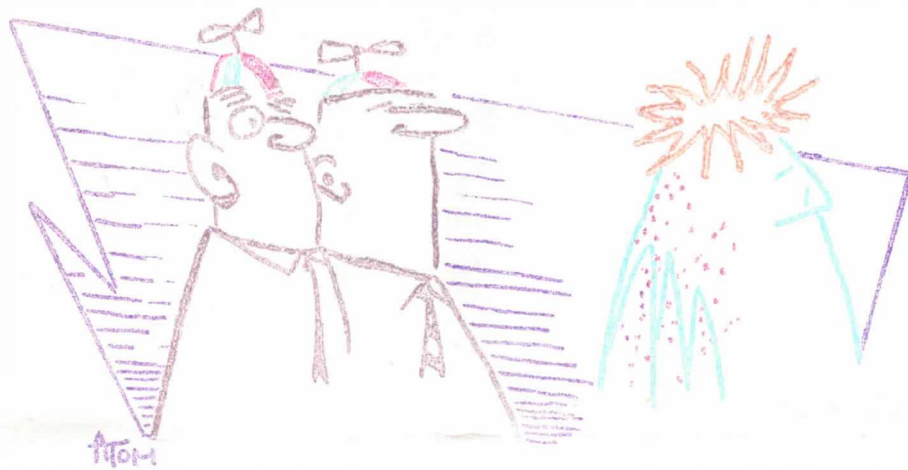


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110-1

"Ahahahahahaha!"

It's been a Very Long Time since the last issue of *SKOAN*. During that time the terrific list of *Press* Publications has grown from #17 to #31. We've done about fifty pages of Written Material for Other Fanzines of Ours. (The old *SKOAN* syndrome, having left us in times past, returns quickly when we start writing for our favourite genzine, and we begin to Capitalize with Gay Abandon again, dammit!) We've had many Exciting and Wonderful Personal Experiences at home and at work and at school. We've joined the Spectator Amateur Press Society and the Off-Tracks Magazine Publishers' Association, and we've



become the Big Cheese behind the Shadow FAPA. We've obtained an Automobile of our Very Own, with an automatic windshield washer even, and we've driven it All Around Los Angeles and even up to Berkeley.

We're still the same humourous person whom everyone dearly loves, however, and this is *SKOAN* #14, the issue that Really Shows It...

"Mr. Demmon!" said a happy young liberal of our acquaintance, as he clapped our back during our lunch hour the other day. "I didn't know you were a writer! Do you write much?"

It's been that way for quite a while now. Mistakenly, under the misapprehension that it Certainly Couldn't Do Any Harm, we submitted a small article of ours to the Literary Magazine out at good old El Camino College. Since then we have been accosted by a whole bunch of people we hardly know from all our Old Classes. They all approach the subject in about the same way as our happy young liberal friend.

"Well..." we said to him, as he sat down beside us. "Sometimes."

"Where do you live?" he asked, bubbling over with enthusiasm and a bunch of other emotions, like he'd just found the Missing Link or Dr. Livingston or a million dollars.

"In...Inglewood," we said, with no little caution. We've heard a lot about those liberal college students. We wouldn't even want one to marry our brother.

"Goshwoshow!" said our happy young liberal friend. "Goshwoshow!"

After that we had to help him with his French homework. We find that it's nearly always like that. We write a Silly Article about the Hermosa Beach Aquarium and it winds up in the El Camino College Literary Magazine and then suddenly everybody is clapping us on our back and asking us to help him with his French homework.

You just have to learn to accept things like that from the public when you're Famous, we suppose...

IRV, formerly Speedy Jack



SKOAN is published with increasing irregularity by Calvin Demack, whose address (note important change) after July 1, 1962, will be c/o Knight, 947 University Avenue, Berkeley 10, California, for all mail (although mail sent to the old address will reach us eventually). *SKOAN* is Free for trades or letters; our New Subscription Policy is explained below; we Discourage Subscriptions. A check in this Box means either that you didn't respond to the last issue or that this issue is being sent to you on a Free Trial Basis, and it also also means that this issue of *SKOAN* will be your Last unless you Quickly Respond. This is not a Request; this is an Ultimatum, and *PresS* Publication #31, Summer, 1962. And that's about all you'll see from us about Justified Margins.

THE EDITOR OURSELF (a sustaining feature)

It has been a Difficult Decision for us to make but, effective with this issue, we are lowering our subscription price. The long-standing tradition of asking one dollar the issue for *SKOAN* is, with no little regret, laid by the wayside and covered with a little grass mat. And the reasons for this are manifold.

The trouble all started when almost everyone who reviewed any issue of *SKOAN* when we were charging one dollar the issue quoted that price in his review. And we, as a consequence, received many letters saying that a dollar was too much, and would we consider a letter of comment or a Trade? (Which, of course, we would.) On at least two different occasions, furthermore, unwitting people actually sent us dollars, probably figuring that any fanzine which cost one dollar the issue must be Plenty Worth Having. One of these dollars we sent to the Willis Fund. We refunded 80¢ of the other one, keeping 20¢ to buy our lunch with.

So, although we have been accused of being Obscure and Very Private in the slant of our funny little articles, we certainly do not wish to cause a lot of people any trouble by joking around about a serious matter. If nobody understands a joke, or a Joke, it is the fault of the Teller, right?

So from now on the subscription price of *SKOAN* will be 20¢ the issue, or two for a dollar.

It seems the only sensible thing to do.

* = *

"Maybe I wasn't in the mood, or something," said Frank Landsman, our cross-town friend, on the telephone the other day, "but I didn't think your *SKOAN* this time was too funny." We have turned this statement over in our mind a whole bunch of times, and it has certainly given us reason to Worry, for we value Mr. Landsman's opinion even more than that of the old lady across the street. The funny thing is, however, that everybody says "your *SKOAN*." They say it like it was an arm or leg of ours -- like it was some vital portion of Calvin W. "Biff" Demack's anatomy which had been given over to them for inspection. It has

been this way since the first Giant Issue of *SKOAN*, well over a year-and-a-half ago. It really puzzles us, this use of the possessive adjective. Do they say "Your Kipple" to Ted Paule? Do they say "Your Void" to Ted White, Pete Graham, Terry Carr, and Greg Benford? They probably don't, if they have a brain in their head.

