Dear George—
Good luck with "CHRONICLE!" Best—
Wm. Black

BLACK CAT
Welcome to the third issue of Chronicle, this issue invites you to join us on a mystical tour of the realms of Graphic Fantasy. Join our resident Special Agent, Dance on his mission to rescue the Prince Director; from whom he's just a short hop to the prison planet where we've found our "mystery man" in deep trouble. We stop for a bit of topical refreshment at Dizzy's Tavern and then our journey continues with a trip to the land of Sword & Sorcery. Will Orpheus save the fair maiden or will he meet death at the hands of his enemy? Will the Daughter of the Sun triumph over the forces of Good and Right? What dangers will face us on our safari in the land of the dreaded zapplegn? Who or what is Gideon and where does the trail he follows lead? We shall find out in the next issue.

I have resisted the urge to compare this issue with either number 1 or 2, because I feel that each issue is a new and classic in itself and to compare this issue with any future issues would be impossible. Let us just say that this issue lives up to or surpasses the high standards of excellence we have tried to uphold in the past. We hope you agree.

Chronicle can only maintain these high standards with the continued support of the fine craftsmen who have helped make it one of the best magazines in fandom. To all of these, I offer my sincerest thanks.

Special thanks go to John L. Haynes, Bill Riegel, Gary Ganto, Steve Ditko, Jim Engel, Gary John Reynolds, Greg Silverman, Barry Wolk, George, Clyde Caldwell, Sandy Flaxett, Chuck Olson, Clifford Karow, John Garоль, Stanley Sakai, Bob Camp, James Paulsenberg and last but certainly not least Roger Silver, who's column "Animal Survival" asks the question "To be or not to be?" Can a superhero survive his revivification? (Roger also contributed the preliminary pencil layout to Marvel Feature's cover by Gil Kane, whom I consider to be a master craftsman and just about a legend in the field of Sword & Sorcery. I don't usually print unfinished artwork, but I felt a few of the fans might find it interesting.)

Recommended Publications:
ALL-TIME ALL-TIME, 113 W. Weeley, Berwyn, Ill. 60402 (50c)
Gary Ricker, Editor
PFP, 6260 W. 94th Street, Burbank, Ill. 60469 (50c)
Chuck Plaia, Editor
MAINEY'S PARADISE, 6228 W. Winthrop, Chicago, Ill. (50c)
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Paul Levens, Editor
VALLEY OF HUNGER FELLOWSHIP, Box 1185, Madison, Wis. 53701 (50c)
Bruce Ayres, Editor
Our story: The Prime Director had somehow been abducted and brought to some remote asteroid-planet. The Central Intelligence Network surrounded the planet but does not attack for fear of the Director's life so a small task force is sent down undetected during a meteor shower. One member of the task force is... Dante!!

AFTER THE GROUP HAD SPLIT UP, DANTÉ'S SEARCH LED HIM TO A HUGE FORTRESS-LIKE COMPLEX WHICH HE ENTERED VIA AN OPEN DRAINAGE PIPE...

AFTER EMERGING UNNOTICED INSIDE THE INSTALLATION, DANTÉ SLIT THE THROAT OF A GUARD AND DONNED HIS UNIFORM.

OUR STORY BEGINS AS DANTÉ SEARCHES THE CORRIDORS FOR ANY TRACE OF THE PRIME DIRECTOR.

"IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, CREATURES HAVE EVOLVED FROM A LEMURIAN TYPE, HALF CAT- HALF MONKEY, INTO HUMANOID TYPES WITH FELINE CHARACTERISTICS."

DANTÉ, A CHARACTER BY
George S. Btea & S. Sakai
MEANWHILE, TWO THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE PLANETOID'S ATMOSPHERE...

IT'S ALREADY BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE THE PARTY'S LANDED! DO YOU THINK SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG?!!

PROBABILITY FOR AN ORDINARY TEAM TO SURVIVE THIS LONG IS ALMOST NIL! BUT THESE WERE HIGHLY TRAINED... THE BEST AGENTS WE'VE GOT!

TRUE, IN THAT CASE, KEEP ON THE ALERT! IF A HYPER-SOUND HOMER IS DETECTED, IT'LL MEAN THE PRIME DIRECTOR IS SAFE AND EXPLOSIVES MAY BE PLANTED! IT WILL ALSO SIGNAL THE START OF ATTACK PLAN-S! BUT IF THE HOMER IS NOT DETECTED IN ONE HOUR, FIRE NUCLEON BOMBS... AND DESTROY THE PLANETOID AND ALL LIFE ON IT!!

NUCLEON BOMBS! BUT THAT'LL MEAN THE PRIME...

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THE PRIME DIRECTOR IN THE HANDS OF THE WRONG PEOPLE! THE SECURITY OF THE C.I.N IS AT STAKE! IN THIS CASE, THEY ARE ALL EXPENDABLE!

"... AND GOD HELP ME IF I'VE MADE THE WRONG DECISION!"

... PULL THE FUSE, THERE!! THAT MAKES THE SIXTH DETONATOR I'VE PLACED!

DANTE OPENED THE DOOR AND CASUALLY WALKED OUT OF THE ARSENAL. THE CORRIDOR WAS CROWDED WITH PEDESTRIANS BUT NO ONE GAVE HIM A SECOND GLANCE...

NO SIGN OF THE PRIME DIRECTOR SO FAR! AND I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS PLOT!

MAYBE THE ANSWERS ARE IN THAT HALL!!
Dante entered the huge assembly hall and stood in disbelief as he looked on at the core of the organization that would attempt such a mind-staggering kidnap plot as had been perpetrated, and sitting on a dais—the leader of such an organization! A man called...

**Black Mane**—head of a hard core mercenary group, tangent, that considered no assignment impossible—if the price is right!

Dante moved silently along the corridor marked "Restricted" swearing to himself as he opened another door and gazed in at an empty room. He advanced to the next door, swung it open, and was rewarded by...

Once before had Dante encountered Black Mane—and the scars of that meeting had not yet healed. But this was neither the time nor the place to rehash old rivalries. There was still a man to be found!

