First Fandom News Letter

"Unofficial" publication of the Dinosaurs of Science Fiction Fandom
• *THE GENUINE AND ORIGINAL "FIRST FANDOM"* •
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WEB SITE -- www.firstfandom.com

IMPORTANT NEWS:

On Tuesday, June 29, 1999, "The Sam Moskowitz Science Fiction Collection" will be held at auction at Sotheby's in NYC.

An exhibition of the material can be viewed on Thursday through Monday, June 24 to 28.

Your editor (Dave Kyle) will be there on Monday and Tuesday.

The collection will include hardcover books, first editions, paperbacks, magazines, fanzines and related material. Also original artwork, manuscripts, letters and other documents.

A special catalogue, profusely illustrated in color and black-and-white, is available. The information will give details on every lot number being sold. This large-size remarkable book will cost $27 at the gallery and $34 by mail. The supply is limited. I recommend you send an extra $3.00 with a request for Priority Mail if you wish to use the catalogue for bidding.

Bids can be made Fax at 212-606-7016

This catalogue may be referred to as --
----------**7330 "fire"**.

Sotheby's information is available on its web site: www.sothebys.com.

Specialist in charge is Jerry Weist at 212-606-7910 or Fax 212-606-7937.

Absentee bids are handled by Diana Castellanos at 212-606-7414, Fax 212-606-7016.

General inquiries at 212-606-7010.

24-hour recorded info at 212-606-7909

First Fandom's representative is on the spot--That's me--Dave Kyle. If you wish I will do your bidding, following your instructions, although I prefer not to. You can contact me by leaving a message for me Monday or on Tuesday morning at 1-800-888-8300 and ask for "Kerry Kyle".

An Explanation--

In issue No. 30 the following notice was printed:
The delay of this publication has to do with the unpleasant conflict between your editor and our CastorPollux "leadership". I'll print this FFNL and wait to send it along with #31 ------if I decide to continue.

• • •

Since the appearance of #30, issues numbered 31, 32, 33, and 34 have been published but not issued except to very few.

After the publication of this #35, I will mail issues 31, 32, 33, and 34 within the week. This #35 must go out right away, without raising any controversial topics, because of the urgency of the info.

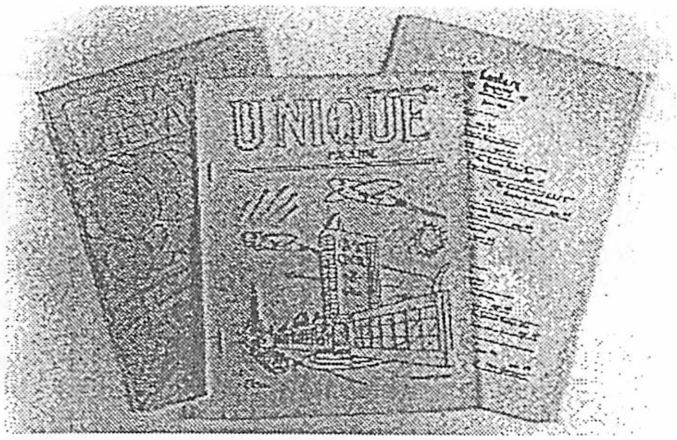
THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMIC FANDOM by Bill Schelly

This profusely illustrated book with its colorful cover was an unexpected autographed gift to Dave Kyle a few weeks ago.

Even more unexpected and amazing were so many pages reproduced from Dave's teenage fanzine *Phantasy World* stating in the first chapter that "Kyle's humble publication qualifies as the first known amateur magazine devoted to comics."

Schelly notes that "the new comic book medium hadn't yet appeared" and that Siegel and Shuster's fanzine was mostly text and *Superman* wouldn't appear until two years later in 1938 !

SOTHEBY'S
The Sam Moskowitz Collection of Science Fiction
1334 York at 72 St, NYC
Tuesday, June 29, 1999



528

527

527 **Fanzines - Collection of Early 1930's Science Fiction Fanzines**
Comprising approximately 53 early 1930's fanzines highlighted by Phantasy World, Ad Astra, The Planeteer, Science Fiction Advance, Stunning Scientifan, The SF Scout, Satellite, Epilogue, Science Correspondence Club, and other titles. The majority with yellowing paper, some chipping and wear and tears to covers, slight dust soiling and folds to paper. (Approximately 53 pieces)

This lot should be inspected for individual numbers and dates, there are many rare early fanzines from the beginning of science fiction fandom.

$700–1,000

528 **Fanzines - Collection Of Small Format 1930's-1940's Science Fiction Fanzines**
Comprising approximately 250 small format fanzines, including such titles as The Phantagraph, The American Fantasy Magazine, IF!, Fantaseer, Fanciful Tales, Helios, The Fantasy Fan, Fan Journalist, Phantastique, The Unique Magazine, Starparade, SF News, SF Debater, Tomorrow, Queer Tales, Fantasy Herald, Snide, The Alchemist, The Futurians, The Sydney Futurian, and many other titles. The majority with yellowing pages, fading to some ditto printing, slight dust soiling, wear to edges and some page folding. (Approximately 200 pieces)

Many of these fanzines are ditto, or hectograph in their printing, and have some natural fading to their pages.

