



WHY the second
IS A SaFari
FAN? annual

this is for you
old buddy

this is a SaFari publication, it has not been proofread

Cover by Richard Bergeron

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FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE - IT IS
A PROUD AND LONELY THING TO BE
A FAN - FANDOM IS JUST A GOD-
DAMN HOBBY - FANS ARE SLANS -
FUGGHEADS - SUBSTITUTE FOR A
SANE SEX LIFE - FANAC, RELEASE
FROM MUNDANE PRESSURES - CASES
WITHOUT COUCHES - A CUT-RATE
PUBERTY RITE - COSMIC MINDED -
MISGUIDED MISFITS - INTELLIGENT,
FORWARD-THINKING - GET AWAY
FROM IT ALL - BLOCH IS GHOD -
BLOG - YNGVI IS A LOUSE - - -
FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE - WHY?

" . . . HERE WE GO, A-ROUND A-GAIN . . .

. . . SINGIN' A SONG ABOUT FANNING . . . "

. . . the only child had a more troubled adolescence
than the child who was a member of a large family. . .

--Margaret Mead, Coming of Age in Samoa

Anthropologically speaking, to borrow a choice cliché, if one chooses to quote a phrase completely out of context we find even the greats of the survey field speaking in support of our theories. Seriously there was no thought when Project Two was spawned of doing an anthropological survey of the category known as Science Fiction Fandom. But as one looks deeper and deeper into the motivation behind the various group action this is what inevitably results.

Project One was a self-admitted, blatant skyrocket. Project Two was started with two ulterior motives. 1. To continue annually where Project One left off. 2. To quench the bitches. When Who Killed Science Fiction appeared I was very surprised at both its acceptance as well as the reactions to it. It was nothing more than what it appeared to be on the surface, the largest assemblage of opinions from the most noted residents of our little cosmos. It was a pro oriented issue. Nevertheless several fans, who had heretofore not expressed an intelligent opinion on any subject, complained violently and privately against my having excluded them from the issue. As most things go in our little world, these private gripes were dispatched to me with reasonable haste.

That, then, was the incentive behind Project Two. I was genuinely interested in just how many of these people complained justly and how many of them were exuding so much hot air. I took great pains to send them a copy of the questionnaire.

The result, a definitive statement: He who bitcheth the loudest, writes not! Why is a Fan is the opposite of Who Killed Science Fiction in that it is fan oriented, and an answer to that one question was the prime pursuit. Here we have possibly the largest assemblage of representative fans expressing their thoughts on that one subject.

Here we have many words, many opinions, many repetitions.

Here we have nothing!

There is no answer to the question.

Or if it is then apparently I am not the one to find the answer, or I am

using the wrong approach. The replies were so similar that it was a task in itself just cutting out the repetition for publication here. An earnest effort was made to retain every single new thought contributed to the study, and the thought best expressed was kept in the working manuscript. Still the sameness and repetition is rampant.

It was a totally unsatisfactory survey, for me, for Nancy and for Jim. The quality reached last year was not there on the part of many contributors. And there is another factor that I did not expect to encounter here at all: evasion!

Not intentional evasion, perhaps, but it was there. A great deal of time has been spent in cutting out the remarks of some that were harmful to others (in one cast at least outright liable) and in eliminating the "fudged" dates.

The charming ladies, naturally as is their prerogative, evaded all mention of dates, or ages, almost to a person. This is delightful, excusable and served very nicely to shoot the statistical section all to hell. A sex-segregated survey in two parts would have been much more representative.

Another factor of evasion is in the reluctance to say what is honestly felt about the field; the urge to conformity perhaps. I have personally discussed, at length, many facets of this survey over the last several years with a great number of the people who's opinions are contained herein; where are the things we discussed? I realize that certain commitments prevent some people from speaking. In the whole assemblage here there are two who are apparently unafraid to speak their honest opinions. Change that to one, and she is Bjo Trimble. The other, after an involved exchange of "use it," "don't use it," "use it but don't sign it," etc. finally appears here as anonymous #1. It was, in the end a mutual agreement that it would go unsigned.

The main worry, on my part at least, was that I would be accused of having written it. I could have written it, granted, and will readily admit to having had many involved sessions with the author about the points covered. But as it is, my useless opinion is to be found on page 44.

There were three contributions to this study that, while reading them, I kept saying to myself, "why couldn't I have written that?" Anonymous #1 said some of these for me, Bjo said some of the others and what they left uncovered, Ayjay Budrys finished off.

As stated in the original questionnaire this survey is an enlargement of the work already conducted by Bob Pavlat, Miriam Carr and others; but most especially an extension of James O'Meara's theory.

The O'Meara hypothesis contends that fans are predominantly first born or only children. This fact is brought forcefully home with a resounding majority. It is only in attempting to find out why that this study fails.

In an effort to condense the manuscript I have deleted most personal references to both Jim and myself, and must apologize to Jim for having robbed him literally of much well deserved egoboo. Almost everyone contributing had something to say directly to Jim about his theory. I assume that Jim will forgive me for deleting these comments in the interest of brevity as he has been working with me right along on this survey and has read all the contributions in their entirety.

#

There is, too, an absent contributor.

Nevertheless his opinions fit in this study as readily as do my very own, or yours. He has what is perhaps the most outspoken commentary on fandom to

his credit. Magnificent in its inherent honesty and all encompassing view of the field.

His name is Francis Towner Laney.

He believed that "...most fans are neurotic messes, seeking in fandom the fulfillment their botched natures prevent their seizing out of life (p. 12)."* And is this not visible, throughout this study? Look for it, you will find it here ... between the lines.

Among other types Laney found these among us, "...bums, loafers, dead-beats, moochers and parasites on society; pathologically neurotic incompetents imagining themselves as fine minds and cultured individuals; pretentiousness, hypocrisy, dishonesty with each other and with themselves running rampant (p. 127)."

The sex factor, mentioned by several contributors, came in for its share of Laney opinion too: "(some years ago I) had said bluntly, too bluntly perhaps, that fans were pretty much impossible, poorly adjusted, and that what most fans needed more than anything else was a normal sex life ... I still feel the same way (p. 105) ..."

And too, he offered a capsule analysis of fandom and some advice:

"Fandom was All ... the soporific of fandom was so strong that this disquiet very rarely reached the level of consciousness.

"That is the insidious and rotten thing about fandom. Just the same as any other evasive compensation, it fetters its participants, and does them positive harm. A head-on and non-evasive adjustment is by no means as easy to make, but through its accomplishment lies a person's only hope of attaining genuine happiness and security. ...

"the chief reason I am writing ... is to try to get you, and you, and you to face your own personal problems like men instead of like fans, get out of the drugging microcosm, and triumph over whatever is keeping you in fandom (p. 22)."

"Why don't you quit fandom? If you face the truth about fans and their microcosm, face it fairly and squarely as I have done or tried to do, it looks to me like the only alternative (p. 127)."

These are, I hasten to re-establish, the opinions of Francis Towner Laney. I am not, by any stretch of the imagination advocating for you some advice that I cannot take for myself; I will not leave fandom in the foreseeable future.

Fandom will not find here the "good five-cent puberty rite" that it needs, nor a panacea for its troubles; not even, unfortunately, a reason for its existence. You will find though, I trust, an hour or so of thoughtful reading and much, much material over which to ponder on quieter evenings. And maybe here will even be the connubial bed for someone else's thoughts on the subject that could ultimately lead to the evasive answer.

* * * * *

And now if you please, the abstract report:

From an initial 94 questionnaires mailed there were 73 responses. Or a 77.65% return, completely shattering last year's "new world's record" of 64.8%.

No attempt was made to tabulate anything falling under questions six through eleven. This leaves us here with five specific points under discussion, those

*All Laney quotes from Ah! Sweet Idiotcy!, the fan memoirs of Francis Towner Laney, published by Laney/Burbee for Fapa, 1948.

labeled "what is a Fan." Let us examine the results briefly:

- Item 1. In your family, are you an only child (or first born)?

9 are neither first born nor only children. An additional 8 are "qualified only" (by their own indication because of some extenuating circumstance; older siblings separated by from 10 to 17 years, etc.) for a total of 17. 24 are only children and 32 are first born. This results in a figure of 12.32% who do not conform to the O'Meara hypothesis that fandom is predominantly only/first.

- Item 2. Do you feel that this has any bearing on your being a fan?

There were 69 replies to this question. 13 of these declined any opinion, the remaining 56 were split exactly down the middle; 28 yes, 28 no. I'm sure if you attempt to draw any conclusion from this point it will be worthless.

- Item 3. Are you a 2nd generation fan (was there a retrograde reaction)?

To this item there were 67 replies; 9 yes (two uncles, four fathers, three mothers and a pure-bred jersey cow), 58 no. For part 3.B there were 7 retrograde fans of which four were active (2 each, mothers and fathers) and three were inactive (two fathers, one mother).

- Item 4. At what age did you enter the fantasy world (and with what)?

The age is 9.1+ years, the extremes are from 4 to 20 years. There were 61 replies to this, of which 5 did not know the age. With what -- this poses a different problem entirely. In order of frequency these were the portals opening into the fantasy world: 19, "SF mags"; 18, comic books; 17, Burroughs (8, Tarzan, 4, John Carter and 5, undesignated); 14, fairy tales; 10, Oz; 9, sf in non-sf sources; 8, H. G. Wells; 7 each, Jules Verne and Amazing Stories; 5 each, Planet Stories, Tom Swift, Wonder Stories; less than 5: Non-sf fantasy, Winnie the Pooh (pre-latin variety), radio, H. Rider Haggard, Edgar Allan Poe, Sax Rohmer, Roy Rockwell, Other Worlds, Mythology, Dorothy L. Sayers, J. R. R. Tolkien, A. Merritt, George Orwell, John Kier Cross, "Dr. Doolittle," Robert A. Heinlein, Alice in Wonderland and Weird Tales.

- Item 5. At what age did you enter fandom (and how)?

The age is 19.7+ years, the extremes are from 9 to 38 years. There were 54 replies to this, of which 1 did not know the age. For 5.B, in order of their frequency, these are the ways to enter fandom: 35, fanzines; 27, local clubs; 21, promag letter columns; 16, correspondence with fans; 9 each, N3F and world conventions; 5, regional conferences; less than 5: Mari Wolfe's column, book collectors, Rog Philips' column, accidental contact, Robert Bloch's column, Standard Magazines' column and apas.

* * * * *

And here are the people who contributed in any small measure to this symposium:

Alger, Martin E.	Brown, Rich
Archer, Dirce	Budrys, A. J.
Ballard, Wrai	Busby, Elinor
Barrett, Dr. C. L.	Busby, F. M.
Bennett, Ron	Calkins, Gregg
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Bradley, Marion Zimmer	Coulson, Juanita
Breen, Walter	Cox, Ed
Briney, Robert E.	Devore, Howard

Deitz, Frank
 Dinkelman, Ann
 Donaho, Bill
 Economou, Phyllis
 Eney, Richard
 Gibson, Joe
 Gibson, Roberta
 Graham, Honey
 Grant, Lewis J.
 Greenberg, Martin
 Grennell, Dean A.
 Henstell, Bruce
 Hickman, Lynn A.
 Johnstone, Ted
 Kemp, Earl
 Kemp, Nancy
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 Leman, Bob
 Lupoff, Dick
 Lupoff, Pat
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 Lyons, J. L.
 McLaughlin, Dean
 Main, Andy

Metcalf, Norman
 Moffatt, Len
 Moskowitz, Sam
 Nelson, Kiersten
 Nelson, Ray
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 Rapp, Arthur H.
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 Shaw, Larry
 Shaw, Noreen
 Silverberg, Robert
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 Smith, Ron
 Sneary, Rick
 Speer, Jack
 Trimble, Bjo
 Trimble, John
 Tucker, Bob
 Warner, Harry
 Wheatley, Ernie
 Wood, Edward

* * * * *

To crub again, from last year's symposium, a work of this nature and scope cannot be conducted and delivered as a finished product without the assistance and encouragement of many people. We should then, like to make our acknowledgments to the following:

To LYNN HICKMAN, a re-echo for running off Who Killed Science Fiction. A louder thanks for the use of your multilith again in the production of this study, and last our earnest thanks for republishing the study through OMPA.

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and

To YOU for your personal help in working together long enough to make this another interesting study.

Thank you, one and all . . .


EARL AND NANCY KEMP

Chicago, Illinois
April 15, 1961

" . . . AND WHERE WE GO . . .

. . . I KNOW NOT WHERE - - "

In an attempt at brevity most of the contributions that follow have been cut drastically, perhaps irrationally and definitely arbitrarily.

The first section, immediately following, consists of the only contributions included in this symposium in their complete version. These fall into several categories and they are included completely because of their quality or for some other very apparent reason. Too, they are representative of the extreme range of fandom, from the very top of the heap right down to neo (Bruce Henstell and Andy Main, whose entry closes the 'complete' section).

#

BUDRYS, A. J. (complete):

I was an only child, and I think this had some bearing on my being a fan, but not a second generation fan. I entered the fantasy world -- if I understand the question correctly -- in 1937. Young America, an offshoot of The American Boy, reprinted "Masterminds of Mars," by Carl H. Claudy, and was distributed through the New York City school system. I was six. Actually, I'd already been impressed by Buck Rogers in the Sunday funnies, because I've recently found the four-panel strip I drew in imitation, and entitled BRGA because those were the only four letters I knew at the time. Unlike my more recent works, BRGA was high on action, but very low on self-revelatory monologues. Anyhow, from then on it was continuous, except that I didn't find my first prozine until 1942, by which time I'd already run through the library books and was writing my own. (Planet bounced stories of mine for ten years, finally bought one, and immediately folded.)

However, back in '46 they had printed one of my letters, and the N3F WelCom took it from there. Subsequently, I published three issues of a crud, crud, crudzine called Slantasy, the first mimeod by Ron Maddox the WelComer and the other two pan hectoed by myself. I also joined the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society for a meeting or two, went to the '47 Worldcon, met Joquel Kennedy, with whom I'd been corresponding, and got on the SAPS roster. Thereon I went off to college and never published a thing. (See my remarks under Gafia.)

After two years of college, I went to work swinging a pick, which lasted

until I got hurt, whereon I began writing again, aborted half a dozen fanzines, began letterhacking again, went to work for American Express as an investigations clerk, acquired a lot of stationery and typewriter ribbons, quit to go to Columbia to study writing, sold a story, and quit Columbia. Also fandom.

This wasn't gafia, which is an involuntary process. (See further.) It was a cold-blooded/policy decision -- the only one I've ever made about science fiction or fanac -- to put myself on ice until I stopped being a pro. I think it was a proper decision.

Now I'm back. There are times when apprehension shakes me, but I expect to go on being a fan for a long time. Why?

Well, to answer Questions 6, 7, 8 and 9 in one fell smush, I'm a fan because certain factors operated on me when I was a child, and no contrary factors have operated on me since or can be seen approaching from over the horizon. What factors?

Well, let's try these generalities:

From observing my own kids, I'd say the "normal" pattery of activity for a child in our society is one of physical group activity involving some imagination -- Cops and Robbers, Cowboys and Indians and the like. I think, furthermore, that a child learns more from his older playmates than he does from either his teachers or his parents. He learns what is permissible and what is not -- he acquires, in other words, an absolute social code, children being ruthless. This "normal" child then can grow up to be almost anything -- even a science fiction and/or fantasy reader, and God bless him.

Now. If you isolate a child from that environment, he is left to get his world-view from certified teachers, and from his parents, who are anxious to make Junior a select citizen of the world they would like to see. Such a child will never, I think, touch ground quite as firmly as do his socially accepted contemporaries.

Such a child is in a state of potential fannishness -- call it a protofanoid state. How? Why? We'll get to that in a minute, along with gafia, which I think is a key to his condition. Let's go back to what isolated him, for a moment.

Being an only child will suffice, if there are no other kids in the available environment. I think being the oldest child will suffice under the same external conditions, and being a younger child with a protofanoid older sibling in a childless neighborhood will surely have some effect -- I couldn't detail it; nor am I at all sure how this works for girl children -- I wasn't one, and my three ain't.

In a child-populous neighborhood, being socially unacceptable will suffice, of course. What makes a protofan so?

The commonest cause, I think, would be a difference in intelligence. Now, mark this; a difference in intelligence, not a difference in the level of intelligence. Bright, stupid and mediocre kids gang together all the time. Every gang has its Leader, its Grand Vizer and its Buffoon. Protofans -- and mark this; not fans, yet -- appear because they simply do not organize their impressions of the world, or draw conclusions from them, in the same way their contemporaries do. Nor does this imply star-begetting. It means a city kid moving into a rural community -- he comes equipped with an entirely different set of basic data. Substitute "Catholic" and "Protestant" for "city" and "rural." Other pairs: "educated/ordinary," "Middle Class/Proletarian," "culture-conscious/Yahoo." Make your own. On purpose, I made these last three from adult vocabularies, because a protofan often finds himself going to adults for words to (mis)describe

childhood situations. (All pairs are interchangeable as to position in the sentence.)

There are, of course, exotic cases of intelligence differences. The brilliant child in the community of ordinary people -- that great favorite theme of science fiction and some science fiction fans -- does occur, though not on every hand. However, even here, most of the cases are not genuinely protofanoid. There are remorselessly analytical minds -- these are the seed of the chess prodigies and the twelve-year-old physicists. There are the minds which grasp music intuitively. There are the kids with extraordinary hand-and-eye coordination and the sense of spatial relationships. These are the artists. By and large, these kids are not protofanoid, because they have skills they can exercise and concentrate on. Some of them become fans too, but mostly fringe-fans, I observe -- they're too busy, and soon enough they attract enough attention, even if it's adult attention, not to be so hellishly lonely.