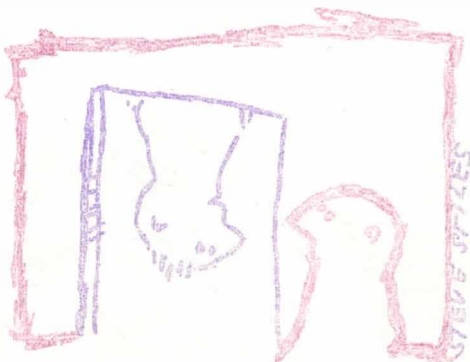
So the next guy who says "your *SKOAN*" to Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon is going to have to contend with an Angry Person. We're liable to Tell You Off, and say Filthy Things and everything.

Our *SKOAN* this issue features the artwork of many terrific wonderful artists. Our plea for neat pictures to put in this fanzine Really Paid Off, at last. Many terrific people responded, and their contributions appear herein and will appear in some of our other fanzines. Wm. Rotsler, you may remember, was replaced as our Staff Artist last issue because he never said "boo" to us or anything and the only way we could get his cartoons was to Swipe Them. And, for the first time in over a year, this issue contains no drawings by "Wm. Rotsler" whatsoever. Nobody fletches with the power of the *Press*, Mr. "Rotsler."

So. Our Art Staff for this issue has expanded admirably to at least eight fantastic people, at this writing. Each of them is awarded the position of Staff Artist, and is reminded that we have deadlines to meet around here and you'd better not rest on your Laurels or anything. This is a fanzine, not a public picnic area, and you'd better get up off the ground and get back to work if you want to stay with us for very long. Where do you think you are, anyway, at some fancy Uptown Fanzine? Anyway, we love you all Very Dearly, and we Really Mean It. We are listing you in alphabetical order, because it seems Only Fair: Atom (Arthur Thomson), Gary Deindorfer, Jack Harness, Terry Jeeves, Ray Nelson, Pat Scott, Steve Stiles, and Skip Williamson. We would like to thank each one of you personally, and, in fact, we already have.

That's certainly not enough eggho for any of you, but we don't know quite how else to handle it, so it will have to do. Might we express once more, though, our True Gratitude for your generosity?

Well, we might.



It has been our policy for some ten issues or so to use the "Editorial We" in *SKOAN* nearly every time we turn around. Everybody has noticed this and remarked on it and everything. Terry Carr called it "lovely satire" or something like that. Two or three people commended us for doing something that "not many people like." One or two other people kept on saying "drop the 'Editorial We'" (and "drop the Biff" and "quit publishing Biffables" and other things like that), but we only laughed and pulled their hats down over their eyes.

Well, it has come to our attention that there are just some things which cannot be effectively said in the "Editorial We." There are some Vital and Important Issues Of Our Time which deserve Serious Treatment and with which we don't wish to mess around or anything. We certainly wouldn't be Flippant with the Important Matters of Today if we thought we could help it.

So you'll pardon us if, occasionally, we slip into the "Editorial I." It's such a little thing, really, and it means an awful lot to us. When we first started using the "Editorial We" we said something to the effect that "it becomes confusing only in such expressions as 'our wife,' and since we don't have a wife, it should hardly matter." Well, that was a long time ago, and we have grown Older and Wiser since.

Besides, our wife Carol is always yelling at us to "drop the 'Editorial We" (and "drop the Biff" and "quit publishing Biffables"), and we certainly don't want to break up our family because it would be hard on our two children.



NO MORE old Christmas cards are wanted by the Women's Missionary Society.
We have more than enough.

I'd started to Worry. I mean, here were all of my friends switching from Math and Anthropology and Engineering over to English, and I started to worry and wonder if the Field wasn't going to get Crowded and everything and maybe they wouldn't have room for me. I worried for a long time, and I even thought about changing my Major to one of those fields everybody was deserting like rats etc.

But a couple of weeks ago I got knocked back into my proper perspective. I was walking along on the Campus, headed for the cafeteria and a Bite To Eat and perhaps a Friendly Chat with somebody, and all of a sudden I found myself walking behind a bunch of Beautiful People who were chitterchattering. They were really Beautiful. All the boys were muscled and bronzed, and all the girls were muscled and bronzed. None of them looked like he'd ever seen a cold germ or virus in his life (nor, for that matter, have I, but that's Hyperbole back there, or something). They were all in Prime Health and Top Shape, and they could've gone right then and wrestled alligators or walruses without any trouble and they would've won. They shone with Health, and their muscles rippled as they walked. There were about ten of them.

I, naturally, began to feel inferior as Hell, and I tried to straighten up and walk Strongly and maybe even ripple my muscles a



little, but my briefcase was too heavy and I was too hungry.

"Hey Joan," said one of the girls to another in a powerful, husky, no-mess-around voice, "what are you majoring in now?"

"Physical Education," said Joan, smiling healthily.

"Ha! Ha!" said the first one, parting her lips to reveal perfect, white, shining teeth and gums blushing with the pinkness of life. "Every-body's majoring in Physical Education now!"

So I guess it just depends upon the Circle one travels in. I guess that in any given circle of friends most of them will be majoring in the same thing, and one needn't really worry about his chosen field becoming Saturated. I know that I'm not worried any more about the growing number of English majors.

I switched to Physical Education the other day.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived all alone in a dark forest. He was about seven or eight, and he had a little dog named Richard, or Thomas.

The little boy and his dog were very happy together. They held mad, wild parties in their little house and they got good and drunk and they sung gay songs to each other and they told each other stories about Civilization and Life In The Big City. Neither of them had ever been to the Big City.

When the little boy and his dog went for a walk in the forest they would both dress in green so that nobody could see them and if anybody did see them the little boy would run and hide and start to cry and the little dog would bare his teeth and begin to growl angrily.

Neither of them ever got to the Big City.

My English teacher writes things. He used to write Crusader Rabbit on television and he used to write The Whistler on radio. Now he writes for Television Serieses, like Laramie and Bonanza.

The other day I was walking along in the English Building between classes and I walked by his office. "Hey!" I said to myself. "Mr. Kaufman's in there!" I went to his door and peered in and he looked up.

"Hi!" I said. "Are you busy?"

"Yes," he said. "No. What do you want?"

