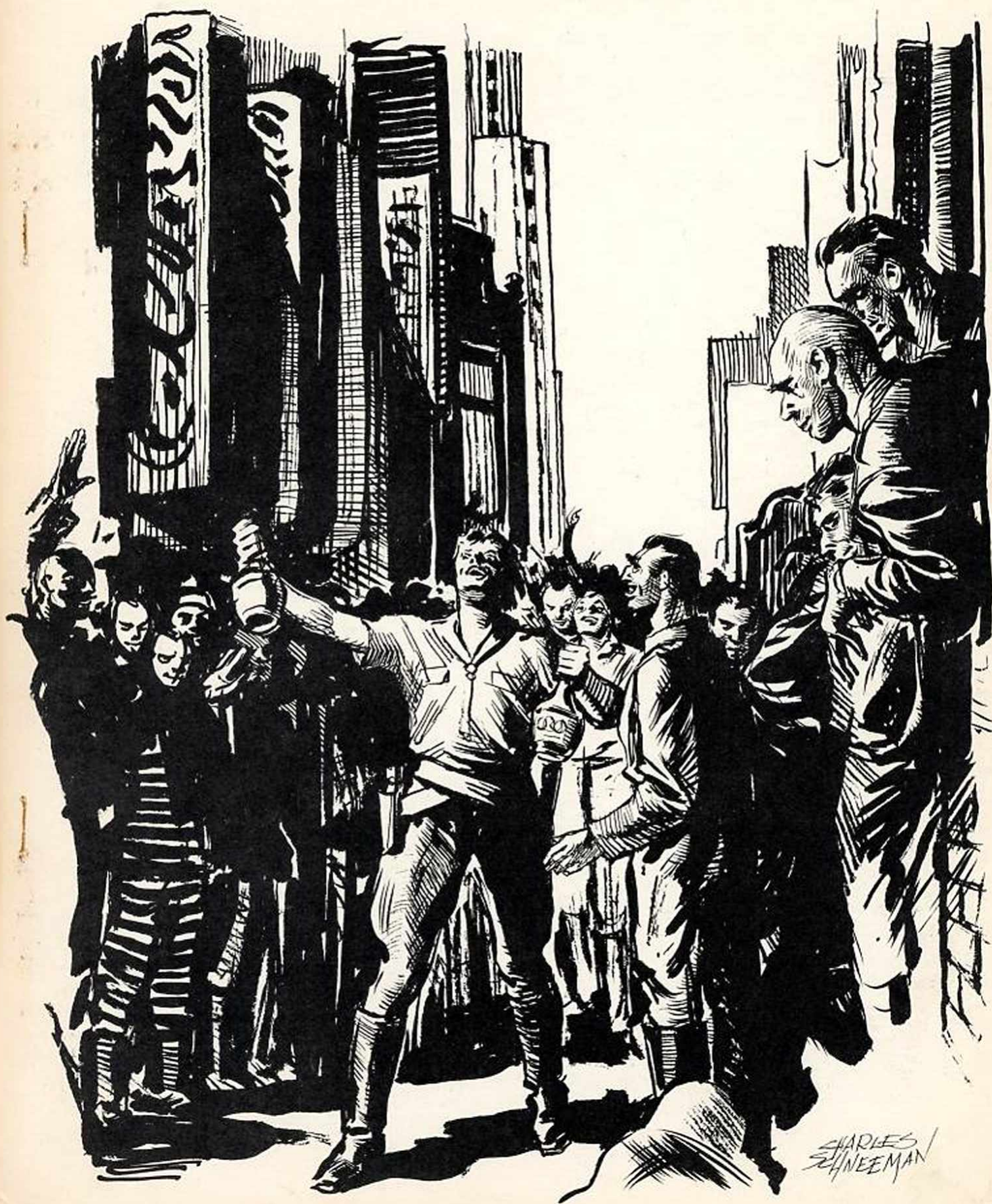


# SHANGRI LA



Our cover:

CHARLES SCHNEEMAN is well known to the older fans. His illustrations first appeared in ASTOUNDING in '35 and continued to be present, rather infrequently, until '39-'42, when he took the magazine by storm. Besides innumerable short stories and novelettes, he illustrated Grey Lensmen, Final Blackout, Slam and Sixth Column. The cover this issue is an illustration which he originally did for Grey Lensmen, showing Kinnison as "Wild Bill". He did two such pictures and then sent in the one which he thought to be the best, at the time--that picture appeared in the October '39 ASTOUNDING--but then decided that he'd been mistaken and that the other (this one) was the best; so he kept it, the only one of his early illustrations which he has saved. Mr. Schneeman is currently working on the art staff of the Denver Post; he does the Sunday Supplement layout. Good news, though: He has some illustrations coming up in Astounding.

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Comment:

Need we state that any opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or publishers of this magazine? While we're at it, we apologize in advance for the slip-shodness on the physical make-up level, which we're sure will be present.

ARTHUR JEAN COX

DAVE LESPERANCE

SHANGRI-LA is the official publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, and is issued from its address at 1305 W. Ingraham, Los Angeles 17. All letters should be sent to Forrest J Ackerman at 236 1/2 North New Hampshire and this includes subscriptions. This magazine costs 15¢, we believe, but if you're an associate member--or even a regular member--you get it f r e e !!!

