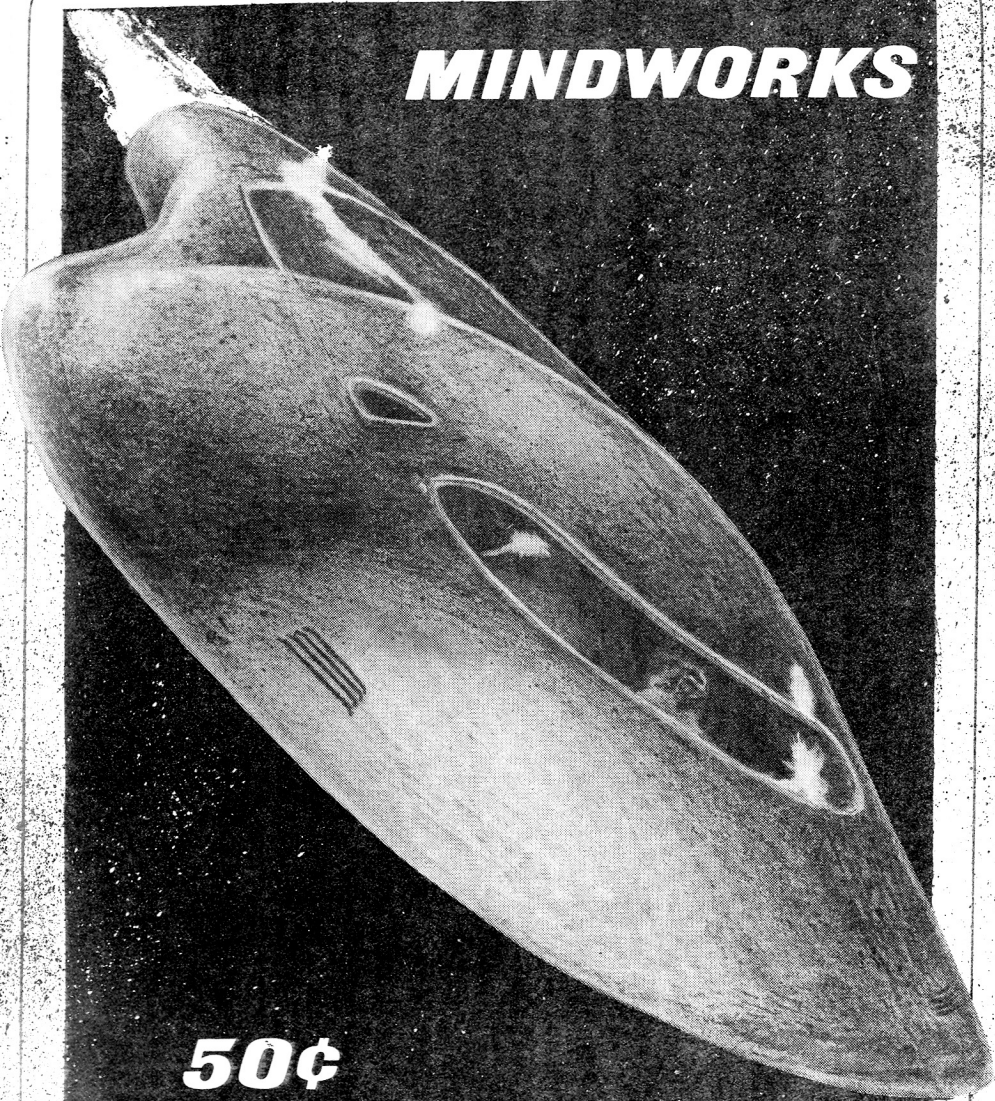


MINDWORKS



50¢

ANDERSON '74

EDITORIAL

Ever since my involvement with the production of Venture #1, I've wanted to organize a small fanzine of my own; a sort of one-man production, if you will, and I've finally done it. It's taken months to accomplish and I'd like to thank you for buying this issue. I hope you feel that you've received your four bits worth, because I've tried to present only the best stories and art I could find of my own and that of others. I hope you agree, and, again, thank you.

