

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

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In Brief --

Well, a bit of a gonzine issue, anyway, for our 100th issue....

In addition to the 100-issue milestone, this is also (if memory serves) the first (and, let's hope, the last) time we have put out six issues of SOTWJ in the same month (there will be a seventh, too....). Also, with this issue, we will have published 1,000 pages of SOTWJ (there were a couple of 8-page issues with flyers, but there were also a couple of issues with more than 10 pages, so....). Not yet close to TWJ's page-count, though.... (Now, if we ever get to celebrate a 100th issue of TWJ, that will be something, in view of the way things have been going....)

We will pick up the volume-count with #103 (this is Vol. 17, No. 4; Whole # 100, for anyone who likes to keep track of such things), and will start the SOTWJ Index series again sometime soon. Have a bit of catching up to do (will probably include one every three or four issues until caught up). That is, if anyone finds the indices of use....

Remembered something we'd forgotten to say after we'd completed #99, but have forgotten it again, so it will have to wait 'til #101....

SOTWJ is at least bi-weekly; subs: 25¢ (10p) ea., 10/2 (UK: 10/80p) or multiples thereof; all subs incl. any issue(s) of THE WSFA JOURNAL (at least thru #82) pubbed during sub (count as 2 or more issues, dep. on length). For info on airmail, "Collector's" (3rd-class) subs, ads, Overseas Agents (list in #95), etc., write ed. #Address Code: A, Overseas Agent; C, Contributor (get issue in which material appears or issue added to sub, as appropriate); H, L, or M, WSFA Honorary, Life, or Regular Member, resp.; K, Something of yours is mentioned/reviewed herein; N, You are mentioned herein; R, for Review; S, Sample; T, Trade (see #89 for details on Trade/Subs); W, Subber via 1st-class mail (thru # shown); X, Last issue you'll receive, unless....; Y, Subber via 3rd-class mail; Z, Air-mail sub.

-- DLM

TWJ/SOTWJ

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TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Wolfgang Kähler, DDR-7901 Winkel Nr. 44, Kreis Bad Liebenwerda (21/4/73)
 ((Forwarded to us by Andy Porter, who in turn received it from Scott Edelstein, to whom it was originally addressed. --ed.))

"Certainly you would be surprised to get a letter from an unknown man, especially from GDR. But at first let me introduce to you.

"I'm 21 years old. To time I'm a machinist in a great plant, produce transformers. This factory is located in Dresden, the most important cultural center in GDR. At home I'm in a little village in the district of Coburg, our brown coal and power region.

"In my spare time I've a lot of hobbies--music, astronautics, stamps, to take photos and to read good books--but primarily to read 'science fiction' stories. You would say--but what a SF? Well, it is hard to get real SF in our republic, but it isn't impossible. And if you have some good friends a lot of things are possible."

". . . My ask for this letter: How do you think about a correspondence with me? I mean that it is necessary for every man to overlook the borders and to discuss interesting problems. For me I see also an outer fact. Certainly you've seen that my English is not the best, but I've had only three years this language in school. And now I like to learn more and better to write and to speak in English. But especially I'm interest in to expect more about the biographies and publications of authors like Bradbury, Asimov, Simak, Clarke, Sheckley and other. Maybe we could also discuss about some publications or problems of SF?

"That's all for today. I delight me if you would write me your meaning."

((We suggest that any of our readers who is interested write Wolfgang--and send him an SF book or two, or your fanzine (particularly if you have any biographical material of the type he desires). We haven't time at the moment to take on any new correspondence, but will send him offprints of some of the Owings bibliographies from earlier issues of THE WSFA JOURNAL--and hope to be able to write him later.--ed))

Tony Waters, 1115 Jones Tower, 101 Carl Dr., OSU, Columbus, OH 43210 (31/5/73)

". . . you might want to put the following in SOTWJ for those in this area: Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park, May 2-26, 1974, Travellers by Corinne Jucker & Jonathan Tunick. 'From outer space a duo of monstrous bungling emissaries plummet to the Earth and struggle in mind-boggling outrageous battle for the destiny of a certain earthling-girl--winner take all and all is the universe.' This taken from the Artsletter of the Young Friends of the Arts. Playhouse address is 962 Mt. Adams Circle--Eden Park, Cincinnati, OH 45202."

