

S O N O F T H E W S F A J O U R N A L

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(dissecting)
THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Operational Procedures
Supervised by
Richard Delap

Hummm, introductory comment time again.

Hummm....

Hummm....

Er, well, I liked some stories these months. Others I didn't like at all. Following I try to explain the reasons for my reactions. The magazines themselves remain much the same--I read one, make some notes, read another and, courtesy Mr. Vonnegut, so it goes.

So where's my unbridled enthusiasm (for destruction, some say) this month? Well, let me tell you about this terrific Isaac Hayes album I bought....

So...we can't be sinal all the time....

Magazines for MAY-JUNE, 1971

AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC:

White's editorials are again devoted to fluff and nonsense, perhaps of interest to new readers but not very engaging for old fans. Panshin's critical column continues to be instructive and gives some nicely-arguable stances from which to evaluate the very special genres of sf and fantasy (refreshingly serious in comparison to White's ridiculous three-page review of a book on comics). The short fiction these months is again quite weak, possibly as much because of the low word-rate as of White's predilection for depthless and ultra-facile efforts from authors still struggling with the literary basics. The last I heard sales have not improved at all for these magazines. I'm not surprised.

AMAZING STORIES -- MAY:

Serial:

The Lathe of Heaven (conclusion) -- Ursula K. Le Guin.

Short Stories:

The Weapons of Isher II -- Bob Shaw.

In a silly but reasonably enjoyable homage a Van Vogt, Isher II becomes the scene for a showdown gunfight: a showdown between exploiter and exploited in the local news service, and an author's showdown with the deservedly maligned Vogtian denouement. Shaw's spoof is not mean or demeaning but is instead affectionate and good-humored. Okay of type.

Growing Up Fast in the City -- Ted White.

The title is misleading and may cause many to miss the more important "nostalgia" angle which in the end counts for more than the slight predictions and honest but very crude sexuality. It's really too bad that the story refuses to work the way it should, but White must first learn to use subtlety when sledge-hammers tend to deaden the reader's sensitivity. Fair.

By the Book -- Gene De Weese & Robert Coulson.

A bit of light symbolism is used to convey a meaning and a message as two men making advance studies for a coming expeditionary group uncover a strange "artifact". The conclusion isn't very unexpected, but the story is smoothly told and should hold interest for the few minutes it takes to read it.

Night-Eyed Prayer -- Grant Carrington.

The author envisions some world-decimated future in which the survivors have split into two groups, the day people and the night people, each in turn praying on the other. I'm really getting a little tired of seeing this old vignette worked over with such astonishing regularity and still with such ineptitude... Mediocre.

Art Portfolio:

Amazing Stories Anniversary Covers (1926-1971).

Science:

Biological Clocks, Geological Calendars -- Greg Benford & David Book.

FANTASTIC -- JUNE:

Serial:

The Byworlder (part one) -- Poul Anderson.

Short Stories:

War of the Doom Zombies -- Ova Hamlet ("as told to Richard A. Lupoff").

Lupoff seems to delight in these potshot spoofs at the various branches of the sf genre. When they're good, they're worth a few laughs, but when they fail they stumble through a mire of overkill that is self-defeating. This one tells of Upchuck the Barbarian, and while the satire often hits the clichés dead center it is still as difficult to read as are the subjects of its humor.

No Exit -- Hank Stine & Larry Niven.

A picture of a spiral in a magazine advertisement draws a man into a hallucinatory (?) universe-spanning (?) trip in which the story's title pretty much gives away the outcome. This story has appeared many times in various guises, and it's an overfamiliar routine by now.

The Man Who Faded Away -- Richard E. Peck.

Another familiar story but this one fares better in that the subject is a man who is simply not noticed by anyone, and the uneasiness will come across to anyone who has ever known the feeling of fading into the wallpaper. This fantasy has a gritty, realistic touch which gives it some added punch.

The Lurker in the Locked Bedroom -- Ed Bryant.

I'm not sure just what I think of this odd tale. It is about a psychic detective, albeit a very mod one; it is a locked room mystery, though the murderer is not exactly a rationally-explained one; it is funny, not quite satire but definitely not serious. You may like it, you may not, but I think you probably should read it.

