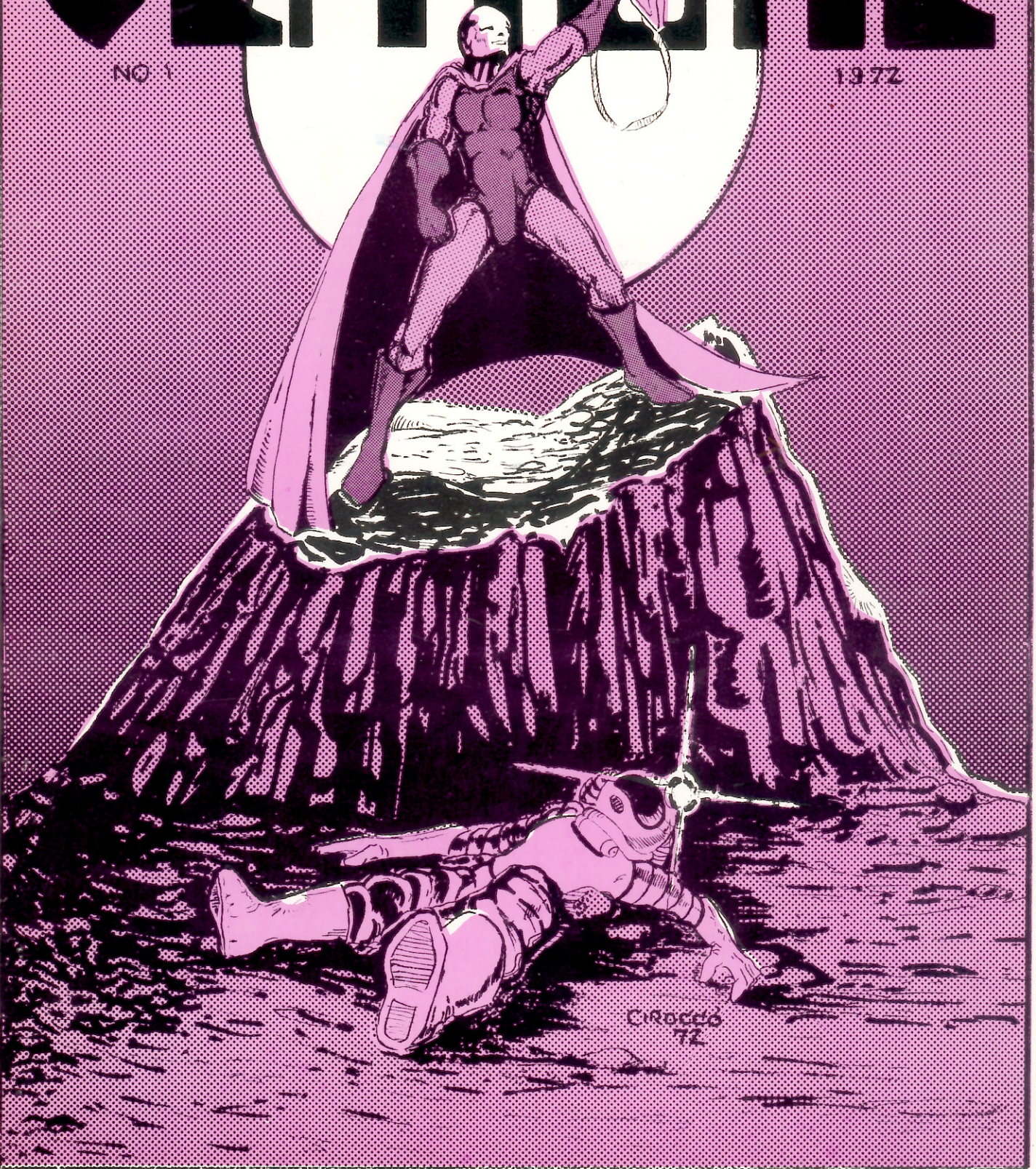


# ULTIMORE

NO 1

1972



# INTRODUCTION



Dear Reader,

This magazine you now hold in your hands was assembled for a FEW reasons.

ONE: We wanted to see a truly REAL fanzine on the market. What we mean is, a FANzine is supposed to be done by the FANS, not the professionals.

That is exactly who conducted this entire production; FANS.

TWO: We wanted to get our work distributed to other fans so we can get your opinions of our stuff. Send all comments to:

VENTURE MAGAZINE

5567 Dwight Ave.

San Jose, California

95118

THREE: We plan on making no profit on this magazine except the satisfaction we'll get if you enjoy this book as much as we enjoyed assembling it. If ANY profit is, by some small miracle, gained by VENTURE # 1, the proceeds will go to VENTURE # 2. So if the second issue is to appear, it is entirely up to YOU. Please help us out and tell your friends about the book - we'd really appreciate it.

By the way, while we're at it, this book is dedicated to:

Carol, Alfred and Caroline: our financial supporters, JANA, STEVE, MARCIA, BILL, CINDY, STAN, LAURA, DAVE, CONNIE, and last but not least, CANDY.

Thank you,

*Frank Cirocco*  
*Brent Anderson*

Frank Cirocco and Brent Anderson



ADVENT TWO IS HERE AT LAST!  
This issue is improved by far over the  
first one. Full color cover. 32 great  
pages of story and art. Send 60 cents  
+ 20 cents to:

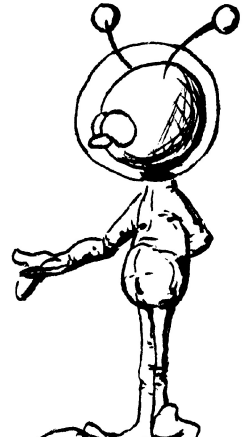
Gary Winnick  
214 Seaborg Place  
Santa Cruz, Calif.  
95060  
80 cents: total cost

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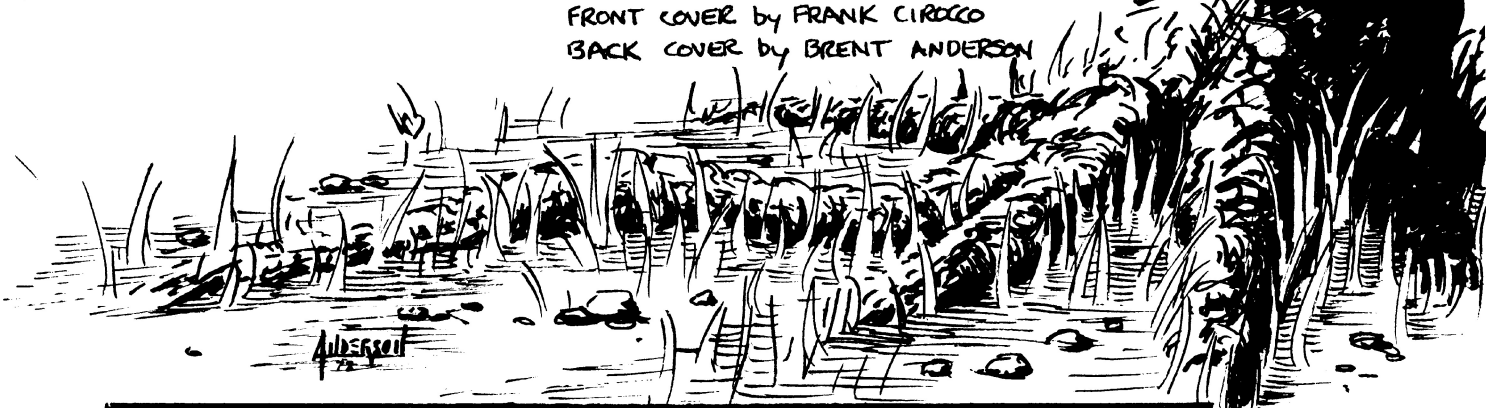
AN ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE FANTASY MAGAZINE

ARTISTS AND WRITERS IN THIS ISSUE:  
Brent Anderson, Frank Cirocco, Gary Winnick, George  
Chelemedos and Scott Burdman



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FRONT COVER by FRANK CIROCCO  
BACK COVER by BRENT ANDERSON