C.W. Brooks, Jr., 715 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605 (23/6/73)

"Thought I might send you mention of a film I saw on the late, late show on TV last night. It's a very good fantasy that I had never heard of before. I don't know if it was ever released to theaters in the US, it certainly didn't show here. The title is Work Is a Four Letter Word, made in England in 1968, starring David Warner and Cilla Black.

"The film is set in some undefined but fairly near future when all labor is automated, but the manufacturers have been forced to keep up certain employment quotas in order to keep people busy. The industrial combine is the DICE. The hero of the story is a young man from the industrial slum that supplies the non-laboring labor for DICE. He has a curious taste for exotic plants and a basement full of them. His girlfriend wants them to get married, but they have no money. His only apparent ambition in life is to grow a species of 'Magical Mexican Mushrooms', apparently the variety containing psilocybin. He finds that his basement isn't warm enough or damp enough for them, so when the girl tells him about a job opening as sweeper in a steam generating plant, he takes the job in hopes of finding a place steamy enough for his mushrooms.

(Cont. on next page)

EN PASSANT (Continued) --

"The sets and acting are excellent, and the casting of the chairman of the board, the industrial psychologist, and the priest that he continually comes in conflict with are good. The film might be called sf at the start, with its main theme being the dehumanization of labor by automation, but by the end it has become pure fantasy, with everybody high on Mexican Mushroom and the power plant in ruins. Warner reminded somewhat of Donald Sutherland in similar roles.

"I also saw at a local theater the current And Now the Screaming Starts. This is a true old-style gothic. Not only are the ghosts and supernatural occurrences real, but the audience is made aware of it pretty early in the film, when supernatural events occur that are seen only by the audience, not by any of the characters in the film. In the end, all the principal characters are dead or documented except the rationalist doctor played by Peter Cushing. Good use is made of the interesting idea of a ghost from the future--the local future of the movie, that is, which is set in the 19th century."

Gary Tesser, 1421 E. 12th St., Brooklyn, NY 11230

(28/6/73)

"A number of items of interest:

- (1) Article about Isaac Asimov in latest WRITERS' DIGEST;
- (2) Dick Geis' ALIEN CRITIC is advertising in the classified section of the MORE journalism review;
- (3) Fans of DOONESBURY comic strip will find intriguing article on its suppression in July MORE."

((Thanks to Tony, Ned, and Gary for their interesting news items--this is the kind of thing we'd like to see more of from our readers. (As contributors they will, of course, each get an issue added to their subscription.) ## Re the DOONESBURY strip suppression, the editorial removal of a recent strip (re Watergate) from the WASHINGTON POST generated a considerable amount of comment in the lettercolumns, general columns, and editorial column. --ed.))

Ben Keifer, 711 Wards Corner Rd., Loveland, OH 45140

(5/7/73)

"... I just had to see the Cincinnati Opera presentation of The Tales of Hoffman by Offenbach last Tuesday nite. It was based on the New York City Opera version and starred Norman Treigle as Lindorf, Coppolius, Dappertutto and Dr. Miracle, but since Beverly Sills was not in it (she is appearing Friday in Daughter of the Regiment, however) they used three different sopranos for Olympia, Giulietta and Antonia. John Alexander as Hoffman was very good and Treigle was outstanding in performance as well as voice. The others, including the female leads, ranged from very good to fair. As a musical conservative I resented the deletion of the Epilogue and a few of the other deviations from the original, but will have to admit that the emphasis they put on the fantastic elements was remarkably good. The lightshow freaks would have loved it, even though they took no liberties with Offenbach's music other than a few defects due apparently to insufficient rehearsal. With regard to the fantastic, that included besides the lighting, scenery, costumes and many mannerisms of acting. Treigle was truly satanic in his different roles, and in the first act the guests and servant suggested that in their own way they were puppets just as much as Olympia, the doll.

"I know that there is a growing Hornblower fandom (Ruth Berman is one, I believe). However, I have a word of warning for them. C.N. Parkinson's The Life and Times of Horatio Hornblower is a hoax. Sorry to say, I am positive that no man of that name ever achieved illustrious command in HMNavy. My source of this disbelief stems from the reminiscences of Dr. Feadle Dogbody, for 50 years surgeon in HMN, from before the American Revolution till after the Napoleonic Wars (which same period is supposed to be that of Hornblower). In this time Dr. Dogbody, whose truthfulness is well attested by Norman Hall, served in many ships of the line, was in many engagements, and knew personally almost all of the captains and admirals of

(Over)

EN PASSANT (Continued) --

note, but never once mentions a Horatio Hornblower. I contend that a commander of such eminence as Hornblower was famed to be could not have escaped Dr. Dogbody's notice even if only by repute. Q.E.D.

