DEDICATION
This first issue is dedicated to all the fans and pros, who have made fandom what it is today and to all the contributors, who made this issue a reality.

Best Regards,
[Signature]

From:
[Signature]

Amul

STATEMENT
CHRONICLE* VOL. 1 No 1: $1.00 per copy: CHRONICLE is published quarterly by George S. Brec, whose editorial address is 5600 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60646.

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CHRONICLE
THE STUFF OF DREAMS by Mark Ploskey  Illus by Tim Draus

Prologue: I slipped into sleep and began to dream...

I stood on a rocky cliff overlooking a vast desert stretch... at my side clad only in a gorgon type garment stood the lovely Princess, Vena. I looked down and found myself attired in warrior trappings.

Above us heralded by the fluttering of bat's wings, hovered the fierce creature, known only as Horgania... A hybrid of creatures of fact and myth, and it fed on men. Around it hovered it's ever present servants, the Vampire bats. They began their attack, I drew my sword.

The bats swooped down, My blade slashed left, Bats fell to my side. My blade slashed right, More of the creatures fell. Their pulpy bodies soon covered the ground like a blanket.

I dropped my gore covered blade and drew my dagger... I leapt into the air, My leap carried me to Horgania, I grappled with the creature and for a moment all seemed lost. Than my blade dove deep into it's breast, it screamed... I clung to the lifeless form as it plummeted to the desert floor far below.....

Interlude: The girl by my side groaned and rolled over in her sleep, I lay awake now desperately seeking the thread, that would lead me back to my dream realm...Finally....

I hit the desert floor unharmed for I had managed to use the creatures' limp frame to cushion my fall, I rose. Vena was now at the bottom of the cliff. She ran to me, We embraced...

"Oh, if anything had happened to you..." "Fear not, long as I have my blade and you at my side, nothing can happen." I murmured. And we walked off, hand in hand.

Epilogue: "Wake up, Pops." "Don't call me pops, kid." I mumbled, rising from the bed. And don't call me kid." She yelled, entering the kitchen.

I stumbled into the bathroom, I stared at my reflection in the mirror, barely believing the reflection was mine. I chuckled a bit, years back I had been a private investigator, and somewhere in every case I worked on there had always been a seedy character like the image in the mirror. I splashed water on my face and entered the kitchen, I sank into a nearby chair. "What's for breakfast?" I growled. "Food," She answered not turning to face me. I sighed, the time had come for our relationship to end, I had hopes of doing it smoothly, but I couldn't take her haughty attitude. "Take a walk," "What?" she said. "I've grown very tired of you," "You've grown tired of me?" "Yeah," I said. "I certainly hope you've been keeping the grass under your feet," "And what is that supposed to mean?" "Just this, I'm pregnant," I groaned. "And you the Pops. The radio blared: "War erupts in..." Street riots..." Decapitated corpses..." I began to NIGHTMARE.............

THE END
CHARLES DIXON
I'M MIKE WACKER. I'M A PRIVATE DICK. IT WAS RAINING. THE CLOUDS WERE OPENING UP AND LETTING ALL THEIR ICY WETNESS DOWN ON ME AND SOME WIND STUMBLING DOWN THE STREET. I WAS WAITING FOR SOME FUZZY-CHINNED PUNK TO BARREL MY LOUSY EXCUSE FOR A CAR DOWN THE PARKING LOT RAMP.

I MISSED ON TWO POINTS... THE GUYS IN THE CAR AND THE FACT THAT THIS CORPSE WAS A WIND... HE WASN'T.

THIS GUY WAS DRESSED TO KILL— OR TO BE KILLED— ALSO SOMETHING ELSE... A KEY....

BUT TO WHAT?
I phoned the cops and kept the key — let them do the legwork I was out for the killer — and one place to get a lot of gangland dope was Ratty Ray's shack. Ratty buys animals and then sells 'em to places for experiments he hears about. Lots of stuff he shouldn't.

I left and went to one of those all-night key makers and had a duplicate of my mystery key made.

Look Mike, I ain't Edgar Hoover — I just keep away.

I say... but I kill 'em, I don't sell 'em.

The old guy in the booth said it was one of those locker keys like you see in the bus terminal. I decided to go to my office and take a nap, then hunt around in the morning.
Pat was at my office in less than 6 minutes.

The one on the floor is Alvin Francis.

The one you saw killed was Lou Surfer... a loan shark. Lou skipped out with some dough. Frank, his partner, killed me to get it back, and then came here to get you so you couldn't tell anyone.

Yeah, it's Wacker, who was that corpse I saw you with last night? Yeah, Pat. I saw it all... oh and I got a number one for you, huh?... in my office... take it easy Pat... no!... all right... okay!... see ya.

Murderer zapped case is closed cops go home.

Good night's work Mike.