In succeeding issues (if any) I have plans for expanding the written center section by a few more pages to assimilate an up-and-coming lettercol and longer written stories. This issue's center is merely an experiment in reader reaction. As in all magazines, either professional or amateur, it's the reader interest that "makes" or "breaks" a publication. I need you, the reader, to make Mindworks a regular publication. All letters of comment are welcome and I will personally answer any questions that are posed to me.

As you may or may not have noticed, Mindworks is presented under the HORIZON ZERO GRAPHIQUES banner. This recently organized fan-oriented project has some interesting plans in the wings, and I believe a lot of fans will be surprised, so keep an eye out in the popular adzines for further developments.

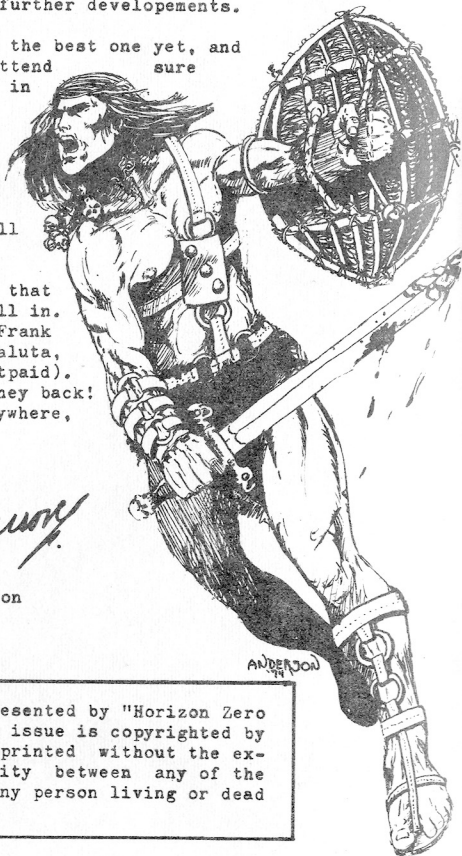
The 1974 San Diego Comic Convention was the best one yet, and all you unfortunates out there who didn't attend missed a treat. I'd like to thank Shel Dorf in this magazine since he did an outstanding job. I purchased some artwork by Jeff Jones and Mike Kaluta that will be included in Mindworks #2. I know a lot of fans don't appreciate seeing professional artwork in a publication that calls itself a "fanzine", but 24-plus pages are hard enough to fill all by oneself. Besides, they're not bad illos.


Before I end this editorial, let me say that Venture #3 is still on sale. Thirty-six 8 1/2 x 11 in. offset pages with artwork by Gary Winnick, Frank Cirocco, Jim Pinkoski, Frank Morant, Mike Kaluta, Neal Adams, and yours truly, for \$1.25 (postpaid). I can guarantee satisfaction if not your money back! In the infamous words of sales persons everywhere, "That's not my department!"

Read on,

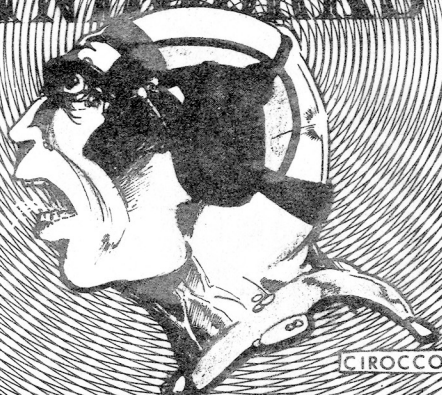
Brent Anderson

Brent Anderson



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MINIWORKS



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FRONT COVER: Brent Anderson BACK COVER: Frank Cirocco

TIME: THE DISTANT FUTURE. MANKIND HAS SPREAD HIS EARTH-SPAWNED SEED THROUGH THIS GALAXY AND IS ON THE VERGE OF EXPLORING OTHERS.

