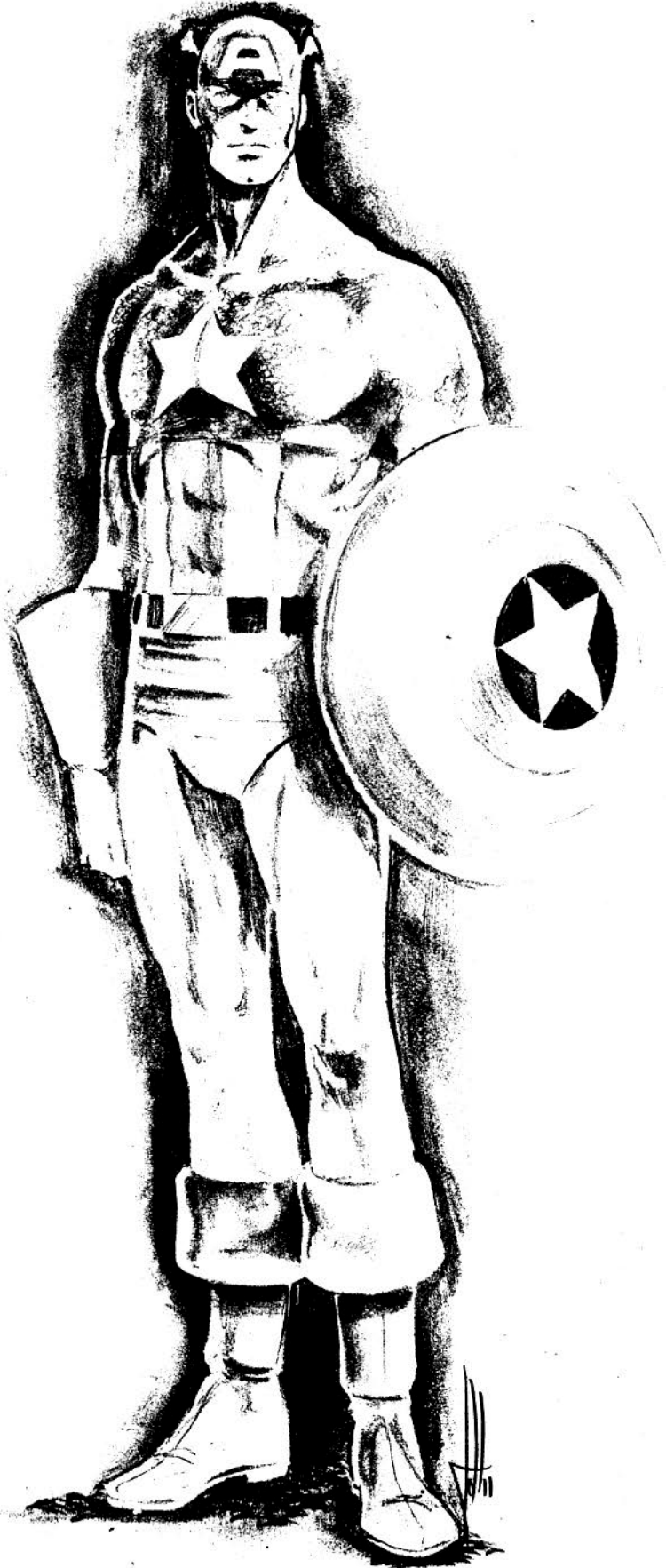


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CHRONICLES



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MARCH 1973

BLACK CAT

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





Welcome to the third issue of Chronicle, this issue invites you to join us on a mythical tour of the realm of Graphic Fantasy. Join our resident Special Agent, Dante on his mission to rescue the Prime Director; from there it's just a short hop to the Prison Planet where we find our "mystery man" in deep trouble. We stop for a bit of topical refreshment at Duffy'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 hand of his enemy? Will the Daughter of Ska triumph over the forces of Good and Right? What dangers will face us on our Safari to the land of the dreaded Zaffle? Who or what is Gideon and where does the trail he follows lead? Well, shall we begin our tour?

I have resisted the urge to compare this issue with either number 1 or 2, because I feel that each issue is one of a kind and a classic in itself and to compare this issue with any future issues would be an impossibility. Let us just say that this issue lives up to if not 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 fanzines in fandom. To all of these, I offer my sincerest thanks.

Special thanks this issue to John L. Byrne, Bill Black, Gary Kato, Steve Ditko, Jim Engel, Gary John Reynolds, Greg Revak, Duiry Vonland, Rick Williams, Clyde Caldwell, Sandy Flunkett, Chuck Dixon, Clifford Kurowski, John Cornell, Stanley Sakai, Bob Camp, James Faulkenberg and last but certainly not least Roger Slifer, who's column Revival Survival asks the question "To be or not to be?" or Can a Superhero survive his revival? (Roger also contributed the preliminary penciled 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+

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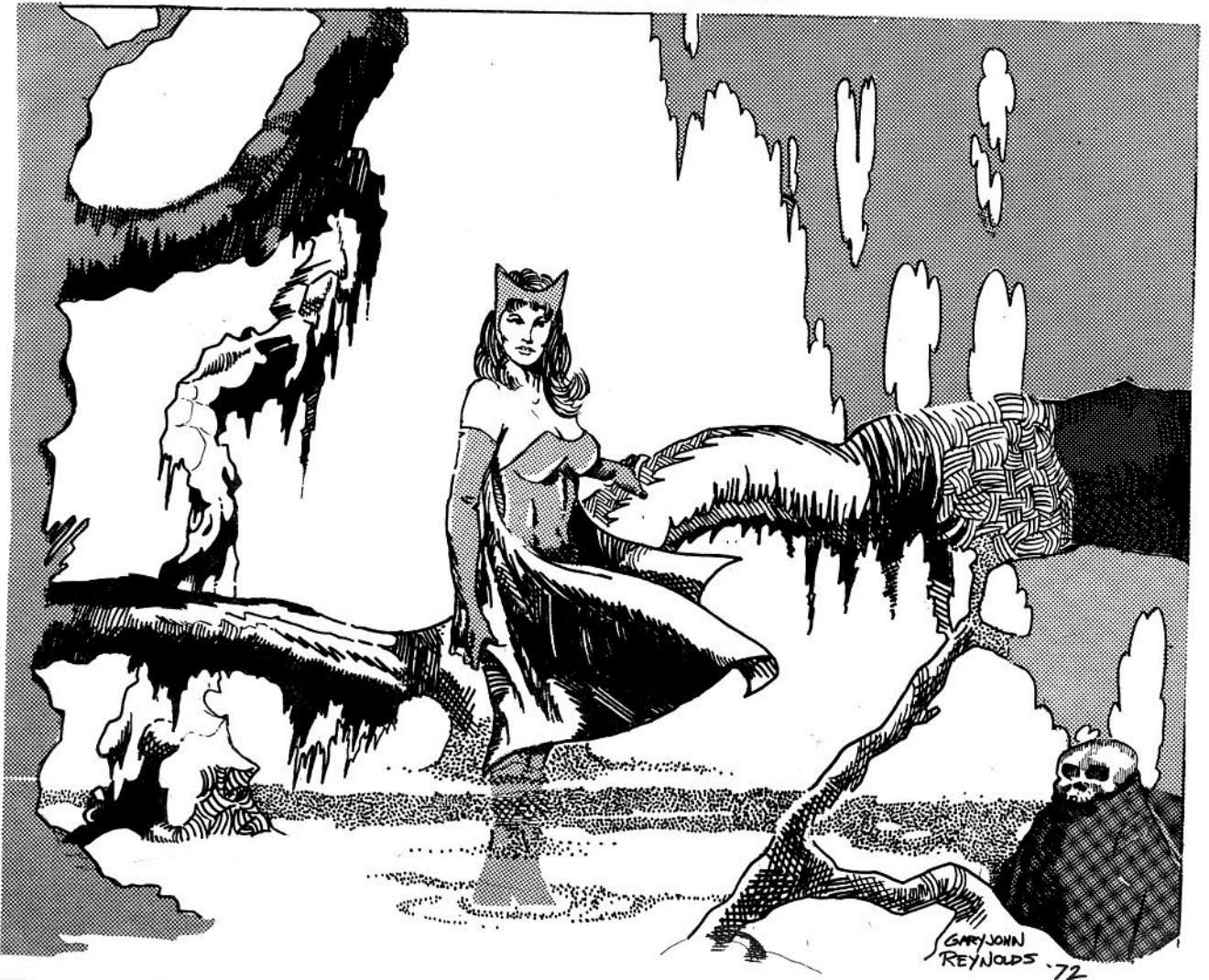
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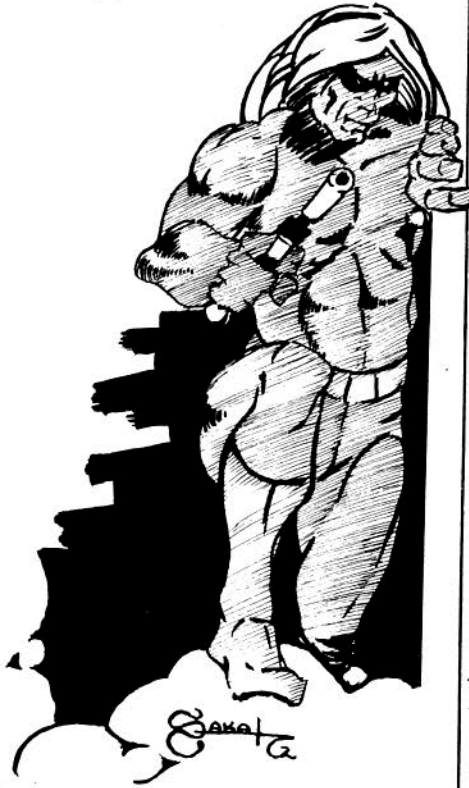
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PART II

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!!

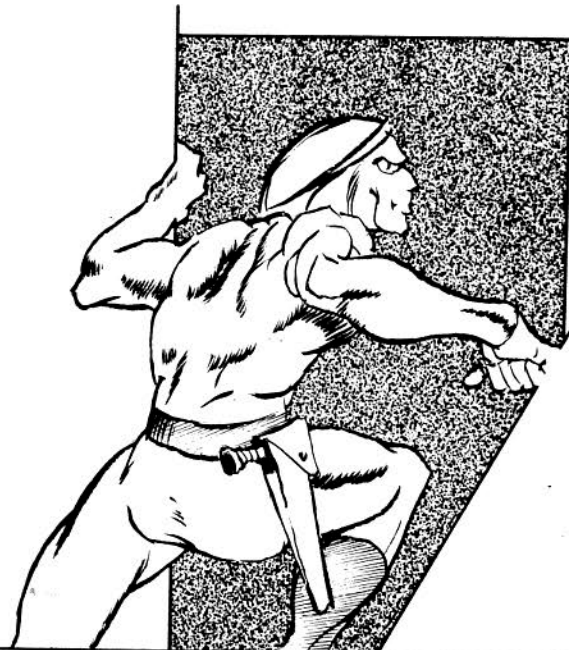


'IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, CREATURES HAVE EVOLVED FROM A LEMURIAN TYPE, HALF CAT- HALF MONKEY, INTO HUMANOID TYPES WITH FELINE CHARACTERISTICS.'

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

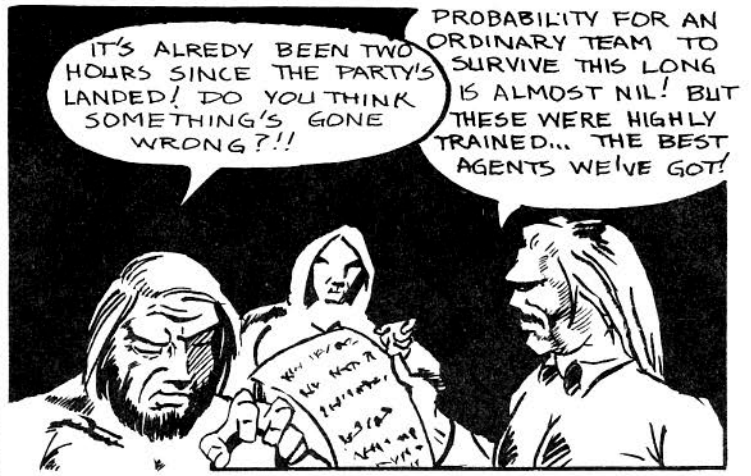
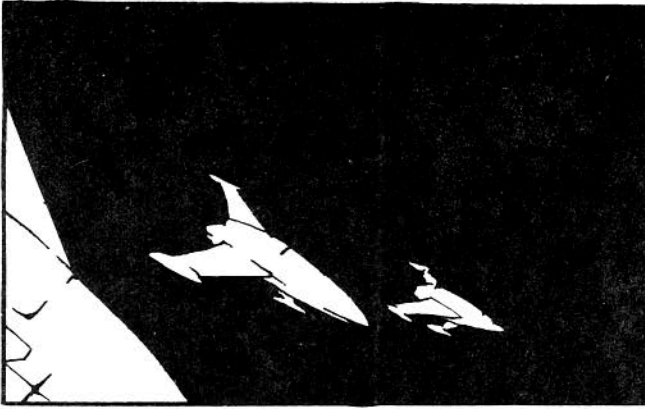


AFTER EMERGING UNNOTICED INSIDE THE INSTALLATION, DANTE SLIT THE THROAT OF A GUARD AND DONNED HIS UNIFORM. OUR STORY BEGINS AS DANTE SEARCHES THE CORRIDORS FOR ANY TRACE OF THE PRIME DIRECTOR.



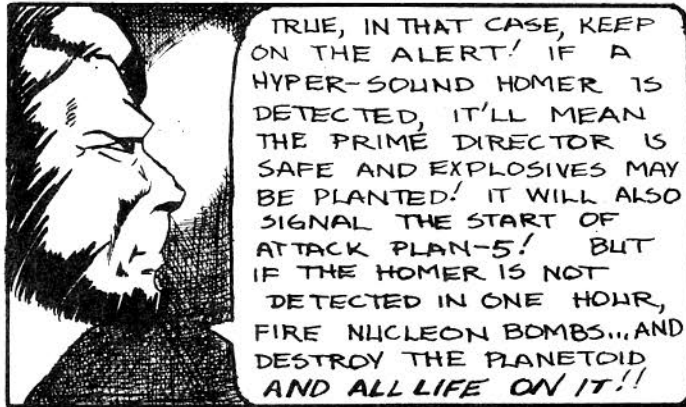
DANTE, A CHARACTER by
George S. BREO & S. SAKAI

MEANWHILE, TWO THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE PLANETOID'S ATMOSPHERE...

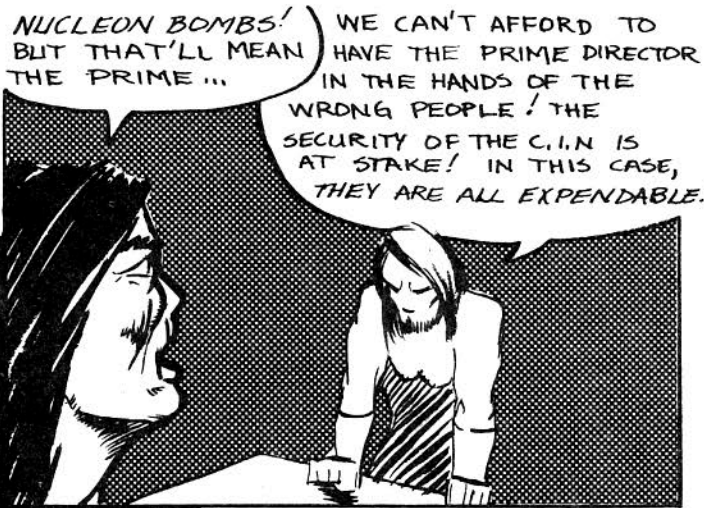


IT'S ALREADY BEEN TWO HOURS SINCE THE PARTY'S LANDED! DO YOU THINK SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG?!!

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-5! BUT IF THE HOMER IS NOT DETECTED IN ONE HOUR, FIRE NUCLEON BOMBS...AND DESTROY THE PLANETOID AND ALL LIFE ON IT!!