## PIPSQUEAK PROMETHEUS:

Some Remarks on the Writings of L. Ron Hubbard

By William Blackbeard

"De L'audace. de l'audace. et toujours de l'audace!"

--Danton

1.

Steve Fisher, in a Writer's Yearbook article written several years ago, mentions, among other fixtures noted in the New York office of the editor of one of the less lurid pulps, a "picture of L. Ron Hubbard in a pith helmet." A member of the Explorer's Club and one of the most prolific producers of pulp fiction alive today, Hubbard's picture was probably as basic a furnishing in many an editorial sanctum as the reject box, and the pith helmet almost certain as integral a part of each as Hubbard's hearty dedication and flowing signature.

Nothing I have read in a fairly extensive survey of Hubbard's science-fiction and fantasy writing made in preparation for the brief critical commentary to be made in these pages has led me to discard Hubbard's pith helmet as a vital portion of my mental portrait of the author. As a matter of fact, especially as the material read approaches the present in point of publication, I am more and more presented, as I conceive of Hubbard in the abstract, with a grotesquely swollen pith helmet alone, a pith helmet which has enveloped the man.

I have purposely limited myself, as implied above, to Hubbard's science-fiction and fantasy as a basis for these remarks, inasmuch as his writings in these allied fields, however prolific and repetitious, can alone in his work be considered sufficiently serious in intent to qualify as vehicles of genuine analytical value. Nothing else he has done in fiction is as apt to present as consistent and clear a pattern of Hubbard's thinking, philosophy, and conscious or subconscious attitudes. Ordinarily an author deserving of no more than an idle half hour of one's spare time (I will exempt the really superior Fear from the general application of this statement, as well as the opening chapters of Final Blackout), and no serious attention at all, Hubbard has assured a certain notoriety and eminence in the not quite adjacent but mutually familiar worlds of science and science-fiction with the publication of his pinacee universelle, Dianetics. I shall make little or no comment on that volume here; that is not the purpose of this article. Hubbard has guarded too well against frontal assaults on the text of Dianetics: He postulates the existence of engrams, unconscious memory retentions from painful occurrences in the pre-

natal stage and periods of unconsciousness preceded by pain in the post-natal, which restrain and hamper the actions and reflections of the individual), in everyone, then ingeniously points out that anyone criticizing or attacking the conclusions reached in the book must have been led to do so by his engrams, thus closing, on the level of his theory, all refutation and most creative debate. Characteristically, however, Hubbard's ego has led him to overlook his most obviously exposed flank--that of his personal standing as a creative artist and thinker. He has failed to consider that the status of his work in Dianetics might be challenged by an examination of his work in fields outside Dianetics, and, by analysis extended through that work, of the nature of his qualifications for serious work on any high creative or scientific level whatsoever. Conclusions derived from such a project and backed with sufficient evidence and example can hardly be termed engrammatic in origin--not, at least, successfully, inasmuch as nothing but accepted literary values, a little insight, and some known facts need be used as the basis for the analysis. It is just such an examination and analysis, short though it must necessarily be in this space, that I propose to make here.

Hubbard-Englehardt-von Rachen-Lafayette's first science fiction story, "The Dangerous Dimension," was a short and appeared in ASTOUNDING Science Fiction for July, 1938. Editor Campbell's blurb for the story stated that "a name well known to adventure readers makes its first appearance in ASTOUNDING," and it is plain that Campbell, casting about for the sort of writers who could "trim" stories to the "smoothness" he desired, thought that he had garnered one such in Hubbard. This initial work, brief though it is and hastily written, contains in seedling form nearly every point which I wish to make about Hubbard's writing, points which later grew to become monstrously evident in most of his major fiction and sent clotting branches into nearly everything else he wrote.

These points are of primal import in evaluating Hubbard as a thinker, a creator, and a researcher. Is a man, for example, who always thinks in terms of stereotyped images usually of much real value in any of these functions? Certain not. Yet it is precisely in such images that Hubbard thinks continually; they are clearly evidenced in this initial science-fiction story, they are almost never absent from a chapter, a page, and paragraph, of his writings and this includes the writing in Dianetics. Hubbard's literary talent, for the most part, consists in an extraordinarily facile ability to revamp infinitely a small number of stereotyped characters, plots, and settings which are basic to his imaginative processes; he has only rarely and very clumsily attempted to rise above this level of creation. In "The Dangerous Dimension" we find a brilliant, absent-minded, unimaginative, shy, and unworldly scientist, Dr. Henry Mudge. With slight variations, Mudge becomes one of the two Hubbard hero stereotypes, who are found throughout the work to follow. Mudge is endowed with a miraculous power, the exercise of which whisks him about from place to place. Again, with variations, this becomes one of the two or three theme stereotypes in Hubbard's science-fantasy. Mr. Mudge is taken care of by a female housekeeper, Mrs. Doolin, who mothers him through the