Reprint:

War of Human Cats (1940) -- Festus Pragnell.

Articles:

Literary Swordsmen and Sorcerers: Skald in the Post Oaks -- L. Sprague de Camp.

Science Fiction in Dimension: New Perspective -- Alexei Panshin.

ANALOG:

It gets a bit wearying for me to aim repeated slams at the magazine which continues to be the top-circulation magazine in the genre, and I keep telling myself that one day soon I'll make a special effort to find the bright spots in ANALOG (aside from P. Miller's column of reviews) and accentuate these for the obviously numerous fans (or, at least, regular buyers) of the "slick" of the sf field. Okay, on pages 68-69 of the June issue there is featured a very nice Schoenherr-pastiche drawing by Michael Gilbert, one which brings to mind those

beautiful days when Schoenherr was a regular--oops, or is my nostalgia showing? As for the fiction...well, I needn't repeat myself again, must I?

MAY:

Serial:

The Outposter (part one) -- Gordon R. Dickson.

Novelettes:

Company Planet -- James H. Schmitz.

Pretty and psi-talented Telzey Amberdon is off to the planet Fermilaur to assist a friend who has taken advantage of this world's renowned "body remodeling center". The resort planet has plenty of surprises in store for our young heroine--in fact, too many surprises, for the plot turns rapidly into one of those lickety-split yarns with lots of mechanical excitement and not a smidgen of sense. Telzey outwits every psi-detector device that comes her way, from animals to gadgets to people, while her usually winsome personality gets shafted in favor of preposterous antics.

Culture Shock -- Perry A. Chapdelaine.

Project Ozma X is devoted to handling and disseminating the scientific/cultural influence on Earth of the first alien visitors, and its members are of course shocked when it is announced to them that their efforts are destroying world unity. Fanatic anti-alien groups spring up suddenly with the result that both the aliens and humans are in immediate danger. Chapdelaine's explanation of the "culture shock" occasionally gets a little sticky, but his characters are most engaging and some of the scenes--especially the attack on the aliens in Afghanistan--are quite well done. Good story.

Peace With Honor -- Jerry Pournelle.

This story concerns the political complications of vying parties in a future America embodying several incongruities of both the social and psychological order, loosely referred to during several interminable conference scenes involving government personages. The ironic title would be far more effective had Pournelle been able to avoid the unconvincing soap opera climax of a plot that is sf only by its hasty trimmings.

Short Story:

Not Stupid Enough -- G.H. Scithers.

While the author seems to have tried to pump a little humor into this conservative gimmick story about alien sex practices, he never pumps hard enough and the shifting character viewpoints keep getting in the way. The treatment is simply mundane and quite ill-suited to the subject. Thumbs down.

Science:

Men to Mars -- Walter B. Hendrickson, Jr.

JUNE:

Serial:

The Outposter (part two) -- Gordon R. Dickson.

Novelettes:

Glory Day -- James H. Schmitz.

Surely the poorest story yet in the Telzey series, this one starts smack in the middle of the action (and reads like some hysterical last-minute editing) then leads into a very silly and desperate mishmash of palace intrigue on the planet Askanam. Telzey and girlfriend Trigger sort of wander through the whole mess without really developing much interest in the affairs, while Schmitz settles for padding a creaky plot with lengthy and quite tiresome exchanges of mindless chatter. Rock bottom.

The Habitat Manager -- S. Kyo Boulton.

The shame of this story is that its plot has the makings of something quite interesting yet is so poorly written that not a moment of it holds interest. It's another contact-between-species, here told from an alien viewpoint in a

variety of highly-organized intelligences who work together to arrange a proper environment for the recently-landed exploration hardware from another world. The thing drags on, and on, and on, a never-ending welter of needless detail and repetitious dialogue. Dreadful.

Short Stories:

The Swan Song of Dame Horse -- Ted Thomas.