PLACE: TURVAN III, ON THE OUTERMOST REACHES OF THE MILKY WAY STAR CLUSTER; IN THE PLUSH OFFICE OF MILITARY GENERAL DORN.



I DON'T GIVE A DAMN, ANIMAS!

NOW YOU'VE BEEN OF GREAT HELP TO THE FEDERATION FOR MORE YEARS THAN I CAN REMEMBER.

...BUT SOMETIMES YOU... YOU...

LISSEN, DORN...

THE WAY YOU HAD THE DOPLIANS TREATED, WAS INEXCUSABLE...

ESPECIALLY FOR ONE OF YOUR RANK AND POSITION...

THEY'RE ONE STEP UP FROM BEING ANIMALS... HOW YA SUPPOSED TO TREAT 'EM?

THE SIMPLE REASON THEY DIDN'T FIGHT BACK PROVES THEY HAVE INTELLIGENCE!

YOU'VE LET THEIR APPEARANCE AND THEIR LACKING COMMUNICATION PREJUDICE YOUR ENTIRE OUT-LOOK OF THEM.

NO DIFFERENCE! THERE'S NOTHING OF YOUR BUSINESS IN THIS MATTER ANYWAY, SO JUST FORGET IT!

I WON'T FORGET IT, DORN! I WON'T FORGET IT!

Animas Skyman in:

THE PLAGUE OF PREJUDICE IS EVERYWHERE. ANIMAS SLAYMAN HAS SEEN A GOOD PORTION OF IT AND A TALL GLASS OF GONTLA USUALLY REMEDIES IT... AT LEAST TEMPORARILY...



DO THAT AGAIN, YOU SONNIN' MORGA, AND I'LL KICK IN YER SKULL...

UNWAVERED BY ANIMAS' THREAT, THE INSOLENT RUNE ORDERED A RUNESE DRINK. WHEN IT CAME THE REP-TILIAN-MAN PROMPTLY EMPTIED IT ONTO: SLAYMAN'S LAP.



ANIMOSITY!



BEDLAM!



NOW WHAT THE HELL STARTED THAT RUCKLE'S LAST NIGHT..?

YOU REALLY THINK I'M GOING TO TELL YOU, DON'T YOU....

NOW LOOK, SLAY-MAN... I CAN'T HAVE MEN WHO ARE WORKING FOR ME STARTING FIGHTS IN PUBLIC!

I DIDN'T START IT AND I TOLD YOU LAST NIGHT THAT I QUIT!

YOU WERE DRUNK...

NOT SO MUCH THAT I COULDN'T LICK THE INSECT-EATING RUMKOR THAT DID START IT!

NOW LOOK WHO'S RACIST!...

GENERAL DORN... THIS IS SECURITY CONTROL!

DORN HERE... WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

AN UNIDENTIFIED SPACE CRAFT HAS JUST DESTROYED AN OUTER DEFENSE UNIT AND REFUSES TO ANSWER IDENTIFICATION CALLS!

DORN OUT...

YOU BACK ON THE PAYROLL, ANIMAS...?

... ANIMAS...?

DAMNED IF I KNOW HOW
THAT DUMBSHIT GOT HIS
POSITION...

THERE'S THE CRAFT...
COMPUTER; RELATE...

OHM-SIZE: 2476.6 METERS... DETECT - 4TY,669 - BEINGS WITHIN... ALERT ALERT... POWER SURGE FROM...

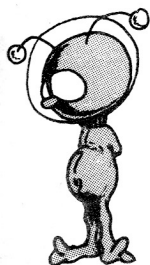
TRACTOR BEAM - COPING OUT...

