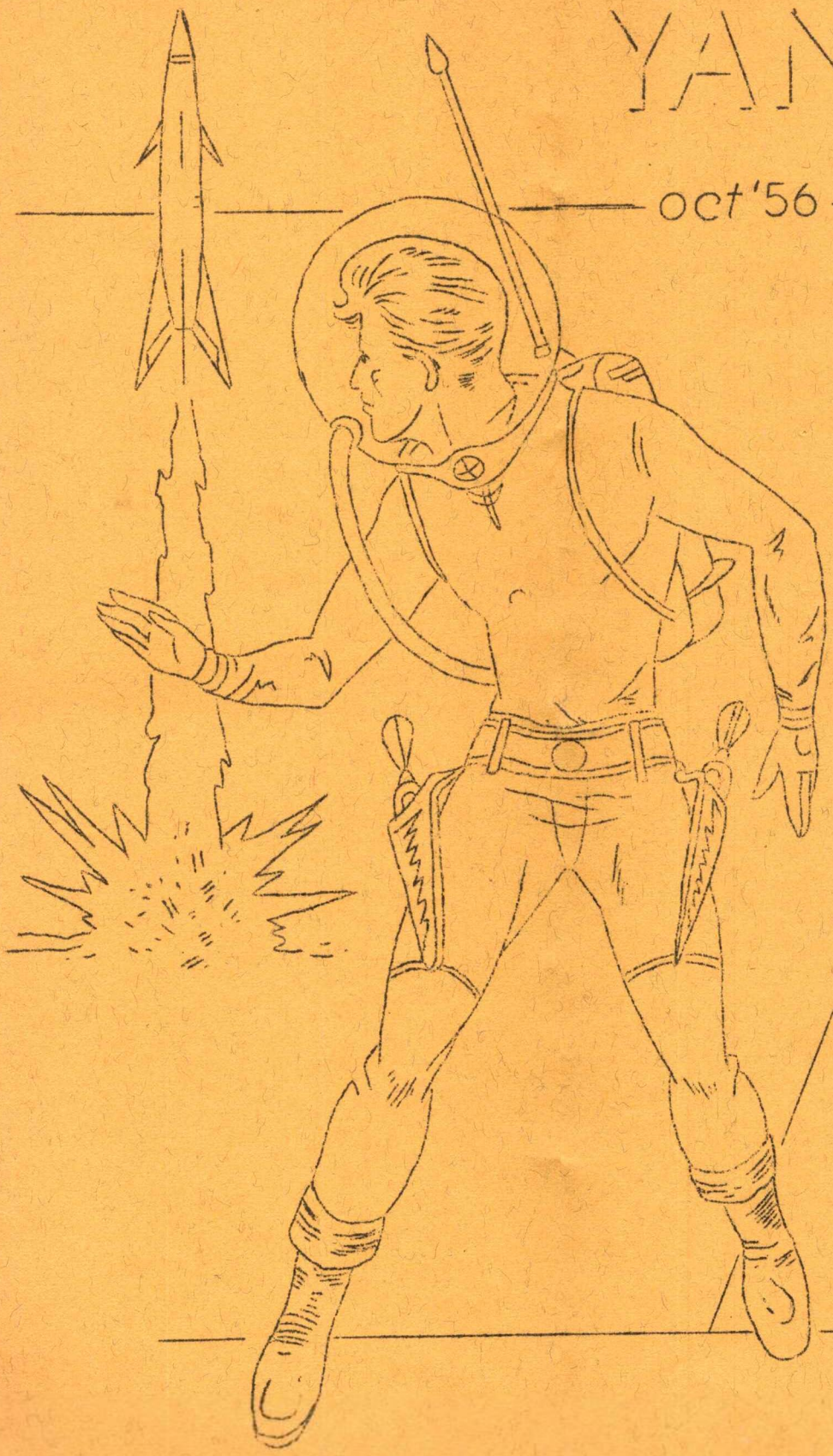


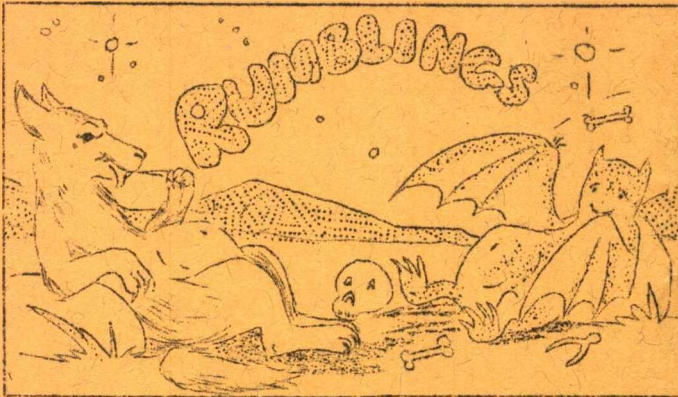
DW

YANDRO

oct '56 — # 45



ADKINS-



I suppose we'll get some complaints about devoting an entire issue to Briney's con report, but we didn't want to serialize it; it couldn't be cut down, and I'll be damned if I'll run a 30-page issue. Anyway, one of the joys of fan publishing is being able to do things your own way, and devil take the consequences. On the subject of the con, I wonder when convention committees will wake up to the fact

that no matter how important the Worldcon is to us, it's small potatoes to a big hotel. No hotel used to handling big conventions is going to bother to give good service to a sfcon. The Cleveland con committee is the only one in recent years which has used elementary common sense in this respect. The Manger was big enough to handle the con, and not big enough to sneer at it.

This is the first official announcement of the nomination of Ed McNulty as a TAFF delegate. (More about this, and an explanation of TAFF for the benefit of any who haven't heard of it, will appear later.) Ed does not have as big a "name" in fandom as some of the other nominees, but we feel that that no one more deserves the nomination, or would make a better delegate. Any support given him will be appreciated.

ISFA meetings are becoming fascinating. The last one included the reading aloud of Harlan Ellison's story in DUDE, by Ed McNulty and myself; reading from a book on the Gestapo by a British Intelligence agent, by Dick Ayre (I believe the book is titled simply "The Gestapo", and I heartily recommend it); a round condemnation of segregation, and a religious argument --- Protestant vs. Catholic --- which began sometime about midnight and broke up at 3:00 AM. The Protestants had somewhat the best of it, mainly due to the fact that --- no Catholics being present --- the Catholic side was taken (more as a sporting proposition than anything else) by an agnostic, a deist, and a nominal Methodist. We were slightly handicapped, to say the least.

If anyone noticed Bob Bloch's review of YANDRO in the Dec. MADGE, his listing of the price as 10¢ per copy was not a typo. As of now, the price goes up to 10¢ each, or 12 for \$1.00. Subscribers will, of course, continue to receive the mag at the old rate until their current subscription expires, but renewals will be at the new rate. The raise in price has two objectives. First, to discourage those individuals who subscribe merely because the mag is cheap, and never think enough of it to send in a letter of comment; and second, to provide the capital necessary for presentation of a series of photo-offset and Sten-O-Faxed covers. (We have the illustrations for several of these on hand, and plan to present them at the rate of 2 or 3 a year. Photo-offsetting, in particular, is damned expensive, but the mimeo simply won't do justice to some of the work we have by Dollens, Adkins, and Bryer.).....RSC

... SIGNIFYING NOTHING

(a convention report-)

by.....bob briney

Prologue:

Tuesday, September 4, 1956

Sunday night (or rather, Monday morning) after the banquet, Nick and Noreen Falasca gave a party in their rooms. The preparation for this affair, aside from the actual delivery of the invitations, could not have taken more than a couple of hours. Yet, in the four or five hours of this party, the Falascas put on a far better convention than the entire New York committee did with an entire year of preparation!

As a formal, organized convention, the "Newyorkon" was a dismal failure. Just where the fault or blame lies, if indeed it can be apportioned accurately, I don't know. I have my own ideas, but prefer not to state them. At any rate, with this in mind, we take up the tale of the 14th World Science Fiction Convention.