the prostitute, enters this story briefly as the central figure in one of the more unique of the generally rather obvious locales to which Mudge wills himself: she is the woman on the houseboat in the Martian canal. At the conclusion of the story, a metamorphosis of the house-keeper-mother stereotype into that of the prostitute is implied in the sudden fawning of Mrs. Doolin in the presence of the new, authoritative Mudge and her use of the term "dear" in addressing him.\* The change in Mudge himself, of course, is complete; he evolves in the fairy tale manner, from the basically decent, helpless "prince" kept by enchantment in a lowly state, where he must endure lashings every day, in a twinkling to a position of proud and respected authority. It is these two figures, at the antipodes of stock pulp fiction characterization, which dominate Hubbard's science-fiction and fantasy writing. It is the meek, humbled, brow-beaten character who takes Hubbard's sympathy; it is only his transition into the strong, dominating, self-sufficient individual, or his rescue by such an individual, which can save him from himself and his environment. Hubbard's understanding and compassion are reserved for the former stereotype; his respect and worship for the latter.

To analyze this matter of stereotypes further, since it is basic to our arriving at an understanding of Hubbard, we find that repeated standard procedures and methods of developing and delineating ideas, which are themselves usually standard stereotypes, occur at all levels of the creative process in his work. An outstanding example and one of significance in itself which we find in "The Dangerous Dimension" is the stock comic strip "socker" with which Hubbard verbally delineates the transition of Mudge from one locale to another. This is, ridiculously but characteristically enough, the single word, "whup!" Mudge's own terminology for this speedy switching of backgrounds, repeated only slightly less often in the story than "whup!" is "zip!" The use of similar "sockers" for like purposes occurs noticeably in "The Professor is a Thief,"\*\* (in the terms, "WHOOOosh," and, conversely, "whooOOSH!") and in "The Obsolete Weapon," (in the word "BOWIE!"). These terms are significant inasmuch as repeated stereotypes they are indicative of Hubbard's apparent conviction that all transitions or accomplishments of an essentially miraculous or wish-fulfilling nature are abrupt, swiftly executed, and absolute. The procedure by which Hubbard has his characters achieve a supernatural goal or transition in his stories is, as a rule, swift and sudden; the achieved position or condition is nearly always irrevocable, unchangable. It does become revocable only when, as in the case of Mike de Wolf's immersion in Horace Hackett's novel in Typewriter in the Sky, it is absolutely necessary to give the story a properly "happy" ending. Thus the initial impression we gain of a mind tending toward an almost

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\*It has been suggested by an acquaintance of mine that Hubbard may have dropped out to lunch between the first and second halves of "The Dangerous Dimension" and that the woman who was a housekeeper in the opening pages may have become, after a sandwich, milk, and some thoughts on a theme in Excalibur, Mudge's wife in the closing sequences. A not unlikely thesis, by blue! WB

\*\*A bibliography of Hubbard's stories in Astounding and UNKNOWN is appended to this article. WB

rabid partiality for the fixed and definitively bounded conception through the recognition of the constant recurrence of stereotypes in Hubbard's work is strengthened by the nature of certain of those stereotypes themselves.

As a brief digression at this point, some consideration might profitably be devoted to anticipation of the most obvious defense, at least, which may be offered by Hubbard and, perhaps, certain of his most ardent readers and devotees, in reply to the statements and inferences in this article. This, almost certainly, will be that Hubbard, frankly a voluminous and indefatigable producer of hack pulp fiction, takes little or no interest in the work by which he earns his bread and deliberately utilizes stereotypes as a method of simplifying his productive procedure. Hubbard himself has frequently derided his own fiction, including his major science-fiction and fantasy works, in private conversation, stating that he cares little or nothing for anything he writes for money and that the bulk of it is deliberately formula. That this is primarily a pose designed to escape criticism for failings which Hubbard may vaguely sense exist in even those stories to whose preparation and composition he has palpably directed the most conscious and careful effort of which he is capable, is, I feel, readily, if not concretely, demonstrable in those stories themselves. Certainly those of us who pretend to any artistic sensitivity at all are capable as a rule, I think, of divining in a work that excitement and pleasure communicated by the author, often unconsciously, when he has been absorbed and fascinated by a theme and its delineation, just as we are capable of sensing the purely mechanical process of "creation" which produces the specifically hackneyed type of story which Hubbard claims to be his only production on the pulp fiction level. That many of his stories obviously bear the water-marks of this latter method of production is undeniable and obvious. Among these are the Unknown novel length fantasies, Slaves of Sleep, The Ghoul, Death's Demand, The Ultimate Adventure, The Indigestible Triton, and, despite the evident enjoyment Hubbard had in writing it, the clumsily-titled Case of the Friendly Corpse, the Astounding Science-Fiction novels, The Tarn, General Swamp, C.I.C., and To The Stars, as well as many short stories in these and other magazines, notably the reprehensible "Doc Methusalem" series currently appearing in Astounding. That certain other stories clearly do not bear these watermarks, but rather present every sign of an attempt to produce an outstanding and lasting work, those ideas had moved and inspired the author deeply, is equally evident. These stories are, in my opinion, specifically the Unknown novels Fear and Typewriter in The Sky and the Astounding novels Final Black-out and The End Is Not Yet. Yet the fact that these latter stories are constructed on much the same stereotyped characters and story lines as the specifically and clearly hack material underlines my basic contention at this point: that Hubbard's thinking is inescapably bound to pre-conceived, unquestioned, and ironclad patterns, images, and attitudes of thought, whether he is consciously aware of it or not. Thus the initial and basic objection which Hubbard is most likely to make to serious analysis of his pulp science and fantasy fiction is, I feel, not only not valid to the sensitive and thinking reader, but clearly indicative of a basic aspect of the Hubbard Character: inability to accept responsibility for an action or postulated thought

