The editorial is the last thing I do each issue and it gives me a chance to look back over the whole thing and express my feelings about it. I've got to admit I'm very happy with the results -- I believe this is our finest issue to date. I think CHRONICLE has matured greatly since its first issue and I hope it continues to improve and gain in stature.

We welcome back some old friends this issue and we'd like to introduce you to a few new ones. Gordon Bayley joins us with the first installment of his 'Pendragon' column, a fantastic review and checklist column that we think you'll find informative and entertaining. Two new strips by Chicagoans Jim Wisniewski and Steve Somnick follow, and though both are new to Pandom, I'm sure you'll agree they belong here. Bill McMahan, publisher of the film magazine TWO WORLDS, took time out from his hectic schedule to do a colunm on the "classic lampshades" -- a nostalgic look at the Flash Gordon serials. Last but certainly not least we have Portiers Pandom by Ken Portal, who tells us that fan fiction is alive and well, and where to find it. Regrettably, Duffy Vohland could not do another infamous "Duffy's Tavern" this time, but he did send the usual photos for a proposed comic book. The artwork is an artist's own, John Byrne -- it's called "Beyond the Seventh Voyage" and stars an old friend with a few new crew members.

Well, I finally made it to the famous New York Con. Though I left Chicago with the enthusiasm and anticipation of a youngster leaving for a trip to Disneyland, New York awakened me to the reality of it all. The comic book industry is just that -- an industry. I wasn't awestruck or dumbfounded by the activities of the Con; in fact I found myself becoming increasingly bored and homoskedastic for Chicago. On the third day of the Con I left for home. Don't get me wrong -- there were some good times meeting the pros, visiting the Marvel offices, a too-brief talk with G.C. Beck (see page 20) -- but in the end it was like the old saying: "A nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there!"

Mostly the Con '73 was a distinct improvement over Nastalgia '71, which had been primarily a dealer's Con. This year there was a number of activities to attract fans -- auctions, films, and panel discussions among them. Guest of Honor Walter Koenig (Khan from STAR TREK) was commercial and available to fans at all times. I enjoyed the panel consisting of Jim Hanley, The Comic Book, Jerry Spincoce of the Comic Book, Chuck Feels of FVF and others (they were a disaster -- a hilarious one, though). If at first you don't succeed, try, try again and at least this time that was the theme.

Many thanks to all my friends who helped make this issue possible and a special thanks to my wife and daughters, who at times must have believed I deserted them to run off with my typewriter -- believe me I didn't and you wasn't all worthwhile!

A SPECIAL NOTE TO OUR READERS- The copy of Chronicle you are now reading was a landmark issue, not only is this the first issue to be published under the new "WOP" banner, but it is also the first edition to be printed in two different versions.

One-A Newstand Edition available for 50¢, the cover features an excellent rendition of Marvel's Man-Thing by Clifton the best art, articles and strips available, printed on newsprint, 52 pages and color covers on a heavy stock.

Two-A Special Edition available by subscription only, rates are 5.50 for 4 issues(2) or $5.00 for 8 issues(2). Contents are the same as above, the cover is an exquisitely designed masterpiece by Gary Koster, printed on 90% offset stock and included is a six part "Poster-Fact", artwork by your favorites, suitable for framing. This is a "Limited Print Run" and will not be reprinted.
CC, like The Collector, is easily one of the biggest bargains in fandom. This is a special magic-oriented issue...and you sure don't feel around, either. The first 12 pages (including cover) are devoted to this the Invincible. There are articles, spot illus., full page illos all pertaining to this...there's even a two-page retelling of his origin!

After that comes a fine interview with Fred Fredericks, artist for the daily Handwripped strip, "The Art of Penciling" by Bob Congreve follows, with four pages of pencil artwork by Nobby and Steppenwolf. These are not more sketches; they are fully detailed and fantastic!

Again we find Mr. Albino present, this time with his new "W" series. This was really good to see his ideas. Fine art and fast-paced story make this strip quite enjoyable. All in all, CC is well worth your 70c.

FAZING POLL

I urge all fans reading this to vote. I will send the results of this poll to several fan editors, so you not only have a chance to let your feelings toward fandom known, but you're asked to improve them as well. If you don't wish to cut your copy of FANZINE, simply use a facsimile.

1) How many zines do you buy a year?
2) How much do you usually spend on a single zine?
   A. 25 to 75c  B. 75c to 1.50  C. 1.50 and up
3) Would you rather pay 25c for a mimeographed article-sized than 50c for a slick offset art-zine?   YES  NO
4) Do you consider most zines today=
   A. Ripoffs   B. Fun but amateurish   C. Well produced
5) Do you feel that dittos/mined zines will soon be completely extinct?   YES  NO
6) How do you account for the relatively short life span of most zines?

7) What do you consider to be the most important issue/problem/line of zines today?

FREE PLUG--You know, I may be a bit biased, but I feel the best place to order zines, both old and new, is from Gordon Bailey (who?). As a matter of fact, I've got a catalog out right now that you can order for 50c. So, just pop your hard-earned cash into an envelope that's stamped and addressed to me (address at end of column), and I'll send your catalog winging it's way toward you. (This is how I get paid for doing this column, George!)

Well, I guess that about wraps it up for this, my first installment in CHRONICLE. Again, if you have any requests, information, questions, or gripes about zines, let me know about it.

GORDON BAILEY'S
FANZINE NEWSSTAND
5613 OAKMONT
FT. WORTH, TEXAS
76112

GORDON BAILEY'S
FANZINE NEWSSTAND
5613 OAKMONT
FT. WORTH, TEXAS
76112
He had been carefully picked from droves of others for this project—it was determined that he could best be entrusted to carry out the task before him—only he could perform the duty that was to drastically change the future of man—yes, this was man's chosen son—the only son, who could follow these orders to the tee—the only one who could give his life away to the great cause, if need be—

His purpose? Go to the stars!—bring man's culture to the cosmos—yes, today was the day that mankind would push beyond the throes of his ameobic solar system, and become one with the glistening, beckoning, universe beyond!
NOW, AS HE STOOD UPON THE HUGE LAUNCHING PLATFORM, HE WATCHED THE GROUP OF SCIENTISTS WALK TOWARDS HIM WITH-- THE BOX---

THE BOX-- THIS WAS THE REASON FOR IT ALL-- TO TAKE THIS BOX TO THE SOLE INTELEGENCES OF ALPHA CENTAURI, AND PRESENT THEM WITH THE MESSAGE INSIDE! BUT WHAT COULD IT CONVEY? WHAT SORT OF INGENIOUS WORDS COULD THIS MESSAGE SAY TO AN ALIEN CULTURE? TO TELL THEM AT A GLANCE THAT WE WERE A HIGHLY CULTURED RACE?
This box is to be opened upon your arrival on Krylon, 60 years hence by the leaders of that world--and remember--two worlds are depending on your success!