$1,250–2,250

529 **Fanzines - Large Miscellaneous Collection**
Comprising approximately 250 loose fanzines, including such titles as Paradox, Mephisto, Phanteur, Masque, Synapse, Fen, Toward Tomorrow, Fandago, Fan-Tods, Light, Time Travel Tales, MFS Bulletin, The California Mercury, Dawn, Zenith, and many FAPA and NFF fanzines. The majority with yellowing paper, some wear, slight dust soiling, and a few with folds to pages. (Approximately 250 pieces)

A collection based primarily in the 1940's, many scarce copies.

$1,000–1,500

530 **Fanzines - Collection of 1940's Science Fiction Fanzines**
Comprising approximately 250 fanzines, including such titles as Lethe, Astra, Frontier, Zenith, Daiblerie, Spaceteer, The Mutant, Phanny, The Timebinder, The Thing, En Garde, Fantasia, Toward Tomorrow, Outsiders, Censored, Erebus, and many other titles. The majority with yellowing paper, dust soiling apparent, some wear to covers, some cover tears and folds to pages. (Approximately 250 pieces)

$1,000–2,000

531 **Fanzines - Collection of Early Science Fiction Fanzines**
Comprising approximately 200 fanzines, including such titles as Helios; Voice Of Imagination; Zeus; New Worlds; Necromancer; The Fantasy Field; Nebula; PSFS News; Sparx; and many other titles. The majority with yellowing to paper, dust soiling to some, large format folded over, some wear and chipping apparent. (Approximately 250 pieces)

This collection includes issues of Sam Moskowitz's HELIOS, and Forrest J. Ackerman's VOM - Voice Of Imagination.

$800–1,600

532 **Fanzines - British And Overseas Collection**
London, Munchen: Various Publishers, Jan. 1937-1975.
In bound volumes and wraps, comprising Index To British SF Magazines parts 1-7 in wraps; Australian SF Index 1925-1975 two parts in wraps; Fantasy Nos. 1-3 (Pro-zine); SF Review No. 1-18; Uncanny Tales Nos. 1-4; The British Scientifiction Fantasy Review Nos. 1-6; The Fantast Nos. 1-14; Der Orchideengarten approximately 35 issues; most in near fine condition, with damage to a few copies. (16 pieces)

$300–500

(More details) There was no power nor telephone. I left Ruth for an hour at a neighbor's house-- which, with telephone, was hardly affected by virtue of a generator-- while I hung sheets over the living room doorways and built a fire. Shortly before 11:15 the power suddenly came on for us. I left for church in Potsdam (six miles) to learn about the situation. Church had begun at 10:30, so I got there during the "coffee hour". People were startled and pleased to see me--startled because the priest had announced in church that we were in need of a generator. Pleasing for our neighbors who had also abandonned their home to go to the shelter at Potsdam College (1200 homeless in one building there at its peak)

January 19 through into Sunday the 25th: Power but no telephone. Cable TV came back in the middle of the week.

(Details) One pipe was split under the kitchen sink--repaired (twice) with a wrapping of electrician's tape. The other pipe to the second floor kitchen is simply shut off. The hot water heater was putting out luke warm water. Ice dams on the edges of the roof caused water to come down inside the east and west windows and the ceilings. Pots and pans were in place for two days. Water in the cellar was minimal, but threatening. The small back porch roof threatens to come down completely.

Sunday, January 25. Ruth's father died in New Jersey overnight. Our telephone service was restored. My computer didn't connect with the net.

(Details) I came down to the kitchen ready for breakfast and then church. A Deputy Sheriff was there. He was sent to inform Ruth of the death. He expressed surprise and concern that there was no telephone service. He considered it intolerable (especially as we were supposed to be on a priority repair because of Ruth's health) and would take action. That noon three telephone repair trucks appeared on our side road. I spoke to the men eating sandwichs and offered coffee to them and made a plaintive request. One truck was from downstate and one was from Potsdam (remarkably disoriented, that one had never before been out to our Parishville Center hamlet). Whatever the cause, we got our telephone service.

Aftermath. A personal visit to the Disaster Control Center in the County Seat put me on a mailing list for federal, state and county information.

(Details). Insurance companies are being informed--the automobile appraiser looked and couldn't determine if the Lincoln was "totaled" or only superficially damaged and we have to wait until a sufficient thaw. I repaired the hot water heater, a complicated chore, by replacing the two heater-element rods. A leaking shut-off valve (water being caught by a large galvanized trash can, periodically emptied) was fixed. A tree service examined our big elm for possilble surgery and recovery. Everywhere the broken branches and limbs stick out of the ice and snow awaiting the thaw. There is an enormous amount of expensive clean-up to be done in the future. Some governmental funds may be available.

A three-week accumulation of mail still has not been handled. --This report is to inform you and is a plea for your understanding. -- For me. the New Year has really begun on my birthday of February 14th and I'll be playing catch-up for months.