in which the author senses the possibility of an opening for a critical wedge. Rather than face a debate in which something he has produced may be attacked or analyzed disparagingly, Hubbard will attempt to sidestep the entire issue either by dismissing it as a thing beneath discussion: i.e., as in the case of his fiction, viewing it as nothing but contemptible trash in order to disarm criticism in advance; or, as in the case of Dianetics, establishing a simple postulate based on the totality of meaning implied by the sum of all the postulates advanced in the body of his idea so that the critic, in presenting negative commentary on any portion of the idea, proves himself erratic in direct ratio to the extent of his negative attitude: in short, anyone who does not see the light in this idea must be unable to do so because he is partially or wholly in the dark, and, from Hubbard's carefully defended position, he seems hoisted by his own petard.

To return to the general course of the discussion, it should be stated, to further evolve the points in making, that Hubbard is not a good writer. That this is so is not a result of his deliberate pulp orientation, for there is a style of writing that is specifically of the major pulp producers of the past twenty years--in that of Norvell W. Page (Grant Stockbridge, William J. Makin, etc.), Raymond Chandler, Lester Dent (Kenneth Robeson), Frederick Faust (Max Brand, etc.), Cornell Woolrich (William Irish), E. Hoffman Price (Silk Ali Hassan, etc.), and John D. MacDonald, to name a few. The work of all these writers is slick, swift, and packs a punch. It is first-rate pulp. Hubbard's, in contrast, is solvenly, ill-paced (meandering at one point and breaking into a halting gallop at another for no apparent reason), confused, and possesses a tendency to telegraph what little punch it is able to develop. This is possibly due in part to Hubbard's self-admittedly breakneck method of composition, as a result of which he is excelled by few in the swift and able production of saleable fiction; possibly it is also partly the result of undue influence upon his work of the styles of certain "classic" authors, notably Dickens, which brings about, particularly in his more serious science-fiction and fantasy, the frequent introduction of an uncertain style in his work, not quite "literary," not quite pulp. In any case, a passage selected at random from Hubbard's work (it is a pity that in the small space I have here that I cannot quote many more to illustrate specific points) will serve to emphasize my meaning. This paragraph is from The End Is Not Yet (Astounding, Oct., 1947, page 108). Try and grasp the meaning expressed here in the initial reading; I couldn't, and have yet to find anyone who could.

"A few days later Martel was seated in the laboratory behind some large converted transformers doing some basic calculations for additional uses of the magnificent jinni he had discovered and, to some degree, bound to him with mathematical oaths. The small desk was rickety and high, its top sloping toward him. The light over it was dim and an old quill scratched, in ancient style over problems well in advance of modern. So deep was he in his calculations that he did not immediately recognize the hustle and wrangle which was coming to him through his abstraction and then at last he looked up, peered through two enormous transformers and stared."

## A MESSAGE FROM THE OUTLANDER SOCIETY

Since this May issue of Shaggy will be the last before the Westercon, I finally decided it was time to devote something better than a few lines. My own personal introduction to fandom was through the Westercon of 1948. There I met a lot of people, became involved in the intricacies of joining L.A.S.F.S. and founding the nucleus of the Outlanders.

A lot can happen to one in fandom in one year, if you are active. Last year's Westercon saw me running around like mad during the day, trying to be helpful, meeting more people, and learning what it is to really enjoy a Conference.

This year, I am Chairlady of the Westercon. I write this with mixed emotions. I'm proud, fearful, anxious, and a bit arrogant about it. I'm told I'm the first Chairlady for a Conference. Is that good? Yes! So, at the last Outlander meeting, I came prepared with notes. With a great deal of bravado that I didn't feel I started giving orders.

"Len, you are in charge of the auction and the fan-artist contest. Stan, John and Rick will assist you. Here's the time table for your events. Dot, you are in charge of the letters to our guest speakers, and publicity. Alan, you will take care of the Round Table discussion. Stan, can I depend upon you for the printed material that we need? O.K.!"

And so on. For two hours we tried to whip a schedule into shape, and with the passing minutes, I began to see yawning chasms before me. So much to do, so little experience, and we are but eight members, and one is in Minnesota.

Westercon III will be on June 18, 1950, at the Knights of Pythias Hall at 617 Venice Blvd. in downtown L.A. (Same place as last year.) The session will begin at 10 A.M. and last all day. Admission free. Fans and non-fans invited. It will feature many well-known guest speakers, from among the local writers, scientists, fans; an auction of original art work from the prozines; a fan-artist contest, with art work submitted from fandom all over the country; a round table discussion on the latest in science and fantasy fiction; and if time permits, another showing of the Palomar film on the 'Big Eye'. And if we can think of anything else, that, too!