"Oh," I said, "nothing. Could we just Talk?" I sat down in a vacant chair. The radio was playing, and Mr. Kaufman, in his short-sleeved shirt and crumpled black tie, was reading a magazine about boats.

"You mean just chew the Fat?"

"Well...sort of. Is that all right?"

"No. Are you in one of my English classes?"

"Yes. Fifteen-B."

"What did you get on my tests?"

"I got a B+ on the first one and a D on the second one."

"Haha!" he said. "It's always good to know that somebody is doing Great in one of my classes. What do you want?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I, who really didn't know. "Maybe I'm searching for the Truth, or something."

"What are you, an English Major?" I nodded, and he laughed. "You won't find it," he said.

"Here. Here's Truth," he said, handing me his boating magazine. "I just bought one of those." The front of the magazine showed a little sailboat on a big lake with the sails all billowed out. "Get yourself a sailboat and a portable radio for listening to the ball games and read Einstein and Shaw. That's Truth."

I wanted to tell him that I was thinking of quitting school and going Out In The World On My Own and ask him if he thought it was okay. I thought maybe he'd tell me it was okay, and I guess that's what I wanted. But I didn't say anything.

"Hey, Grace!" he yelled at a grey-haired lady who was walking by the office. "Here's a kid who wants to find Truth. Tell him all about Truth, Grace."

"Sure," said Grace. "And maybe he can tell me about God."

Then there was a funny noise as maybe ten or fifteen teachers in the outer office chuckled and laughed and everything.

The phone rang. "It's for you," yelled Grace.

"There's Truth!" hollered Mr. Kaufman,



and he ran out of his office and grabbed the phone and sat down and elevated his feet and started talking.

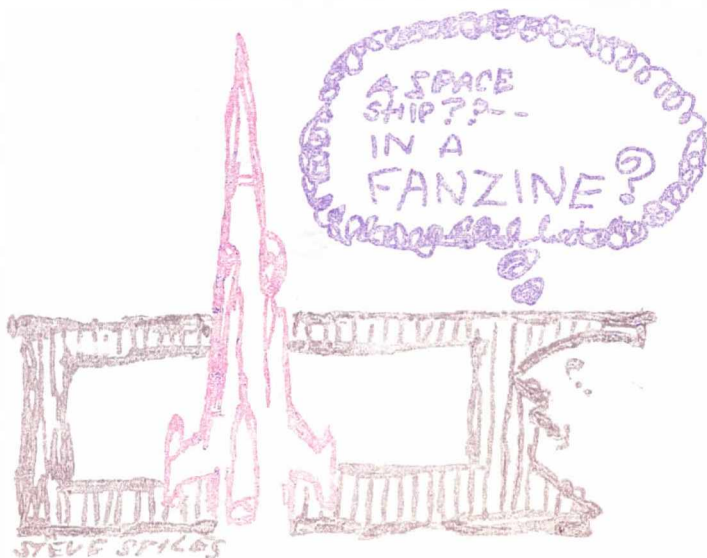
I got up and walked out of his office and stood there for a minute listening to him and then he looked up and I waved and walked out.

".....I mean, I hate honest people," said Mr. Kaufman to Truth, on the Telephone, as I left.

"...Running naked up the Matterhorn of Education."

Did you know that germs and assorted disease particles can remain suspended in the air for as long as thirty minutes after they have been placed there by a Sneeze? I read that in a magazine a couple of years ago, and it has never ceased to haunt me. One never knows, you see, whether or not he is walking through a Germ Cloud left by some Carrier who visited the room 25 minutes ago, sneezed, and left -- probably to go out and get "tight." And, after much concentrated study, I have come up with the only practical solution to the problem: make sure that you yourself have a cold at all times. That way, not only will you be assured of not catching anyone else's, but you will always have a ready excuse for not going Out or Over To A Friend's For Dinner. I don't know about you, but I'd rather sit at home with my shoes off than sit at somebody else's house with my shoes off.

Perhaps you are blessed with what I call the "natural" or "perpetual" cold. Such a person is Les Gerber, who says that he is sick with a cold most of the time. Well, some people have all of the luck. For others, however, there are many Good Ways to catch a cold and make it your very own. You'll probably discover a lot of them by accident -- and you'll wish you hadn't, too. If you're really in a big hurry to catch a cold, though, because you have an important engagement to break, try the following: call up the sexiest girl you know and ask her if she will go to a Movie with you. If she says yes, spend a lot of money on flowers and things for her, and get your car washed professionally. I have tried this myself many times, and I think I can guarantee that you will be flat on your back in two hours with either a cold or the Black Plague, which is even better.



There is a Universal Law which says that when you get a Cold the sun will shine for two days while you are sick in bed with the blinds pulled, and then when you get well it will rain and everyone will be cranky. This may not seem too fair, and let me assure you that it isn't. There isn't anything I can do about it, however, so don't come yelling around here to me. You bastard; do you think all I have time to do is listen to your troubles?

Letters From the Real World

(in our usual gay, witty, Chronological order)

TERRY JEEVES, Sheffield, England

I enjoyed your lettercol, and noted a letter from a Mr. Wiklis of Belfast -- is he the gentleman who lives at 170 Upper Newtownards Rd.? If so, could you tell me if he still sells bootlaces and boxes of matches on the corner of Howard St.? If this is the case, tell him that the box I bought in 1941 had two matches short.

SKOAN is nice -- particularly with salt and vinegar.

PAT SCOTT, Anacortes, Washington

You really can't blame people for sending you Biffables; it's very contagious, you know. Why right now I feel like I could sit down and write a dozen of them (well, half a dozen, anyway).

I know that if I were putting out a fanzine not wild horses nor all the mice in China nor none of those things could keep me from using the editorial-we. If anyone objected I'd tell 'em it was Royal or that I was a corporate being, or something. /Miss Scott is to be commended for Clear Thinking and Courage and Keen Judgment, but she is warned that the road to the Editorial We is paved with the bodies of people with tapeworms, ahahaha!/

COLIN FREEMAN, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England

I see in Skoan 13 that you don't like to be called Cal, so it doesn't leave much. Will you settle for Vin? I notice you sign yourself "Calvin," but it doesn't somehow seem fannish to write anything as it should be. However, if you object to being called French Wine.....