In all events, I think the average protofan displays some of all kinds of talents and predispositions, and, should he go on to become a fan, will continue to display them or their evolutions. But he will be first and foremost a fan, even if -- in fact, regardless of the likelihood that -- he may lose his taste for science fiction or fantasy as reading matter. This will be true regardless of his IQ, his occupational specialty, or any other factor. Fans are available in all shapes and sizes -- possibly in enough shapes and sizes to suit any theory you care to concoct about them. But we're working on this theory now, and it remains to supply the step between the protofan, who is merely disposed toward becoming a fan, and the fan he becomes. Come with me now into the Land of Oz. Follow the yellow brick road:

Observe the protofan -- there, that kid, standing at his back door and watching the other kids play cowboys and indians. He wants to play, too; his body is growing explosively -- he teems with hormones. His mind is a splendid mechanism -- never mind what brand -- coming to awareness in a world full of explicable but unexplained data. But if he tries to join the gang, only heartbreak will be his lot. So he goes back into the house, or into a secluded corner of his yard, and plays with toys. He plays cowboys and indians, with toy cowboys and indians, not with other kids who have minds of their own. He has to supply all the dialogue, and all the plot. He has to patiently move all the pieces.

His physical tensions combine with the mental strain. He gets the fidgets. Boredom sets in. He wants to quit -- but he has nothing else to do. His cowboy-and-indian plots begin to develop variation; he's casting about for some new approach to the problem. Soon enough, his plot is a melange of all the action-stimuli he's ever been exposed to. He evolves a Superindian, whose Magic Arrow destroys the block-castle at a touch. To counter Superindian, he develops a Flying Cowboy.

But this is no good, either -- not for long. The indian is only a static figurine. Even when he strides fearlessly through the forest, he remains fixed in his kneeling position. Flying Cowboy flies with his feet firmly fixed in a base of green-painted lead. The tools of protofan's imagination are too clumsy for their motive force. He tries to do something about this; he snaps off the Cowboy's base; he breaks away the Indian's kneeling leg. (Offstage noise: "That kid! You buy him something and ten minutes later it's broken!")

At this point, protofan still has a dozen avenues of progress to choose from. He could turn into a juvenile delinquent, I suppose, though I don't know what makes juvenile delinquents. He could stare down at the broken toy, heartsick at what

his "other culture" has done, and take the first step toward becoming a physician. His father could show him how to repair it -- they could create a path of communication involving handicrafts, and have it eventuate in a philosopher-mechanic, or just a plain mechanic.

But suppose this child discovers books? And suppose those books involve stories of Superindians, Flying Cowboys, carpets, brooms, ships? Now he's got a direct coupling between his senses and his imagination, with no intermediaries.

I would say that, at that point, it would be infinitely harder to keep him from becoming a fan than it would be to help him. I would say that this is at least as broad and beckoning a prospect for protofan as any other that may be open to him.

There are auxilliary factors to help him along. If, for example, he runs into disapproval for his bookishness, or scorn for his kookiness, this will only reinforce his choice of direction. Why? Well, for one thing, nobody in what he reads disapproves of him. Whoever heard of a book telling its readers they're no good? Anybody who tries to stop him is not as attractive as his book. But, more than this, I think, is this: The only environment in which he knows anything about handling himself is one in which he encounters opposition, distrust and scorn. Give this kid unquestioning acceptance and he has no idea of how to act. Argue with him, and he's in his element, however unattractive it may look from outside. He dives into his reading; he loves it; he loves everything about it -- even the need to tear the covers off his prozines, or smuggle them into the house -- he's the best book-smuggler on his block, and he knows it.

And so we have him, now -- Trufan, the avatar of protofan. And happy about it, sometimes and in some ways more than he knows.

He has his moments of melancholy, and because he is aware of his special status -- though not always of its exact nature -- he ascribes them to it. Maybe correctly. But everybody has troubles; not everybody has his clear and present ascribable cause. I have found fans who remind me of the occasional Negroes and Republicans who can explain their entire armamentarium of traumas by their possession of those single qualities. And I have met fans who ascribe, like some Negroes or Republicans, all their excellences to that same single cause. (And now we edge up on gafia, but only edge.) Fans as they grow older and more aware will make decisions to quit the whole silly business, or, conversely, to carry it to the topmost heights their total energies can command. Whatever happens, it is rarely permanent.

Now; if his environment changes -- if he discovers to an impressed world his talent for place-kicking a football, say -- if he discovers girls, and girls discover him -- if he goes off to a college -- if he gets into a politically-conscious group, or a sex-conscious group, or a dance-conscious group, and shines in it -- then he may shift the emphasis of his drives toward these things. He may gafiate. Remove that environment; graduate him from school and send him back home; get him married to a woman he rapidly learns to ignore, or to another fan, and his gafia, being environmental gafia, will leave him. In most cases, engafia is not permanent; where permanent, despite shifting environment, it is so because the environment continues to be a Genvironment; where permanent in a fannish environment -- or Fenvironment -- it is because his engafia has imperceptibly become a true and persistent gafia. He has passed through the Pergafic Crisis, and when his fever broke he was no longer the same man. In the immortal words of Adolf Eichmann: Let me explain that.

First, we backtrack a little. One of the persistent theories about fans is that they are People Who Never Grew Up, and for a while there, I bet some of you thought that was my thesis. Not so.

A. Nobody knows what Growing Up is. Some people know what it feels like, but even they cannot prove that the condition they have attained is anything more than the sense of well-being that comes to a sardine when it has finally found its niche in the can.

B. Nobody knows when Time To Grow Up is. Some people have an idea -- usually one that flatters them. The law says you take responsibility for yourself at a set chronological age -- set in the days when Jack Kennedy would have seemed just the right age for his job -- not as disastrously old as Nelson Rockefeller.

C. The concept of Growing Up, and the importance attached to it, either as a goal or a bugaboo, is a product of society. Well, society lost its hold on Trufan back in the dim ancestral days of protofan.

Nevertheless, there is such a thing as a climactic period in life, which occurs in the lives of some individuals, and that can be labelled Growing Up. The visible effect of the process is usually the creation of a Life Plan, the assumption of an Identity, and lots of other indexed manifestations. During this process, which usually is triggered by some radical shift in the environment which forces the affected individual to give up his accustomed methods of dealing with the universe, a fan must inevitably come to his Pergafic Crisis. (You see, now, how going to college and gafiating can create a confusion between engafia and pergafia. Becoming an expert necker is not in the same league, though in extraordinarily proficient individuals it can be.)

During this period in his life, the fan must decide whether his life plan and identify can properly contain fanac. Being human, he does not do his deciding that cold-bloodedly; the cells of his identify, crystallized into their new arrangement by the shock of what has happened to him, do it for him. He can go back and discover the reasons later, and find them good -- what butterfly ever quarreled with its cocoon-shedding technique; what eunuch has a pleasant word for sex?

This is the critical period, as far as fanac goes. If the individual finds things in fandom that will permit him to enrich himself in ways no other medium can offer, then he will emerge from his Crisis a better, more reliable fan than ever. If he does not -- if his fanac was an escape from himself, rather than a fulfillment -- he will probably, almost certainly, pergafiate and vanish from our ken. If he hangs on at all, it will be a practical matter only -- obligations to fulfill, a stock of stencils to be used up . . . and then, one day, from him only silence deep and dreary.

One test for engafia/pergafia is usually reliable. Your pergafic will rarely make a dramatic point of his departure from the fannish glade. He merely goes. Some engafs, not knowing what is happening to them at first, will subside in similar manner. But they almost always cry out once -- They grew increasingly bored with fanac, and now that they've had a semester at good old U and seen the world, they realize this was because they were growing up and out, and now must leave fandom behind because it's really all pretty abstract, isn't it?

Take heart -- they'll be back. Your true pergaf says nothing; he has found the world of the cowboys and the indians, and the little gray home is already out of sight -- if Mother calls for supper, he must not hear her, for Superindian will

surely catch him then.

So you ask me Questions 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and I tell you: I was a protofan and became a fan; I became the best book-smuggler in my entire county; I engaged, I -- We need a word here, don't we? -- I refanned, I took a vow of silence and fulfilled it, I passed through my Pergafic Crisis, in which I kept fanac and did not keep pro science fiction, I stay in fandom because it is part of my identity -- whose acquaintance I am pleased to make -- and I have no additional pertinent remarks to contribute to the study. Thank you.

GIBSON, JOE and ROBERTA (complete):

1. In your family, are you an only child (or first born)?

Joe: Yes

Robbie: Yes

2. Do you feel that this has any bearing on your being a fan?

Joe: No

Robbie: No

3. Are you a 2nd generation fan (was there a retrograde reaction)?

Joe: No (and what the hell do you mean by that)?

Robbie: Good heavens, no!

4. At what age did you enter the fantasy world (and with what)?

Joe: Hyperborean, of course; with a brace of DeLameters -- oh, you mean -- age 17, with trashy pulpzines that didn't yet have nakkid girls on the covers.

Robbie: If you mean what I think you mean, age 7 with Buck Rogers comic strips . . . or age 8 with H. G. Wells' "The Star."

5. At what age did you enter fandom (and how)?

Joe: Age 17, with sub to VOM -- which did have nakkid girls.

Robbie: At the Chicago convention in '52; I was, however, over 17.

6. Why do you stay in fandom?

Joint reply: A. So Sid Coleman will have a place to stay on his biannual visits to the Bay Area.

B. After all, where would Advent: Publishers be without Sid Coleman?

C. Incidentally, where is Advent: Publishers, anyway?

7. What do you get out of fandom?

Joe: Questionnaires from Earl Kemp.

Robbie: I got a husband; what's your excuse?

8. How long do you expect to stay in fandom?

Joe: Like, man, one night I made some remark that "if any more faaans move to the West Coast, I'm gonna start building a raft!"

"Ahem?" says Poul Anderson. "Well, let me help you design this sea-going monstrosity!"

"Yee-ah," howls Dick Ellington, "we got enuff dogs and cats to make that thing an ark!"

"You can't really do much with a grass skirt," Bjo mutters pensively, "but you supply the shark's teeth, bhoy, and I'll hang everybody with jewelry --"

"Be a damned good chance to abscond with Rike's Gestetner, too!" chortles Bill Donaho . . .

Robbie: Not without me, he isn't!

9. What does fandom mean to you?

Joe: "Joe," says Terry Carr, "you've put me in one hellova spot," he says. "Miri just asked me if I thot she'd look good in shark's teeth; and if I say 'yes' --"

Robbie: Just why did you say she'd look good in three shark's teeth?

10. Why do fans gafiate, and are these reasons sufficient to make you gafiate?

Joe: Seriously, I don't know.

Robbie: Ye gods, the booze and grocery bills!

11. What other pertinent remarks do you want to contribute to the study?

Joe: Perhaps a more correct assumption would be that the people who are not first born and/or only children generally don't become fans.

HENSTELL, BRUCE (complete):

1. Yes, I was the first born. Later I give reasons on why this has a bearing on why I am a fan.

2. Yes! See below.

3.

4. I entered the fantasy world at an extremely young age. The earliest memory I have is building large space ships out of blocks in my kindergarten class. I was 5 then. I remember building these things and planning with a friend who I still know today. He never became a fan. I also remember, only a little, watching Captain Video, Space Commander. I listened to early radio horror shows as well as having a little memory of an old TV sf/horror show. During all these years, I read a lot.

5. I entered fandom in early 1959. I had been reading science fiction for a long time and I had never heard of conventions, LASFS, fans, etc. I did find Famous Monsters. I noted the editor one day, some Joe named Ackerman. I filed this away in case . . . In February, our family brought Ingrid over from Germany to work for us. I talked a lot to her and was surprised to find she was a fan. She showed me pictures of her and some guy named Ackerman who had been in Germany and had told her to look him up if she came to the U.S. Ackerman . . . that sounded . . . and indeed it turned out to be Forry. Ingrid started to go to the LASFS, being during school I could not go. I used to dream every night of the grandeur of the LASFS. Finally there came the golden night, I became a member. Then came Detention, Cry, Shaggy, the great day when I got to turn the crank on the club Gestetner, Bjo, Randy Garrett, Harlan Ellison, Fanac, Pelz and Esoteric. There has been a lot. I have learned a lot and have taught a few things.

6. One reason, I like it. I like the people (some!). I like working, exchanging ideas and publishing. As Ron Ellik once remarked to me, "the only reason I go to cons is to meet fans." Notice I did not say meet people; "fans" are not in the same world. I truly believe that it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan.

7. No use repeating myself, see item 6.

8. This is extremely hard to answer. I hope to stay for a long time. But there is school and other things which cut my time very badly. If it is at all possible, I will be a fan as long as I can. That is to say if BNFs like Pelz don't step on poor neo me.

9. Fandom means a great deal. This is true, I think, with a lot of people. Aside from FIJAGDH, fandom is a way of life. It encompasses so much of a person's personality, character, money, that it is necessarily a way of life, I could live without it, but I would not be the same. In fact, I have trouble deciding if I will stay home and study for a big test or go to the LASFS! Right now I am getting myself a job as a reporter for a newspaper as well as writing and producing for a radio station. (It's KPFK in LA. One of the programs will be on science fiction. It will feature Ray Bradbury, Mark Clifton, Bob Bloch and Charles Beaumont. Ray will moderate because the management says my voice is too high.)

So you see I have a lot to tie my time up besides LASFS, N3F, SAPS w1, FAPA w1, OMPA w1, CRAP w1 and N'APA. Whew, I didn't realize I did all that! But over all I am a fan.

Besides being a place where I can meet a lot of people both nice company so far as conversation and personality are concerned. I meet a lot of people that I would have not had the pleasure of meeting in mundania. But as I said, fandom is a mixture of personalities; much more so than stamps or collecting old R'n'R records. This accounts for our G. M. Carrs, etc. One thing about fandom really gets me. In my year and three issues of zines, I have met many fans. I am, by inborn nature, beside the fact that fandom means a lot to me, rather enthusiastic. YOU know that Earl. I am extremely happy to meet the great and wonderous fans that one hears of. I met Raeburn, Busbys, Gerber, Breen, Greenleaf, NIRENBERG and many others at the Pittcon. So many people that I had waited so long to meet. What do I get? Insults. Behind my back at Pittcon, in publications. One that really hurt me was a fan who said something about me, knowing I would not see it. Later they sent me a letter saying they were sorry. (This is the exception rather than the rule. In fact most fans are, maybe they don't realize what they say.)

Fans have to realize that fandom necessarily means a lot to people. And that unkind remarks go a long way.

9. Oh yes! Most fans gafiate because things pile up. Yes, I might have to because of this.

11. Fandom is more than a way of life, much more than a hobby; the people that live it can be most wonderful.

9. Fandom means a great deal. This is true, I think, with a lot of people. LEIBER, FRITZ (complete): a way of life. It encompasses so much of a

I was an only child, all right, the son of actors. However, there wasn't much science fiction interest in my background, though I think my maternal grandmother pushed a paleontology book at me when I was young and I've heard my paternal grandfather used to sleep with his head out the window so he could watch the stars (Somno-astronomy?). My father used to read the solid novelists in great chunks -- Dickens, Balzac, Conrad -- and, later, detective stories. I got fascinated by Wells and Bertrand Russell pretty early -- really, science fiction seemed to me to be the true, the good, and the beautiful.

In 1936 I got to know Lovecraft through correspondence and after his death early the next year Bob Bloch and Henry Kuttner looked me up and we became friends; in 1940 I sold my first stories; but it wasn't until 1949 that I really entered fandom -- by going to the Cinvention.

The oddest part was that I published my first and only mimeozine just before learning about fandom. New Purposes, semi-monthly, mostly during the first half of 1949 -- a total of 15 or 16 issues. If only I'd have known about fandom then, I'd have been able to double my list of potential subscribers and supporters! I was a zealot those six months -- only New Purposes counted! Bob Bloch and Hank Kuttner were generous-hearted contributors -- likewise my friend Georg Mann, whose novel The Dollar Diploma has just now been brought out by Macmillan.

New Purposes certainly got me more aware of fandom and kindred regions. A few people strated to send me their zines -- I especially remember Catalyst, a fine job with much poetry, philosophy and Zen.

Of course I previously had contributed a few items to Laney's Acolyte -- and Barlow's Leaves too. But I hadn't thought of Acolyte as an aspect of a movement or social phenomenon, I'd never gone to a LASFS meeting (although I lived near LA at the time), or to meetings of the group that included Kuttner and Mooney and which brought out Sweetness and Light.

After this slow growing into fandom I don't see how I could ever really get out of it. The roots, growing in darkness as most roots do, are many and deep. Getting out of fandom would be like saying, "I'm going to junk a quarter of my personality." I don't relish such drastic surgery, or is it masochism? (People who "get out" of fandom seem to me generally to be punishing themselves -- perhaps for not paying enough attention to worldly success.)

Which brings up points. You can find friendship, common interests, empathy, interesting new enthusiasms, etc., in fandom. But there's no happy way to achieve worldly success out of it directly. It's a fellowship. Down the ages there have again and again been these clubs of forward-looking men, generally young, interested in what's new and exciting and obscure. Fandom is such a club (or fellowship) given continuity by its devotion to published science fantasy.

McLAUGHLIN, DEAN (complete):

To answer your questionnaire at length . . .

I was not the first born child in my family, nor was I an only child. Rather, I was the third child of five. Therefore, I do not fit O'Meara's theory very well -- but perhaps there are extenuating circumstances. You see, I have four sisters, no brothers, and I think that as a result I was always a little bit separated from my siblings.

This apartness, plus a sort of semi-alienation from my schoolmates (the result of a number of causes -- including my origin in a predominantly female family) may have caused me to seek my entertainments and pleasures mostly by myself -- certainly something did. I think this solitude may have helped me to develop an imagination. However, this is mostly supposition, based at best on a smattering of psychology. It may mean nothing at all.

Another factor which almost certainly contributed to my interest in science fiction is the fact that my father was -- and is -- an astronomer. (So was my mother, though with five children to keep under control, she sort of lost touch.) To me, from the time I learned the language, science was all around me. It was a part of my world.

To answer question three more directly, though, my father was not a fan.

He was familiar with the works of H. G. Wells and maybe a random scattering of other early science fiction stories, but he was never an addict of the stuff the way I have been. (He is also familiar with the Sherlock Holmes stories, and he sometimes quotes Kipling's verse. Neither of these inclinations, however, was "catching".) The influence from the preceding generation was all on the science side -- not the fiction.

I was born in mid 1931, and discovered science fiction sometime in July of 1945, within at the most two or three weeks of my fourteenth birthday. (I can therefore lay claim to being -- just barely -- a pre-A-bomb addict.) Before that time, I had read Verne, and I have vague memories of occasional other pieces -- a writer of juveniles named Burtis, I seem to recall, and I remember reading another juvenile -- one written and published during World War II -- which in the second of its two major (and ill-connected) sections, involved the use of an experimental and very powerful new-type bomb. (I just don't remember whether it was atomic or not; in fact, I mention it now mostly because I'd like to track it down and check on that point. Any parties having information are urged to contact . . .)