I. Saturday

The first thing one must mention about Labor Day weekend in New York, 1956, is the weather. It seemed as if New York had been saving up all of her heat and humidity for this one weekend. Having spent the entire summer in the city, I know that there were very few days earlier in the year which were as hot, as sticky, and as humid as the Saturday and Sunday preceeding Labor Day. And all this without a glimpse of sunlight -- we might as well have been on the Venus that most authors picture, for all the sunshine we saw those two days. Sunday morning it finally broke down and poured rain for a while, which served to increase the humidity drastically without affecting the temperature at all. Combine with this the fact that none of the conventionrooms were air-conditioned, and you will have some faint idea of what it was like those two days -- fans and pros alike wandering around dripping with sweat, receiving dirty looks from the hotel personnel for being without coat and tie; or else, from some obscure sense of personal dignity, suffering with jackets and ties and being forced to change shirts every hour in order to stay even faintly comfortable.

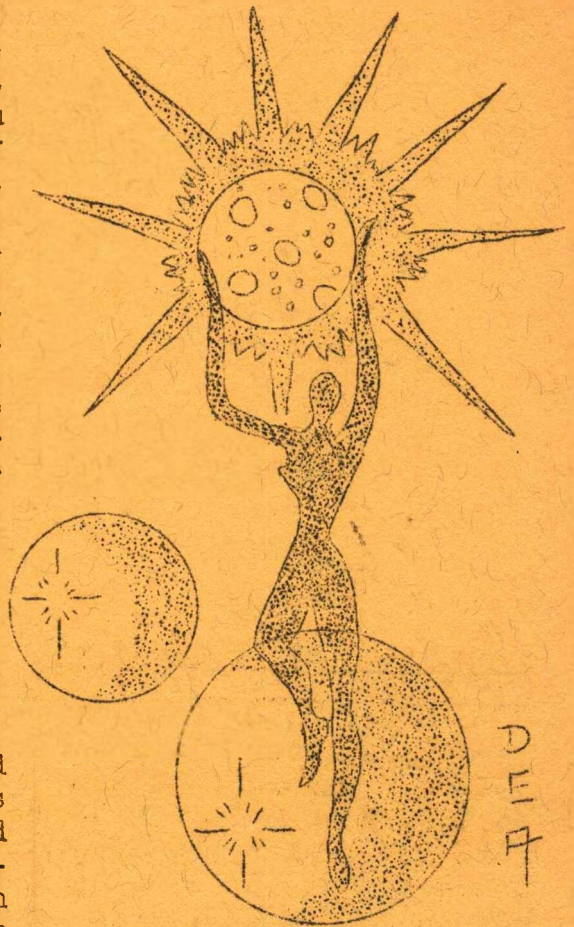
The various parties and off-the-cuff events of Friday night are things I cannot report on, since I did not get to the hotel until Saturday forenoon. This despite



the fact that I was living no more than a ten minutes' walk from the Biltmore; a combination of factors--a bit of second-shift work at IBM and a lack of phone calls from Sidney Coleman, principally--kept me away until the next morning. At 9:15 I met Earl and Nancy Kemp and the three junior Kemps, (Edith, Elaine, and Terry) at Grand Central Station, and we went up to the Biltmore. The "direct elevator to the Biltmore" was not yet open, despite the fact that it was supposed to be in operation at 7:30 a.m., so we took the stairs up and through the coffee shop lobby. While Earl was registering for a room, Damon Knight walked over and joined us; and while the Kemps were depositing their luggage up stairs, he and I paced the lobby of the Biltmore and talked, meeting at various stages along the way the E.E. Evanses, Forry Ackerman, and Bob and Barbara Silverberg. When the Kemps descended, Damon and the Silverbergs joined us in search of breakfast, which we found a few blocks away at the Chock Full O'Nuts on Lexington Avenue. Earl and I had a good chance to catch up on a lot of Chicago area gossip, and Damon sat entranced with an unbound copy of IN SEARCH OF WONDER which

Earl had brought him. An understandable reaction for an author to have when presented with his first sight of his first hard cover book..

Returning to the Biltmore, we encountered Sid Coleman and Jon Stopa, and discovered that four bound copies of WONDER had been sent air-mail special delivery from the binders. After appreciating these for a while, we all went up to the 19th floor to register. Presentation of the convention membership card brought us each one of the standard Manila envelopes, containing the usual Chamber of Commerce propaganda and science fiction advertisements, along with a reproduction of a Mel Hunter painting, courtesy of GALAXY, and several assorted science fiction magazines (NEW WORLDS and FANTASTIC UNIVERSE). Since the main exhibition room was not yet open, we wandered around in a portion of the hospitality room which had been taken over by book and magazine displays-- Steve Tackacs, Ken Krueger, Lloyd Eshbach, and a few others had set up displays there. We quickly found a bare spot and set up a display for Advent Publishers and then looked through the other displays. Noticed a couple of new Eric Frank Russell hard covers /drool, drool!--JWC/ and several other pocket editions that I hadn't caught on the newstands. Saw that activities in the rest of the convention floor were not to begin for an hour or so, so went out for lunch.





We returned about an hour late, just in time to catch the opening of the first session of the convention. This consisted of a long, slow, dull, and practically contentless speech of welcome by Dave Kyle, the formality of the adoption of the convention's rules, a set of announcements, and the roll call. In the latter, the general tone of the convention was set--the roll call consisted merely of calling off the names of the various states and having those people present who were from that state say "aye" (or whatever they could get away with saying amid the general hubbub). The list of states was almost complete, when a loud voice from the rear of the hall shouted, "Mr. Chairman, may we have this delegation polled?" The voice was that of George O. Smith, and the comment immediately restored everyone's good humor, and the program moved on to the in-

roduction of the convention's guest of honor.

- "There is no substitute for incompetence" - Sidney Coleman -

After being introduced by Lin Carter, Arthur C. Clarke came forward to deliver his greetings to the convention. He also stated his policy regarding autographs: on hard-cover copies of his books (provided they were accompanied by dated bills-of-sale) he would inscribe his full name, plus the date; on pocket editions, he would inscribe his name without the date; and on the convention program, he would write merely "A.C. *Clarke*." (To remove any doubt that he was joking, I will say that I later saw him sign his full name, the date, and a little flourish on the program booklet.)

Following Clarke's short speech, there was the introduction of celebrities. Following the pattern this event has always had in the past, it was long and somewhat tedious. A serious attempt was made to liven it up and provide interest and continuity, however in a way which other conventions might emulate. The celebrities were named in a roughly "historical order", and between the naming of various groups there were short comments by Boucher, Tucker, and Moskowitz on the particular period or significance to the field of those named. Among the many people named (the majority of whom were in the convention hall at the time) were Frank R. Paul, Doc Smith, Ed Hamilton, Ackerman, Don Woll -

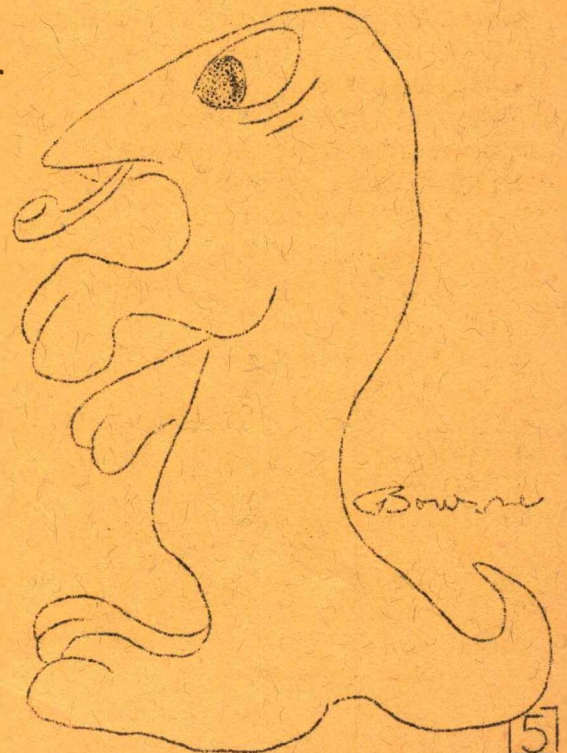
- "I have the heart of a small boy-I keep it in a jar on my desk" - Bloch
heim, Leo Margulies, Alan Glasser (publisher of the first fanzine and organizer of the first science fiction club, 'way back in the late 20's, Sturgeon, Asimov (who, when introduced, leaped up on a chair and wildly applauded himself), Bloch, Fritz Leiber, Nelson Bond, Frank Robinson, Larry Shaw, Willy Ley, Tom Scortia (who was furious at Moskowitz' mispronunciation of his name), and others. Also present in the convention hall at this time was Ray Cummings, white-haired and muffled, looking wonderfully alert and active for all his many years.