BEST WISHES FROM (RUTH AND)0 DAVID KYLE

DAVID A. KYLE
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FEBRUARY 1998

DEAR FRIENDS--

Ruth and I have survived the Great Ice Storm of 1998--

January 1998 has been an ugly start to the new year.
--And, furthermore, 1997 ended unpleasantly, too

Skip these details if you wish-- The foreboding final day of 1997 began with Amtrak. After the week between Christmas and the New Year had been spent with daughter Kerry in the metropolitan NYC area, we left Pennsyvania Station on the return train trip to Plattsburgh. A freight car was off the rails near Schenectady. We by-passed it on a different route. Instead of leaving at 8:10 a.m. and arriving at Plattsburgh, N.Y. at 2:50 in the afternoon to drive home 100 miles (before darkness and inebriated celebrants descended on the highway) we detrained at 7:45. My parked car was half-buried in plowed snow. I had a flat tire to inflate (I carry a power air pump). Snow, then ice, had to be scraped off the windows. The two hour trip took three hours of cautious driving, with Ruth freezing from the cold car's inadequate heater. Anticipating the heavy snowfall the day before, I had phoned north to my snowplow fellow. Good thing, too. The back driveway was open, but it was a tromp through the white stuff to get into the house. By midnight and 1998 we were in bed. Argus the dog and Peekay the cat were retrieved from the kennel New Year's Day.

Overnight into Monday, January 5, icy rain fell although the temperature was above freezing. Most local schools were closed.

On Tuesday, schools remained closed and a thin coating of ice was over everything.

On Wednesday, driving and walking was hazardous.

On Thursday, 1:30 in the morning, the house lost power for a half hour, came on for awhile then permanently off. At day break, there was no telephone. No cable TV. No highway traffic. The ice storm crisis had begun.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday we struggled at home.
(Skip the details, if you wish) I kept a log fire going in our large fireplace. We had water caught in buckets from heavy rainwater off the icicles along the porch roof eaves. We heated water in the fireplace using a tin-can-and-rod improvisation. Some food was fried. For three days state troopers visited us expressing gloomy predictions and urging us to seek shelter. Most serious was the lack of a telephone, whereas so many people still had such service. When I stepped outside I could hear, within intervals of seconds or minutes, the sharp rifle-like "crack" as tree limbs broke near and far. Very, very impressive. The freezing rain

had stopped. Everywhere there was debris. My Lincoln Town Car next to the barn was buried under a tree trunk and branches; my Oldsmobile was encased in ice inches thick, doors sealed, blocked in a clear space with the driveway choked with ice-heavy, fallen trees.

Saturday afternoon, January 10, the troopers convinced Ruth to go to the emergency shelter at the Colton-Pierrepont Central School eight miles away. I chose to stick it out to safeguard the house, the temperature outside around 30 degrees and inside at the worst in the 50s.

(Skip the details if you wish) Several men supported Ruth's progress through the icy snow to the main road and to a car. Others led Argus and carried the cat's carrier basket to a second car. They went off: one to the shelter, one to the kennel. Ruth reported the pitifu;l look of Argus out the rear window ahead, no doubt, in his old age (13), feeling it might somehow be the end to everything.

Sunday morning, the troopers appeared again. Their report from the shelter was that Ruth was very unhappy. They convinced me that my presence there was needed for both of us I agreed to go.

(Skip the details if you wish) In two hours I shut down the house, working rapidly to account for everything. The troopers would constantly check the place. I bagged bedding, some clean linens, toiletries and a few other essentials and was driven to the shelter by a neighbor volunteer. That late afternoon we moved into the "Third Grade" room with cots. Ruth relieved to leave the gymnasium and the scores of beds. We were by ourselves and had toilets and washbasin. Supper was cafeteria style, run by volunteers cooperating with the Red Cross. One family which we knew. thank goodness, was our focus for friendship. The daughter and son both worked for the school and she as the librarian allowed us to check out the excellent library.

We were in the shelter for a week.

(More details) During the week it snowed heavily. We had bits of news: Canada, perhaps, suffered the most. Montreal, disorganized, was a major city under chaotic conditions with a million people without power. Our St. Lawrence County, bigger than Rhode Island, was a disaster area, so proclaimed federally by the President. Tens of thousands of poles had fallen, as had many huge metal transmission towers. Crews from other states came to help, even from Hawaii. In some area serious flooding developed. Soldiers from Fort Drum roamed the area in their vehicles. All non-essential travel had been banned. The two international bridges to Canada had been closed. Thousands of people were in shelters.

On Saturday, January 17, most people in the small village of Colton were returning to their homes with power. The shelter would be closed the next day, those remaining being transfered to the Pierrepont Fire Department, a very small facility. Ruth adamantly demanded to return home, whatever.

(More details) I telephoned a neighbor who came and brought me back to Skylee. The road was rural and wild. Smashed forests were everywhere, but the snow-covered road was open. My Olds couldn't be seen from the side road because of the bent and broken trees. I fully expected not to have a vehicle available, but neighbors materialized with power saws and a truck-with-plowblade and within a half hour the way was cleared. Ice on the car was broken off in slabs for entrance and to peer through windows. I drove back to the shelter.

On Sunday, January 18, we left the shelter and returned home.