However, while I found these items stimulation, none of these exposures really "took". The book that recruited me was Wollheim's pioneer Pocketbook of Science Fiction, and particularly Sturgeon's "Microcosmic God," Stuart's (Campbell's) "Twilight," included therein. Maybe a couple of others. Immediately afterward, I obtained the currently on-sale issues of Astounding and Startling. (Including, I remember offhand, part II of van Vogt's World of A.) Subsequent issues of Astounding exposed me to Chandler's "Giant Killer" and Asimov's "The Mule," to name a couple of impressive milestones. I was hooked and I have stayed hooked -- except for one or two brief lapses -- ever since.

Coming now to item five on the question list, I have to stop and ask myself whether I should be contributing to this survey at all. To put it simply, Am I a fan?

Frankly, I'm not sure. I have, of course, attended quite a list of fan conventions and have even helped to disorganize one. Some of my best friends are fans. I associate with them without even thinking of what will happen to my security clearance.

Nevertheless, I am basically a foul pro. I write stories (or try, anyway) and instead of giving them away to fanzines I sell them for money. (Sometimes, that is; I have a file of rejection slips an inch thick.) Being without shame, I intend to continue doing so.

On the other hand, I can and do make claim to having been, previous to my elevation, what I describe as a "quiet" fan. A quiet fan is the complete opposite of the Harlan Ellison, Bruce Henstell type of fan. Nobody ever hears of him. He publishes no fanzine, nor does he contribute to them. But he is more than a mere reader of science fiction. He is an addict. (Derleth calls him an aficionado; I can't even pronounce it!) He's crazy about the stuff. He finds excitement and imaginative stimulation in it. He proselytizes his friends. Now and then, he may even commit a Letter To The Editor.

I was all these things. I was aware that fandom existed -- was even aware that there was some sort of group in Detroit, 40 miles away. But I stayed out of it.

Mostly, I think I stayed out because, although there were indeed attractive aspects, I just didn't feel I had anything to contribute; remember, I was a solitude boy. And, too, so much of fandom (as revealed in the letters to Sergeant

Saturn and others) had a definitely juvenile character. As for a fanzine -- that would have been too much work, nor did I have the equipment. And I looked upon fanzines in general as being mostly a medium for egoboo, just about on a par with the more conventional forms of vanity publishing. (For the most part -- at the risk of much wrath -- I must confess that I still think so, but I admit there are exceptions.) Besides, even then I was writing stories and trying to sell them; I began -- trying, that is -- in the fall of 1946.

My first direct exposure to fandom was in 1950 when -- somehow -- I found myself attending a two-day summer gathering in New York. But, not knowing my way around, I saw very little and I retreated again into my shell.

My next entry into the realms of the fan was the convention in Philadelphia in 1953. By that time I was a writer with two stories published and the money from a third already in my pocket. My reason for attending was purely professional. For the same reason, I began attending the annual Midwestcons, my first being in 1955.

Gradually, I became acquainted with fans. Gradually, some of them became friends. Also, very early, I learned that conventions were a hell of a lot of fun. Paradoxically, as a result of my motives and their affect on the manner in which I wandered into fandom, I became acquainted with the Detroit contingent very late in the game. In fact, not until the fall of 1957.

All this is hardly an answer to the question of when did I enter fandom -- if ever I actually have done so. The facts are too complex and the process was too gradual to peg a date on it.

I continue to associate with fans because I like the ones I associate with and because I feel it is a good professional policy to do so. The conventions are a fine opportunity to meet old friends whom I see all too rarely; I'm always disappointed when one or another isn't there.

I think of convention fandom (which is actually half fan, half pro) as something very much like a lodge brotherhood, only not so formal. Nor is it so large but that you know most of the people there -- at least well enough to nod and say hello, and perhaps even to call the next time you're in their part of the country. I have no intention of ever dropping out of sight.

But some fans do disappear, and sometimes we hear vague whispers of what has become of them. I don't think it is possible to identify any one cause for their disappearance. However, I might venture to suggest one possible cause -- true at least for some of them -- and that is simply a change in the fan's life-situation. Marriage can do it for some. For others it may be induction into the armed forces, or entrance into college, or into the dreary business of earning a living. Any of these can so completely occupy the fan's interests and/or attention that he drops out of fandom. Of course this doesn't necessarily happen -- for some fans, fandom (and their position in it) is the most important thing in their lives. When they leave fandom, they leave it feet first.

Another possible explanation -- as I saw once in a book, "In a world of nobodies, everybody wants to be somebody." I rather suspect that some fans enter fandom with the hope of attracting attention to themselves, thereby (they think) gaining prestige. A few succeed -- and some honestly deserve to succeed. Others don't, but succeed anyway. (And others, of course, have greatness thrust upon them.) But many are disappointed, or perhaps they are embarrassed by the catcalls their performances evoke. The average soul can take only so much of this sort of thing. They retreat. Maybe they find themselves another field to

try their luck in.

(Lynch mobs wishing to call on me will have to phone and make an appointment.)

Finally, one additional comment. I think the O'Meara theory may be merely one aspect of a larger pattern. Tom Scortia once pointed out to me that many fans -- perhaps a vast majority -- are frustrated writers or would-be writers. (Certainly the fanzine phenomenon is evidence in this direction, as is the impressive list of science fiction writers who have emerged from the ranks of fandom.)

I combine this observation with another -- one made by Malcolm Cowley in his The Literary Situation. In this book, Cowley suggests that most writers are the products of childhoods during which they spent long periods alone, during which they took to entertaining themselves by making up stories. I am inclined to agree with Cowley, since my own experience tends to confirm him. And it seems to me that an only child or a first born child (whose parents' attentions are diverted to the later additions to the family) would tend to have exactly this kind of experience.

I therefore suggest that the point O'Meara has observed may be only one cause of a more general psychological condition -- one which can also derive from other, totally unrelated causes. I suggest this alternate hypothesis be investigated.

Now, to close let me propose a question of my own: why is science fiction the only form of "commercial" literature which has developed a following which is not passive? Mysteries, westerns, historicals, etc. -- all have their devotees, but none of them have a fandom such as science fiction has developed. Why?

This, too, is something worth investigating.

MAIN, ANDY (complete):

Since meeting Jim O'Meara on the Pittcon trip and talking with him (and later seeing the survey in his SAPSzine Kraml), I have been thinking about his theory. I have done a lot of thinking myself on the subject, ever since I came into fandom. My parents (true to form) were always fairly vehemently opposed to fandom, but they allowed me to continue my fannish pursuits, feeling that it was my business what I wanted to spend my time and money on. I am a bit of an insecure person, and their constant criticism often prompted me to do a little personal investigation of fandom and fan and to figure out what and why they were, and why this thing held such an appeal for me. The end conclusion of all my thought on the subject was this: Fandom is an escape. By the use of the word escape I do not mean to include all the evil that this word means in the minds of some: Fandom is simply an escape; whether such escape is bad or good remains to be determined by the individual to his own satisfaction. I kind of like it.

To get to the meat of the essay, I shall attempt to answer the questions posed on your questionnaire. In my family, I am the first born of three children. It was Jim O'Meara's survey that interested me originally when I talked with him on the way to Pittsburgh: Jim was asking everybody he met if he/she was a first-born or only child, and had come up with approximately 80% affirmative answers. As a first-born child who has led an often very problematical life, I have done a lot of speculating concerning the particular position of a first-born

child. Some friend of a friend of mine once said that the first child was like the first batch of pancakes -- an experiment. This seems to hold true fairly consistently. First-born children are usually the least good looking and the most psychologically fouled up of a family. This ties in very well with the fandom-escape line, for the more misfitted a person is, the more likely he is to indulge in an escape. Of course, all my speculations are based on myself, as I know myself much better than anyone else; thus it is natural that I fit my pattern perfectly. As for the age I entered the fantasy world: It depends on what is meant by this question. The first science fiction book per se I read was Robert Heinlein's Rocket Ship Galileo, which I read while in the sixth grade. From that time on I was hooked. But previous to that time my reading matter had always been heavily flavored with material of a fantasy nature. As a young tad I read all of the Burgess (Thornton W. -- he wrote fanciful animal stories) books I could get hold of, and I read the whole series of "Freddy the Pig" books (talking animals and such like -- the last few books of the series; they're still coming out, one per year, have been heavily flavored with science fiction). I think Miri Carr is another fan of the latter series. My life had a lot of stfsy stuff in other areas too -- there was a time, during the third grade I think it was (circa 1952) when I wouldn't have missed a Saturday morning episode of the radio program Space Patrol if the sky had been falling; during the fifth grade I and my busom buddy of the period played quite elaborately with small plastic spacemen (obtained in cereal boxes and toy stores) and rocket ships of our own design and construction. I entered fandom very quietly and unofficially about August, 1958; I had been avidly following the fan-columns in the Columbia mags, Madge and Science Fiction Adventures for quite a while, and master procrastinator me finally got around to subbing to two fanzines, Yandro and Science Fiction Times (of all things!), in August, 1958. For about a year I did nothing but read those two zines; then I finally got around to subbing to a few more zines, including such zines as Oopsla, Twig, Fanac and Hyphen. At the same time, our family took a trip to San Francisco and, after making arrangements by mail, I visited Terry and Miri Carr. This was my first fannish contact, and I began to be inspired. For about six months I hibernated once more, but started a few friendships in fandom and corresponded some. Then, in December, 1959 came my Real Awakening. I and a school friend bicycled down to Los Angeles during the Christmas holidays to visit the LASFS New Year's Eve Party. The trip is about 90 miles, but it was worth it. Not only did we go to the LASFS party; we also took in the Burbee New Year's Eve Party (a real classic), and an impromptu party the next evening at Al Lewis' house in Santa Monica. These parties and happenings pertaining thereto brought on a Fannish Awakening in me, and I finally entered fandom officially (with a low roar) in late January, 1960, with the publishing of a small and unreadable first issue of my fanzine. At that time I was sixteen years and five months old.

I stay in fandom because I enjoy it -- I enjoy fanac more than anything else I do, with one exception, but she's gone for the vacation. Perhaps it's the creative urge; there are few things quite so soul satisfying to me as putting the finishing touches on a 36-page issue of my fanzine. I know the escape is involved, but that can't be all; after all, reading a good book provides just as much escape and isn't so tiring or money-consuming. Perhaps it's the recognition of my True Worth; in truth, as a social misfit, fandom's one of the few places where I feel on an equal footing with everybody. However, the basic reason is

that I enjoy it -- fans are an intelligent group of people, and often say intelligent and interesting things. And as I find I need fandom less and less as an escape, I still stay with it because I enjoy it. I expect to stay in fandom until I no longer enjoy it; when that will be, nobody knows. Fandom is to me a group of people, friends and enemies, who enjoy communicating, and do it at every possible opportunity in every possible manner. Fandom is an enjoyable medium through which I can have pleasurable contact with good friends. Fandom is a place where one can create and display one's creations for enthusiastic criticism and acclaim. Fandom is just a way of living a goddamn hobby.

Fans gafiate, generally, for one of two reasons: a fan has either ceased to enjoy fandom, or has no time or money for fanac. The second kind never gafiate completely, and the first kind often come back later. A fan can cease to enjoy fandom for any number of reasons: perhaps he feels his True Worth has not been discovered and praised; perhaps he has been put down too much; perhaps he has become fed up with certain childish practices of fandom; perhaps he just doesn't feel like communicating any longer; maybe he's an Old Fan and Tired. The lack-of-time-or-money bit is self-explanatory. Any of these reasons would be sufficient to make me gafiate -- if I lost interest in fandom I surely wouldn't stay around, and if I no longer had time or money I of course wouldn't be able to fanac (though I'd probably come back as soon as I could). But I doubt that I'll be gafiating for a long time to come; I'm enjoying it too much. And, after all, FIJAGH Is a Way of Life.

* * * * *

And now if you please, the excerpted contributions:

ANONYMOUS #1:

I'll lump 6, 7 and 8 all together because I think they are inseperable. Number seven provides the answer for six; eight is contingent on the preceeding two. I stay in fandom because of the intangibles I receive from it; either mentally, emotionally or morally. I will stay in fandom (number 8) as long as these three qualities are acting to bolster my personal ego. At this point I hope you are mentally asking me just what I mean by these qualities. Even if you aren't, I'm going to try to spell them out for you. Actually, Earl, you've been at this game so long yourself you know most of the answers; but I can't recall having read them before. They are the result of many things.

Egotism is the most activating factor. If you have only a small portion of selfishness, provided it is directed towards personal ego-building, it is very easy to enter fandom with both guns blazing and carve out a nich for yourself in nothing flat. I'm sure you've seen this happen many times by now.

Perhaps we could call this an analysis of the ingroup motivation, or even the curse of the mother hen complex. But maybe it'll be easier to write if I concoct a sample case. Take Joe Fan, a common enough name. Now Joe had been reading in the field for several years, never knowing that somewhere there were others with similar tastes. Joe thought he was the only one who ever went up to a newsstand, looked cautiously around before whispering, "Planet Stories, please," then quickly hiding the magazine inside something larger so no one

could see the covers. Joe was, by this time, firmly convinced that he was reading nothing but the most depraved trash; after all everyone said that's what it was. And Joe knew that the news dealer laughed at him as he left the stand.

Then Joe comes to his first turning point . . . He discovers "The Prying Fan" or Rog's "Club House" columns and slowly the notion seeps through his bb brain that there are others out there somewhere.

So off goes his first letter to a fanzine, expecting God only knows what to evolve from the transaction. And when it arrives, some weeks later, he is shocked at the physical appearance, the messy pages, the blurred to oblivion heckto or the over-inked mimeo. But Joe doesn't relent, by now he's had one or two "letters to the editor" appear and gotten to page three of the manuscript that John Campbell is surely going to buy. The fact that Joe has written fifty odd three page starts of manuscripts that Campbell will surely buy does not deter him at all from starting the next. And he writes to more fanzines for copies.

By now he has figured it out for himself that there are several different types of fanzines, each serving a different purpose. The news-zines (what ever happened to Larry Campbell?), the faaan-zines (ShelVy?), the quasi-literary-zines (you?) and many others. Those that he considered the best of the group he subscribed to, write to and in some cases wrote for. About this time he hears rumbles of a 'convention' somewhere.

When these rumbles have materialized into concrete information Joe is one of the first to decide that he's going to be there. So the long months of saving start in at this time so Joe will have enough money to make the trip.

And he makes it, finally, to the hotel; with callouses on his ass from sitting in the bus too long and with the "Madge" and Other Worlds he'd picked up somewhere enroute thoroughly read and falling apart from excess handling. He's a day early, naturally, and spends all his time sleeping because the schedule he'd received said the convention wouldn't start until 10 AM the following day. (It was two years before Joe realized he'd missed the best parties of the convention by sleeping that night.)

Joe has arrived. This is the place for sure. The plastic sign pinned on him set him aside from all the mundane and all around him were milling Joe's kind of people. He sits on an un-used bar and talks about his favorite stories with someone who isn't wearing a badge (later this someone is introduced from the podium and Joe's beady little heart flip-flops; he's been talking to Cliff Simak). He roars in ecstasy as Bloch takes up his section of the program. He amazes at the quantities of alcohol consumed (even some genuine white-lightning, courtesy Henry Burwell). He is enchanted by the pomp and majesty of the banquet; the quiet ribaldry of the masquerade.

When the hotel bill has finally taken Joe's last cent he clutches the return trip ticket in his hand, the original Finlay (that should have been his hamburgers for the trip) under his arm and hikes off to the bus terminal.

It has been the greatest weekend of Joe's life. Because now, not only had he enjoyed the convention, met many people who would develop into friends of similar taste; but best of all Joe had in his little black book the address of the Local Club!!

Some weeks later, a little cash back in his pocket, Joe drops into the local club. It wasn't exactly what he'd expected, but it was home. So Joe joins, and attends regularly. He opens his mouth when he has anything to contribute or sits in silence absorbing everything he can. And when election time comes around

Joe surprises even himself by campaigning for director, and winning.

This was Joe's first fatality. Because it carried with it an awakening of the power complex in Joe's little ego. Or perhaps it had been there all along, subconsciously. This is the birth of the mother hen complex. Joe falls heir to a full-grown group of people waiting to be told what to do. When Joe realizes this it makes matters much easier.

By this time, of course, Joe has already produced the first two issues of his own mimeod fanzine, Retching, which received favorable attention in both Quandry and Rhodomagnetic Digest. Joe now gets too much mail to answer and fanzines by the ream. The best part about this is that now Joe gets the zines for free. He is a middle name fan. Active, yes; but as yet unknown to the vast majority of fans.

This situation will have to be remedied. Joe works hard and gets material in the better fanzines, where it will be noticed. He makes definitive remarks, where they will be remembered.

In short, Joe is deliberately (it matters not whether this is conscious or subconscious action because the end result is the same) building himself up, bolstering his ego -- before the next convention comes around Joe thinks he is a BNF (It is only ten years later that Joe, rising to refute an insulter who said 'someday you may be a BNF,' begins to wonder just when he actually slipped over into that category). He is not, of course, but in time he will be.

And finally Joe's term in office terminates (with Joe having chosen his successor in a behind the scenes transaction). But is it really over for Joe?

By now his reputation is far reaching. He has been consulted on many facets of the field, from many unexpected directions. His mail comes in from many foreign countries. He is known by, or to, the majority of both prodrom and fandom. He frequently entertains representatives from both camps. At conventions people seek him out to ask him questions. Young fans ask for autographs and say "thank you sir." Joe is invited to the closed door parties; but prefers to attend those where his people are.

So we are now to question 9 and by this time it should be apparent that fandom means everything to Joe. It is his way of life. Fandom is much more than just a goddamn hobby.

It means to me knowing all the people in this little closed-circuit world who are worth knowing. It means just a few brief minutes of conversation with a Busby, a Rotsler, a Carr, a Donaho that would be enough to sustain an ordinary person for many cold nights. I subscribe to the gestalt theory, and I would not be complete without my existence in the fandom gestalt.