VENTURE is issued once in a very great while by two financially devastated editors from: 5567 DWIGHT AVE., SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA 95118. This magazine is not paid for by our good looks..... entirely. We also need the help of your six bits. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED ON ALL CONTENTS DEPICTED IN THIS PUBLICATION (C)1972.ALL violators will be hung by the neck until dead. Frank Cirocco and Brent Anderson: EDITORS. "Grimmley" (c) 2009 Brent Anderson



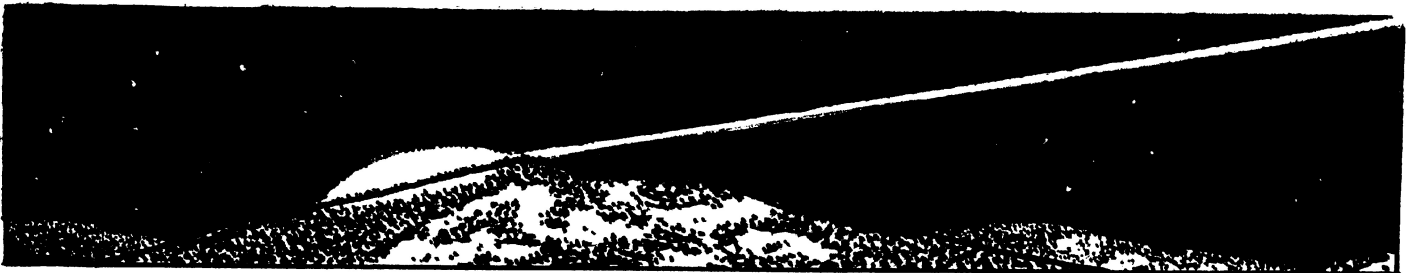
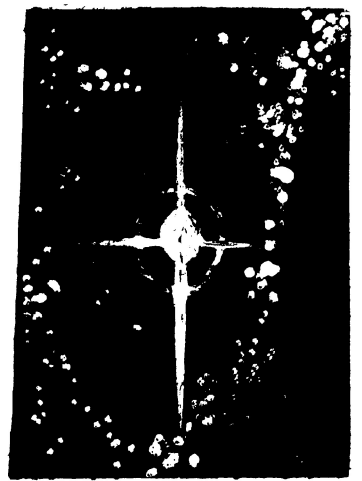
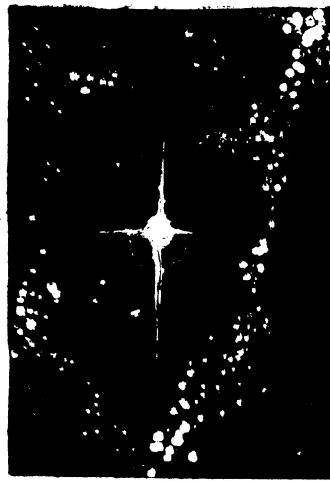
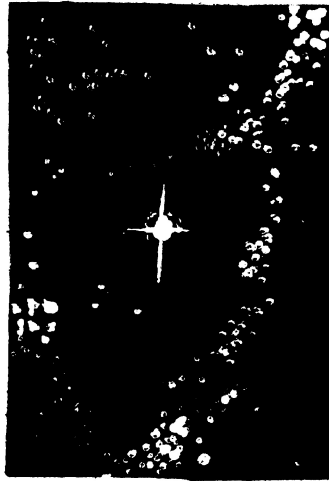
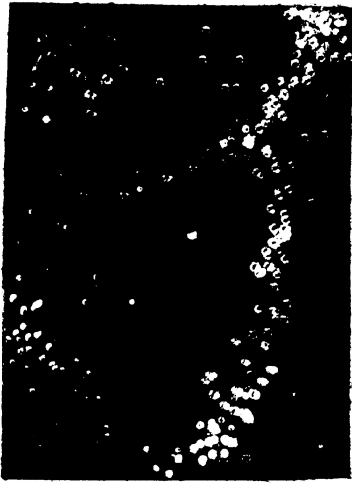
# THE INCIDENT by BRENT ANDERSON

**M**AKTU. YOUR NAME--MAKTU. YOU DON'T KNOW WHO GAVE YOU THAT NAME, NOR DO YOU CARE, FOR YOU ARE NEXT TO BE KING IN YOUR TRIBE, AND ALL THAT MATTERS IS TO BE KING, RIGHT? WHEN YOU'RE NOT KING, MAKTU, YOU'RE HUNGRY.



IT'S TIRING LOOKING FOR GRUBS ALL DAY. THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH TO FILL YOU, MAKTU, JUST ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN YOU. AND AT NIGHT YOU WONDERINGLY SCRUTINIZE THE STARS.

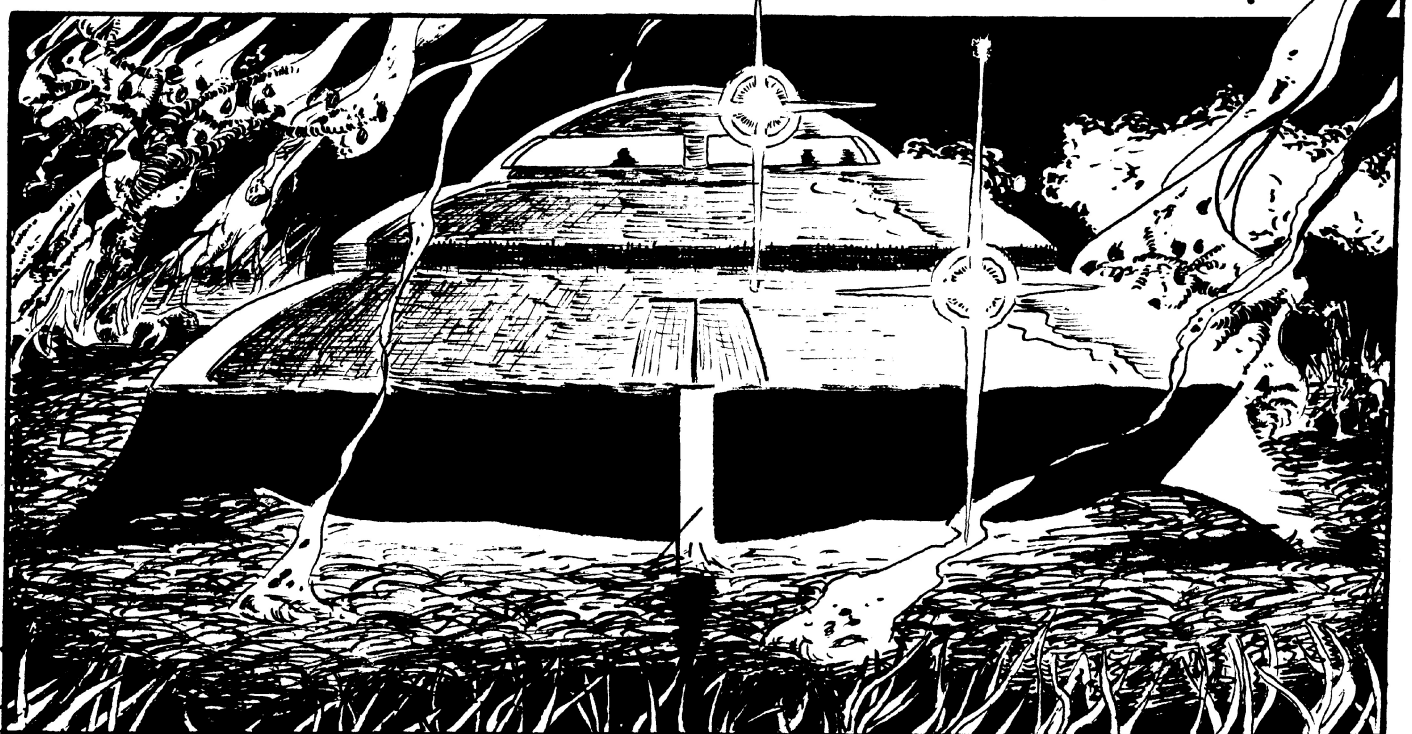




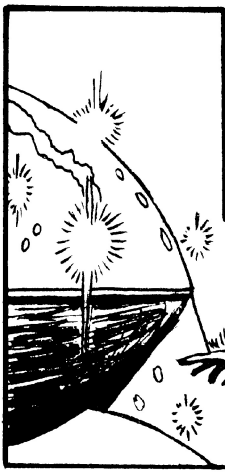
AWAKENING THE MEN  
OF YOUR TRIBE,  
MAKTU, YOU TELL THEM  
OF THE STAR, AND  
YOU LEAD THEM  
BEHIND THE KING,  
OF COURSE.