". . . I suddenly realized just as I was about to seal this that I had said no word concerning what must be dearest to your heart (next to money?), SOTWJ. As you should gather, I approve, otherwise why resub? First I consider S.F. Parade outstanding, as more than once it has helped me to make up my mind on book purchases (Buck Coulson is also good this way). Dateline S.F. is also very informative and you do manage to abstract interesting bits in En Passant. While I get only a few fanzines The Amateur Press is better than most in giving some but not too much detail about each one reviewed. The Foreign Scene is much in the same vein, but my contacts with foreign fans having been minimal, especially in the last few years, it is not for me but surely for others."

((Thanks for your commentary, Ben. We hope others, now and then, will drop us a line to let us know how they like what we're doing with SOTWJ--particularly with respect to the individual features. The 'zine is constantly changing, but some of the individual features have remained fairly consistent in style and content for quite a few months, so there should be a base here for some solid feedback. We'll probably send out a feedback questionnaire (like the Jan. '73 one) yearly.--ed))

We Also Heard From:

Ben Miller: ". . . would it be possible to get Delap's prozine reviews published sooner? By the time they come out, they are practically worthless. (Since I read all prozines cover to cover, it wouldn't help me much anyway, but there is a need for prozine reviews.) Also Delap's comment on the typo on the March AMAZING cover shows that he had not read the serial--see Ted's reply to Feeley's letter in the August AMAZING (p. 129)." ((We publish Delap's columns as fast as we get them (usually 1-2 weeks after receipt); he's had some problems recently (which is why his April and May columns were delayed), but should be keeping more up to date in the future. (Anything you'd care to add, Richard?) --ed.))

Larry Herndon -- ". . . I have pubbed another zine you might be interested in: BUSTER CRABBE, KING OF ACTION. It is (obviously!) devoted to Crabbe's career in films, TV, and serials, and has an in-depth article on his cinema efforts, with emphasis on his serials of Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, etc. Illustrated with photos, reproductions of old posters, etc. And includes a complete index of all of his films! . . ." ((Price is 60¢, from PCBox 34305, Dallas, TX 75234. --ed.))

John W. Andrews, who has finally obtained a good copy of a Spacewar program, and (from us, thru Nathan Tobol), a copy of the PDP-1 instructions for use with the program. He also sent a brief article about the game, which we'll run either in our TWJ "SF Games" column or in a future issue of SOTWJ.

Andy Porter, who sends a letter re "Further developments on the Western Watergate", which begins: "After talking with Joe Hensley and others at the Midwestcon, where the allegations I raised were under discussion, further details and discrepancies have come to light:", and goes on to make statements and allegations concerning "rake-offs" of LACon convention funds by members of the convention committee. Before becoming involved in this, we'd like to know more about the original allegations and discussions held at Midwestcon, so we can put the statements in this letter in their proper perspective. Andy?

Scott Kurtz, who sent us a long letter some time ago (and which was typed up for the TWJ #80 lettercolumn, which has not yet appeared), sends us a follow-up letter (which will be published in entirety in TWJ #82, so it will appear after publication of the original in #80). Briefly, he is looking for articles, etc. on Olaf Stapledon for use in a fanzine about him. (4016 Clinton Ave., Richmond, VA 23227).

SIX BOOKS FROM BALLANTINE BOOK' ADULT FANTASY SERIES (Reviewed by Jeremy Fredrick):
Evenor, by George MacDonald; Xiccarph, by Clark Ashton Smith; The Lost Continent, by C.J. Cutcliffe-Hyne; The Night Land (Vols. I & II), by William Hope Hodgson; Great Short Novels of Adult Fantasy I (\$1.25 ea.; all ed. Lin Carter).

What Lin Carter lacks in scholarship, he more than makes up in enthusiasm. His efforts in alliance with Ballantine Books to reprint significant works of fantasy and weird fiction deserve applause and more scholarly attention than they receive. We fantasy fans owe a particular debt to Mr. Carter; he has made available titles previously inaccessible to the average reader, artistically and handsomely presented, and well-introduced and edited.

Among the many titles in this series that have been published in the past year, I have only been able to read the above. But I believe they somehow embody both the merits and the faults of the entire series from its beginning.