The people who populate the mundane world are just so much flesh to me. We share few points of similar interest. They could never provide me with the smallest portion of what I have found in fandom.

Number 10. This is a hard one. I have thought and thought and can come up with only two possible reasons to gaffiate. First, and the most improbable, would be if some situation could arise in the mundane to replace that which I have found in fandom with something better.

Second, disgust at fandom itself.

And what are the things that disgust me? Cruelty for its own sake, personal filth, inconsideration and surely others. Cruelty, by the large, does not exist in fandom for its own sake. More often it is a facet of inconsideration wherein a hasty word cuts someone too closely.

If anyone wants to be personally dirty that is their own business. Dirty jeans, deliberate unshaven faces, odors, etc. have left many a fan wondering what he said that was wrong.

Inconsideration: Here we find the bulk of fandom. The person who drops in, unexpected and uninvited (and empty handed) to spend the weekend. The party guest who invariably puts his feet on the edge of the cocktail table. The pipe smoker who always manages to get more live ashes on the carpet than in the ashtrays. The frequent dinner guest who wont offer to help with the dishes. (If you're invited back at all you're a friend. Only guests do not help with the work.) The party guest who never brings a bottle, or never buys a round in a public place. The fan with more money who always manages to be too late to pick up the restaurant check. The insulter, for whom nothing is ever quite as good as it is somewhere else.

Then there are the caravans to the conventions. Naturally it is you who must make the arrangements, secure enough cars for everyone. You also have to see that Miss Jones is not placed in the car with Mr. Smith since that last night at the previous con they haven't been speaking for some obscure reason. And Mr. Doe has a habit of wiggling his ears which simply exasperates almost everyone else so his placement in the group has to be done with extreme caution. And the others, Miss Brown who just can't stand Miss Green at all and a ride of any length would find a hair-pulling session taking place. And Mr. Blue who has a passion for Miss Gray and follows her around indiscriminately.

And you have to solve all their problems, keep them separated where necessary and keep others together where necessary. Keep them all busy at all times so they can't concoct new personal-nature problems for you to solve. Like making sure Miss Purple, whose passion for alcohol frees her tongue too easily . . . all the little joys of life . . .

I could go on and on, but you know who they are as well as I, and I honestly can't help but think that they know who they are too.

In all fairness I must add that this coin is surely two sided. There is the fan to whom you owe so much that nothing you could ever do would cancel the debt. It is he who is nearly always available when you need him for anything short of murder. It is he who picks up the checks more than half the time. It is he who never comes to any party empty handed; be it a dinner party or a drinking party. There is the fan who comes across with an unexpected gift for no known reason. There is the fan who would work his fingers to the bone for you if you just tell him what to do. But I think you know all of them too.

It is the people in this last group who hold the gafia-nongafia scales in balance. These people make life worth living. They are the friend who makes the calendar shine with red-letters when they ring the doorbell. There isn't a guest in this lot, and chances are more than one of them has long ago been adopted into the family, emotionally if not semi-legally.

Question 11. Honestly, Earl, I think I've said far too much already. Actually I'm not ready to do the up-dated Laney just yet. So be warned pal, just remember you didn't get this from me.

ARCHER, DIRCE:

It seems to me to be the person involved, not the pecking order, heredity

or environment. Five children I swapped books with grew up with no interest in the field or fandom, and of this five three were only children and two the first born!

The PSFA constitution states the group "is a social organization, devoted to the appreciation of fantasy and science fiction; and devoted, to a varying degree, to the creative activities in fantasy, science fiction and science." Although I had no part in writing this, it expresses why I stay in fandom, what I get out of fandom, and what fandom means to me. I intend to stay as long as I continue to enjoy the social side, appreciate reading the stuff, and like to do things connected with fantasy and science fiction. Fandom to me is a gratifying hobby which can -- if not carefully watched -- gobble up its victims. It can be petty and back biting, yet warm and friendly when help is needed. In fact, fandom is human -- even superhuman in a way, for it will knock itself out to assist its own, which non-fans cannot and probably never will understand.

Those who gafiate, and those who get out of fandom, seem to have one thing in common. Satiation. Did you ever eat a favorite meal every day for a year? Have you been able to gag it down since? A surfeit of anything leads to avoidance. Fandom, like most things in life, should be diluted to be enjoyed. This may sound peculiar coming from me considering the way my last two and a half years have been spent, but believing something does not mean it can be practiced at all times. I intend to be around for quite a while, and have quite a bit of pleasure while doing so.

At times I think fan is an abbreviation for fanatic, although fandom, post sputnik, appears to appeal more to those with real admiration for fantasy and science fiction than to the rebels of the world.

If you want to know what I really think (briefly) it is that we are a bunch of damn fool mavericks with a taste in common, who have one hell of a good time running ourselves ragged. Remember, this is a so-called fake fan speaking!

BALLARD, WRAI:

Fandom is the friends I write to, those in the same apas, and friends of friends, and dropping fandom would be just the same as dropping all acquaintances in mundane . . . Fandom is the friends I have in fandom, and how does one lose interest in his friends?

I think the common trait of all fans would be enthusiasm. Ever notice how you feel anyone who is capable of enthusiasm for varied hobbies strikes you as being basically a fannish type even though they may never be a fan?

BARRETT, Dr. C. L.:

From fandom I get a mental exhilaration from talking to many people from all walks of life who have multi-view points on many subjects and yet in most cases do not have an axe to grind or a cause to settle. I'll gafiate in the year 2020.

By definition fandom is a loose organization of extreme individualists with a common vociferousness, the most tolerant catholic attitude of any group and the widest range of interests yet discovered. An organization with no compulsory membership, an organization that a person can go in and out of, an organization

in which one can be a summer soldier fan, a purely local city group fan, purely a writing fan. A collector type of fan or that rarest of all a pure reading fan who does not want to discuss the multitude of subjects that most fans talk about, but only fantasy and science fiction stories. The axe to grind, religious or political profit type of fan or even the fan that doesn't read science fiction but is a close friend of two or three science fiction fans and likes to be with the type of people that science fiction fans are.

There is about one person out of ten thousand that has a compulsive drive or need to discover science fiction and fantasy. When he discovers that it becomes more of an addiction than alcohol or dope for the rest of his life. If he is one of those persons who must write and must publish, he becomes a fan editor and fan writer. If he is a person who must seek out and talk to the person who writes certain stories or has certain ideas he may become a convention fan or do as I did by hunting up these individuals, become a shall we say a friendship fan. I have never heard a description or definition of this type of fan, but they do exist. The collector fan collects science fiction for the same reason that someone who is starved in his youth has a tendency to stockpile large amounts of food in the pantry.

BENNETT, RON:

Three years ago I took an afternoon off school and went over the Pennines to Manchester to have a cosy chat with the American Consul there about the possibilities of getting hold of a visa to visit the U.S.A. I was, happily, successful, and afterwards I retired for a drink with those stalwarts of Manchester fandom, Harry Turner and Sid Birchby. For over an hour we discussed the ingredients of the make-up of a fan and had I only known then that Earl was to compile this survey, I'd have made an attempt to have had that talk recorded on tape. I seem to remember that we came to the conclusion that fans have an interest in science fiction or fantasy and moreover that they have a certain feeling for that genre. I believe that we also said that a sense of humor helps somewhat, but then, it does with anything, doesn't it? Unfortunately, I've since felt that the whole business is not by any means as simple as this. I've met people who have been keen readers of both science fiction and fantasy, who have borrowed all sorts of books from me (and who have even returned them, which in itself might be indicative of something) but who have had no interest in fandom whatsoever. And here, I'm thinking of fandom in all its aspects, discussing science fiction, publishing fanzines, attending conventions and just plain meeting other fans socially. On the other hand I have many friends who read the fanzines I receive, attend fannish gatherings, even write to fans to whom I've introduced them, but who have no interest whatsoever in science fiction. So where does one go from there? It's all very well to state blithely that a fan possesses that magic something, and it's an easy way out, but not very satisfactory. Looking round at the fans I know, I'm inclined to think it's all a matter of being cynical when mundane types are full of awe and being filled with that dear old sense of wonder when others are passing the whole affair off with a sad shake of the head. Probably, when a solution to the problem is reached, it will be seen that at heart we're merely a set of cowardly beatniks.

I've often wondered why I stay in fandom. I've virtually nothing to offer

fandom but have always been overjoyed to receive letters and fanzines. Whereas I once participated in fandom from the sheer joy of doing so, writing letters, putting out fanzines and all the rest because I would rather do all those things, that spirit nowadays waxes and wanes. Too often fan activity is a chore, something I owe to someone else. Possibly the tremendous debt I owe to fandom for my 1958 TAFF trip has much to do with this, possibly my living in a fannishly isolated community is a factor. I still get an overall enjoyment from the fannishness of others, but lack the important drive to do anything myself. It's nearly two years since Ploy appeared, for example. Whereas I would have once slung together half a dozen vaguely interesting items and rushed out an issue, I'm nowadays more selective and would wish only assuredly good items to appear in the magazine. So, I suppose standards change, too.

Personally, I think we're a load of bookish people who have never gone the whole hog towards pedantic dryness. We're all eccentric to a fault, don't you think? Hell, if we'd rather spend our time at a typewriter writing for fun instead of sitting watching TV, we must be 150% mad.

BRADLEY, MARION ZIMMER:

Why do I stay in fandom? Because I am forced to live in a small town; because I am lonely; because it allows me to have many friends without being compelled to rub elbows with them daily. I suffer from a form of fanatic personal claustrophobia, can't endure to be spied on or pried into, though I willingly reveal myself and confide easily when I can choose my own time and place. I have begun to think that perhaps I use fandom to fill the need everyone has for friends without having to make friends who would infringe on my valued privacy (a writer needs privacy and leisure to think.) In fandom I can turn my friends on and off like a tap -- that is, when I feel sociable I can write letters and answer letters, and when I'm unsociable I can close up my shell like a clam. And, even more; if a letter from a fan comes when I am in a bitchy mood, I can put it away till I feel friendly again; obviously you can't do that with a well-intentioned neighbor who has dropped in, at the wrong hour, for a cup of coffee and a cheery chat. If this be selfish, I'm afraid I must plead guilty. Though I plead, also, in excuse, that I never realized it until this moment.

From fandom I get a place to express myself without undue criticism; an outlet for the attitudes and emotions which are not permissible in my restricted social and family situation; an opportunity to work on my pet hobbies; a place where I can write what I please without having to tailor it to commercial requirements; a sort of open market place where I can be valued for what I am, rather than what I look like or how well I conform to current mores. I suppose that also, in painful, deliberate self-honesty, I must add; a place where I can "show off" without being thought an exhibitionist; I am not really "shy", simply afraid of being thought forward or "pushy", but in fandom I can be as extroverted and exhibitionistic as I please, since if people don't like it they can simply tear up my letters, etc.; I don't have the same fear of offending that I do in mundane life.

I also think of fandom as a sort of private world where I can live when my own world gets too small to hold me, and where I can control my environment (to some extent) instead of being controlled by it. It is also . . . the marketplace where I meet my chosen friends. A sort of backdrop for recreational time. The

equivalent of, I suppose, the old coffee-house, pub or what have you.

The fannish personality tends to seek a fandom; that ours is centered about science fiction, I think, is incidental. I doubt if fandom, as it is now, would survive the death of science fiction, but as science fiction grows less, fandom does not diminish. The best commentary I can make on this is that fantasy-collecting fandom became absorbed almost without a hitch into science fiction fandom, and "fandom" as such could absorb, for instance, all the circus fans and coin collectors, to name only two, all the comic-book fans and model-railroad builders and radio hams, **WITHOUT CHANGING ITS ESSENTIAL CHARACTER AT ALL**. A fan is a fan is a fan and he is NOT necessarily a science fiction fan.

BREEN, WALTER:

What do I get out of fandom? Contact with many different types of intelligent people; fresh viewpoints hardly ever encountered in mundane; experience in communication of a much different sort from mundane; practical experience in layout; the challenge involved in meeting deadlines (whether with Cultzines or letters of comment or anything else) and in finding something new and worth saying for inclusion in any zines I contribute to.

FIJAGH, of course. But it's a forum where I can listen (or be heard) on almost any topic, a source of ideas among which are every so often concepts of real value, frequently a source of unusual information, and a source of friendships, regardless of age, sex or class. It's a milieu where I am less likely to be bored than anywhere in mundane; where appreciation comes not from one's wealth or external trappings or other irrelevancies but from the quality of one's thought, whether one's name is Harry Warner or Joe Neofan.

I will stay in fandom as long as mundac does not completely monopolize my time; as long as fandom is not completely overrun with fuggheads. Possibly as long as I live.

I haven't been around long enough to know many permanent gafiates. But I would distinguish between temporary and permanent gafia -- their causes are likely to be very different. I can see many reasons for temporary gafia -- mundac pressure in particular, post-con fatigue, temporary drying-up of ideas, illness, perhaps disgruntlement with having found oneself in an inappropriate crowd and not yet finding oneself a better group, a death in the family, and so on. Permanent gafia -- well, I've never heard any reason which would convince me to gafiate. I have heard the reasons why some ex-fans have done so, but I cannot help thinking that they were either rationalizing or remained ignorant of some aspects of fandom which (if they existed then) might have induced them to stay around. "Shallowness," "bored with so much ingroup yammering," "science fiction is not literature but a shallow imitation -- crazy Buck Rogers stuff," "stupid childish antics with zap-guns" and so on. But no one of these is the whole of fandom, and if I get bored with zaps and plonkers I can always find values in Habakkuk or Warhoon or Horizons -- to name only three out of a much larger number of idea-crammed fanzines.

Fandom clearly offers rewards and opportunities not readily available elsewhere, particularly to the intelligent youngster, the introvert, the highly articulate person marooned in a small town or rural area without companions sharing his interests. Listen to a mundane conversation sometime: all too often

it is confined to school or what Mrs. Soandso wore to church last Sunday or child-rearing problems or political clichés. The only minds who don't get quickly bored by this kind of communication (alas, they are the majority!) are the shallow ones. A fanzine lettercol or a set of apa mailing comments is a conversation put on record, and as long as fandom remains full of intelligent, individualistic people, "counter, original, spare, strange" as Gerard Manley Hopkins put it, these conversations are going to continue to scintillate with ideas, providing diversion for some, education for others, a world more satisfying than stupid mixed-up mundane for still others.

BROWN, RICH:

I have been in fandom for four years and those four years have all come from a young, immature period of my life -- ages 14-18. I point this out because, being as young as I was (and am), my reasons for staying have varied from time to time and sometimes changing quite rapidly. As best as I can remember, the reasons have been: a) I was enthusiastically interested in science fiction and I wished to find others interested in it with whom I could talk or correspond interestingly and intelligently. b) I found that fans would accept me on my actions alone, ignoring my age, but not ignoring my immaturities. c) Fandom was always Just A Little Bit Better (and it was The Important Quarter Inch That Counts) in respect to its reaction toward me than was mundania ("See that boy over there...he must be queer...he's always reading"). d) I found an interest in discussing and giving my opinions on all sorts of unrelated subjects and fandom made an intelligent (often disagreeing, but intelligent) audience. e) I liked to write -- practically anything -- and I wanted to be able to write well: and fandom once again proved a good, critical audience, and the practice I got while writing to and for fanzines was one I could not get elsewhere.

Fandom sharpened my sense of humor, helped considerably in my maturing (I realize I'm still not as mature as I could be), helped me learn to get along with people, gave me a little mechanical tinkerability (working with gershtunken typers and mimeo's, etc.) and got me a lot of free (and considerably helpful) advice. I made a lot of friends in fandom that I'll never be able to forget: . . . listing them would take up too much room. I owe more, in just fond friendships alone, than I could ever hope to repay.

Fandom...is a sort-of...metaphysical...philosophical...thought...thing (have you got it so far?). Seriously, fandom did mean a lot to me; it influenced whatever there is to come...and it may sound unusual, in this little microcosm where the Laney-Burbee type Insurgentism philosophy is so prevelant these days, but fandom has been a sort of Way Of Life to me. It was the only thing I held dear in a world that I abhorred and which wasn't particularly in love with me. I once feared that to leave The Little World Of The Written Word And The Mind would mean the end of me...I once felt that I would prefer suicide to gafiation (and actually, suicide is the permanent gafia). I once felt that I couldn't love any one or any thing as much as I loved fandom. I once felt that fandom was All, and the Only Thing Worth Living For. Once, I felt that my fan activities were all that mattered, and as long as I had them I would have had all that the world has to offer. I was wrong on all accounts...but that was what fandom meant to me, along with (and perhaps because of) the enjoyable activities, people, thought-

variant, etc.

For the past year or so I have been realizing that fandom just isn't that much different than the mundane. More intelligent, yes -- not because Fans Are Slans, but for the purely simple reason that in this highly communicative and argumentative hobby, most any idea of stupidity will be tromped on vigorously; in the mundane, communicating only thru actual contact, and thru fear-to-hurt-by-words (especially in close contact where the other guy is bigger than you are), a lot of stupid ideas get circulated around easier. But basically, that's about the only difference. It was a big difference to me, once, because I had trouble finding intelligent people outside of fandom. But they are there -- you just have to look for them.

This was a disillusionment to me -- to find that there were intelligent people outside of fandom that I'd just as soon talk to, to find so many ways that fandom was just like mundane, to find that I've missed a lot more than I should in living.

But that's not the complete reason why I'm gafiating. The reason is a simple one; so simple that it's liable to sound complicated: I'm gafiating to keep from gafiating. What I mean is, I'm not completely disenchanted with fandom; I'm still interested in publishing and writing, and I'd like to do more of both than I'm going to do. But it suddenly occurred to me that I was becoming disenchanted with things the way they were, even with some of the people (fans) that I considered my friends. Rather than let this happen, that is, rather than let this continue to happen until I find that there is nothing, not even a memory, that I can find enjoyable about fandom, I will quit.

BUSBY, ELINOR:

I can now express myself, both in speech and in writing, more easily and with less self-consciousness than I could before entering fandom. Before I entered fandom I could not talk in front of even a very small group without painful shyness and self-consciousness; now, even a large group does not bother me.

