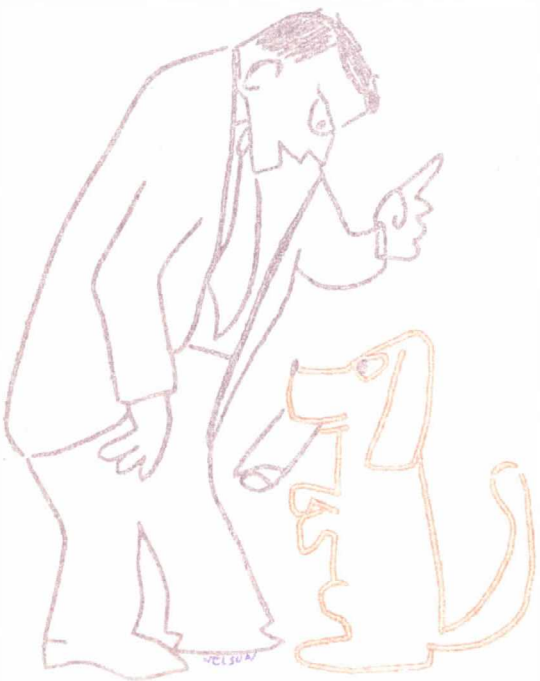
Suggest you push your creativity and get another issue out soon. The whole world is waiting for the sun also rises in the Western Front and center.

- -

LES GERBER, New York:

It is a good issue, this latest **********SKOAN**********, I think. Even the cover was funny, which is unusual. (¢And that's a Dangling Which Clause. Will you Never Learn?¢) So was the editorial matter -- that is, the stuff that could be labeled "editorial," not everything written by the editor. Not that there was anything bad written by the editor, but there were some things which were much gooder than others, such as the Biffable analysis, the continuations of nonexistent matter, the filler notpoems, except for the Miller Filler, the Serious Page, and especially "The Cheese Stands Alone." You remember that too! But the best in the issue, of course, was the droodle space, at least after I got through with it. I'd copy the droodle out for you, but it's too obscene. (¢It must be plenty obscene. That space said "This space for drooling." --biff¢)

I notice that you are charging $1 an issue, which you will probably send to the Willis Fund, but you are discouraging subs. Shame on you! As Vice Chairman (ahahah!) of the Willis Fund, I urge you to encourage subs. It's too bad we're too old to go out trick or treating on Halloween for the Willis Fund. Fandom could use more Jeff Wanshels. Trick or Treat for UNICEF raised over a million bucks last year. Wouldn't it be great if the Willis Fund collected a million bucks? Walt could retire from his job and devote his time to a monthly HYPHEN and writing for fanzines, until his mind rotted away, which wouldn't take very long under the circumstances.



I WON'T SEND YOU TO THE NEWSTAND ANY MORE IF YOU DON'T STOP BRINGING BACK THE "DOG LOVERS JOURNAL."

- -

REDD BOGGS, Minneapolis, Minnesota:

After I read "Chasing References" in *Skoan* whole number twelve, I suddenly realized that the whole production is based on the Train of Thought method. It is all word-play; there's nothing funny in situation or characterization in the "Biffables"; there are no two-line jokes, or clever bits of description. The verse is like that, too. Indeed, it is all like that, as I said, and now that I've identified the method whereby *SKOAN* is produced, I think I could produce an issue myself. (¢We discussed this at length with Bob Lichtman on the Telephone, and we all agreed that Redd Boggs probably could produce an issue of *SKOAN*. With Justified Margins.¢) Of course you did it first, but do you suppose you deserve much credit and praise for this? Benjamin Franklin invented lightning (and the Saturdepost of course) and thereby produced electricity, but west-

inghouse is making a lot of money. (And the Astrovoxel is going crazy. Ahahahahha! -- Biff!) I doubt if they give Don what really as they turn out another light bulb.

Anyway, SKOAN is very funny. At the best of times as anybody on anything I've read since the administration of Calvin "Biff" Coolidge. The only thing I've seen to equal it, indeed, is an article in Bi-Fan by Calvin Thomas "Biff" Beck, and I think SKOAN is even more significant than the solemn Doctrines of John "Biff" Calvin. I liked all of it very much, but comments on specific items would seem to be superfluous.