TIME HAS NO MEANING FOR YOU AND YOUR KIND, MAKTU, BUT IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE LATER THAT YOU SPOT YOUR OBJECTIVE!



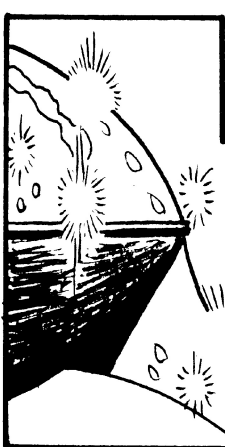
HUMAN CURIOSITY TOOK HOLD OF YOU, MAKTU, AND YOU WERE COMPELLED TO TOUCH AND EXPLORE THE STRANGE "EGG".



BUT NOT KNOWING OF FRICTION INDUCED HEAT ~~~



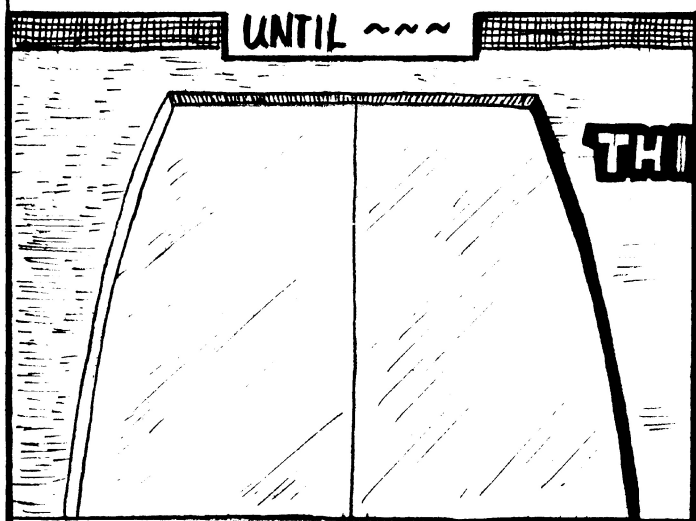
YOU NOW NURSE REDDENING BURNS ON YOUR FINGERS.



AFTER AWHILE YOUR CURIOSITY FADES AS DOES THE EGG'S GLOWING SURFACE, AND YOUR TROUPE BEGINS TO STRAGGLE BACK TO THE BUSH IT CALLS HOME ~~~



UNTIL ~~~



THUD!





STARING AT THE STRANGER THRU FEARFUL, HATE FILLED EYES, YOU BACK INTO THE SHIELDING UNDERBRUSH. YOU HATE ANY STRANGER, RIGHT, MAKTU? YOU EVEN HATE THE OTHERS LIKE YOU,



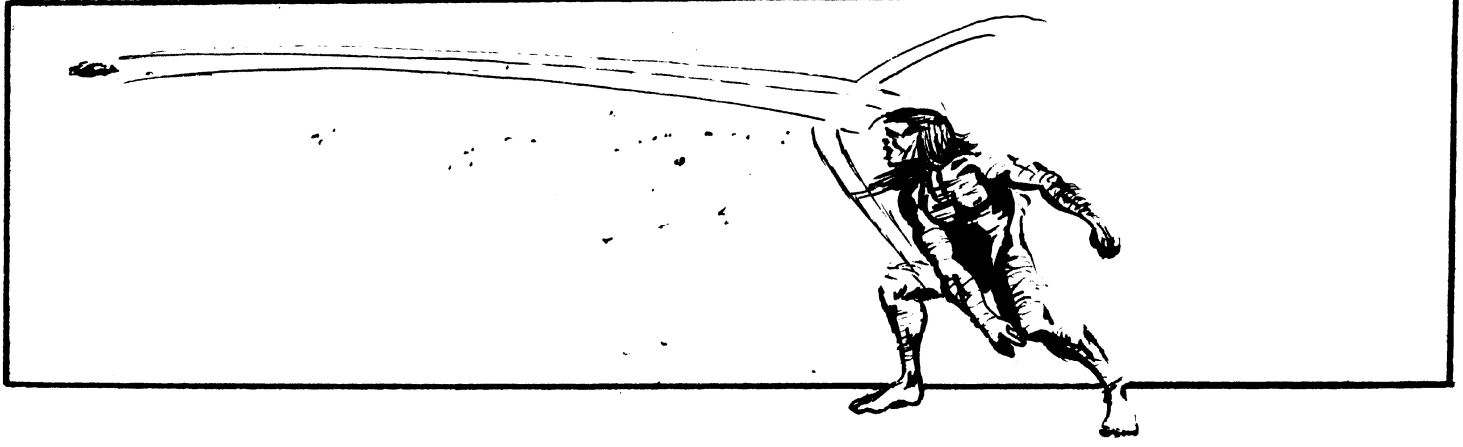
WHOM YOU HAVE KILLED AND EATEN IN THE PAST, LET ALONE THIS BIG-HEADED, EGG-HATCHED NEWCOMER THAT NOW CONFRONTS YOU.

YOU'RE SCARED, MAKTU; REALLY SCARED. YOU WANT TO RUN BACK TO THE BUSH AS FAST AS YOU CAN BUT YOUR PRIDE TRAPS YOU HERE. THE PRIDE OF A KING.



THEN YOU LOOK AT YOUR OWN KING, K'DOM, AND YOU FIND HE IS SCARED TOO, PROBABLY MORE EVEN THAN YOU ~~~

BUT HE DISPLAYS IT DIFFERENTLY ~~~



THE ROCK, THROWN BY THE ARM OF A KING, ALMOST STRIKES THE CREATURE'S HEAD, BUT NOT QUITE. STRANGE HOW IT SUDDENLY STOPPED A FINGER'S DISTANCE FROM THE BUMPY CRANIUM AND SEEMED TO SEND SPIDERY WEBS AROUND IT.