There followed a short intermission; by this time the main exhibition room was open, and many more displays were set up, so that I got back to the convention hall considerably after the expiration of the intermission time. I returned just in time to hear L. Sprague deCamp's "Tribute to Fletcher Pratt", no dry and sentimental eulogy but rather a collection of wonderfully funny and human anecdotes on varied activities and aspects of Pratt's life. This speech was followed by a talk by someone from the Air Force Public Relations department--- a combination recruiting speech and restatement of many old "strive to get ahead, be a scientist, go to the moon" cliches. One trend which was noticeable, and also later in the afternoon, was the very definite pitch being made to science fiction fans, especially the younger ones: become interested in science, we need people with vision and imagination. This is very flattering to science fiction, and even more so in view of the fact that several of the exhibits and talks by the government and by the Glenn L. Martin Company (who hold the government contract for the U.S. Satellite Program) were prepared especially for this convention.

The next item on the afternoon's program was one of the highlights of the convention: a talk on the U.S. Satellite program, which included a showing of a color movie HORIZONS UNLIMITED and some 35mm. slides. The movie was produced by the Glenn L. Martin Company, and dealt, primarily, with the Viking Rocket experiments at White Sands. What made the film outstanding, aside from the sincere and seriously treated message of "We have turned our eyes toward the stars, and little by little we are achieving the conquest of space", were the beautiful photography and the inclusion of scenes and episodes seldom seen before. The film not only showed the standard shots of a V-2 being launched, but also showed shots of unsuccessful launchings-- a fuel tank explosion on the ground, a run-away rocket that went wild and crashed -- the tests that failed. These add to our knowledge as much as those that succeed, and the inclusion of these in the film made it much more of a human document than the usual treatment of the subject.

The film was followed by a description of the projected plans for launching of the artificial satellites, with 35mm. slides depicting orbits, cut-away views of the carrier rocket, and so on. After the conclusion of this item, there was a panel discussion which featured Arthur C. Clarke, Willy Ley, and Dr. Alex Efron. I missed this, preferring instead to go out in search of people and food.

People I found in plenty: Ron Elik, who had hitch-hiked cross-country from California, Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton, Harriet Fellas and husband, and many others. I decided to come back to the apartment for supper, rather than eat in a



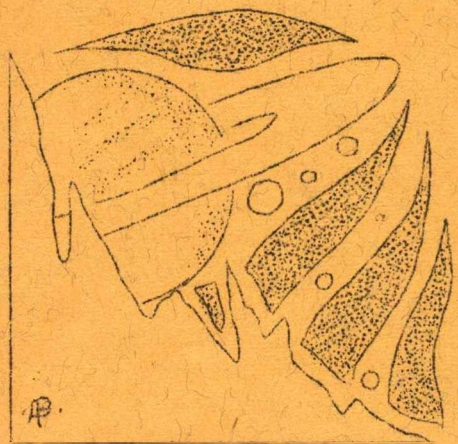
restaurant. The main reason for this was that I had accumulated such a pile of books and other items that I wanted to get rid of them and not have to lug them around the convention with me.

I returned just in time for the beginning of the evening session. The first item was the showing of a color science-fiction movie produced by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. A distinctly minor effort, entertaining and amusing; but it is highly refreshing to find a fan group with enough enthusiasm and interest to carry out a project which required as much effort as this one obviously did. The movie was called LONGER THAN YOU THINK, a tale of Mutant Revolt in the future and among the cast were Jean Bogert, Will F. Jenkins, Jack Zeitz, Sol Levin, George Heap, and Ozzie Train.

The movie was followed by a short announcement by Arthur Kingsley, concerning "Science Fiction on Broadway". He mentioned the two productions scheduled for this season: Arch Oboler's NIGHT OF THE AUK (a play about the first moon voyage, to star Christopher Plummer) and Gore Vidal's VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET (an expansion of the tv play, to star Cyril Ritchard.

Then came the science-fiction ballet. Rather than a serious effort as the ballet presented at Chicago in 1952 was, CLICHE was exactly what its title implies; the subtitle says it better: "The Daring, Wonderful, and Colossal Adventures of Captain Hero." Minor cavils in the production: the musical background was on records rather than tape, and the troubles in getting the discs going caused quite a bit of unevenness in the production. The fact that there was no stage, but only a raised dais at one end of the ballroom (where all the sessions were held) did not help matters either. But despite these defects, the ballet was highly entertaining and enjoyable. The narration between acts poked some rather sharp fun at many sf stereotypes, and the dancing itself was of a very high quality. Most outstanding, of course, was the performance of Olga Ley as Marlene the Martian; Mrs. Ley is not only a remarkably beautiful woman, she is a fine dancer. The cast of the ballet contained, among others, such characters as Hedda, the Intelligent Insect, Chloe, The Venusian, Cha-Cha the Mercurian, Fido the Sirian, Captain Hero, The Crowd, The Crowd's Son, Action and Reaction, and Marlene herself.

The rest of Saturday evening, before the masquerade ball, was taken up with the Science Fiction Cocktail Party. Through the sponsorship of several professional magazines and book publishers (including Ace Books and Ballantine Books), each registered attendee at the convention was presented with an engraved invitation to the party - (for my mind a ridiculous and unnecessary expense, since no one ever asked to see the invitations; they make a nice souvenir, but no one would have noticed their absence) and a numbered ticket redeemable at the bar for one cocktail. I must admit that I speak with



a modicum of prejudice, but I think the Auto - graph Party which the University of Chicago sponsored at Cleveland last year was at least as well organized and far more enjoyable a gathering than this cocktail party. Due to the small size of the Cafe Moderne and the large number of people (thirsty people) present, the party degenerated into a free-for-all rush for the bar--a monstrous stam - pede in which one could barely get one's Manhattan or martini, let alone escape to a quiet corner to drink it without having it spilled all over oneself and neighbors.



In due time, the Costume Ball got under way. From the looks of the costumes, fans had gone all-out in preparing for this. There were a large number of carefully thought-out costumes on s - i themes, as well as the exotic and wildly fantast - ic variety and the usual number of spur-of-the-moment jobs. Among the many costumes I can only recall a few of the ones that struck me most strongly: the person in black, with the skull's face and propellerbean - ie and the sign that said "the Ghost of Fandom Past", (Lee Hoffman Shaw) ; Jean Bogert dressed in a leopard skin jumper and boots, with all ex - posed areas of skin painted a bright red; the bem from Luther Scheffy's IMAGINATION cartoons, with bug-eyes on springs which bobbed and dangled alarmingly with each step (Nancy Kemp); the various cloaked and fanged Draculas (Stan Serxner and Lin Carter); the fellow dressed as the hero of deCamp's QUEEN OF ZAMBA, looking as if he had just stepped out of Roger's cover (name unknown); Olga Ley in a full-skirted lace-and-se - quins creation of dark blue; the be-muscled and tanned fellow with the Carmen Miranda hat and very little else; Marie and Edna Uney and Ralph Grant, and attractive and quietly alien threesome in lavender and white ; George Price as an officer of the Terran Space Navy...There were doz - ens more; as I write this, recollections of many more of them are com - ing back to me, too many to mention. I must content myself with list - ing the winners of the six prizes: most beautiful costume, Olga Ley; most unusual, Nancy Kemp; most humorous, Howard and Pat Lyons (two years in a row for them, and at least that many for Mrs. Ley); most original, Stu - art Hoffman (again as a Scheffy bem); most authentic, Stan Serxner (the why the fellow with the really authentic costume from deCamp's story wasn't chosen, I'll never know); and best team, a group of four people, whose names I didn't get, dressed in brief black-and-green treader out - fits with green-dyed skin and gilt hair.