We expect to stay in fandom all our lives...Fandom is our community. Fandom is the mesh or network in which all our most meaningful, most vital, most necessary friendships are set. With one's fannish friends one can talk about anything, or almost anything. There are people in the mundane world whom one could talk to in the same way, but they move away and then they drift away; you and they get interested in different things. But with fans you always have fandom as the bond, the common interest. And they can't move away, because they never lived in the same town with you to begin with. Age does not wither a paper friendship.

Why do other fans gafiate? A. Fans frequently gafiate in order to spend their time and energy on writing for professional markets.

B. Fan couples usually gafiate when they have children. Children are very time- and energy-consuming. People with children are much more a part of their physical community than people without children. They know their neighbors, who are the parents of their children's playmates; and they tend to get involved with PTA and the scout bit and heaven only knows what all else. People with children are under much more pressure to conform, and have more motivation for so doing.

C. Fans who become involved in bitter feuds or are personally humiliated in any way, in fandom, tend to gafiate.

D. Fans who regard fandom as an arena for a struggle for power and prestige usually gafiate when they notice what a very small arena it is, or begin to feel within themselves an ability to contest in a larger arena. Fans who lose a struggle for power or prestige in fandom may withdraw into smaller and smaller portions of fandom, or may withdraw completely.

E. Fans who are very all-or-nothing-at-all in nature gafiate when they are unable to or are unwilling to give all their spare time to fandom.

F. Looked at from the outside, fandom is a ridiculous waste of time, talent, energy and money, as anyone realizes when he tries to explain fandom to outsiders. Anyone who has to explain fandom very often will probably gafiate.

G. Fans who enter fandom as very young, callow, possibly obnoxious adolescents may leave fandom as a part of leaving adolescence or its worst manifestations.

H. Insofar as fandom is a hobby, it's expendable. Most people change their hobbies from time to time.

Once upon a time, ordinary people used to write long, interesting letters to their friends, talking about all kinds of things. Ordinary people don't, anymore, but fans do.

I think there are, and always have been, many groups of people in the world who relate to one another somewhat as fans do. In reading Boswell's Life of Johnson one feels that Boswell, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Mrs. Thrale et al. were very, very like fans, and that Boswell, calling on Johnson that first time, was very like a neofan calling on a BNF. Fandom is our such group.

BUSBY, F. M.:

It strikes me that you have asked the wrong question. It is not "When did you enter the fantasy world?", because the fantasy world is entirely natural to children. Rather, you should ask: "Why is it that you have never completely left the fantasy world?", with perhaps some subsidiary queries as to crucial dates if available

Fandom just sneaked up on me. I stay in it because it helps preselect (or screen) friends for me; I am almost instantly at home with a great proportion of active fans, whereas with neofans (however likeable) it is damned rarely that I run onto someone with whom I can communicate freely and immediately.

Fandom is my favorite in-group. It's where I have more friends for less concrete apparent reason, than anywhere else. Mind you, I have no complaints against the non-fan world (aside from the usual); my mundane neighbors and fellow-slaves down at the office are a good bunch and we get along. But they just do not have the ol' whammy that I get out of a fannish gathering or letter or zine or apa mailing. If I weren't currently so snowed that I can't keep up with letters worth a hoot, it would be fair to say that fandom provides a receptive audience: No matter how offbase I may be on any subject, I know some fan who will read what I have to say without just scoffing me off as a kook, if only out of charity.

While I do not figure fandom as a Way Of Life or anything like that, I don't see any possible reasons for gafiation on my own part, short of unforeseen catastrophe. It might be necessary to cut activity to some bare minimum, but I think

I'd still like to keep in touch as well as circumstances permit; I like this ratrace.

...Some old friends stopped by for a quick visit recently, this points up what I said earlier: these are nice folks and we like them a lot and are glad to see them for a first time in two years. But they were here for less than two hours and another hour would have seen us just about out of conversational material if we stayed off politics. With fans, the problem would be chopping off the gab-session by 2 or 3 AM; right?

CALKINS, GREGG:

I stay in fandom because I enjoy it. For the most part, fans are nice people and they have the same off-beat whacky way about them that I have and which sets me apart from the common herd.

Haven't you heard about fans being slans?

...how does one get out of fandom? Cut off one's tendrils?

Frankly, fandom is just a goddamn hobby and not a way of life. Fandom means communication, FAPA, egoboo and friends (plus others undoubtedly). As I would not have fandom die for me, neither would I die for it . . . but I'd go a long way to keep it alive and me part of it.

CARR, MIRIAM:

I got into fandom because my neighbor Ted Johnstone dragged me to a LASFS meeting. It took him two years to convince me. I stayed around for two reasons. One was Forry Ackerman, and the other was the general business and frivolity of the scene. I seemed to have unlimited enthusiasm and energy for anything that wasn't serious in those days. (My mother, who'd been my dearest friend, had died about half a year previously.) Forry remains as one of my dearest friends, but I no longer have the drive to fill my time and thoughts like I used to, so I would have left fandom far behind me shortly after my entrance if I hadn't met Terry. Now fandom is one of the biggest parts of my life, because I'm living Terry's life, like I'm making his scene. I'm truly not very interested in fandom itself any more, but I feel that I can't gafiate because too many fans are too important to me. Many of the people whom I most dearly love are fans and I can't see myself divorcing myself from contact with them. Also, I've entirely lost contact with 90% of my non-fan friends because of geography or being too busy. I hate to write letters, for instance.

One other point, my meeting the LASFS was not a big new thrill of People Paying Attention to Little Me. Nor was it a big deal just cause the fellows made a fuss over my being a girrul. Sure they did, but I was, at that time attending college, where I majored in Boys and Bullsessions. I was quite popular with the fellows in the real world. I didn't, at that time need fandom for my ego, like I would have as a younger teenager. I would have plunged in and clung then.

I just got caught up in the deal and am now sort of stuck. I just couldn't bear to loose all the lovely friendships I've made.

Why am I a fan?

. . . Just lucky, I guess.

CAUGHYAN, JIM:

Fandom is an ingroup which seems closed under several requirements: e.g. 1) Fans enjoy a certain off-trail brand of humor, talk about and create this humor. Those who are not appreciative soon lose interest, if they ever develop it, because this humor is one of the chief foundations of fandom. 2) Fans are creative, at least to the extent of creating communication with other fans. 3) Fans like fans. This creates the need for communication, which is probably the main characteristic of fandom.

COULSON, JUANITA:

Why do I stay in fandom? I'm a housewife with only one kid . . . What else should I do with my time? It supplies a need within my wierdo psyche -- it did from the time I first encountered it, and it still does; it is the only field I ever encountered where I find some point of contact with someone, somewhere in the area over my own myriad interests. In the "normal" world, I'm lucky to find one person out of five hundred who shares even one of my enthusiasms, and well nigh impossible to find someone shares my attitudes. Like anything else, I get out of fandom what I put in . . . I put in enthusiasm and I get back fun, egoboo and a feeling of belonging.

COULSON, ROBERT:

WHY IS A FAN? . . . it can be answered in one sentence: Fandom is a form of insanity, closely related to the manic depressive

As any other hobby, fandom provides entertainment, primarily. I suppose the prime interest for me is contact with people that I like, and with whom I can converse without having to either consciously tone down my conversation to their level or stop to explain my allusions. (They may have to stop to explain their allusions to me, but that's their lookout.) If fandom never provided me with anything else I'd feel well repaid for my time and effort because of the people I've met through fandom.

Fandom means to me a prime form of recreation, a place to relax after work. If I didn't know about fandom I could relax in the same way with my interests in stamp collecting, shooting and folk music; but fandom is more fun, so my other hobbies are relegated to secondary importance.

COX, ED:

I've met a hell of a lot of real swell people in fandom, many of whom have become very close friends and who have no longer any interest or activity in fandom. There are a lot of people active in fandom who have probing minds, who are not hampered by convention, restrictions and the dull, mind-deadening influences all about us in the mass media. I get a chance to express myself in a medium (the "fan-press") about a lot of things I like to write about, a lot of which is not sf or even connected with it. The main reason I stay (or a better term,

for me, might be "recur"! in fandom is that it is fun. I don't often get too serious about anything and do not let myself get hung up in the mis-directed seriousness of others...at least those who lose perspective in building a serious thing out of nothing. The type of "serious" thing I do enjoy and try to participate in is such a thing as this very project. My activity, on the whole, is directly proportionate to how much fun I'm getting out of it.

How long do I expect to stay -- this is hard to answer, in a way; yet the clue to the real answer lies in the last sentence of the above. I'll probably have some dabbling interest, at the least, indefinitely. My interest and activity is liable to wane at times (the worst and longest times were when I was overseas in the army and when I was going to college at night...this latter is on the verge of recurring).

Fandom is an enjoyable hobby. As a hobby, it transcends, in form, such things as stamp collecting and coin collecting.

Why does a person get entangled in fandom? Today (1960) the problem is somewhat altered from that of 10 or more years ago. The reasons persist, in the main. Usually, the person is more or less at odds with the immediate societal situation in which he finds himself. It is possible that many of these people have a little more of the enquiring mind...they become dissatisfied with sitting in the parlor watching tv, or running around in hot-rods (if they did to begin with) or a host of other similar situations. It is not so much a case of "escape" so much as finding a new method to explore other aspects of life and/or to express oneself. That is, until the person is old enough to get out, if they can, or can get to college, etc. The transitional medium is usually science fiction although I find that many younger fans are coming into fandom these days without much knowledge of science fiction.

This points up the fact that fandom has, in general, radically changed from the group that, twenty years ago, or more, was primarily interested in science fiction/fantasy and wanted to propagate the medium and interest in it. I'm not saying that most or all of fandom is made up of people who are lost and trying to find some place in the world. But a lot of the younger minds are probably in some similar situation.

In my case, it was a case of rebellion or something. Having been born and brought up in metropolitan Boston, I was quite unhappy about moving to a very small and quiet town in Maine at the age of 13. I detested the high school and the hick-type kids there. Although I had a small group of friends after a while, on the whole I didn't care about their small close-knit community. I got to reading more avidly than I had in Boston (and I went through 20 or 30 books a week out of the adult section). From adventure and air-war mags, I went through Doc Savage and The Shadow, mystery (including the "classics" in the line of Sayers, Queen, Carr and crew), into science fiction. And on into fandom. It was getting out of the town and the dull crowd (with a few exceptions). This persisted with a hyper-high streak of fan-activity that lasted 'til I joined the army in 1951. My activity in fandom dropped to zero although I kept up some contacts while overseas and read sf quite a bit in Korea (where Art Rapp, George Young and some others and I traded our books and mags that Jim Taurasi and Ray Van Houten's Fan-Vets service, among others, sent to us).

I think the extent of the gaffiation of a person is directly related and/or in proportion to how badly he needed something and how deeply he threw himself into the whirl of fandom. When they no longer need it or have use for what they

get out of fandom, bam! Out they go and shun it forever more. I could quote some names here but won't inasmuch as this is subject to publication. When the person gets on an even keel in life, fandom can then assume a hobby they can take or leave or participate in only as much or as often as they happen to feel like it. This is the reason I now find myself enjoying the amount of time I do put into fandom these days.

I'd say that the people least likely to gafiate are the ones who are consistently active because they have few if other interests in their spare time activities. I know of several people who fall definitely into that category; so much so that it is appalling on the face of it...when you stop and really contemplate the extent to which fandom is interwoven in every aspect of their life. These people must remain nameless here, of course, since it is of such a nature to them that any reflection on their fannish activities would cause them distress.

DeVORE, HOWARD:

In my early childhood I spent considerable time alone or nearly so, living on a farm in Illinois and later in an incompatible neighborhood in Detroit. We lived in an almost exclusive Polish-Catholic neighborhood and I, being French-English-Protestant had few really close friends in the immediate neighborhood.

Discrimination? Have you ever been chased home regularly by a group of children? Children do not change -- they're just as mean now as ever!

This situation was changed somewhat in 1936-37 when the local WPA paved nearby alleys with fist sized rocks--but it didn't gain me many friends. In any case, I cannot recall being unhappy. I preferred to read, even in those days. During that period ("The Great Depression") money and reading matter were scarce but I read everything I could lay my hands on and became proficient with the printed word.

On a weekly wage of \$4 or \$5 my father could not afford any form of entertainment for either himself or me . . . At approximately this time I discovered the Sunday comic strip Buck Rogers and became enthralled by it. This was borrowed from a nearby neighbor who made more than \$5 per week.

Then I discovered the science fiction magazines and started collecting them. One day I encountered Arnim Seilstad (an early MSFS member) at a used bookstore...a friendship formed and he encouraged me to attend a MSFS meeting. I went to one and came away with a monkey on my back--over the ensuing years George has grown older and heavier. . . .

I'm not sure why I stay in fandom. I suspect it is because I have adapted to it, with its odd characters and jargon. Marriages and a number of miles now separate me from former friends and I find it easier to get along with fans. Through the medium of correspondence and conventions I have more in common with friends from New York, Washington, Pennsylvania, Seattle, California, etc. than I have with old friends who have married, raised families, etc. since I last saw them.

I suppose that a sense of "belonging" would be the chief benefit from fandom, whereas egoboo would greatly influence the younger fans I do not think it is the primary reason why fans continue on for 10-20-30 years as some of us have done. A man of 40 or 50 will go to extremes to prove a point but it is primarily for his own satisfaction, rather than to impress a group of youngsters. Certainly

some of the people in fandom are well known in their chosen field and could attract more attention there than in issuing a fanzine seen by perhaps 100 people. It must be for their own enjoyment.

For myself I suspect (and sometimes fear), that I will spend most of my life involved with fans to some extent. I married during World War II and my wife has learned to get along with fandom. She attends conventions, understands fans (as well as it is possible) and while she does not approve of everything concerned will probably never issue an ultimatum, "either those books go or I do." (There is somewhere in the neighborhood of four tons of material in the attic and she weighs a mere portable 116 pounds.) I am busily raising a family, my oldest will be in college soon and the younger ones even slip sheet, so the family concerns do not limit me greatly, except as it influences income and the amount of money I can spend on fandom.

DONAHU, BILL:

I like the yearly cycle of activities to plan my own social activities around. I am basically a lazy type who is always putting things off till tomorrow and thus, never getting them done. For this reason when I was in New York I went to fewer plays, fewer operas, fewer concerts than I did while I was in Chicago. In Chicago these things come to town only briefly and you know you have to take advantage of them while they are there. In New York they are there all the time, so if you don't go today, you can go tomorrow. Result: I didn't go at all. Most of my social activities fall into the same pattern.

I'm glad that there is a yearly convention where I know I will see hoards of my friends and if I don't make it Labor Day weekend, well that's tough. I like the Traveling Giant tradition. When your friends live hundreds of miles away, you have to make plans and projects to get to see them -- and I frequently do. When they live in the same city you can see them any time and I frequently don't. I have non-fan friends here in the Bay Area that I have seen less often than I have the LA fans and they are close friends of years standing. Club meetings work the same way. I find this sort of thing a very useful prop to my social life and very convenient indeed.

And of course nearly everyone seems to have a basic desire to belong to some group with which he can identify himself. Fandom satisfies this need. Fandom is a Way Of Life. (Item 9)

...As for myself, I can see where circumstances might considerably reduce my fanatic but I can't see my gaffing. I expect to continue to find fandom as satisfying as it is now and even if I suddenly become bored with most fan activities I have so many friends in fandom that I would want to keep in contact with anyhow that effectively I wouldn't be able to gaffate.

While still a convention fan I used to have long discussions with Dick Ellington and Boyd Raeburn as to why they were fanzine fans. I couldn't understand it. I can remember only too clearly just what I used to say. I said that I could understand someone out in the sticks being a fan, he had no one to talk to and had to do it by written word. I could understand an introverted adolescent who even in the city had difficulty in making fans would find this a convenient outlet. I couldn't see my reasonably extroverted people living in cities where they could find friends who spend their time talking to people on paper when they

could be talking to them in person.

Well of course the answer to that is that it is possible to do both. I also underestimated talking to people on paper. It can be rewarding and stimulating without any face-to-face contact at all. And if you have both kinds of contact it speeds up the development of the relationship quite a bit and in some cases, lets you know that some people are worth bothering with even though they are too shy to talk well when you first meet them.

Terry Carr recently said that fandom wasn't really one group at all, but a collection of somewhat related sub-groups with a certain amount of contact. He said that fandom offers enough variety for anyone and considerably more than any one person could possibly compass. Nick Falasca said something similar at the Solacon when he, Ron Ellik and I were having a discussion about life and fandom and friends. Nick said that he didn't have any friends outside of fandom and had never felt the need for any, as every possible range of contact and every type of person could be found within fandom. Ron said that he did have friends outside of fandom, but that all his closest friends, the people he liked best, were fans.

I don't think that enough emphasis is placed on the fact that fandom is not a group to promote science fiction or even a group of fans of science fiction. Being a fan of science fiction does not necessarily bear any relationship to being a member of fandom. Of course 99-44/100% of us were at one time or another interested in science fiction and many remain so. It would probably be accurate to say that fandom is made up of fans of science fiction. However the contrary is not true. Fans of science fiction are quite often not at all fans or potential fans or members of fandom as we know it today.

When I was going to college almost everybody I knew read science fiction. All of my non-fan friends are at least as interested in science fiction as the average fan, even if some of them don't read it any more either. Almost all of these non-fans dig the fannish mind and like fannish-type parties and social activities, but none of them ever think seriously about becoming fans themselves. They may be verbally-oriented, read a lot and engage in discussions, but they are not interested in putting down their opinions on paper and in general have a distaste for amateur writing of all kinds. They look at fanzines with bewildered incomprehension. "Why?" they ask.

That's a good question. I wish I could answer it. I know that I get an enormous satisfaction out of publishing Habakkuk; why I get it is not so clear. I like the egoboo I get of course, but that isn't nearly enough to explain the time and money involved. There's more to it than that. Of course I enjoy seeing my own opinions in print and I like the increased contact with other fans, but I can't seem to go beyond that in hunting for reasons.

Perhaps an answer to Why Is A Fan? may be found in analyzing the things that fans have in common. It seems to be 1) Intelligence. While all fans are not geniuses, nearly all fans are far above the average in intelligence and there are a few geniuses bobbing around. 2) Verbal orientation. Words as symbols mean a great deal to fans and they are ready to talk in person and/or in print at the drop of a hat. 3) Introversion. Most fans seem introverts, at least to some degree. Some limit most of their contact with people to writing. Almost all fans find it easier to write than to talk on any level higher than chit-chat and gossip. Are these qualities enough to produce a fan? Of course he has to have contact with fandom, but given that contact I think that anyone with all three of these qualities is pretty sure to become and remain a fan.