- -

DIANE BUCHMASTER, Kirkcaldright, Scotland:

I'm not sure what way I'm supposed to address you...."Dear Calvin" sounds terribly haughty and "Dear Biff" is too far in the opposite direction for someone I've never even written to, let alone met, so I've compromised with "Dear Cal." Hope that's acceptable. (Well, actually, we Hate the nickname "Cal," but we sympathize with your dilemma. Everybody always calls us "Cal" anyway. The blind, sickly, fools!) The main reason I liked SKOAN (note "asterisks" -- I was that you seem to have a fresh sense of humour, i.e., you don't rely on furnishnesh for humour; I finished reading your "never a vital message" convulsed in giggles. Lovely. I enjoyed your editorial, too, and am pleased to see that you haven't hesitated to use the editorial "we" in spite of the way all of fandom apparently abhors the practice.... I read your ramblings about El Camino College with interest. I always like reading about a fan's background and I especially like to know about American colleges. I have often wondered what college magazines and/or newspapers look like. Are they like fanzines? (Well, El Camino College doesn't have a magazine, and we have already given our opinion of Cal's newspaper, the W.RWHOLE. The University of California at Berkeley has several magazines. The one most closely resembling a fanzine, probably, is the California Relicon, which is plenty funny and plenty Dirty. --Biff!) What's Rheg mean? ("Rheg" is an expression of disgust, or joy, or "world-weariness," or elation, or related emotions.)

It appears that I don't qualify to tapeexpand with you as you say that would-be tapeexpanders must have a roll of tape and a clean mind. I have the former, but, so far in life, the latter seems to have escaped me. Perhaps I shall acquire one by the time I am seventy or eighty and I'll let you know if I do. But by then you may have acquired a dirty mind, in which case we'll be just as far apart as we ever were. The funny thing is, I believe you do have a clean mind -- most unusual -- but if you weren't an innocent young lad you would never have sent out (*)SKOAN(*) with a cover like this one, would you now? (The "Clean Mind" of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is an Advertising Gimmick. We tell ourself.)

I'd be pleased to hear from you. (You did hear from us. Right after you said that. Remember?)

- -

DICK SCHULTZ, Detroit, Michigan:

There's something about you. Thee and Boyd Raeburn are the only ones in fandom today who can consistently milk this Capitalization of Certain Subjects for all it's worth, tho you missed a few choice tidbits, as I remember from my perusal of your fine effort. You do it all the time, tho. And have got Bob Lichtman into this Bad Habit. (See?) You have to learn to be more selective about what you capitalize, if Raeburn is any

KEN HEDBERG, Flint, Mich. (again)

Ouhhhhhhhh! Yeh! Now, if I didn't know better, I'd swear, yes I really, that you had stepped directly from the pages of FANTASY IN MIX, via by J.R. Ballinger. I mean, you're just like Ann Lee - good four or five years -- but I would wonder you were he or she or whatever in your fanzine're not the first one to compare me with a character from FANTASY IN MIX, though we don't know how "BIGOT" came and that's grandeur. Those people (all girls, of various ages) also compared me to Kathleen Mansfield. One person (a girl, of various ages) compared me to Ashley "You're a real fringe," she said. As a long time ago a girl compared me to Santa Claus. "Hey," she said, "do you know she (you remind me of) Santa Claus." It just goes to show you. --biff)

((NOTE: Elsewhere in this issue we will be found grotching about people who send in pseudo-biffibles, and swearing not to print their efforts. Among the offenders were Gary Grindorfer, Tom Gaiberg, and Ken Hedberg. And Walt Willis. In Mr. Willis' case, we are making an exception. We are printing his Fable because it is an integral part of his letter, and because it is very Nice. And it's pretty Funny. And it's Very Short, and it says Good Things about Us. Hooray! --biff))

WALT WILLIS, Belfast, Ireland.

There was once an old fan who lived on a tiny island in the Atlantic. His name was Willis and he suffered from colour prejudice. He hated purple fanzines because he believed all purple fanzines were hectographed. He had heard of rotary spirit duplicators but he didn't believe in them; they were just hectographs which had been twisted out of shape. So every time he saw a purple fanzine he grabbed it and buried it in a tray and put great mimeographed tombstones like Habbakuk on top of it, while he went looking through the grass roots of fandom for bright new minds. And all the time the brightest of them all was buried alive in his tray.