The door rocked on its hinges as it was slammed against the adjacent wall. Dante whipped out his pistol. The air-cartridge silently pumped two darts into the man who stood over the form of the prime director!!
The Prime Director is barely breathing! But he’s still alive!

Better set the Homer and inform C.I.N.

So we meet again, Dante! A pity that it has to be for the last time!

Kill him!

Dante!! It’s not over yet! You stopped my operations once before... but not again!! Not... dead!!

To any other being, the faint ‘click’ of footsteps on tile would have gone undetected. But to a member of a race with cat-like characteristics, the faint noise is like a shot in the dark.

You!!

The dart seared a crimson trail through the small room then entered the opposite wall as Dante’s pistol spat once. Seconds later, the gunman crumpled to the floor.

...got to activate the Homer!!
Dante's fingers instinctively went to his homing device strapped to his belt buckle. Fingers groped for the starting mechanism but before they found what they sought, a hurtling figure knocked it from his hands!

Dante cramped his legs under Blackmane's body and with a groan of effort, kicked him to the far side of the room.

The homing device fell just inches beyond Dante's fingers. His entire body ached as he crawled on his stomach like a huge slug, leaving a trail of sweat and blood in an effort to reach his salvation. Meanwhile, two thousand miles overhead, the hour deadline had already passed...

We cannot delay any longer else whoever down there will find a way to bypass our radio cordon!!

...launch the nucleon bombs when I give the word...

"...and I give the word N...."

Blackmane's fingers had found their way around Dante's throat and were choking the life out of the almost unconscious G.I.N. agent when a dozen explosions rocked the complex, setting off a chain-reaction of other explosions. They were not of the annihilating magnitude of nucleon bombs but of carefully planted detonators activated by the G.I.N command ship after receiving the homing's signal!
THE EXPLOSIONS HAD CEASED. THE COMPLEX STOPPED ITS TREMBLING. LONG MOMENTS OF SILENCE REIGNED.

FROM THE ASHES AND RUBBLE, A BLACK-HAIRED FIGURE ROSE, TOTTERING UNEASILY. IN A FAR CORNER ROSE ANOTHER FIGURE. DANTE STRAINED THROUGH BLOOD-STAINED EYES FOR A TRACE OF THE PRIME DIRECTOR. HE FOUND HIM STILL ON THE OPERATING TABLE—SAFE! THE HOMER HAD PINPOINTED THEIR APPROXIMATE WHEREABOUTS TO THE C.I.N. SPACE FLEET. AS A RESULT, NO EXPLOSIVES WERE DETONATED IN THAT SMALL AREA BUT STILL THE EFFECT WAS NOTHING SHORT OF CATAclySMic. DANTE SHIFTED HIS GAZE TO THE HULking FIGURE BEFORE HIM...

ONCE AGAIN YOU'VE STOPPED ME! BUT THIS TIME IT'LL BE ALL WORTH IT... IF IT ENDS IN YOUR DEATH!!!
INSTANTLY, BLACKMANE WAS BACK ON HIS FEET STALKING FORWARD LIKE A GREAT HUMAN TANK, HIS ARMS HAMMERING ON THE BLOOD AND SWEAT DRENCHED FORM OF DANTE! WITH EACH BLOW, MORE SKIN TISSUE RIPPED OFF, MORE BLOOD SURGED FORTH UNTIL DANTE'S HALF-NAKED BODY GLIMMERED WITH THE RED OOZE!
Dante was beaten back against the wall so he would have to make a final stand! Blood trickling into his eyes made clear sight impossible but his unusually sharp hearing caught the sound of falling tile. He smiled.

Fool! Do you think you can stop me by tossing a few pebbles at the... 

WHA! The ceiling... it's caving in!! No!!

Dante dug his hands under a heap of rubble then with muscles straining heaved his payload up over the head of Blackmane, striking the ceiling!!

For long minutes, all is silent... then... movement!!

Blackmane's dead! Under tons of rubble!!
THE PRIME DIRECTOR'S STILL OKAY.
NOW TO FIND OUR WAY OUT BEFORE
THIS ENTIRE INSTALLATION TUMBLES
DOWN ON US!

...DAYLIGHT!! WE FINALLY
MADE IT OUT OF THIS RUBBLE!!
NOW... JUST... WANT TO...

...SLEEP....

SHORT MINUTES LATER, DANTE'S
RESTFUL SLUMBER IS BROKEN BY
THE SOUND OF...

THE C.P.N.
SPACEFLEET!!

I... DON'T...
WHERE...

THE DIRECTOR'S
ALL RIGHT!
HE'S COMING
TO NOW.

END.
I'm back! And for those of you who order Chronicle by subscription and wonder why this issue is a little late, don't hold George Clinton at fault. It was the writer of this column and his fellow writer and editor, Duffy Vohland, who are to blame for missing a deadline last week in advance of editor, George...

At this moment I don't know whether Duffy will have a column this issue or not as busy as he is moving into his new home (his new address, by the way to interested correspondents is: 165 Center St., East Liverpool, Ohio 43920) and surviving to turn pro he may or may not have time...

As for myself I've been busy with work, school, and making a couple of trips to East Liverpool, not to mention an impromptu trip to New York. But you're not reading this column for excuses. I'd just like to say I'm sorry for holding up this issue. It won't happen again. Now onto this issue installment: Ant-Man.

Ant-Man was first introduced in a one-shot in Tales to Astonish #27 during Marvel's Monster-Science-Fiction era. Presumably because of reader demand he was brought back in TA #35 in which he acquired his costume and the ability to communicate mentally with ants. Henry Pym's first big chance came when he developed a growth serum that allowed him to become Giant-Man; not the very imaginative name but it allowed our (first) man of many sizes to fight more powerful foes and thereby gain wider appeal. He also changed his manner of size-changing at this time. Instead of his previous method of exposing himself to gas vapors he now swallowed pills to vary his size. There was a catch though he couldn't grow more than 12 feet tall because any growth beyond that and he would become "proportionately weaker". This, of course, was to keep Giant-Man from becoming too powerful.