Evenor. The fantasy writings of George MacDonald are perhaps the most convincing and beautiful Christian allegories in the English language. They are such because the symbols employed are so subtly wrapped in their mythopoeic stories that they teach their wisdom rather than preach, as was the case with Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

This is also true for his most widely known works, Lilith and Phantastes, which more closely fit the category of Adult Fantasy than the three works contained in this book. The longest is "The Wise Woman", with the other two ("The Carosyn" and "The Golden Key") much shorter. They read like children's bedtime stories, but the worlds they present are filled with enough awe and wonder to satisfy the adult mind. The essential wisdom of unadulterated Christianity in the stories is so well expressed in symbolic terms, that it is a shame these Victorian fantasies have been out of print for so long.

Xiccarph. Clark Ashton Smith was a truly remarkable artist. When one has acquired a taste for his marvelous word combinations, one can easily excuse the shallow plot structures on which the words hang.

This collection of his stories does not quite compare with the Smith stories in Ballantine's Zothique and Hyperborea, but it does have some excellently weird little tales. Of these perhaps the best is "The Maze of Maal Dwab", which at first convinces the reader that it is just another sword-and-sorcery piece strangely composed, and then in a marvelous way shows that it is not.

Smith must have been a little mad to have had such a strange imagination. If so, all writers of fantasy should be so mad!

The Lost Continent. Here is a fun book.

An attractive quality of these dated fantasies Mr. Carter has been bringing out is the fact that behind each work of fantasy lies the reality of the author's philosophy as it related to the period of history and the country in which he lived. This is not so noticeable in recent fantasy because its authors live in the same world and age as we, and we pass over the references to them. However, such historical attitudes glare delightfully forth in books such as The Lost Continent.

It is a late Victorian novel that was serialized in a popular fiction magazine of the time. It concerns the sinking of Atlantis and the fictitious events that led up to that much-fantasized catastrophe, from the viewpoint of a survivor. Although the survivor is Atlantean, he bears all the hallmarks of a proper Victorian Englishman, a sense of duty and earnestness highest among them. The end has him bearing the torch of civilization from dead Atlantis to another land. It is almost as if Hyne foresaw the fall of the British Empire, and symbolized it in his novel.

Otherwise, the novel's merits are enjoyable if ordinary: adventure; monsters; beautiful women. The same old thing. But it is a good read, if only for its oblique Victorianisms.

(Over)

S.F. PARADE (Continued) --

The Night Land. It is really a shame that this novel is so difficult to read; it is really a fine fantasy chock full of weird atmosphere. To begin with, its prose is so needlessly archaic that it forms a barrier to all the good things it has to say. In addition, it is far too long, needing two volumes to hold its immense wordage. Perhaps Mr. Carter could have condensed it enough to fill just one book. The work would certainly have gained in the transition.

Otherwise, it is an engrossing novel of a far-future Earth when the sun is dead and humanity hides in a huge fortress from the strange creatures that inhabit the planet. News comes to this Last Redoubt that there is another, weaker fortress far away which is rapidly losing ground to the forces of evil surrounding it. The bulk of this story deals with a quest-like journey of the hero in his attempt to save the smaller bastion of mankind.

William Hope Hodgson was a British author whose haunting stories of the sea are his most memorable tales. He also wrote some fine detective stories about a sort of psychic Sherlock Holmes. I would recommend a reading of the above works before attempting this huge novel. Its heavy style might turn off those who might otherwise enjoy the author's other works.

Great Short Novels of Adult Fantasy I. These pieces are too short to stand alone in a single volume and too long for a short story anthology, so Mr. Carter wisely instituted a series of novella collections, of which this is the first to be published.

Its first short novel is alone worth the price of the book. "Wall of Serpents" is the last of the delightful Harold Shea Incomplete Enchanter series by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt. This one deals with a trip to the land of Finnish mythology, and suffice it to say that it is a very enjoyable little fantasy.

The other three novellas do not carry the same charm, but are nevertheless worth a reading. They are: "The Kingdom of the Dwarfs", by Anatole France, which is pretty but bogs down a bit in its lyricism; "The Maker of Moons", by Robert W. Chambers, which is good but not as enjoyable as the same author's The King in Yellow; and William Morris' early work "The Hollow Land", interesting if only as a record of where that great Victorian's head was at when he was 22 years old.