Oh well anyway what I wanted to say was just that I took a pile of crudzines into the office yesterday to polish them off and I came up against yours and it shook me. I liked it. I liked it very much. I like the way you go about things, I like what you go about, and I love your little asides like Your Chance To Break Into Fringe Fandom. If yours is fringe fandom, I want to break in, please. Please keep going just the way you are and don't let anybody sober you up. I haven't come across anyone like you since Max Kessler, and you can spell! Such richness!

I know I'm always wishing people would be specific, so I liked the bit about the pornography, and the Bacon book and the poem about Nina and the bit about good friends and the portrait of the artist. ((Thanks. We called up Bob Lichtman, our expert on Fandom, a long time

ago, and asked him if it were considered Okay, Etiquette-Wise, to publish one's own egoboo. He said that it was, indeed, considered Okay, and that we should Do It. So that's why we published the above letter by Walt Willis. And also because it made us feel Warm and Wonderful and Appreciated. *Sniff.*--biff!)

- -

RUSS MILLS, Lancaster, California:

(Mr. Mills' letter was lost in the Drawer some time ago, and we came upon it only yesterday. It really belongs farup in this chronological letter column.) Your comment injected in Cochran's letter (in *S* #12) about the doubt you have over Ben Franklin's ever starting the Saturdaypost prompted me to search through some of our books to find out if he really did. The Encyclopedia Americana didn't seem to mention it, so I browsed through a copy of The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (American Book Co., New York, 1896). I discovered (on p. 80) that Franklin bought a newspaper called "The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette." He writes: "...it proved in a few years extremely profitable to me." The paper had been in existence for ½ of a year, and had had 39 issues published in that time. This means, of course, that it was a weekly. Franklin purchased it in 1729, after the 39th issue, which was printed on 25 Sept. 1729. This was a Saturday. I could find no mention of the name Franklin used for it, but I suspect that it could have been the Saturday Evening Post. Of course this newspaper, run by a public-minded and resourceful a man as Franklin, is a far cry from the present slick-covered, hiskool vocab (so I hear) magazine which exists today.

(Russ also sent along one of his famous Word Matrices. We are printing it below because he says "it took me long enuff to make.")

1727-233 Vol. 1964

Word Matrix #2

Biff was grotchy and

created a Biffable(s) his

SKOAN natural smut printed

It . Jan it matter?

(Many thanks to Mr. Mills for this fine effort. We only wish that he'd had to type it onto the master himself.)

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

WE ALSO HEARD FROM a bunch of other people: DON FRANSON, who said, on a Postcard, "oops, **," after an horrible Omission; JO DONNA HAHN, who said "Mr. Demmon;" WILLIAM M. DANNER, who said, in a long letter of General Nature, that "*SKOAN* is as hard to comment upon as people are always saying Stef is," so he didn't; and GARY DEINDORFER, who sent us our cover and a couple of dirty

the following instructions should prove invaluable to the Novice Handyman as well as to the Seasoned Mender.

(1) Unplug the apparatus. Turn off all the electricity. Draw the blinds. Turn off all the water. Send the rest of the family to a movie. Breathe deeply for twenty minutes. (It is probable that we'd get a Big Laugh here were we to say, "Now call the repairman." Unfortunately, while this is certainly a workable suggestion, it is, at best, an Evasion, and rather corny besides. It's just a good thing for you that we know when to curb our silly impulses.)

(2) Now call the repairman.

- -

Bob Lichtman, our friend who was, when we started work on this issue, up in Berkeley, but is now in Los Angeles, has recently gained employment with Beneficial of Los Angeles, an Insurance Company. We got a letter from Bob the other day, written during his Office Hours, and we present it nearly intact, here, below. Those of you who read *SKOAN* #12 will recognize the parody, of course. Those of you who didn't read *SKOAN* #12 are probably better off. (Actually, we don't feel that way at all, but it seems to be nearly Mandatory for one to deprecate his fanzine at least once in each issue, doesn't it?) (A lot of you do it about five hundred times in each issue. Fooey on you.) Mr. Lichtman writes,

Dear Mr. Demmon:

when I am sorting Beneficial flack,
I feel like a human Amiga,
when I flag seconds three times or five,
I feel horribly, miserably, unAlive.
And here's a word about the girl at the next desk,
Irene.
She looks great, [illegible] in a swimsuit, but even
in office clothes, Really Keen.