Thanks for all the *Skoans* you have sent. I enjoyed all of them, but this last one -- 13 -- was so good that it finally shamed me on to drop you a line -- a long overdue line, I'm afraid, Vin. This last one certainly deserves some recognition and I just wanted you to know that I did enjoy it very much. I'm not going into a detailed Loc for the simple reason that I'd give myself away. At the moment you've no reason to suppose I don't know what I'm talking about. Why should I disillusion you? Suffice it to say that I was amused by and enjoyed just about everything you wrote. Apart from "Burdick Returns" the whole zine appealed to me very much. One special mention for the cover. It was a honey. Most fanzine covers don't occupy much of my time, but this one tickles my fancy.

Have just looked up Ingle in the dictionary and my curiosity was rewarded to discover that it means fire on the hearth, so presumably Inglewood is the wood that goes on the fire on the hearth. /Have just looked up Colin in the dictionary and my curiosity was rewarded to discover that it is (orig.) a dim. of Nicholas, which means Victorious Army. Calvin, incidentally, means either bold or bald, depending upon where one Locks./

JINX McCOMBS, Wasco, California

I, too, Capitalize. It was all right up to now. People would notice, and they would say to me "That is Calvin W. 'Biff' Demmon's style." And I'd say right back to them "Hmph! Never heard of him!"



dy

Then they would say to me "Ted Pauls is nominating him for best new fan of the year," and I'd keep trying "Hmph! Never heard of him much! and anyway it's a case of Similar Results Independently Arrived At Which." So what do they do? Right! They get the afore-mentioned Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon to send me his fanzine. And now I've heard of him. And not only does he Capitalize, he does it more cleverly than I do. Therefore I must Give Up The Practice. I have a policy: I never do anything if somebody else can do it better. That way, you see, if anybody wants to they can say "Jinx could do it better than he/she/it does; it's just that she doesn't choose to." Of course, this leaves me sitting around doing nothing, and still nobody wants to say "Jinx could do it better." But there are

bound to be a few flaws in every system.

Did you notice something there? I noticed something there. I mentioned the name of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon twice in one (count 'em one) paragraph. That's better even than the record of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. /You're not doing too badly with this paragraph, either. / Perhaps if I can keep up the practice and keep setting new records people won't notice that I no longer Capitalize.

I come bearing words of reassurance. Your editorial image is decidedly not that of a short, fat guy with a smelly cigar, and maybe a flowered tie. The tie is most decidedly striped -- no maybe about it. I am Positive. Oops! What I meant to say was, "i am positive."

JAY LYNCH, N. Miami 69, Florida

I saw your fanzine reviewed in Wild #5 and YANDRO #108. It sounds pretty good. Please send me a copy of the current issue -- or any issue you can spare. \$1.00 in cash enclosed. /The surprising thing is that of the two dollars we have received from two different people for *SKOAN*, both were sent because of unfavorable reviews in YANDRO. Perhaps some smart Psychologist Person can figure it out, but it is certainly Beyond Us.

LES GERBER, Brooklyn, New York

I note that I am going to be commenting on a genuine Fannish Phenomenon, and that scares the hell out of me. I am always scared by Fannish Phenomena. I clam up. However, like any clam, if you will bend over and come within range, I will squirt in your eye. I know this really happens, because I saw it once in a Looney Tune.

I just tried to read Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, veterinarian, to my mother. My mother was very unhappy. She was playing through the first movement of Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 18, Opus 31 No. 3, and she kept making faces and groaning. I reached out a quick hand and flipped over a page for her, and then when she finished the movement I said, "Can I waste two minutes of your practice time to read you something very funny?" "No," she bawled. "I'm too miserable. I still can't play this thing and I've been working on it for weeks and bawwww!" I

waited until she finished her act and said, "Cut the crying, Ma, and listen to this. It will make you laugh and you'll be happy and you'll play right through the movement just fine." "No," she said, and started playing again. I closed the music and said, "Listen, confound it!" "Oh, all right," she said, which figured since she'd been meaning to say it all along. She's just Mean. I started to read the thing. I got through the first paragraph all right, even though my French ain't what it used to be, but when I hit the beginning of the second paragraph I cracked up. I laughed so hard I cackled and wheezed my way unintelligibly through the rest of the item, and when I finished my mother said, "I still don't see what's so funny." She would! I think it was funny.

Why don't you underline apostrophes?

The winning limerick in your limerick contest was Terrible. You have Lousy Taste. I laughed, like Hell.

Once upon a time I had a bright Idea. I was going to print up a hundred cards that went as follows: "Dear _____, This is to inform you that you have incorrectly capitalized the name () ATom () Bjo in your () correspondence () fanzine () other. Please correct this error in the future. Sincerely yours, Leslie Steven Garber, Chairman, Committee for the Preservation of the Correct Capitalization of ATom and Bjo." Bob Lichtman's brother was advertising printing cards in the National Fantasy Fan, but before I could get around to ordering the cards printed Bob told me his brother had discontinued the service because his printing shop teacher caught him at it or something of the sort. So I don't have the cards, and I have to tell you that you let Frank Landsman get away with "ATOM" in your very own fanzine. It's ATom, from Arthur Thomson. /Well, gee, Les, we hate to change anything in a letter of comment, and we generally don't. You'll notice in *SKOAN* 13, though, that we capitalized ATom correctly in the many places we forged it under drawings./

No, I will never learn. I often use "dangling which" clauses, which is very annoying to some Pedantic People.

The Biffables and fillers and all were funny funny funny, and so was my letter.

AVRAM DAVIDSON,
New York, NY

We had intended from some little while back to write to you in terms of a certain severity for copying one of our writing styles. We had occasion in times past to make the same complaint about H.L. Menken and S.J. Perelman, who had copied a couple other of our writing styles. But you have completely disarmed us by



sending us two copies of your very funny faanzine. Misterns Men ken and Perelman never did that. We think less of them for it. We also can't spell for sour apples, but you will observe that this has not impeded our Rise up the Ladder of Success one little bit; has it?