We want you to come and bring any interested friends. We want you to have a wonderful time. If you come, please feel free to asky any of the Outlanders anything that may be on your mind. If we can't help you, maybe we can direct you to someone that can. We expect that there'll be someone who knows the answer to your questions among the gathering.

Help us make the Westercon a terrific success. Without you and you it will be nothing. See you then!!!

Freddie Hershey,  
(Chairlady, God help her!)

"JUST

A

MINUTE!"

By Secretary Dave Lesperance

### 667 Meeting

Forry read a letter from Curtiss Mitchell, the editor of the new magazine called FANTASY FICTION, laying down his policy. The reason he did not give out any advance information on the magazine, Mitchell said, was because he wanted to develop his policy from precedent without advice, possibly unsound, coming before the magazine was on its feet.

Walt Daugherty mentioned that last week's Fibber McGee show had revolved about the premise that a flying disk had landed in the Fibber's yard. This precipitated a discussion about the whole subject of the flying saucers. Against those who say that the flying disks are a product of mass hysteria, Russ Hodgkins told of a disk that was observed over an U.S. Air Force Base at Albuquerque, New Mexico. This disk was watched for a considerable period of time by a large number of officers and men who are decidedly not of the lunatic fringe.

### 668 Meeting

It was learned that Harvard University has a science-fiction series in production at their school radio station, W H R B, and that they'd like to adapt some of the stories Ray Bradbury has written. Unfortunately, they can't pay anything...

Oh well, Bradbury is probably in the market now for those things that money can't buy.

There is a lot of news in the publishing world. Forry announced that there is going to be a slick science-fiction magazine on the stands soon. Forry couldn't tell us what the name of it was, nor who edited it, but he did say that it was a magazine that was already in existence, and that it was a monthly. Then the masterminds got to work. Somebody pointed out that Astounding and the Ziff-Davis pulps were the only monthlies on the market. Well, from there it was only a moments work to deduct that Amazing was the magazine that was going slick. It will, of course, be edited by Howard Browne.

EEEvans told of the new professional fantasy magazine that will be published in Cuba, starting this may.

In the near future, Gnome Press will bring out the first of a projected series of five books, covering the whole cycle of Conan the conqueror, as described by Robert W. Howard. At the time of their appearance, these stories were among the most popular of the Weird Tales of a decade and a half ago.

Rick Sneary pointed out that science-fiction popularity, and hence publishing, seems to run in surprisingly orderly cycles. Rick said that you can see that the low points of the cycles came in 1926, 1936, and 1946. The high points came in 1930 and 1940. And of course there is one around right now, in 1950.

### 670 Meeting

Walt announced that an excursion of Midwestern fans of their way to Portland would blow into Los Angeles on the twenty-eighth of the month of August, and leave the thirtieth of the same month. He got this information from Bob Tucker, who is getting up the trip.

There was sad, sad news. Forry announced that John W. Campbell Jr. is no longer science-fiction editor of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Nevertheless, CBS is going ahead with programs in the genre. We can expect to hear an adaption of Lester del Rey's "Over the Top" on that network May 20.

Forrest J. Ackerman has had the first dianotic dream. Since practically all of the club members were interested in what it could have been, Forry gave us a brief run-down of the scenario.

A number of the visitors of the club tonight came exclusively to find out what we knew about Dianotics. Almost all of the club members had an opinion of the subject, so a long discussion of the pros and cons of this now so-called science followed.

### 671 Meeting

Rick Sneary announced that there is going to be a science-fiction magazine soon in Australia. Most of its material will come from fan artists and writers from down under. Rick also read a letter he received from a vice-president or something of NBC. This came in response to a letter he sent them concerning their production of "The Green Hills of Earth." This official (I believe he was the producer of the program) seemed quite interested in Rick's criticism and comment. He declared that Rick's letter should help to make the radio version of Bob Heinlein's story excellently done when it hits the airwaves soon.

It was learned that Gnome Press, one of the leading semi-professional publishing houses, is going to bring out a sf magazine in the near future.

The club members and Forry Ackerman participated in a quiz which was designed to test our science-fictional vocabularies. Further quizzes of this type will appear in one of the new crop of sf mags, because the editor feels that a little practice with the terms of science-fiction will make reading of the genre easier to a neophyte.

### 672 Meeting

Gene mentioned that he had received a letter from Mel Corshack of the Shasta Press, concerning a news item in the Cosmic Reporter's column in Fantasy Times. Gene had reported that a Hollywood studio has purchased the motion picture rights to "Who Goes There." This interested Shasta Press because they claim they own the movie rights to that story. Gene referred them to John W. Campbell Jr., so they can get it straight from the horse's mouth.

## ANALYSIS IN WONDERLAND

COMPARATIVE STANDINGS OF TOP AUTHORS  
IN POST-WAR SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES

Do this, will you? Write down on this page the top five science fiction authors (not fantasy) of short stories (anything under novel length is considered as a short story). Rate them according to your personal preference, not according to what other people are supposed to think. Rate the authors on quality times output. (One swallow does not a summer make, also, 250 trashy stories do not put an author up there by virtue of quantity alone). Are you clear on this? Ready!