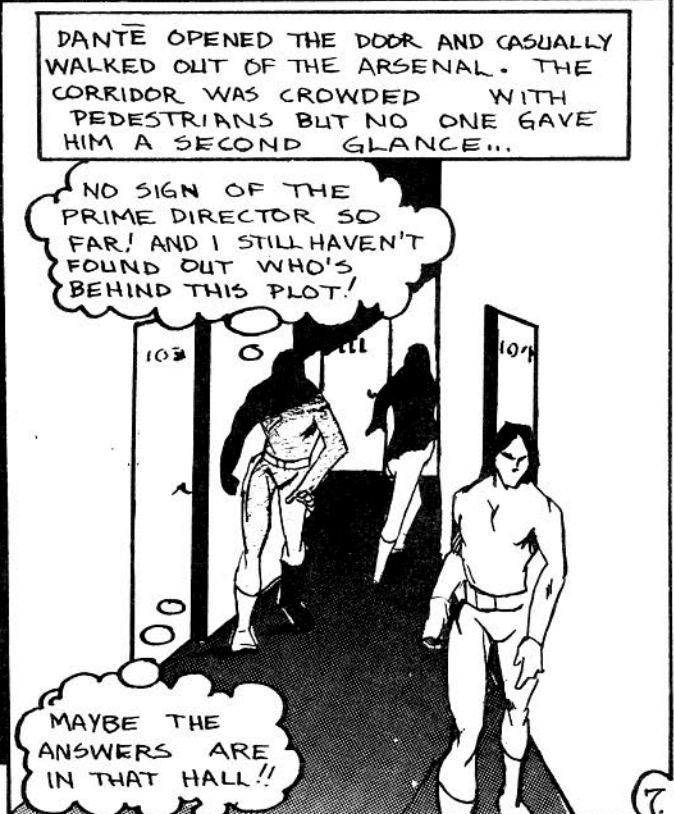
NUCLEON BOMBS! BUT THAT'LL MEAN THE PRIME...

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!

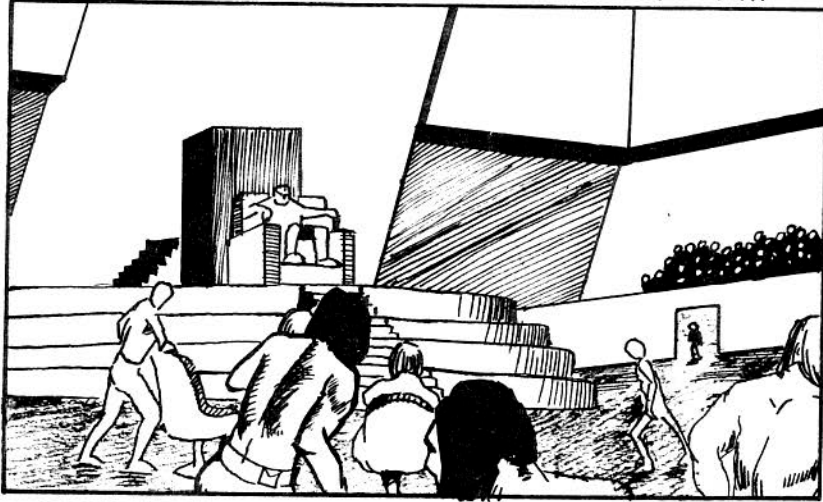


DANTE OPENED THE DOOR AND CASUALLY WALKED OUT OF THE ARSENAL. THE CORRIDOR WAS CROWDED WITH PEDESTRIANS BUT NO ONE GAVE HIM A SECOND GLANCE...

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!



ONCE BEFORE HAD DANTE ENCOUNTERED BLACKMANE — AND THE SCARS OF THAT MEETING HAD NOT YET HEALED. BUT THIS WAS NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE TO REHATCH OLD RIVALRIES! THERE WAS STILL A MAN TO BE FOUND!

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...



RESTRICTED



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.

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!!



SO WE MEET AGAIN, DANTE! A PITY THAT IT HAS TO BE FOR THE LAST TIME!!

KILL!! HIM!!

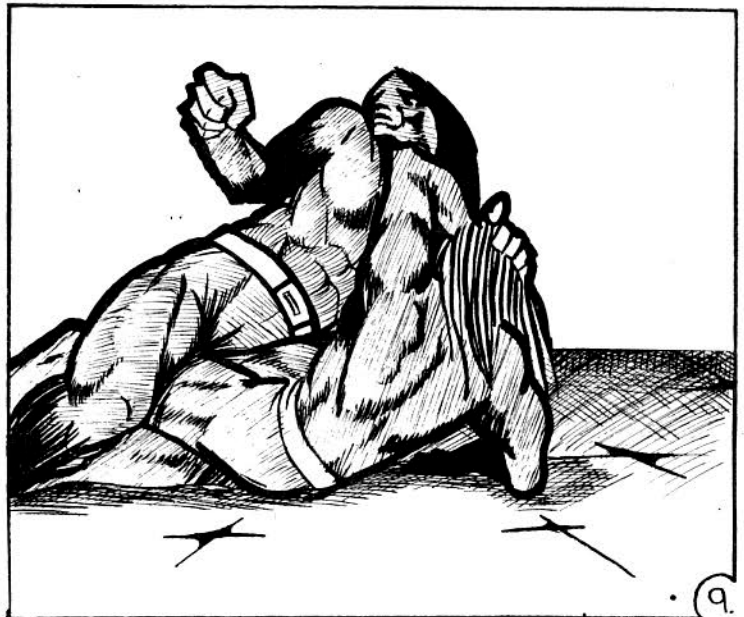
THE DART SEARED A CRIMSON TRAIL THROUGH THE SMALL ROOM THEN ENTERED THE OPPOSITE WALL AS DANTE'S PISTOL SPAT ONCE. SECONDS LATER, THE GUNMAN CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR.

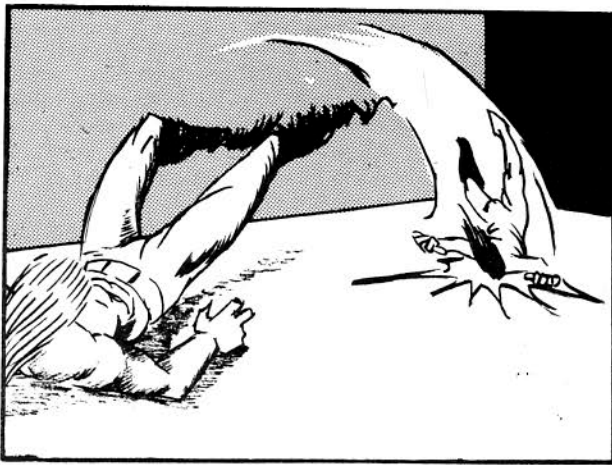


... GOT TO ACTIVATE THE HOMER!!



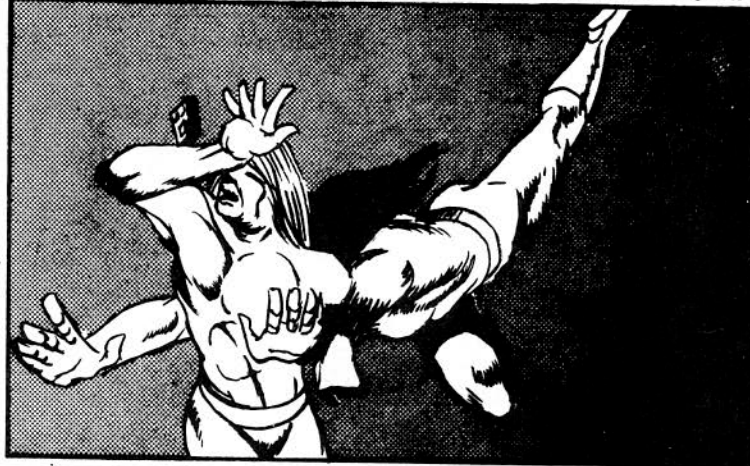
DANTE!! ITS NOT OVER YET! YOU STOPPED MY OPERATIONS ONCE BEFORE... BUT NOT AGAIN!! NOT... DEAD!!



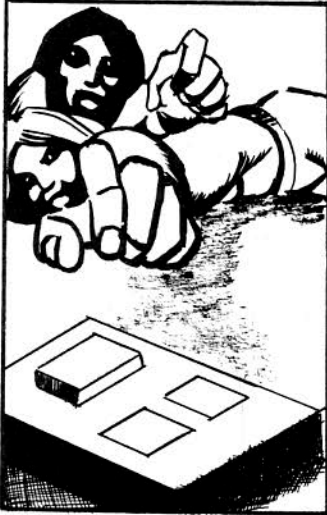


DANTE CRAMPED HIS LEGS UNDER BLACKMANE'S BODY AND WITH A GROAN OF EFFORT, KICKED HIM TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM.

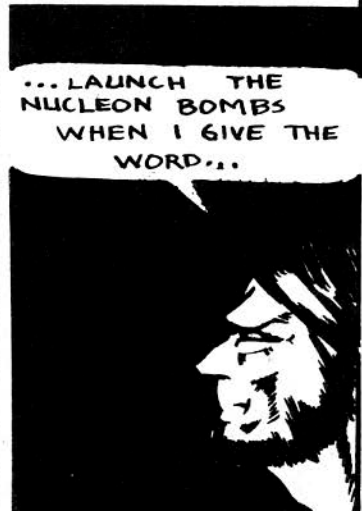
DANTE'S FINGERS INSTINCTIVELY WENT TO HIS HOMING DEVICE STRAPPED TO HIS BELT BUCKLE. FINGERS GROPED FOR THE STARTING MECHANISM BUT BEFORE THEY FOUND WHAT THEY SOUGHT, A HURTLING FIGURE KNOCKED IT FROM HIS HANDS!



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 WHO EVER'S 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 C.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 C.I.N. COMMAND SHIP AFTER RECEIVING THE HOMER'S SIGNAL!



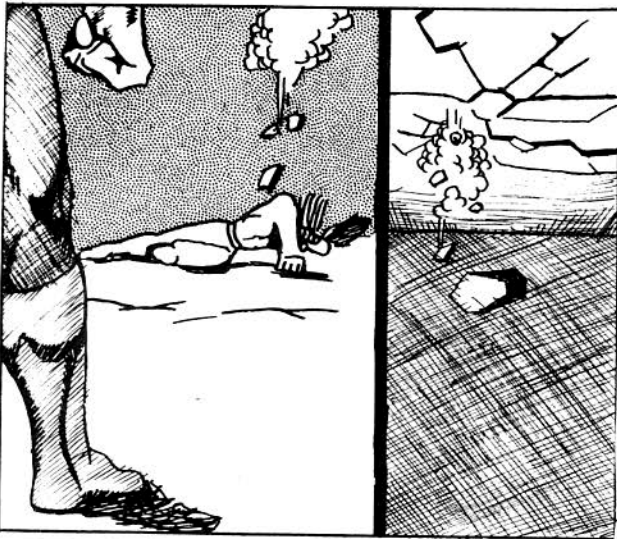
THE EXPLOSIONS HAD CEASED! THE COMPLEX STOPPED ITS TREMBLING! LONG MOMENTS OF SILENCE REIGNED. FROM THE ASHES AND RUBBLE, A BLACK-HAIRED FIGURE ROSE, TOTTERING UNEASILY. IN A FAR CORNER, ROSE ANOTHER FIGURE. DANTE STRAINED THROUGH BLOOD-STAINED EYES FOR A TRACE OF THE PRIME DIRECTOR. HE FOUND HIM STILL ON THE OPERATING TABLE-SAFE! THE HOMER HAD PIN-POINTED 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...



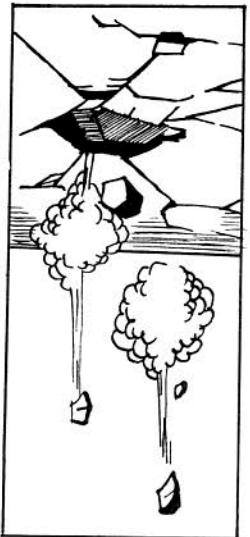
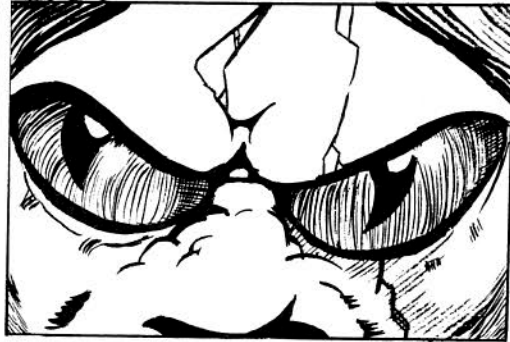


INSTANTLY, BLACKMANE WAS BACK ON HIS FEET STALKING FORWARD LIKE A GREAT HUMAN TANK, HIS ARMS HAMMERING ON THE BLOOD AND SWEAT DRENCHED FORM OF DANTE! WITH EACH BLOW, MORE SKIN TISSUE RIPPED OFF, MORE BLOOD SURGED FORTH UNTIL DANTE'S HALF-NAKED BODY GLIMMERED WITH THE RED DOZE!





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!



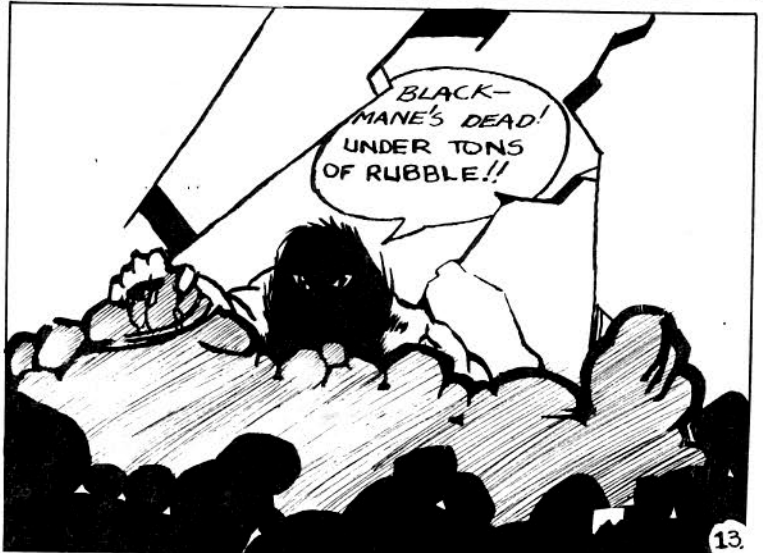
DANTE DUG HIS HANDS UNDER A HEAP OF RUBBLE THEN WITH MUSCLES STRAINING, HEAVED HIS PAYLOAD UP OVER THE HEAD OF BLACKMANE, STRIKING THE CEILING!!



FOOL!! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME BY TOSSING A FEW PEBBLES AT THE...

WHA! THE CEILING... ITS CAVING IN!! NO!!

FOR LONG MINUTES, ALL IS SILENT... THEN... MOVEMENT!!

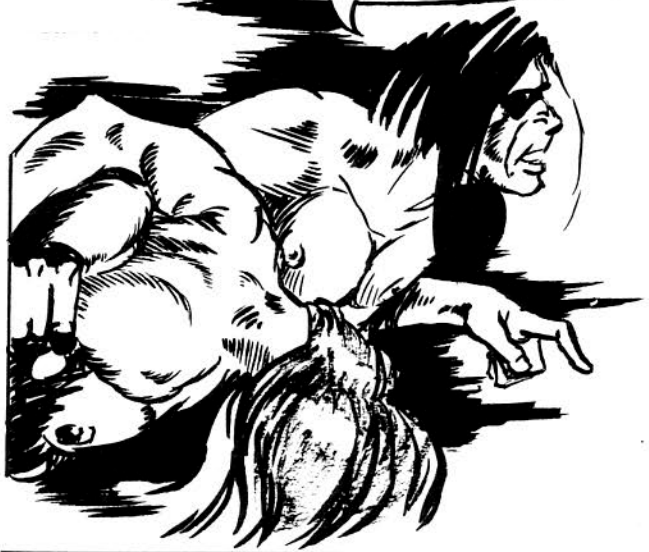


BLACK-MANE'S DEAD! UNDER TONS OF RUBBLE!!

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.I.N.
SPACE-
FLEET!!

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



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

12-11-72

END, (14)

REVIVAL SURVIVAL



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 at fault. It was the writer of this column and his fellow writer and cohort, Duffy Vohland who are to blame for missing a deadline set well in advance by 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 striving to turn pro he 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 issues installment: Ant-Man.

Ant-Man was first introduced as 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 TTA #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 a very imaginative name but it allowed our (now) 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 TTA #65 as he wore a new costume and the power to control the size of other objects. Unfortunately this power was never utilized to it's fullest. This change in Giant-Man was obviously an attempt to boost his waning popularity because in issue #70 of TTA, Giant-Man was dropped in order to give the Sub-Mariner his own strip.

Giant-Man was next seen in Avengers #28, the Wasp had 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 a(nother) 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 continual 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 as Yellowjacket and 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 this time not 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 his own 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" (which 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 up 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 rejoin the Avengers and his exposure 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 (M#4) he, among other things, helped clean up Henry Pym's lab, pulled a full grown boy out of a deep pit, and (are you ready) helped drive a truck! C'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.