So that was it--he was an interplanetary ambassador, and this box was a cultural link between 2 worlds! It all depended on you--who would do it for Earth's sake--because you were told to--
AND NOW, FIRMLY SECURED IN YOUR SUSPENDED ANIMATION UNIT, YOUR EVER-HEAVYING EYES FOCUS UPON THE METAL BOX-- AND YOU CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER HOW THIS TINY RECEPTACLE CAN MEAN SO MUCH TO EARTH. HOW COULD THE SUM TOTAL OF ANY CULTURE BE STUFFED INTO AN AREA SO SMALL? HOW, YOU ASK, AS YOU SLOWLY DRIFT INTO YOUR SIXTY-YEAR SLUMBER--

AND YOU SLEEP THE SLEEP OF A PRODIGAL SON AS THE YEARS PASS FOR ALL BUT YOU--

OUTSIDE, THE UNIVERSE TURNED--ALL WAS AS IT SHOULD BE, YEA ALL WAS AS IT HAD EVER BEEN FOR THE PAST BILLIENIUMS-- SAVE ONE SMALL INSIGNIFICANT DOT IN THIS MACRO COSMIC SEA-- A MAN WAS AWAKENING-- EARTH'S ONLY BEGOTTEN SON--
BLOOD RUSHED THROUGH AWAKENING VEINS, LUNGS HEAVED, AND FINALLY EYES SAW--AND IMMEDIATELY HE KNEW THAT SOMETHING, SOMEWHERE, HAD GONE WRONG! YES, SOMETHING HAD FAILED, THEREBY CAUSING HIM TO AWAKEN OVER TWENTY YEARS TOO EARLY!
FOR A WHILE, HE ALLOWED HIMSELF A BRIEF MADNESS—BUT AFTER HE HAD SCREAMED TILL HIS LUNGS COULD NO LONGER STAND IT, HE LAY IN FRONT OF THE MAIN PORTAL FOR DAYS——

SUICIDE? NEVER. THAT'S WHY HE HAD BEEN PICKED FOR THIS MISSION. HE WAS ABOVE THAT—THERE WERE HOPEFULLY ENOUGH FOOD CAPSULES TO GET HIM THRU THIS MISSION——

AS THE YEARS WENT BY HE DEVOTED ALL HIS ATTENTION TO THE BOX—SWEARING TO HIMSELF THAT EARTH CULTURE WOULD GET TO KRYLON! THAT IS, UNTIL——

—HE RAN OUT OF FOOD CAPSULES!
AT THE SAME TIME, IT ALSO BECAME QUITE EVIDENT THAT THE VERY WALLS AROUND HIM WERE ROTTING AWAY-- WHICH ALSO MEANT NO AIR--

A VERY SHORT TIME LATER, HE REALIZED THAT IT WAS ALL TOO SOON TIME TO DIE. SO HE WENT TO THE CHAMBER WHERE THE BOX WAS KEPT--

--AND PICKED IT UP--

--AND FINALLY SAW THE TOTAL SUMMATION OF EARTH'S CULTURE--

OPENED IT--
In the last few months DC has revamped a number of its line. Some formats were changed completely, while others were altered only slightly from their previous formats. This time around, I'd like to dissect some of these new formats.

**ADVENTURE** - *Adventure* is one of DC's oldest books. After featuring a variety of characters in the forties, Superman took over as lead feature in #103. The next most outstanding format change was when the Legion of Super-Heroes (more on that later) became a regular feature and soon took over the lead spot. After ruling there for around 80 issues, the Legion was permanently ousted when Supergirl took over *Adventure* in #381. An interesting side note—it was my impression when Supergirl first took over *Adventure* that they were doing it in order to do back-month Supergirl adventures and develop her more fully. But, after three issues of full-length adventures, they revamped to 2 or 3 Supergirl stories per issue, so I really couldn't see any reason for her taking over *Adventure* in the first place.

However, Supergirl must have had a lot of followers, because in December of 1972, Supergirl was awarded her own book while *Adventure* saw its most recent and most drastic change.

**Adventure** #385 started the comic's "Return to the Golden Age". The issue of *Adventure* series didn't resemble any *Adventure* comic of the past 20 years or so. For the first time in a couple of decades, there wasn't a super-hero in sight on the cover or on the interior of the book. With this issue, *Adventure Comics* had reverted to its original format: stories of straight adventure with no restrictions to any particular genre.

Thus, in this first issue of the format change, we have a story about a winged horse, a sword and sorcery stuff, and a little about witches. The next issue featured a continuation of the whole adventure, introduced a new series entitled "The Adventurer's Club". In addition, the super-hero re-entered the scene in the form of the Phantom. In the next issue the features remained the same.

**DARKSEID/SURVIVAL** - In issue #423, *Adventure Comics* premiered the Black Orchid, a mystery character that no one (including the readers) knew her true identity. The basic promise is good, but heightened by the fact Sheldon Mayer writes the title as though she is the only super-hero in the world! (giving me the impression that any other super-powered beings exist, including DC's own.

I don't know how long they can do stories with this same theme, but it's a lot better than the Lasso and Thor's and she seems to have lasted quite while.

My general opinion on this new format? I think it's terrific! DC has needed a book like this ever since they dropped *Superman* back in 1970. It gives them a chance to experiment with new concepts and characters along with old favorites.

Their last effort reviving a couple of their old characters. I'm extremely pleased with the new *Superman* series and I'm sorry that the new book is in its initial run through. I hope DC will find some of their other old, discontinued characters a chance, such as Batman (with his wife), Aquaman, the Atom, Adam Strange, etc.

**DARKSEID/SURVIVAL** - This title, even older than *Adventure*, has had its reversing by putting Archie Goodwin in the editor's saddle. I've long respected Archie Goodwin's writing talents; and if the first issue of *Detective* (#377) that he edited is any indication, I'm hoping he has a long stay on that book.

Archie Goodwin has performed miracles! He has turned a slowly stagnating book into one we can all look forward to again. To start off with, he got Jim Aparo to give us a story featuring Batman long enough to churn out another bi-monthly book featuring Batman. And, Aparo was good for the batman. When I got this issue, I got a thought that probably crossed a countless number of other fan minds — "Why didn't Schwartz try to get Aparo in his Batman titles?" Aparo is second only to Neal Adams as an illustrator on Batman. Jim is the only one who could replace Adme on *Green Lantern* and then mix with it. (And if you don't think so, look at *B & B* #104 again.)
If Jim Aparo is second only to Neal Adams, then I'm sure with a little more practice, Archie Goodwin can pursue even Jimmy O'Neill in chronicling the Batman's adventures. The only thing I disliked about Goodwin's story was his giving Bruce Wayne a Clark Kent cowardly type trait.