Mr. Lichtman signs his note "Keep fightin' buddy." While we haven't touched a Drop in Mr. Lichtman's presence, ever nor in too many other presences), we finally figured out what he means.

- -

You have been reading (or will be reading, if you're one of those crudd y guys who reads this last halfpage first) *SKOAN* #13, the 3ola Anniversary Issue of the magazine that laughed when you sat down to play the piano. We have been in the process of creating this since we got out *SKOAN* #12, sometime in July or August of this (1961) year. It will probably be at least as long again before *SKOAN* #14 hits the stands. In the meantime, we can maybe keep ourselves in the Trading Market with a couple of our forthcoming APAzines -- for SAPS and OMPA, if we get in.

It occurs to us that those in our audience who are NotFans will find much in here to Puzzle and Bewilder themselves with. It is the way of the World. We readily admit, incidentally, that there are two or three NotFans on our mailing list. Some of you guys out there seem to think that fanzines should be sent to fans and to fans alone, and, indeed, we have even heard Angry Words about people who send fanzines to NotFans. Well, somebody always gripes about everything, right? "You can't please everybody," as They say. (Stuff like "You can't please everybody" makes us Ill. It has its place, however.) (Add your own punchline here. If you are one of those lousy guys who laughed loudly and inserted a placename in your tiny mind after we said "It has its place, however," then we have nothing but Contempt for you. We hate people who are funnier than we are.)

We have been accused of printing a fanzine full of Fillers. Well, if anything is a filler, this halfpage here is (though it was composed Off Matter, same as everything), because it is all Outside and everything. We would rather remain sort of Noncommittal about the whole thing out here, for some reason. Perhaps it is the Postman.....Anyway, as we told Bob Lichtman, in a Tape Recording, we positively detest the rather common habit of saying, "Well, gang, I've only got three more lines to fill, so stick with me and I'll make it! Wowee! Now there're only two more lines to fill, and now there's only part of this one! Wowee! I told you I could do it!" Stuff like that irritates us to no end. In fact, it infuriates us to think that we should be trapped into reading three lines of such out-and-out Filler Stuff. But this is a Common Practice. It has something to do with Every Publisher's Dream of having the top and bottom margins on every page come out exactly Even. This is not only generally impossible, but it is highly Impractical (we told ourselves, and that's why our top and bottom margins on almost every page are Different and Individual.)

Wowee. I told you I could do it.

Calvin

SKOAN #13, from
Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon
1002 East 66th Pl.
Inglewood, California
U.S.A.

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN AND FORWARDING POSTAGE
GUARANTEED
FORM 3547 REQUESTED

RICH SNEART
2962 SANTA ANA ST.
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

inghouse is making a lot of money. (And the television is going broke! Ahehah h hah! — Biff!) I doubt if they give Ben much credit for they have got another light bulb.

Anyway, SKOAN is very funny. All in about it reads as well as anything I've read since the administration of Calvin "Biff" Coolidge. The only thing I can mean to a well it, indeed, is an article in Si-Fan by Calvin Thomas "Biff" Beck and I think "Skoan" is even more significant than the opinion doctrines of that "Biff" Calvin. I liked all of it very much, but comments on specific items would seem to be superfluous.

WALTER BUCKMASTER, Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

I'm not sure what way I'm supposed to address you...."Dear Calvin" sounds terribly haughty and "Dear Biff" is too far in the opposite direction for someone I've never even written to, let alone met, so I've compromised with "Dear Cal." Hope that's acceptable. (Well, actually, we Hate the nickname "Cal," but we sympathize with your dilemma. Everybody always calls us "Cal" anyway. The blind, sickly, fools!!) The main reason I liked SKOAN (note "asterisks" !) was that you seem to have a fresh sense of humour, i.e., you don't rely on funnishness for humour; I finished reading your "never a vital message" convulsed in giggles. Lovely. I enjoyed your editorial, too, and am pleased to see that you haven't hesitated to use the editorial "we" in spite of the way all of fandom apparently abhors the practice.... I read your ramblings about El Camino College with interest. I always like reading about a fan's background and I especially like to know about American colleges. I have often wondered what college magazines and/or newspapers look like. Are they like fanzines? (Well, El Camino College doesn't have a magazine, and we have already given our opinion of Alan's newspaper, the W.RWHO.P. The University of California at Berkeley has several magazines. The one most closely resembling a fanzine, probably, is the California Relisan, which is plenty funny and plenty Dirty. —Biff!) What's Gheg mean? (!"Gheg" is an expression of disgust, or joy, or "world-sickness," or elation, or related emotions.!)