END PART I of "EXILE"



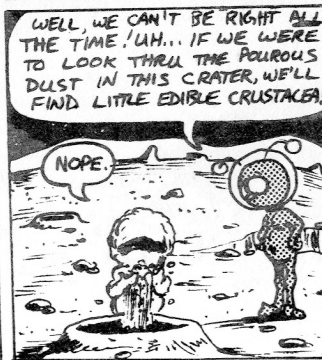
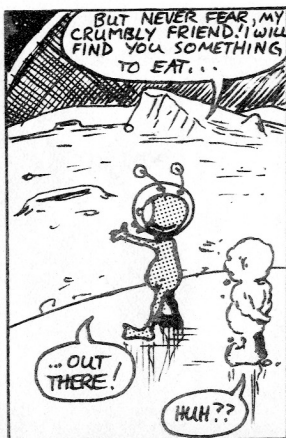
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-GARY WINDICK-74
-ANDERSON



GRIMMILEY'S TALES

Story: Robt
J. CURRAN
Art: Brent
ANDERSON

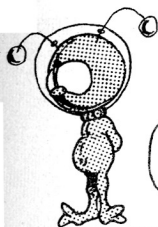




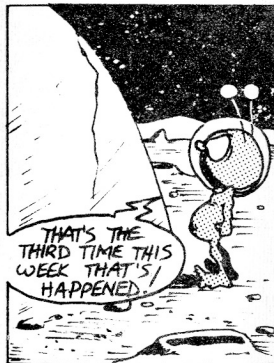
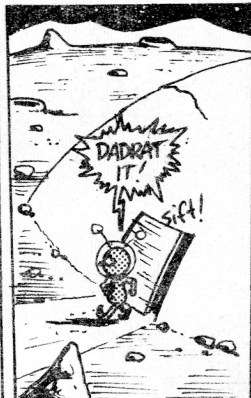
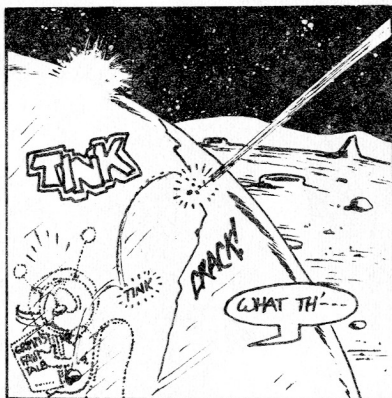
GARY WINNICK 74
ANDERSON

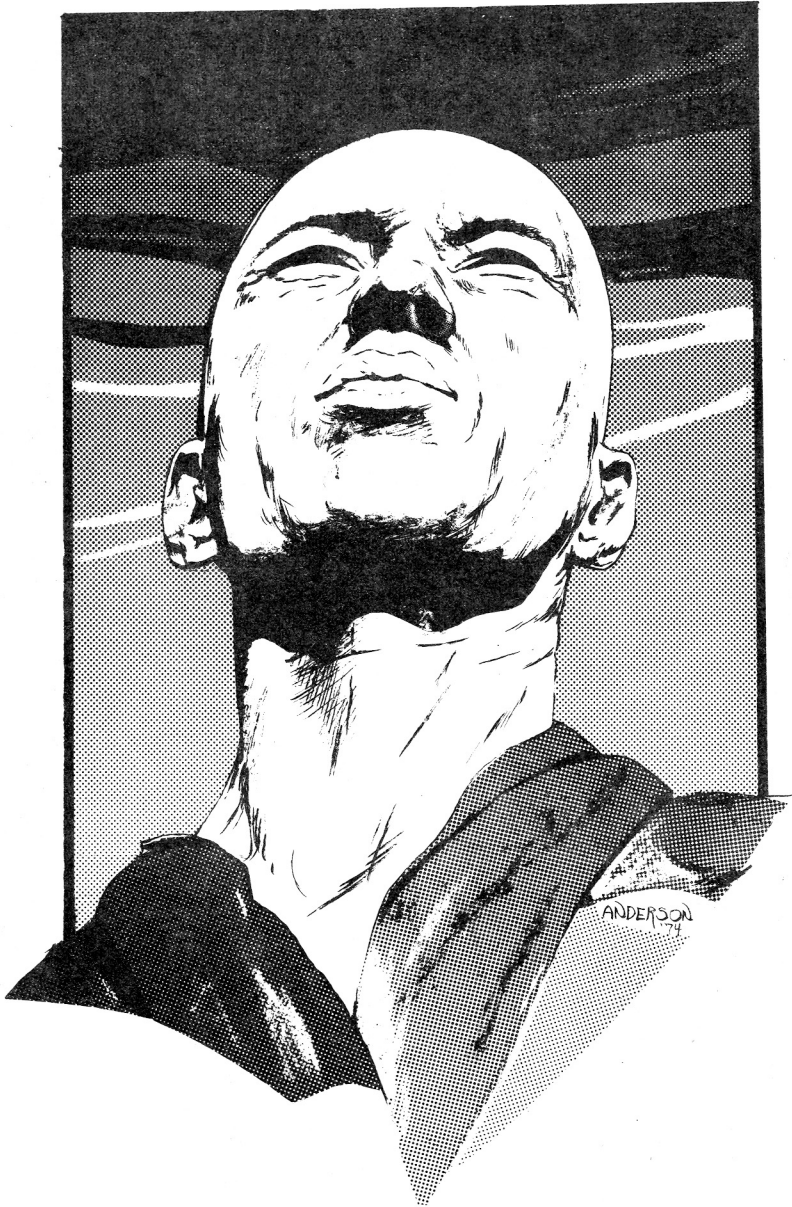
"FEAR FOR THE DEVIL"