If the base of this tale were a bit less timely, perhaps it wouldn't seem so exploitative. The concern here is the elimination of the effects on the human system of heroin, and in spite of certain contrivances (such as the "seed-ing" of the poppy fields) the story has some slick characterizations and sly humor. But in the end the contrivances become much too central and keep the plot uneasily battling its own structure. Fair.

With Friends Like These... -- Alan Dean Foster.

Still more of ANALOG's often peculiar brand of levity, this one features an Earth cut off from other galactic races for centuries by an alien-made, impenetrable Shield. The returning ET's find Earth a quiet, peaceful world of farmers--that is, until they suddenly discover the secrets "in the basement". It is all very flip, very idiotic moralizing that is irritating and insulting.

Science:

Alpha-Wave Conditioning -- K.C. Keefe.

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FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION:

F&SF is, for my money, still the most well-rounded magazine devoted to sf, and I'm especially happy with the May issue, which contains two of the year's better stories as well as the regular and welcome features--Asimov's sprightly science column, rotating book reviewers (Jim Blish, Ron Goulart, and Harlan Ellison these months, at least one of which is sure to please your tastes in critics' tastes), and Baird Searles' brief film reviews. I've been reading complaints lately of F&SF's cover designs (particularly the ones by Walotsky), but even here I must say I'm usually quite satisfied and pleased by the variety in styles and subjects...and I like Walotsky. Yeah, well you just try and please everyone....

MAY:

Novelettes:

The Bear With the Knot on His Tail -- Stephen Tall.

There are some clumsy moments, including an annoying misuse of slangy speech patterns, and a not unexpected climax to this story, yet in spite of these irksome failings it still works much of the time. Following a ship from Earth across the light-years to a binary system in Ursa Major, from which indecipherable messages have been originating, the story is told on the keen edge of tragedy without tripping completely over into bathos as a doomed race faces extinction. Flawed but still good.

Ring the Changes -- Robert Aickman.

Starved for one of those good old-fashioned horror stories that steadily build a sense of dread until the horrifying climax you so much expect (and want!) appears, and is even more horrifying than you expected? Aickman seems to be proving himself the only writer working this vein today who can still churn up those unreasonable fears to a screaming pitch, and this chiller about newlyweds trapped in an out-of-the-way resort, where the bells toll a literally deadly tune, is one of the best of its kind. Excellent.

Short Stories:

A Free Pass to the Carnival -- George Alec Effinger.

As the alien lords take a sightseeing stroll through New York's Village, they are both fascinated and appalled by the cultural rape they see humans performing on themselves. And just when it seems there's no story point other than

some superior tut-tutting, Effinger pulls a fast rabbit out of the hat with a subtle and startling sleight-of-hand. Clover.

If Something Begins -- Raylyn Moore.

I've put off saying it, not having read enough of Moore's work to truly judge, but I have no doubts now that she is certainly one of the top five writers of the so-called new school of sf. The editor tags this as an "unsettling fantasy", but it is certainly sf-nal in its social speculation, and it is not only unsettling, it is utterly terrifying. It is a Bradburyesque vision of the horrors of automation, but unlike Bradbury not built on intuitive fearful visions but instead on a psychological manifestation that cuts straight to the heart... and to the conscience. Extraordinary.

Her Lover's Name Was Death -- Edward Bryant.

The Dryads, secluded in a forest that seems to be doomed for extinction by man, reminisce about the good old days in ancient history, while the youngest, contemptuous of her heritage, loves the man who now promises destruction. Bryant loosely adapts the dryad legend for this modern, melancholy and decidedly mawkish version of Love's Sacrifice.

The Frayed String on the Stretched Forefinger of Time -- Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

If you don't balk at accepting Biggle's police inspector, who can (though it is not explained how) perceive both a murderer and his victim before the crime is committed, then you'll probably enjoy this lively and intricate suspense story. It's never very probable--but then how many mysteries are?--but it makes for some fast and fun reading.

Yearbook -- Barry N. Malzberg.

I wish the incongruity of Malzberg's mix of student riots, apathetic motivational confusion (not as jumbled as it sounds, really), and collegiate nostalgia worked as completely as the editor's beautiful, funny, concise blurb--"Up against what wall?". Even a very good story would find it hard to top that, and this one isn't very good.