After the presentation of awards, things started to disintegrate for the night. Due to elevator difficulties (it took Gene DeWeese and I over half an hour to get down to the lobby, due to the impoliteness, and general discourteous attitude of the elevator operators and hotel help in general) I missed connections with Earl Kemp, and under the im - pression that there was nothing else going on that night I came back to the apartment and went to bed. I found out the next day that there were parties and that most likely if I'd stayed around I would have been up



all night and had a good time. Perhaps it was just as well that I got what little sleep I did that night, in view of the next night's events.

II. Sunday

Up at the crack of mid-morn and back to the hotel--to be specific, about 10:30. The 19th floor was virtually deserted, only a few die-hard fans and book-lovers browsing around and talking. Arthur C. Clarke was there, and Ike Asimov. Nick Scortia was also in evidence, and I finally got to talk to him for a few minutes. Earl Kemp finally showed up and told me of the previous nite's activities that I had missed. One of the first things we noticed was a new display: a Bok folio on sale. After quickly buying two copies, we conceived the idea of getting them autographed. Earl had wanted to see Bok again anyway, so we surreptitiously left the hotel (fortified with directions from Frank Dietz) and went in search of the Bok abode. This we found in due time, having got lost a couple of times, and arriving drenched to the skin with perspiration. For the next few hours I was in paradise; surrounded on all sides by the most gorgeous Bok paintings and drawings--no reproduction has ever done justice to the beauty of a Bok drawing or painting; for the paintings, only the most expensive photo-transparency technique could possibly capture the wealth of color and detail, the delicate shadings and textures. Among the paintings I saw that afternoon are some of the most beautiful pieces of artwork I've ever seen in my life. Also had a quick horoscope cast

and was frankly amazed at how close some of the results were. It was slightly disconcerting to hear Hannes tell me my tastes in music and art, and approximate dates on important events in my life. Many items were quite far off, but the closeness of several provide an amazing case of...coincidence?(I would almost like to think not...) Finally, when the sky began to turn black and it appeared that some sort of wild storm was only minutes away, we finally tore ourselves away from the fascinating surroundings of Hannes Bok and his apartment and returned to the convention.

We had missed virtually all of the first session of the Sunday afternoon program: talks by P. Schuyler Miller and Ted Carnell, and John W. Campbell's talk on psionics. The announced address by either Huxley, or Wouk apparently did not take place, the first of several program casualties. Since I heard nothing of Campbell's talk, I won't venture to comment on "Psionics at the World SF Con." Sid Coleman has promised (he was slightly inebriated at the time, admittedly, but a Coleman promise is still a Coleman promise) (and what is a Coleman promise?) to write a full account of this aspect of the convention. When he returned from

Milford, Pa., where he is attending the Science Fiction Writers' Conference which Damon Knight has organized, I'll twist his arm to enforce a fulfillment of the obligation.

That afternoon's session concluded with a panel discussion, which I heard vaguely from outside the convention hall. There was also supposed to be a panel on "The Impact of Atomic Energy on Man and his Progeny," but this turned out to be another casualty, I believe. The panel that was held was "Editors, Authors, and Publishers Examine the Science Fiction Field." By this time the audience in the convention hall proper - "There is no such thing as telepathy--it's all in the mind"-Robt Bloch had dwindled drastically, so that whatever this examination found was communicated to a relatively small proportion of the attending fans.

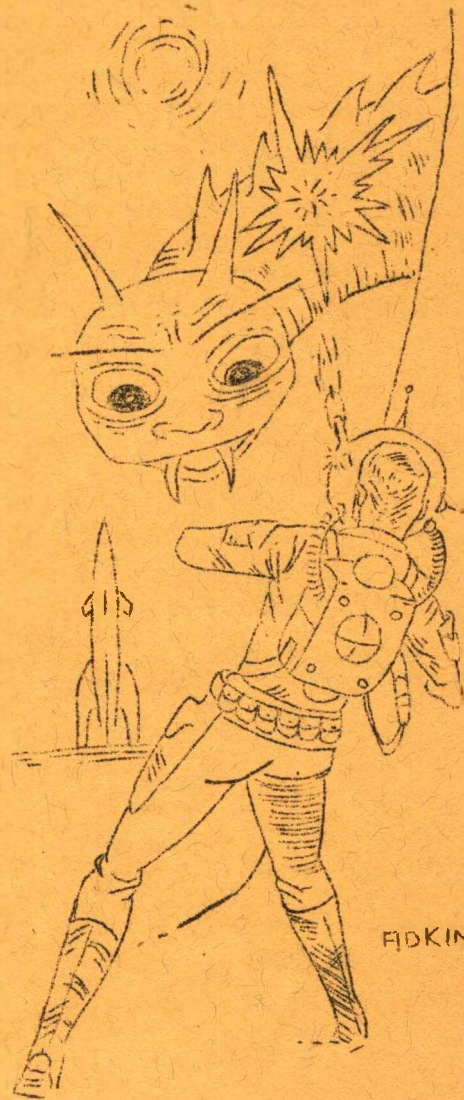
In the main display room, I encountered Jean Bogert, who hastened to inform me that her Irish setter still eats Soilax. "It really isn't harmful, though, it merely acts as a laxative." Oh.

At about this time there also was announced that two of the original paintings on display in the hall had been stolen. One of them was the Freas cover for the Ballantine hoax - book, I, LIBERTINE by Frederick R. Ewing, (Ted Sturgeon); the other was the Emsh cover from the October INFINITY. The Freas was ultimately recovered, but at last report the Emsh was still missing.

All through the convention, portions of the auction were being held, with Moscowitz and Harlan Ellison (had anyone noticed that this report is well over half finished and this is the first time that Ellison's name has arisen?) doing huckstering. Ellison seemed determined to dictate to the audience what prices they should pay for the artwork; but this was only a surface phenomenon, and I believe most people realized that Harlan was trying his best to get as much money for the convention as possible. Lest this not sound like a noble motive, reserve judgment and await later revelations.

Also in the display room I ran into Dave Jenrette, whom I hadn't seen since the Chicago convention in '52. He is one American fan who will be able to attend the London convention next year (well, there goes the cat!), courtesy of the U S Air Force.

While waiting for the speeches to begin, we had talked to several people who had eaten at the banquet (and thus found it necessary to visit the rest-rooms when the meal was over). Among these was Frances Hamling, who delivered a magnificent



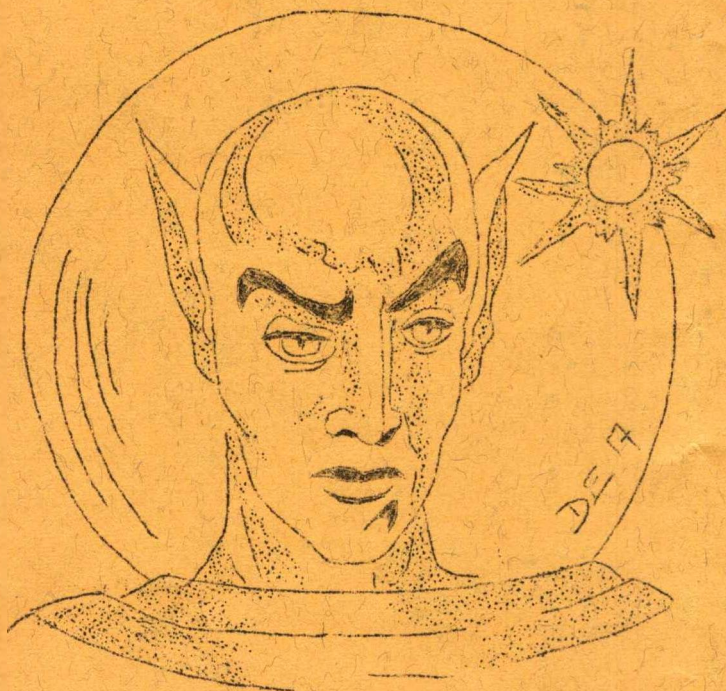
description of the meal. It appeared that the chicken served at the table was practically raw, so much so that it oozed blood all over the plate. Judy Dikty had sent hers back to the kitchen to be replaced, and the new serving was at least as raw and bleeding as the old one. From Mrs. Hamling's descriptions of her husband trying to tear the chicken apart so it could be eaten, I gather that these were not the tenderest of birds...The service also apparently left much to be desired. Several instances of outright discourtesy on the part of the hotel personnel were recounted to me, the mildest of which occurred when the coffee was being served. Everyone at the Dikty's table had been served except Ted and he politely asked the waiter if he might have his coffee also. The waiter merely pointed to an extra, half-filled cup sitting on the other side of the table and said, "That's yours over there," and walked off.