The Batman story shows only half of Archie Goodwin's excellence as an editor. The second half is the excellent new back-up feature he started with this issue. The Sub-Mariner series which is also written by Goodwin, is featured by a recently returned new artist Dick Dillin. The featurette in this issue has to be one of, if not the, best short story I have ever read. Even most of the best completed stories are predictable to a certain extent to anyone who has read comics for any great length of time. This story though, kept me guessing all the way.

Although there has only been one issue of Detective by Goodwin so far, I feel that it is going to become one of the best books on the market today. I can hardly wait to see what Goodwin's going to do with Detective when it goes to its 100 page Super-Immaculate format. Keep it up Archie!

**PLANTON STRANGER** - Well, there went over to Detective, some other book had to suffer, and this one really did! With this issue, the staff on this book succeeded in regressing the Phantom Stranger back to a narrator of horror stories with a bit part in the story itself. I have looked upon the Phantom Stranger as National's reply to Doctor Strange and a rather good reply at that. But with this issue, all of that has been thrown away.

Not only was the Phantom Stranger again ruined, but they also spoiled the Sound of Frankenstein stories that were doing so well. Bernard Bailey should never be put on a strip in today's period—his art is awful. Bernard Bailey is one of the few (thank goodness) Golden Age artists that hasn't improved since the forties. He makes Frankenstein look like a green monkey! DC had better work on saving Phantom Stranger immediately or there won't be a book left to save.

The last two titles I want to cover quickly (this article is late enough as it is) and these are both Boltinoff edited.

**SPLASH!** - Since Harry Boltinoff has taken over World's Finest, that book has reached depths over the Sub-Mariner hasn't reached! The name of Superman and Batman—how9 ably can you get? Series like these have no future in the sophisticated market of today.

In trying to handle World's Finest differently than it's previous editor, Julie Schwartz (and there was nothing wrong with the comic itself), Boltinoff has de-evolutionized it to the legendarily stories of a decade ago. If it gets any worse, I'll refuse it and it seems from breaking up a run.

**Supernatural** - Although the lineage of Dandy/Justice - BLP - I won't say much about this comic since I'm going to delve into the Legion in depth in a near future issue of the Legion Outpost. But I will say I don't understand how someone who edits such a slick as World's Finest could also be responsible for something as nice as this. The only way this book could be improved is if they could get a better writer. It lost, the Legion is finally realizing at least some of it's limitless potential. If you haven't picked up a copy, you're really missing a treat.

But as I said, I won't say much about it now. To see an in-depth article on it, pick up the Legion Outpost, a high quality fanzine devoted to this unique group.

It's time to wind it up for this issue because, if I don't get this to editor George, you won't see it! As always, any comments pro or con on the subjects covered are welcome; mail them to the address below.

Roger Slifer  
Box 109  
Morris, Indiana 46161

Legion Outpost-60¢ per copy from Harry Breitner  
3216 Longview Avenue  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401
AFTER DRIVING FOR MILES TED AND LINDA HAD FINALLY FOUND A SECLUDED PLACE FOR THEIR PICNIC. THE AIR WAS HOT WITH SUMMER AND THE RIVER BARLEY MOVED. THEY WERE FINALLY ALONE SURROUNDED BY BEAUTY AND PEACEFULNESS.

OH TED, ISN'T THIS LOVELY?

IN THE PEACEFULNESS OF THEIR PICNIC A HORRIFYING CRY ECHOED ACROSS THE RIVER.

LINDA WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

I DON'T KNOW...IT CAME FROM THE RIVER!

OH MY GOD!
They ran in horror - a monster from the mud! Something out of a nightmare rose from the depths of the river!

From under the mass of mud and slime another sound emerged, that of laughter!

Linda, run for the car!
Laughter from a monster, what kind of a nightmare is this?

Later

There's a monster down at Lawson River Sheriff! It almost killed two of our townfolk, hurry get help quick!

Oh God!

We'd better get the army!

The sleepy town of Lawson comes alive and the panic spreads like wildfire. This peaceful day had started like any other but now people were wondering just how it would end.

This is the Lawson town sheriff speakin' send some tanks! send some missiles! We bein' took over by a monster! Thats right I said a monster!

The rumors and the terror multiplied as the news reached the city... but here the monster seemed remote and the monster a joke!

Extra read about the mud monster!

News item a reported er... "monster" has been seen near Lawson it may be very dangerous.

Anyone living near the town of Lawson should stay inside until further notice.
ONCE MORE LAUGHTER ECHOES ACROSS THE RIVER.

HOHO HEH HA HA

YES SIR YOU DONE A FINE JOB BOY... YOU DONE GOOD. TOMORRIE WE HIT DAT BANK EARLY SOES YOU BEST HIT THE SACK NOW!

LISTEN I THINK WE GOT TO SCARE SOME OTHER TOWNFOLK GRAMPS!

WHAT FUR?

TO MAKE SURE, I DON'T WANT NUTHIN' TO GO WRONG COME TOMORROW!

I KNOW THE PERSON WE GOIN' TO SCARE TO... OL' MISS WILLOWBEES!

WHY THE HELL YOU WANT TA SCARE HER? THE SHOCK PROBLY'LL KILL HER!

JUST ZIP UP THE BACK OF THIS SUIT AND SHUT-UP!

NUTLIN' BETTER NOT GO WRONG BOY!
THIS SO CALLED MONSTER CAME TO BE IN A GREEDY BANK ROBBERY SCHEME... NOW THE MONSTER SEEMS TO HAVE ANOTHER PLAN OF HIS OWN.
WHAT YOU DO TA MISS WILLOWBEES, YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T KILL HER?

YEA SHE JUST FAINTED!

THAT OL' BAG CALLED ME STUPID, I AIN'T GOIN TA TAKE THAT FROM NOBODY... THAT'S WHY!

WITH THE RISING OF THE MORNING SUN PEOPLE WERE RUNNING, NOT AWAY IN FEAR BUT TO THE TOWN OF LAWSON IN MORBID CURIOSITY. SUDDENLY LAWSON'S BUSINESS PROSPERED AND EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING AS PLANNED. THE BANK OF LAWSON HAD NEVER HELD SO MUCH MONEY.

THOUSANDS CAME FROM THE CITY TO SEE THE FAMOUS MUD MONSTER...

THE TIME HAD COME... IN A FEW SHORT MINUTES OUR FRIENDS WILL BE RICH!