In unearthing these forgotten fantasies, Mr. Carter has certainly performed a noble task; they are real treasures. Unfortunately, it is occasionally apparent why they have been forgotten--a good many of them could have been better written. But if the discerning reader can take upon himself the task of digging for the beauty and truth and fun that is unique to fantasy writing, the Adult Fantasy series can be most rewarding. Carry on, Mr. Carter!

Ardor on Aros, by Andy Offutt (Dell Books).

(Reviewed by Don D'Amassa)

Andy Offutt points out, correctly, that Burroughs' novels portrayed an unrealistically romantic view of people, particularly barbarians and outlaws. In real life, for example, the heroine would have been raped, and may well have enjoyed the process. The hero would as likely resort to low blows as the villain, or he would be a dead hero. So in this novel, Hank Ardor is transported to Aros, where we are shown what really would have happened. But a realistic treatment of a bad story does not necessarily result in a good story. Ardor on Athos is very bad; it is predictable in general, erratic in particular, and dull overall. The device of having the reality of the world subject to the mental processes of some of the characters (including a parrot) is annoying and interferes with verisimilitude. Offutt's insistence that living without violence is a worthless existence is as depressing an idea as any found in the supposedly anti-life New Wave. Nice Frazetta cover, though.

THE IMAGE AND THE SUBSTANCE:
IDENTITY IN THE MODERN WORLD
by Alexis A. Gilliland

The problem of identity boils down to the question: What am I? The answer is invariably complex, and very often fuzzy and inconclusive--people being what they are--but every man must, perforce, seek it out.

Basically, there are two aspects of the problem, image and substance, and they are dynamically related, as each shapes the other.

Image involves three elements; self-image, prestige-image, and substance-image. Self-image, of course, is what you see yourself to be; more often than not strongly colored by (and strongly coloring) one's feelings towards oneself. Prestige-image is the facade seen by the world, the casual and superficial view, subject to manipulation, control, and gross distortion. Substance-image is what a jury would agree on. The most usual jury being one's friends and peers--the people close to one, informed and knowledgeable people, whose opinions matter.

If One's ego is strong, prestige- and substance-image are less important than self-image. The more usual case is that one's self-image is enhanced and reinforced by the good opinion of the world and one's peers, and most people actively seek such good opinion to boost the ego.

Substance itself is something else. No man is simple, and men are complex in a variety of ways. The basis of substance is a man's physique and mind, and once we have taken his measure so a tailor could cut him a suit, we reach the heart of the matter. A man's substance is first economic and then social. Economically, a man is (1) What he does, and (2) What he knows and (3) What he owns.

To give examples, a factory worker, a policeman, and a soldier need own nothing, and can get by knowing very little. A surgeon, a lawyer and a plumber must possess a considerable body of knowledge, and the plumber, at least, must own a substantial kit of tools. The bourgeoisie, rentiers, capitalists and entrepreneurs own enough so that they define themselves (or at least their interests) by their property. In the plays of Shakespeare, the Lords are called by the name of their holding--Manchester, Gloucester, and the rest--no matter that they also have human names. However, a policeman or a plumber may own a home, and this ownership is important, if not decisive in shaping what he is.

Socially, a man is (1) What he thinks, including what he believes, (2) What he says and (3) What groups he belongs to. To give examples, we have Republicans, Communists, Catholics, Negroes and Atheists. We base our opinion of what a man is, first on the groups to which he belongs, second on what we can see of his economic substance and...often the same thing...what he says, and third on what we imagine he thinks.

This is the prestige-image, and the reason it is so far distant from self- and substance-images is because what one thinks is vitally important to the self-image, and irrelevant to the prestige-image.

However, the prestige-image is often influential on the individual's thinking, his actions and, by extension, to his self-image. An individual may also limit the audience he seeks to impress. Here, a favorable substance-image, turned in by a friendly jury, is projected against an audience basically similar to the jury to generate a favorable prestige-image by the part of the world that matters.

Another reason is that the prestige-image is at variance from the self-image is the different weights given the economic substance by different people. However, an unfriendly evaluation may be rejected out of hand by the individual simply because of these different weights.

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THE IMAGE AND THE SUBSTANCE (Continued) --

These are the reasons for the generation gap. The young exclude their parents from the jury returning the substance-image, by rejecting their parents' values. They thereby also exclude them from the audience forming the prestige-image. Thus, the parents often find themselves totally without influence on young men and women whom they are still supporting.