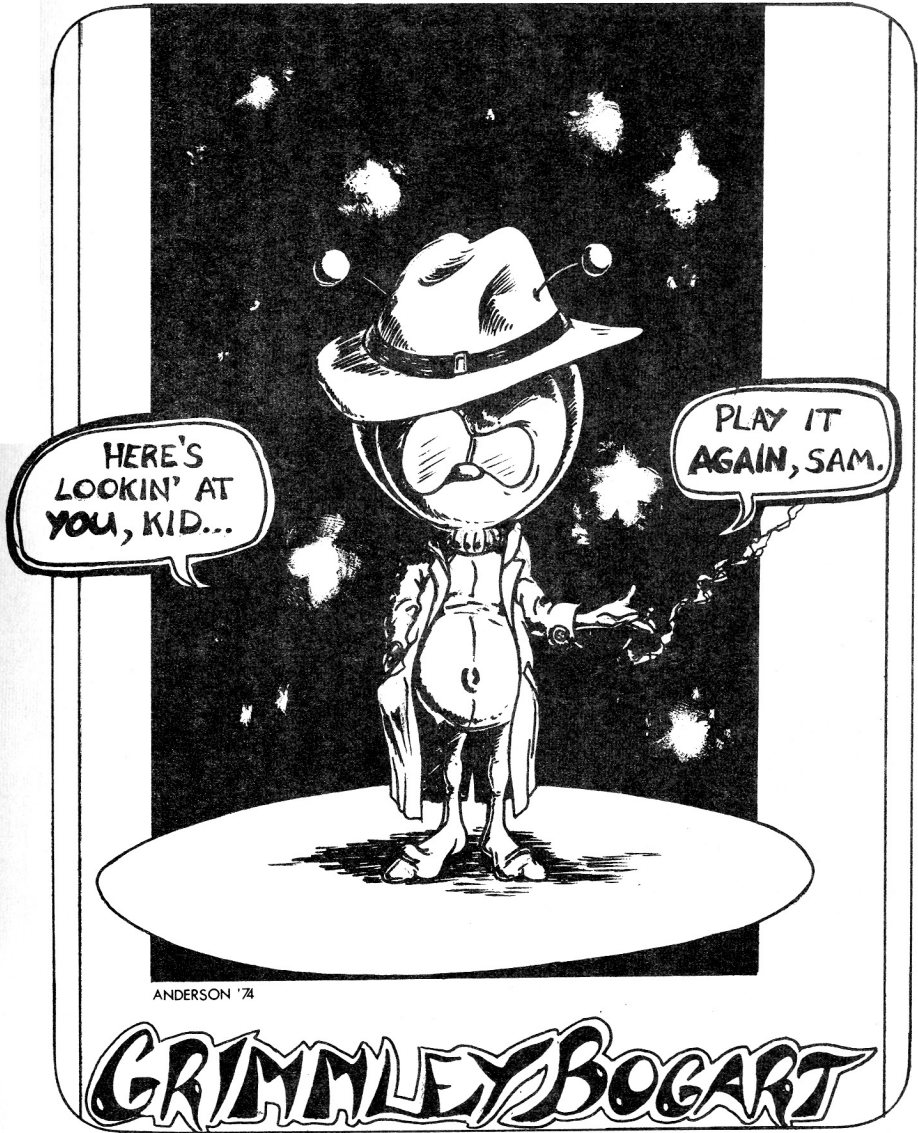
GRIMMILEY'S TALES



Brent
ANDERSON







ANDERSON '74

GRIMMILEY BOGART

KUNG
FU





"EXILE" PART II (Cont. from page 6)

AS THE GREY MISTS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS WAFT AWAY, THEY ARE REPLACED BY A VOICE...

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO RISE. LET THE NEURAL BEAM'S EFFECT WEAR OFF...

WHERE...?

WHO ARE YOU??
OOOHH... MY HEAD...

THE NEURAL BEAM...

HELL WITH THE NEURAL BEAM!

TELL ME WHERE I AM!

NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE, ANIMAS SLAYMAN. I AM BALQUE...

... THE FREEDOM LEADER OF THESE PEOPLE.

FREEDOM?

COME TO MY LIVING CHAMBERS AND I WILL TELL YOU OF OUR PLIGHT.



OURS IS A RACE OF SENTIENT BEINGS, BUT THERE WERE A MISLED FEW WHO WENT OFF IN SEARCH OF NEW WORLDS AND NEW WAYS OF LIFE. WHEN THEY RETURNED, THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM THE PSYCHE-ALTERING POWER OF TELEKINESIS. WITH THIS POWER THEY FOUND THEY COULD CONTROL ANYTHING OR ANYONE, AND THEY WERE SOON FIGHTING AND SQUABBLING AMONGST THEMSELVES.

