

In your

gentlemen

gentlemen

convention
sketches



TYRANNOUS UNHOLY TRIO WE

Behold!

The First Science Fiction World Convention!

Welcome friends and hello gang...

Be seated, gentlemen and of course, all you rare ladies.

We loved your front, Mr. Taurasi, Mr. Moskowitz and Mr. Sykora respectively

We should also have loved to join your convention. You convention, gentlemen and scholars, except for the fact (and science fiction friends take note) that it was YOUR convention, iron bound by personalized disputes carried to the extremity of the most high handed juggling of common decency and respect for the freedom of respected members to object to just such insidious elements as show fair to destroy whatever progress can come from so promising a group.

OUR OBJECTION

is not directed by personal motives but rather by a feeling of extreme distaste for the stance of overpowering imbecility. We regret the fact that the TRIO were either so senile or so ridiculously blind as to believe that we,

Frederik Pohl, John B. Michel, Donald A. Wellheim, Robert W. Lowndes, Cyril Kornbluth, Jack Gillespie and the writer

had ^{no} intentions other than the feeling of complete friendship and the desire to welcome all out of town convention-goers as warmly as was proven by our activities in regard to meeting various members as they arrived in New York and even in some cases, providing rooms for them to stay. We have our own very good reasons for detesting the stupidity and crass unsportsmanship like attitude as was displayed by the by-now famous "Exclusion Act" on Sunday, July the second. However, we request any one who was influenced either directly or indirectly against the convention in any way, to speak forth his piece, now. We are not annoyed, Mr. Sykora and clique. We are decidedly angry and intend to blast your very hush-hush tactics through every amateur science-fiction mag in the world. The true spirit of Science Fiction, the real, decent fair-minded fan world has no room for you. They are unfortunately unaware of your activities which are in direct contradiction to their tenets and beliefs. But they shall be told... and we ask you to consider this:

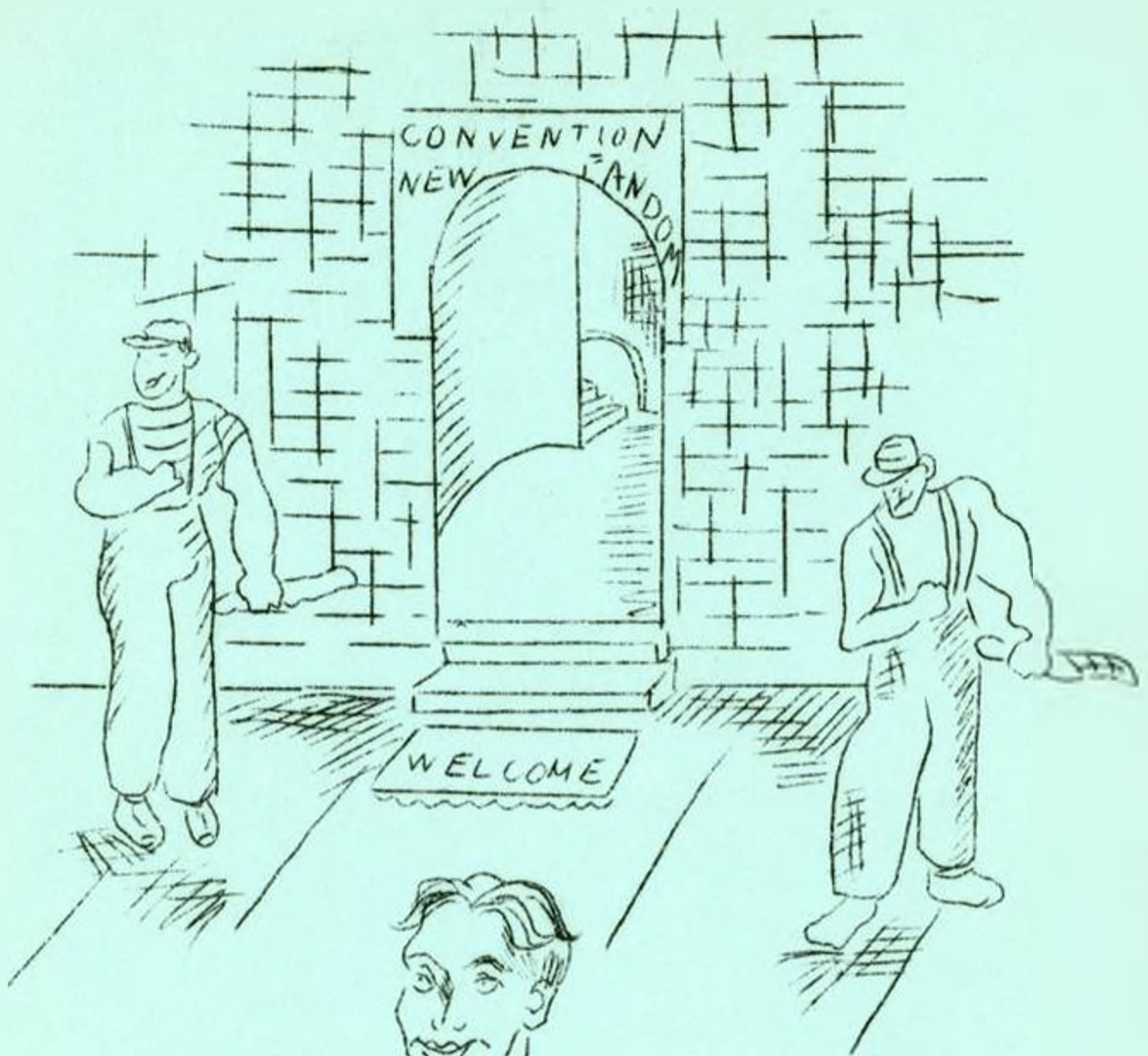
For Mr. Taurasi, Mr. Moskowitz, and Mr. Sykora.....