Yeah, Pat's version fit together just great except for one thing...

I figured it'd fit better if I slept on it, so I did. I slept on the key and a .45 just in case anymore creeps came around.

See you tomorrow.

Hmm.

... That damn key... it didn't fit anywhere...
NEXT MORNING I TOOK A SHOWER AND PREPARED FOR SOME FOOTWORK.

WHAT THE HELL SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS KEY??

WHO Wants IT? WHAT DOES IT UNLOCK?

SNACK!

CANT FIGURE IT...

Gotta pick up the car...

Waitin' for the crate again... same place.

This key... too small for a door or a car... more like one you'd see in one of those cheap...

912?! The number on the key.
I drove to one of those burger joints to take a look at my little Christmas present. It was full of money, lots of it, ones, fives, tens and a fistful of hundreds, but there was still something missing. It wasn't enough green for two big ones like Surfer and Papho to die for. I was about to get my answer in the shape of two hoods.

We went then...
THEM UP AN GO OUT SIDE JACK

IT WAS RAFFY RAY!!!

Yeah Mike its me,

So that's why you were makin' so much bread for a rat ketcher. You ran loan joints on the side and Lou Surra was a heavy rival so ya had 'im bumped right?

Wrong - Lou worked for me but was gonna start a new shakin' biz and decided he could use what was in that box.

No the book... with the names of all my sharks.

And so you sent Franco to look for the key in my office.

Turn in all my boys... give himself a clear field, no competition, easy dough.

No I sent Larry Narvo. Franco is Surra's boy.

So your the head of the sharks in this town eh? Just as I...

Who the hell is El Cid?

I ain't the head... El Cid is.

Wise up hacker! He's the big man in the Mafia who just about owns this town.
NELL RATTY
YOU SEE NOW
THE POWERS OF
THE SHREWD
DETECTIVE MIND!

YOU STUPID OK
YOU COULDN'T
INVESTIGATE YOUR
WAY OUT OF A PAPER
BAG.

THAT'S IT YOU
@*%@!!

Wah!

UH-OH.

WACKER.
YOU GOT...

LOOT!

THAT AIN'T ALL
I GOT...

I GOT RATTY
AN! A SLUG
IN MY SHOULDER.

BASH!
BASH
BASH
BASH
BASH
BASH

AN' NOW
I'M GONNA
GET YOU.
MWW!!

POUND
POUND
POUND
MASH
MUNCH
CRUSH!
CRUNCH!
AND NOW THE BOX!

HERE IT IS... THE BOOK OF THE MONTH—HAH!

THE BOOK 3...

UH...

THUD!

MAYBE 4 GUYS CROOKED FOR.

WELL THAT'S THE WAY LIFE IS FOR A PRIVATE DICK. SOMETIMES IT'S TOUGH AND SOMETIMES IT'S TOUGHER, BUT I CAN TAKE IT. I'VE GOT TO. THERE'S TOO MANY RATS HIDING OUT MAKING A LIVING OFF OF INNOCENT PEOPLES DOUGH. DODGING THE LAW OR HIDING BEHIND IT.

HEY THAT'S MY CAR! HOLD IT OFFICER!
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Notes

The above illos were a contribution from Jim Hanley, who among other things is the editor and artist for his own publication "Comic Book", which can be obtained from Jim at his editorial address: 1059 W. Granville Chicago, Ill. 60626

Thanks Jim.

Anyone wishing information on the "Fantasy Collectors of Chicago" should contact: Joe Sarno 4717 N. Harding Chicago, Illinois

The NOSTALGIA'72 - Chicago Comic Con will be July 22 & 23 at the Pick Congress Hotel, anyone wishing information may contact: Nancy Warner, Chairman 1726 N. Broadway Crest Hill, Ill. 60435 815-726-6373

Dennis Fujitake, whose work appears on pages 19 thru 21 of this issue, has now gone commercial and may be contacted by stamped letter, which will be forwarded to: George S. Brea 5600 Milwaukee Ave. Chicago, Ill. 60646 Dept.BF.
Editorial

This first issue is an experiment in Graphic Illustration and a new concept in Fanzines.

I hope the fans and pros in the world of Comic Art will accept this offering in the spirit it is given.

I will try to make this magazine the best entertainment possible, and I believe I can with your help and support.

Future issues will touch on all facets of the comic field, their will be no set format or policy to tie our hands. Anything goes.

Write with your comments on this issue and your suggestions for future issues.

And now Special Thanks to: Gary G. Groth, FANTAGRAPHICS Bill Black, PARAGON PUBLICATIONS Alan Light, ALL DYNAMIC Joe Sarno, THE FANTASY SHOP Carmine Infantino, D.C. and Tony Isabella for all their help and encouragement.

Next!
*MORE ART
*MORE FEATURES
*MORE PAGES

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