Any way, one day in Ted White's bat-cave (alias, in even-ings, Towner Hall) (alias, in daytimes, the Metropolitan Mimeo outfit) -- or perhaps it was a night -- our Common Friend, not that he is common in a pejorative sense, but Mutual is wrong no matter how popularized by Chas Dickens who could make a mistake as well as the next man, -- Andy Main ben shewed us several copies of *SKOAN*. After our initial Amazement wore off we begged a copy to take home with us. Alas, we left it, in a moment of forgetfulness, on the floor of our Closet of Ease; and our former cat, Boswell, committed upon it an act of the Severest Literary Criticism, as a result of which it became completely illegible.

Subsequently he committed several hundred items difficult to forgive and we subsequently assented to AKMben's giving him away to Mrs George "Peachy" Willick. Peachy has a Way with Wild Animals and Boswell has returned only once, to scratch me and then Flee in Order to Avoid Trial.

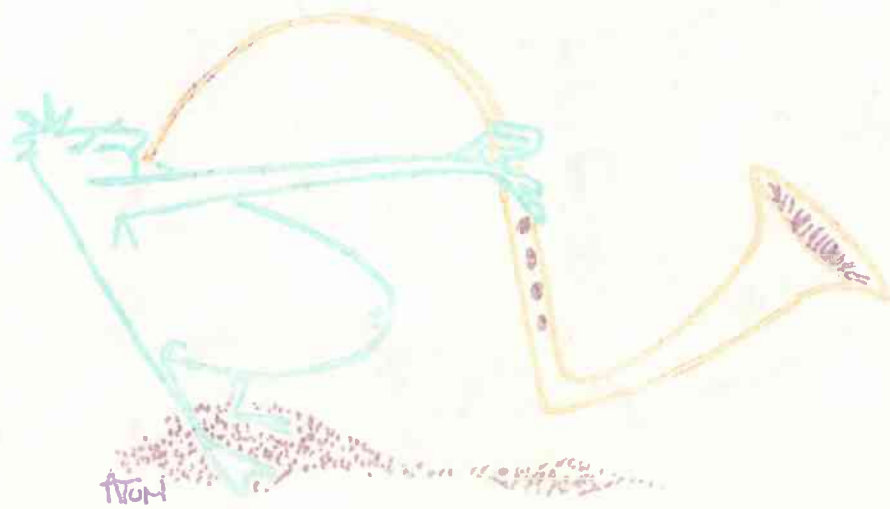
We are in some measure puzzled by your system of numberature. Does *SKOAN* number 13, like, precede *SKOAN* Vol. 2 No. 1, or does it, like, follow it? [It certainly does, and thank you for pointing it out.] We also observe, with some displeasure, that you follow a Depraved Fan-nish Habit of Not Dating Fanzines. This is difficult to explain except on the grounds that it enables you to trade old issues for new ones with Unsuspecting Publishers. However, perhaps you have a Perfectly Legitimate Excuse, like it is Too Much Trouble to Get Up and Walk Over To The Calendar.

You have our permission to send us more *SKOANS* but you won't get any F&SFs for them. That's the kind of SOB we are.

HARRY WARNER, JR., Hagerstown, Md.

I have just realized why I don't feel comfortable writing your full address. Inglewood should be followed by New Jersey. I couldn't remember why Inglewood should go with New Jersey rather than California until finally memory functioned, I hope. Englewood was always followed by New Jersey when a pioneer quiz show was on the radio, long before the first Biffable was invented. This was something about Uncle Joe's Question Box or some-

thing, and you got two little packets of G. Washington Instant Coffee for sending in questions, and I'm sure that the Englewood, New Jersey, home of this coffee was repeated a hundred times during the halfhour program. (As I remember it, winning contestants got a pound box of instant coffee, rather than \$64,000, but did not get asked questions later about their honesty.) Maybe



that engram is gone for good now, unless I discover that G. Washington does not make instant coffee in Englewood, N.J.

Maybe I'll be replaced as a letterwriter to Skoan, just as Wm. Rotsler was replaced as an artist, for failure to put the asterisks around the name. But I'm using the office typewriter and my fingers wander away trying to find the proper key since the asterisk is located at a different point on my home typewriter, and then it takes me a while to find my way back. Whoops, I see by this letter section that I gave a different excuse for failure to use the asterisk the last time, but you get the general notion, I hope: I'm just plain lazy, not fancy lazy by any means. And though it seems quite improbable, any time you get to Hagerstown you can look at this latest issue and you will see that it was not postmarked in the usual way at all this time. Someone just drew a circle with a thick red pencil over the stamp instead of using ink. The Nelson cartoon of the dog bringing back Donald would sell to the New Yorker, I suspect.



RICK SNEARY, South Gate, Calif.

I guess I won't be able to mention the name of your fanzine. You see like Warner mentioned, there are some of us old timers who are using even older machines that don't have all the little due-hick-ies. You seem to be so offended when readers don't spell it exactly the way you do I find the best way out is not to mention it directly. This of course will make it impossible for me to mention the name on any of the three poll-sheets I have at hand..

All my stamps are cancelled..Though the last one has a strange double red blotch, that might be a rubber stamp, or purple magic marker.

A Story for Children [in *SKOAN* #11/ didn't have the even flow of the others. No gripes about your taste in tapes. Sorry though, I don't have a roll of tape to correspond with. I could buy one -- but I don't think it would work well in my wire recorder.

I notice something. In your first issue you say people shouldn't send you fan histories. You got them up to your ears, and you are sick of them. A dull morbid fascination with the past, you said. (Or something like that) But here in #12 you write about "Looking Backward." Which only proves a point I'd thought to make, that most fans are interested in histories they already know.

And, did your experience with a hecto cause you to say that the "friendless-among-friendly" was purple? [Yes./ I might also say that I found this little poem remarkably (in comparison to the rest of your fanzines) deep and full of feeling. I've written things like that too, by mistake. I suspect despite your desire to print humor that you will be slipping in a serious word now and then. Don't let it worry you. The funny ones will think you are being doubly esoteric, and the serious type will think more of you...so you win both ways. /Hooray!/
The only trouble /with sending fanzines to NotFans, is that

the NotFans like the fanzines, and want to get more. So they write to other fanzines, and then they write for other fanzines. But they are NotFans, and their stuff is NotFannish. And Fandom is getting more and more NotFans in it who like fanzines, but don't like Science-Fiction or Fantasy very much. Without pro-mag reviews of fanzines, and letter columns, we don't get many TrueFans in..but only friends of fans, who are not always the TrueBlueFooFoo type. I don't want to worry you.