So much for the portion of the banquet which I missed (and happily so, I think). As the Kemps and I entered the balcony and sat down, Ike Asimov was at the speaker's platform about to declaim. No organized "...those horrible slimy machines with lips!" --Ellison, re Powers covers speech, just the general and typically funny Asimov chatter (if that is the right word to use for Asimov's manner of speech). A couple of his remarks have stuck in memory. Recounting his experiences in trying out Campbell's Hieronymous machine, and the relation between whether or not he got a positive response and whether or not his latest novel was purchased, he said, "Although Campbell doesn't require anyone to agree with him, he also doesn't require anyone to sell stories!" And after a side glance at George Nims Raybin's space-ship pipe, a mere "Isn't that disgusting!" He then proceeded, with the help of Randy Garrett, to sing

a science fiction poem, another of Garrett's Gilbert-and-Sullivan parodies. Before they retired and yielded the platform to Robert Bloch, Garrett managed to add his bit, referring to Asimov as, "the man who invented The Foundation, but refuses to wear one!"

When Bloch once again took over, he made a comment which fairly well sums up the part played by the Hotel Biltmore in the weekend's festivities. "After this convention the management is going to put up another hotel known as the Re-biltmore. After the rates they charge, they can afford to do this!"

Further random Bloch quotes: "You know Ted Sturgeon---science fiction's answer to Elvis Presley." "That lake (Indian Lake) is



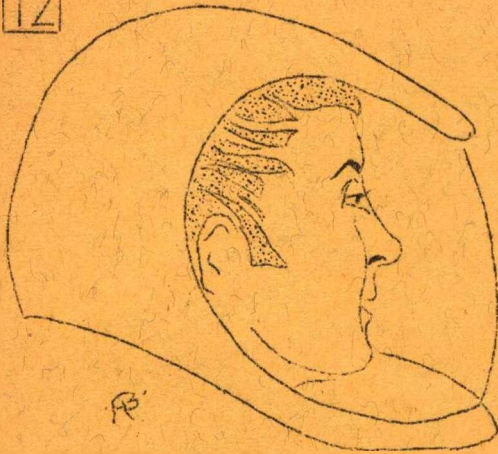
shallower than a George O. Smith plot , and just about as dirty."

The latter remark was part of the introduction of Arthur C. Clarke, the convention's guest of honor and principal speaker of the evening. In Clarke's speech, the convention reached another of its too few high-points. He received a standing ovation before and after the speech, and many times in between had to pause for bursts of applause . His speech was primarily a collection of opinions and pot-shots at assorted topics related to the field: flying saucers , science fiction movies, the quality of modern sf, etc. Concerning the public's blind acceptance of such items as flying saucers and Bridey Murphy, Clarke said: "I am not complaining about the public's belief in these things; what disturbs me is that this belief is based on such flimsy evidence! By persuading the public to accept the astonishing, (science fiction) has also succeeded in persuading people to believe the ridiculous." Re: the prophets-of-doom type of science fiction story, the hopeless "utopias nobody wants" which have been a major cause of criticism from outside the field, Clarke said: "Such pessimism (as that indicated in these stories) is unwarranted. Scientific war and scientific civilization are as incompatible as immovable force and irresistible object." Clarke also commented on the lack of beauty or any quality of enchantment in modern science fiction, and then went on to the topic on science fiction movies. His sights were set particularly on the spate of monster-films that have recently appeared, and his reaction to them is perfectly summed up in his suggestion that the next Hollywood horror film be called THAT, SON OF IT.

Following Clarke's speech, which ended approximately at midnight , came the presentation of the annual achievement awards. Only one trophy was in evidence, so the winners had to come forward and have their pictures taken holding this one trophy. Earl and I had thought earlier that we had seen the trophies being constructed (from metal space-ship pencil boxes) but it turned out that these were merely souvenirs of the convention...

The award for best novel of the year went to Heinlein's DOUBLE STAR; for best novelette, Leinsters' EXPLORATION TEAM; for best short story, to THE STAR by Arthur C. Clarke; for best feature writer, to Willy Ley, with L. Sprague deCamp getting honorable mention . As usual , the best magazine award went to Campbell's ASTOUNDING; in expressing a disappointment that PLAYBOY did not get the award, emcee Bloch remarked "If you don't think Playboy is an sf magazine, wait until you see next month's issue---the Playgirl of the Month is Gertrude M. Carr!" The best artist award went to Frank Kelly Freas, and the award for the most pro-





mising new author to Robert Silverberg. Introducing the award for best fanzine, Bloch commented on the fanzines in general, and stated, "If every pro editor were to drop dead tomorrow, fandom would still continue; in fact, in some cases, it would even take credit for it!" The best fanzine award went to Ron Smith's INSIDE.

The award that Earl and Sid and I were anxiously waiting for was the award for the best science fiction book reviewer. All our crossed fingers were not in vain, for Damon Knight won the award. He had been sitting in the balcony, and when his name was announced, he went downstairs and up to the speaker's

platform. During his walk through the banquet hall, as flash-bulbs popped and the bright lights of the movie camera enthusiasts focussed on him, Damon held aloft a bound copy of IN SEARCH OF WONDER. As he posed for photographs at the speaker's platform, he held the trophy in one hand and the book in the other. As he was returning to his seat, Bloch suggested that he also receive a special award for best huckster of the year. Commenting on Damon's aptitude for the award, Bloch also said, "Anyone can butcher a hog, but it takes skill to be Jack the Ripper."

With the awards disposed of, the banquet was called to an end, and we all filed out into the bar and/or display room. I was finally able to meet Keran O'Brien, a long-time correspondent whom I had promised to meet at the convention on Saturday. We were standing in the Cafe Moderne talking when Nick Scortia came over with a young lady in tow, a very attractive young lady, I may add, who turned out to be John Campbell's step-daughter Joan. (I never did catch her last name). It appeared she was suffering from a severe case of escort-preoccupation. Seeing that her escort was Randy Garrett, and that Randy had found a group of people who would listen to him, this is not at all unusual. However, Nick had evolved a subtle plan: he would place Joan in the company of several other young men, all talking animatedly and obviously enjoying themselves, and then focus Randy's attention of the gathering. Garrett then would immediately feel jealous and protective and reclaim Joan, and everybody would be happy. The only flaw was that Randy was perfectly happy as he was. As a consequence, Keran and I had a long and very pleasant conversation with Joan. Randy eventually broke away from his group, Joan rejoined him, and people dispersed in all directions. Keran and I headed down to 853 and the Falasca party.

As I have said before, this party was by far the most enjoyable, single event of the convention. It had the same wonderful warmth and friendly atmosphere the Cleveland convention of last year (the convention which Tony Boucher has called "that happiest, warmest, and most delightful of all conventions!"). This was achieved by the simple expedient of providing some liquor, some food, and a place for people to congregate. This is enough to make a good convention any time, and is one of the reasons why the annual Midwestcon is so enjoyable an event.

It is also one of the reasons why I want to emphasize the following: any adverse comments I have made concerning the New York Convention must be interpreted to apply only to the formal organized portion of the convention. Any time or place when science fiction people get together to meet each other, talk, renew old acquaintances, and so on, cannot fail to be enjoyable.