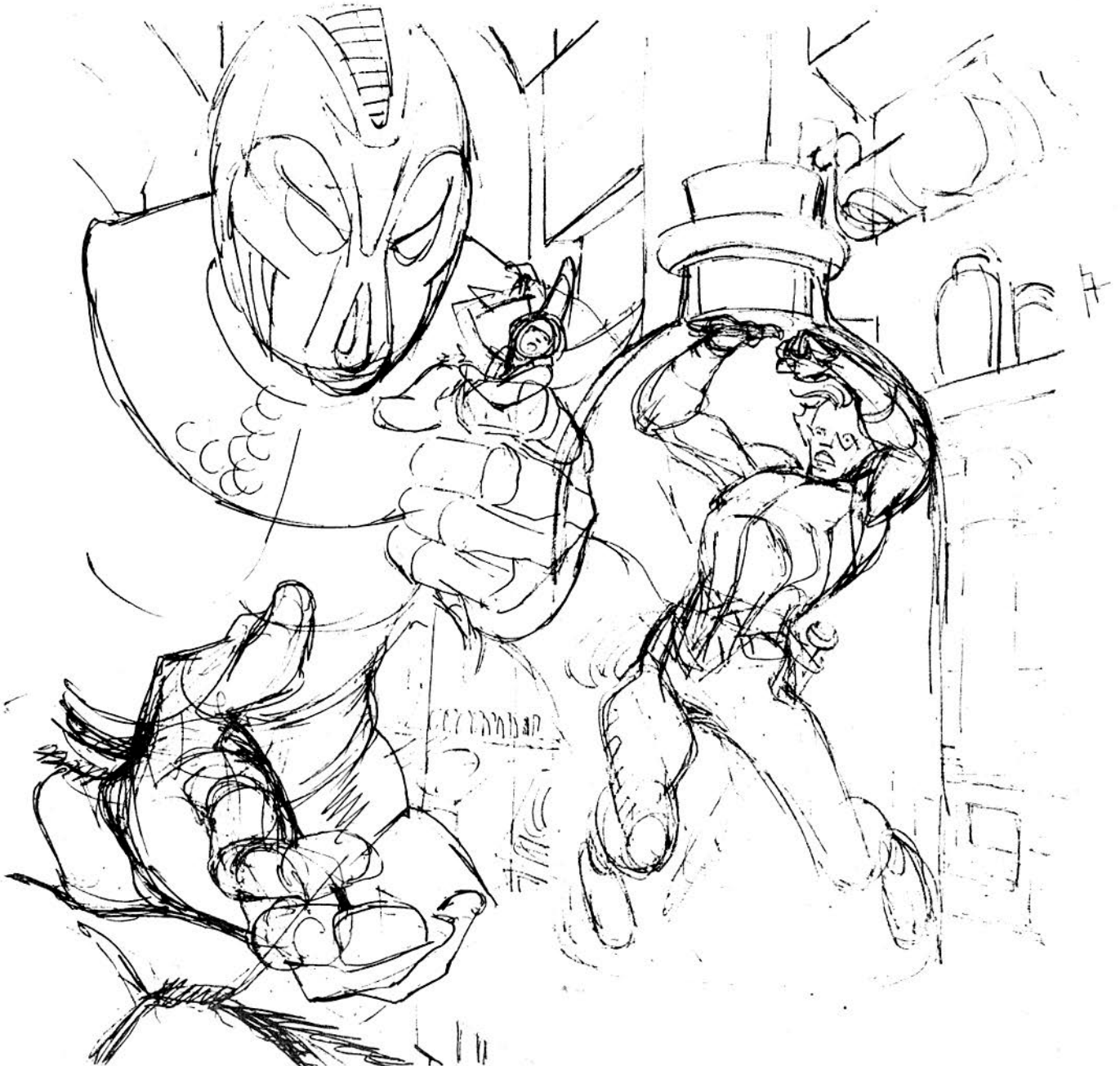
Marvel Feature #7, the most recent all new issue was the best to date. Maybe it's because it was presented behind a Gil Kane cover (one of Kane's best in recent months) or maybe because he was unhindered by Trimpe's poor interior art. Craig Russel shows quite a bit of potential. My thanks to Roger for 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 have taken a fairly decent character and done a bad job handling him. The book has shown some improvement, but unless the improvement increases at a more rapid pace I'm afraid Ant-Man's new will be squashed!!!!

All comments, arguments and suggestions for this column should be sent to:

Roger Slifer
Box 105
Morristown, Indiana
4616



SPIRIT FANS TAKE NOTE!

SPIRIT
BY **Will Eisner**

Too long ago an artist named Will Eisner created a comic strip called the SPIRIT which ran in many newspapers and had quite a following among the readers.

Started on June 2, 1940 this strip is considered to be the finest work that Eisner has accomplished in the many years he has contributed to the growing comic industry, and Eisner has been called the greatest single innovator, writing and drawing thousands of original pages since the 30's.



Those of you who are familiar with his incredible work, will be joyously surprised to learn that his favorite creation, the SPIRIT, is being reprinted.

The SPIRIT comic Sunday section was originally printed in a comic book form along with other features done by other artists. This little booklet appeared in your Sunday newspaper instead of the large cumbersome sheet of comics. This was a new and novel way to present some of the finest comics to appear for a long time.

As we mentioned, the SPIRIT is being reprinted in its original size and shape format. The weekly episodes of the SPIRIT will be reissued, 10-8 page stories a month, 10 individual booklets packed in a nifty plastic bag in chronological order from the first episode in 1940 to the last in 1952 in sharp offset black and white on Will Eisner's press and under the strict scrutiny.

Mr. Will Eisner himself will personally supervise the entire project, which will be printed at his New York office from (except for the first few months where none exist) the original art and stats belonging to Mr. Eisner. Finally you will know which ones were done by Mr. Eisner, as only those sections will be printed.

What used to be a useless hunt for crumpled, high priced, and non-existent original sections is now gone forever. The sections are reprinted on good non-yellowing offset paper to keep your collection a treasured keepsake for the future.

convention

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

Marc Lully presents Chicago Con 1! Chicago, the convention capital of the world will play host to Comicdom's own James Steranko, Stan Lee and Mike Hinge. There are features galore!! Discussion Panels, Movies Art Displays, Auctions, Serials!!

The Con will be held on May 18, 19, & 20 at the Midland Hotel. For any further information, write: Atlantis Bookstore 415 N. Clark Street Chicago, Ill. 60610 Or phone: 312-939-2319

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...



Photograph by Bob Novak

Sarno Makes Move

By Greg Revak & George S. Breo

Joe Sarno, owner and operator of the Fantasy Shop, formerly located in the basement of his home at 4717 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 collector 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 Ricker (fan/artist & editor), Gary John Reynolds (f/a), Chuck Fiala (editor of FVP), Joseph A. Sarno (Who???) and in back yours truly.



Lacklustre Lizard is appearing this issue by special arrangement with his creator, Jim Engel. Lucky as he is called by all who know him was overjoyed when he was told he would be helping out with another project for fandom (as you all know, Lucky is actively involved in Chuck's FVP among other things).

Lucky doesn't believe in half way measures, so taking time out from all his other activities, which include his appearances as Master Mimic, Magician and leader of his own version of the Boy Scouts, a group, he formed called Lacklustre Lizards' Reptile Rangers, he consented to help.

Here I was with this Ball of Fire called Lucky and before I knew it everything was done, so Thanks to Lucky and Jim.



Almost fun to be sick

When the Poothills Hospital paediatric unit children's mural and visitor waiting room were officially opened this week, artists John Byrne and Gary Cody of the Alberta 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.

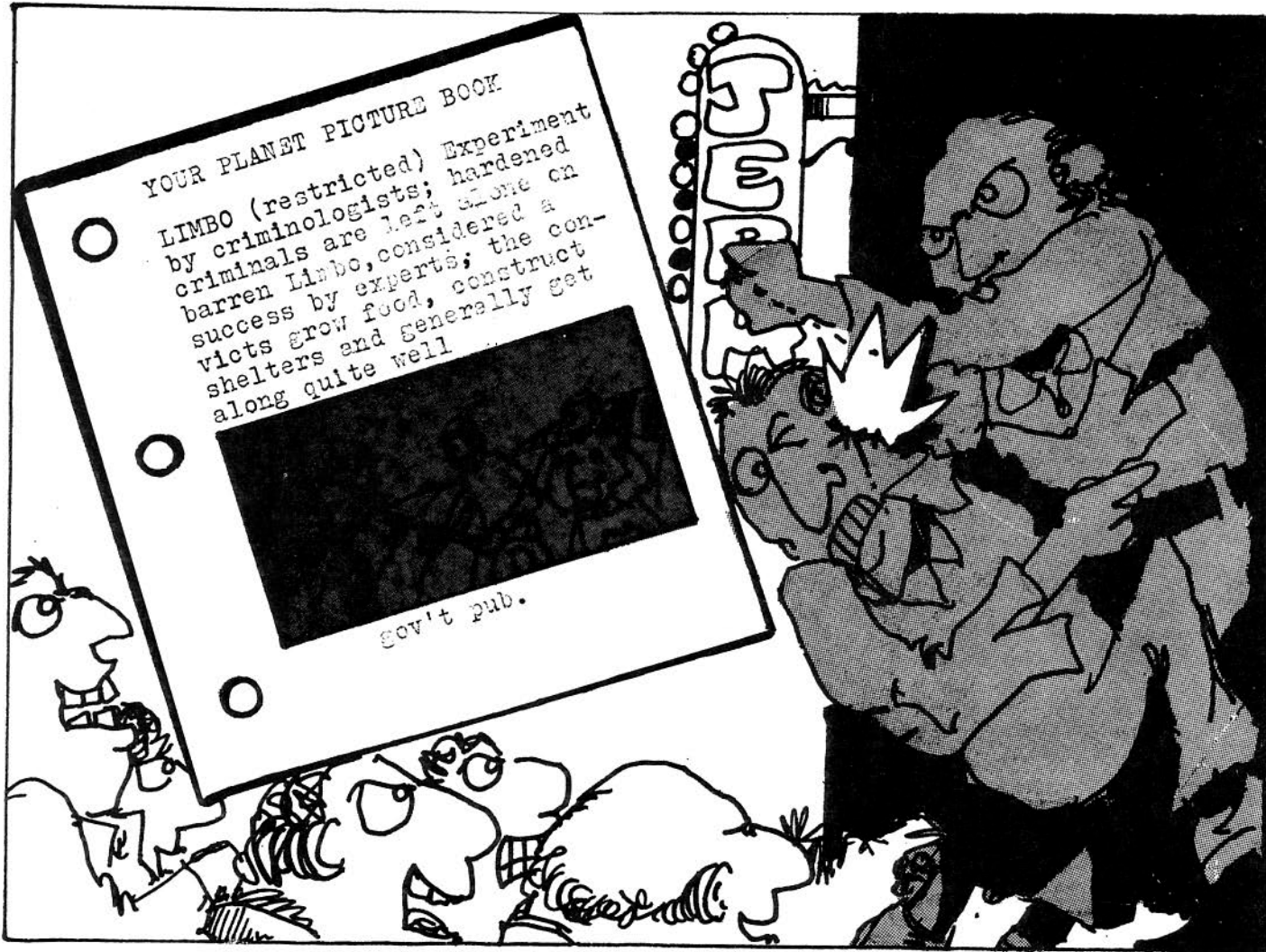
Credit cards OK'd by Ford

The latest innovation in Ford Motor Co.'s "No Unhappy Driver" service program is the offering of a national credit card.

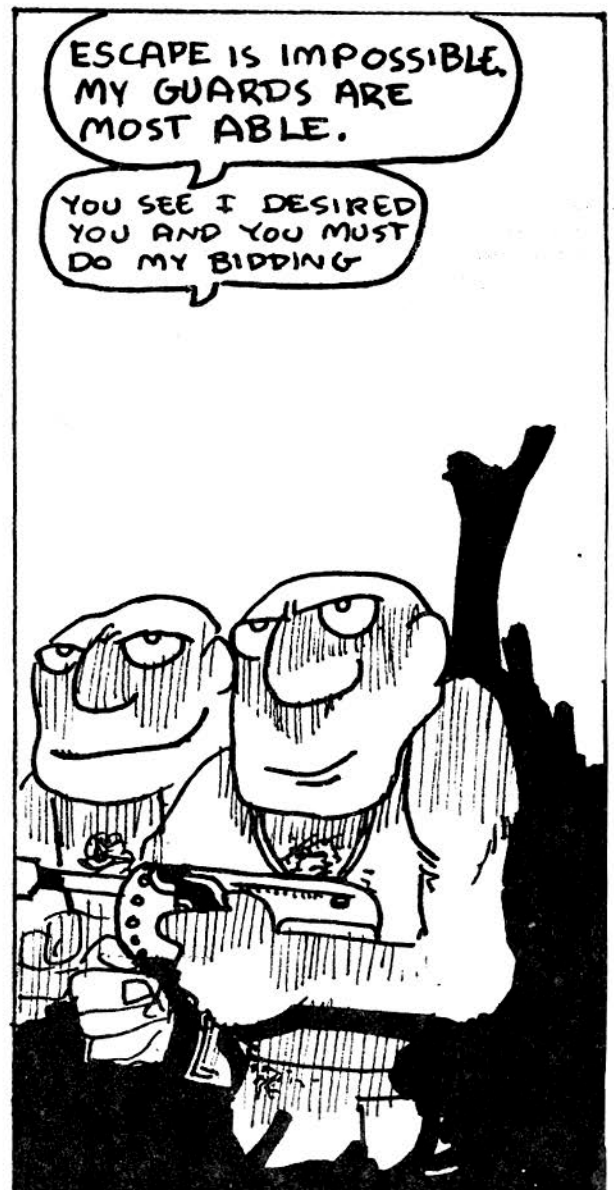
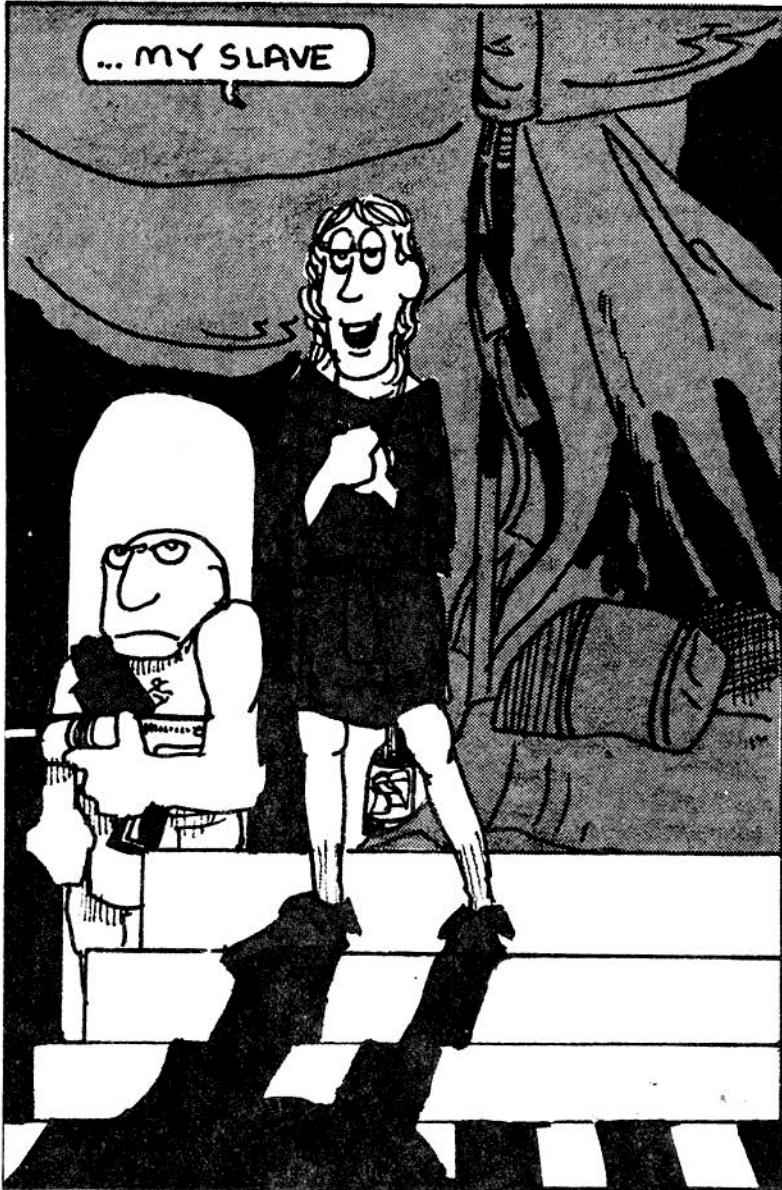


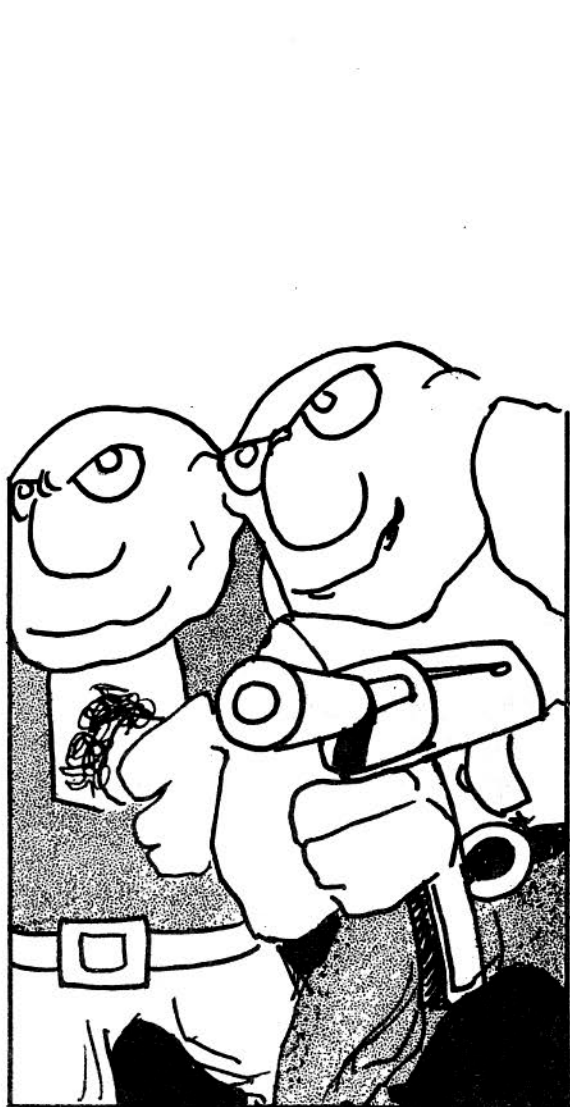
Horse... glected at State and M...
Cars: the fact that horses out...