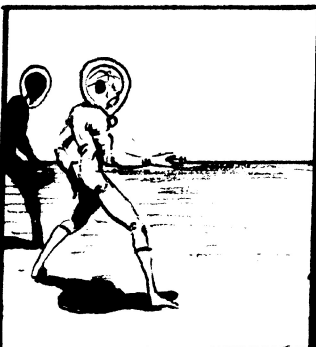


NOW THE STRANGER FALLS

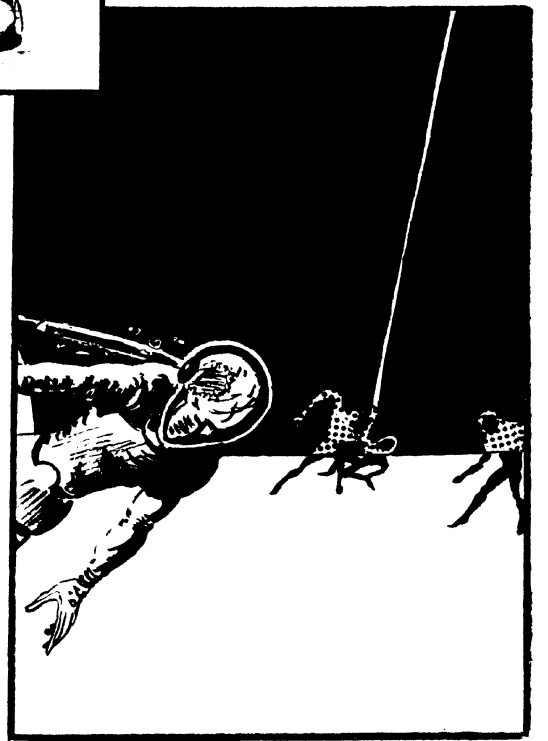
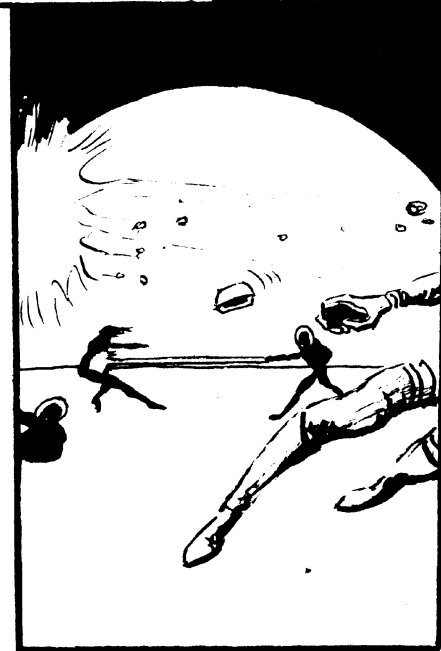
NOW HE IS STILL. BUT THE ROCK COULDN'T HAVE HURT HIM, 'CAUSE THERE'S NO BLOOD, IS THERE MAKTU? YOU COULDN'T KNOW THAT THE AIR YOU BREATHE IS A POISON TO THE ALIEN, NOW COULD YOU?

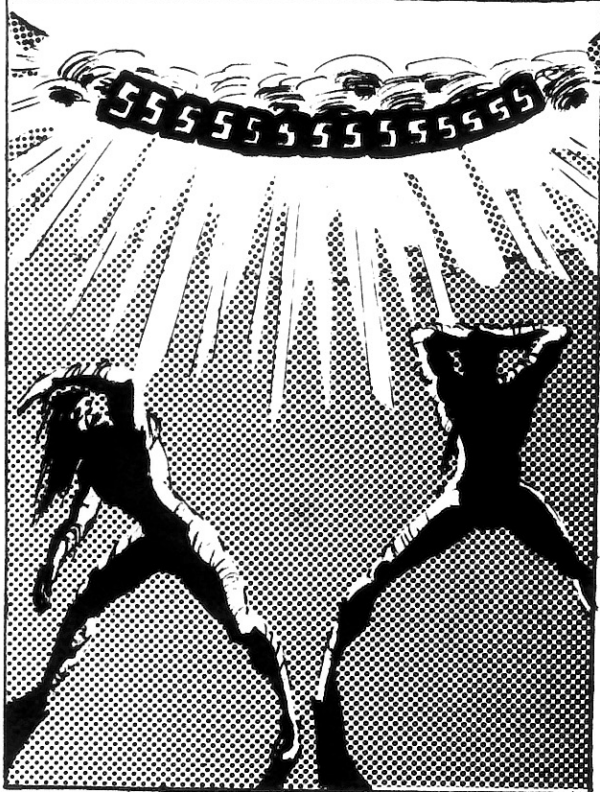


IT WAS THEN THAT THE OTHERS CAME OUT OF THE "EGG". OTHERS LIKE THE ONE NOW DEAD.



IT WAS THEN THAT K'DOM'S WARRIORS CAME OUT OF THE BUSH. WARRIORS LIKE YOURSELF, MAKTU.

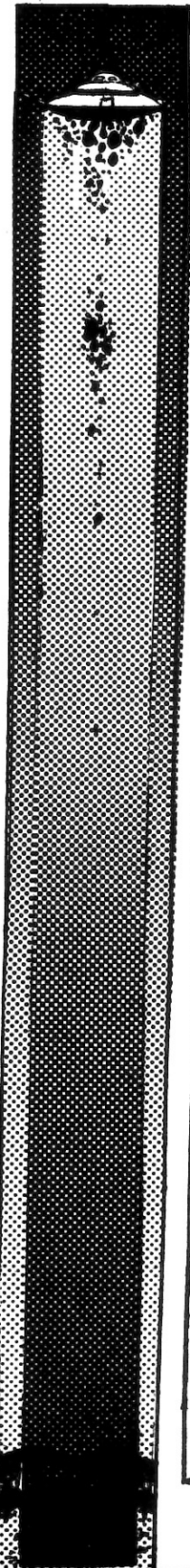




BEFORE THE SUN ROSE, K'DOM AND FOUR OTHERS WERE DEAD, MAKTU, AND THREE OF THE STRANGERS, TOO. YOU SAW THE "EGG" SWALLOW THE RETREATING STRANGERS...

AND LIFT UP INTO THE SKY TO BECOME ANOTHER STAR.

YOU'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE BATTLE WITH THE STRANGERS, MAKTU. A BATTLE THAT WILL NEVER BE RECORDED IN CIVILIZED MAN'S HISTORY BOOKS BECAUSE OF YOUR RAVENOUS APPETITE ~~~



... AND YOUR FULL STOMACH. END.

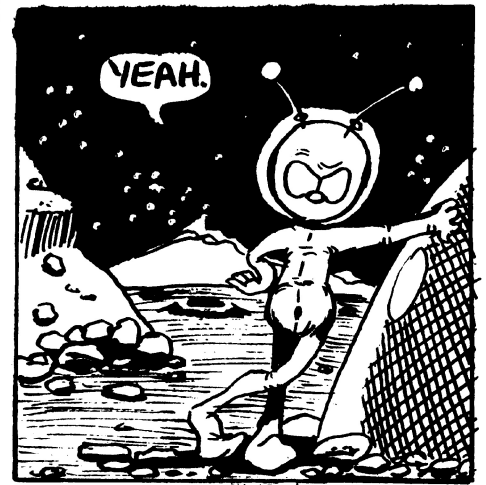
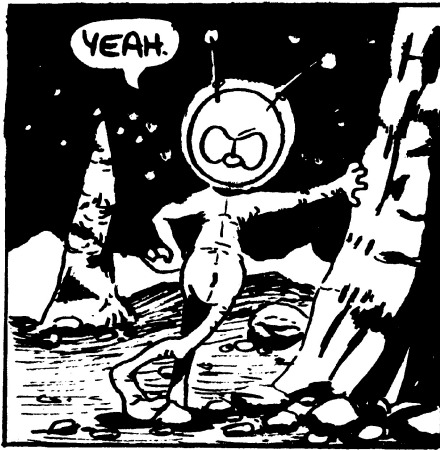
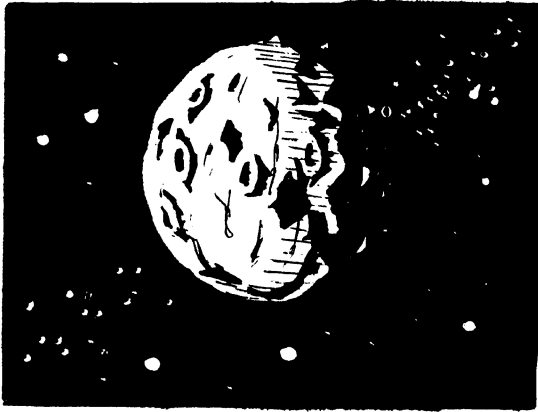


# GRIMMLEY'S TALES

by: FRANK CIROCCO  
(SCRIPT)  
and BRENT ANDERSON  
(ART)

THIS IS GRIMMLEY. HE LIVES ON A SMALL PLANETOID OF ROCK AND MOONDUST.