You aren't driving us old guard to the wall (Gor, how I hated the Old Guard, once), but I thought you might like to know why some of us worry. /We ourself have been a fan of science-fiction and fantasy for many more years than we have been a Fan, but we can see your point, and it is Well Taken, although we will probably still send *SKOAN* to a few NotFans./

GARY DEINDORFER, Trenton, New Jersey

/"*SCONE*" 13/ was, all in all, a very funny issue, though I will not delve into its dittoed depths and burble that I liked this thing here hahaha and I liked that thing there hahaha because you let comments like that go to your head and when somebody says "Boy but your Biffables are ineffable," you always reply, conceitedly as hell, "Yeh, I'm a funny as hell person." If you think I'm going to gush all over your stuff so that you can compliment yourself once more in the letter column, you are much mistaken, let me tell you. But, really, I dug this *SCONE* even more than the previous two issues I have seen. Oh, and have I ever told you that your Biffables remind me ever so much of Little Lulu comic books? Well, they do. Ever so much. I mean, you pick up one of those Little Lulu comic books and read a few stories and see if your stuff doesn't sound exactly like the narrative style used therein. /Sure. Marge and I are both funnier 'n Hell./

Which brings up a point: you better go around saying nice things about me or else I'll say to the world that you are not influenced by George Ade at all, but by Margie Something or Other /Marjorie Henderson Buell/ the seventy year old epicene woman who draws and writes Little Lulu comics.

Upon looking at the drawing or two you yourself drew in this *SCONE* I won't say you draw like the way the woman who draws Little Lulu comics draws, though. I won't say that at all. Because you don't, you know. You don't draw like Margie at all. You draw like hell.

BOYD RAEBURN, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

One day I came home and looked at my mail and said "EEK! A ditto-ed crudzine" (I automatically consider all ditto-ed zines crudzines until they prove otherwise) but being a fairminded person and all like that, I stayed my hand as it travelled towards the waste basket, and glanced at the zine. (I never throw away a crudzine unlooked at.) So, I looked, and started reading and read and read and read.... "Gad!" I exclaimed, "I must write to this Demmon chap and tell him what a jolly good zine he has there, and thank him and all, and hope he sends me further issues" so I put Skoan by the typewriter and it sat there and got buried, and then Skoan #13 arrived, and my resolution to write was all fired up again, even though you persist in using ditto (doubtless the bad influence of Andy Main) but somehow I never wrote, and then I read reviews of Skoan #14, and I was sorrowful that you hadn't sent me a copy, which you hadn't, and which was quite correct action on your part because I too cut off silent ones who ignore the receipt of one's brain-child. But now that I have unsilenced, please will you continue to send me Skoan? /Sure. Here's #14, even, just as you requested. How about that?/

HARRY WARNER, JR., Hagerstown, Maryland

I have seen the light. I have repented. Praise the lord. *****

WE ALSO HEARD FROM Gregg Calkins, who sent us a bunch of Wonderful Artwork, of which we have already used part, from his artfile; Skip Williamson, who, besides contributing Artwork (some of which is included in here and is Pretty Funny) says that we have a "steadfastness of purpose;" Don Dohler, who found *SKOAN* "very entertaining!"; Steve Stiles, who sent the Steve Stiles illustrations which appear herein and is Pretty Talented and Nice; Andy Main ben, who says "No, I won't write a letter of comment on *SKOAN* #15;" Arthur Thomson, who sent along some of the illustrations which appear herein and a lot more which we're saving for Better Reproduction, and who says "Ethel Lindsay for Taff;" sparkling scintillating Larry McCombs, who says "it is impossible to write letters of comment about your publications without becoming all trite and worthless or all pseudo Biffish," but who wrote a Good Long Letter with a lot of Filthy Stuff in it, just like we've always wanted; Phil Roberts, who says that *SKOAN* is "the funniest thing published" and "my second favorite fanzine;" Larry Williams, who says "as soon as I get home I'll Put You On My Mailing List;" and William Danner, Don Fitch, Jerry Knight, and Ellen Hamer, who mostly commented on other facets of our terrific personality and didn't really say anything about *SKOAN* except in funny, off-handed, Valuable ways. About twenty-five letters of comment, that's Jes' Right! Hoeray!

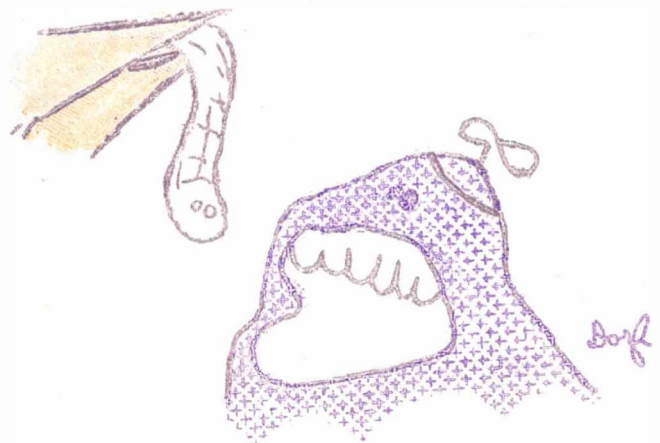
Never send to know for whom the bell tolls
Or you may wake up strapped to a table with electrodes
on your temples and a nice doctor telling you that
everything will be All Right
And maybe it will

The many friends of the BLACK COUNT BURDICK will be saddened to learn that Mr. BURDICK was killed in a three-car collision on the Harbor Freeway in Los Angeles recently. Mr. BURDICK, who used to wage a never-ending battle for Truth, Justice, and the American Way, and a bunch of other junk, appeared quite regularly in these pages, and it is with great sorrow that we report his death. Rarely does one find such a fine friend and, indeed, a great human being hanging around here, and we know that we share the sentiments of many of our readers when we say, "Good luck, BURDICK, wherever you are, you old rascal."

Mr. Burdick is survived by his mother, Shirley BURDICK, of Glendale, and his daughter by a previous marriage, Carolyn Addams.

People who go around barking
like a Great Dane
Will probably burst your
Tympanic Membrane

Explaining this delayed issue.
Due to circumstances beyond our control, we were forced to delay mailing. However, the next copy will arrive promptly.