HURRY UP... LET'S GET GOIN' IM NERVOUS!

S UDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING EVERYBODY RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
HURRY UP! GRAB THE MONEY POP, WE DONE IT, HEE HEE!

SHUT UP BOY LOOK OUTSIDE, SEE IF EVERYTHING'S OK!

OH NO, SUMPTHING GONE WRONG...I THOUGHT THEY'D RUN FOR THEIR LIVES, THEY'RE TAKIN' MY PICTURE!

WHAT WE GUNNA DO NOW? WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

SUDDENLY SOMEONE SEES THEM MAKING THEIR ESCAPE...

AN OLD TIMER STEPS FROM THE CROWD OF CURIOUSITY SEEKERS...

QUICK THE BACK DOOR!

LOOK THERE IT GOES!

YOU AND YOUR STUPID MONSTER DISGUISE, WE DIDN'T EVEN GET A LOUSY PENNY, I'LL NEVER LISTEN TO YOUR STUPID IDEAS AGAIN!

YOU'RE LUCKY STUPID...THANK OL' JED HE ALWAYS USES NAILS FOR BUCKSHOT!

IT'S THE STRANGEST THING I EVER SEEN, OL' JED BUCKY HIT IT WITH A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT AND IT RAN LIKE A WOUNDED RABBIT RIGHT BACK IN THE RIVER, HEE HEE!

ANOTHER REPORT FROM AN EYE WITNESS AT THE SIGHT OF THE MUD MONSTER, WELL REPORT AGAIN AS THE NEWS COMES IN!

End
PROLOGUE:
THE ARTURIAN PLEASURE-PLANET, WHERE MEN AND BEINGS NOT REMOTELY LIKE MEN CAN MEET IN PEACE TO CLEAVE AWAY THE PAIN OF SPACE, TO FORGET IN BOISTROUS RIBALDRY THE HARDSHIPS OF THEIR LONELY OFF-PLANET LIVES.

DULL ORANGE "EYES" GLEAM IN THE DIM CONFINES OF A CHEAP SPACE-PORT TAVERN AS:

INNKEEP! I SEE ONE CALLED MITYOUUMIN! I WAS INFORMED I MIGHT FIND HIM HERE!

YONDER HE SETS, M'LORD, NURSING STILL A DRINK HE SHOULD HA' BIN DONE W' AN HOUR AND MORE AGO!

WHAT...? OH...ER... YES, SOR! HE...HE BE HERE A'RIGHT!
YOU, MATOUMIN! I HAVE 5000 CREDITS TO PAY ANY-ONE WHO WILL LEAD ME TO THE LAIR OF YOUR FORMER EMPLOYERS - THE BROTHERS ALTOS!

TO REVENGE MYSELF FOR THEIR DISCOURTEOUS DISMISAL WOULD BE PAYMENT ENOUGH, EFFENDI! BUT... BY WHAT TITLE SHALL YOU BE NAMED?

I AM CALLED CIDON!

Dawn...

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SLEEK CRAFT IS DRIVING OUT OF THE ARTURIAN SYSTEM!

BUT, IN THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW MATOUMIN GUIDES CIDON ON WHAT MUST BE THE MOST CURIOUS PATH IN THE ANNALS OF HYPER-SPACE!

HOW MUCH LONGER MATOUMIN? I WEARY OF THE CIRCUITOUS ROUTE YOU HAVE ME FOLLOWING...

NO LONGER AT ALL, EFFENDI!

BEHOLD!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE
THEY TELL MANY STRANGE TALES, THOSE LONELY MEN WHO ROAM THE DISTANT SPACEWAYS. ON COLD, LOST WORLDS AT THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE, OR WHEN STAR-MEN CLUSTER WITHIN THE FRIGID HULLS OF DEEP-SPACE STATIONS HANGING IN SOMEBE SILENCE BEYOND THE WARM EMBRACE OF THE NEAR STARS. YES, THEY TELL MANY TALES THOSE MEN, BUT NONE IS SO OFT REPEATED AS THE ONE BEGINNING ON A SMALL PLANET, FRAMEWORK ON THE RIM OF THE GALAXY, THE ONE BEGINNING WITH THREE SHIPS AND AN ACT OF UNEQUALLED SAVAGERY!

A SHATTERING INSTANT, AND A WORLD DIES! LIKE SCAVENGERS THE DESTROYERS FALL UPON THEIR PREY! BUT, LIKE SCAVENGERS, THEY FLEE BEFORE STRENGTH, STRENGTH IN THE MASSIVE SHAPE OF A MYSTERIOUS GIANT, A SHIP OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN WHICH LAUNCHES FOUR DRONES...

THE TALES TELL OF OLD ROBOTIC PROBES DISPATCHED BY THOSE GIANTS, OF HOURS OF CURIOUS SEARCHING, A FRUITLESS SEARCH, UNTIL ONE SHARP CYBERNETIC EYE DISCERNS A MOVEMENT IN THE SHATTERED HUSK OF A BUILDING — AND A LEGEND BEGINS...

BEGINs WITH A COLOSSAL ROBOT, A BRAIN, AND AN UNBELIEVABLE REPAIR JOB...

A REPAIR JOB ON A LIVING BEING! BEGINS TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF THAT SMALL WORLD WITH THE PASSING OF A TINY SCOUT SENT OUT BY THAT UNIQUE CYBERNETIC CIVILIZATION, AND WITH A CALL FROM ACROSS THE YEARS, ACROSS THE GULF BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, SUMMONING...

SUMMONING A CREATURE BORN OUT OF HOLocaust, A DESTROYED HUMAN BEING, REBUILT BY ROBOTIC INGENUITY! A CREATURE NEITHER MAN NOR MACHINE, BUT A HYBRID OF BOTH, POSSESSING MECHANICAL STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE, AND HUMAN DRIVES AND WILES. ALL BROUGHT TO TERRIBLE FRUITION BY THE SEARING AGONY OF A COLLECTED PACE — MEMORY, DRAWING HIM TO THE WORLD OF HIS ORIGIN, DRAWING HIM TO THREE INFORMATION CHIPS — PLACE THIS ONE IN THE COFFIN OF GALACTIC HISTORY — AND BIRTH A LEGEND!
As they disembark, Natoumin explains...

It is to be expected, Effendi! The structure of this station corresponds exactly to the great 'sphere' of hyper-space.

Each point on its surface is like a number on the dial of a huge safe.

The course I had you to follow was as dialing the correct numbers!

Abruptly, Gideon's voice rings like falling steel...

Never mind that! Look at those ships! I must investigate!

An open hatch provides ingress...

...and amazement!