Attendance at the Falascas' party was like a repeat of the convention membership list. Among those noticed were most of the Chicago group (the Kemps, Louis Grant, Ed Wood, Sid Coleman, Jon Stopa, Ted and Judy Dikty), most of the New York convention committee themselves, Eshbach, Garrett, Asimov, Clarke, Leigh and Ed Hamilton, Basil Davenport, - it is impossible to even try to list them all. The three rooms were always filled to overflowing, and people kept up a continual drift in and out. After a while it became all one could do to keep track of one's own progress...Sometime around 4:00a.m., I recall hearing Lloyd Eshbach exclaim, "Heavens, it must be at least midnight!"

- "Idolize are the Devil's work." - - Sid Coleman -

Shortly after 4:00, Keran and I left the party. The Kemps had already retired, and the throng had thinned out considerably. Keran said he would walk me back to my apartment, and he did. Somewhat later, we found ourselves once again down on 42nd Street near the Biltmore, engrossed in conversation--I engrossed in listening to Keran, since, at that hour and in such condition as I was, I had very little to say about anything. Finally, Keran went off to bed and I trudged back home, arriving in bed at approximately 5:30 a.m.

III. Monday

At 11 a.m., after about four and a half hours' sleep, I was back on the 19th floor of the Biltmore, ready for the last day's events. Encountered Sid and Jon and we started out for breakfast. In the lobby we found Nancy Kemp waiting for Earl, so we joined in the wait. When all the Kemps were assembled, we went over to the automat for breakfast. We found ourselves sitting at a table with Arthur Kingsley (who had given the talk on "science fiction on Broadway" Saturday evening), and had a long conversation on the theater, its relation to science fiction, possible ways and means of tying in the World Science Fiction Society with Hollywood and Broadway offerings, and such items. The main impression received was that Kingsley (a science fiction reader since 1925) was just a little too ambitious in his ideas. A wedding of big business and high-pressure advertising techniques with science fiction does not seem to me to be the most desirable union...

The business meeting that morning, in which various resolutions and amendments to the by-laws were to be discussed for presentation at the afternoon business sessions, had ended as a total flop. There was one particular resolution advocating that the WSFS "endorse an American sf



convention in the years when the worldcon went abroad, designating the American convention so endorsed as the 'one and only true and accredited sf con on the American continent'. The proponents of this resolution tried their utmost to keep any decision from being made, by points of order, points of personal privilege, calling for a quorum, and similar tactics; they felt that there were not sufficient people there for whatever purpose they had in mind. At last, deCamp (who had been conducting the meeting) had declared it invalid and adjourned it in disgust. Thus, most of the business which was to have been debated and prepared for voting at the morning session was left undone, and had to be included in the afternoon business session.

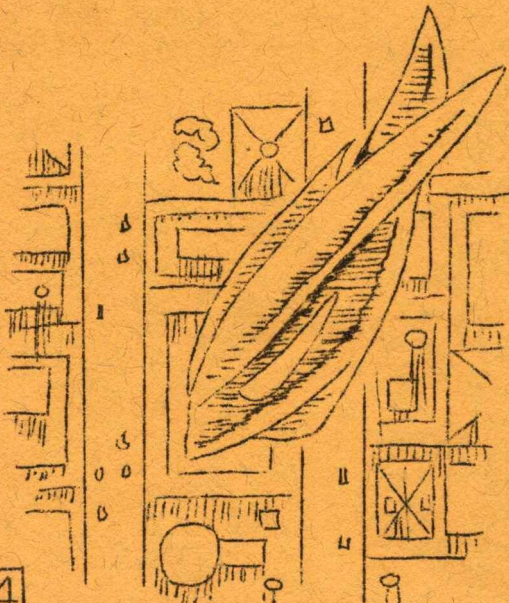
A brief "panel of science fiction experts" started off the afternoon session, with Cyril Kornbluth, Bob Silverberg, Lloyd Eshbach, and others answering questions from the floor. This panel was followed by another installment of the auction. While this was going on, Earl and I went and took care of the business of getting him checked out of his room and taking the luggage down to Grand Central. We returned just as the business meeting was beginning.

The resolution for endorsing an American con was defeated, rightly so, I think. As most of the objectors stated, passage of this resolution would in effect mean the WSFS was merely sending the name World Convention abroad, while keeping all other aspects of it right here. Since regional cons will be held here, and foreign cons held, both regardless of where the Worldcon is held, the resolution was at last defeated as serving no purpose at all, save a detrimental one.

A second resolution advocating that "recruiting by the military" be prohibited at future conventions was also defeated, on the grounds that the military had done no more recruiting than various fan clubs for new members, or various industries for new personnel.

The third item of business was the adoption of the by-laws, primarily on the grounds that 'any by-laws are better than none'. Most fans fail to realize just how difficult it will be to change these by-laws---for any change requires a vote of 2/3 of the people present at two successive Worldcons! This may well lead to trouble in later years.

It was at this point that Chairman Dave Kyle came to the speaker's platform for several painful announcements. Item: the Convention suffered a \$639 deficit on the banquet, having guaranteed 400 people when only 310 showed up. Since this guarantee was made on Friday, before the majority of convention attendees had even arrived one wonders why the Committee could not have curbed their soft-heartedness ("We wanted to make sure that ev-



everybody who wanted to attend would be able to.") and set a lower number; this especially in view of the unprecedented and ridiculously high price of the meal. Item: there was still \$235 owing to the musicians' union, as a settlement for allowing a band of less than full strength at the masquerade. Item: reimbursement must be made for the missing Emsh painting. Item: the Air Force was asking reimbursement for \$450 worth of their equipment, which had been stolen during the convention.

The latter debt may be avoided, and I for one hope it is. If the Air Force was not satisfied that their material was sufficiently guarded, they would not have left it there. Being so satisfied, they cannot blame the Committee for the loss, or expect reparation from them.

After these dismal announcements, and the further announcement - the auctions had taken in only \$400 towards paying off these debts, Kyle made an appeal to all convention members to contribute money toward helping to pay off these debts. In defence of Kyle I must state that the final blow of actually passing the hat through the convention hall was not his idea; it was suggested by one of the audience.

A sufficient damper having been put in everyone's spirits, the business panel passed on to the voting on the 1957 convention site. There were only two nominations, those of Oakland-Berkeley, California, and London. The nominating speech for Oakland was given by Boucher, with seconding speeches by Ben Jason, Marty Greenberg, and E.E. Evans. The nominating speech for London was made by E.J. Carnell, with the seconding speeches by Larry Shaw, Doc Smith, and Richard Wilson. London won, by a vote of 237 to 65 on the first ballot.

A further item of business was the election of directors of the W-SFS; the six elected were Ackerman, E.E. Evans, Nick Falasca, Roger Sims, James Taurasi, and Kyle.

And that, for all practical purposes, was the Newyocon.

- "The \$1374 indebtedness is merely the final item which turns what was formerly merely a jumble of incompetence into an artistic whole."

- Sid Coleman

What followed was mere aftermath (or not so mere aftermath). Keran O'Brien, Sid Coleman, Lee Anne Tremper, and I went up to the Three Crowns a smorgasbord restaurant on 54th Street and gorged ourselves. This posed some difficulties in getting back to the hotel--three heaping plates of various rich Swedish dishes are not conducive to swift travel. Further complication was provided by the fact that Lee had just about one hour to get to the airport to catch her plane back to Indianapolis, and had not yet checked out of the hotel. Two quick taxi rides, a phone call, and a bit of rushing in between served to send her on her way in time.



At this point, Keran took his leave. It was already almost 10:00 in the evening, and the next day was working day... Sid Coleman and I went back up to the 19th floor, finding it almost deserted. Steve Tackacs was packing up his books, the Hamiltons and Shaws were engaged in conversation over in one corner, and the rest was deserted. The prospect of having to get up and go to work the next morning influenced me also, and at approximately 10:30 p.m., I bid final farewell to the Biltmore and went home to bed.