DESPTS ROSE AND FELL UNTIL A FEW BANDED TOGETHER COMBINING THEIR POWERS AND TOOK OVER... AND RULED. THEIR ONLY OPPOSITION WAS FROM THEIR OWN KIND, FOR WE WANTED NO PART OF THEIR FIGHT. THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR PLANET AND HERITAGE CONTINUED UNTIL WE COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER, SO WE LEFT OUR LIFE AND HOMAGE BEHIND TO SEEK A BETTER LIFE...

... AND FREEDOM.


WHY DIDNT YOU ANSWER OUR CALLS OF IDENTIFICATION?

OUR SHIP, AS A SELF-CONTAINED COMPUTER COMPLEX, TRAVELS THRU SPACE WARPS VIA SUB-SPACE AND WHEN IT REACHES REAL SPACE AT THE END OF A HOP, THE COMPUTEX ALERTS U.S. WHEN WE APPEARED OVER... TURVAN III THE SHIP AUTOMATICALLY DEFENDED U.S AGAINST YOUR DEFENSE UNITS.

WE HAD NO CONTROL... WE DIDNT MEAN TO... TO.....

DONT WORRY ABOUT IT, YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT UNLESS YOU FIND A PLANET, YOU AND YOUR DESCENDANTS WILL WANDER THRU SPACE ENDLESSLY?

UNFORTUNATELY THAT IS THE CASE, ANIMAS SLAYMAN.