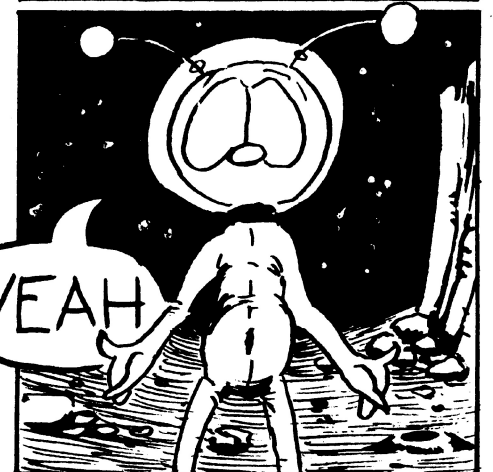
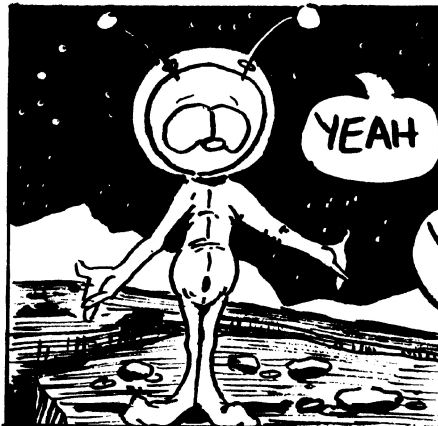
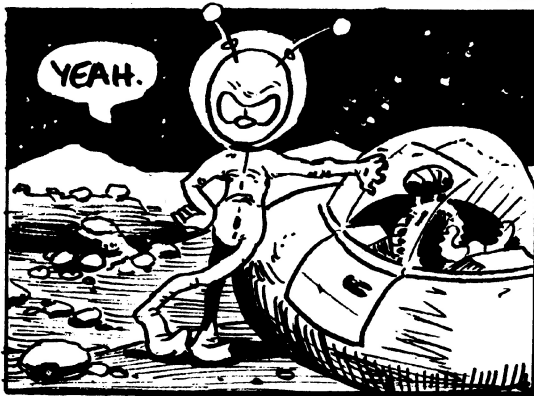
HE LIVES IN A SMALL BUBBLE HOUSE ON THE SURFACE OF HIS PLANET.



THIS IS A SPACE SHIP GRIMMLEY HAS BUILT TO ESCAPE THE BOREDOM OF HIS PLANET.

YOU SEE, HE WANTS TO SEEK DIFFERENT HORIZONS...

EXPERIENCE NEW WONDERLUSTS...



PARTAKE IN NEW AND EXCITING ADVENTURES...

PROBE OUT THE VASTNESS OF THE COSMOS.

BUT UP UNTIL NOW, HE HASN'T SUCCEEDED.





'TIS JUST AS WELL

by  
SCOTT BURDMAN

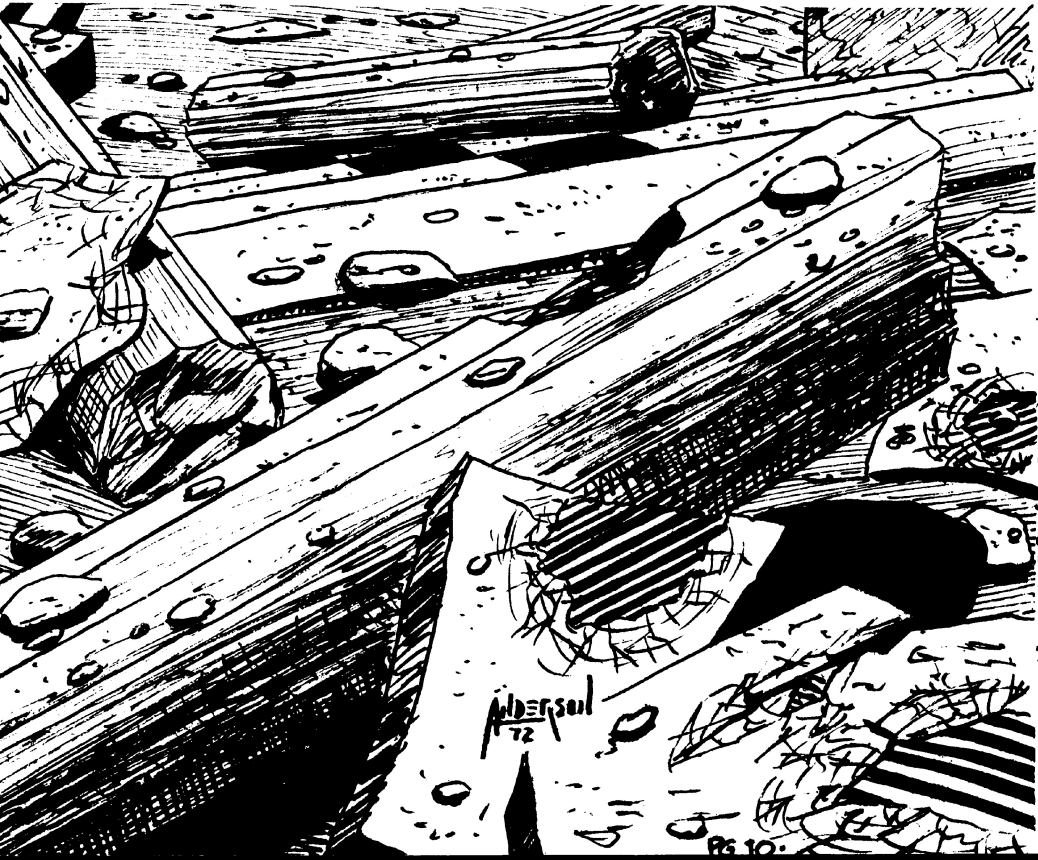
The marble walls of hallowed halls have echoed back no tread,  
The icons in their niches gaze with sightless, nameless dread  
Upon the careless carnage that had drenched the ground in red;  
'Tis just as well, they have their peace; they wanted it, they said.

In ancient ruins of new design they battled in the fray,  
And Gotterdammerung they called it, Aye, and Judgement Day,  
And though some tried, they could not hold the Ragnarok at bay;  
'Tis just as well, they have their peace; they wanted it, they say.

The tide of battle ran its course, compounding ancient fear,  
By threatening destruction to the things that men held dear,  
They prayed to time-lost gods for strength, burned cassia and myrrh;  
'Tis just as well, they have their peace; they wanted it, I hear.

The mighty engines, holding death, were waiting row on row,  
And fed on others' power 'til their own began to grow,  
Until the killer's hand released them for the lethal blow;  
'Tis just as well, they have their peace; they wanted it, you know.

The marble walls of hallowed halls have nothing now to hear,  
For corpses have no voices, nor children do they rear;  
As I review this ancient tale, I now must shed a tear;  
'Tis just as well, they have their peace; we want it too, I fear.