Gods of the void!

Deck upon deck of hibernation tubes and missile racks...

But— to what end?

Suddenly a jeering voice echoes thru the ship...

Gideon's reaction is as much instinctive...

Crump!

...as it is futile!

I would answer that question for you, creature...

But it would be a waste of my time and yours...

...since you will not leave here to report what you have learned!

How typical that an ignorant android should be fooled by a tri-d projection!

Foolish machine! Did you honestly think I would expose myself?

Cold fire burns in Gideon's mechanical heart...
A voice like dry leaves rasps thru the hull...

Deck 75 is but a few kilometers from here, Effendi—but it lies in the best fortified section of this whole structure!

That is the least of my worries! What concerns me is why I was fooled by that 3-D projection. My eyes "see" on thermal, not optical wave-lengths.

Ah, Effendi! I see you have not too carefully studied your intended victims! That man is ham altos—the engineer! They say there is nothing he cannot build!

Thus, onward into the complex bowels of the Great Sphere! But scarce have the two ventured more than a mile, when...

Effendi!

But Gideon has little time to ponder the fate of his new ally before...

Gas...
Perhaps--one chance before the gas seeps through to my vital circuitry--

No sooner thought than acted upon! Boosting the sensitivity of his "eyes," Gideon transforms the area to a 3-D circuit-diagram!

There! The center of greatest activity is almost directly above!

If my thermal-vision sensitive to the slightest vagaries of temperature can seek out the core of this tunnel-trap--

I working... working. Whole banks are going dark--but my sensors are monitoring a building overload! That could cause... even before the computer--quick mind of Gideon can complete the thought...

Above the noise, a jeering voice...

All hell breaks loose!

Very good! My fine foe! Very good!

Now, quickly! This way, and we shall continue our discussion!
For a moment Gideon stands immobile, an oasis of calm in the heart of chaos...

Then, faster than the eye can follow, his tiny disruptor snaps up...

And fires!

In a shower of sparks, the figure of Ram Altos dissolves away...

And nature who abhors a vacuum, seeks to fill it...

To reveal the waning man of airless space!

—in the only way she can...
AND BEFORE WINDS LIKE THE
INDRAWN BREATH OF SOME
VAST, IMPLACABLE GOD...

...EVEN GIDEON'S GREAT
MACHINE-ENHANCED LIMBS
OFFER NO MORE RESISTANCE.

...THAN THE 'STRUGGLING'
OF A DEAD LEAF AGAINST
A HURRICANE.

NEXT: DEATH AND DISHONOR IN PART TWO OF
CHAPTER TWO GEMINI
This article is the first in a series of articles to be written for Chronicle. In upcoming issues we will try to explore the subject of nostalgic films and bring back those days of Saturday afternoon matinees.

Back in 1936 Serials were becoming very popular so Universal has this idea to bring the most popular radio hero, Flash Gordon, to the silver screen. With the largest budget ever given to a serial, Frank Stephani began work on Flash Gordon.

With Larry "Buster" Crabbe as Flash, Jean Rogers as Dale Arden, Frank Shannon as Dr. Zarkov and who could forget one of Hollywood's most perfect casting jobs, Charles Middleton as Emperor Ming.

As the first chapter opens, the planet Mongo is heading toward earth, and severe atmospheric disturbances are causing worldwide panic. Flash Gordon and Dale Arden are in an airplane that, due to the disturbances, is thrown into a dive. They parachute to safety and land near the laboratory of Dr. Alexis Zarkov, a brilliant scientist. Zarkov has built a rocket ship in which he hopes to reach Mongo and in some way avert that planet's headlong rush toward earth. Flash decides to join Zarkov; and Dale asks to be taken along.

The Ship blasts off and hurtles through space, finally landing on Mongo. They are captured by soldiers of a ruthless dictator called Ming the Merciless.

Flash and his companions are then taken before Ming, and Zarkov convinces the ruler that if earth is destroyed, Mongo will be, too. Ming, impressed with Zarkov's brilliance, decides to use his services. Ming has also become drawn to the beautiful Dale, and, in order to get Flash out of the way, throws the young earthman into an arena to battle three monkey-men. But Aura, Ming's daughter, is attracted to the handsome Flash, and, armed with a ray gun, comes to his aid. As they are battling Ming's soldiers, a lever is pulled, and Flash and Aura drop through a trapdoor into a pit filled
with horrible reptiles. Aura discovers a secret passageway through which they escape.

Suddenly, another resident of Mongo, a sworn enemy of Ming, King Thun and his Simon men attack in their gyro ships. During the battle, Flash encounters Thun and overpowers him, but does not kill him. When Thun learns that Flash is Ming's enemy, he joins forces with the Earth people.

Meantime, Ming has put Dale into a trancelike state, with the intention of marrying her. Flash observes this on a "spaceograph" viewer and determines to rescue Dale. Flash, Aura, and King Thun are making their way through a secret tunnel leading to Ming's headquarters, when they are confronted by a goko, an enormous dragon-dinosaur beast with lobster-like claws. The goko seizes Flash and begins to crush him in its huge claws, but a blast from Thun's ray gun kills the monster and saves Flash's life. Then, with Thun's help, Flash invades Ming's castle and prevents the ceremony, making off with Dale.

The group escapes through another tunnel leading to the underwater palace of the sharkmen, denizens of Mongo's oceans, led by Kala. In the underwater kingdom, Flash is separated from Thun and Dale who go to the palace throne room and wait for him. But Aura, jealous of Flash's devotion to Dale, tells him that Thun and Dale have left the underwater kingdom via submarine and that they should follow in another sub. As she and Flash depart, Aura confesses the truth to Flash. He immediately tries to turn the sub around, but Aura knocks him unconscious.

Ming, learning that the escapees had headed for the underwater kingdom uses his powerful magnetic equipment to raise the underwater palace to the surface of the sea. Flash regains consciousness in time to see the winged hawk-men from the sky-city, led by Vultan, swoop down to the palace and carry off Dale and Thun.

Meanwhile, in Ming's fortress, Zarkov is visited by Prince Barin, who enters through a secret passageway and reveals that he is the true ruler of Mongo, de-throned by Ming, who killed his father. Barin offers to aid the Earth people if they will help him overthrow Ming. They head for Barin's rocket ship and, meeting Flash and Aura, take off to rescue Dale and Thun. But upon arrival at Vultan's domain, a wondrous city that floats on antigravity ray beams, they are captured, and Flash and Barin are sent as slaves to the atom furnace rooms which supply power that keeps the city suspended in space. In the furnace room Flash and Barin find Thun, also enslaved.