WE MEAN TO FINISH YOU IN THE INTEREST
OF JUSTICE WHICH CANNOT EXIST UNTIL
YOUR STRONG ARM TACTICS ARE DISCLOSED
TO WORLD SCIENCE FICTION.



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"WE"
ARE THE EXILES



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SCIENCE
FICTION

WHO ME ?



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AN OPEN LETTER TO WILLIAM S. SYKORA : -

On Sunday, July 2nd, 1939, you barred Frederik Pohl, Cyril Kornbluth, Donald A. Wollheim, Jack Gillespie, John B. Michel and Robert W. Lowndes from the World Science Fiction Convention Hall.

All published and official notices of the convention announced that it was open to the public. All science fiction fans, writers, editors and publishers were indiscriminately invited. All who attended were admitted except the six individuals mentioned above.

Why, Mr. Sykora?

Two years were spent in the preparation of the World Convention. Countless antagonisms were created in the squabbles over its control. You, personally, spent a large amount of money both in its preparation and its presentation. You devoted practically all your leisure time to building the Convention. You went out of your way to conciliate professionals and fans you personally and cordially despised. You manouvered, posed, pleaded hysterically for harmony and unity through the various organs at your disposal. You ignored agreements made by yourself to guarantee fair and equal representation at the Convention. You crushed through the overwhelming weight of money power all democratic opposition to your dictatorial control of the Convention, which control you shamelessly admitted. You created, at the expense of time, money, nervous energy, friendship, trust and honor a great, glittering, impressive and false front.

The Convention represented in essence, two years of your life, Mr. Sykora. Two years, given for certain subtle psychological reasons to the events of three days. Your ambitions centered on these events. You have publicly admitted that this is so.

While the Convention was in progress you were approached by the editors of several professional magazines, every visitor from outside the Metropolitan district, several prominent professional authors and many fans who asked you to admit to the Convention Hall the people you barred.

Your answer, Mr. Sykora, was that rather than admit them you would call off the Convention, cancel it, make it nil. Rather than admit six perfectly harmless people you were willing to resolve into total nothingness the efforts of two years.

Why, Mr. Sykora, may we ask? Were we armed with machine guns, and bent on violence? Evidently you thought so because against us you arrayed the unanswerable forces of the law, submitting we law-abiding citizens to the humiliation of being forced morally beyond the pale of decent, civilized people.

You threatened us with the perils of arrest and confinement on false charges because we opposed, on intellectual grounds your dictatorial control of the Convention.

BY THAT VERY ACT, MR. SYKORA, YOU THREATENED WITH POLICE REPRISAL, FALSE ARREST, CONFINEMENT, HUMILIATION AND POSSIBLE PHYSICAL HARM EVERY SINGLE PERSON WHO ATTENDES THE WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION.

What, Mr. Sykora, have you to say in answer?

YOU AGREED WITH ME,

WELL?



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