the first to cheer at the sight of such illos. But why try to make an issue out of it? Surely, there are better subjects to kick around. I can't see any controversy in this one at all.

Just let the femme fans ask for something like that and some wise-guy, sooner or later, sneers "frustrated femmes." (Ref. TWS, Page 130, Col. 1, Line 19, Oct. '52.)

Trouble is, some semi-literate jerk acquires a typewriter and the first thing he does is dash off an article about what's wrong with modern women. Can't open any kind of publication today without finding some such related trash. Up until now, STF has not been tainted by such verbiage, but unless a halt is called, I predict . . . .

Someday, "modern woman" is going to sigh wearily, arise, and the resulting revolt is going to make a war between worlds look like a dud firecracker.

Boy, could I write a "What's Wrong with Modern Men" article!—*119 N. Sutphin St., Middletown, Ohio.*

Wonder why men keep writing articles asking what is wrong with women and women keep writing articles asking what is wrong with men? The only thing wrong with either is that they are human beings and having said that, as Mark Twain once remarked, you can't say anything worse about them. Crazy little mixed-up kids.

UNTITLED STORY

by Marion Zimmer Bradley

Dear Sam: A word with you anent the recent VIRGIN OF ZESH. First, let me get one thing straight; this is not the shrieking of an outraged prude, nor am I going to babble such adjectives as "filthy—disgusting." I am only going to recall your own words, that sex for its own sake is not admissable.

I am all in favor of allowing characters in science-fiction stories to behave like real people. If they have to strip to the buff, use the john, or rumple up a bed or two, that's all to the good. But may I ask wherein THE VIRGIN OF ZESH classifies as a science-fiction story? It isn't. It is a sex sadistic story, laid in the future. It isn't even fantasy. The only scientifictional element appears to be the Krishnan setting, as a background for a girl who spends most of the story either getting gorily beaten up, raped, or defending her virtue. Such episodes are cogent in a story written for the purpose of titillation—namely, in the legitimate sex-story. But in a science-fiction story, one isn't looking for sensory adventures, and one finds ones-self thinking, during those long sexy descriptions of the girl being stripped, beaten, the naked men, the rapist, etc, etc.—"For gosh sakes, get on with the story." Then, when you wind up, there is no other story at all—just a string of sexy adventures in what struck me as atrocious taste for this kind of a magazine.

If mass-produced science-fiction, and the threat of Mickey Spillane, are bringing TWS to this, I fear I'll start reading Westerns. I don't mind sex, when well-done and incidental or important to an otherwise good story. But when it is made the prime mover of a story—ANY story—then it ceases to be science fiction and becomes sex fiction. And when I want to read sex fiction, I'll buy those novels with the shocking-pink negligees on the cover. I fail to see why I should have to wade through poor science in order to enjoy sex fiction, or conversely, why I should have to wade through red, raw and dripping sex to enjoy my science fiction.

Sam, PLEASE! I love you, and I'm begging you on my pink little dimpled knees! I like sex o-k, but NOT IN TWS AND NOT AS THE PRIME BASIS OF A STORY. THE LOVERS was fine; THE HELLFLOWER was fine. Both were full of sex. THE VIRGIN OF ZESH was pure, (or should I say impure?) unadulterated, adulterous slop. *There is a lot of difference!—Box 246, Rochester, Texas.*

As the innocent bystander may have gathered, Mrs. B. is a lady of some strong convictions, strongly expressed. Fact, we wonder at times whether the sheer joy of teeing off on ye ed doesn't even outweigh the convictions. Perish the perfidious thought. So get up off those dimpled knees, they're getting a dishpan look—we promise to consider your tender feelings the next time Sprague hauls into sight with a manuscript under his arm.

FIRE-BUG

by Race Mathews

Dearly Beloved Samuel: It has often occurred to us to send your mags one deadly dose of condemnation guaranteed to reduce 'em to cinders, but somehow we always forgot, and now we're glad. Why? Because the group is for the first time producing more good stories per ish. than bad. Once I used to buy them to keep my file going; now I read them-cover to cover. And the old lady on the train who scrutinises my reading matter (cover only) no longer looks at me with fear in her eyes. Would "senisfemicide" be the legal word for murder of old ladies?

Here in Victoria we have got together a thriving S.F. group. With round fifty associates, the Melb. Science Fiction Groupe is the second largest in Australia. We run a library, show films, and publish two fanzines, "Perhaps" (S.F.) and "Bacchanalia" (fantasy). There is a strong possibility that the Third (1954) Australian Convention will be held here instead of in Sydney.

Correspondents, material for fanzines, and still better stories in S.F. mags, all welcome.—*8, Barnett St., Hampton, Victoria, Australia.*

Thank you for that noble restraint in the matter of deadly doses. Though rumor hath it that we are immune to poisons that would blast a human heart to atoms. The medical profession has a word for it. Tolerance due to progressively increased doses, they calls it.

MERCENARY THOUGHT

by Marilyn Shrewsbury

Dear Uranium Mines: I'm agona set off your