While he has been held captive, Vultan has fallen in love with Dale, and
recognizing Flash as his rival, has the Earth Man taken to the 'static room', where electric current is sent through his body. Dale promises Vultan that she will marry him if he stops torturing Flash. But Vultan's reaction is to lead Dale away after ordering that Flash be killed.

Aura, however, has uncovered a ray gun and forces the static machine operator to turn off the device. She then takes Flash to the laboratory, where Zarkov has been made to work, and has the doctor treat him to counteract the electric shocks. Flash recovers and enters Vultan's room where he battles the king. But Vultan overcomes the still weakened Flash and has him wired to the atom furnaces, so that he will be electrocuted if he tries to escape.

Zarkov frees Flash and rewire the circuit so that a terrific explosion occurs and the furnaces are destroyed, thus threatening the Sky City. Zarkov then confronts Vultan and announces that in return for Flash's freedom, he will turn over to Vultan a new type of ray that will save the city. Vultan agrees, but before the Earth people can be set free, Ming visits the Sky City and forbids their liberation.

Instead, Ming suggests that the entire group return to his kingdom and that a tournament be held there. If Flash wins, he gains his liberty and can choose his bride. Recognizing Ming's power, Vultan agrees. The "Tournament of Death" begins and Flash faces a number of assorted monsters, vanquishing them one by one. When Flash finally emerges victorious, a livid Ming promises to give Flash his freedom and to allow him to choose his bride in three days.

As the third day approaches, Aura slips Flash a drug of forgetfulness, so that Flash does not recognize his Earth friends. When Ming asks him to choose his bride, Aura answers, stating that Flash has chosen her. Much to the astonishment of Zarkov, Barin and Dale, the drugged Flash offers no protest. Barin and Zarkov, suspect foul play, bring Flash to the laboratory and submit him to a ray treatment which restores his memory.

Meanwhile, the treacherous Ming orders a firing squad to the lab to execute Flash. As they enter, Zarkov thrusts Flash into a machine that makes him invisible, allowing him to escape. Still jealous, Aura sends a vicious tigrion (a tiger-like beast) to track down and kill Dale. Flash, regaining visibility, appears just as the tigrion is attacking Dale, and leaps upon the beast. The enraged tigrion turns and attacks Aura, but Prince Barin arrives and leaps to Aura's defense, killing the animal. Aura is drawn to Barin for his bravery, and the prince confesses that he is in love with her.

The repentant Aura goes to Ming to plead for the lives of her friends, but Ming orders their seizure. Just as Ming's forces are about to execute Flash, Thun and his Lion Men attack the palace and break into Ming's headquarters. Trying to escape, Ming heads through one of the secret tunnels. But he is seized by a gocko and killed. Barin assumes his rightful place as ruler of Mongo, Aura at his side. And Flash, together with Dale and Zarkov, blast off for the return trip to Earth.

In the 1938, FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS, Flash Gordon, Dale, and Dr. Zarkov zoom to Mars in a rocket ship, hoping to locate and destroy the mysterious force which is drawing nitrogen from the earth's atmosphere. When they land, the group is captured by the Clay People, human beings turned into Clay by Azura, queen of magic.
Flash and Zarkov are forced by the Clay People to attempt to capture Azura's white sapphire, the source of her magic power. In the course of his many tasks, Flash, along with his friend Prince Barin, who has come to Mars to convince the Martians not to ally themselves with Ming the Merciless, manages to avert a war between the Clay People and the Tree People (who also reside on Mars). Ming desired the conflict in order to increase universe tensions.

The Clay People soon become Flash's allies in the Battle against Queen Azura and Ming, whose great lamp is stripping the earth of nitrogen. With the help of his friends, Flash succeeds in destroying Ming's great lamp, and the evil emperor himself is thrown into a "disintegration chamber" and presumably destroyed.

In the final Flash Gordon series, FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE, the earth is visited by a deadly epidemic known as the Plague of the Purple Death. Flash, Dale, and Zarkov set out into the stratosphere in Zarkov's ship and discover that Ming, the ruler of Mongo, is spreading death dust in earth's atmosphere as part of his vicious plan to conquer the universe.

Flash and his friends (the friendly ruler of Arboria, Prince Barin, and his wife Aura, Ming's daughter), invade Ming's Palace and partially wreck the power rooms and machinery. Flash then leads an expedition to the frozen land of Frigia where he mines for Polante, the only known antidote for the Purple Death.

But Ming's spaceship, operated by Sonja Torch, and Thong, attack Dale and Zarkov and take them prisoner. Flash, Barin, and a few followers avoid an electrical death ray to rescue Dale and the scientist. They then attack Ming. Flash resets the controls of a solarite ship aimed at the earth and bales out just before the spacecraft crashes into Ming's stronghold and kills the evil emperor. The terrific explosion marks the end of Ming's omnipotence, and Flash is acclaimed the Conqueror of The Universe! Thus ends the last chapter of the last of three great Flash Gordon serials that film history will never forget.

"I CAN NEITHER MOVE OR SEE CLEARLY... I MUST STILL BE DRUGGED, BUT I KNOW THERE ARE TWO MEN VERY NEAR... FIGHTING OVER ME... I CANNOT TELL WHO THEY ARE OR WHO IS WINNING."

"THEN THERE IS THE EXPLOSION AND I AM THROWN OFF THE OPERATING TABLE. SHRAPNEL AND DEBRIS BITE INTO ME. I THINK MY LEG IS BROKEN. I THINK I SCREAM. YES, I SCREAM."

"AUGHAAAA"

"MEDICO TEAM! QUICK THE TRANQUILIZERS! THE PRIME DIRECTOR IS HAVING ANOTHER SEIZURE!!"
NO NURSE JUST ANOTHER NIGHTMARE. I'M ALL RIGHT NOW. HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE TAPES I ASKED?

YES SIR, BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD REST BEFORE VIEWING...

YES NURSE BUT I'D FIRST LIKE TO GET THIS MATTER OUT OF THE WAY SO WOULD YOU PLEASE INSERT THE TAPE...

THANK YOU.

GIN HISTORY TAPE
DANTE FIELD AGENT
CLASSIFIED

DANTE'S FATHER WAS SPACE EXPLORER JAASEN NOW LOST IN SPACE. NOTEWORTHY ACHIEVEMENT: DISCOVERY OF PLANET KANEKA WHICH LATER BECAME HIS HOME. (SEE HISTORY TAPE-JAASEN)

RE: KANEAN (SUPPLEMENTAL) LIKE MOST HIGHER LIFE FORMS IN THIS GALAXY THE KANEANS HAVE EVOLVED FROM A CAT/MONKEY-LIKE CREATURE BUT ARE FURTHER ENDOURED BECAUSE OF THE HARSH ENVIRONMENT WITH AMAZING AGILITY AND A VERY COMPLEX, ANALYTICAL MIND.