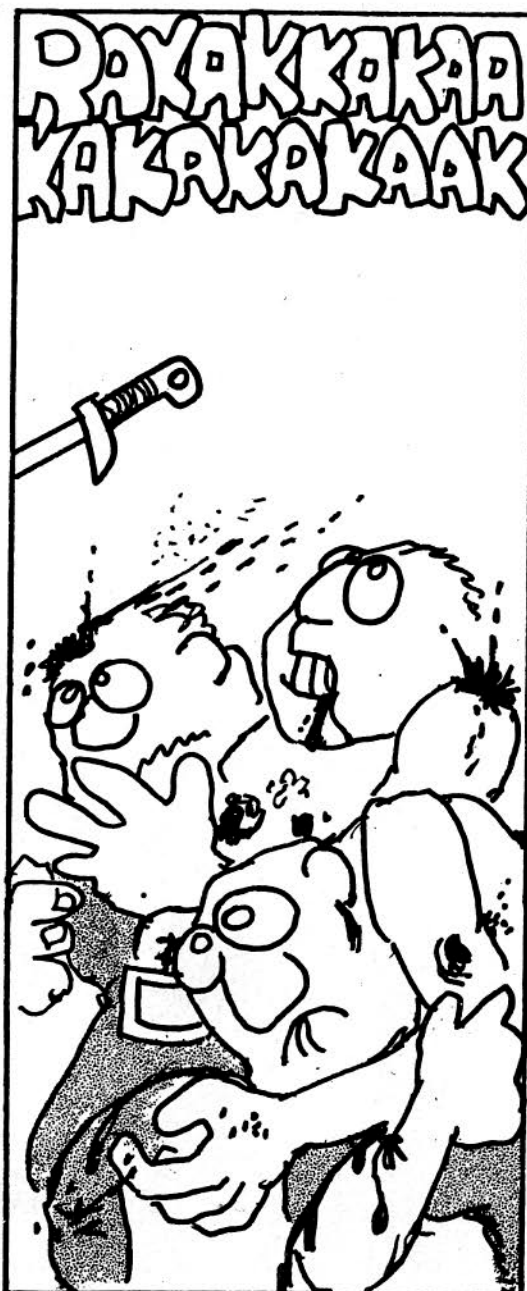
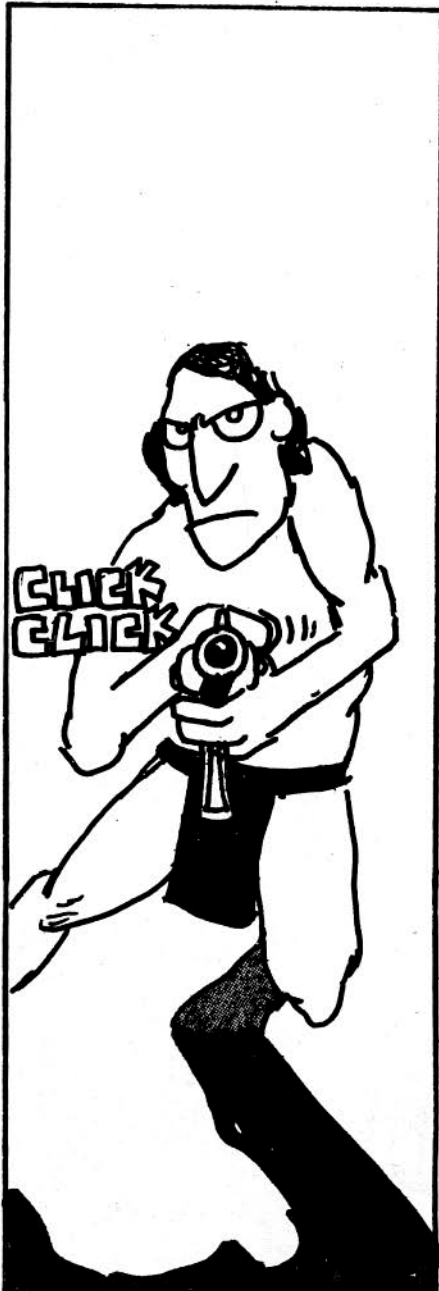
THE AUTO... AY is r... and is not as...
the crea. of public p... y. Despite a... a man ident...
consumer complaints, r... campaign, and... from...
consumer pe... at... record numbers... of...
are lining up at... doors.
A man standing on the street corner...
Friday afternoon... the wisdom...
of saving a car will be the same guy who...
on Saturday... dealer...
stay there for all time to come."













OFTIMES: DEATH LEAVES ONE ALONE LATE IN THE NIGHT



AND LIMBO IS LONELINESS EMBODIED IN PARTICULAR FOR A CHILD.

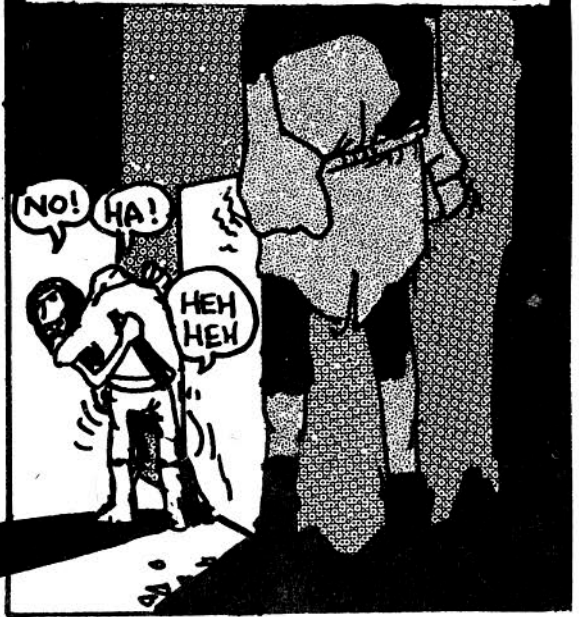
OUT BASTARD!



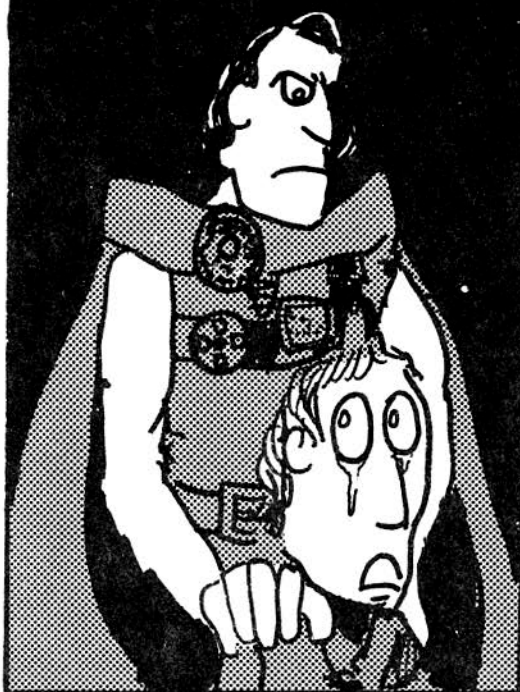
A CHILD IS INDEED A RARITY ON LIMBO SO SELDOM DO THE DISEASE-RIDDEN AND ILLEGAL WOMEN ON THIS PLANET GIVE BIRTH TO A HEALTHY ONE.



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



STRENGTH



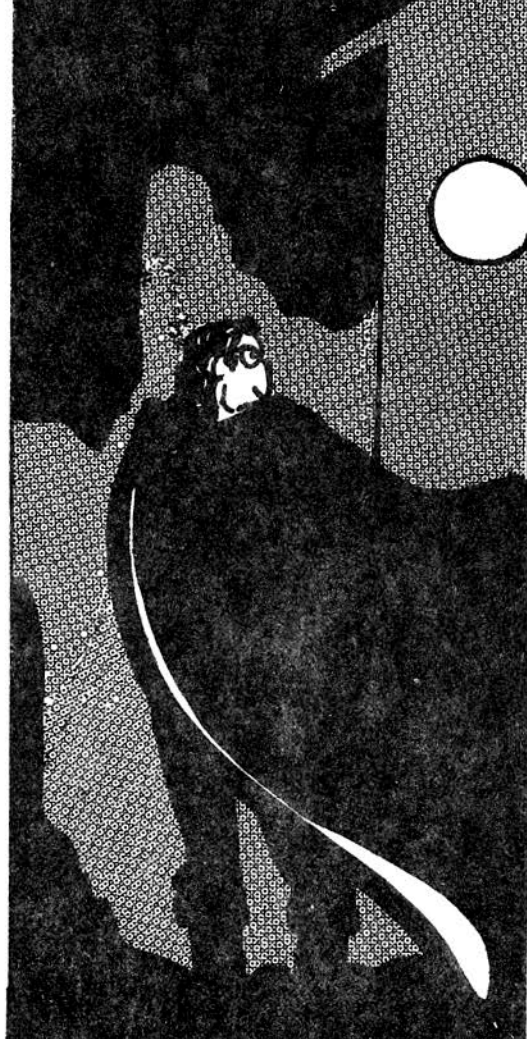
STRENGTH AND SECURITY



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



AND SOMEDAY...



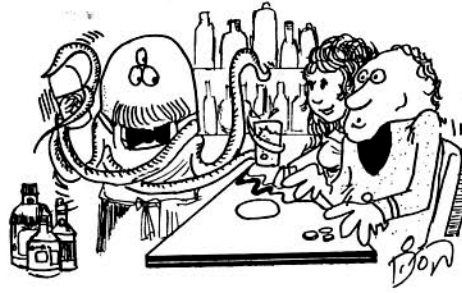
THE BOY KNOWS...



THE STRANGER WILL RETURN



DUFFY'S TAVERN



Um... 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 .20¢. 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 Manely, Jay Scott Pike, Russ Heath, and other 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 "Elic" novels for example), as well as several reissues (some of the ERB books with at least one featuring a new (!) Frazetta 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 am 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 NPP 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 seeing print so far; and, peebles, if you haven't tried at least one of the issues (Natchery, 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 freak (Larry Brnicky 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 DS!! Oh well, as I always say, everyone's entitled to his own opinion, just as long as he agrees with me. Ghod, 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 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.

Soooo, 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 Dean Martin trying to get rid of his "DT's"!!! Hmmm. . . ? Or as 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 !!!

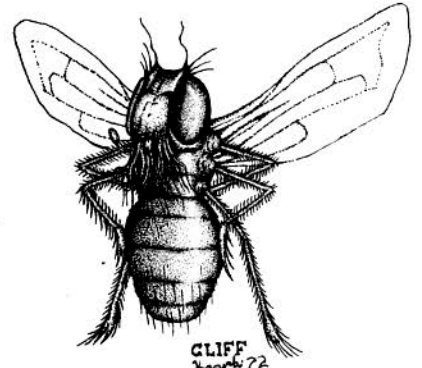
Pax
Duffy Vohland
165 Center St.
East Liverpool, Ohio



1-24-73

© 1972 STEVE DITKO

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... WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO WHAT WE WANT...
 POWER FOR ME... WE DEMAND A GUARANTEED SURVIVAL...
 FOR MY GROUP... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 OVERPOWER ALL OTHERS... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 WE DEMAND FREEDOM... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 TO ENSLAVE OTHERS... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 A DRUGGED MIND... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 IS A SUPERIOR MIND... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 WHIM OVER LOGIC... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 FAITH OVER REASON... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 MYSTICISM, THE IRRATIONAL... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 FORCE OVER MUTUAL CONSENT... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 FLAWED "HEROES" ANTI-HEROES... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 FLAWS WEAKNESS - SUPERIOR TO PERFECTION, STRENGTH...
 PITY OVER RESPECT... WE DEMAND FREEDOM...
 NOT ALL GOOD "HEROES" HATERED OF THE GOOD FOR 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 OTHERS CRIMES... THE CRIMINAL IS INNOCENT... A VICTIM OF HIS ENVIRONMENT... THE SYSTEM... SOCIETY'S INDIFFERENCE..



CLIFF
number 72



© PAUL KENBEEB 72
WARD

pot illo Page



CLYDE CALDWELL '72



JTC CORNELL



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 SKARNE--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?



© 1972 - J. FAULKENBERG

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

AND SO PENTAAPHUS
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!!"



③

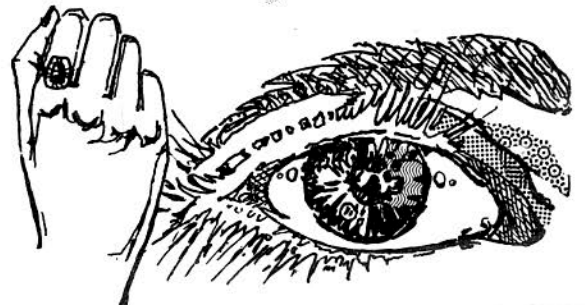




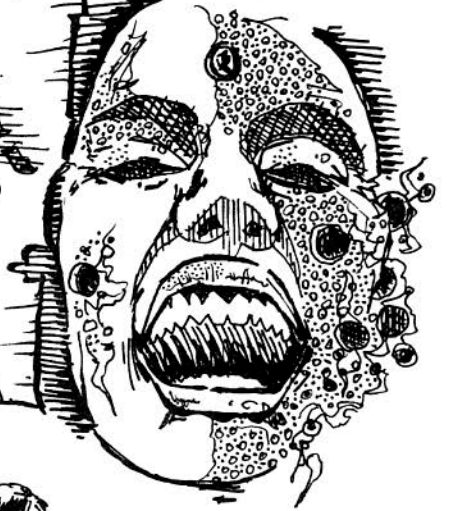
AS YOU HAVE SAID--
THE OTHER ONE WAS
A LOU-- AND NOT
NEARLY SO FITTING
FOR OFFERING AS
ONE LIKE YOU.



PERHAPS YOU WONDER WHY I
DO THIS. I NEED OFFER NO
REASONING BUT PERHAPS
THE VICTIM OUGHT TO UNDER-
STAND 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 LEARN-
ED 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 --



END



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WE GOES TO ACK CHECK WHAT EVD MEANS!

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the non-existent
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ATOM MAN vs. SUPERMAN

Two Worlds

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

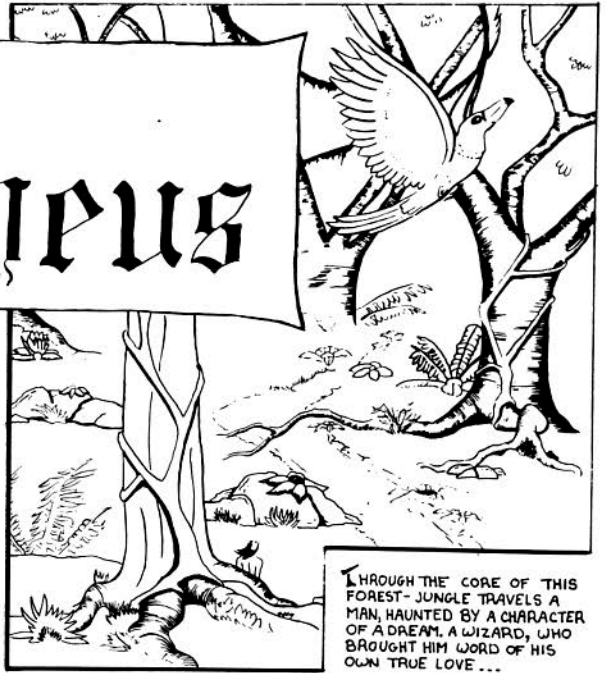
ALL in this new magazine called **TWO WORLDS**, we try to cover every part of fandom and we do not devote our publication to one topic. A wrap-around, offset, zinc which has a great future! If you subscribe now the price will be \$2.00 for 4 issues, next issue it will be \$3.00, single copy price is 50¢ for other issues. Starting with issue #4 our price will be 75¢ an ish. All contributions welcome.