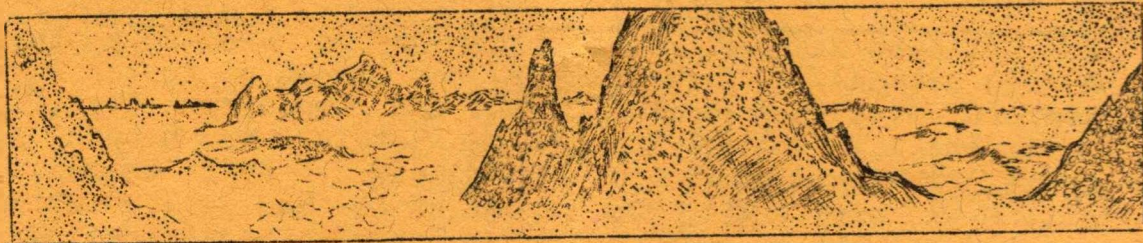
Aftermath and Afterthoughts.

The con report proper was mailed off airmail this morning; and with luck, these last few stray facts and observations will get there not too much later. Shortly before five this morning, the phone on my desk rang; on the other end of the line sounded the unmistakable voice of Sid Coleman. He was in town with the Falascas, en route home from the Milford SF Writers' Conference. Immediately after work, I raced thru the pouring rain over to the Museum of Modern Art to meet them, and we went down to Lindy's for supper. Afterwards, since it was still raining furiously, we stood for about an hour under the WAR AND PEACE theater marquee, discussing the convention and the Milford Conference. Finally we took a cab over to my apt. and finished off the evening there.

Some stray facts evolved: it seems that the FBI have recovered the material which was stolen from the Air Force exhibit, so that particular portion of the debt is removed... Some of the most fascinating conversation revolved about going thru the New York Convention progress reports and noticing in detail the promises and plans which came to naught. The convention suite would be open to everyone... (I didn't find anyone who so much as saw the inside of the suite!) Aldous Huxley, Phillip Wylie, Herman Wouk... (All of whom stayed in their own back yards.)

Some interesting quotes, also, whose sources may not be indentified. "After a convention the fans usually end up hating the con chairman; - this is the first year I remember where this feeling is shared by the professionals!" And similar sentiments, including the statement that the Milford conference was "the program New York should have had, but didn't."

Sid and I finally saw the Falascas off in a cab at 9:00, and this was the final and ultimate end of the New York convention.



GRUMBLINGS

17

John Champion, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

Cover was humorous, but...Adams just can't draw at all. Not that I have anything against artists who can't draw--hell, Thurber can't draw worth a darn, but people still like his cartoons. It's the idea behind the illo that is important to me in humorous art.....I have decided that the bem does look like a congenial idiot (not congenital), but lotsa people I know look like idiots of one kind or another.

Ramblings enjoyed...for some reason it seems to hang together...just so it doesn't hang separately...I don't know how she manages to keep it from being disjointed...by the way, she also doesn't know anything about journalism, I see...why?...she tells what books and stories got con awards...but NOT ONE WORD ABOUT WHERE IS THE CON GOING TO BE NEXT YEAR!! /With a 15-page con report coming up, we should give away all our secrets in advance? In any journalism, you don't tip off your climax ahead of time....RSC/

And then there is Annas' story, which I can't pass up the chance to comment upon. The only trouble with this story is the same thing wrong with most fan written stories. The author just doesn't care enough about it to give it that necessary polish. I really liked the ending, but the writing was just not so hot. (a) the style sounds like he took it from Bacon or some other medieval author, and with all the "and it came to pass" things it sounds Biblical in spots. Stf, if it is supposed to be literature of the future, should at least be written in a modern, smooth style. (b) Don't throw in things like this warp without explaining what they are. What kind of a warp? (c) The Martians are so civilized, yet they have no compunction about torturing a whole crew of 700 men. (d) "...were wont to test (his veracity) under drugs and then on the rack..." If drugs won't make a person tell the truth, physical torture won't, either. /That depends on the drugs, the torture, and the person./ (e) That maggoty method of turture is for the birds. Maggots won't eat living flesh. (f) I don't like to complain about the kissing idea, but did Hal consider all the people who would not be kissed at all? Such as prisoners, old maids, servicemen in places like Thule, etc.

/You seem to have totally missed the point of the writing style; it was supposed to sound Biblical. As for the warp, a description of it would have been immaterial and I'd have blue-pencilled it if Hal had included one. And there is no need for the explanation of a humorous story to be logical, as long as it's funny. There is a big difference between writing humor and serious fiction. For torture being used by "civilized" people, I'll refer you to any good description of some of the things that happened to German war prisoners in U.S. concentration camps; some of it wasn't very pretty, even though the "rough stuff" was in the minority. To answer a couple of questions I didn't have room to print; REG is Robert E. Gilbert --- didn't you have a contents page in your issue? Dave's legal name is Jenrette; he had to take it when he went in service. Formerly used Hammond. There are two Eddies; Jones and McNulty./

Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati 21, Ohio

Adams' sequel to his first "story behind" cover is rather unfunny the second time around. This should have remained a one-shot./We were intending to run the two considerably farther apart, but FU double-crossed us by changing editors and policy./ One thing can be said for it; the cover itself was drawn a good deal better! This illo could well be depicting a futuristic Winnie Churchill, complete with victory sign.

I don't see anything wrong with the yellow paper. It's a welcome change after those rainbow-colored fmzs which throw every hue in the spectrum at you in one issue. By the way, this MZB letter is about the biggest auto-plug by a pro writer since Jim Harmon's review of "Of All Possible Worlds" in SFR #21. /Oh, come now! You mean you can't tell the difference between pompousness and humor? I read Harmon's review, too; and nothing written by a pro since compares with it./

"1984" still hasn't appeared in Cincy. Why should it be shown in a small town (you'll have to admit that it is) such as North Manchester, but not in Cincinnati? This town....grrr! /No, no! We didn't see it here; we went to Fort Wayne --- which, at about 100,000, is still smaller than Cincy...../

Folk music, as far as I'm concerned, can go hang. To each his own, I suppose, but give me Errol Garner. /So will most other fans. Trying to get some reaction on folk music was pure self-defense on my part./

Hal Annas is a very erratic writer. He has his ups and he has his downs. In "The Book Of The Dead", he's written one of the driest, duldest, most uninteresting story I've seen in some time. The value of a pro's name on the contents page can't justify publishing such rot. /No, it can't. We published it because we both think it's one of the best things, fan or pro, that he's ever written./

By the way, do you know where the coming year's Midwestcon is going to be held? I hope to be driving by that time and will do my darnedest to make it. I really made an ass of myself last spring by telling everyone I was going to attend and to watch out for me and all that, when it finally turned out that I never made it at all. The rain, no money, no transportation...well, I sat it out at home. /Don Ford mentioned thinking about moving the con up until June in a search for better weather, "but we'll have to check the North Plaza Hotel for dates". So it looks like Cincinnati again. I can't say I care much for the idea./

By the way, what happened to my interlineations? /Don't get anxious/

"Cincinnati for the Worldcon in '58! Elvis Presley as Guest of Honor!"

Joe Lee Sanders' dialogue was the best thing in the ish, and the best Joe's done in a brief fannish career.

Larry Sokol, 4131 Lafayette Ave., Omaha 3, Nebraska

I got a kick out of your "story behind the cover". "The Book Of The Dead" was fair fan fiction. The editorials were too overbearing, though Juanita's convention information was welcome.

I liked Bourne's art on page 11. Alan Dodd and his column were passable. The movie review was strictly bad. /So was the movie./ DeWeese goes into too much detail and throws himself all around in the review.

And finally, the best thing in the issue. Namely, "Reeding And Writ-
ing". You must believe in the saying, "leave the best til the last,
huh? Still, YANDRO was worth the money. How the hell do you afford it?