I once read an article on hobbies by a psychiatrist. He was all for them. He said that in our society it was extremely unlikely that people could get satisfaction from their work or find creative outlets. He said that a hobby which deeply interested one, which permitted him to expand his best efforts and give him satisfaction and praise for work done well was almost a psychological necessity. He listed other criteria which I do not remember now, but I do remember that fandom fit them. Fandom is a way of Health.

ECONOMOU, PHYLLIS:

I'll probably be around fandom until I earn the title "Grand Old Lady of Fandom" -- or get so crotchety fandom won't tolerate me any longer.

Much as I enjoy the company of fans on occasion, fandom's great appeal for me is in its basically introvertish set-up. I love to sit at a typer and write to friends everywhere -- or receive letters -- but would flee from a local club, if such existed, or even an unorganized local group of fans. I'm very antisocial -- except on social occasions when I just have a ball!

GRAHAM, HONEY:

At age 20, I realized there were four younger kids in the family besides myself. Up to that age I thought they were just boarding with us. When the cruel blow struck that the others were here to stay, I turned to a vice that wouldn't land me in prison, namely science fiction. The first sf magazine I read was Amazing, and then Fantastic, and so I became so involved in the wonderful world of make believe I married Rog Phillips.

At 21 I finally read the letter to the editors column in Amazing and was amazed to find out there were fellow sufferers, then I noticed a name, Lynn Hickman. Thinking this was a girl I wrote to her. That was my undoing, Lynn turned out to be a he.

I have met many wonderful people in fandom who are all trying to escape reality, so we are escaping together, when that rocket takes off...we'll all go together when we go.

FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE, you are either way in or way out. If you are way in, as most of us are, we live in our world of fun and feel sorry for all the millions who have not joined in our game.

(There is only one nut in our family history...little ole wine-maker me.)

GRANT, LEWIS:

Len Zettel had an interesting observation: Science fiction may be a one-generation phenomenon. It had to take place when science had a certain magic quality. This was true only during the last three decades of the nineteenth century, and the first four decades of the twentieth. This is the period when science fiction began, grew to fruition and started going to seed. During these decades science had progressed from something of merely passing interest to a new frontier, a symbol of the destiny of mankind. After the A-bomb, people began to

lose this idea of it as a world-saver. But during these seventy or eighty years, it was the white hope of the world.

It may be that the sense of wonder of the twenties and thirties had nothing to do with science fiction; that it was a product of the times. Go back and look at the newspapers and science magazines of the twenties and thirties. I may be wrong, but I detect the sense of wonder there as well as in the science fiction magazines of that period. People were conscious that we were on the threshold of a new era, but they didn't see the problems that it would bring. They had a sense of destiny. I think that is what is missing from our era. We have succumbed to existentialism.

Organized fandom is what it is today because enough young people caught this tiny spark and are still fanning it up. While a few teen agers enter the field every year, the supply seems to be drying up. In my opinion this is due to fandom of the twenties and thirties being a result of boredom. Turn to the daily papers of the twenties and thirties, and you note this note of frantic scurrying for something to relieve the boredom of everyday life. Children retreated into fantasy worlds then because the real world, the humdrum, workaday world had nothing to offer. Today, the injunction to live dangerously is rather meaningless. Most people are more interested in how to live safely. How many years has it been since a newspaper printed a sarcastic editorial about some wild-eyed professor nut who predicted something fantastic like shooting the moon, or two cars in every garage, and then concluded: "well, back to the humdrum world of reality." In a short time they will be printing sarcastic editorials about some nut who predicts a dull, humdrum world in the future. This is what has happened to neofans. Why read science fiction when you can live it?

Anyway, my advice to everybody was delivered by Mekky in What Mad Universe. Nutty as this world seems, it's real!

GREENBERG, MARTIN:

Fans are all alike whether it be horticulture or stamp collecting . . . in some cases they may not be as vociferous as fans of science fiction but basically it is a hobby a form of escape from the mundane . . . I truly feel that the science fiction fan is an individual with an insatiable sense of curiosity, whose satity can not be satisfied by ordinary hobbies. Science fiction offers a great deal both physically (from books and magazines) and even more so intellectually. The type of individual you meet is far more precocious, which I believe is the reason for the active fan being so vociferous.

GRENNELL, DEAN A.:

It's a minor wonder I ever established contact with fandom. I recall being bored to the verge of nausea at the vapping of the letterhacks in Amazing and some of the other prozines of the latter thirties. I thought that if this was a cross section of the mind fannish, I wanted no part of it.

So long as I was content to merely read the stuff I felt no need for fandom. It wasn't 'till I started trying to write . . . something that fandom had enough attraction to entice me into taking the plunge and let it be here noted that I first

tried to write pro stuff for money and didn't crawl into the fannish cave to lick my wounds until I'd been pelted with rejection slips.

I'm awfully glad I got into fandom for the sake of having met some of the most interesting people I've ever encountered. This, if nothing else, would have more than compensated me for the minor efforts and inconveniences connected with fanning that I've experienced.

HICKMAN, LYNN:

Fandom, to me, is a meeting ground of people with the same basic interests. It is the place where I've met people that I really enjoy. Such as ... my God, you could go on almost forever. I have never been in any other type of organization where the rate of people that you can like, enjoy being with and talking with has been so high. Most are intelligent and well versed in almost any subject you may wish to discuss. An amazing thing about fandom is that almost all fans are well rounded in their outside interests and many seem to run in the same direction. Naturally you have your odd-ball and obnoxious types, but the percentage is low.

Why do some fans gafiate? (Here follows a long list of types and reasons, new to the survey is:) ...they weren't interested in the people in fandom, but only in the ego boosting they could receive. When this didn't materialize to the extent they wanted, they sought new fields for the same reasons. This type is no loss to fandom.

JOHNSTONE, TED:

In fandom one can watch politics, sociology, psychology and similar large-scale realities working much more easily than in mundania where everything is vague, distant and slow. Also I enjoy the chance to try my hand at the political and sociological manipulations.

Fandom is nearly an idealistic world, unto itself. It has as few connections as possible with reality, and regrets those it has. There is no war, only feuds. There is no death, only gafia. There is no law except for common courtesy, and no enforcement except for public opinion; people who try to drag mundane law into the microcosm are jumped on from all directions.

Fandom is, to all intents and purposes, an anarchy. It is almost purely intellectual, prominence being based largely on talent, intelligence and/or personality. A little man who has been bullied by big policemen, insulted by department store clerks and henpecked by his wife can retire to his typewriter and become a popular wit, an invincible debator or an envied publisher. Nobody can push anybody around, because if you start to loose a fight and don't want to admit it, you can just stop answering your opponent's attacks. You don't have to worry about him catching you in a dark alley and finishing you off. Besides, you have friends who will rally to your aid at a moment's notice.

Fandom is unique. It has attained a state which would not be possible under any other circumstances. Every person -- every individual -- has a voice, and can shout as loudly as anybody else if he has something to say. The typewriter is our Great Equalizer and has united representatives from very nearly

every strata of existence in this loose-knit bunch.

In all sincerity, I say that fandom is a way of life.

KEMP, EARL:

I stay in fandom because it provides me with more than enough activity for releasing pent-up emotions, etc. It is a world of illusions. It is all consuming and all powerful and it is rewarding.

From fandom I receive a companionship like I have never encountered before. An inflated ego to the extent that I feel I can go almost anywhere and make contact with similarly inclined fans that I either know personally, or know through correspondence. Rewards: conversations with people on a limitless variety of subjects, stimulating, exciting, invigorating. The occasional times when someone does something very nice for you. Association with a category of people that do not exist in my scope of encounter with the mundane world.

I expect to stay here indefinitely. It would be difficult to replace because it would, of necessity, be an emotional replacement as well as a physical replacement; and in order to have a non-traumatic transition it would have to replace, in toto, all facets now covered through fandom.

Fandom is a fraternity to me, consisting of all sorts of people. Good ones, and bad ones, loved ones and tolerated ones and non-existent ones; all sharing, on one level or another, similar likes and dislikes. It is all things good, and all things bad. It is a father-mother-kitchen sink substitute. It is a way of life.

KENNEDY, JOE:

I don't stay in fandom, I got out ten years ago. From fandom I used to get egoboo and intellectual cameraderie.

Fandom is, to me, a heterogeneous collection of unhappy adolescents, frustrated adults, writers and nice people who just happen to like science fiction.

I quit fandom because I'd lost interest in science fiction and found a fandom sans science fiction a closed world of everybody taking in everybody else's washing -- less interesting somehow than society at large.

Bless you and thanks for soliciting my snotty opinions.

KNIGHT, DAMON:

If the O'Meara hypothesis is valid, and it seems so to me, then it must be a special case of the effects of being an only child. (The other problem, what makes a given only child into a fantasy fan, is probably insoluble, but it might be possible to reach some comforting conclusions about the hygienic influence of fantasy fandom, along the lines of the notion that "an artist is a self-cured neurotic.")

The general semanticists say just the opposite, but never mind.

KUJAWA, BETTY:

I learned early to read anything I could sneak off with (and I got my hot little hands on some very spicy stuff -- I'll tell ya) also I had a whopping imagination which, with the avidity for books, was a life-saver for me in my world of grown-ups and far-away places. I had learned to communicate firstly with adults before children and thru reading far in advance of my years and experience was sorta groomed for a future life that would include, surely, something more than just mundane house-wifery.

I saw the science fiction pulps on the stands but wasn't allowed to buy 'em (I was over there next to 'em avidly leafing thru the Spicy Detective, etc. types to find all the 'sexy' parts -- when noone was looking, of course -- girls aren't supposed to be even slightly interested in them there things -- are they?)

After marrying in 1946 and moving to lonely dreary Crawfordsville, Ind. I passed a pool hall wherein pulps were sold -- bought Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Astounding -- and an hour later I was hooked for life.

What do I get out of all this? More than I dared hope for, that's for sure. The delight of knowing some wonderfully wacky, interesting, kind and generous people -- who have certainly renewed my faith that the Big World isn't full of dull and cloddish mundane souls.

So there are a few louts and fuggheads -- there are some in any group. The generosity and thoughtfulness of some have been a wonderful experience in just how damn nice people can be with each other (thinking here of Dodd, Glynn and Ballard who I shall be beholden to forever for their kind deeds). I get a companionship and friendships that I could never find here in 'real life.'

Pertinent remarks . . . a word to neos to take it nice and slow and easy at first. Since I am more the "fannish" type fan I think anyone with an education that includes college level life can adjust the easiest to the in-group jargon and inside jokes, mythos, etc. of fandom as they have already experienced it on a more sophisticated level than the just-out-of-high-school kind of fan. Merely a personal observation there. I had no trouble in the least 'catching on' to the in-group cant of fannish fandom -- except for one or two terribly way-out esoteric things -- and even those didn't take too long to figure out, really.

LEMAN, BOB:

Basically, I suppose, I stay in fandom because it affords me an audience. Or, to put it in a less blunt and subjective way, because it gives me an opportunity to communicate with a sizeable group of people who have a like interest in communication. I like to write, but writing for me must perforce be no more than a hobby; writing professionally is a trade like any other, and the imperatives of getting a living preclude my serving an apprenticeship in a new trade. I haven't the time nor the energy nor -- probably -- the talent to be a professional writer. Yet I like to write. And if one writes he wants some readers -- and, if the gods permit, some praise for what he has written. The best praise is of course a check from a publisher, but these do not come to the amateur writer. There remains, however, in fandom, the satisfaction of receiving egoboo, of being praised by ones peers.

It seems pretty plain that Walt Willis was right when he divided fans into

two camps -- publishing fans and convention fans. There are plenty of fans who inhabit both worlds, of course, and indeed I've attended a convention myself, but most of what I've said clearly indicates that my fandom isn't quite the fandom of, say, Lou Tabakow or Stu Hoffman. There is a host of people who star in both camps -- Raeburn and the Busbys and the Terry Carrs and Ellik and such -- but I'm convinced that the two camps do exist. My answer will no doubt seem an irrelevant one to the fan whose chief interest lies in owning a mint copy of every science fiction magazine ever published.

This fellow may very well feel that I'm not a fan at all, since this is, after all, science fiction fandom, and in answering I've not even recognized that science fiction exists. But if I weren't a fan of science fiction I wouldn't have come into fandom, and if I didn't retain an interest in science fiction I wouldn't remain in -- and indeed, wouldn't have a place in -- fandom. The ideologue who insists that fandom should concern itself with nothing but science fiction is as far round the bend as was the clique of a few years ago that insisted that fandom should entirely abolish science fiction as a matter of interest. I like science fiction; I've read, I should think, most of the science fiction that's been published in this country in the past 25 years. But I'm not a fanatic about it; everybody who reads at all reads a certain amount of -- well, let's use the harsh term -- trash, and science fiction (and, to a somewhat lesser degree, mysteries) is my favorite kind of trash. And I don't, by "trash" necessarily mean Sturgeon's "crud". I have rather in mind what Orwell called "good bad books." There's a lot of current science fiction that's so bad that it's unreadable if your critical faculty is working at all, but there's also some that is a better job of writing in every way than anything you'll find on the NYTBR Best Seller List. Sturgeon and Heinlein and Anderson, for example, are craftsmen of exceeding competence, who manage to say something beyond their plots without preaching. (Sturgeon's last book belies this, but one bat does not make a cave.) None of these gentlemen has written a book to stand beside Bleak House or Absalom, Absalom!, let alone beside the towering classics; but one of them may well some day do it. The odds are against it, but it could happen. And it's something that couldn't possibly happen to Taylor Caldwell, or Vance Packard, or others on the Best Seller lists.

LUPOFF, DICK:

I have the most unpleasant queasiness, since the loss of the last fan columns in the prozines. I think fandom's most important source of new blood is gone, and I fear that our discussions are academic because, with its source of recruits gone, fandom will slowly attrit out of existence, a la the Grand Army of the Republic.

I hope I'm wrong.

LUPOFF, PAT:

I didn't know fandom existed until I married a fan, it was quite a shock. No comment.

LYONS, P. HOWARD:

I suggest you read Homo Ludens; makes me think that fandom is a play world.

A serious flaw is that most fanzine fans are no longer science fiction fans. It makes for a mighty tenuous hold except where real friendships have developed.

MOFFATT, LEN:

I stay in fandom because it has become a part of my "way of life." I consider it a hobby, a damned good hobby, and a "place" where I have found many friends, intelligent folks with whom I can discuss anything under the sun (and beyond) with no holds barred.

I believe in the old saw that you get out of something what you put into it. However, I sometimes feel I'm getting more out of it than I contribute -- and there have also been times when I was disappointed or disgusted or otherwise discombooberated because something or someone didn't turn out the way I expected (or had hoped).

Naturally, I'm aware of the fact that there are fans -- or persons active in fandom -- who are not especially intelligent or imaginative, who are bigoted, stupid, one way, and hardly an asset to fandom or to the world in general. Such pitiful folk can be found in all walks of life, so it is not unusual to find some of them in fandom. But most of the fans I have met or known (through correspondence, fanzines, etc.) were and are persons worth knowing, and make fandom the worthwhile hobby it is.

MOSKOWITZ, SAM:

I stay in fandom because I enjoy it and science fiction and fantasy and because it permits a wide latitude in the exercise of aptitudes, writing, publishing, criticism, socializing, purposeful conventioneering, travel, collecting and special friendship.

Item seven should be what have I gotten out of fandom. The answer is the knowhow and opportunity to sell fiction, articles, columns and even do my own publishing; entry into the editorial field which has given me the foundation of my present livelihood; almost all of my closest friends; the woman I married and a great deal of personal pleasure. Before all that happened, fandom gave me the opportunity to express my creativity in fiction, articles, columns, publishing, public speaking, organization, so that I could tolerate and behave functionally in work which left little or no opportunity for such expression. Every unused aptitude creates a tension which can only be alleviated by some outlet of expression.

There is no question that there are a high number of social misfits in the ranks of fandom. To them this field represents an area of escape and a limited degree of importance. This is also true of the nature of the literature of science fiction and fantasy from which fandom derives its substance. There are few things more pitiful than the "fan" who obviously has no interest in the fundamentals of the entire field. He is in science fiction fandom because he will gain

some recognition for participation in social or publishing activities that raise him a small degree above the category of nonentity. His snide references to the "Sercon" fans are a protective device to cover up the fact that as far as this particular field is concerned, he is like a man without a soul.

It has always seemed strange to me that those who are forced by the press of other circumstances to temporarily leave fandom must make such a fuss about it. Why say anything? Simply, quietly, relinquish activity and if the urge and opportunity to return comes anew, just as quietly move back into the swim.

My personal formula for long term participation relates to the breadth of activity present in science fiction fandom. I have moved from one facet to another within the limits of my talents and capabilities and the hobby has never become dull or unrewarding to me. I began, as all real fans must, as an avid and enthralled reader and reading should never completely cease if interest is to be maintained. I reveled in reams of personal correspondence when that type of activity was in vogue. My collection and interest in collecting provide a self-renewing source of interest. I indexed science fiction and then began writing fiction, articles and columns for the fan magazines. Eventually there comes the opportunity to publish your own fan magazine. Organizing and sustaining local clubs have helped bring me in contact not only with local fans but resulted in personal acquaintanceship with most of the important editors, authors and artists in the field. Working on a major convention, whether regional or national is an experience in itself. All of us try to write at some time or another and some of us succeed in selling. However, successful sales do not abruptly terminate a persons interest in fandom. Many very successful authors such as Robert Bloch, Wilson Tucker, Edward E. Smith, Willy Ley and literally dozens of others are far more enthusiastic fans than many of the beanie boys. The discovery of the astonishing fact that there is a world of great literature outside our confines which in many respects is superior to what we are reading provides us with reasons to critically analyze our own field. It never bothered me that science fiction was not the end all of literature. I read the mainstream and had a better understanding of why I enjoyed science fiction.

Science fiction fandom gives a reason for travel. There are conventions and conferences to attend. In the course of attending them we learn just a little more about the world we live in and the people who make it up. We might not have bothered if it weren't for science fiction.