Science:

Pompey and Circumstance -- Isaac Asimov.

JUNE:

Novelettes:

They Fly at Ciron -- Samuel R. Delany & James Sallis.

There is no explanation offered for this strange fantasy world of primitive city-states, terrors from both man and beast, and a mysterious race of winged beings; and like most stories of its type it depends more on a self-sustained suspension of disbelief than on external logic. There are some nice moments of action, described with all the suitable blood and thunder, but overall it suffers from the usual faults--awkward and pretentious dialogue, pure black and pure white (though this story may be introducing a first by ending with a pure shade of gray as well), and arthritic plotting which creaks and groans at every twist. Routine.

The Butterflies of Beauty -- Joseph Green.

The planet Beauty is the stage for this mundane drama in which the military Space Service is set to exploit the world in spite of the comments of several settlers that the native inhabitants, giant butterflies, are both intelligent and telepathic. Alan Odogaard, a "Conscience" for the Practical Philosophers Corps, arrives to investigate and finds the complications developing around human relationships sometimes more involving than his job. The reader will likely not find much interest in either.

Short Stories:

There's a Wolf in My Time Machine -- Larry Niven.

Another of Niven's time travel episodes with that bunch from the world's polluted future, but this one is not the "funniest to date" (as the editor claims) but probably the least funny, the most thinly-plotted, and certainly the most boring. Hanville Svetz gets sidetracked into an alternate world where

humans (get this!) have evolved from wolves rather than apes, and as usual gets back only by the skin of his fangs...er, teeth. Oh, pshaw....

The Day They Had the War -- Richard Wilson.

And this is how the world ends, not with a whimper but a bang? With a brief spectrum of people's final moments, Wilson makes a comment as subtle and oblique as any I've seen on this subject--so subtle in fact that the hasty reader may need to stop, re-read, and let the silt sink to the bottom where it belongs. Many may not like the indignity of it all, but it just goes to show you can't keep a good bomb undetonated.

The Man Trainers -- Stephen Barr.

An animal trainer, with his own coterie of pets, reveals that his animals speak to him, definitely have minds of their own, and are not averse to solving tricky problems in their own special way. Amusing and very low-key, the story is pleasant to read even though it skitters dangerously close to the coy side.

The Man Who Collected "The Shadow", by Bill Pronzini.

Pronzini has a habit of reusing unsalable plots from the dear dead pulps, which to date has left me uninterested in his work. But at last he finds just the right sense of style to make it work, a half-mocking, half-sad nostalgia spoof about a lonely collector who completes his memorabilia on The Shadow and (as reward?) is invested with a potent power. Nicely done.

A Tapestry of Little Murders -- Michael Bishop.

Bishop is a very good writer who occasionally sidles along the gummy edge of melodrama. Usually he manages to avoid the inherent awkwardness but this time he strikes out along a symbolic tangent and ends up with a story about a murderer's search for escape which is also a supposed search for manly potency. Nice moments here and there, but oh so very dreary.

Science:

The Eureka Phenomenon -- Isaac Asimov.

* * * *

GALAXY and IF:

There are some good stories, there are some poor stories, and I would feel more comfortable were I able to praise or damn these magazines either way without reservation. The hard part of it is that neither seems to carry an "image" any more, so one is hard-pressed to say that either is living up or down to a standard. Herewith you take the stories as they come, like them or not, and if enough stories impress you then you keep buying (or so the publisher hopes). I think I'll just settle back and remember the "good old days"...and see if I can figure out exactly what made them so good, image or content or both or...?

GALAXY -- MAY-JUNE:

Serial:

A Time of Changes (conclusion) -- Robert Silverberg.

Novelettes:

Tip of the Iceberg -- Ernest Hill.

Flitting from the mind of one character to another, dawdling over oh-so-precisely evocative descriptions of rural scenery and lifestyle, halting regularly for pretentious and horridly overwritten streams of consciousness--Hill does all these things within a plot which stupidly tries to inject a deeper meaning to a construct of grade-Z melodrama about artificially-induced intelligence in animals, and its disastrous results. The basic idea may be tenable but its use here is an abomination. Poor.