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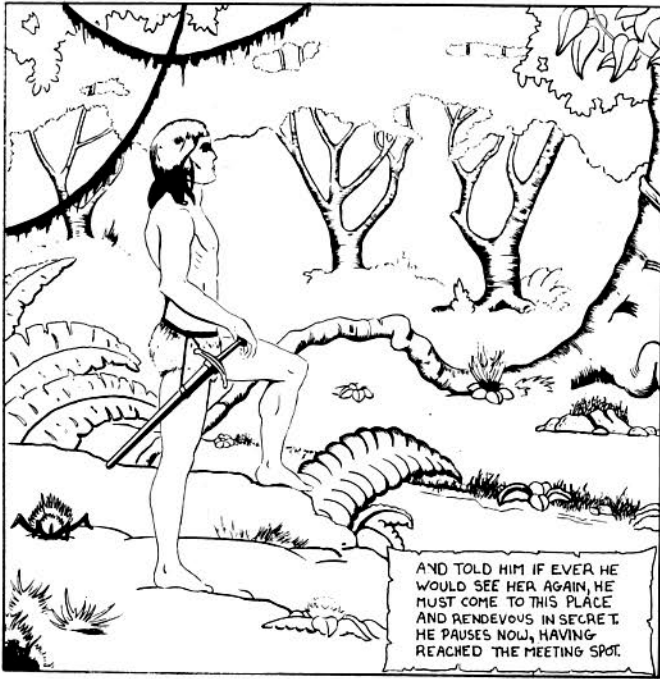
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THIS IS A STORY OF
A MAN, A MAIDEN
AND A DREAM. A FAIRY-
TALE (IF YOU WILL) WITH
HEROES AND VILLAINS,
FOOLS AND DREAMERS,
AND ALL OF THREE
PLAYERS. IT STARTS
ON THAT STAGE SO
DEAR TO FAIRYTALES;
THE
Forest
Primal!

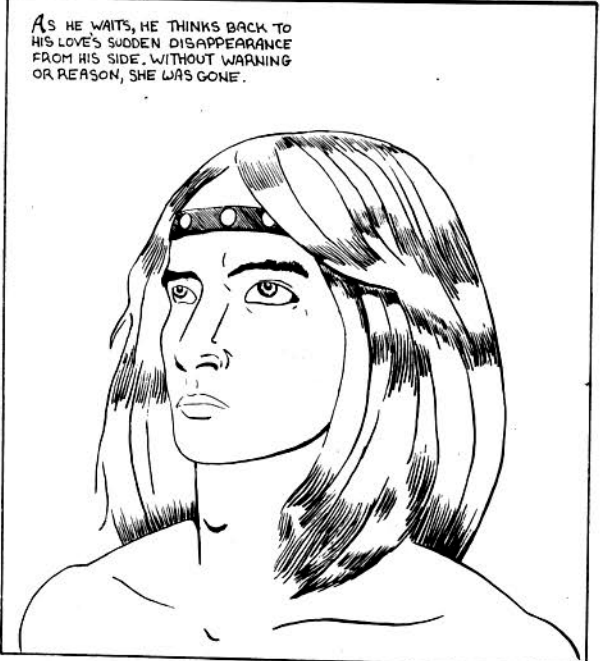
Orpheus



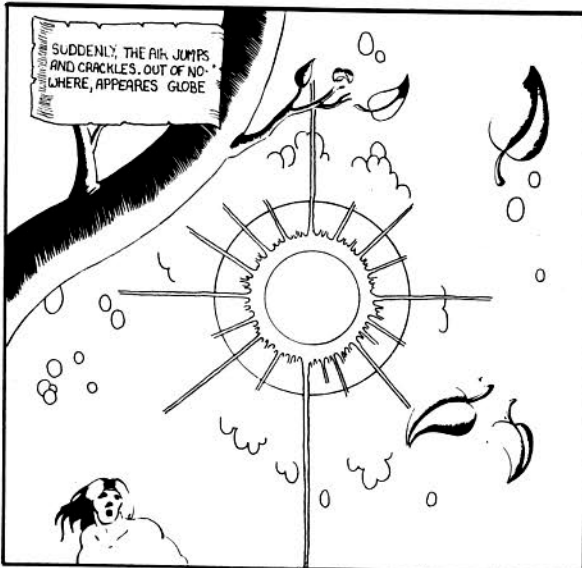
THROUGH THE CORE OF THIS
FOREST-JUNGLE TRAVELS A
MAN, HAUNTED BY A CHARACTER
OF A DREAM. A WIZARD, WHO
BROUGHT HIM WORD OF HIS
OWN TRUE LOVE...



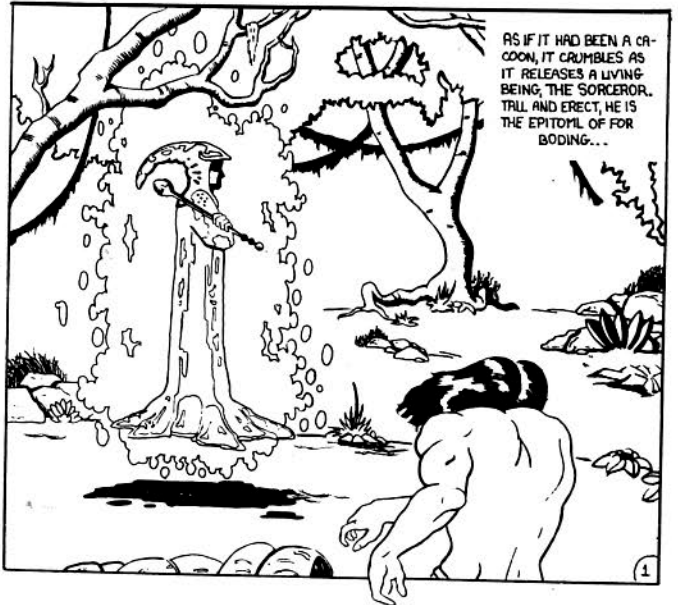
AND TOLD HIM IF EVER HE
WOULD SEE HER AGAIN, HE
MUST COME TO THIS PLACE
AND RENDEVOUS IN SECRET.
HE PAUSES NOW, HAVING
REACHED THE MEETING SPOT.



AS HE WAITS, HE THINKS BACK TO
HIS LOVE'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE
FROM HIS SIDE. WITHOUT WARNING
OR REASON, SHE WAS GONE.



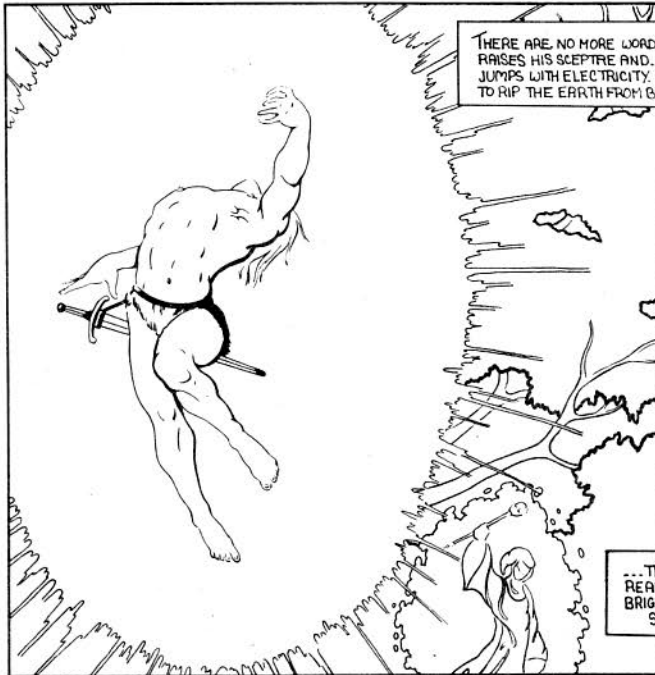
SUDDENLY, THE AIR JUMPS
AND CRACKLES. OUT OF NOW-
HERE, APPEARS GLOBE



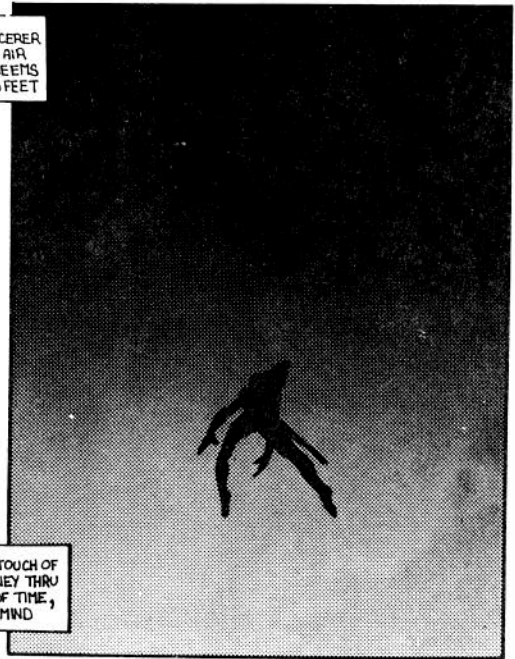
AS IF IT HAD BEEN A CA-
COON, IT CRUMBLES AS
IT RELEASES A LIVING
BEING, THE SORCEROR.
TALL AND ERECT, HE IS
THE EPITOMY OF FOR-
BODING...



HE TURNS TO FACE THE MORTAL (EYES OF QUICKSILVER). "ORPHEUS, DO YOU WANT TO SEE 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 HESITATION IN ORPHEUS' REPLY; "ANYTHING", HE SAYS. "BE PREPARED THEN, FOR WHAT YOU MUST DO TO WIN HER BACK WILL BE ALL BUT EASY." "I AM READY" AND THE HERO TENSES, UNSURE AND INNOCENT OF WHAT MAY COME....



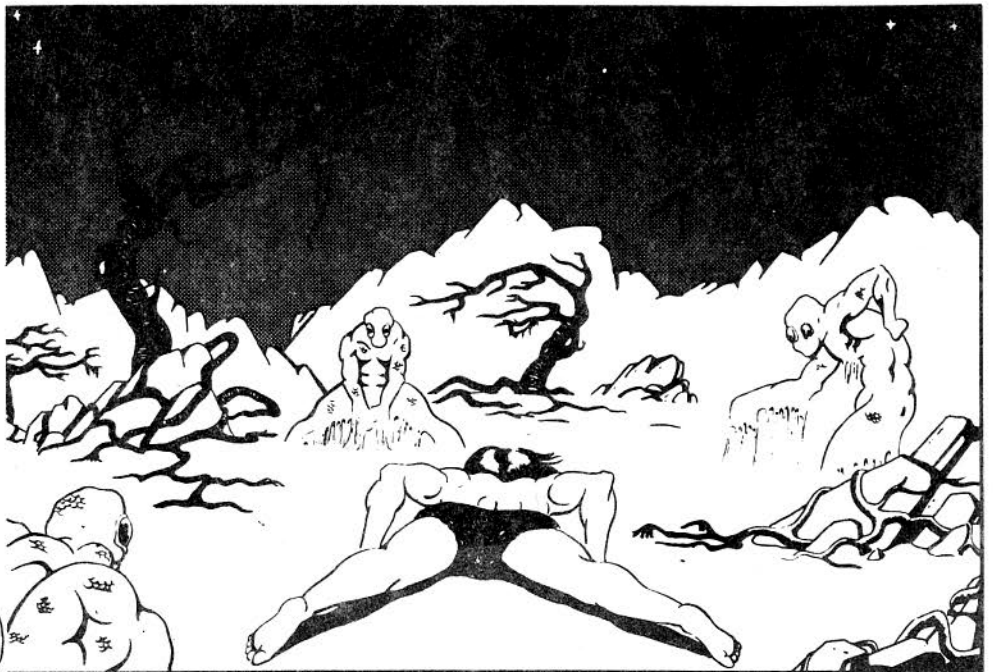
THERE ARE NO MORE WORDS. THE SORCERER RAISES HIS SCEPTRE AND...THE VERY AIR JUMPS WITH ELECTRICITY. A FORCE SEEMS TO RIP THE EARTH FROM BENEATH HIS FEET

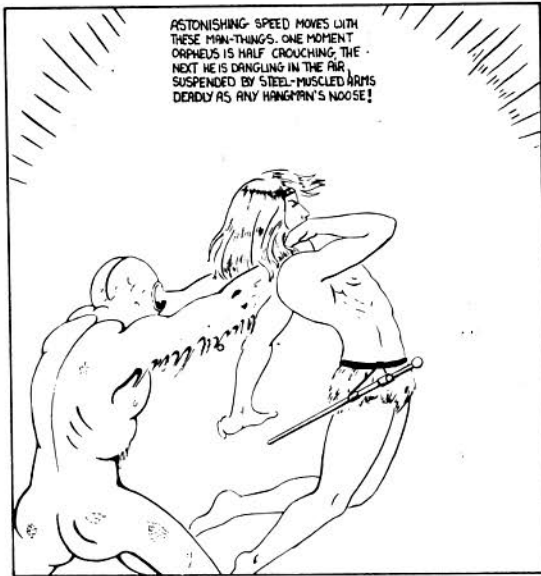


...THE LOST TOUCH OF REALITY, JOURNEY THRU BRIGHT CHAOS OF TIME, SPACE AND MIND

THE DISTANCE THAT CAN BE SPANNED IN THE LINK OF AN EYE MUST BE UNIMAGINABLE, FOR WHEN ORPHEUS NEXT OPENS HIS MIND TO HIS SURROUNDINGS, GREAT MAN-LIKE CREATURES EN-CIRCLE HIM! HORRID BECAUSE OF THEIR FEARFUL APPEARANCE, THEY BECOME EVEN MORE SO WHEN HE REALIZES THAT THESE MONSTEROUS GARGOYLES ARE, OR WERE AT SOMETIME, HUMAN! NOW THEY APPROACH HIM, SLOW AND HUNGRY

AND UNDER THE CLOAK OF A THUNDER-STORM SKY, AN AL-FUL BATTLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN AND IT IS FROM THE BACK OF THE UNWILLING GLADIATOR THAT COMES THE FIRST FEARSOME CHALLENGER...

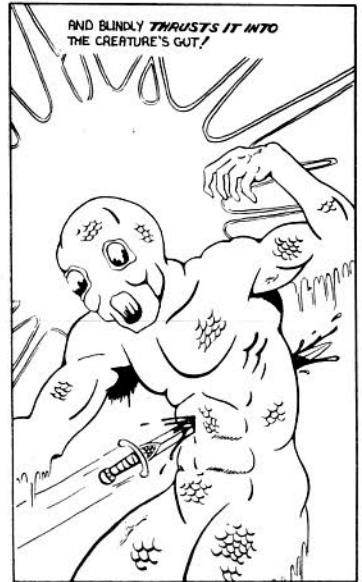




ASTONISHING SPEED MOVES WITH THESE MAN-THINGS. ONE MOMENT ORPHEUS IS HALF-CROUCHING. THE NEXT HE IS DANGLING IN THE AIR, SUSPENDED BY STEEL-MUSCLED ARMS DEEDY AS ANY HANGARIN'S NOOSE!



UNCONSCIOUSNESS BARES DOWN ON HIM QUICKLY. IF HE IS TO ACT, IT MUST BE NOW! HE LIFTS HIS CURVING SWORD ABOVE HIS HEAD...



AND BLINDLY THRUSTS IT INTO THE CREATURE'S GUT!



AIR RUSHES INTO THANKFUL LINGS AS ORPHEUS BEGINS TO STAND, FREED OF HIS TORMENTOR. HE READIES HIMSELF FOR ANOTHER ATTACK FROM THE CREATURES WHEN HE REALIZES THAT THEY HAVE VANISHED!

HE TRIES TO REASON; PERHAPS THEY FLED, SEEING ONE OF THEIR NUMBER SLANE, OR PERHAPS THEY LAY IN AMBUSH SOMEWHERE AHEAD. BUT ORPHEUS DOES NOT LINGER LONG IN SPECULATION...

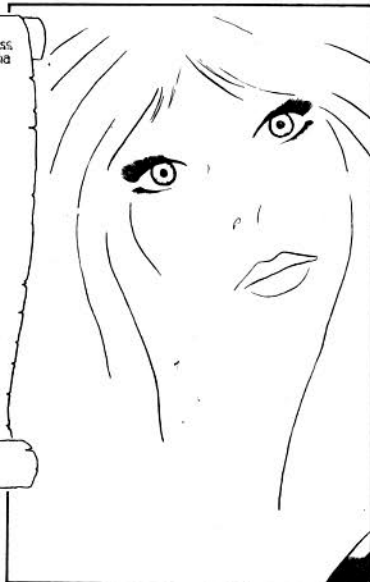


QUICKLY HE TAKES TO HIS HEELS, PICKING THE DIRECTION WHICH LEADS MOST DIRECTLY AWAY FROM THE SCENE. HARDLY HAS HE STARTED, THIN THE TEARAIN BEGINS TO CHANGE...