DANTE'S MOTHER WAS RAENA, A KANEAN. SHE DIED IN CHILDBIRTH.

HE HAS INHERITED HIS MOTHER'S KANEAN CAPABILITIES AS WELL AS HIS FATHER'S DETERMINATION AND LOVE OF ADVENTURE.

BECAUSE OF THE DEATH OF HIS PARENTS AND BECAUSE HE HAD NO OTHER RELATIONS, DANTE WAS MADE A WARD OF THE STATE. HE WAS A VERY PRECOCIOUS CHILD AND WOULDN'T CONVENTLY AMAZE HIS NEW GUARDIANS WITH HIS PHYSICAL CAPABILITIES AS WELL AS HIS HIGHER LEVEL INTELLECT.

VOCATION FORECAST: AMBASSADOR OR DIPLOMAT.
WHEN HE WAS 17, THE GREAT WAR WAS ALREADY IN ITS SECOND YEAR. REALIZING HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO ENLIST, DANTE STOWED AWAY ON A TROOP ROCKET HEADED TO A PLANETOID WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS THE WORST. UPON ARRIVAL, THEY WERE MET WITH HEAVY OPPOSITION AND REPELLED BUT NOT BEFORE DANTE WAS TAKEN PRISONER. HE BECAME THE LEADER OF A DARING ESCAPE AND LATER JOINED THE UNDERGROUND WHERE HE QUICKLY ROSE IN RANK AND SOON WAS THE LEADER OF THE RESISTANCE WHICH CONTINUOUSLY HARRASED THE ENEMY UNTIL THE WARS' END TWO YEARS LATER. DANTE WAS AN ACCLAIMED HERO AND GIVEN THE RANK OF SERGEANT IN THE WORLD ARMY CORPS.

WHEN THE WORLD ARMY CORPS WAS DISBANDED AND REPLACED BY THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE NETWORK [GIN (SEE HISTORY TAPE: THE BREC/SAKI ACT OF 1029.5)], DANTE WAS RECRUITED BY THE NEW ORGANIZATION AS A FIELD AGENT AND EVENTUALLY WAS PROMOTED TO TOP AGENT A-1.

COMMENDATIONS/ MEDAL OF VALOR: SIRGEN ORDER OF TACTICS, CLASS OF EXCELLENCE. COXLEY RIBBON OF COMMEMORATION, FIRST AND SECOND CLASS. SILVER PALM WITH CLUSTER. MEDAL OF HONOR. GALACTIC CITATION FOR HEROISM. FOUR TIME WOUNDED, HONOR ROLL.

VOCAL TAPE: END

PRESENT WHEREABOUTS: [NOT PROGRAMMED IN THIS AREA]

END TAPE

SUPPLEMENTAL TAPES:
BIOLOGY: #5106
PSYCHOLOGY: #8560

"PRESENT WHEREABOUTS NOT PROGRAMMED" THAT'S HIGHLY UNUSUAL! I WONDER... WHERE IS DANTE?
Hi and how are ya?

I have been wanting to start this thing for some time now and decided to finally give it a go. In future ramblings I'll give more info as to New Hampshire's number one son, but for now there's a topic much more urgent.

In Chronicle #3 our hero, Duffy Vohland, kindly presented us with current paper-back novels worthy of our cash and interest. As usual he was helpful in providing a list of superior material and we agree with his choices.

Of course the amount of good literature to be found in professional periodicals is great and for the fan seeker poses no problems. Yet what of the present fan fiction situation?

There was a time only a few years ago when names like Dwight "Doc" Dooner, Tony Isabella and Jan Strnad were everywhere and we readers enjoyed top-notch fiction and articles regularly. Then fame and maturity slowed down on these men and quite naturally they joined the hallowed ranks of pro-dom.

Since those days we have been constantly flooded with cynical reports to the effect that good fan-fiction is nearly non-existent today. It is a reactionary claim made without support and in the light of hard facts may prove to be the funniest joke of all. Unfortunately many people are swayed by few and so that erroneous idea has cast a darkened cloud over fandom.

It is time to dispel such gloom and let the clean light of knowledge shine through. Fan Fiction IS Alive and doing extremely well we may add. Never before has there been such a surge of creative writings emerging throughout fandoms across the country. Some, of course, are poor yet most are competent, enjoyable and highly representative of the new talents rising in our ranks.

At the vanguard of this renaissance stand four men whose literary output is amazing. Four amateur fan writers are doing some of the best writing we have ever had the pleasure of reading anywhere. They are, in alphabetical order, Bill Cantey, Tom Fagan, Gordon Linzner and Jeffrey May. Each different in his interests and creative style yet all alike in their abilities and high standards.

Bill Cantey is a master of the action adventure yarns. His stories, often based on leading comic characters, are fast paced yarns capable of transporting the reader from his everyday existence into weird magical worlds. He is an imaginative writer who never seems to lack fresh original concepts and employs a clean direct narrative style.

Until it's recent demise, Bill's stories appeared regularly in Gary Groth's Fantastic Fanzine. More recently he has completed projects for Bill Wilson's The Collector. Unfortunately in the last few months Bill's personal activities have limited his output to fandoms. It is a situation we find truly sad since his tales are sorely missed. At latest report, Bill hopes to have more free time in the coming months and is looking forward to do much more fan work in 1974. That is good news for all of us.

Next on our list is Mr. Nostalgia himself, Tom Fagan of Rutland, Vermont, truly one of the most dedicated fan boys in the world. Tom's love for the media has been solidly backed by countless articles and features over the years. With a journalistic background to his credit, it is only natural that his reportive essays on Golden Age heroes should be heightened by crisp detailed words capable of evoking time lost moods of grandeur.

Whether he is reliving the exploits of Lost Planet comics in the Comic Crusader or chronicling the adventures of the Flying Dutchman in the Collector, Tom has the knack of actually making the reader aware of these strips as though they existed today. His sharp snappy phrases and adroit use of descriptive adjectives seem to enhance any subject he covers.

Then add to this a talent of short fantasy fiction and one can only watch with awe at one of fandom's most multi-talented citizens. A fiendish follower of H. P. Lovecraft and Ray Bradbury, Fagan combines the horror of one and the wonder of the other to produce works of bizarre haunting beauty. As Fiction Editor of Bill Black's Paragon Publications, his tales have enlivened the dark shadows in us all.
Finally we come to a Kansas City social worker in his mid-twenties named Jeffery May. An advocate of heroic fantasy, his bylines have appeared often in the award-winning Amra and Ed Romero's beautiful zine REAN. In the latter, Jeff doubles as fiction editor and the job couldn't be in better hands.

