

THE MAGAZINE OF

Fantasy and Science Fiction

VOLUME 5, No. 1

JULY

The Star Gypsies	by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM	3
The Adventure of the Snitch in Time	by MACK REYNOLDS & AUGUST DERLETH	17
The Hypnograph	by JOHN ANTHONY	25
The Untimely Toper	by L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP & FLETCHER PRATT	33
Man	by DAVE DRYFOOS	40
Mop-Up	by ARTHUR PORGES	44
Yankee Exodus	by RUTH M. GOLDSMITH	51
The Model of a Science Fiction Editor	by ANTHONY BOUCHER	61
The Friends of the Friends	by HENRY JAMES	62
Recommended Reading	by THE EDITORS	84
Judgment Planet	by IDRIS SEABRIGHT	87
Expendable	by PHILIP K. DICK	99
The King's Wishes	by ROBERT SHECKLEY	104
Star Light, Star Bright	by ALFRED BESTER	113
Cover by <i>Emsb</i>		
	(from <i>The Hypnograph</i> , by John Anthony)	

The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Volume 5, No. 1, JULY 1953. Published monthly by Fantasy House, Inc., at 35¢ a copy. Annual subscription, \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Editorial office, 2643 Dana St., Berkeley 4, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1953, by Fantasy House, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Submissions must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes; the Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Lawrence E. Spivak, PUBLISHER

Anthony Boucher & J. Francis McComas, EDITORS

Joseph W. Ferman, GENERAL MANAGER

Robert P. Mills, MANAGING EDITOR

Charles Angoff, ADVISORY EDITOR

George Salter, ART DIRECTOR

The Antiquary

Gobban the Smith taught me the ancient songs
Of Weland, lame and waiting at his forge;
The master-craftsman striking for his grudge —
His head was bent, remembering old wrongs.

Gobban the Smith showed me the round towers,
Enchanted arches builded by a prince
Who mutters where the window-pattern tints
The lady charmed, uncertain of her powers.

Where lies the armor, gleaming dragon-rings?
Which mystery marks blood-wound of the dead?
What wraith by what cold lake his lost king grieves?
Whose eyes regarded us through rustled leaves?
Whose ears had heard the wicked spell we said?
Gobban the Smith and I know all these things.

WINONA MCCLINTIC