



Garness

stellar 
c/w. DIMENSIONS



mike hammer at

by WALT WILLIS:

Most of the great discoveries of history seem obvious once they are made. For instance it seems incredible now, doesn't it, how publishers used to behave. How year after year they went on in their own little ruts--science fiction magazines printing science fiction stories, western magazines printing westerns, detective magazines printing detective stories. How could they have been so blind, so lacking in imagination? And yet it needed an intellect of the stature of Howard Browne's to point out their error. He showed that science fiction magazines could increase their circulation merely by printing detective stories. Now that the true path has been pointed out, other publishers are bound to follow it. We shall have FANTASTIC SEXY DETECTIVE WESTERNS, SEXY DETECTIVE WESTERN FANTASY, WESTERN DETECTIVE FANTASY SEX STORIES, DETECTIVE SEXY WESTERN FANTASIES and dozens of similar magazines, all exactly alike and all appealing to the great majority instead of just a snobbish clique. This is True Democracy. This is the Century of the Common Man.

But what are we fans doing to further this great movement? Are we to lag behind the prozines? I say to you, NO! We must make our fanzines appeal to a wider, thicker audience. Even if for a start we only slant them at the detective story fans, what a difference it could make to us. Think of it, a million fans! What lovely big conventions we could have! As a small and humble contribution to this great work, I now offer the first example of the new-type fanfiction:

I screeched my Caddy to a halt in front of the Manger and parked beside a fire hydrant. Stepping on the face of an old woman who hadn't gotten out of the way quick enough, I strolled into the hotel. As I came into the lobby I saw a bunch of queer-looking whacks standing around talking, but they didn't pay any attention to me. I shot a few of them in the legs to teach them manners and went up to the desk.

The clerk was talking on one of the phones. I cuffed him on the side of the head with my Luger to attract his attention. "Wake up, Mac," I said, "and listen while I'm talking. Where's the boss?" He picked himself up and started looking through a book for the room number. "You should keep numbers in your head," I snapped. "See what you can do with these." I put a couple of .303's in the fleshy part of his skull and strolled to the elevator.

The operator was quite a dish. I gave her the eye as I stepped into the elevator. She took me up on it. There was a big crowd waiting by the time we got to the second floor. I blasted my way through them and tried

the CLEVENTION

the first door along the corridor. It was open, but I blasted the lock off it anyway to let them know I was coming in. I never enter a strange room without blasting the lock; and yet people say I got no manners.

There was nobody in the room. I was sore. I don't feel comfortable in a room with no body in it. I put a couple of slugs through the clothes closet on the off chance there might be somebody there, and went on into the bathroom. There was an old guy in the bath with a cigar in his mouth. A card left on the floor said his name was Evans. I drew a bead on him with my luger. "Say your prayers, Pop," I said. He couldn't see me properly without his glasses but he went white. The cigar nearly dropped out of his mouth. "Are you Laney?" he shivered. "No," I said. "I'm Hammer." "Thank Ghod," he said.

I was sore. "What mob does this Laney work with?" I snapped. "He ain't no tougher than me. Why I'd shoot you as soon as look at you." I took a good look at his face. "Sooner," I added.

"A man called Burbee in L.A.," said the man.

"I ain't afraid of no West Coast hoods," I sneered. "I'm looking for the boss. Where is he?"

He didn't answer quick enough so I walked up to the bath and kicked his teeth in.

"Oh you beast," said the old man, scrabbling about in the bath. "Now I'll never find them."

"You shouldn't have left them on the edge of the bath," I said. I reached into the water and picked them up.

"Where's the boss?" I asked again, gnashing his teeth at him.

"I don't know," he pleaded, "I just checked in. Try the next floor."

I felt mean. I didn't want to just shoot him, I wanted to do something real mean.

I shot the cigar out of his mouth.

It was the same elevator girl. I didn't have to say anything. The elevator went up half a floor and stopped. We didn't.

There was the usual crowd waiting for the elevator when I got out, some of them wearing bandages. I finished them off and tried a door along the corridor. The door wasn't locked, but there was a guy and a dame on the bed.

"Necking?" I leered.

"No," said the guy, "We were talking about FAPA."

They were, too. The bed was covered with papers with writing and stuff on them. I don't understand these fans.

"Out!" I told him.



"WE WERE
TALKING ABOUT
F.A.P.A."

He started to make for the door, but I figured the window was quicker. I threw him through it. The girl screamed. I picked her up and threw her into the corner. Her blouse came away in my hand. I picked her up again and threw her into another corner. Her skirt got torn off. Pretty soon I was out of corners, but it didn't matter. She got to her feet and stood there blushing, all over. "Never mind, sister," I leered at her, "I've got you covered with my luger."

But she wasn't looking at me any more; she was looking at herself in the mirror. Suddenly she lets out a peep.