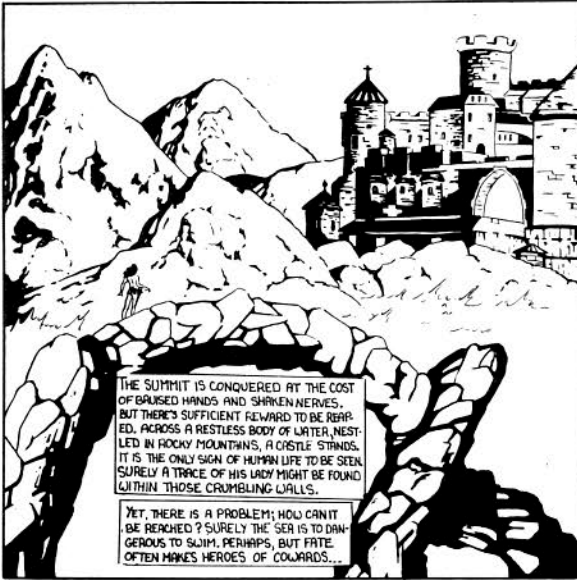
GREAT STONE STRUCTURES RISE FROM THE GROUND AND BUILD UPON THEMSELVES TILL THEY SEEM TO TOUCH THE SKY!

Half of what I say is meaningless
 But I say it just to reach you, Julia
 Julia, Julia, oceanchild, calls me
 So I sing a song of love, Julia
 Julia, seashell? eyes, sandy smile
 calls me
 So I sing a song of love, Julia
 Her hair of floating sky is
 shimmering
 glimmering
 in the sun
 Julia, Julia, morning moon
 touch me
 So I sing a song of love, Julia
 When I cannot sing my heart
 I can only speak my mind, Julia
 Julia, sleeping sand, silent clouds
 touch me
 So I sing a song of love, Julia
 So I sing my song of love, Julia

: WORDS OF THE ANCIENTS



ON AN IMPULSE ORPHEUS DECIDES TO CLIMB ONE OF THE STRUCTURES, ALMOST AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT HE REALIZES THAT THIS IS THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY HIS SAVAGE NEW WORLD AND ASSESS HIS SITUATION. IF HE HAS BEEN SPIRITED HERE TO SAVE HIS TRUE LOVE, MUST HE NOT FIND HER FIRST, AND AS THESE THOUGHTS LEAVE, THE IMAGE OF HER FACE COMES TO FILL THE GAP.

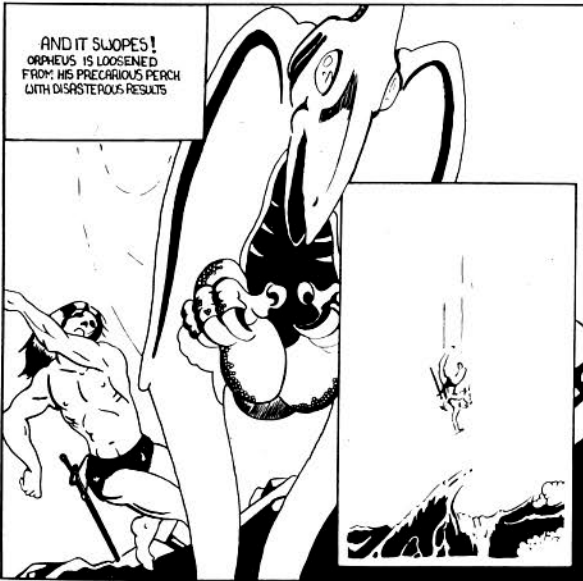


THE SUMMIT IS CONQUERED AT THE COST OF BRAISED HANDS AND SHAKEN NERVES, BUT THERE'S SUFFICIENT REWARD TO BE REAPED. ACROSS A RESTLESS BODY OF WATER, NESTLED IN ROCKY MOUNTAINS, A CASTLE STANDS. IT IS THE ONLY SIGNAL OF HUMAN LIFE TO BE SEEN. SURELY A TRACE OF HIS LADY MIGHT BE FOUND WITHIN THOSE CRUMBLING WALLS.

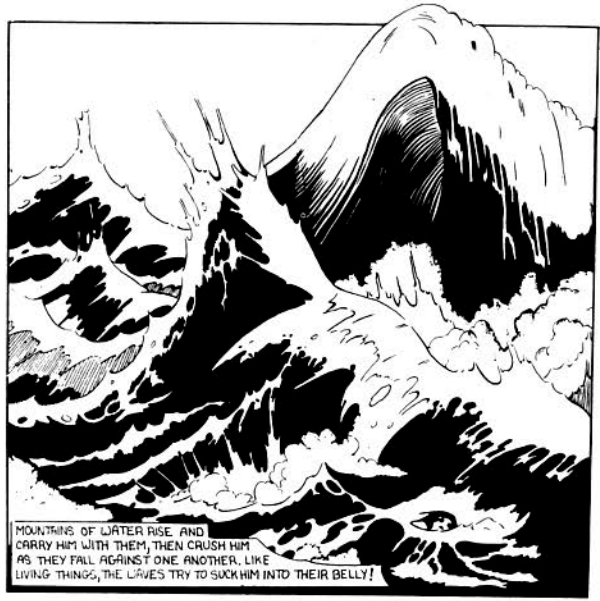
YET, THERE IS A PROBLEM; HOW CAN IT BE REACHED? SURELY THE SEA IS TOO DANGEROUS TO SWIM, PERHAPS, BUT FATE OFTEN MAKES HEROES OF COURARDS...



FROM DIRECTLY BELOW HIM A WINGED REPTILE OF HORRIBLE LEGEND RISES



AND IT SWOPES! ORPHEUS IS LOOSEENED FROM HIS PRECARIOUS PERCH WITH DISASTEROUS RESULTS



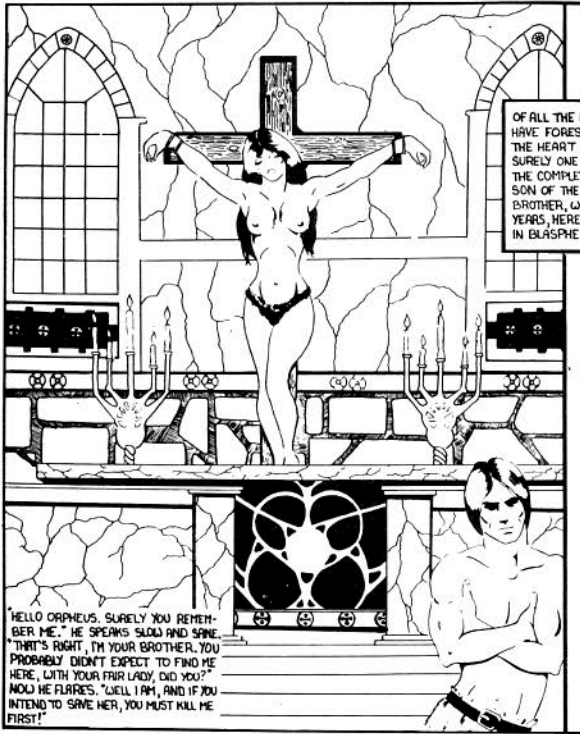
MOUNTAINS OF WATER RISE, AND CARRY HIM WITH THEM, THEN CRASH HIM AS THEY FALL AGAINST ONE ANOTHER, LIKE LIVING THINGS, THE WAVES TRY TO SUCK HIM INTO THEIR BELLY!



BUT SOMEHOW, BY SOME MIRACLE, HE MAKES IT TO SHORE. HE SHAKES AS HE TRIES TO STAND, THERE HE RESTS, FILLING HIS GARTERFUL SOUL WITH SWEET, SWEET AIR, BUT NOW HIS TREK IS CLEAR. HE MUST FIND AN ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE, AND INVESTIGATE ITS INTERIOR.

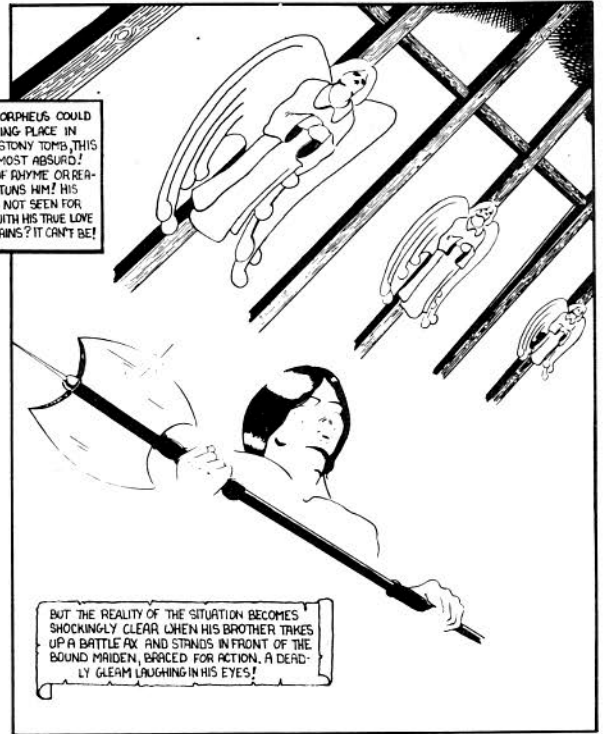


AND SOON THOUGHTS BECOME TEEED'S, AND FIND AN ENTRANCE HE DOES!

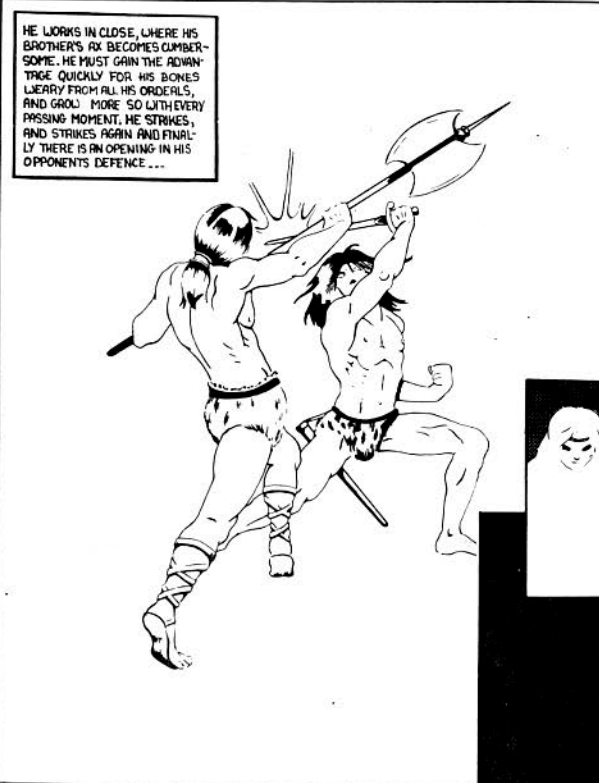


OF ALL THE EVENTS ORPHEUS COULD HAVE FORESEEN TAKING PLACE IN THE HEART OF THIS STONY TOMB, THIS SURELY ONE OF THE MOST ABSURD! THE COMPLETE LACK OF RHYME OR REASON OF THE SCENE STUNS HIM! HIS BROTHER, WHO HE HAS NOT SEEN FOR YEARS, HERE?! AND WITH HIS TRUE LOVE IN BLASPHEMOUS CHAINS? IT CAN'T BE!

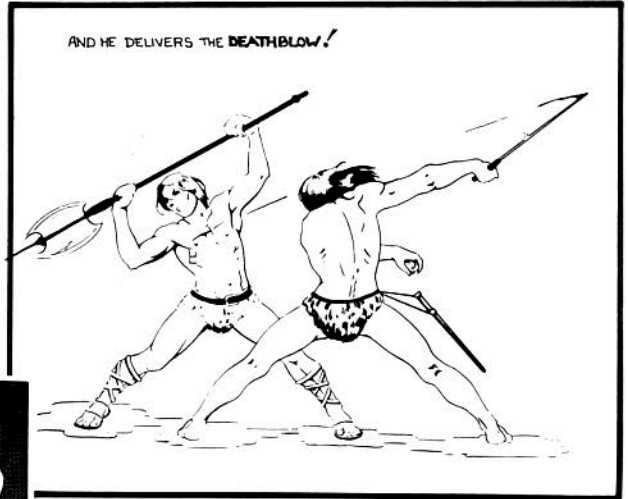
"HELLO ORPHEUS, SURELY YOU REMEMBER ME," HE SPEAKS SLOW AND SANE. "THAT'S RIGHT, I'M YOUR BROTHER, YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND ME HERE, WITH YOUR FAIR LADY, DID YOU?" NOW HE FLARES. "WELL I AM, AND IF YOU INTEND TO SAVE HER, YOU MUST KILL ME FIRST!"



BUT THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION BECOMES SHOCKINGLY CLEAR WHEN HIS BROTHER TAKES UP A BATTLE AX AND STANDS IN FRONT OF THE BOUND MAIDEN, BARRED FOR ACTION. A DEADLY GLEAM LAUGHING IN HIS EYES!



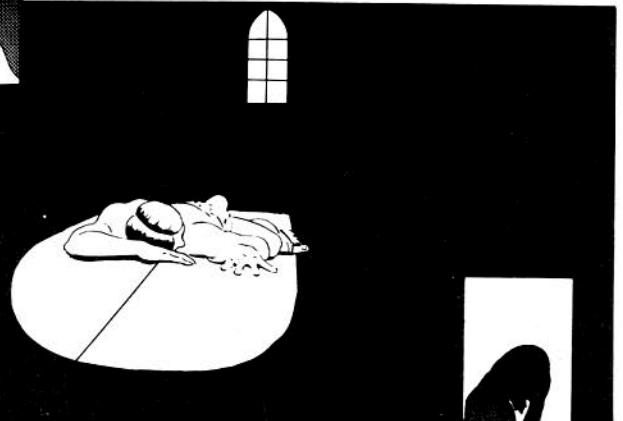
HE WORKS IN CLOSE, WHERE HIS BROTHER'S AX BECOMES CUMBERSOME. HE MUST GAIN THE ADVANTAGE QUICKLY FOR HIS BONES WEARY FROM ALL HIS ORDERALS, AND GROW MORE SO WITH EVERY PASSING MOMENT. HE STRIKES, AND STRIKES AGAIN AND FINALLY THERE IS AN OPENING IN HIS OPPONENTS DEFENCE....



AND HE DELIVERS THE DEATHBLOW!

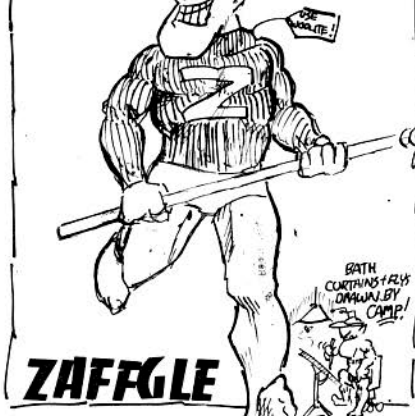


IS THIS HOW IT IS TO END, YOU ASK. NO PATIENT READER, THERE IS MORE, BUT SOME MIGHT THINK IT AN ANTICLIMAX. YOU SEE, AS SOON AS HE TURNED BACK TOWARD HIS CAPTIVE LOVE, HE WAS ONCE AGAIN VIOLENTLY TRANSPORTED. THIS TIME HOWEVER, HE LANDED BACK IN THE FOREST WHERE IT ALL BEGAN. BY HIS SIDE STOOD THE OMNIPRESENT WIZARD. ORPHEUS LEARNED SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING JUST THEN, THE PRE-SUMED SORCEROR TURNED OUT RATHER TO BE A BORGHESSNESS. THAT'S RIGHT, HIS TRUE LOVE AND THE WIZARD WERE ONE, AND THE SAME. SHE TOLD HIM THE REASON FOR ALL THAT HAD TAKEN PLACE... YOU SEE, IN REALITY IT WAS ALL A TEST, DONE BY THE POWERS OF BLACK MAGIC, TO SEE WHETHER OR NOT HE WAS WORTHY OF HER LOVE. AND YOU ARE BROTHER OF OUR HERO FIT IN? WHAT BETTER TEST FOR "TRUE DEVOTION". AND YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING HOW ORPHEUS TOOK ALL THIS. WELL SUFFICE TO SAY THAT UPON HIS BLADE BLOOMED THAT METAPHORIC ROSE OF DEATH ONCE AGAIN THAT DAY. AND THAT'S IT. GOODNIGHT CHILDREN, PLEASANT DREAMS....