/Well, you'll notice the change of price in this issue.....As for
"leaving the best till last" --- we just don't agree on what is best./

Valerie Langham, 2 E. Banks, Chicago, Illinois

You made a statement in the letter col. that I'd like to argue about:
"Christ, I can follow...David, no." As a student (unofficial, but de-
voted) of comparative religions, I'd like to state that the mythology
of Judaism is much less complex and much easier to understand than the
mysticism of Christianity. It has its roots in the habits of a wander-
ing tribe, and made as much sense at one time as "Psychology of Every-
day Life" does now. Christianity, on the other hand, does not now AND
NEVER HAS made a bit of sense to anyone with a logical mind. As for the
Bible being a mixture of history and mythology: aren't all histories
bearers of the same taint, if indeed you regard it as such? The per-
centage just happens to be a little less as we approach modern times.

/And since the New Testament was written a good while after the Old, it
contains less mythology and more facts. Thank you. I see no relation
between the logic (or lack of it) in Christianity and its basic truth
(if any). The logical mind works from a set of basic assumptions (not
facts, as a rule) and whether those assumptions are true, false, or,
as in some kinds of mathematics, purely imaginary, has no bearing on
the purity of the logic. Using as an assumption the statement that Man
was made "in the image of God", we can logically reason that since Man
is generally illogical, God must also be illogical, and so quite nat-
urally His religion is illogical. Defense rests./

Betty Kujawa, 2619 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana

"Book Of The Dead" is a real lil' gem and should be in a prozine.
Annas should jazz it up a bit and send it to PLAYBOY. I mean that very
seriously! My blessings to DeWeese -- he saves us much time and money.
Keep them reviews comin'!

Jerry Greene, 482 E. 20th. St., Hialeah, Florida

Thanks muchly for both the letters and YANDRO. They arrived on the
14th, which was the climax of my first asthma attack of the season.
There I lay.....relatives all over the place with such kind faces mak-
ing me feel like I was just about to be buried and they were getting
one last look. I looked to the foot of the bed and there laying under
my toes /Laying? Are you insinuating that we laid an egg?/ were your
letter, YANDRO, INSIDE, and MADGE. /Now there is a horrible combination/
Needless to say I recovered. I suppose I better give you a few compli-
ments on "Coulson's Mist~~ic~~ic Asthma Cure".

Hal Annas wrote a very nice story. Why not send a copy to INFINITY?
Maybe Shaw might reprint it. DeWeese wrote a good review. He didn't
stress the fact that except for "King Dinosaur" the few space scenes
were about the most sickening (Now there is a cute word) yet. "Ram-
blings" was the best editorial, of course. /Mrmph./ Buck, I would like

to see about the same number of illos and about a 6 page letter column. As for artwork...the cover and the story behind it were hilarious. Your art is the best for the inside, Juanita. Why not have an issue where Buck does all the work, including art, and you do nothing?

/Well, mainly because if I did the mimcoing you probably wouldn't be able to read the result. And while I might be able to trace some of the artwork --- some of the easier artwork --- if I had to draw any... well, just be glad I don't. I agree that the letter column shouldn't be over 5 or 6 pages, in a zine this size, but we had too many good ones last time....or at least, I thought they were interesting./

Larry Ginn, Box 85, Choudrant, Louisiana

I do declare! I take a liking to some of the strangest things. I actually liked Pearson's poetry! Thought it was cute!

I agree whole-heartedly with Gene DeWeese in his review of "World Without End". I saw the thing and laughed till I cried.

What do I have to do to get one of those sample copies of ROCKET from you? I'm curious. /Pay for it...I'm broke./

I like your yellow paper (altho light blue sounds good, too). At least all of your copies of YANDRO are very readable.

Arthur Hayes, Dominion Catering, Bicroft, Bancroft, Ont. Canada

Enjoyed the convention but felt sorry for the committee who had worked hard and found themselves in the financial mess that the convention ended with. I know that if I had been on that committee, I would have committed s.f. gafia permanently. While, for some of the loss they are partly to blame, other circumstances entered the arrangements for which I don't and can't blame them. They certainly can't be blamed for the thefts which occurred.

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon, Herts., England

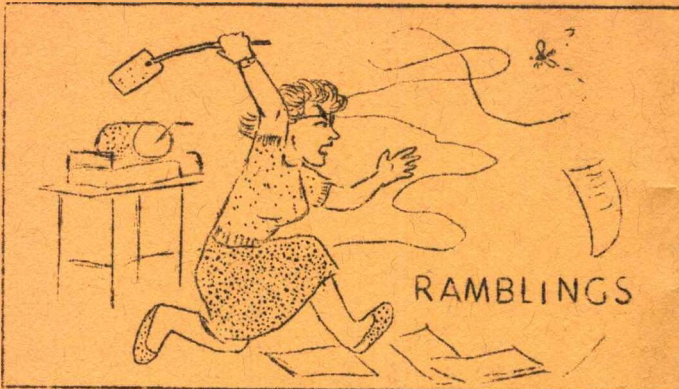
To the August issue of YANDRO. Larry Bourne's cover was one of the best weird line drawings he's ever done. I enjoyed your Midwestcon report and wonder how it was you managed to wind up with Schulzinger of all people. /Why? What's wrong with him?/

Eddie Jones has just sold two illos to the November issue of NEW WORLDS which ain't out yet and John Carnell has asked for more.

/This is a very short selection from an 8-page letter; we're out of room, entirely. Hooray for Jones!.....RSC/

YANDRO is published monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson (mostly by Juanita, this month), who reside at 407½ E. 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana, USA. Price in the United States and Canada is 10¢ per issue, or 12 issues (1 year) for \$1.00. Price in England and continental Europe is 10d per issue or 12 for 9/0. British agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England.

Artwork this issue: Dan Adkins, Cover, pp 9; Larry Bourne pp 5, 13; Marv Bryer, 7, 16; JWC, 1, 8, 15, 21; DEA, 3, 10; Robert E. Gilbert, 2, 11, 14; Bill Harry, 6, 12; Plato Jones, 4.



Why is it at this time of year that every blarsted insect that can crawl, creep, or fly manages to get into my house....me, who has an absolute mania about insects of an annoying type...I really am quite a nature lover and think li'l bugs and mice and gophers and such are very cute and all that...but outside the domicile..I don't go around in their houses, so why should they get in mine...about the

only buggy type I don't object to are the arachnids...providing those nice little spiders(nice because they eat other invading bugs) keep their gummy little webs in inconspicuous places...If there happen to be any unidentified feet tracks across the mustard yellow paper, blame it on the bugs.....and speaking of extermination...it does look odd, two weeks or less after my mom has an ISFA meeting at her house, she moves.....but honestly, fellers, she'd already planned to move before the meeting (no, that doesn't sound quite right, either)...oh well, we trust you get most of the idea.....Alan Dodd sent a huge mass of as he calls them 'cuttings', from British newspapers on the rock&rollriot occurring over there....two of the most fascinating items therein are

- "What did you do with his other leg..?!!?" -

the constant references to "Teddy Boys" (would love to go into the semantic history of that term) and their clothing, described as "draped sweaters and...drainpipe trousers??".....well, yes, they do resemble the item, but.....say, maybe they have something there after....The clippings seem to have a fairly healthy balance between 'it's just a fad' and pure criticism.....and speaking of criticism, we recently received our neatly wrapped copy of IN SEARCH OF WONDER, which Briney mentions in the conrep.....and damon knight is even more wonderful in hardcov - ers than in pulps....even though it's exactly the same writing in most cases...one of the few critics, as Boucher says, who can make you agree in his criticism even though he's dissecting a book you really love... actually, I'm not sure whether that holds true all the way for me....I don't know how I'd take an unfavorable reveiw of E.F.Russell.....quite another manner is EvanHunter's-HuntCollins' TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, nee MALICE IN WONDERLAND....to me, this is a case of a good idea gone sour. The original story gave all the right indications that it needed ex - panding to make it complete...so now it's expanded, and I for one am left with the feeling he should start over again.....discouraging..and what's with the psaduonym, anyway...whatsamatter? You ashamed of stf or something?.....I'm giving up on the alleged newstand in this burg....from now on, I buy my mags at the local supermarket...which has more varied stock and stacked in such a way that you can see what they've got...or have you ever seen five or six hundred mags arranged for sales display in about a two by four area??...Gah!...And with that alleged thought, I leave you to swat some more flies.....JWC

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