His next change came in TA #65 as he wore a new costume and the power to control the size of other objects. Unfortunately this power was never utilized to its fullest. This change in direction was obviously an attempt to boost his waning popularity because in issue #70 of TA, Giant-Man was dropped in order to give the Sub-Mariner his own strip.

Giant-Man was next seen in Avengers #86, the Wasp having been captured by a super-villain known as the Collector. Hank contacted the Avengers for aid and together they rescued the Wasp. In this adventure he was christened Goliath and (another) new costume, also a new problem. Because he had remained giant-sized too long, he was doomed to a 10 feet height.

Goliath and the Wasp remained with the Avengers, issue #35 saw the revival of Hank's size changing ability (which he could now master at will). This was the first issue scripted by Roy Thomas you'll notice.

Starting with Avengers #46, more emphasis was placed on the shrinking, rather than his growing abilities (in fact in #49 and 50, he lost his giant growth abilities completely), possibly because at this time Hercules was a member of the group and Goliath's strength was no longer necessary.

When Hercules left the fold, however it became necessary to restore our hero's power and Goliath returned in Avengers #51 with a change of color scheme, so for a while Hank's problems were over. This was to change shortly, in Avengers #59, the strain of his continuing size changing gave him a case of Schizophrenia under which he adopted yet another identity, that of Yellowjacket. Hank overcame this problem but decided to keep his new identity. It was in this new identity that he married his long time girlfriend, Jan (Wasp). He remained as Yellowjacket until issue #75, when he and Jan left the Avengers to pave the way for the return of Quicksilver and the Scarlet Witch.

They have appeared a few times in the Avengers since, in issues #90 and #91. With the Wasp, they were involved in a brief adventure at the end of which they formally resigned. It was surprising then to see Hank Pym show up in Avengers #93 solo (Jan had a virus) but even more surprising was the fact that he showed up as Goliath, not as Yellowjacket but in his original identity as Ant-Man!

This time he was led through a lengthy and well handled by Thomas (and Adams) Fantastic Voyage type adventure in the body of the Vision. Their final appearance in the Avengers was a small spot in issue #100. All of which brings us up to the present and Ant-Man's recent escapades in Marvel Feature. When I first heard that Ant-Man was going to get a tryout in Marvel Feature I was overjoyed, not because he was a favorite of mine or anything (they're all my favorites) but because he was a good solid character and I was anxious to see how Marvel would handle him in this new full length book. I was disappointed.

There are many reasons why I was disappointed, foremost among them was their choice of writer and artist for the strip. Mike Friedrich is a good writer at times. I remember some Green Lantern stories he scripted a few years back and they were excellent. However his handling of Ant-Man is atrocious! For one thing, he insists on writing in first person. Ant-Man is supposedly narrating the stories to us himself. This may seem neat to the "bubble-gum brigade" (that I doubt) but personally it turns me off. It's distracting.

Another thing I dislike is about the way Ant-Man is being handled is the "shrinking man" concept. It reduces greatly the potential of Ant-Man. He can't have any normal contact with anyone but his wife (this would drive the average married man away from the wall) who has also been reduced to tiny size. If he were to regain his ability to shrink and grow at will, he could once again handle the outside world in that comic would bolster sales for Marvel Feature.

I hope his predicament is only temporary but since his lab was destroyed in M.F. #6 I don't see how it can be.
By far the worse thing Mike has written into the script is Orkie the wonder dog! In the first issue (No.16) he, among other things, helped clean up Harry Fynn's lab, pulled a full grown boy out of a deep pit, and (are you ready) helped drive a truck! O'mon Mike! This is an insult to our intelligence. I thought supersmart pets went out with bat-hound and the Legion of Super-pets!

All of Mike's writing hasn't been bad, however. I like the way he's bringing back Ant-Man's old villains. I enjoyed seeing Egghead and Whirlwind very much and hope he continues this practice. Maybe he could even bring in some other hero's super-villains that they've grown too powerful for.

Another good touch was Jan's impulsiveness in drinking the experimental antidote. This was in character for Jan. Too bad it only served to make her ant-sized. (Speaking of Ant-sized, I wish they'd make up their minds on Hank's size. They say he's ant-sized but if you follow him panel to panel, his size varies from two inches to close to half a foot in height! If he's got to be stuck at one size at least be consistent.)

As I mentioned before, another reason for the poor quality of the Ant-Man comic is Herb Trimpe's art. Now Trimpe's style is fine for the Hulk, it seems to fit in with the brutishness of the Hulk, but is too crude for Ant-Man. Ant-Man needs a smoother penciler like John or Sal Buscema. Almost anyone would be better than Trimpe. But since I've heard from a reliable source that Trimpe has been permanently replaced on Ant-Man, the artistic standards of the book should improve.

Marvel Feature #17, the most recent all new issue was the best to date. Maybe it's because it was presented behind a Gil Kane cover (one of Kane's best in recent months) or maybe because he was unhindered by Trimpe's poor interior art. Craig Russel shows quite a bit of potential, and thanks to Roger for the pencil layouts to Kane's Marvel Feature cover.

Whatever the reason Mike took a good plot idea and using one of Ant-Man's previous and most formidable foes, Ultron; added some new ingredients of his own; and came up with a fairly decent story. It would seem that Mike can turn out good stories, he just usually doesn't.

That about sums up my fee on Ant-Man's revival. I feel they have taken a fairly decent character and done a bad job handling him. The book has shown some improvement, but unless the impatient increases at a more rapid pace I'm afraid Ant-Man's new look will be squashed!!!!!
Sarno Makes Move

By Greg Svak & George S. Breo

Joe Sarno, owner and operator of the Fantasy Shop, formerly located in the basement of his home at 2167 North Harding, has now opened up a store front at 3905 West Lawrence. Joe, a former member and co-founder of The Fantasy Collectors of Chicago, and an active comic and dealer, holds open house for a wide variety of fans on Saturday at his new location between 11:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M.

You never know who will drop in at The Fantasy Shop, a comic collector, an artist, fan editor, even a college professor. Some of the notable fans that frequently show up at these meetings are Clark Kent and Billy Batson!!