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_

Now forget about the foregoing list. Do not mail it to anyone. It will be used later on, be sure of that, but it is important to your enjoyment of this article, and a good check on my method of arriving at conclusions, if you complete it before reading further.

For some time the writer has been interested in the relative standing of science fiction authors as regards the quantity of material that has been reprinted in book form. It took Forrest J Ackerman to spur the writer into action. The indefatigable Forrest made a compilation of every science fiction story that has been printed in 1. General anthologies in hard covers  
2. Pocket book anthologies ~~in~~ hard covers  
3. One-man anthologies in hard covers  
4. Compendiums

Then the tabulating work started. Here are the results

- I. The top five authors with the greatest number of published stories (stories reprinted twice count for two times):

1.	A. E. van Vogt	25
2.	Frank Belknap Long	24
Tie 3.	Donald Wandrei	23
	Stanley Weinbaum	23
Tie 5.	L. Sprague de Camp	20
	Robert Heinlein	20
	Theodore Sturgeon	20
	Ray Bradbury	20

Eliminating duplications of stories anthologized twice or more:

The top five authors with the greatest number of different stories are:

1.	L. Sprague de Camp	20
	Frank Belknap Long	20
Tie 3.	A. E. van Vogt	19
	Donald Wandrei	19
Tie 5.	Henry Kuttner, Murray Leinster,	
	Claire Winger Harris, and Ralph Milne Farley	17

II. What would the standings of the authors be if we counted general anthologies only, and left out their own collections? The places change quite radically! Including re-reprints:

	1. Henry Kuttner	17
	2. Robert Heinlein	14
	3. A.E. van Vogt	13
Tie	4. Murray Leinster	11
	Ray Bradbury	11

Removing duplications we find:

	1. Henry Kuttner	16
Tie	2. Robert Heinlein	12
	A. E. van Vogt	12
	4. Murray Leinster	11
Tie	5. Ray Bradbury	9
	Theodore Sturgeon	9

III. What about the number of books the various science fiction authors have appeared in (short stories and novelettes only)?

	Including personal anthology		General anthology only	
1. Henry Kuttner	13	1. Henry Kuttner	13	
Tie 2. Theodore Sturgeon	11	Tie 2. Theodore Sturgeon	10	
Murray Leinster	11	Murray Leinster	10	
Tie 4. A. E. van Vogt	10	Tie 4. A. E. van Vogt	9	
Robert Heinlein	10	Robert Heinlein	9	
		Frank Bolknap Long	9	

IV. Which stories have been anthologized the most often? Stop NOW and think of your favorite. Committed yourself? OK.

1. A Martian Odyssey	Stanley Weinbaum	4
Tie 2. Far Centaurus	A. E. van Vogt	3
The Million Year Picnic	Ray Bradbury	3
The Adaptive Ultimate	Stanley Weinbaum	3
The Green Hills of Earth	Robert Heinlein	3
A Baby on Neptune	Claire Winger Harris & Miles J. Breuer	3
The Lotus Eaters	Stanley Weinbaum	3

V. OK now. Which top authors have had the most number of stories anthologized more than once? Obviously, from the preceding. The top man is 1. Stanley Weinbaum with 7!

Tie 2. Ray Bradbury	5
A. E. van Vogt	5
Tie 4. Donald Wandrei	4
Theodore Sturgeon	4
Robert Heinlein	4
Frank Bolknap Long	4

However, take away the personal anthologies, and what have you got? A four place tie for first.

Robert Heinlein, Ray Bradbury, Claire Winger Harris & Miles J. Breuer, and Clark Ashton Smith 2 each.

VI. It is the practice of some anthologists to include an author more than once in a general anthology. Who have had two or more stories printed in a single general anthology the most times? 1. (Tie) Henry Kuttner, A.E. van Vogt, Ray Bradbury (3 books) 4. Robert Heinlein (2 books)

VII. We're almost through with tabular results, but we had one more compilation to make. Remember when Robert Heinlein had four stories in one general anthology (a record, by the way.) We were curious to see what would happen if we took the number of stories an author has had printed in general anthologies, and divided that number by the number of books that author has been represented in. We have a heretofore unmentioned person in first place.

Author	Specific density
1. John W. Campbell Jr.	1.66
2. Robert Heinlein	1.56
3. A. E. van Vogt	1.45
Tie 4. Ray Bradbury	1.38
Tie 5. Henry Kuttner	1.33
L. Sprague de Camp	1.33
Raymond F. Jones	1.33

NOW. After all these tabulations, we naturally wondered what good they were. Can you tab an author's worth or popularity with an adding machine? Maybe not, but we made a test anyway. We added up the number of times an author had been mentioned in each of the above rating categories. Results:

Tie 1. A. E. van Vogt	10
Robert Heinlein	10
3. Ray Bradbury	8
4. Henry Kuttner	7
5. Theodore Sturgeon	6

We then took their relative rankings and figured them Analytical Lab style. (If an author wasn't mentioned we figured him for sixth place, unless only four or less people were in a category)

1. A. E. van Vogt	2.727
2. Robert Heinlein	3.273
3. Henry Kuttner	3.455
4. Ray Bradbury	3.818
Tie 5. Murray Leinster	4.636
Stanley G. Weinbaum	4.636
Frank Belknap Long	4.636

A combined rating of the two would produce:

1. van Vogt
2. Heinlein
3. Kuttner
4. Bradbury
5. Sturgeon
Leinster
Weinbaum
Long

We made a test. Before these results were read to the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, we asked all members present to select their favourite S-F authors, just as you were asked to do at the beginning of this article. Their results, averaged out, tallied exactly with the results we arrived at here, both as to persons involved and as to their relative position. The only exception was that Sturgeon led all his tie-ees for fifth place.