Now, what are the differences in economic substance which go into shaping these images...parent-image and child-image?

Well, compare the three elements of economic substance. What does the parent do, and what does the child do? What does the parent know, and what does the child know? What does the parent own and what does the child own?

More particularly, what does the parent perceive himself doing as opposed to what the child perceives him doing, and vice versa, in each case?

Objectively--which means as I see it--the parent earns an income (whether it is a living may be a matter of opinion) working at a dull and sometimes hateful job. He sees that he is a worker, earning his keep, while his child sees him as a drudge and slavey, and accords him no respect.

Again, the parent knows his job, and--in the course of living--has acquired a measure of knowledge, and perhaps wisdom. The child knows what he is taught in school, and what he has learned from his peers, and...most important...he knows what he thinks, which is social, not economic.

To the parent, it is obvious that the child knows nothing. To the child, the parent knows only obsolete, useless, and irrelevant things, having no meaning for today or for him.

Finally, the parent owns his personal and real property, usually encumbered with debt. The parent sees that he owns a house and car, washer, dryer, and so forth. The child sees the encumbering debt, which he looks on as an ox-goad coercing his poor dumb parent, and views the house and the rest as a paltry and unworthy reward for wage-slavery.

The result, of course, is that the child rejects his parents' values, and in doing so rejects the achievement of any economic substance.

Therefore, the main weight of his self-image rests on his social substance. What he thinks, what he says, and the groups to which he belongs.

It is my contention (based on admittedly limited observation) that as soon as the individual begins to think--that is, to actively think, rather than passively believe--he opts for economic substance. Until this happens, however, the young seeking identity have only a set of beliefs, the groups sharing those beliefs, and what they say to serve as a means for self-definition. They "say" things not only by speech, but by what they wear, and often by what they do. That is, "what one does" has been downgraded from the means of making a living to an auxillary and degenerate form of speech.

Reading the QUICKSILVER TIMES and other underground newspapers, I am struck by the imprecision of the language and the emptiness of the rhetoric. There is a point of view, and a style, and maybe a piece of a fact that fits, now and then. That is all.

A person who defines himself by what he says, when what he says is an uncritical reflection of the beliefs he shares with the groups to which he belongs... which are composed of people much like himself...has a terribly insecure self-image. He has, in short, an identity crisis of the worst kind.

It is axiomatic that the most important determinates of an individual's behavior are first, his income, and second the manner in which it comes in. In
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THE IMAGE AND THE SUBSTANCE (Continued) --

short, the economic substance. What one owns varies in importance with the individual case. If tenure is considered as "owning" a job, which leads to a pension and security, then the same individual may be far less circumspect with tenure than without it. The security afforded him by what he suddenly owns may make a dramatic change in his behavior. And change his self-image, prestige-image and substance-image altogether.

A capitalist, by contrast, owns the means by which his income is generated, and is not obligated to do anything. In one sense, he is free, but in another he cannot reasonably define himself by what he does, since he doesn't have to do it. Wherefore, striking the opposite tack from the neozippie freedom-fighter, he defines himself by what he owns. He has one great advantage: his self-image rests on solid economic substance. He is real and tangible, and if he is dull and grey, a bore and a silly, shallow thinker mouthing inane platitudes, why...all the more reason that he should shape his self-image by what he owns, and what it does.

Since most capital is inherited, the capitalist grows up anticipating his capital, and when the time comes, his personality is already shaped to receive it. One of the decisive influences in his youth is the knowledge that he will be rich, and if this does not influence his self-image (an unlikely case) you may be sure that it influences his prestige-image and substance-image. No one is more keenly aware of his aura of impending wealth than his friends who are not rich, and who will never be rich.

We may finally consider the case of the intellectual, the writer of essays for THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS, HARPERS, ESQUIRE, COMMENTARY and the rest.

They have a unique position, because what they do is coincident with what they think and what they say. In a curious way they have melded economic and social substance.

On the one hand they produce for a market, an act which may require considerable knowledge and a great deal of talent. On the other hand, they may be required, for reasons of social consistency (or ideological purity or intellectual honesty) to write things which will bring in relatively little money. That is, they are not free to sell to just any market. What they own is often little more than the copyrights to their published works, and the books in their reference libraries.