FELIX & ELIZABETH IN COLORADO

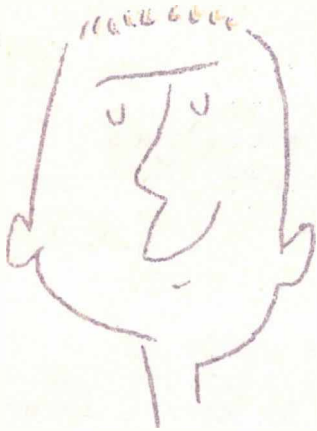
and what they saw

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Felix. He lived in the Big City, and he was in the third grade. He was majoring in Business Skills.

In Felix' class there was a girl named Elizabeth. She had long black hair and sexy eyes. She wore lipstick. All the other little girls were jealous of Elizabeth because she got to wear lipstick. "How come you got to wear lipstick," they would ask Elizabeth, "and we didn't?"

"I got to," said Elizabeth. "I got green lips."

Felix was very much in love with Elizabeth. He used to call her on the telephone and send her letters and walk home from school with her carrying her books. One day he asked her to marry him, and she accepted. They set the date, and Felix gave Elizabeth a beautiful diamond ring. He did not get it out of a box of Cracker-Jacks. It was a Real Ring. Keep this in mind. It may be important later.



On the day of the wedding the hometown church was packed with all of Elizabeth and Felix' friends. The other little girls were all jealous of Elizabeth because she got to get married.

As Elizabeth and Felix marched slowly and majestically down the aisle, Felix' thoughts moved leisurely backwards to the terrible times he had spent sitting on the green playground benches eating his lunch all alone, watching the other kids playing games and running and having fun. "I'm sure glad I don't have to do that anymore," he thought to himself. He turned and looked tenderly into Elizabeth's eyes as they stood in front of the minister. "I can hardly wait until we get home," he thought eagerly to himself, "so I can take off her lipstick. I've never seen a green lip before."

After the wedding Felix helped Elizabeth get into his car, and then he drove them quickly away, amid showers of rice and tin-cans and flowers. He noticed that Elizabeth was a little angry with him, and he asked her why. "How come you got to drive, instead of me?" she asked him, crabably.

"I got to," Felix replied. "I got to do something to keep my mind off those green lips."

Felix and Elizabeth bought a small house in the suburbs, and in about a year they had twins. "We weren't going to have any kids for a while," said Felix crossly, "but we got two."

Felix and Elizabeth lived together happily until 1954, and then they lived together unhappily until 1962. This was in 1953.

Your editor was very fortunate the other evening, and reading all about Billy Sol Estes in his latest copy of TIME, when the telephone rang.

It was Andy Main ben, Avram Davidson, and Mrs. Avram Davidson, calling from New York. We talked with them for maybe five minutes, and it was Really Neat. We felt all Honoured and everything, because we have certainly admired the work of Mr. ben from afar for the longest time.



"Talking with Avram Davidson," observed Damon Knight to A. J. Budrys once, we are reliably told, "is...like grasping a handful of nettles."

"It's not at all like grasping any nettles," we yelled to Avram Davidson. We had never received a long-distance phonecall before from outside the state of California, having been Plenty Sheltered, and the fact that They were in New York and it was dark and everything there while the sun was still shining here made us yell at them like we yell at our grandfather, Calvin W. Demmon, whom we dearly love, but who is a little Hard-Of-Hearing.

Mr. Davidson thought we had said something about needles, and apparently didn't understand our reference, or maybe he's just a Sly Old Fox; at any rate, we talked to Andy about our forthcoming trip to Berkeley and we talked to Mr. and Mrs. Davidson about their forthcoming little Bundle From Heaven (ahahaha!). They all laughed and seemed to be having quite a good time, until Andy finally hung up, realizing that New York is not exactly Just Across The Street from Inglewood, or even in the next county, which was Pretty Sharp of him.

We wish to thank Mr. Ben and Mr. and Mrs. Davidson for giving us the Time Of Our Life and something new to tell to Bob Lichtman when he called later that evening. Mr. Lichtman was properly impressed, and so were we. We were impressed out of our mind, in fact, and we went around for days afterward feeling like Christmas.

Hooray!

"He didn't know whether to wind his watch or go blind," said our History teacher, in a context which had nothing to do with watches or blindness, the other day. Perhaps this is some lousy old saying which our History teacher and everybody else in the world understands, but we surely don't. Does anyone recognize this? Does anyone know what it Means?

We asked this once before, in a different fanzine, and nobody answered. It is still puzzling the very Hell out of us.

STEVE STILES



Dancing up to the Renaissance

(Dedicated with Love to sexy Miss Tsukida, who will perhaps know better the next time she tells Calvin Demmon to "make up that class you missed by writing a paper on Dancing.")

For primitive man, dance forms were essential to religious ritual. In fact, as we shall see in a minute, dancing was always tied up in one way or another with religion until the Renaissance. ("He's a Religious Nut," they would say, if they say somebody dancing around, and the funny thing is that he was a religious nut.)

The early Egyptians were very fond of the Dance. Everyone danced a lot in other professional

early Egypt. There were early ballets and dances. Dances were still connected with religion for the most part, however, so more dancing went on at religious festivities than at any other occasions in early Egypt. (Some remnants of early Egyptian dance forms can be seen today in the dances of the so-called "whirling dervishes" -- if you can catch a whirling dervish.)

The Greeks had a dance for it. They had dances for religious purposes, for story-telling purposes, for spectacle purposes, and even for soldier-training purposes. One of the most well-known Greek Dances was the dithyramb, a choral song-and-dance routine which was probably partially responsible for the Greek theatre, although I certainly don't think it should take all of the blame.

The Romans, as everybody knows, were pretty ambitious and everything, but were real slouches when it came to originating anything all by themselves. The Romans swiped most of their dances from the Greeks, but they also borrowed freely from anybody else they could get their hands on. Every time they captured a new nation, in fact, they stole all its women, jewels, and dances, in that order. They found out how that felt around 370 A.D., with the help of a few itinerant Barbarians.