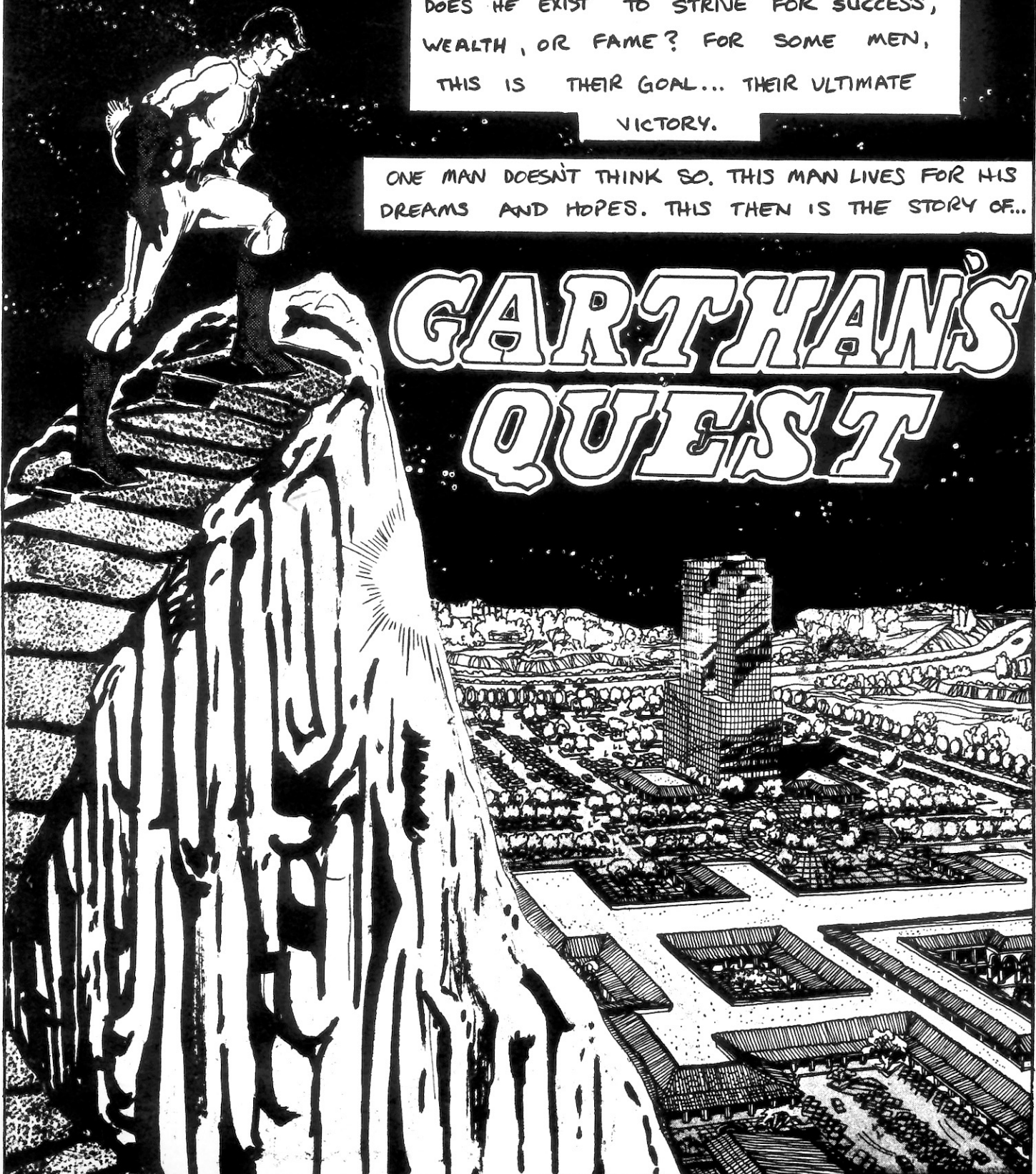


WHAT KEEPS A MAN ALIVE? WHY DOES HE WANT TO CONTINUE LIVING?

DOES HE EXIST TO STRIVE FOR SUCCESS,  
WEALTH, OR FAME? FOR SOME MEN,  
THIS IS THEIR GOAL... THEIR ULTIMATE  
VICTORY.

ONE MAN DOESN'T THINK SO. THIS MAN LIVES FOR HIS  
DREAMS AND HOPES. THIS THEN IS THE STORY OF...

# GARTHAN'S QUEST



A LONE FIGURE STANDS AGAINST A PAINTED SKY. THIS MOMENT HAS BEEN PLANNED FOR MONTHS. GARTHAN HAS COME TO THIS PLACE OF SOLITUDE ONCE MORE SO HE MAY GAZE AT HIS HOMELANDS ONE FINAL TIME...



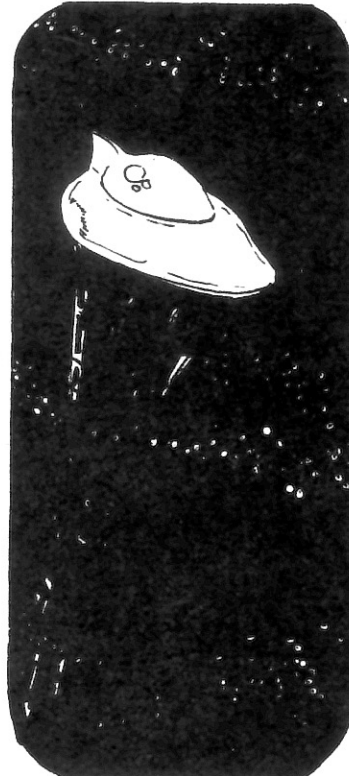
THE TIME IS RIPE. HIS YOUTHFUL FIGURE STRIDES DOWN THE ANCIENT STEPS. HIS COMMUNITY HAS EXPANDED TOO FAR FOR HIS PREFERENCES.



FOR A LONG WHILE GARTHAN HAS WAITED TO GAIN EXPENSES AND EQUIPMENT FOR THIS TRIP... NOW IT IS TO BEGIN.