The Message -- James E. Gunn.

Beginning with the excellent "The Listeners", Gunn has developed this series of stories--concerning man's attempts to decipher seeming communications from the stars--with integrity, fascinating speculations, and often brilliant understatement of the human drama involved in the project. This time the group seems near to success, and even nearer to failure as a religious fanatic convinces many that

his personal revelations from God diminishes the project to wasteful interpretive nonsense. In synopsis this sounds like familiar sf plotting, I know, but to read Gunn's story is to be entirely convinced of its possibility in his superb rendering of characters who act and react as they should and would and not only because the plot machinations force them. Excellent.

Short Stories:

The No-Wind Spotted Tiger Planet -- W. Macfarlane.

Macfarlane sets his tongue-in cheek for this standard "fabulous invention" story--here the Magworth Effect which leads man by his inmost desires into a "wallowing in a passion of the spirit". While it is occasionally amusing, the total effect is grossly lessened by the author's gallish overindulgence in cutesy phrases and slapstick satire.

The Verity File -- Theodore Sturgeon.

Another cancer-cure story which is stylistically nothing like last year's "Slow Sculpture", this one being in the form of interoffice memos, business and personal notes and letters. The jibes are less trenchant than one might hope for, perhaps a result of what seems to be a very personal ethnic humor, but much of it is still modestly amusing, especially the Dr. Strangelove use of outrageous character names. Okay of type.

Falling Through the World -- Duncan Lunan.

What I object to most in Lunan's Interface series is the way in which he filters his meager but sometimes suspenseful plots through a dulling haze of expository dialogue. His characters might actually become interesting if they weren't forced to speak such drivel; and this story, in which an Interface relay from space puts the cast into a very tight and "twisted" spot, loses most of its suspense because of this error.

Rate of Exchange -- Jack Sharkey.

Imagine Atlantis and Lemuria as two once-mighty civilizations that have fallen to ruin after an attack from Orion. Just imagine if this war were still going on and we're right in the middle without knowing it. Uh-uh, sorry, I just can't imagine it...and I don't think Sharkey should have bothered.

The Buyer -- Larry Eisenberg.

I wish I could remember which sf author used this idea years ago--a man receives an offer from a stranger to sell his name with the expected result when he tries to bank his money. The author is possibly unfamiliar with the earlier story but it should have rung a bell with the editor. Look for the original--as I remember it's less crude than this version.

Price of Leisure -- David R. Bunch.

Speeches are often tiresome, even when the subject is interesting, since one is so aware the speaker is building towards some shattering (to him, anyway) revelation. There is some clever spoofing in the sex-life of the future "metal-people", couched in terms of mechanical clanks and gear-groans, but Bunch's last-moment revelation is quite pedestrian.

IF -- MAY-JUNE:

Serial:

The Fabulous Riverboat (part one) -- Philip José Farmer.

Novellette:

Easy Way Out -- John Brunner.

A doctor and a rich, spoiled young passenger are the only survivors of a spaceship which has crashed on an arid, oxygen-weak world. The young man is severely injured, the doctor's methods of pain-killing very limited, and the chances for survival and rescue slim. The battle for life is not limited to physical struggle, however, for each man is tested as well in his ability for psychological readjustment, and Brunner keeps his story high-keyed and suspenseful right up to his surprise closing moment of keen irony.

Short Stories:

Battleground -- Greg & Jim Benford.

The battleground is a new planet where a ferocious alien has killed all but one man who is trapped in a life-support bubble slowly running out of life support. The alien seems able to teleport, thus avoiding the man's efforts to kill it, but all the cat-and-mouse tactics at the authors' employ do nothing to slacken the intense boredom of the poorly-written blob of contrived suspense.

The Right to Revolt -- Keith Laumer.

