

In this issue . . .

. . . the name of The Kindly Editor (there is only one) appears in a different position, and under a different title, on the mast-head this month. Robert P. Mills will henceforth be giving most of his time to his new duties as head of the literary department in the New York office of General Artists Corporation. Under him (as under Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas), The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction has been, if not precisely Onlie Begetter, at least Nursing Mother, of a host of new writers. All the stories in this issue were selected from the treasury handed on to us by Bob Mills, and among them are stories by three people whose names are new to these pages: Hugo Correa, Joseph Dickinson, and Sylvia Edwards. The gentlemen write on space travel: one of close tomorrow, the other of a millennium yet to come; the lady leads us into the complex questions of substance, essence, and identity. John Shepley appears again after an absence whose length, we trust, will create no precedent; and the veteran craftsmen (listed alphabetically, so as to avoid any Parnassian hair-pullings) who contribute their precious bales to this particular argosy carry the well-known names of Aldiss, Arthur, Asimov, Bester, Henneberg, Reed, Thomas, and Williams. The reader, for whose sole benefit all these people have toiled, has now only to select a good light, lean back, and . . . well . . . *read*.

Coming next month . . .

. . . is James Blish's *Who's In Charge Here?*, originally scheduled for March, in which the Magus of Milford (Pa.) opens on Mott Street (N.Y.C.) and a caldron of dragon's eggs; and takes us around that City on a curious circuit of darkness visible. Vance Aandahl, whose talents, burning bright and brighter, may astonish the Sixties as Ray Bradbury's did the Forties, is back with another story. And William F. Nolan, whom we have seen here once before in collaboration, now returns with a lovely bit of lunacy, *One Of Those Days*, all of his own.