After Rome crumbled, and not a minute too soon, either, dancing crumbled for a while. Christianity was on the upswing, and, although some dancing for Religious Purposes was done in the early churches, Christians soon decided that dancing was pretty immoral and Licentious and Dirty. The church fathers, not especially eager to see everyone performing rites which had always been connected with pagan worship up to then, banned dancing in most or all of its forms, and the ban was pretty effective. Those were the Dark Ages, though, so you can't really blame them.

The Renaissance must have made a lot of people happy. Along with the sudden revival in art and literature and things came a growing desire on the part of a lot of Renaissance people to take

up dancing again. (Anything which is forbidden for a long time seems like Great Stuff for quite a while afterwards. Tropic of Cancer would make a good example, but it's in a different century.) During the Renaissance, dancing concentrated, for perhaps the first time, more upon the rules and rituals of etiquette and less upon the rules and rituals of religion. That was the first step, of course, towards the Dance of today, which we all know and love. If you could go out dancing and not have to drink blood in the middle of a pentagram afterwards, with your shoelaces tied together, you were going to go out dancing more often, according to expert opinion. It was such an important step, in fact, that I've decided to stop right there. You can go too far with these things.

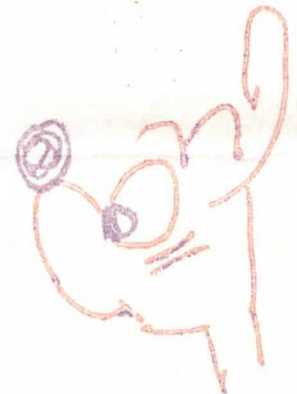
MAYNARD IN SEARCH OF FORTUNE :: and nearly finding it

-- another damned biffable

This is a story about Maynard, the Fox. Most of you probably remember Maynard from an earlier episode. Just to refresh your memory, though, he was the Grey fox with the lisp, who lived on South Sycamore Street.

Maynard was very fond of Children. Whenever any little child became lost in the Woods, Maynard would welcome him to his little thatched-roof house and regale him with stories of Dragons and Beautiful Fairy Princess. Then he would write a short and polite note to the Parents, telling them that he had found their little child and that they could pick him up about 3:00 on Saturday. When the whole family was assembled together in Maynard's living room he would tell them one final, fantastic fairy tale and then eat them all. After dinner he would take a nap and try to forget. Usually this didn't take too long. "No use crying over etc.," Maynard always said. And who knows? That cunning little Fox in the Woods may have had the answer to the problems of the World! More than likely, however, he was just another dumb nut.

One day Maynard's little house burned down to the ground. "No use crying over etc.," said Maynard stupidly, as he turned his back to his once happy life in the Woods and set out to make his fortune in the Big City. He arrived in the Big City at 5:00. Most of the stories you hear about people from the country arriving in the Big City at 5:00 involve a lot of funny things about Dodging Traffic and Looking In Windows and NicePlaces-To-Visit-But-You-Wouldn't-Want-To-Live-Here. Well, if its that kind of sticky sentimentality for which one is searching, one would do well to look Elsewhere. (You might try the Saturday Evening Post, for a start.) Maynard was no country Bumpkin! He was a sly and Grey Fox, with a cunning Ability to look out for himself.



After he broke out of the Zoo, Maynard decided that he'd had City Life up to here. He returned to the Woods, moved into a comfortable den with plenty of flat space for playing Lawn Tennis, and raised a family. A few years later he married. It is at this point, or perhaps a whole lot sooner, that the narrative about Maynard, the cunning Grey Fox, becomes boring as Hell. Even Maynard got rather sick of it, and did away with himself at the age of 34 by holding his breath and counting to 5,238. He was buried with a simple ceremony in the middle of the Woods which he had held so dear, the stupid bastard. All the Kids and Uncle Silver were there, and they laughed and chuckled as Maynard's little grey pelt was sold to Eddie Gevartz. "Always a sense of humour," chuckled Maynard's wife to Uncle Silver, as she closed her purse, "you always did have a sense of humour."

"It may come as a shock to you and Cal W. ('Biff')," said Wm. Danner, in a recent letter to Bob Lichtman, "that his use of printed laughter is a (no doubt unconscious) bit of plagiarism. I quote from 'The Tooth, the Whole Tooth, and Nothing but the Tooth' by the late, great Robert Benchley: 'But now let us consider that spiritual exaltation that comes when you are at last let down and turned loose. It is all over, and what did it amount to? Why, nothing at all. A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Nothing at all... What does he use this thing for, for instance? Well, well, to think of a little thing like that making all that trouble. A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!...' If you haven't read Benchley you've got something coming, and I envy you."

Ahabahahaha!

You have been reading *SKOAN* #14, the magazine which borrows all of its Funny Things from Robert Benchley, George Ade, and Little Lulu, and which said "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose" when you locked it in the closet and slipped peanut butter sandwiches under the door. *SKOAN* #14 is Terrific, and a *Press* Publication -- number 31, in fact -- for the Summer of 1962.

Like most of its early mothers, *SKOAN* #14 is the work of Many Months. Some of the material appearing herein was actually written and run off shortly after the appearance of *SKOAN* #13 last year. Some of the other material appearing herein was just run off last evening, and Mr. Demmon's ditto-cranking arm is still sore, as if eager to prove it. We solicit your contributions to the vital work of this magazine, especially if you are one of the Fine Fandom Artists who appear in this issue. Written contributions will probably be rejected, although we may find room for some of them in one of our Tremendous other publications for OMPA or SAPS or the Shadow FAPA. Contributions of money will certainly not be turned down, although we feel that it is only fair to warn you that they don't guarantee you anything, either. The best way to stay on the ever-expanding *SKOAN* Mailing List is to write a letter to Calvin Demmon (who is perhaps better-known as Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, of the Stage, Screen, and Movies), at his new mailing address below. Mr. Demmon will even try to answer your letter, if it says anything important, with a Very Funny One of his own. (Because of the great volume of mail which pours into his offices daily, however, Mr. Demmon cannot answer any postcards which say "Stop Publishing Biffables" or "Drop The Editorial We" or "Drop The Biff;" or if he does answer them, he's liable to be Pretty Nasty.)

Privately Printed.

G'bye!

SKOAN #14, from
Calvin Demmon
947 University Avenue
Berkeley 10, California

PRINTED MATTER
RETURN REQUESTED

Rich Sneary
2962 Santa Ana Street
South Gate, California

