



# WORLDS of SCIENCE FICTION

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All Stories New and Complete

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# Editor's REPORT

**Bryce Walton** who has appeared often in *IF* (with *HAPPY HERD*, *THE CHASM* and others), is one of the most prolific writers in the general fiction field. To date he has two books, a hundred television shows, numerous articles, and over 500 short stories, novelettes and short novels to his credit. He writes under his own name (Bryce Walton) and 12 pen names.

Born in a one-room farmhouse in an isolated section of Northwest Missouri, May 31, 1918, his only

playmates until the age of nine were horses, cows, pigs, dogs, birds, chickens and snakes. He grew up in an imaginative world of his own in which he fantasied the animals as being people and vice versa. This confusion remains with him even today and, he says, contributes to his continuation as a writer. He does not feel that any character he has ever seen in the world of fiction, literary or otherwise, has but a faint resemblance to the people he meets in real life. He is convinced that fictional characters are created to carry out an author's whims and are therefore understandable, but that real people are beyond comprehension.

Mr. Walton attended public school in Kansas City, where he never succeeded in making a decent adjustment to his schoolmates as human beings, but always got to imagining them as friendly and sometimes not so friendly animals. After graduating from High School he stepped into the depression of the Thirties and spent several years bumming about the country on freight trains, and although at this time he had no idea of becoming a writer, he did all the things writers are supposed to have done—migrant fruit picker in Idaho and California, gold miner in Montana, carpenter, sign-painter, dishwasher, fry-cook, etc. He worked his way through Los Angeles City College as a school librarian for the National Youth Administration, and in 1941 he enlisted in the U. S. Navy. He became a writer when he wrote such a stirring portrait of the

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## EDITOR'S REPORT

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Captain for the ship's paper that they gave him a job as Combat Correspondent. He was transferred to Leatherneck Magazine as a staff-writer and later received a citation from Admiral Nimitz for his coverage of the Iwo Jima and Okinawan campaigns. In 1945 he took up fiction writing full time and has been writing full time ever since.

He insists he is not a big production writer, but that he turns out so much material only because he spends practically all of his time over an electric typewriter. He enjoys writing so much, and spends so much time with it, he says, because his fictional worlds and characters are the only ones he really feels comfortable with, or who make any kind of sense, and if they don't make any sense, they always make logical nonsense.

At present, he is living with his wife in Manhattan, and working on a third novel while trying to dig up some original ideas for science fiction. "If someone could write about reality the way it really is," he says, "that would be the end of science-fiction. It would be more horrible than 1984 and at the same time more beautiful than the young H. G. Wells' dreams of Utopia."