Though I write professionally, my roots have never left fandom, because I write primarily the type of thing I want to and the information for it is a dividend of 27 years of reading, collecting, analyzing and being interested. A person usually gets out of something what they put into it and a serious interest in anything has some value, at some time, somewhere.

The focus or primary target of a long-term fan must change with time. Some 27 years ago it was enough simply to read the stories. Now I get a comparable kick out of research that adds facts to the cumulative record of the science fiction world that might have been lost otherwise and which change our perspective on what we read and the men who write it.

At 18, if the primary interest in science fiction is the whirl of social activity, the opportunity for a first conquest in a motel room, these factors, no matter how thrilling at the moment must eventually lose their flavor. If, to the contrary, there is a pleasure in the reading, a satisfaction in collecting, an interest in the writing and the history and a desire to exchange views with

similarly minded individuals, satisfaction in fandom can be long and enduring.

NELSON, KIRSTEN:

Parents expect a lot from the first born or only child, so the child escapes from this implied responsibility into fandom where he can goof-off as much as he likes and still be a BNF.

NELSON, RAY:

To me, fandom is A Way of Life, almost a religion.
Once I gafiated to be a full-time beatnik, but I came back.

NIRENBERG, LES:

I'm sorry of one thing, that I couldn't have been introduced to fandom at an earlier age. I've always been fascinated by publishing and writing, and I remember when I was nine years old a friend and I conspired to draw a crude comic strip. It was a thing that kids do; I've forgotten everything that happened except the high frequency excitement that resulted from this venture.

Another thing is that the imagination of the average fan is very fertile and continually at work (in search of things fannish). Maybe this is a result of an early conditioning in the reading of fantasy. But not necessarily. A person either has an imagination or he hasn't (whether he reads science fiction or not) and most fans just happen to have this.

Another thing many fans will not admit. They all secretly aspire to be pros. Hence the tongue-in-cheek joke making about pros. The best thing about fandom is that it serves as a showcase and measuring stick of a person's talents. Nowhere in the world is there an organization or group that can give you as true an evaluation of your writing (or art). This is valuable to a person who intends to write professionally.

...Somebody is sure to come up and utterly destroy fandom by accusing its members of being immature or childish or psycho or something.

O'MEARA, JAMES:

I stay in fandom only because of the people that make it worth while. It is the only place that I know of where you can find people that will talk intelligently and honestly. People that are all insane in about the same way I am. There are exceptions, and these are the best people in fandom. By exceptions I mean mostly people that aren't frustrated in the same way I am.

Fandom gives me support (my being with people that are interested in the same things that I am interested in. It gives one a feeling of purpose and not a feeling of being engaged in something you should have outgrown.

I expect to stay in fandom for quite a while because of the people that are in it. In fact I doubt very much that I will ever leave it completely. It has be-

come too important to me to ever turn my back on it now.

Right now Fandom is a Way of Life, but I would like it to be just a hobby, along with some other interests.

I think fans gafiate because fandom becomes just a hobby and not a way of life. When it becomes a hobby other interests form that may lead to a rejection of fandom as being a satisfying hobby. I also think the outside interest that would most often cause a fan to gafiate is sex.

PAVLAT, BOB:

I stay in fandom because of the fans. There is a shifting of attention from time to time. One year I'll be unable to get enough fanzines to match my appetite, another year I'll largely ignore the fan press. At times, fandom will suffer because I want to read science fiction and will spend several hours daily reading the new and re-reading the best loved of the old, other times I'll want to turn to something like Amra or Spec Rev for intelligent comments about science fiction. Mostly, though, I stay in fandom because of the many fans I like, and want to keep in touch with, even though at times this may only be done through the medium of conventions or by reading about their travels, doings or creations in a fanzine.

The largest return that I get from fandom is friendship. Fellowship should probably be added in the sense that here, in fandom, is a group of people with somewhat comparable interest and knowledge. Fandom is also an outlet. If I want to communicate on any subject whatsoever, fans will listen, and they'll answer back. Some will probably even agree, which is nice if I feel in need of support, or even if I don't. On the other hand, I don't have to be in the puddle all the time, and I can watch from the outside or even wander away for a while, sure that I can always fit back in without undue difficulty. Fandom is always "at home" to a caller, it's large enough to offer humor, companionship, intellectual stimulation or whatever else I may be seeking at the moment, and yet it's small enough that almost all of it can be known.

There is one other matter which I might mention, which is the fine glow of satisfaction that I get from some fannish actions -- the generosity of fans in response to such things as TAFF and the Berry Fund, their thoughtfulness in such matters as some of the surprise parties and gifts that have been given, their reasonableness in some matters such as the refusal to give a Hugo for dramatic presentations in 1958. Some of the happenings are startling exhibitions of poor taste, poor judgment, or poor intelligence, but the good far outweighs the poor. You can't get the same feeling of respect for man from newspapers or magazines that you can from fanzines, and at times I feel need of reassurance that man isn't as bad as so much of the news that makes up newspapers would lead you to think.

I'll stay in fandom indefinitely. With varying degrees of enthusiasm and participation, to be sure, but I'm as interested in science fiction, on the whole, as I was 15 years ago, and am at least as well pleased with the people I know or know of in fandom, so I'll be around for a long time to come.

I've gafiated in the past, am presently largely in gafia, and probably will be up and down again in the future. The major portion of my interest tends to center on one thing at a time, and usually with me this interest will last for several months. If that interest happens to be World War II history, or astronomy,

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I stay in fandom because of the many fans I like, and want to keep in touch with, even though at times this may only be done through the medium of conventions or by reading about their travels, doings or creations in a fanzine.

or science fiction (rather than fandom) then obviously the time available for fan-ing is restricted. I'd like to level these interests out, so that distribution of time could be more equitable and predictable, but I haven't been able to in the past and seldom even worry about it at the present. My spare time goes on hobbies which please me. At times one will please me more than another, so to satisfy the one urge I have to let the other one go. I doubt that in the long run anything can seriously displace science fiction and fandom as a continuing interest, but many things can and do interrupt this interest for a period of a month or even of years.

Fans, as a group, have certain characteristics in common: They are well above average in intelligence. They have a well developed sense of humor. They are well-read, although they may have a tendency to read less serious writing than any average group of equally intelligent non-fans. (By serious writing I don't mean literature, but writings on politics, economic conditions, history and the like.) They have a highly developed sense of the curious and an urge to satisfy this curiosity. They lean toward a hedonistic philosophy. And they have a sort of childish naivete which permits acceptance without belief -- the well known sense of wonder. Even allowing for these and probably many other traits I've not mentioned or thought of, such as an interest in some aspect or aspects of science, I don't know why some people are fans and others, who may share almost the same traits, are not. The naivete is probably one of the biggest traits, and that must be present for a person to be a fan; it is this trait also which permits typical fannish discussion on any point under the sun.

PELZ, BRUCE:

Every once in a while I get the idea that I stay in fandom out of inertia and a lack of anywhere else to go, but most of the time I think I stay in fandom because I like most of the people I meet in fandom -- both personal meetings and correspondence meetings being included here. Fandom has given me a place for an exchange of ideas, and a place to achieve new friendships, based on mutual interests of varying degrees. Other organizations could do the same . . .

As far as I can see now, I'll probably stay in fandom permanently:

Fandom's fun, but fandom's earnest,

Gafia is not its goal --

"To mundane each fan returnest" --

BALLS!! Bring on the Pillar Poll!

I get quite sorry to see friends gafiate from fandom -- but whatthehell, why should anyone stay in something they no longer get fun enough from. The Moving Stylo scratches, and so forth. And I quote one of my own songs:

Trufandom is a milieu strange --

Continues on in spite of change;

For each who gafiates

There's one to take his place --

Think of this when you join Trufandom!

PERDUE, ELMER "GOD":

I entered fandom as such, maybe in 1931, when there was a letter in

Amazing Stories from Forrest James Ackerman and James Nicholson about how they were starting a fantasy library. Send two magazines to join, and that gives you library privileges. I sent two magazines, but went no further.

I stay in fandom for the people that I know, most of whom are off-beat or night people types.

I get bills out of fandom. In the 1960 calendar year, it cost me over eight hundred dollars cash. The net is negative. I'll stay in fandom for life.

Fandom does not mean a way of life, but rather a source of interesting people whom I like for themselves. Other nut sources, such as night people, drunkards, the American Civil Liberties Union and others can also be productive.

Fans gafiate because of deadlines. Responsibility, even though self-applied. Overwhelming social responsibility. In 1941 I was a great correspondent. In 1942 I started putting incoming mail into a box. The box got full in 1943. I started another box. The second box never got full. I'm gafiated for over a decade.

I am thoroughly in favor of Mr. Burbee's admiration for bar conventions, since state law keeps out the bright-eyed fourteen year olds with their science questions. My engineering specialty pays me a competence but does not lend itself readily to cross-examination by brilliant youth.

In 1930 I was a junior salesman for the Curtis Publishing Company, the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal and Country Gentleman (?). One of my customers was an old lady that talked much too much. She spoke of her son, in high school, who was a member of a high school science club. The club was devoted to reading Amazing Stories and discussing the stories therein. I could hardly wait to get old enough to go to high school. When I got there I found the club had disbanded. However, I had in the interim borrowed Ladd Shorey's collection, one at a time, of old Amazing Stories, reading one and returning with the next delivery of Saturday Evening Post. This reading in the formative years is a major facet in Elmer B. Perdue today.

Very best wishes to you chillun'. I remember you as a tall, sandy-haired gentleman at the swimming pool who was rather astonished to have unwanted greatness thrust upon him. Sincerely, God

RAPP, ART:

Asking why I stay in fandom is like asking why I stay in the army. There may be all sorts of good reasons, but damned if I can think of any offhand. Except, I am used to them, find them interesting, and wouldn't know what to do with my time if I didn't have them to keep me busy.

I have met, and know (in person or by letter), more interesting people in fandom than I have ever encountered elsewhere. Now obviously there are many interesting people in the world who are not fans -- but often you have to know them for years before you realize they aren't the clods they appear to be.

There are two kinds of gafiation: one due to lack of time or perhaps money to be an actifan; the other due to waning interest in fannish affairs. The first type is normally only temporary; the second may be permanent, particularly if the ex-fan discovers some new enthusiasm on which to concentrate. I suspect that loss of interest in fandom can be a symptom of two diametrically opposite causes: the fan may develop his intellectual abilities sufficiently that fandom

bores him; on the other hand, he may be using fandom to compensate for some shortcomings which he has encountered elsewhere in life. If fandom fails to live up to his expectations, he gafiates in disgust.

Obviously, on this basis, gafiation as I see it is more or less an involuntary process.

RUSSELL, ERIC FRANK:

I don't really stay in fandom. I drift around. Sometimes I've floated almost way out of sight only to be dragged back by someone.

I've never thought of getting anything 'out' of fandom. I've enjoyed putting into it and being hit over the head with what others put in.

Fandom means mostly, I think, the comforting assurance of the existence of the like-minded in a world where often there seems to be too many unlike-minded.

Fans gafiate for 1001 reasons each of which is strictly personal to the individual gafiator. Insofar as it is possible to generalize with a guess, I'd say a major reason is the same as that which causes an Australian aborigine to throw up a good job, remove his clothes, put on a dilly-bag, grab his spears, woomera and didgeridoo and 'go walkabout' for several months. His belly can't stand the diet and he gets a craving to be let loose to scavenge for offal. Similarly, science fiction and fanac is too rich a mental diet to digest without a break, like living wholly and solely on marzipan. (Almond paste to you, if you don't use that word over there.) So the fan gafiates -- "spirit belonga him go walkabout." The symptoms are a taste for different reading material -- war books, historical romances, wild westerns or whatever -- a piling up of pro-mags left unread, fan-mags skipped through but unacknowledged, correspondence neglected or dealt with in terms of brief apology, enthusiasm for a new hobby, golf, toy trains, hi-fi or anything that is not marzipan. Me? I've gafiated so often that compared with Moskowitz I'm less than half a fan. But, God be my witness, I haven't gone AWOL for keeps.

Remarks: The scientific method too often treats human beings as stereotyped and thus becomes overly dogmatic. Salk vaccine protects everyone against polio -- even if it kills some by the way. You get what I mean? The fact is that people are different, widely and sometimes amazingly different. They differ as much in mentality as in color or culture. The individual is happiest in the company of his own. Like clings to like. Birds of a feather flock together. The Salvation Army mentality finds its natural home in the Salvation Army. The Jehovah's Witness type of mind inevitably joins Jehovah's Witnesses. There's an imaginative, questioning, sepculative kind of mind that finds sanctuary in fandom. The fan is a cultist for reasons both natural and proper. The world needs cultists if only to prevent the bottling of the mass-mind.

SCHULTHEIS, STEPHEN F.:

I stay in fandom because . . . it is only here that I find people whose company I enjoy. People who are open-minded, non-conformist and intellectually undisciplined. People with whom I do not have to conform, pose as an intellectual,

or concert ~~small~~ talk.

It is a group which fulfills my need to belong and to communicate ideas, since I cannot be comfortable in groups which reflect the more socially acceptable standards of intellect and behavior. It is a place to relax, after the strain of conforming and keeping up a false front in the mundane world.

Members of fandom are usually open-minded. Fandom, by its other traits, tends to repel anyone who is not. Thus, open-mindedness is more concentrated in fandom than in society in general. In fandom, one is not judged by preconceived standards. Any overt display of bigotry by someone who chooses to remain in fandom is usually considered a form of stupidity, more to be pitied than praised or emulated.

Fans usually pay as little attention to social standards as is legally possible. They do what they do because they want to do it, not because it is customary in the world of social restraints and obligations.

Gafia, it seems to me, is a normal result of maturing. One of the processes of becoming mature is learning to conform to society. The pre-adolescent is naturally the learner, and he learns thru the instincts of play and curiosity. However, he finds these instincts limited and channeled by society. This leads to the familiar agony of adolescence, as the new instincts of adulthood meet and conflict with social standards. The adolescent has usually learned the childhood lesson of conformity, and is only temporarily in rebellion against the standards of adult society.

The mature individual has learned to conform to the standards of the majority. His curiosity is channeled into one field, in which he becomes expert -- science or literature or business, etc. -- or is repressed and replaced by TV and baseball. He gives up such juvenile and adolescent play as Monopoly and literary magazines, for the more adult games of golf and cocktail party. He marries an equally adult woman and wears a necktie to church on Sundays. He fulfills his need to belong with equally mature adults in the Masons or the bowling league. These are socially acceptable adult outlets for his emotions. He no longer has a need for fandom. He goes gafia.

It follows that adolescents, intellectually awakened and naturally rebellious, are more susceptible to fandom; especially adolescents who have not learned the lesson of conformity, and therefore feel out of place in their own age group. Hence the gosh-wow neo. Fans usually grow up and find other interests. Those of us that remain around more than five years or so are usually hopelessly immature. Furthermore, we're usually too open-minded to become successful bigots, and too intellectually undisciplined to become any other kind of fanatic -- model railroaders, stamp collectors, etc. Only fandom can satisfy us. Gafia would get us nowhere.

While maturity and conformity are generally better than immaturity, maturity as defined by society is not necessarily good. The great majority of people are probably emotionally immature, and the resulting tendency to equate maturity with conformity alone contributes only to a degenerate status quo. Only the experts contribute much to progress, and they must devote most of their energy to their individual fields. Few fans are leaders in any field other than fandom. We are not, by nature, contributors to social progress; but we are, perhaps, a little more aware of our environment than the average man in mundania. Besides, we have more fun here than anywhere else, and that is what fandom is for.

SHAW, LARRY:

I did gaffiate once, after I left school and came to New York to work. I did so when I discovered that there were people who were not necessarily fans but who thought somewhat as I did nevertheless. And I became caught up in a good many other activities. Still, none of these was ever quite as attractive to me as fandom, and eventually I drifted back.

I get a good many things out of fandom:

a. Lasting friendships, formed on the basis of mutual interests and ways of looking at life, with no, or almost no, pretensions or phoniness involved. A feeling of comfort and compatibility when I am with these friends, which I do not find anywhere else. I have literally hundreds of friends and acquaintances who are not fans, but invariably, on meeting one after not seeing him for a long time, there is a period of adjustment during which I am uncomfortable. With a fan friend, even if I have not seen him for years, the relationship is resumed immediately, with almost no awkwardness at all.

b. The mutual interests themselves, and the chance to discuss them enthusiastically but, comparatively, with no selfish axes to grind. That is, my main interest is publishing -- magazines, books, what have you -- and of course I work in publishing, so you might think I would hear and see enough of it in the course of the working day. But, my professional acquaintances never forget that they are professionals; they never stop wondering, for long, what's in it for them? Thus fans, who are interested in publishing for relatively objective and unselfish motives, are a vast relief to be with.

c. Fanzines, bad though they sometimes are, are one of the most inherently healthy forms of publishing I've encountered anywhere. They are one of the last stands of true personal journalism, which I feel is good for everybody involved. And even though they're horrid when they're bad, when they're good they're truly splendid.

d. Pure nostalgia has something to do with it, though I'm not sure how much. I don't think any of us ever grew up completely. I've grown up enough to cope with adult problems quite well, but I enjoy few things more than reminiscing over past events or looking through old pulps and books. I consider it possible that all human beings have a strong tendency to nostalgia (or "traditions"). Fans, though, give in to it and enjoy it without being overwhelmed by it. This is okay with me.

e. I still like that crazy Buck Rogers stuff -- and not merely because it's so damned avant-garde or because I am an intellectual or because I have broad mental horizons, either. I like the sheer wild adventure-ishness of it, and the pure idea that there may be somewhere -- Oz, Gormenghast, Mordor, or Mars -- that is utterly different from here.

f. Let's face it . . . egoboo. I thrive on it. But, again, I am far from being without other sources for it. I get lots of it from the hot rod field, for instance. However, by and large, I respect the opinions of fans much more highly than those of anyone else, so I consider egoboo from fans much more legitimate and much more valuable.

There's probably more, but how much more do you need? Adjust the focus finer, and it remains the same: I'm a fan because people like the Kemps publish surveys like Why Is A Fan? I can't wait to see the results, and I'll be excited as hell when they arrive. See?