Joe's collection is on display and if you're interested in original art, radio premiums or comics, or if you'd just like to get together with fans who share your interest, The Fantasy Shop is the place to be.

Pictured above are some of the visitors to The Fantasy Shop - Left to Right: Jim Engel (fan/artist), Gary Skerler (fan/artist & editor), Gary John Reynolds (f/a), Chuck Palahniuk (editor of FYP), Joseph A. Sarno (f/a)??, and in back yours truly.

Almost fun to be sick

When the Pottsville Hospital noticed that children's ward and visitors waiting room were officially opened this week, artist John Byrne and Gary Sarno of the Atlantic College of Art were on hand to show how they did it. John draws for an attentive audience, while Gary — who has been given other responsibilities — offers advice.

Credit cards OK by Bob

The latest installment of "The Crazy Club" is underway, and it's a popular draw at the Cleveland Zoo.

convention

Well, it looks like it's that time again. That time you may ask? Why it's Con-Intex again!

Narlo Sarno presents Chicago Con Intex, the convention capital of the world. This year marks the fourth consecutive year that the convention has been held, and it's been one of the most successful in the history of the event.

The Con will be held on May 18, 19, and 20 at the Motorola Hotel. For any further information, write:

Atlantic Booksale
101 N. Clark Street
Chicago, Ill. 60610
Or phone 312-277-2577

I'll be there and I hope you will too. It looks like it's going to be a major happening in the world of Comic Fandom...

Sarno's 50th Birthday

Sarno's 50th Birthday is being celebrated at the next Con-Intex, which will be held on May 18, 19, and 20 at the Motorola Hotel. The celebration will include a special program, which will feature a special appearance by Sarno himself. The event is open to the public, and tickets can be purchased at the door.

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YOUR PLANET PICTURE BOOK

LIMBO (restricted) Experiment by criminologists: hardened criminals are left alone on barren Limbo, considered a success by experts; the convicts grow food, construct shelters and generally get along quite well.

GOVT PUB.

STORY AND ART BY CHAS DIXON

SCARY'S

HA! HA! KILL THE FAGGOT!

HA! HA!

NO!
HELP!
HELP? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

OOOOH THAT IS A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMAN
QUITE.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE ON LIMBO

ESPECIALY FOR LAMBA THE CRIME WIZARD OF LIMBO

HA! YOU FLATTER ME PHELLO... MY APARTMENT TONITE?

IT IS DONE
LATER

HA!

STILL LATER...

HE'S AWAKE—WELLCOME SLAVE...

... MY SLAVE

ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE. MY GUARDS ARE MOST ABLE.
YOU SEE I DESIRED YOU AND YOU MUST DO MY BIDDING.
So you must do what I wish.

Those eyes—guards!

My goodness.
GUARDS!
GET HIM!
Oftimes: Death leaves one alone late in the night.

And Limbo is loneliness embodied in particular for a child.

Out bastard!

It is even more of a rarity for one to remain alive this long—many times they will be sold to perverts or put to work on the crude farms or mines, but this one is alive and free desperately clinging to life on this hellworld.

A child is indeed a rarity on Limbo so seldom do the disease-ridden and illegal women on this planet give birth to a healthy one.
STRENGTH

STRENGTH AND SECURITY

THEY SPEAK NOT IN WORDS WHICH MEAN LITTLE - THE BOY SEES IN THE EYES OF THE STRANGER - DEATH AND BEAUTY

AND SOMEDAY...

THE BOY KNOWS...

THE STRANGER WILL RETURN
Uh... I doubt it, but anyway how've you been? It's been some time since you last saw one of these things. (You were hoping I was gone for good but -- ha, ha -- no such luck.) Let's see, I don't know how frequently you'll have to see one of these things, but by the time you read this, I'll have written five in two months. (Sickening ain't it).

First thing I want to do this time is tell you about an idea I had for a new MARVEL book, seeing as how they're coming out with a couple zillion as it is.

It's called "After the Seventh Voyage" (ring a bell yet?). It would star Sinbad, the Sailor, or rather a distant descendant of the original. The "sea" on which he and his crew would sail would be outer space.

There'd be no set background format whatsoever. One issue or story could be sword and sorcery; the next in a western setting; followed by one in which Sinbad and his crew gain powers and become Super-Heroes. One featuring gangsters maybe set in the 20's, 30's or 40's would sell especially well now with "The Godfather" being so popular, etc. This varied format could be accomplished by their "Planet-Hopping" and finding new adventures on each.

I've asked a few fan friends ("The Gang" and others) what they thought of the idea and most of them really liked it quite a bit. Let me know how you feel about it and if you think it will make a good comic, MARVEL or otherwise.

If only MARVEL would pick-up on DC's policy of reprinting GOLDEN AGE material, their reprint books might be worth the .50c. I must admit though, of their "new" reprint magazines -- Jungle Action, Crypt of Shadows, and War is Hell show a lot of promise, what with work by Basil Wolverton, Al Williamson, Joe Maneely, Jay Scott Pike, Russ Heath, and others above average "oldsters" so to speak.

However, knowing MARVEL's past policies and attitudes, rather than the quality of these before-mentioned new reprint books being an indication of better things to come, they're most likely just first issue exceptions. Too bad, it'd really be nice if... !!!!

Have you been perusing the paperback racks lately? Not only have there been many new Science Fiction and Sword and Sorcery books (two new "Eerie" novels for example), as well as several reprints, some of the EER books with at least one featuring a new (1) Prazetta cover, and the first six Doc Savage, but also there are quite a few enjoyable paperback series on the stands.

There are the reprints of pulps and non-American series such as the aforementioned Doc Savage, Perry Rhodan, both of which I like many others are reading -- and enjoying -- for the first time due to my being only 20 years old, living in the U.S., and not being rich enough to afford the one type in its original form. My, my -- such feeble excuses!

