



Edmund Hamilton

# AUTHOR, AUTHOR EDMOND HAMILTON

Those whose reading of fantasy extends back to the early years, invariably find their memories studded with innumerable gems of enjoyment by Edmond Hamilton. Since his first tale, "The Monster-God of Mamurth" appeared in WEIRD TALES for August, 1926, he has had nearly 200 stories published. Not only does his name lead the field in number of stories published in the sf magazines, it is doubtful if he has ever been surpassed in total production of science fiction. Seemingly incapable of writing a bad story, "World Wrecker" Hamilton has authored many

true classics.

It would be hard to catalogue all of the things, now commonplace which originated in Hamilton's facile mind. His "Crashing Suns", appearing in 1928, was one of the first science-fiction space-yarns with an interstellar rather than an interplanetary locale and the "Interstellar Patrol" tales that immediately followed it, set the pattern for the interminable "Patrols" that have followed.

Of a retiring disposition, Ed Hamilton is reluctant to talk about himself, so it is with pleasure we let him do so now.

Since I assume that most readers are less interested in my personal history than in my connection with science-fiction, I shall summarize the former as succinctly as possible and get on with the latter.

My birthdate was October 21, 1904—place, Youngstown, Ohio. Moved after a few years to Pennsylvania, where I had my school and college. Majored in physics on the idea that I was to become an electrical engineer, but a few years out of school got sidetracked into fiction writing and have remained there ever since.

I've made a good many jaunts of one kind and another around the country, many of them with my old friend Jack Williamson. We went down the Mississippi River from St Paul to New Orleans in a skiff years ago, were depression-beachcombers in a shack at Key West, knocked around some remote New Mexican, Mexican and Arizona ranches, and once saw the tail end of a revolution in Cuba.

I changed my residence to Los Angeles a couple of years ago. On the last day of 1946, Leigh Brackett and I were married, and our two typewriters now rattle in the same apartment.

We haven't yet written anything much in collaboration, but vastly enjoy reading each other's stuff and criticizing it shrewdly and at length, usually ending up with the classic advice—"Do like I say, not like I do."

I wrote my first fantastic yarn back in 1925. Farnsworth Wright of WEIRD TALES bounced it back with some sage comments, so a year later I revised it and he took it.

The nearly two hundred yarns I've done since then are of a lot of different types. But generally speaking, I prefer a story of fantastic adventure with a fairly plausible scientific explanation of its wonders, to a heavy-science yarn.

That preference is based, I suppose, on the fact that to me, the all-time greats in the fantasy field are Wells, Merritt, Haggard, Stapledon, the Shiel of "The Purple Cloud" and the Eddison of "The Worm Ouroborous".

I think the most underrated writer of the whole fantasy field is Edgar Rice Burroughs. I'll admit a lot of his later stories bear a mimeographic resemblance to each other, but his early Mars stories were pioneering epics in their way, and to this day remain better yarns by a long shot than are written by many who scoff at him.

Those who remember the Captain Future novels I did for several years may be interested in a word about them. The name and original characters were conceived by the editors---with their permission, I altered the auxiliary characters and set-up somewhat before doing the first one. I wrote the departments and hugely enjoyed drawing the planetary maps.

The story of my own that I like best, in case anyone is interested, is "He That Hath Wings", which appeared years ago in WEIRD TALES. The biggest kick I ever got out of writing was when Merritt, one of my idols, told me of his admiration for my old Interstellar Patrol stories of the late 1920's, and backed it up by trying to get them published in book form.

I've had one book of yarns. "The Horror on the Asteroid", published in England some years ago, and some scattered stories in anthologies. Had a mass of stuff published in Spanish Translation in Buenos Aires, and even some in Swedish.

I've written a lot of detective and other kinds of stuff, but have always preferred to write---and read---fantasy. I can read four languages pretty fluently and have a fairly large library of favorites ranging from Aristophanes to Robinson Jeffers, but will desert them all for anything fantasy-fictional.

And finally, I've never met a real fantasy writer who wasn't an enthusiast and doubt that anyone can write the stuff very long without such an enthusiasm.

---Edmond Hamilton  
(Edmond Hamilton's Bibliography starts on Page 19.)