Necessarily, they put great store in their ideas and the expression thereof. "Babbitt" is a term of contempt, because it describes a petit bourgeois as a simple-minded moulder of platitudes. For the intellectual, Babbitt is his total antithesis, because Babbitt defines himself as a seller of real estate and an owner of real property, and furthermore he thinks in the most superficial and shallow manner and is glib but inarticulate.

What Babbitt thinks of intellectuals is totally beside the point. He wouldn't refuse to sell one a house, and he is incapable of offering any valid criticism.

To summarize, then, a man's self-image is based on his substance and his evaluation of that substance. His evaluation of his substance is decisively shaped by the substance-image and prestige-image in a sort of feed-back loop. The substance-image and prestige-image in turn are shaped by the "jury" of peers on the one hand, and the chosen audience on the other. Both the jury and the audience are selected (to the extent that selection is possible) because they will generate favorable images of the subject.

Substance, in turn, is economic and social. Except for certain groups, defined externally--i.e., Negroes, Jews, Overseas Chinese--economic substance is most important, determining what groups you may join and your status (prestige-image) in that group.

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THE IMAGE AND THE SUBSTANCE (Continued) --

Rejecting economic substance, as the so-called counter-culture advocates, leaves one in the position of doing nothing, knowing nothing and owning nothing. This may serve for a short time, but is ultimately psychologically unstable.

Doing nothing is virtually a definition of boredom, and poverty, holy or not, shackles the spirit as sorely as any debt. In time one goes straight as much to be doing something as to eat regularly. Alternatively, boredom may be subdued with drugs, and the individual ends up strung out on speed or heroin. He then ceases to be concerned with anything but his next fix, but his identity is no longer in any doubt.

THE MYSTERY NOOK

BOOK REVIEW (Reviewer, George Fergus) --

Double Kill, by Daniel da Cruz (Fawcett Gold Medal original, 1/73).

At first glance this apparent first novel looks like another of the mafia books that have been inundating the news-stands since the success of The Godfather. Actually it's about a convicted murderer who somehow manages to avoid the urge to become a government agent. He becomes a millionaire instead. But at first he has enough trouble trying to get out of prison and clear himself of the false charge that sent him there. After five years in stir, he gains the help of a lawyer who convinces him to marry the girl who was the principal witness against him so she can't testify at his new trial.

Some elements of the silly spy movie are present, such as the lawyer being a lovely lady who can't wait to get our hero into bed. But the author comes up with a novel reason for her unseemly haste that raises the book a bit above the level in which the overwhelming sexual magnetism of the hero is de rigueur.

Suffice it to say that the plot thickens, and the hero is not sure whether he has inherited a fortune or everyone is conspiring against him. The butler doesn't do it, but he comes close. Recommended if you don't mind a certain amount of sex and violence.

CLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS --

BOOK REVIEWS -- By Hibbard James (WASH STAR): Inspector West Takes Charge, by John Creasey (Chas. Scribner's Sons; 208 pp.; \$5.95; 1st pub. in England in '42; 1st in series of 43 books about Roger ("Handsome") West; "fast moving story of crooks versus the Yard and West . . . one of the best, and that means it's tops"); First a Murder, by John Creasey (David McKay; 206 pp.; \$4.95; Superintendent Folly story; "full of twist and double-crosses . . . another Creasey winner"); The Toff and the Trip-Trip-Triplets, by John Creasey (Walker & Co.; 190 pp.; \$5.95; about one of Creasey's earliest creations, "a kind of cross between Lord Peter Wimsey and the Saint", the Toff; "routine Creasey"); Gideon's Men, by John Creasey (Harper & Row; 184 pp.; \$5.95; starring Commander Gideon, "by all odds the best and solidest of his characters"). ## By Betty James (WASH STAR): The Rocksbury Railroad Murders, by K.C. Constantine (Sat. Review Press; 188 pp.; \$5.95; Introducing chief-of-police Mario Balzic; "dialogue is so good it might have been tape-recorded, the characterizations . . . superb . . . an impressive debut."); Smokescreen, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row; 213 pp.; \$5.95; "devotes more time to the movie-star hero's prolonged agony in the blazing South African sun than to his investigation of hanky panky in the stables of a dying friend"); The Thieftaker, by J.G. Jeffreys (Walker; 191 pp.; \$4.95; Bow Street Runner Jeremy Sturrock deftly solves a crime, but book is "rather hard going" because of, among other things, author's "attempt to recreate an 18th century style").