The End

The
Mighty



ZAFFGLE



HMM... TIME FOR DA BIG HUNT! BOY O BOY ROAST PTWEE BIRD!

NOW TO DIVE TO ROARING RIVER BELOW!

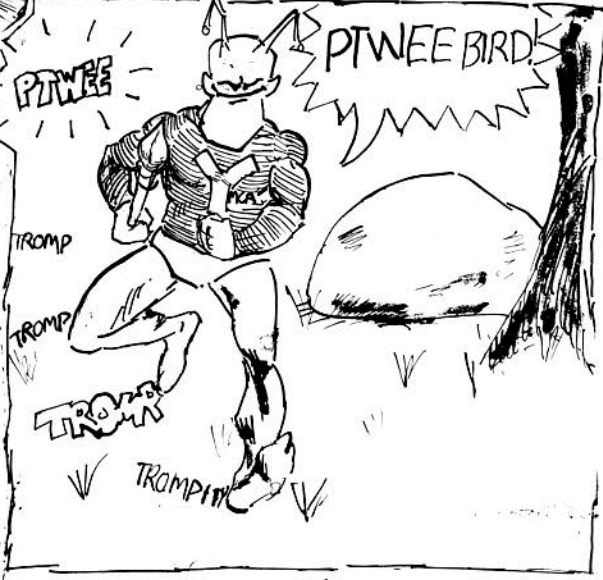


SPLASH

SPLASH

SPLASH

SPLASH



PTWEE BIRD!

TROMP

TROMP

TROMP

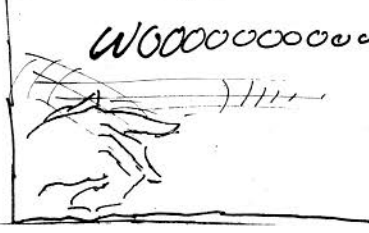
TROMP



SORRY CHARLEY!



PTWEE



WOOOOOOOOOUSH

BOKA BOKA BOKA

BOKA

BOKA

BOKA

BOKA

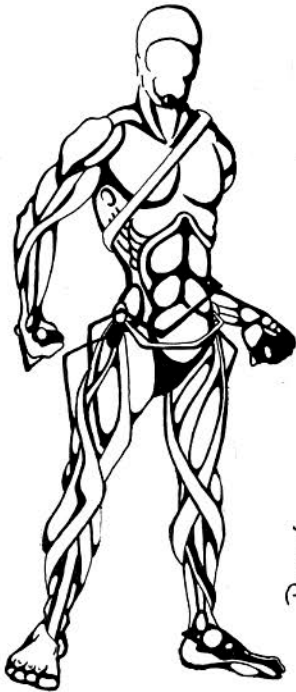


BOOM!



3 SHOTS 5¢

B CAMP

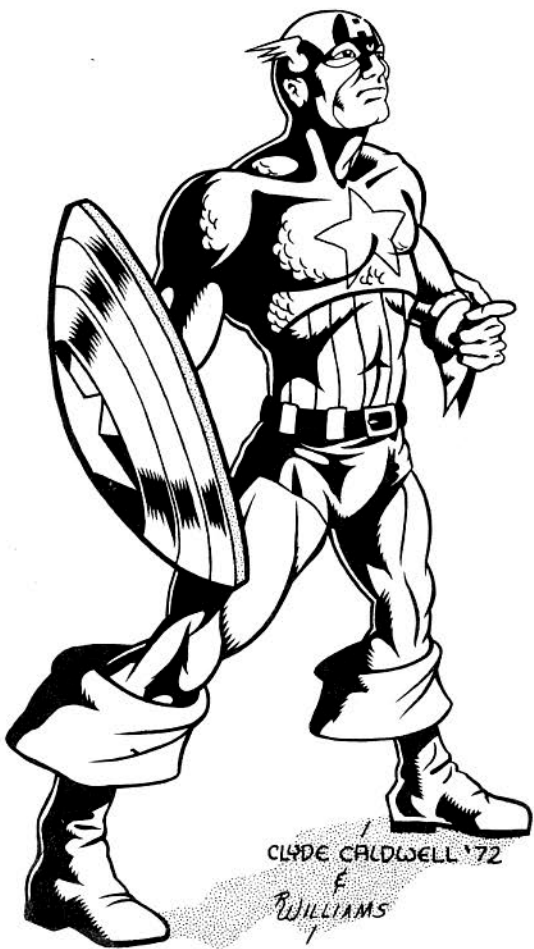


RUNKET/72

THEY'RE YOUNG AMERICA! THEY'RE
DOUBLE DYNAMITE! THEY'RE
OUR TEENAGE FIGHTERS
FOR FREEDOM!
THEY'RE...



THE
BOY
COMMANDOS!



CLYDE CALDWELL '72
WILLIAMS



KATO '72



CHRONICLE FANS LETTERS

ENGEL



Chronicle 2 is very well done. You're improving issue by issue. The Severin covers are really beautiful! As 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.

Gordon Bailey
Ft. Worth, Texas

Here's a short LOC on Chronicle #2. John Severin's renditions of "King Kull" were fantastic, really excellent (dig Goblin Graphix' Kull portfolio by Severin) That cover is really sumptin! Hanley's strip was well drawn, and the nice, rather different layout helped along the bad story. I think Hanley should have used his pseudo-Captain Marvel Character, Goodguy, but I guess the story was kind of heavy for "GG". The art was good, tho.

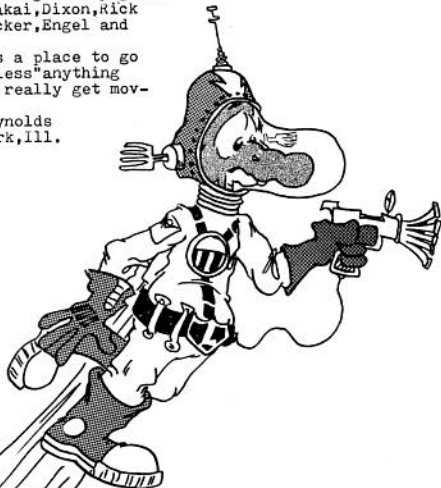
"Engeland"--A collection of Jim's notebook sketches, huh? Really good stuff this kid does! Lots of nice characters, caricatures and ideas in this centerspread, 'specially that little spaceguy singing about "Aquarius".

Your editorial was pretty awful, G.S.B.... Some more editing would be in order. Done it down... "Turning Point" was fantastic... Dixon's art is crude, but it's good cartooniness, and it's all his (with a touch of Bode, perhaps) and it works well with his outstanding storytelling technique. This cat's brilliant...

Dante was bad stereotype space opera (I should talk)+EDITORS NOTE: Gary does a space opera type strip in FVP+, but I kinda dig Sakai's clean inking style. Stan Chudzik is coming along (really liked that Phantom Stranger illo) and Byrne is great. Ricker is promising, with nice inking style and interesting design. Faulkenberg and Garrison are pretty bad, and Onoda is getting really good. Let's see more by Sakai, Dixon, Rick Williams, Chudzik, Ricker, Engel and Caldwell.

Once CHRONICLE finds a place to go instead of this aimless "anything goes" schtick, it'll really get moving...

Gary John Reynolds
Evergreen Park, Ill.



BLAMMO!

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

Scott Paauw
Birmingham, Mich.

About Chronicle #2: Overall it was really good, I thought. The Chicago Con Report sounded like most Con Reports do, and The Captain Marvel Strip was just great, another Hanley masterpiece. I didn't really care for the Faulkenberg strip, although the Sakai one was enjoyable. I also like the semi-cartoon or just plain cartoonish style of Dixon. I thought the "DT" 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-fans around and I can hardly wait for more of his "fab" art.

Rod Snyder
Austin, Texas



Enjoyed your CHRONICLE #2!!!
Dug Capt. MARVY & Polluted Man the Most!!!

Jim Jones
Vista, Cal.

Comments on Chronicle #2-- I'll have to keep this short. I don't think the overall issue was worth the \$1 you're asking, but there were stand outs in the magazine. I liked the Dixon strip, the con report, CM strip, Byrne page, Severin stuff, but that's about all. I dislike Onoda's stuff, Ricker is lousy, (Jim Engel's stuff was absolutely brilliant.... the best thing in this issue), I thought the editorial was ok, the DT and Revival Survival were too much alike, so I really didn't like them much... those type columns are really nothing to me... I just can't get into them. I mean all they are saying is "Gee! What nifty ideas!" who gives a damn about ideas unless they are feasible and I don't think the cols were that interesting. The Dante strip was lousy as was the strip by Faulkenberg. I also dislike stuff by Garrison.

You know it might seem as if I really hated the issue, but it's not all that true. I didn't like a lot of the magazine, but it seems to me that the reason the magazine wasn't good was that it had little meat to it. You didn't really do a good job editing it, and thus the magazine was a flop.. You need some more articles... less strips and better fan art. Well, I'm sorry to have to criticize the issue so much, but there's a lot of room for improvement. I only hope you'll work at it... Chronicle has a good future ahead of it. It's in your hands to shape.

Steve Mattingly
Indianapolis, Ind..

Chronicle #2 arrived last week, so I guess I owe you a short LOC. The first thing I must say is... WOW! What an improvement over your 1st issue. Overall, the issue was very enjoyable. I think the most well done strip was Captain Marvel by Jim Hanley, however I enjoyed the other strips more-notably Dante and Turning Point.

Both of these stories were well handled, and though the artwork and writing were far from slick, the storytelling was done smoothly and effectively.

Charles Dixon's story was especially intriguing--I'm looking forward to further developments of his character. His artwork also seems to have improved greatly since his strip in your first issue. I hope he continues to use the dark mysterious mood for this continuing strip--it is most effective.

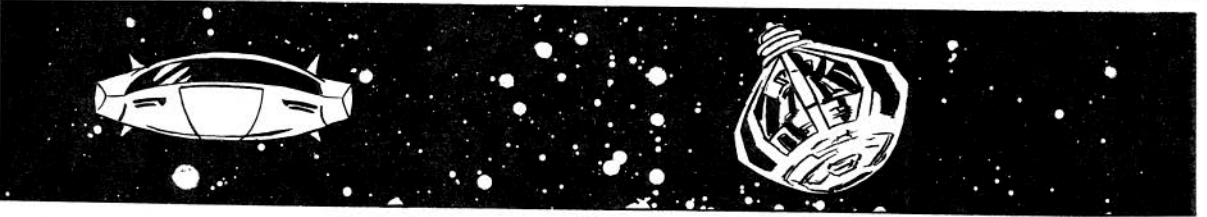
The collaboration between you and Stanley came off quite well. I hope you and he will keep the action fast paced as it was in the first episode of DANTE. Also in future issues, it might be good if it could be more fully explained how Dante fits in as a member of the C.I.N., I think more insight into the workings of the organization would add to the realism of the strip.

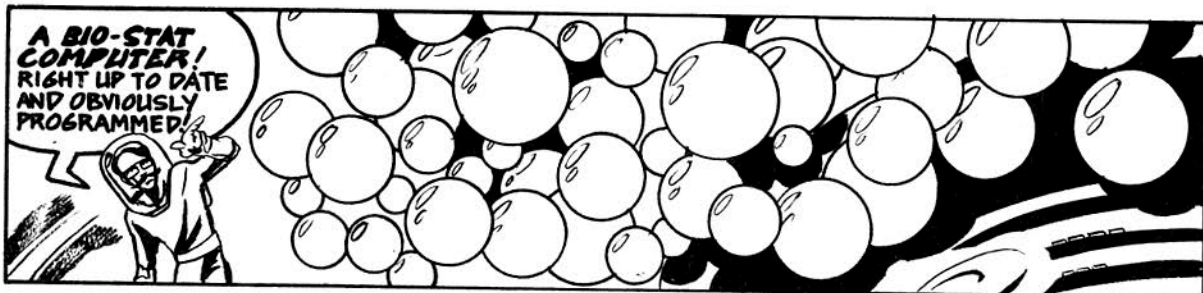
It was good to see Duffy's Tavern back. Reading matter such as this and the Con Report balanced off the strips and made for a well rounded issue. I hope to see more of Duffy Tavern. Regular features such as the plus the continuing strips, Turning Point and Dante give the zine a sense of continuity and personality. Well, I'll be looking forward to your next issue. Meanwhile--Best Wishes & keep up the good work.

Gary Kato
Honolulu, Hawaii



"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!



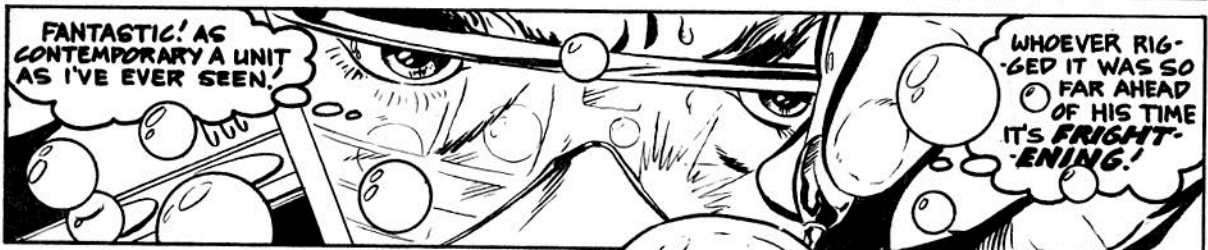


A BIO-STAT COMPUTER! RIGHT UP TO DATE AND OBVIOUSLY PROGRAMMED!



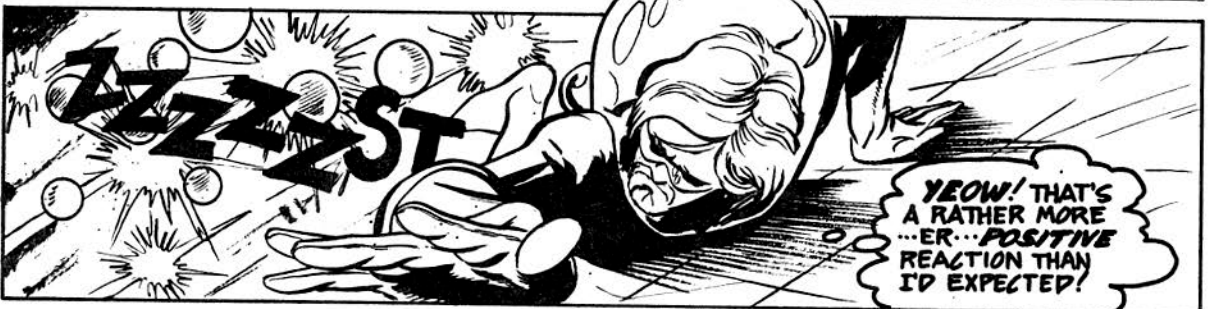
IF WE CAN JUST GET IT TO WORK IT COULD BE THE BIGGEST ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND SINCE THE QUIRM CAVES ON BETELGUESE IX

HANG ON, JORJ! 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! HEED ME! HERE 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!

GIDEON'S REVENGE:..

CHAPTER ONE: GENESIS

THE BEGINNING: EARTH DATE 2351!
A TINY PLANETOID ON THE OUTER-
MOST EDGE OF OUR GALAXY! A
MAN-MADE WORLD WHERE LOVE
IS CREED, 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!

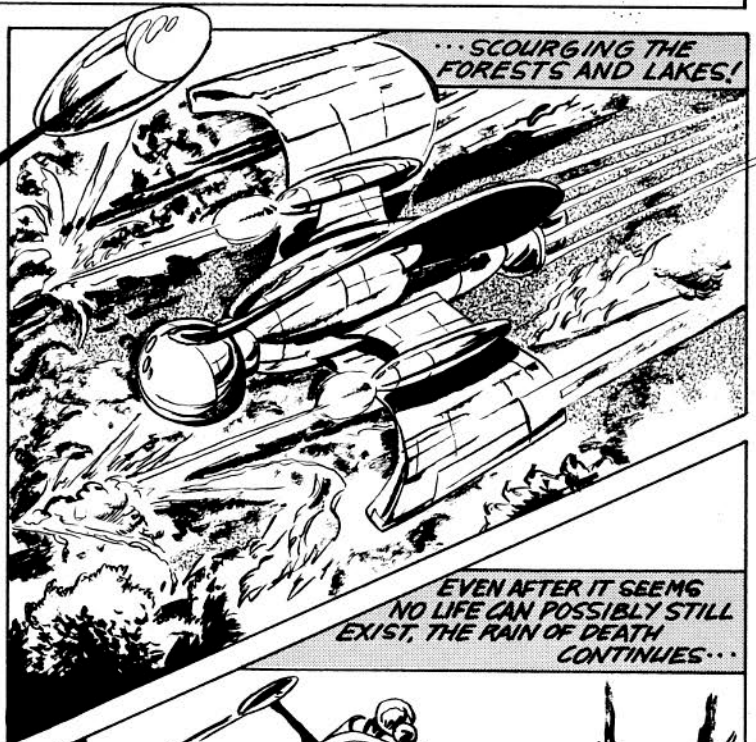
NOW, A BRIEF SOJOURN INTO A
PLACE WHICH IS, AND YET IS NOT!
HYPER-SPACE, WHERE THE
LAWS OF OUR UNIVERSE DO NOT
EXIST, AND WHERE THREE
GROTESQUE VESSELS SPEED
ACROSS NOTHING, INTO NOTHING!