A "newcomer" to the ranks of the pulp reprint paperbacks is The Avenger series (published by the way by Paperback Library, which happens to be owned by Kinney National Service, DC's parent company -- meaning NPF would have little or no trouble in getting the rights to do The Avenger in comic book form, calling it Justice, Inc. to avoid confusion with Marvel's The Avengers). The series is being published on a monthly basis (which means it can only go for two years and five months unless the frequency is lessened since there were only 29 issues in the original series, with the first six novels seen in print so far; and, peefies, if you haven't tried at least one of the issues (Natcherly, it reads a lot better if you start with 1) are you ever missing something! I consider myself the world's #2 Doc Savage fan (Larry Brinicky is #1) so I don't think The Avenger is quite as good as ol' doc, but certain "radical elements" in fandom (Roger Slifer for one), think it's better than DP!! Oh well, as I always say, everyone is entitled to his own opinion, just as long as he agrees with me. Good, it's horrible to realize that there are too many people in the world who seriously think like that!

And of course, there are some new material paperback series such as The Phantom and Star Trek. There's even a new "non-series" (Huh?) called the Frankenstein Horror Series, defined as a group of entirely new stories that follow the fates of the primal monsters and their heirs, as they re-emerge from the Pit of the Unknown, the Un-speakable, and the Undead. Not what I'd call heavy reading matter but nice to spend an afternoon or so with nonetheless.

Sooood, if you don't (or haven't been lately) periodically look over the paperback racks; start doing so, pick up a few of the books I've mentioned, and see if you agree with me.

Hey!! It's 12:10 A.M. Sunday night I'm watching a "Johnny Carson" rerun (not much to choose from this time of night on Sundays), John Byner is the current guest and he's talking about the Dean Martin trying to get rid of his "DT"!!! Hmmm. ? Or is that you're probably saying, So what! Don't you just love the way the beginning and ending of each "DT" has so much in common with the rest of the article?!!

WRITE SOONEST!!!

Pax
Duffy Voehland
165 Center St.
East Liverpool, Ohio
NO ABSOLUTES! TRUE FOR YOU BUT NOT TRUE FOR ME.
RIGHT GOOD FOR YOU NOT RIGHT GOOD FOR ME OR ANYONE ELSE.
I WANT RIGHT TO VIOLATE THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.
THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS ARE NOT EARNED.
WE DEMAND CONTROL OVER OTHERS.
WE DEMAND FREEDOM TO ENSLAVE OTHERS...
A DRUGGED MIND IS A SUPERIOR MIND.
WHEN OUR LOGIC OVERMIGHTS OUR REASON.
MYSTICISM THE IRRATIONAL OVER THE RATIONAL.
FORCE OVER MUTUAL CONSENT, MIGHT OVER MIND, TRUTH.
FLAWS HEROES, ANTI-HEROES, SUPERIOR TO UNFLAWED HEROES.
WEAKNESS SUPERIOR TO PERFECTION, STRENGTH.
PITY OVER RESPECT, SELF PITY OVER SELF RESPECT.
NOT ALL BAD HEROS, HATED OF THE GOOD BEING GOOD.
WE'RE ALL ALIKE. NO GOOD. NO EVIL.
NO ONE IS BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE.
NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES, WE'RE ALL WITH SIN.
ALL GUILTY FOR OTHER CRIMES.
THE CRIMINAL IS INNOCENT.
A VICTIM OF HIS ENVIRONMENT.
THE SYSTEM, SOCIETY'S INDIFFERENCE...
Once every century the inhabitants of the country Fimicus celebrate the festival of Belshba—The Benevolent Fertility God, but it is said that there are those who profane the event with sacrifice to the Demon Ska. One such is Bel-

"Daughter of Ska"

In the great valley of the river Skarn—At the residence of General Ennott Pentaaphus—the guests impatiently await dusk and the beginning of merriment.

However, the General himself is sorely vexed...

Father, whatever is the matter?
"ONE OF THE STABLE
LOUTS HAS GOTTEN
DRUNK--TURNED OUT
ALL THE HORSES--
AND WAS SEEN RIDING
OFF ON MY STALLION
BOASTING THAT HE
WAS MEETING SOME
WENCH NAMED BEL!"

"I HAVE
MEN OUT
Rounding
THE STREETS
AT THIS
MOMENT. I AM
GOING AFTER
THE WRETCH AND
SEE THAT HE
RECEIVES A GOOD
BEATING. I HAVE
THE URGE TO SEE
HIS EARNAILED
TO THE STABLE
GATES. HE HAD
BEST ENJOY
HIMSELF WITH
THIS "BEL"
WHILE HE
STILL CAN!

AND SO PENTAPHUS
SETS OUT ON FOOT-
"ONE OF MY SERVANTS WAS LAST SPOTTED HEADING THIS WAY ON MY BEST HORSE—AFTER HAVING INSULTED MY GUESTS BY DRUNKENLY SHOUTING THAT HE WAS RIDING TO KEEP THE FESTIVAL WITH YOU. THE STUPID LOUT HAS MANAGED TO RUIN A PARADE WHICH HAS ALREADY COST ME A FORTUNE, THAT BELSHBA IS NOT LIKELY TO RETURN—AND SET MY MEN TO GRUMBLING. I WOULD HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH HIM."

"THE ONE YOU ARE SEEKING LIES YONDER IN THE TALL GRASS!!"

"WHY THIS MAN HAS BEEN DISMEMBERED !!!"
Perhaps you wonder why I do this. I need offer no reasoning but perhaps the victim ought to understand why he is sacrificed. I have lived the span of many lifetimes—but I was not always as I appear now. Once my countenance was most unpleasant—and the odious worshipers of Belshba would have driven me into the mountains to starve. So I prayed to the demon Ska—and he came to me and gave me this gift of beauty through which I have prospered well. At the expense of those like you. Ska asks small return—so long as I make sacrifice—I endure.
As she nears her bound prey Bel hears a noise from behind, turns, and screams in pain.

All those prominent guests you wanted to impress went skulking off when they learned that we couldn't present the great show of horses you promised. Things got rather dull with you gone - and it seems rather fortunate that I decided to come looking for you!"

In the name of Belshba! Look - her body is already rotted.