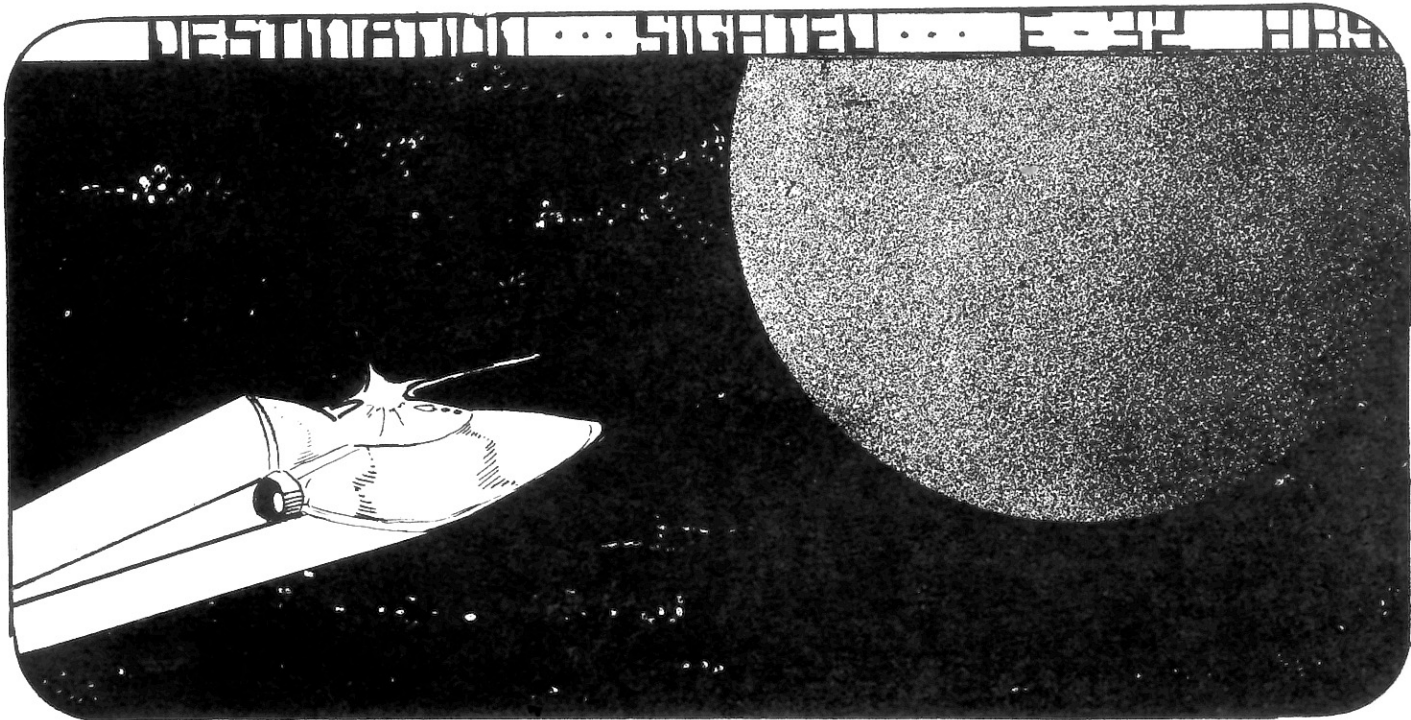
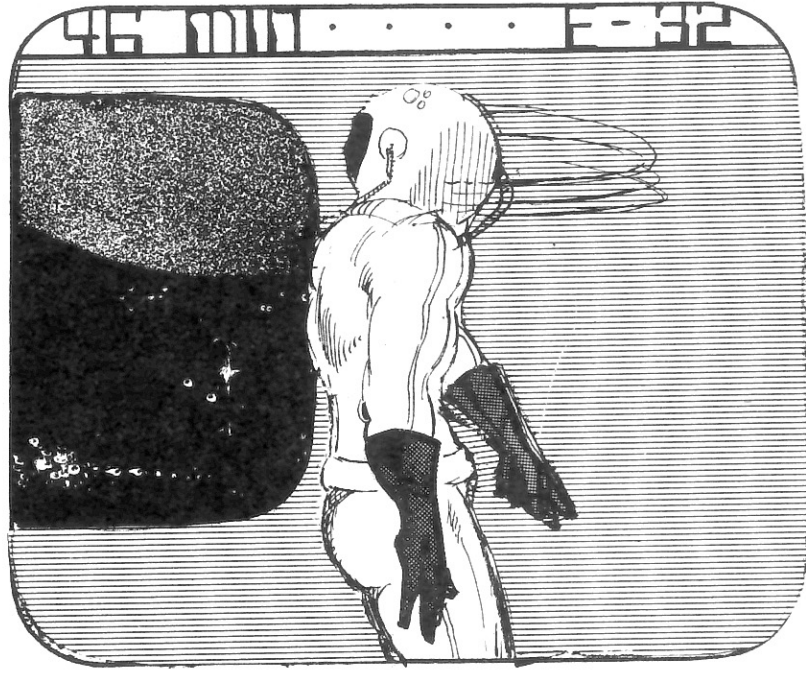
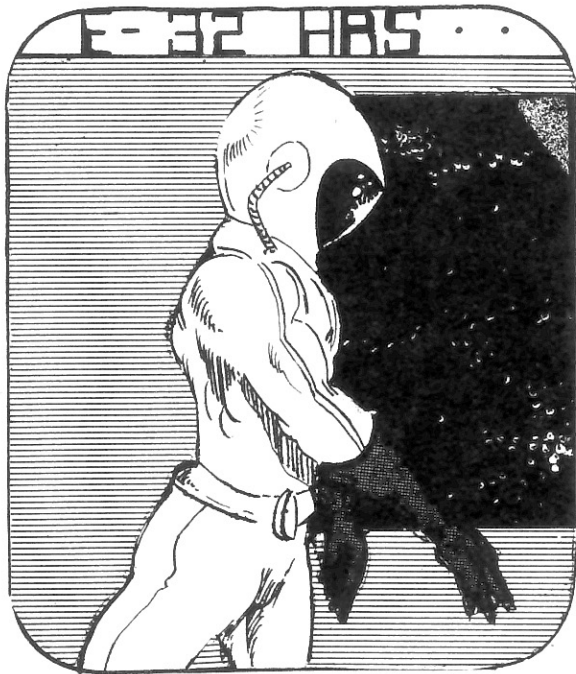
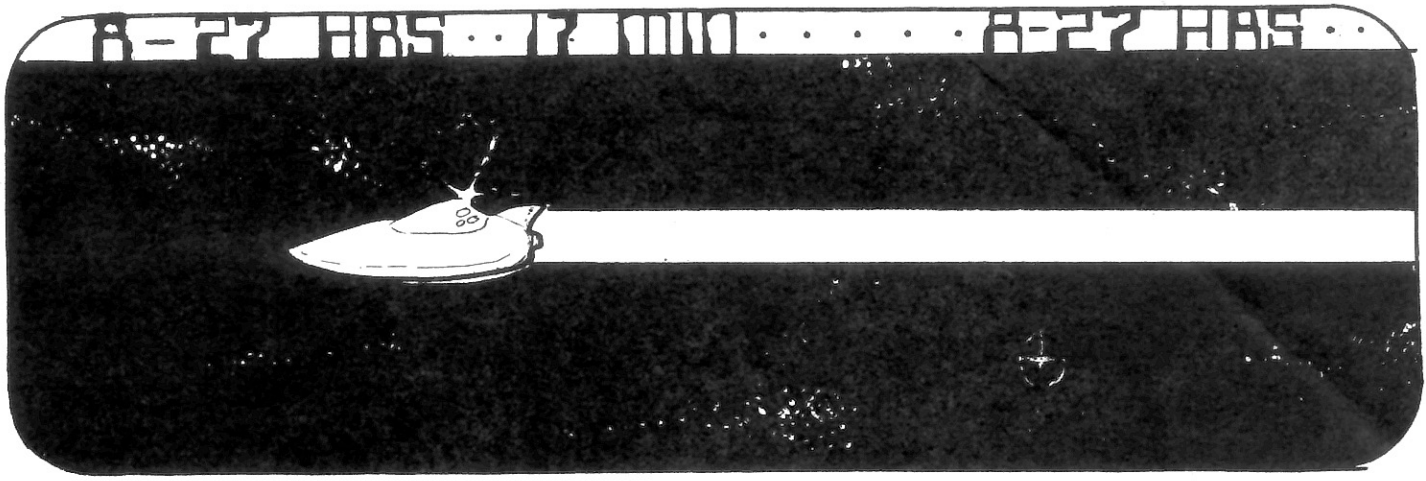


A FINAL FAREWELL...



AND...



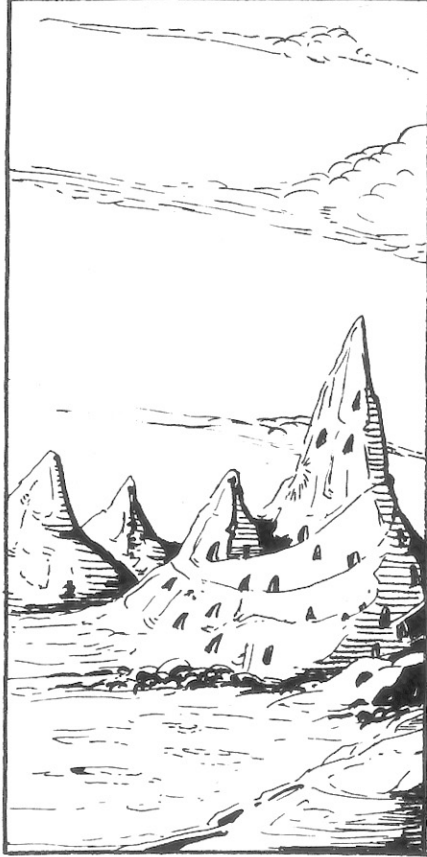




AS GARTHAN LANDS HE FINDS



...LIFE IN THE CRAGGY PEAKS BEYOND...



...SLOWLY HE CREEPS CLOSER TO THE CITY AND ITS PEOPLE...



YES, ITS PEOPLE... A VERY SUPERSTITIOUS LOT... FEARING THE GODS...



...EVEN UNREAL DEITIES...



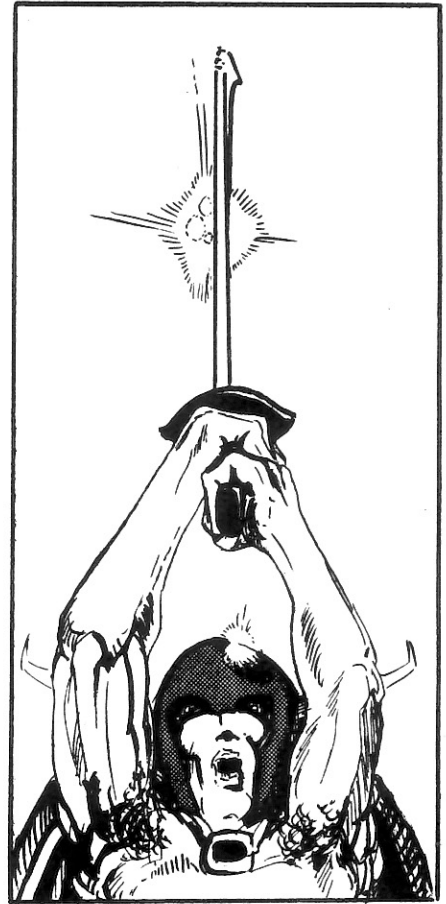
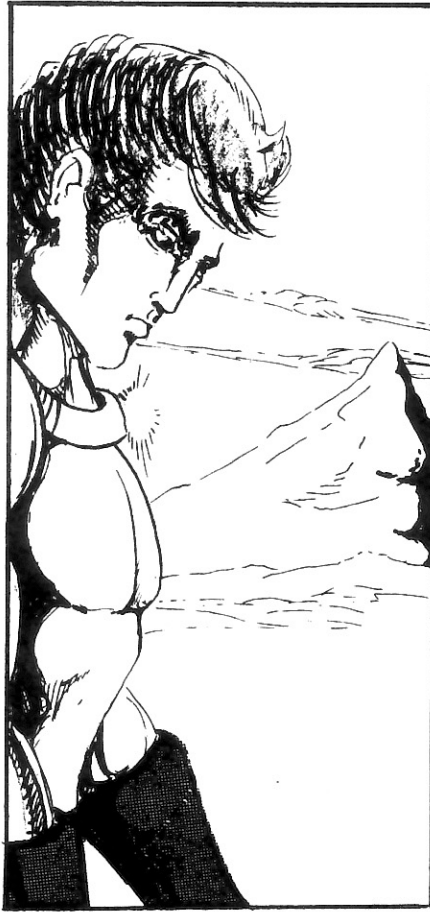
SUCH AS THEIR EVIL DICTATOR.