The corporations on Earth set the system by which the planet Colmar operates, but the "rabble" rebels when newly-issued orders seem only to further exploit the labor of these hard-working people. The revolt is quick, only moderately bloodily, and seemingly successful--until Laumer neatly trims off the idealistic fat to show the cultural bones beneath, a trick that looks neater than it actually is since he doesn't distribute greed as randomly as does Nature.

The Right to Resist -- Keith Laumer.

The planet Colmar, 20 years later, where the rebels of the last story are now the establishment and the population is again spawning dissenters who promise violence in obtaining change. Laumer again turns a brisk, action-full tale, again somewhat weakened by a propitious "miracle" and an almost too neat ordering of events. Readable, maybe, but not very convincing.

Fallen Spaceman -- Lee Harding.

With its self-contained computer, interior webbing and heavy structure, a spaceman's suit keeps its owner from suffering instant death upon a fall from space to the surface of a world settled by men who have all but forgotten their Earthly origins. Severely injured, it is a life-and-death battle for the spaceman whose mind drifts into delirium and a strange understanding of the legend that is Man. Very well done.

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WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY:

Once again an expiration issue for this magazine which has been using some sort of publishing sorcery to stay alive while its contents consist almost entirely of moldering dead material. There is still a rumor around that this is not The End, that the magazine will return once more, like the endless series of Frankenstein and Dracula sequels, each one worse than the last which in turn was already shuffling about at sewer level for material. I'm a patient man. I read a lot of crap every year and have always felt I was reasonably tolerant towards a good percentage of it. But even I have my limits--so, die, dammit, die!!

MAY:

Novelette:

Dragon's Daughter -- E. Hoffman Price.

If this story had been written with a little less insistence on mood and the clichéd backdrop of mysterious China--"the gold of brocade. . . the frail tinkle of jado, and a breath of perfume"--it still would have no chance of covering its chains to the bygone era of the purple pulps. The only contemporary touch is the jarring intrusion of untra-modern slang (which must destroy whatever nostalgia old-timers might hope to extract), with the resulting dialogue embarrassingly funny. Li Fong, the young man whose adventures embody kidnapping, bandits, a beautiful immortal from another dimension, a dragon, etc., is pulled from crisis to crisis but never once escapes through his own ingenuity. He is simply much too stupid and so is this story.

Short Stories:

Mother Love -- Brian Lumley.

In a postwar world where mutants are hunted and destroyed, a one-armed amputee is likely to run into all sorts of misunderstandings, in this instance with a widow hacking it out in lonely seclusion. It's the type of contrivance which relies solely on a punch ending, but Lumley's dramatic muscles are so atrophied that it's surprising he can work his way around to an ending. Awful.

Ghost Lake -- August Derleth.

A backwoods Canadian lake, which the Canadians shun and is surrounded by a mist of eerie legends, is the place where two men arrive to search for a couple believed drowned there. Yet even Darleth's ability to conjure up a dreadful aura never quite makes up for the familiarity of this standard tale.
Silverheels -- Glen Cook.

The nice thing about fairy tales is that they can always be enjoyed by both young and old, and both should enjoy Cook's use of the Norse fantasy of the magical land of the elves. He delights in weaving a simple tale of a fisherman, his horse, and a kitten, Silverheels, who are abducted by the huldre king to slay a couple of invading dragons. The logic isn't too consistent, but it's mostly good fun and a nice change of pace.

Tomorrow's Mask -- Emil Petaja.

A psychiatrist consults a witch to help him with a case involving a woman convinced she will die if her daughter marries. The daughter, very much in love, gets a chance to see the future her decision will bring, and it's every bit as insipid as you might expect. Yech!

Circe's Laughter -- Carleton Grindle.

If you can't make a silk purse out of a you-know-what, then you'd better find new material to work with. And if the Circe story is not exactly a sow's ear, most of the rewrites are, including this one with a twist ending that would have made even the ancient world sigh with weary boredom.

Fire Master -- Edmund Shirlan.

A battle between good and evil sorcerers brings this story of a magical attempt to release the imprisoned elan of a third murdered sorcerer to a flaming climax. And while the story is not really a poor one, it is much too short to build up the details which might give it life and much too dependent upon easily-manuevered magic spells to be readily believable. Fair.