--It is ironic - is it not? -- that the feast of the Lord of Light and Benevolence has its origin in the Hours of Darkness--
This is a story of a man, a maiden and a dream, a fairy-tale (if you will) with heroes and villains, fools and dreamers, and all of three players. It starts on that stage so dear to fairytales; the forest primeval.

Though the core of this forest—jungle travels a man, haunted by a character of a dream—a wizard, who brought him woe, a world of his own true love...

As he waits, he thinks back to his love's sudden disappearance from his side, without warning or reason, she was gone.

And told him if ever he would see her again, he must come to this place and rendezvous in secret. He faces now, having reached the meeting spot.

Suddenly, the winds grow, and circles, out of nowhere, appears globe.

As if it had been a clock, it clicks, as it releases a lynx, deep in the scoreboard, till and erect, he is the epitome of far sweeping...
He turns to face the mortal. (eyes of quicksilver). "Darius, do you want to save your true love, again?" he talks with no voice, he speaks the language of the mind. "What will you do for her?" there is no negotiation as Darius replies, "anything," he says, "I'm prepared, then, for what you must do to win her back, will be all but easy. I am ready and the hero's tensed, unsure and impatient of what they get...

There are no more words. The screamer raises his sceptre and the very air jumps with electricity. A force smashes to hit the earth from thousands of feet...

...the last touch of reality, journey through bright doors of time, space and mind.

The distance that once separated the link of pride must be overcome. For Chen Chen is not opening his mind. These shadowing, great monstrosities, creatures lay in circles him. Wondrous, because of their ferocious appearance. They become even more so when he realizes that these monstrous shadowings truly exist. Now they approach him, slow and hungry.

And under the cloak of a thunderstorm, a fearful battle is about to begin. And it is from the back of the unleashing guardian that comes the first formidable challenge...
THE SUMMIT IS CONSIDERED AT THE COST
OF BRANDED HANDS AND SHATTERED KNEES.

SUFFERING SEEMS TO BE BEARING,
ACROSS A RESTLESS MOUNTAIN. THE RIVER
LED, AT FIRST, PRESUMED TO BE A STREAM.
AND ITS SONGS OF MELANCOLY TOLD
SWEETLY, SO IT WAS NOT IN
HARMONY WITH THOSE CROOKED VALLEYS.

AND IT SUDDENLY
LORDS IS LOOSENED
FROM ITS PRECARIOUS FORM
WITH CATASTROPHIC RESULTS.

BUT SOMEHOW BY SOME MEANS, 
HE MANEUVERS TO BREAK THE HIDDEN 
AS HE TRIES TO CREEP. THIS IS THE RISE 
THROUGH THE GUTTERING SOIL. WITH GREAT 
SUFFERING, BUT NOT TO TELL IT CLEAR. 
HE MUST FIND AN ENTRANCE TO THE CLEFT, 
AND INVESTIGATES ITS INITIAL.

AND SOON THOUGHTS 
BECOME TRICKY, AND 
I REALIZE WHAT HE DOES!
OF ALL THE EVENTS WORRENS COULD HAVE FORESEEN TAKING PLACE IN THE HEART OF THIS STORY, THIS EVENT WAS ONE OF THE MOST ABNORMAL. THE COMPLETE LACK OF EMOTION, CLEF EGG OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE HAP-HAPPENED TO HIS BROTHER LAHMI AND NOT SEEN FOR YEARS. HERE! I AND WITH HIS TRUE LOVE IN HER PRESENT CHARGE IT CAN'T BE!!

WELO DRUGS SURELY YOU RECOGNIZE ME. HE SPOKE... "AND HERE... THAT'S RIGHT. I'M YOUR BROTHER. YOU PROBABLY DON'T EXPECT TO FIND ME HERE. WITH YOUR FALLOUTS, DID YOU?"

NOW HE SMILES. "WELL, IT'S NOT AN INTENT TO SAVE HER, YOU MUST KILL ME FIRST!!"

HE LOOKS IN CLOSE, WHERE HIS BROTHER IS STANDING IMPROBABLE. HE MUST GIVE THE BURAN THAT QUITE FOR ME BAND LITTLE TONY AND ORSON AND SO... "POOR..." HE SHAKES... "POOR..." HE STRUGGLES AGAIN AND FINALL THINKS OF SOMEWHERE IN HIS OPPONENTS DEFENCE....

BUT THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION BECOMES SHOCKINGLY CLEAR WHEN HIS BROTHER TAKES UP HIS BATTLE AXE AND STANDS IN FRONT OF THE BOUND MAIDEN, BOUND FOR ACTION, A DETERMINATION UNABASHED EYES!!

AND HE DELIVERS THE DEATHBLow!!

IN THIS HOW IT IS TO END. YOU ASK. NO PATIENT READER. THERE IS MORE. BUT SOME MAY THINK IT AN APPEAL, A BOX, AS SOON AS HE TURNED EACH TOWARD HIS TRUE LOVE. HE WAS ONCE AGAIN VIOLENTLY TRANSFORMED. THIS TIME VIOLENTLY. HE THOUGHT ABOUT IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE IT ALL DEPART. BY HIS SIDE STOOD THE PINEAPPLES AND LAVES. DRAPE AND THOUGHTS WERE SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING JUST THEN. THE PREVIOUS SCENARIO TOOK OUT CLEF EGG TO GRAB ABOMINATIONS. THAT'S RIGHT. WE TRUE LOVE AND WE LIVED; WHERE ONE AND THE SAME. SHE TOOK MY THE VISION FOR ALL THOUGHTS AND FACTS. YOU SEE. AN EMOTION IT WAS ATTACH DOME TO THE POLITICS OF BLACK IMAGE TO SEE SIMILAR DEMON WHO LONELY HER LOVE. AND HOW DID WE, BROTHER OF OUR HEART IF I HAD BETTER TEST FOR TIME SITUATION? AND YOU'RE PROBABLY UNDERSTANDING NOW DAPHNE TOOK ALL THIS? WILL SAY THAT UPON HIS BULGE SUSPECTED THAT UNEXPECTED. THOSE OF DEATH ONCE MADE THAT DAY AND THAT'S IT! GOODWILL CHILDREN, PURSANT DREAMS....