"That's it!" she hollers, "What an idea! I'm bound to win the Fancy Dress prize with this costume. I'll show that Karen Anderson!"

I figured she was going to show everybody. I backed out of the room. I don't want to have nothing to do with no crazy dames. I didn't even shoot her in the belly.

I went back to the elevator. It was the same girl again. She'd gotten hold of a mattress from somewhere and layed it on the floor of the elevator. I don't know what dames are coming to these days.

There was a lot of yammering coming from one of the rooms on the fourth floor, so I went in and stood in the corner watching. There was a bunch of guys shouting and talking and working at some kind of a machine. After a while, one of them noticed me.

"Don't mind me," I said, "I only lurk here. What are you doing?"

"A one shot," he says.

"Jeeze," I replied, "all that fuss over one shot. Why I've shot 97 people today already and I'd hardly any breakfast." I sneered at them. "Who's this guy here?"

"That's Redd Boggs," he said.

"A Commie, huh?" I said, and shot him. "Me and McCarthy know how to handle that scum."

"He wasn't a communist," shouted some fresh guy. I don't like these fellow-travellers. Dirty cryptos I call them.

"Can he prove it?" I asked, smiling to myself.

"How can he? He's dead!"

"So are you," I laughed, and shot him too. I got a wonderful sense of humor.

The others didn't laugh so I shot a few of them to help them see the joke. "Where's the boss?" I asked.

"Try the next floor," says one of them. "The elevator's just down the corridor."

"I know it," I said. I took the stairs.

There was a party going on in one of the rooms and the boss was sitting on the bed with a bottle and a couple of dames. He goes under some phoney name like Robert Bloch or Edgar A. Poe in these places, so I whispers in his ear that I want to see him private.

He takes his bottle into the room next door. There was nobody there but some people playing poker.

"What's the trouble, Mike?" he inquired.

"Look, Mr. Spillane," I said, "I'm tired of the things you make me do, like shooting people alla time. Pretty soon I'll be running out of people and then where'll we be. Could you not figure out some way of using people over again or sump'in?"

He thought for a bit. "You know, Mike," he says, "I think you've got something there. Maybe the detective story fans are getting tired of it too. Tell you what, we'll follow Howard Browne's example and try to make the detective story appeal to s-f fans."

He holds out his hand. "Give me your luger," he says. I hand him the gat. "Anything else," he asks. I give him the guns from the holsters in my armpits, on my hips and legs, my sub-machine gun, my bazooka, my knives, the hand grenades in my pockets, my little automatics disguised as a fountain pen and a cigarette lighter, the miniature atom bombs I carried concealed in my hollow heels, and my brass knucks, blackjack and catapult. I was glad to get rid of them. That cigarette lighter was spoiling the cut of my suit.

He puts them all away carefully and takes out a funny-looking gadget.

"What's that?" I said. "This," he said, "is a zap-gun. You can still shoot it at people and it'll make a lovely noise, but it won't use the people up, unless of course they're very old."

"Gee, thanks Mr. Spil---, Bloch!" I grinned. I pointed

MIKE HAMMER AT THE CLEVENTION

the zap-gun at one of the people playing poker and squeezed the trigger. It went zap! zap! It was swell, The guy playing poker looked up and grinned and took a gun out of his pocket and went zap! zap! at me. It felt wonderful. I rushed out into the corridor and went zap! at all the people I met and they went zap! right back at me.

Gee, I thought, this is more fun than anything. When I used to shoot people with my Luger they didn't do anything afterwards and I couldn't shoot them again, at least not very much. Now I can shoot them as often as I want and they like me for doing it, which they never did before. Gee, it's great to be a science fiction fan.

Zap! zap! zap! I went along the corridor, looking for someone to introduce me to Peter Vorzimer.

- walt willis

stellar 18

COMBINED WITH GAFIA #14 & DIMENSIONS

published by Ted E. White, 1014 N.
Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va.

MIKE HAWES AT THE CLEVELAND
 the rag-guns at one of the people playing poker and squeezed the
 trigger. It went zap! zap! It was swell. The guy playing poker
 looked up and grinned and took a gun out of his pocket and went
 zap! zap! at me. It felt wonderful. I rushed out into the cor-
 ridor and went zap! at all the people I met and they went zap!
 right back at me.

Gee, I thought, this is more fun than anything. When I used to
 shoot people with my luger they didn't do anything afterwards
 and I couldn't shoot them again, at least not very much. Now I
 can shoot them as often as I want and they like me for doing it,
 which they never did before. Gee, it's great to be a science
 fiction fan.

Zap! zap! zap! I went along the corridor, looking for someone
 to introduce me to Peter Vorzimmer.
 - wait willis



Stellar 18
 COMBINED WITH CAPIA #14 & DIMENSIONS

Published by Ted E. White, 101A N.
 Rockwood St., Falls Church, Va.