... 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 ---



WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF A
SWOOPING HAWK THE RAIDERS
STRIKE, MAKING THE SPLENDID
TOWERS AND AVENUES...



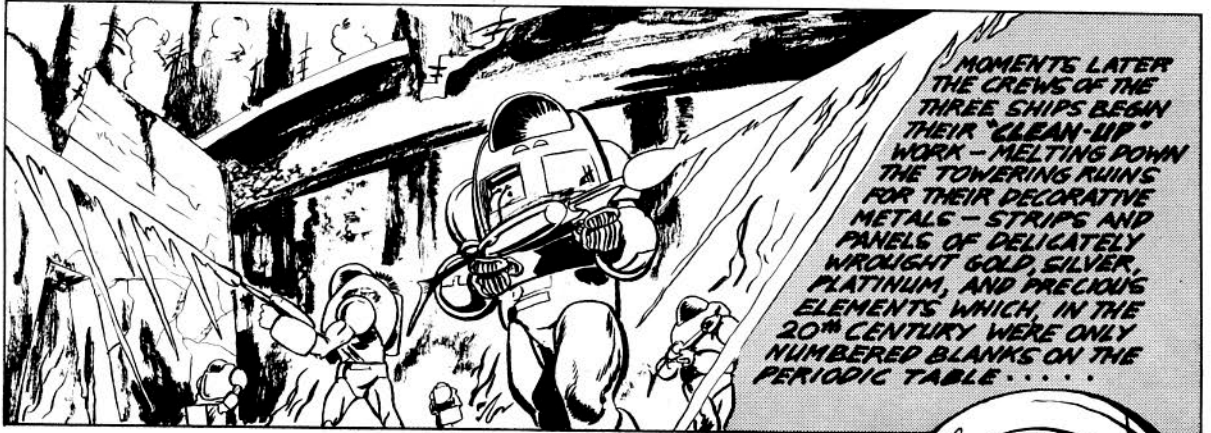
... SCOURING THE
FORESTS AND LAKES!

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





FINALLY, ON THE CRACKED, BLISTERED REMAINS OF THE WORLD'S ONLY SPACE-PORT, 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, AS THE PIRATE COMMANDER SURVEYS THE DECIMATION...



EXALTED ONE! ANOTHER SHIP HAS BEEN SIGHTED!

INSIDE THE COMMAND SHIP...



SNURP! LOOK AT THE SPEED! IT MUST BE A U.C.C.* SHIP! VLTAK! RECALL THE MEN! NOW!

UNIVERSAL CONTROL COMMITTEE~



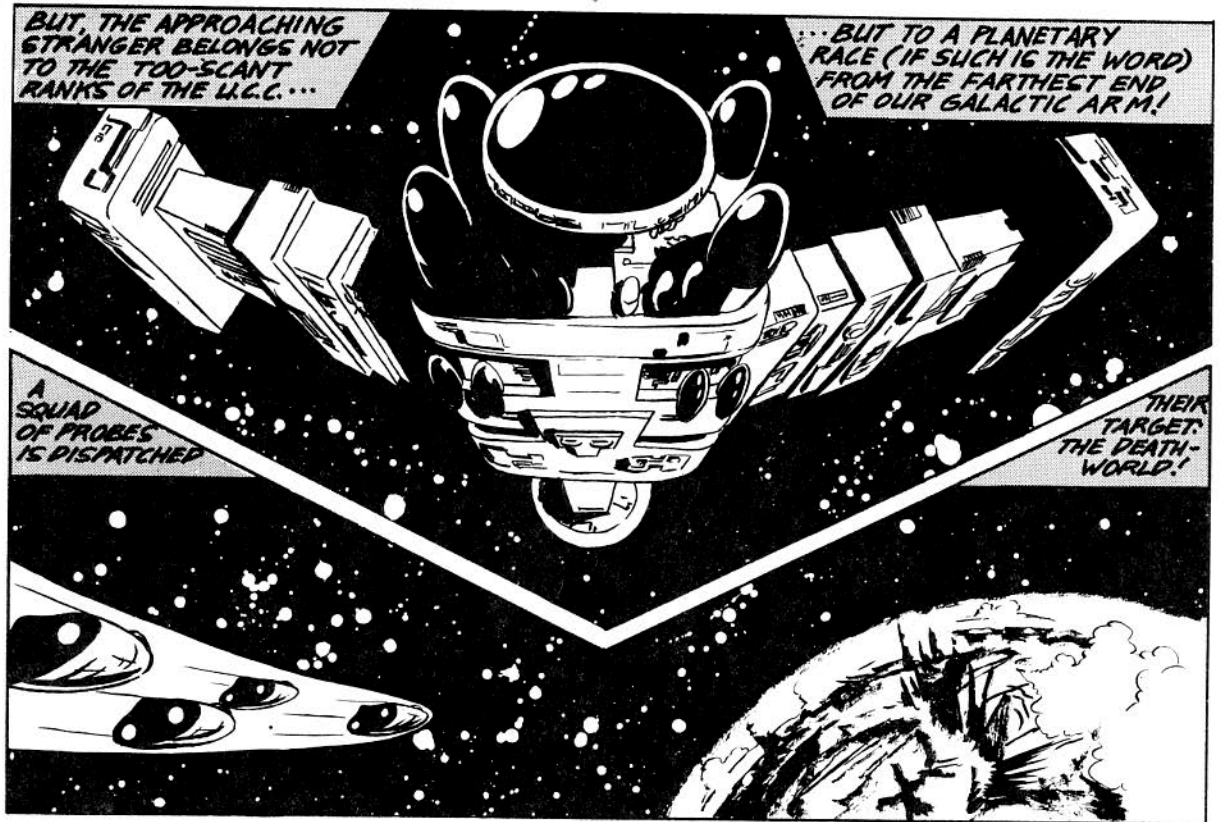
WITHIN A FEW FRENZIED MINUTES THE PIRATE VESSELS ARE HURTLING SAFELY AWAY FROM THE SILENT DEATH-WORLD!

BUT, THE APPROACHING STRANGER BELONGS NOT TO THE TOO-SCANT RANKS OF THE U.C.C. ...

... 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...

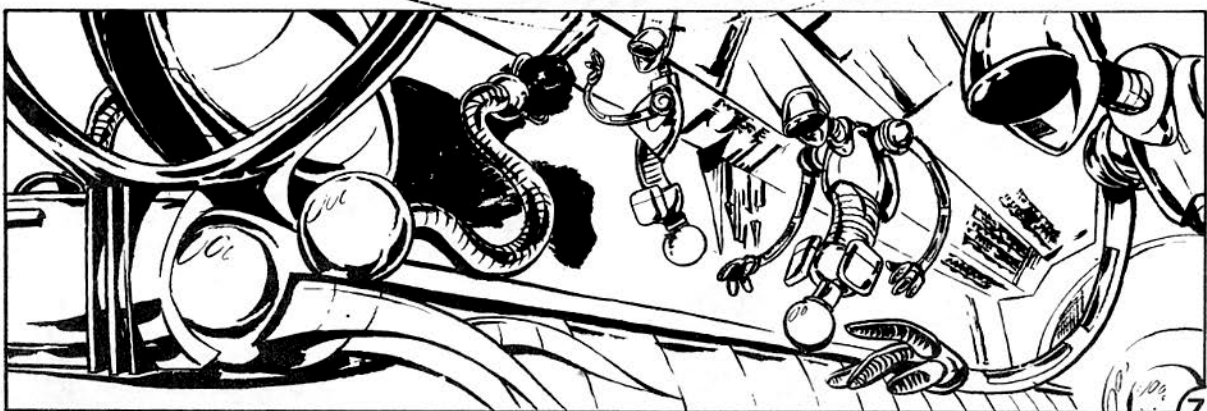
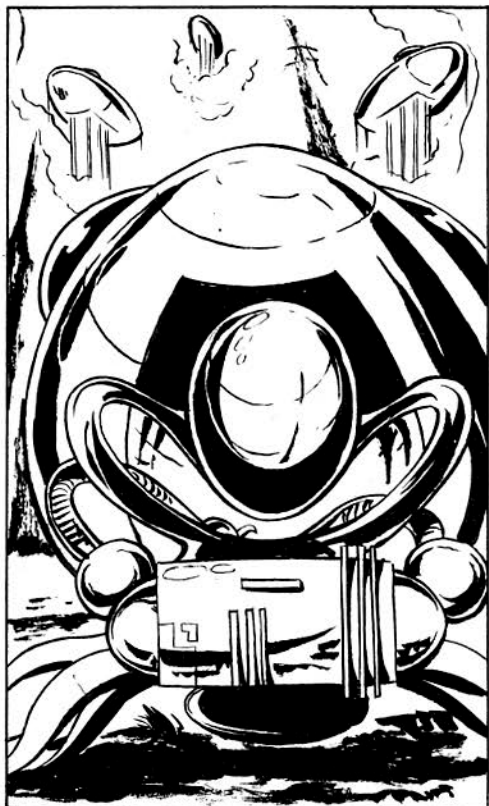
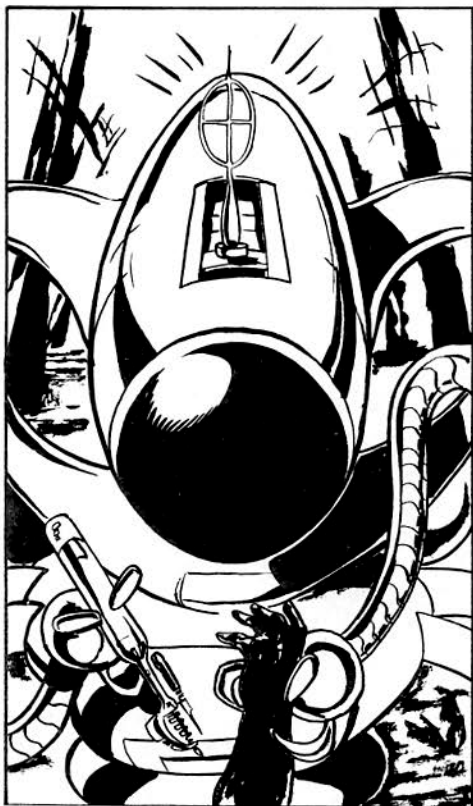
ATTENTION! NOTHING OF USE HAS BEEN LOCATED! PROBES RETURN TO MOTHER SHIP!

DUTIFULLY THE PROBES 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...*

*NOTE: THE CYBORGS ARE BOUYED
UP BY THE SUSPENSOR-GLOBES IN
GRAVITY OF IT'S OWN...

UNTIL IT IS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE
HEART OF THE COMPLEX - THE BE-ALL
AND END-ALL OF THE ROBOTIC CIVILIZATION... B

AND SO

ALL UNITS SCANALYZE
AND CORRELATE!
CARBON BASED PROTO-
PLASMIC LIFE-FORM!
BIO-COMP REPORT!

BIO-COMP - EXTENSIVE
CELLULAR & NEURAL
DAMAGE TO STRUCTURE.
EFFECT REPAIRS!

MEMORI-COMP RELATE
ALL AVAILABLE INFO
ON COMPARABLE FORM-
TYPE CLASSIFICATION

INCREASE NUTRIENT
FLOW POINT ON FIVE

EXTENSIVE DAMAGE
TO LEARNING CENTRES
REPAIRS INITIATED

SKELETAL STRUCTURE
CALCIUM BASED BONE-
INTERNAL! REPAIRS
INITIATED ALL QUARTERS!

ELECTRO-CHEMICAL
POWER! BOOST &
STABILIZE...

AND THUS IT CONTINUES, AS LONG HOURS
PASS, AND STRETCH INTO LONGER DAYS -
AS MACHINES STRUGGLE TO CONQUOR AND
REPLENISH THE FRAILNESS OF FLESH...

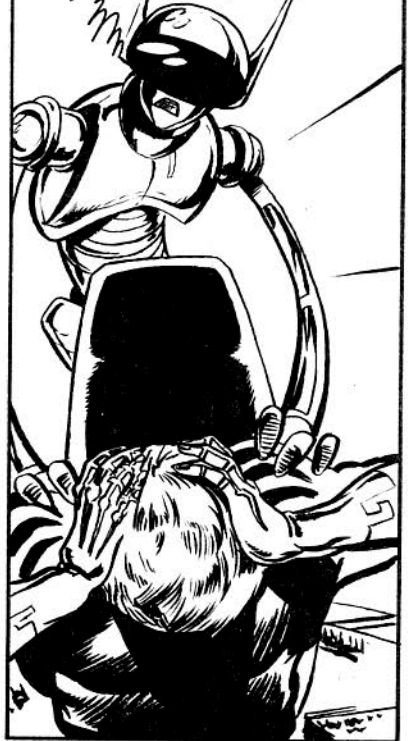
NOW: 2373. A SMALL
EXPLORATORY VESSEL
LUNGES THROUGH
EINSTEINIAN SPACE



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



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

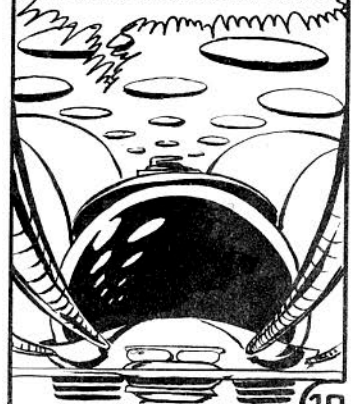


I . . . I DO NOT KNOW, UNIT 12!
SENSORS HAD JUST RECORDED
A SMALL PLANETARY MASS AT
FOUR POINT SEVEN SIX HUND-
METERS AND - AND SUDDENLY
IT WAS AS THOUGH A GREAT
HAND HAD WRIPPED OPEN
MY SKULL AND POURED A
THOUSAND MEMORIES
INTO MY BRAIN!!



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

ATTENTION UNIT 732!
THIS IS CENTRAL!
SIGNAL YOUR EXACT
POSITION! IMPERATIVE!

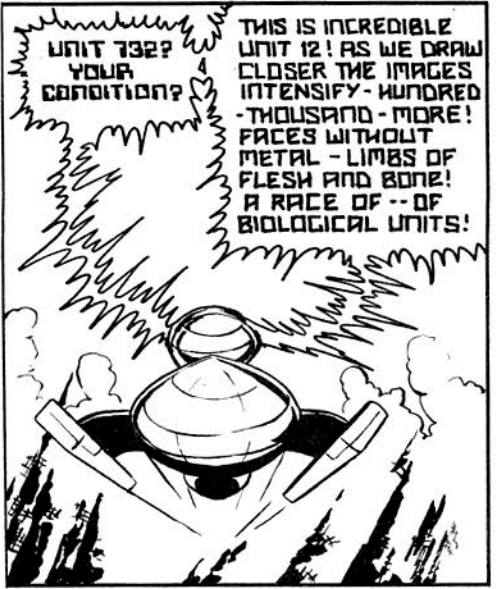


WHEN THIS HAS BEEN DONE ...

CONFIRMED! IT IS AS WE SUSPECTED! PLANETARY MASS DETECTED EARLIER IS OMEGA-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 FEED-BACK CAUSED BY PROXIMITY TO THIS SIGNIFICANT NEXUS!



INVESTIGATE AND REPORT!





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

UNIT TWELVE! I HAVE SOME TAPES FOR ANALYSIS! WE MUST RETURN TO THE SHIP!

THE TAPES ARE FED INTO THE SHIP'S LIBRARY COMPUTER, WHERE THEY ARE SCANALYSED, TRANSLATED, 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 (BRK! STKK!) ... 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 ... (SKKRT!) 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 RACE-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 ... (SKKRT!)

THEREFORE ... (SKKRT) I MUST ASSUME YOU ARE GIDEON! YOU ARE MY SON! PLEASE ... OUR WAY WAS PEACE ... BROTHERHOOD ... BUT THIS ACT CANNOT GO UNPUNISHED! YOU MUST AVENGE US!!



INTERESTING! MOST INTERESTING! BUT OF NO CONSEQUENCE UNIT 732!



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

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



AT ONCE 732!

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

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



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

I HAVE THE LIST! THOSE WHOSE NAMES ARE ON IT ARE AS DEAD FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH!



TERRIBLE WAS THEIR DEED - TERRIBLE SHALL BE THEIR PUNISHMENT! ||

JOHN VZ

EPIC

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 NUMANOID, 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 HABITED 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 KILLOMETERS, 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"






KATO '72