The End
Hmm... time for da big hunt! Boy'dy roast ptwee bird!

Now to clue to roaring river below.

Just a lil' ol' triple sumo salt one an' a half jack knife.

Ptwée ptwee bird!

Thud...

Whuzzat??

Splosh...

Splash...

Tromp...

PTWEE...
Chronicle 2 is very well done. You're improving issue by issue. The Severin covers are really beautiful. I'm writing this, I haven't had time to read the whole issue, but it looks as though it's a very fine issue, and I'm certainly looking forward to the next one. I hope that Chronicle is around for quite a while.

Scott Hailey
Fort Worth, Texas

I enjoyed Chronicle 2 and it is one of my favorite fanzines.

Scott Jansen
Birmingham, Mich.

About Chronicle 2:
Overall it was really good, I thought, The Chicago Sun Report sounded like most comic books do, and The Captain Marvel strip was just great, another Harley Huxtable. I didn't really care for the Pauline strip, although the Salty one was enjoyable. I also liked the semi-cartoonish or just plain cartoony style of Dixon. I thought the art was a good column and I hope he's around for quite a while. Last but not least, John Byrne's art and profile were really nice too. From the looks of his art, John Byrne is one of the best pro-

Rod Snyder
Austin, Texas

Enjoyed your CHRONICLE #2!!!
Pat Capt. JAVS & Polluted
Bob B. Fortill
Jim Jones
Vista, Cal.

Comments on Chronicle 2:
I don't think the overall issue was worth the $8.00 I paid for it. I thought the last issue was better, it's still got a long way to go.

Gary John Reynolds
Evergreen Park, Ill.

Poor fellow... obviously has no mind whatsoever.

Dear George,
You know it might seem as if I really hated the issue, but it's not all that true. I didn't think the magazine was too bad, but it seems to me that the reason the magazine wasn't good was that it had little content to it. Yes, it didn't really do a good job editing it, and thus the magazine was a flop. I don't recommend any more articles... less strips and better fan art.

Steve Mattingly
Indianapolis, Ind.
"WHAT IS PAST," A WISE MORTAL ONCE SAID, "IS PROLOGUE." NOT SO HERE, FOR OUR TALE BEGINS TO UNFOLD A THOUSAND YEARS AND MORE AFTER THE LAST CHAPTER HAS BEEN PENNER, AND FATE HAS SET ASIDE FOREVER THE BOOK OF LIFE OF ONE CALLED GIDEON!

PROLOGUE

ENIGMAS WITHIN ENIGMAS, JOHN! THIS STRUCTURE SCANS AS AT LEAST ONE THOUSAND EARTH-YEARS OLD, YET THE TECHNOLOGY IS ON A PAR WITH TODAY'S!

JOHN! LOOK AT THAT.
A bio-stat computer right up to date and obviously programmed.

If we can just get it to work it could be the biggest archeological find since the Quarm caves on Betelgeuse II.

Hang on, Joe! There's an open inspection panel over here - I'll see what I can get started!

Fantastic! As contemporary a unit as I've ever seen.

Whoever rigged it was so far ahead of his time it's frightening.

Yeow! That's a rather more...er...positive reaction than I'd expected!

Mortals! You who have activated this system! Hark me! These contained are all the thoughts, all the dreams, all the memories of those who were my enemies and those few who were my friends! By the time you have found this bio-stat I shall have ceased to exist - not died - at least not as you might understand it - but achieved my purpose! This is the way it was, this is the way it had to be! My name was Gideon! This was my story!
THE BEGINNING: EARTH DATE 2351!
A TINY PLANETOID ON THE OUTER-
MOST EDGE OF OUR GALAXY!
A MAN-MADE WORLD WHERE LOVE
IS CARED, AND PEACE IS LAW!
A WORLD WHERE NO MAN HAS
RAISED HIS HAND AGAINST ANOTHER
IN A THOUSAND YEARS. THE PEOPLE
HERE HAVE NO NAME FOR THEIR
WORLD — A MODERN MAN MIGHT
CALL IT HEAVEN!

UNTIL THEY EMERGE AT THEIR
GOAL — THREE SHIPS FORGED
FROM THE SALVAGED CORPSES
OF A HUNDRED OTHERS! THREE
SCAVENGERS BOUND ON A
MISSION OF PIRACY — OF
PLUNDER AND DESTRUCTION!
THE APPEARANCE OF THREE STRANGE SHIPS IN THEIR SKY CAUSES NO MORE THAN A RIPPLE OF INTEREST IN A PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO NATURAL ENEMIES ... UNTIL...

...SCOURING THE FORESTS AND LAKES!

EVEN AFTER IT SEEMS NO LIFE CAN POSSIBLY STILL EXIST, THE RAIN OF DEATH CONTINUES...

WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF A SWOOPING HAWK THE RAIDERS STRIKE, RAKING THE SPLENIDIP TOWERS AND AVENUES...
FINALLY, ON THE CRACKED, BLISTERED REMAINS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY SPACEPORT, THE HAWK BECOMES THE VULTURE...

MOMENTS LATER THE CREWS OF THE THREE SHIPS BEGIN THEIR "CLEAN-UP" WORK—MELTING DOWN THE TOWERING RUINS FOR THEIR DECORATIVE METALS—STRIPS AND PANELS OF DELICATELY WROUGHT GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM, AND PRECIOUS ELEMENTS WHICH, IN THE 20TH CENTURY WERE ONLY NUMBERED BLANKS ON THE PERIODIC TABLE.......

...BUT TO A PLANETARY RACE (IF SUCH IS THE WORD) FROM THE FARTHEST END OF OUR GALACTIC ARM!

A SQUAD OF PROBES IS DISPATCHED.

THEIR TARGET: THE DEATH-WORLD.

DRONES ARE DEPLOYED...

BUT, A FEW HOURS LATER...

ATTENTION! NOTHING OF USE HAS BEEN LOCATED! DRONES RETURN TO MOTHERSHIP!