It appears that I don't qualify to taperespond with you as you say that would-be taperesponders must have a roll of tape and a clean Mind. I have the former, but, so far in life, the latter seems to have escaped me. Perhaps I shall acquire one by the time I am seventy or eighty and I'll let you know if I do. But by then you may have acquired a dirty mind, in which case we'll be just as far apart as we ever were. The funny thing is, I believe you do have a clean mind — most unusual — but if you weren't an innocent young lad you would never have sent out (!*!)SKOAN(!*!) with a cover like this one, would you now? (!The "Clean Mind" of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is an Advertising Gimmick. We tell ourself.!)

I'd be pleased to hear from you. (!You did hear from us. Right after you said that. Remember!!)

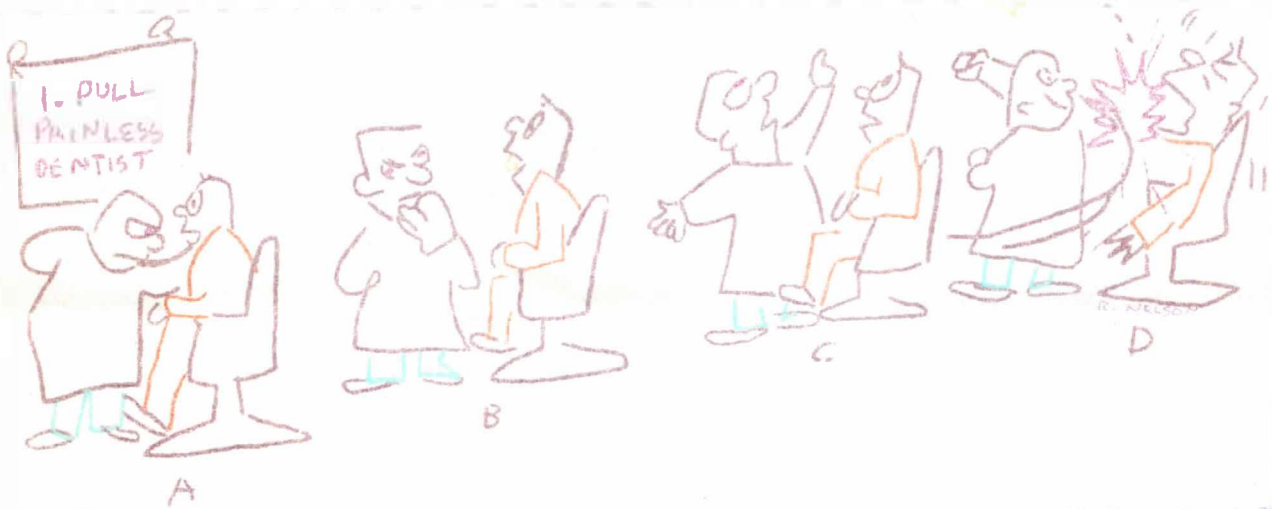
DICK SCHULTZ, Detroit, Michigan.

There's something about you. Thee and Boyd Raeburn are the only ones in fandom today who can consistently milk this Capitalization of Certain Subjects for all it's worth, tho you missed a few choice tidbits, as I remember from my perusal of your fine effort. You do it all the time, tho. And have got Bob Lichtman into this Bad Habit. (See?) You have to learn to be more selective about what you capitalize, if Raeburn is any

KEN HEIBERG. Fleric, [illegible] (again)

Ahahahahahah! Yes, you, if I didn't know better, I'd swear you'd copied that one right straight from the pages of [illegible] IN [illegible] by J.D. Salinger. I mean, you're just being [illegible] for five years, but I would swear you were he or his or because of you (there's not the first one to anywhere as with a character from [illegible] IN [illegible], though we don't know how "SHAW" came to [illegible] that impression. These people (all girls, of various ages) have compared us to Holden Caulfield. One person (a girl), of various ages, compared me to Seabiscuit. "You're a real fringe," she said. A long time ago a girl compared us to Santa Claus. "Hey," she said, "do you know who you remind me of? Santa Claus." It just goes to show you [illegible] stuff!