As a writer he is brilliant on all counts. His work is professional in every aspect and is simply a joy to behold. In the pages of REAN, Jeff has begun a series of adventures featuring a chap named Vanaar. Please don't confuse these as the usual flimsy Robert H. Howard imitations so much in vogue today.

Jeff's style is definitely new and original. He is honest with himself and drives hard to achieve a perfection one can only envy. We predict that his work will shortly be selling to the pros and his success will climax at a fast rate once his skills are publicly known. But for now he belongs to fandom and we are indeed the lucky ones for it.

There you have them Conley, Pagan, Linzner and May. Truly amazing men deserving all the praise we can give them. Each an individual and yet all sharing the one gift of talent which bonds them together.

And what pray tell is this one asset shared by this rare breed of men? Our answer is quite simple and is also our general criteria for all artists. They entertain the reader so that the mere act of reading becomes a remarkable experience. They provoke our thoughts, stimulate our minds and enhance our lives with nothing but words.

It is a magic they bestow and for us an obligation to accept their blessings.

Fan Fiction dead! If death this be, then surely they have named it heaven.

Enough opinions, go read a good fan story. You'll be glad you did and until later-

LOVE

RON PORTIER

12A WATER STREET
ROCKISBROUGH, N.H.
D8678
A nameless planet so far from its star that it is dim and frozen with ageless ice.

It is inhabited by only two men who live here in an interstellar "lighthouse" for space travellers. They call their home "Fort Frostbite" but only half in jest. These were the only two men.

But now there is a third.

Calculating Mind

Heading to the "Fort" for food and shelter.
FASK!

For God's sake run Mike!

Damn thing nearly got me!

It's getting closer to getting us each time.

I wonder what made the little bastard decide to position himself between the food and the lavatory.

So we'd have to cross his line of fire every day.

Bastard! We're lucky we disabled his little wheels so he couldn't come in here and get us.
Do you realize that it's been a week since "Punch" lost his plastic mind?

Yeah.

Protect us eh? I like to take that little monster and...

I can't believe this. It's getting ridiculous.

Yeah I been thinking about it.

What the hell can we do about this?

And the way I figure it, only one of us can get out of here.

Because he can only shoot at one of us at a time.
Wait a minute. There's a chance it was trained to protect us, right?

Right.

Well it must've had some way of identifying us so that it wouldn't kill us by mistake in a fight.

And that's what's broken?

Yeah.

It's got a confused sense of morals, which explains why it hasn't been able to kill us.

Huh?

Hasn't it occurred to you that that thing has a computer for a brain. It should by all rights be a crackshot.

But it's a cracked shot. Right Greg, so all we have to do is unconfuse it—jar its memory some how?

How?

I must be outta my mind.

It was your idea.

Come on you plastic son of a bitch, make your mind up.
GOD GET IT OVER WITH

MIKE!

DAMMIT, MIKE YOU'RE NOT DEAD

LOOK

REEP BOOP BOOP
I DON'T KNOW HOW THE HELL YOU GOT HERE BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO... UH... UH...

SURE IS GREAT NOT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT THAT HALF PINT KILLER EH?

Yeah.

MIKE'S RIGHT. YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE. WE'D BETTER WATCH THIS ONE MIKE.

LATER

THIS GUY'S REALLY STRANGE YOU SURPRISE ME.

NO. I MEAN OTHER THAN HIS GENERAL ATTITUDE.

HE HAS NO SHIP. SO HOW DID HE GET HERE? HE MUST HAVE DROPPED BUT HE HAS NO SPACE SUIT. SO HOW'D HE BREATH OUTSIDE?

YOU SEEM TO HAVE EXHAUSTED THE "HOWS" BUT YOU FORGOT THE BIGGIE. WHAT'S THAT?

WHY DID HE COME HERE?
SO LET'S ASK HIM

BUT...

BUT AFTER A SEARCH

GONE

HE STANDS ALONE ON
A PLAIN. SO COLD THAT
HE IS ABLE TO STAND
ONrozen deposits
OF OXYGEN.

IS NEXT STOP UPLANDs
TO NAIL. BUT HIMSELF.
I think it'll be easier if I just page thru the book from beginning to end commenting on each section, etc, etc., cover by Byrne is good. The plot of Black Cat is not all that good, it's too much a cross between cartoonism and realism. I like your editorial, George, keep those coming. Dante/Sakai has a few redeeming qualities in his work but he still seems to be an undisciplined and beginning artist, a lot of his panels remind me of Fujitsuke. The story was rather thin but it made decent reading. The survival story is good and adds interesting reading. Your newspaper page is also needed, it has good inside information on your time. "Prison Planet" could be a very good cartoon strip if Dixon would put more time in holding his layouts, he has a very nice style that I would like to see more of. Denny Vohland's idea of an outer space linked is very good, but why has it never been translated to print? Daughters of the Sea isn't bad, it's just good enough. Faulkenberg should work on a little more on anatomy of face and body, the story was dull, I'm sorry to say. In "Orpheus" the art was good in places and lousy in others (peculiar), as to the story, it was great. It looked like Plunkett ran out of room at the end and had to finish it in a paragraph. "Saffire" was bad and not needed in the line, you should've use this page to finish the Orpheus strip. I've already raved about Byrne but "Gideon's Revenge" is fantastic, both in story and art. It belongs in a 50 or Marvel comic, absolutely great! Overall your line is great and I expect big things in the future. It has just the right amount of strips and articles (but art & strips, 66 written), of course, you could add a little letters page, it couldn't hurt.

Ernest Eric Anderson

Sanderson asked me to drop you a note expressing his thanks for the copy of CHRONICLE that you sent. He thought the issue was superb.

Halli Seminoff for Stan Lee

George, Gideon is probably the best original material I've ever appear in a fanzine, if it does not emerge a winner in this class for '74, there is no justice in fandom. Congratulations on your Gideon Conceptualization, and I hope that the basic idea and story-line will not change with a lot of the script dialogue. In a word, it's great. I'm an exciting dialogist. Very pro of course, it's nice to have a guy like that illustrating for you. Hope he can continue to do art. Simply superb.

Adams Hanley

As someone who was involved in the comics scene at that time, I can attest to the quality and impact of the CHRONICLE fanzine. The review here praises the art and story of various strips, but also touches on the editorial content and the overall impact of the fanzine. The writer expresses a desire for more letters pages and mentions an upcoming retirement of an influential artist. The review is positive and supportive, reflecting the dedication and passion of the fanzine community.
Prayers to Broken Stone

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the mutiny
an imaginative

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