Obviously, this tabulation bears no value in and of itself. It merely reflects, and fairly accurately, I believe, the popularity of the authors with anthologizers, who, it may be presumed, buy stories based on the authors' and their stories' popularity with science fiction readers. By the way, these tabulations are as of 6/1/50, and include definitely forthcoming books whose contents are definitely known. Write back about this.

(Continued from page 6)

This incomprehensible gibberish is typical of much that passes for writing in Hubbard's works; there are worse passages (particularly in Dianetics) but this was selected because of its ready availability (as the opening paragraph of the third part of The End Is Not Yet), its compactness and its illustration of Hubbard's disconcerting mixing in his style of images and mannerisms derived from "classic" fiction with more mundane pulpisms. (In this case, as in much of The End Is Not Yet, Dickens is the chief influence: note the rickety desk and the quill pen, which have no logical place in the story, either as picturesque details or contrast of the atmosphere of the past with that of the highly modern laboratories and factory which serve as much of the novel's background; Martel, in such an environment, would not use a quill pen or a rickety desk any more than he would work under a "dim light.") It is amusing, in passing, to note that the first sentence Hubbard had in print in a science-fiction or fantasy magazine (the opening paragraph, italicized, in "The Dangerous Dimension"), contains a gross grammatical error. To conclude this point, however, it seems a reasonable assumption that Hubbard's style of writing is clumsy, makeshift, and erratic because the author's thought-processes are likewise clumsy, makeshift, and erratic. Uncertain of an idea, uncertain of a conception, sure only that if he pounds long enough at it and hard enough at it on his typewriter that it will shortly emerge in some form of reasonably toothsome malarkey, he has never consistently had occasion to follow a thought to its ultimate and logical conclusions, to pick and worry an idea until it has yielded up its loveliest and most useful treasures, to discard the obvious and stereotyped aspect of a conception initially, as of little consequence, and begin an immediate delving beneath the surface of the apparent. Thus we have "Doc Methusalem," Thus we have The Ghoul, The Case of the Friendly Corpse, To The Stars, and a hundred other quarter or two-fifths realized potboilers. Not thus, but by some reverse application of the procedures inferred above, some breaking through of the phlegmatic, impervious, conditioned "creative" crust, some miraculous revelation of true potentialities, we have Fear. But there has been only one Fear in Hubbard's work; it was clearly a fluke, unlikely, it would seem to happen again. Perhaps it will be different with a "cleared" Hubbard; we shall see. But this article is about the essentially "uncleared" Hubbard, the Hubbard who wrote the great volume of pulp fiction reviewed for these remarks, the Hubbard who wrote Dianetics.

A few words now about those three or four works of fiction in which Hubbard felt an interest and creative pleasure considerably beyond that involved in the production of his average science-fiction or fantasy story. First, the really quite good Fear, the inexplicably, impossibly good Fear. I am not sure but that I may read more depth and sensitivity into Fear than actually exists there; the novel is perhaps little more than better than average weird fiction, complete with standard ghouls and ghasties--yet I feel that there is a novel that not only preceded the recent school of novels of psychological analysis, most popularly developed in such works as Charles Jackson's The Lost Weekend, Carleton Brown's Brainstorm, and Mary Jane Webb's The Snake Pit, but is better than any of them. It offers a picture of the insane mind that is genuinely chilling and completely convincing. It abounds in imaginative images of the most unusual and unfor-