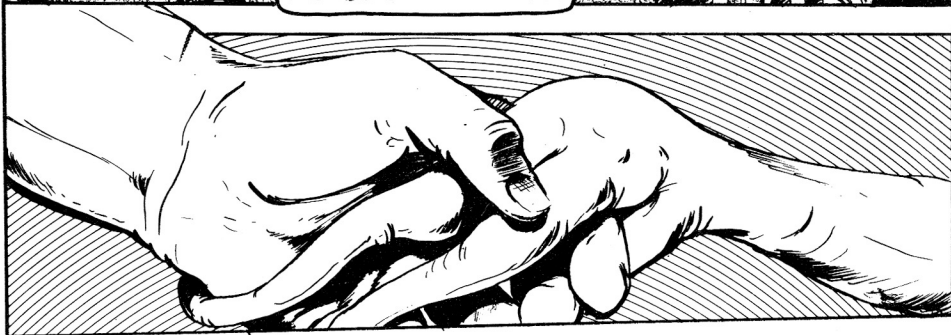


I SUPPOSE THE GALAXIAL
FEDERATION CAN FIND
YOU A SUITABLE PLAN-
ET. I KNOW OF ONE
MYSELF...

EXCUSE ME, ANIMAS
SLAYMAN. YOU ARE
GENEROUS AND KIND,
BUT WE MUST FIND
IT OURSELVES; IT IS
OUR... PILGRIMAGE, IF
YOU WILL. WE MUST
PREPARE TO LEAVE.

YOU WILL BE SENT
SAFELY BACK TO YOUR
WORLD, SO THAT WE MAY
CONTINUE THE SEARCH
FOR OURS.

GOOD-BYE, ANIMAS
SLAYMAN. I SHALL RE-
MEMBER YOU ALWAYS.

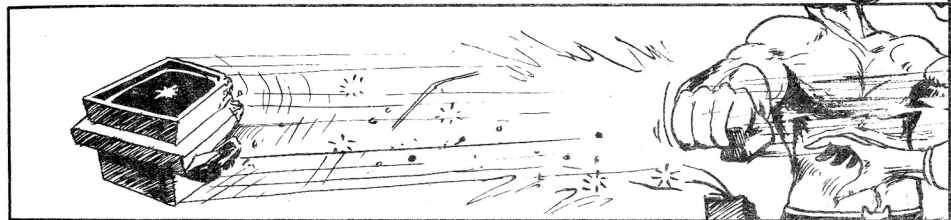




"GENERAL DORN!
SECURITY CONTROL
HERE. THE INVADER
SHIP IS BEGINNING
TO WARD OUT OF
REAL SPACE!"

WHAT!?

RELEASE SUB-SPACE
SEEKERS SET FOR...

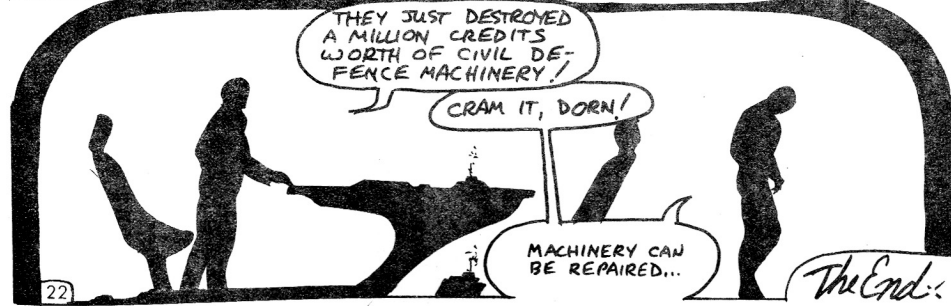


WHAT THE HELL'D YOU
DO THAT FOR!!!

LET'M ... GO.

WHY??

JUST LET THEM GO...



THEY JUST DESTROYED
A MILLION CREDITS
WORTH OF CIVIL DE-
FENCE MACHINERY!

CRAM IT, DORN!

MACHINERY CAN
BE REPAIRED...

The End.

MIDWORKS 1



FRANK
GIROCCO