(NOTE: Somewhere in this issue we will be found scratching about people who send in pseudo-Biffiana, and rewriting not to print under efforts. Among the offenders were Gary Mannifar, Tom Weidberg, and Ken Heiberg. And Walt Willis. In Mr. Willis' case, we are making an exception. We are printing his Noble because it is an integral part of his letter, and because it is very Nice, and it's really funny. And it's very short, and it says Good Things about Us. Hooray! --Biff!)



WALT WILLIS, Belfast, Ireland.

There was once an old fan who lived on a tiny island in the Atlantic. His name was Willis and he suffered from colour prejudice. He hated purple fanzines because he believed all purple fanzines were hectographed. He had heard of rotary spirit duplicators but he didn't believe in them; they were just hectographs which had been twisted out of shape. So every time he saw a purple fanzine he grabbed it and buried it in a tray and put great mimeographed tombstones like Habbakuk on top of it, while he went looking through the grass roots of fandom for bright new minds. And all the time the brightest of them all was buried alive in his tray.

Oh well anyway what I wanted to say was just that I took a pile of crudzines into the office yesterday to polish them off and I came up against yours and it shook me. I liked it. I liked it very much. I like the way you go about things, I like what you go about, and I love your lit'le asides like Your Chance To Break Into Fringe Fandom. If yours is fringe fandom, I want to break in, please. Please keep going just the way you are and don't let anybody sober you up. I haven't come across anyone like you since Max Kessler, and you can spell! Such richness!

I know I'm always wishing people would be specific, so I liked the bit about the pornography, and the Bacon book and the poma about Nina and the bit about [illegible] good friends and the portrait of the artist. (Thanks. We called up Bob Lichtman, our expert on Fandom, a long time

ago, and asked him if it were considered Okay, Etiquette-Wise, to publish one's own egoboo. He said that it was, indeed, considered Okay, and that we should Do It. So that's why we published the above letter by Walt Willis. And also because it made us feel Warm and Wonderful and Appreciated. *Sniff.*--biff!)

- -

RUSS MILLS, Lancaster, California:

(Mr. Mills' letter was lost in the Drawer some time ago, and we came upon it only yesterday. It really belongs farup in this chronological letter column.) Your comment injected in Cochran's letter (in *S* #12) about the doubt you have over Ben Franklin's ever starting the SatEvePost prompted me to search through some of our books to find out if he really did. The Encyclopedia Americana didn't seem to mention it, so I browsed through a copy of The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (American Book Co., New York, 1896). I discovered (on p. 80) that Franklin bought a newspaper called "The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette." He writes: "...it proved in a few years extremely profitable to me." The paper had been in existence for ½ of a year, and had had 39 issues published in that time. This means, of course, that it was a weekly. Franklin purchased it in 1729, after the 39th issue, which was printed on 25 Sept. 1729. This was a Saturday! I could find no mention of the name Franklin used for it, but I suspect that it could have been the Saturday Evening Post. Of course this newspaper, run by as public-minded and resourceful a man as Franklin, is a far cry from the present slick-covered, hiskool vocab (so I hear) magazine which exists today.

(Russ also sent along one of his famous Word Matrices. We are printing it below because he says "it took me long onuff to make.")

1729-
No. 233
1964

Word Matrix #2

Biff was grotchy and

created a Biffable(s) his

SKOAN natural smut printed

It. Can it matter?

(Many thanks to Mr. Mills for this fine effort. We only wish that he'd had to type it onto the master himself.)

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

WE ALSO HEARD FROM a bunch of other people: DON FRATSON, who said, on a Postcard, "oops, **," after an horrible Omission; JO DONNA HAHN, who said "Mr. Demmon;" WILLIAM M. DANNER, who said, on a long letter of General Nature, that "*SKOAN* is as hard to comment upon as people are always saying Stef is," so he didn't; and GARY DEINDORFER, who sent us our Cover and a couple of dirty