SHAW, NORMAN:

What I get out of fandom can best be described as mental communion or maybe the word simpatico. No, fans are not slans, but there is still a quality present in most of them that immediately bridges gaps in education, background, etc. I find I can walk into a room full of fans that I have never met before and within an hour, we have found at least five mutually agreeable and interesting ideas and activities to discuss. It is almost impossible to do this in the mundane world. I find myself nervously making conversation about nothing and wondering if my seams are straight when I am thrown with a large group of non-fans.

I feel that if there were no science fiction fandom, many of us would somehow have found similar congenial groups of people in some other way.

Another thing that makes fandom so fascinating is that it really is a minor cosmos. You see people playing God, others playing disciples, disciples defecting to new Gods, and the whole mundane world is relived in fanish terms and on a much faster scale right in front of your eyes.

When you've been in fandom for several years and know many people, you can meet one of them and plunge right into a conversation about mutual friends scattered all over the country, almost like a gossip column. Say, do you suppose fandom is just a goddamn gossip column??

SILVERBERG, ROBERT:

An only child has a great deal of leisure time that he can spend reading or hobbying while other children are scrapping with their siblings and engaging in "team" projects. Only children develop habits of self expression to fill those hours of solitude. And their general tendency toward introversion and dreaming leads first to fantasy and then to fandom. . .

I get purely social values out of fandom these days. Earlier, I found fandom a valuable outlet for self-expression, and so in a sense an apprenticeship for professional writing. . .What does fandom mean to me? A loose conglomeration of agreeable iconoclasts and non-violent nonconformists, with the usual statistical sprinkling of bores, deadbeats, fools and psychotics. Generally, a friendly group.

Fans gafiate when the burden of crifanac becomes too great to handle. Also when the responsibilities of adult life begin to press hard -- college, marriage, military service, a career, etc. Few people become fans in the critical years of 18-25, and many fans of that age who had entered the sub-18 group gafiate. Often, they return to fandom once their lives have assumed a regular pattern. In my case I dropped virtually all fan activity at the age of 19 to concentrate on college and establishing myself as a professional writer, but my interest returned several years later when the period of transition from adolescence to adulthood was ending. I think the post-high-school period is the one in which most gafiations occur; any fan who remains interested in fandom till the age of 25 will probably continue at least some fannish activity thereafter.

SMITH, E. E., Ph.D.:

I expect to stay in fandom as long as fandom is interested in imaginative fiction. If and when it divorces itself from the genre -- that is, becomes "fandom for fandom's sake" and an end in itself -- I will quit.

Like other clubs and associations to which I belong, fandom (to me) means the opportunity to meet intelligent people who are really interested in a subject (in this case, imaginative fiction) that really interests me.

I do not believe that any general answer to the question of why fans gafiate is possible. There could be almost as many answers as there are gafiators.

SMITH, RON:

I wouldn't say that I was still in fandom. . . I still have and will continue to have friends whom I met in or through fandom, and I still go to a fan party once in awhile, and so on. In short, I haven't and I don't see any need for a violent and definite rejection of fandom. I've left fandom in the same manner in which I entered it, slowly, by degrees, as my interests shifted and broadened and, undoubtedly, as whatever psychological motives for my becoming a fan became invalid.

What I did get out of fandom is a very difficult question. I found social acceptance and communication. I was pretty much out of contact with my environment at the time, and fandom allowed me to make contact and avoid it at the same time. The fanzine I edited allowed me to prove myself, to achieve something, and this was my especial personal need. My involvement in fandom, since the practical beginning, has been in terms of my efforts as a fanzine editor. This phenomenon, the immergence into one social milieu in order to escape another is apparent, I think, in all "fandoms". I think quite often, it is fear that causes young people to become science fiction fans, stamp collectors, model railroaders, and all the rest. The real, immediate and (in the instances of which I speak) threatening environment is avoided for one which is limited in scope, more understandable to and much more under the control of the particular individual (for the reason that the emotional crises which are present in his normal social environment are either absent or less overwhelming in the substitute one). Accepting this as a motivation for entering fandom would also indicate the need for, at some time, the rejection of the substitute. That is, if and when the person makes contact with his immediate environment he rejects fandom; like a whore, whom he uses to satisfy his needs and then throws aside in disgust. Did I say my answer would be simple? Anyway, it is certainly incomplete.

Fandom in and of itself means nothing to me. What meaning can any group have which, to you, has no organized purpose?

SNEARY, RICK:

I think a lot of fans are in fandom because for some reason they can not adjust to the world they find themselves living in. Fandom seems often to give a person the confidence in himself to go out and make an active place for himself in the world. This is why there is such a short active life for most teenage fans.

Fandom, after all, is a waste of time. But an enjoyable waste. If the person can find something that is just as enjoyable and not as much a waste of time, he is very likely to do just that.

It has long been my opinion that fans were basically misfits. Misfits of two types. The first, the intelligent misfit, who doesn't fit in with any group around them. This would apply mainly to the young fans, who find themselves looked on as squares by their own groups. A lot of older fans too, especially the hermit fans would fall into this class. The second group are the real misfits. The shy types who can only act bold in letters. The whole range. And of course a few of us physical misfits. Don't quote me in such a way as to sound like I'm selling fans short. I don't mean it that way, but only to try and explain what I think is the motivating force behind the urge to be fans -- active fans. Not only do you feel you don't fit in normal society (and maybe you are glad) but you find other kooks who may not be like you, but at least will listen to your kookie ideas just as though they mean something.

SPEER, JACK:

Starting your questionnaire with the announcement of your theory may bias the results. Everyone who is a first or only child will feel motivated to send in an answer; some of those who are not may not take the trouble to let you know. You might compare the statistics with the answer to one of the questions on a Widner survey a couple of decades ago, which asked many personal questions including birth position, I believe; the comparison would have to be checked against family size in the two generations involved.

TRIMBLE, BJO:

What in my family could be a bearing on my being a fan? I dunno. Mom was married six times; had three kids, we travelled all over, I went to dozens of grade schools, hated high school, didn't date until I was in college, joined the WAVES at 18 and married at 21 (which ended rather messily three years later) and am now considered to be a talented, aggressive, unfeminine person who pushes others around. I am, most likely.

My family is a pack of cotton-pickin' Oakies who wouldn't know a fanzine or a prozine if it sent Harlan Ellison to bite them on the leg. They are a wonderful, loveable crew, but their reading matter is the Sears catalog and movie magazines and Western Romances.

I dunno why I stay in fandom. There are times when I'm so mad at the fuggheadedness and stubborn stupidity of certain fans that I could cheerfully forget the whole schmeer.

I don't get much out of fandom; but it has been a good, interesting time while I've been here. I have enjoyed doing artwork (and gathering the egoboo while I may) but since only the carping-crowd ever offers criticism and that's the kind you simply ignore; I get very little out of offering my artwork to fandom. The egoboo isn't that important because I know something is good before I send it out; I don't have to have dozens of people tell me it's good; I want to know why they think it's good. This is something that has been quite frustrating to me.

I won't stay in fandom much longer, the way things look. I have to think of a paying-future, not just plaudits and cheering; and I'll not find much cash in fandom. So, the only thing left is to put my talents to work making money for us; and I can do this only if -- as in everything else -- it is a full-time job. I expect to keep up with the art shows in fandom mainly because I feel that they are doing some good for the young artists and helping forcefully show people that they don't have to put up with the trash that magazine art editors have been publishing. We will, unless complications set in job-wise for either of us, continue with Shaggy for a while. But I am doing no more outside work for other fanzines; the work you see is stuff I've sent out from old files or from the editor's own backlog of artwork. I simply don't have time to devote to a hobby which demands so much and gives back so little. If I could survive on egoboo, as some fans seem to be able to do, this would be different. But I can't; and I refuse to try. Egoboo won't get John and me to Japan or on that trip to Europe we both want so much.

Fandom means fun and people and crazy things said and done and childishness and frustration and time and people and fun. I like most of the people I know as people; seldom as fans. Take the guy who scorches you in print, screams invectives at you, argues pointlessly for the sake of pointless argument and then greets you as a long-lost buddy when you meet face-to-face. Take the guy who is ready for all the parties, trips, fun and games but who always "has something very important planned" for the afternoon of work; even when the work will benefit him; and then shows no conscience about letting someone else who also is a busy person do all the work while he arrives in time for the glory and celebration of a job well done. How about the fan who wants to trade your zine for his, but who won't even take the time to spell your name right and who is hurt (pooooor little kid) when you tell him where to get off? And the fan who will use you and your name and all the reputation you've built up to gain something for himself and then leaves without so much as a kiss my foot and claim as soon as he is out of reach that you have ill-used him? Need a longer list?

And how about the male fan who has these good ol' buddies into his house all the time; ask why he gafiates -- because his wife said he'd damn well better, that's why. Ask Joann Calkins, Jean Grennell and other wives of fans what they think of fans; ask them how many visiting fans they would willingly see in their house again. Ask the fans themselves why they scorn such funny little social graces as saying thanks for a free meal and floor space for their sleeping bag, why they never send a "thank you" note to the hostess; why offering to drop a nickel in the kitty is never done. Ask these same fans why they must travel in filthy jeans and smelly T-shirts; why they call a fan clear across town to come get them when they have just hitch-hiked across country, and why they seldom if ever do more than mention "good ol' BNF" and the wonderful time they had there -- ignoring the hostess, the worker, and the cleaner-up? Why should she lack egoboo? And why should she put up with it? The answer is, she doesn't. Not for long, anyway; she either lays down the law very firmly or she insists that her husband drop this silly hobby and take up tropical fish (they don't bring in friends) or HO trains (they at least travel in circles she can understand).

These reasons are sufficient for me to gafiate, if they bug me enuf, I guess. Mainly, it's the frustration of being treated like some sort of "do no wrong" goddess on one hand just because I can draw, and having my artwork torn apart on the other hand by some nit-picker just because he doesn't like me personally;

he hasn't ~~even~~ looked at the art. True, I don't have to extend myself to say anything in fandom, but that isn't what I want; no matter how well other fans thrive on nonsense and egoboo.

Howsomever, I will add that fandom is worthwhile when I have just met and talked with old friends like the ones around here who come to parties and gatherings or just drop in around dinnertime and then help with the dishes (which endears anyone to the cook, let me tell you!). Notice that I like them for being people, not particularly because they are fans.

At conventions I get a kick out of seeing (either on the way to or at the con) the folks I've met thru letters and fanzines, and finding out that they are real people.

I like people; and I like knowing lots of congenial folk; fandom supplies a lot of them. But in all fairness to mundania, I must admit that in rock-hounding circles, youth-church groups and hobby-interest classes at the local schools (like upholstery classes, ceramics, etc.) you can meet just as many interesting people; it just takes a little longer to find out about each other than in fandom.

In fandom, you can walk into a party as a stranger and become well informed about not only everyone at the party by its end, but you may also find out more about fandom than you'd care to know! In this way, you start writing to a fanzine, already knowing about the editor, his feelings on specific matters, his choice of drink, his preference in women, and his total activities in fandom to date. Seldom can you know this about an interesting mundane person. It takes time; and the fan who is used to the former way of life often finds himself totally at sea in trying to make new friends at school or work because of this.

I enjoy fandom because of some of the pros, too. I've met many authors and artists that I've admired, and found them for the most part to be charming people, too. Fritz Leiber is one of my favorite PEOPLE, besides being a very fine friend to most of us here in LA fandom. I'm not proud of his friendship because he is a PRO; I am very proud of his friendship because he is a magnificent personality and a wonderful person.

When fans try to impose on me, I tell them about it, and we reach some sort of understanding or they leave. It's as simple as that. We don't have the problem of being socially trapped ("well, after all, he was a guest, so what could I say?") by this sort of thing; nor am I troubled by the cowardice which seems to strike so many hostesses when something outrageous has been done to or in her house. I tell the offender that I don't like his actions and he'd damn well better stop now or be escorted posthaste to the door. This seems to keep things well under control, in most cases. When a constant offender in the "dropping in just at dinnertime, how jolly for me" and then disappears with "something terribly pressing to do right now" when the dishes are ready to be washed; offers to drop something in the kitty -- in an off-hand sort of way, of course -- he got a nasty shock when I accepted and told him how much to drop in, too. Yet he has been using his "in the name of good fanship" gambit to get free meals for over a year; would you do less? (as host?)

Well, anyway, I think you get the idea; I like some fans as people, but I don't like very many people as fans. C'est la cotton-pickin' vie!

TRIMBLE, JOHN:

I sometimes wonder just why I do stay in fandom. Guess everyone does.

I guess I enjoy being able to "let my hair down" with a group of intelligent people. Being able to discuss all manner of subjects that are taboo in our sique society. The enjoyment of reading something humorous that strikes across artificial social barriers. And being part of a group that's different in many ways from its surrounding social influences. All these are a part, and I guess it's the enjoyment of these that keeps me in fandom, and gives me a return.

I enjoy publishing, too, and the pleasure of seeing a fanzine...a creation which I have -- partly, at least -- wrought is a tremendous return. Fandom is a refreshing thing, and the mental stimulation which I receive is enough to keep me going, fan-wise, for a goodly while.

WARNER, HARRY, Jr.:

You are quite possibly confusing cause with effect when you suspect that only children and fandom may be interlinked. Instead of only children becoming fans because they're only children, why not give the parents credit for sensing at once that these infants are going to be fans and making sure that they won't inflict any more on the coming generation? In other words, they might become only children because they are suspected of being embryo fans.

WHEATLEY, ERNIE:

Before I entered fandom I was leading what I guess you would call a rather dull life. I didn't have any real close friends. What people I did know seemed so uninteresting. They didn't do much of anything. I didn't reach the state where I was tired of life but it seemed that whatever I wanted to do I had to do alone. Then I discovered LA fandom and a whole new life opened to me. Right now, there are so many things going on that one can pick and choose what he wants to do from a wide variety of things -- it's like one large party. You can't possibly do everything but it sure is fun trying.

WOOD, EDWARD:

I stay in fandom because there are a few kindred souls who feel that science fiction is worthy of study and scholarship. These faithful few have made it worthwhile. In 1948 I formed a friendship with Ted Dikty who introduced me to fan magazines like Fantasy-Times, Fantasy Commentator, Fantasy Review and I quickly realized that there were indeed people who studied the field and who know much more than I did about it. This was a challenge not to be ignored. And the more I learn about the field, the more I find there is to be learned.

I have obtained over the years a number of close friends, not many, but good. In the mutual interplay of our knowledge about the field, much insight and pleasure has been derived by myself from these exchanges. Instead of the feuds which so childishly rage in the fan microcosm, these informative periods have been instructive and have not weakened but rather strengthened those friendships. Therefore I would say that from certain parts of fandom I have gained; friends, knowledge and pleasure. Who could ask for more?

I expect to remain in fandom as long as my interest in science fiction remains. Since the latter has lasted 24 years I feel that I'm in for the duration.

Fandom means the dichotomies of research, loving scholarship, immense labor in the face of disappointment and apathy, generous giving forth of oneself and that of the cult of personality raised to the nth power, streaks of instability, rudeness, rank stupidity, a haughty disregard for truth or for anything at all. This is all mixed together in a strange and potent mixture that defies analysis and confounds the outsider. To me, fandom represents a small pool of egos; some of extraordinary talent, which cannot either advance or retreat and must remain stationary endlessly quibbling over nothings or less than nothings while important issues lie fallow all about the boundary of this pool.

The pettiness of much (note that I did not say all) of fannish doings becomes exceedingly dull to the maturing or more mature individual and these people because their faith is shallow to begin with, drift away. This phenomenon is not unique to fandom. It does have certain facets peculiar to science fiction (magazine form) and fandom. I doubt if I shall gafia. I should like to outlast a lot of the vermin that infest fandom. Yelping dogs make noise but they seldom accomplish anything of value. It is not impossible for anyone to gafia if other interests become more important.

I feel that science fiction and therefore fandom is a creation of the generation "between the wars." They founded it and now compose most of it. The common heritage of the Gernsback-Sloane periods and the depression allow a certain closeness of understanding. These "old-young men" have been leaders too long. It is time to groom new leaders. Also of importance to fandom is this streak of instability that runs through it. Since any group of humanity is bound to have its share of screwballs, suicides, divorces, criminals, political fanatics, saints, etc., it is useless to demand that fandom be immune to these ills but think about it and say to yourself if perhaps fandom has not had more than its share of these people. Maybe it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan but why not admit that perhaps as a group fans are lonely people.

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PROJECT TWO: WHY IS A FAN?

When we ran the "Who Killed Science Fiction?" survey last year I thought nothing could get me to do another; but what is the use of having a tradition that isn't perpetuated?

We are seeking support or denial of a theory of James O'Meara: "Fans are first born and/or only children who enter the fantasy world at a very early age." Jim did some groundwork on this theory through SAPS and personal contact with fans, as did Miri Carr, Bob Pavlat and others.

We want to know what is a fan to this extent:

1. In your family, are you an only child (or first born)?
2. Do you feel that this has any bearing on your being a fan?
3. Are you a 2nd generation fan (was there a retrograde reaction)?
4. At what age did you enter the fantasy world (and with what)?
5. At what age did you enter fandom (and how)?

Far more important, we are seeking to know why is a fan:

6. Why do you stay in fandom?
7. What do you get out of fandom?
8. How long do you expect to stay in fandom?
9. What does fandom mean to you?
10. Why do fans gaffiate, and are these reasons sufficient to make you gaffiate?
11. What other pertinent remarks do you want to contribute to the study?

The final results of this survey will be available only to the contributors and SAPS (but I'm willing to listen to any FAPAn wishing to assume the additional cost of publication for FAPA).

In selecting the people to receive a copy of this questionnaire we have attempted to pick a representative cross-section of trufandom. We realize it is impossible to cover the entire field and last year there were horrifying omissions. This year could not possibly be any different. It is your opinion we are interested in -- that is why we are sending it to you. Please don't re-circulate this questionnaire.

Your contributions should be mailed not later than Saturday, December 24th, 1960. The report will be abstracted and the findings published on April 15, 1961. It is understood that all contributions are subject to publication, but this depends on their quality. The least we will definitely deliver is the abstract report.

There will be no interim report or follow-up letters and you probably won't hear another peep out of us until April. Just to be on the safe side we'll run in one long, loud plug for GO ChicaGO - - 1962, and close by wishing you and yours all the best for the holiday season.

yours,