Hungry Ghosts -- David A. English.

The reader is advised to keep his thesaurus handy (as the author obviously did) in case he feels impelled to try to understand some of English's murky descriptive passages. For those less patient with pretentiousness and vulgarity for its own sake, be advised also that this tale of supernatural murder and its consequences is distinctly trashy.

Short-Shorts:

1. Dragon Saga -- Saliitha Grey; 2. The Lorn of Toucher -- Ross Rocklynn.

Gray offers more misfired farce and Rocklynn makes a stab at sudden horror but misses the mark--which only goes to show that the short-short is still one of the most difficult literary forms.

Verse:

Flight -- Robert E. Howard.

A Garland of Three Roses from Atlantis -- Donald Sidney-Frayer.

Article:

Jade Pagoda: Spider Bite -- E. Hoffmann Price.

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BACK-ISSUE LIST II

The following back-issues of THE WSFA JOURNAL and supplements thereto are currently (as of 1 Oct.) available. Many are in very short supply (issues of which there is only one copy remaining are not listed at all; they will be offered--if not gone by then--to anyone ordering a complete run of avail. issues), so please name alternates when ordering (asterisks indicate issues of which there are less than five copies on hand). Prices on this list in effect until postal rates go up again, at which time new list will be issued. Persons ordering \$5 or more worth of 'zines at one time may deduct 5% from the total; persons ordering \$10 or more may deduct 10% from the total. Prices include postage & packing. Minimum order: \$2.00 (but we will accept orders for less than \$2 if an extra 25¢ is included for mailing expenses). Checks & money orders should be made out to "Donald L. Miller"; send orders to Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Maryland, USA, 20906. Payment must accompany order.

THE WSFA JOURNAL --

Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price
* 7	.15	28	.15	40	.25	56	.85	73	.50
* 13	.15	30	.20	41	.35	58	.45	74	.50
16	.15	31	.25	42	.60	62	.45	75	.50
17	.20	32	.25	* 43	.35	63	.45	76	1.50
18	.15	33	.15	* 44	.30	64	.45	77	.50
20	.15	34	.30	46	.15	* 65	.60	78	.50
21	.15	35	.20	* 47	.35	* 66	1.10		
* 22	.40	36	.40	* 49	.30	* 67	.60		
23	.25	37	.35	* 53	.30	* 69	.60		
25	.15	38	.20	54	.30	* 71	1.25		
* 27	.20	39	.25	* 55	.30	72	.60		

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL --

Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price	Issue #	Price	OTHER Supplements --	
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13	.20	21	.20	29	.20			72-2	.20
14	.20	22	.20	30	.20			73-1	.20
15	.20	23	.20	31	.20			* 73-2	.20
								* 75-1	.20
								75-2	.20

Supplements 43-1, 47-1, & 51-1 were WSFA Business Supplements. Later Supplements (72-1, etc.) were "overflow" Supplements (i.e., contained material for which there was no room in TWJ proper). SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL was a "news" Supplement thru #16, and became a "general" Supplement (with news, reviews, and other material) from #17 on. All of the SOTWJ's & "overflow" Supplements were 10 pages in length: the Business Supplements were generally smaller. All of the TWJ's priced at 15¢ or 20¢ were 10 pages or less; sizes of the others varied upwards, with #76 being in excess of 130 pages. Annual DISCLAVE Special issues were #'s 22 (1966), 42 (1967), 56 (1968), 66 (1969), 71 (1970), 76 (1971). Interior art appears in all issues after #57; covers started with #56 (except that #'s 56-59 lack back covers, & there is a front cover only on #42). Most covers are available separately, as is the SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW Memorial Art Portfolio from #76 (\$1.00, limited ed.). Finally, we have (quantities very limited) a couple of specials (choice of issues ours; all pre-art (i.e., pre-#56) issues, including none with asterisks): 110 pp., \$1.25; 200 pp., \$2.00. ~~###~~ Lists of Diplomacy, misc. game, and misc. SF fanzines for sale will be avail. later. Our prozine collection also for sale (\$5,000).