PUTIFULLY THE DRONES TREK BACK...

SAVE ONE!
WITH MECHANICAL DISINTEREST
THE GREAT SHIP LEAVES THE
DEATH-WORLD...

AND IS SOON
FADING INTO
HYPER-SPACE...

EVEN AT THAT MOMENT
A CYBORG UNIT IS
CARRYING THE DRONE’S
SMALL DISCOVERY
THROUGH THE SHIP...*

UPTO BY THE CYBORGS ARE BOUND TO
THEIR WISDOM, AS THEY BECOME
PART OF ITSELF — AS THE SHIP, IN
ITS OWN WAY, HAS AN

UNTIL IT IS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE
HEART OF THE COMPLEX — THE BE-ALL
AND END-ALL OF THE ROBOTIC CIVILIZATION...
NOW: 2373. A SMALL EXPLORATORY VESSEL LUNGE THRU EINSTEINIAN SPACE....

AND AS LUCK - OR THE LONG FINGER OF FATE WOULD HAVE IT - PASSES NEAR THE DEATH-WORLD...

APPROACH!

UNIT 732! WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS AUDIO-SIGNAL?

I... I DO NOT KNOW, UNIT 732! SENSORS HAD JUST RECORDED A SMALL PLANETARY MASS AT FOUR POINT SEVEN SIX KILOMETERS AND - AND SUDDENLY IT WAS AS THOUGH A GREAT HAND HAD WRAPPED OPEN MY SKULL AND POURED A THOUSAND MEMORIES INTO MY BRAIN!!

AND, NEARLY ONE THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT...

ATTENTION UNIT 732! THIS IS CENTRAL SIGNAL YOUR EXACT POSITION! IMPERATIVE!
CONFIRMED! IT IS AS WE SUSPECTED! PLANETARY MASS DETECTED EARLIER IS OMICRON-DELTA 12! THE WORLD OF YOUR ORIGIN 732!

[Historical Comp Flash-Feed All Pertinent Data] What you experienced appears to have been a race-memory feedback caused by proximity to this significant Nexus!

INVESTIGATE AND REPORT!

UNIT 732? YOUR CONDITION?

THIS IS INCREDIBLE UNIT 12! AS WE DRAW CLOSER THE IMAGES INTENSIFY—HUNDRED THOUSAND—MORE! FACES WITHOUT METAL—LIMBS OF FLESH AND BONE!

A RACE OF... OF BIOLOGICAL UNITS!
UNIT TWELVE! I HAVE SOME TAPE FOR ANALYSIS. WE MUST RETURN TO THE SHIP!

PRIMITIVE RECORD CHIPS! THEY SCAN AS A USABLE SIZE. BUT... WHAT MADE ME LOOK FOR THEM?

THE TAPES ARE FED INTO THE SHIP'S LIBRARY COMPUTER. WHERE THEY ARE SCANNED, TRANSFORMED AND PIPED TO THE 2-D MONITOR.

(SKRR! SKRR!) PERSONAL LOG OF (SKT!) (BRRRK!) THE ATTACK IS CONTINUING! NO HOPE... OF DEFENCE. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHY... END OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT... END OF EVERYTHING! MY WIFE DIED IN MY ARMS... MOMENTS AGO! HOUSE... IN RUINS! THERE IS BUT ONE SMALL HOPE...
I HAVE HIDDEN MY SON GIDEON ... (SKRRT!) IN THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR. IT HAS ALREADY BEEN RAZED ... SO HE MAY JUST SURVIVE...

ALSO, WE HAVE SET A MEMORY-TRAP IN THIS HOUSE ... IF HE DOES OUTLIVE OUR WORLD SOMEDAY HE MAY PASS NEARBY AND OUR FATE-MEMORY WILL DRAW HIM TO THIS PLANET!

HERE ... HERE HE WILL FIND THIS MESSAGE MY DIARY, AND A LIST OF THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE DESTROYED US! NO ONE ELSE WILL BE ABLE ... (SKRRT!)

THEREFORE ... (SKRRT!) I MUST ASSUME YOU ARE GIDEON! YOU ARE MY SON! PLEASE ... OUR WAY WAS PEACE ... BROTHERHOOD ... BUT THIS BE CAN'T GO UNPUNISHED! YOU MUST AVENGE US!!

INTERESTING! MOST INTERESTING! BUT OF NO CONSEQUENCE UNIT 73E!

ER - UNIT TWELVE - PLEASE CHECK THE HOP ENGINE! I HAD TROUBLE MANEUVERING LAST FLIGHT!

GODS OF THE VOID! HAS ANY BEING EVER FACED SUCH A PROBLEM? AM I MAN OR MACHINE? MY BODY IS BOTH - AND NEITHER - BUT MY MIND?

AND IF THIS TAPE IS TRUE? TO WHOM DO I OWE MY ALLEGIANCE? MY LIFE I OWE TO THE CYBORGE ... BUT MY EXISTANCE?

CAN ... CAN IT BE? AM I THIS ... GIDEON?

NO! NO. THERE CAN BE NO DEBATE! IF I AM THIS GIDEON OR NOT DOES NOT MATTER. I MUST DO WHAT IS RIGHT!

TERRIBLE WAS THEIR DEED - TERRIBLE SHALL BE THEIR PUNISHMENT!
Consider: in the Milky Way galaxy there are over one hundred billion stars! If only one percent of these have solar systems, and only one percent of those systems have life of any kind, and only one percent of that life is human or humanoid, we still face the prospect of one hundred thousand worlds on which man, thrusting out from tiny Earth, might find new friends — or foes!

One hundred thousand naturally habitable worlds! And how many by Gideon's time have been adapted, terra-formed, or completely remade by man? We may be looking at a grand total of one hundred and one thousand bio-spheres scattered across the galactic lens.

And across those worlds, across the billions upon trillions of kilometers, a legend grows. The legend of one who is neither man nor machine, but an unholy hybrid of both! One whose way is vengeance, and whose heart is ice! One called Gideon!

Next: Two new enemies and two new friends

Chapter Two: "Gemini"