gettable variety--no stereotypes here--and builds to a climax of true potency. The writing throughout is adequate and frequently more than adequate to the theme. I was more impressed by this novel than any other I read in the first two years of Unknown, with the exception of None But Lucifer, so that perhaps I am unduly biased in its favor; however, I feel that it is an outstanding work of its kind and perhaps the only piece of writing of Hubbard's works that will survive him. Typewriter in the Sky, another Unknown novel, takes up an eternally delightful theme and works some really original variations on it. The writing is only so-so, and the plausibility of the characters, who are all stereotypes, nil. Yet there is a feeling of good fun and high comic spirits in the novel which seems to work like yeast on the unleavened dough which seems to serve Hubbard with his usual plot material, and one frequently senses a mind aroused to curiosity and apt to make specific inquiries into the nature of things--as in the superb conclusion to Typewriter in the Sky. "Up there? God? In a dirty bathrobe?"--an aspect unusual in Hubbard's fiction. Still, it is a minor work, and not of much serious significance. Final Blackout begins as a sketch, a vivid delineation of military life on the blackened fields of war, rising in the early chapters to a delineation of this type of life equalled only in such novels as Crane's The Red Badge of Courage and Henri Barbusse's Le Feu, yet it blots and fades in the middle and ends into a pointless, rambling Odyssey in which one man, the "Lieutenant," plays God and, invincible to the end, carves for himself out of the hulk of war-devastated England a throne upon which he may receive from the entire populace of that country the same homage and worship he received from his men on the battlefields of Europe. This is not, of course, the avowed purpose of the Lieutenant, but is subconsciously Hubbard's, and its emergence into the developing course of Final Blackout ruins the novel, logically and artistically. We can accept the invincibility of the Lieutenant--within limits--on the battlefield, where his survival after years of combat has clearly proven him a splendid and capable soldier, but that this invincibility can casually be transferred in application to the solution and downing of any obstacle is beyond our ability to take. It is Doc Savage, it is Superman, but it is not lasting literature. In The End Is Not Yet, a sloppy, incoherent novel, in which we find the French city of Biarritz, a major locale in the story, located on the Mediterranean (actually it is on the Bay of Biscay, halfway across southern France from the Cote d'Azur) and stock Frenchmen, Irishmen, Russians, etc., of the most stereotyped and prejudice-sustaining type, we meet the invincible man theme again, as we have met it directly and by inference in dozens upon dozens of Hubbard's short stories and novels before. As pointed out earlier in these remarks, this individual is one of Hubbard's two principle hero-stereotypes, and the savior or goal of the other. The character we discover in Charles Martel is basic to Hubbard's imaginative creation--it is the man who dominates, who solves, heals, destroys evil and that unworthy of survival, bestows justice in judgment, gives noble quarter, is loved by a single good woman is attractive to all bad ones, and who receives the honor and worship and respect to which people--his people, whom he has protected and saved--instinctively and rightfully ascribe is his. It is the dream-Hubbard, the ego-maniac's vision idealized in fantasy. It is the basis of all Hubbard's adult action and is his ultimate goal, however un-

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The Professor Was A Thief, February, 1940  
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The Kurt von Rachen series: The Idealist, July 1940; The Kilken-ny Cats, September, 1940; The Traitor, June 1941; The Mutineers, April, 1941; The Rebels, February, 1942.

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All the above are from Astounding SCIENCE FICTION; below, UNKNOWN:

The Ultimate Adventure, novel, April, 1939  
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Slaves of Sleep, novel, July, 1939  
The Ghoul, novel, August, 1939  
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Fear, novel, July, 1940  
The Devil's Rescue, October, 1940  
Typewriter In The Sky, serial, November, December, 1940  
The Crossroads, January, 1941  
The Case of the Friendly Corpse, August, 1941; novel  
Borrowed Glory, October, 1941  
The Room, April, 1942

(Note: It has been conjectured that W. MacFarlane, who wrote How Can You Lose? (January, '49) and To Watch The Watchers (June, '49) is a pseudonym of LRH, but conclusive evidence is lacking. AJC)

achievable it is in logic and likelihood and how very unknown to his conscious mind.

In this aspect of Hubbard, in which we find our final understanding of his personality and character. I believe it is possible to postulate the source of this self-obsessed nature--not in engrams, certainly--in what has probably been his subconscious desire to create a work of genuine and lasting artistic or practical worth, for which he is subconsciously convinced he is incapable. This desire and opposing conviction he does not dare reveal to himself in its naked actuality, so that he has buried it and developed a thick protective sheathing against criticism (with which he might subconsciously and despairingly agree) and has sought to achieve his subconscious goal in various, usually abortive activities. This has led to his "exploring," to his "studies" in hypnotism, to his postulation of Dianetic "therapy," to his insufferable ego (see the Introduction to the book edition of Final Blackout, for a prime example of this), to his Major Hoople references to past achievements of a largely fictitious nature (see the article by Hubbard, written under a pseudonym, in Air Trails for April, 1949, in which he makes praising reference to his considerable research work in the aeronautical field under discussion--which he most certainly never undertook in any extensive degree), and to each and all of those aspects of the Hubbard nature which have astounded, shocked, and puzzled his acquaintances--Hubbard probably is incapable of true friendship or love for anyone other than himself, excepting a sort of eager dependence, concealed in snobbish condescension, he probably feels toward those who see him in his own terms and treat him accordingly--for so many years. I believe that the final key to this understanding lies in Hubbard's work, and it is by the various aspects of that work, as delineated clumsily and succinctly in this too-brief article, that we arrive at an attitude toward the man and his likely abilities in any field calling for serious, concentrated, detached work. That Hubbard is capable of conceiving a good idea is not, of course, denied--but that he is capable of much worthwhile development of that idea, or that his statements pertaining to results achieved in that development are trustworthy I do challenge--and do deny. Those of you who are reading Dianetics and practicing Dianetic "therapy" can take the ball from there.

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**NOTE:** Four lines, overlooked in the haste of stencilling and mimeographing, originally intended for the bottom of page 3, are printed herewith:

institution of a rigid regimen which he affects to dislike but upon which he is really dependent; this, the mother image, one of Hubbard's two basic female stereotypes, is introduced in this story, as in many others. The other female stereotype, that of