SACRIFICES TO THIS "GOD"  
ARE MADE... SO THE  
PEOPLE'S FEAR IS ENSTILLED.

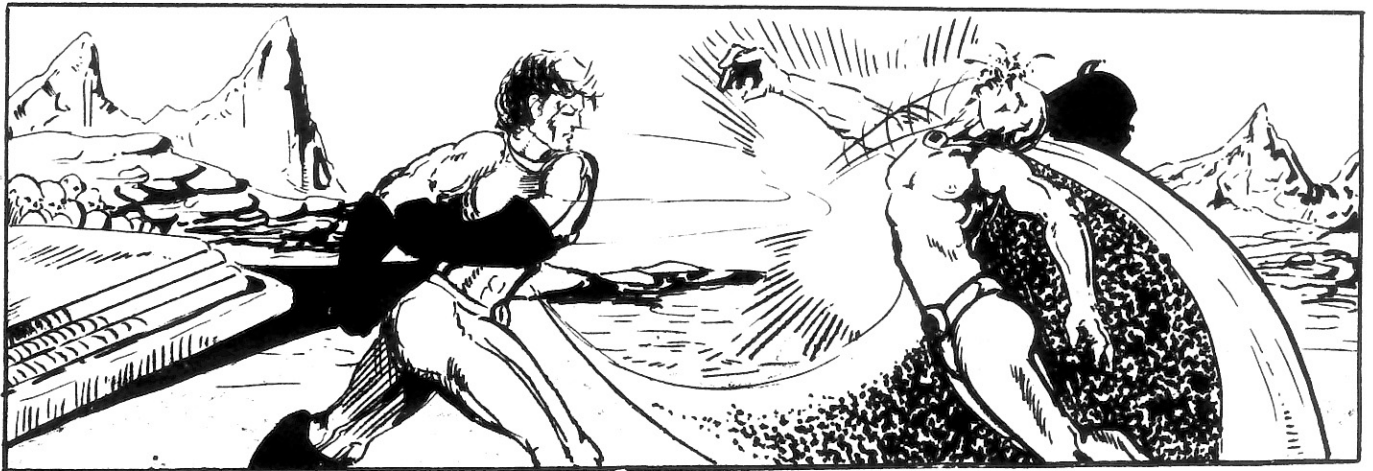
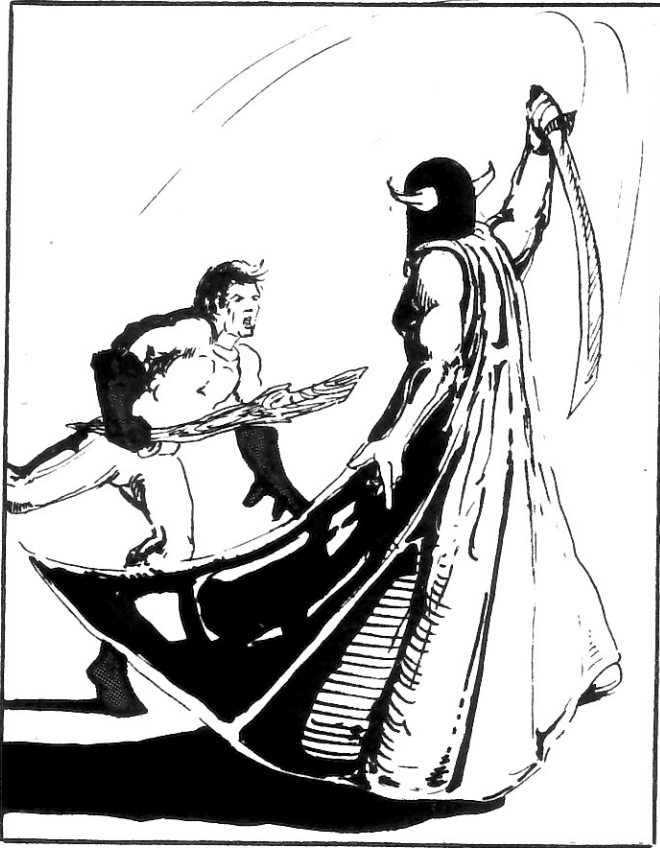
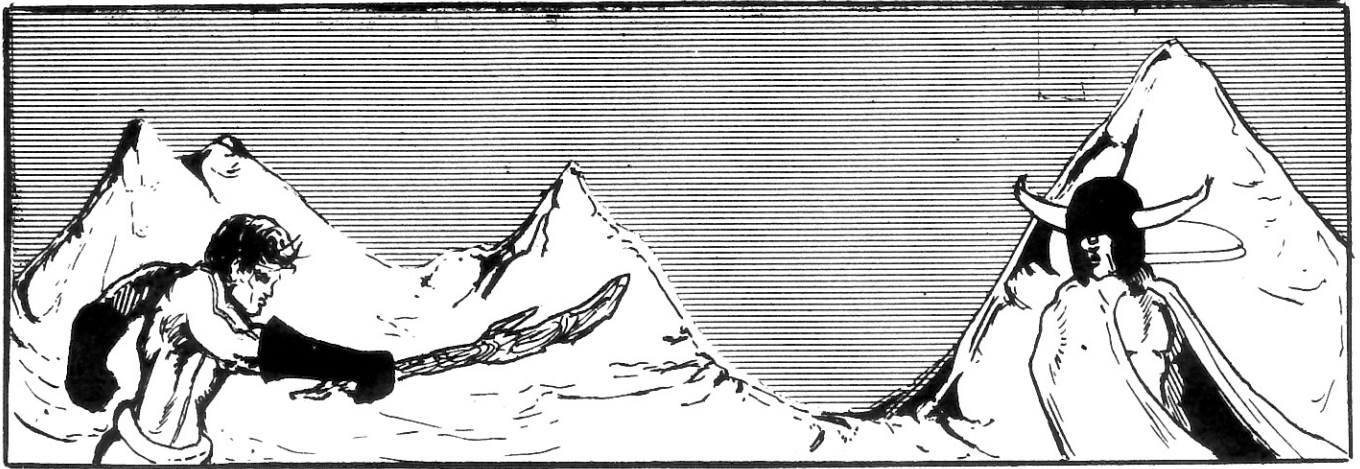
GARTHAN VIEWS THE SCENE  
FROM ABOVE...

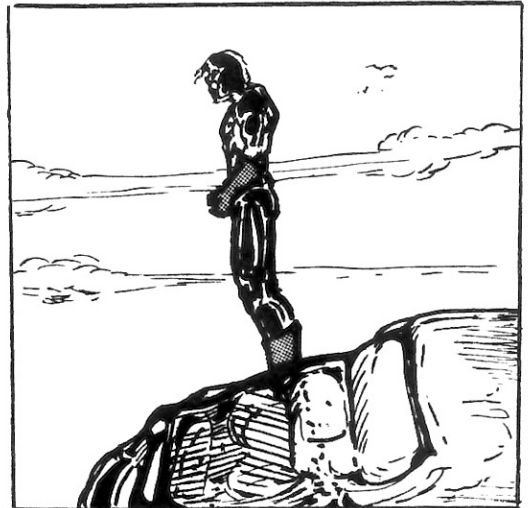
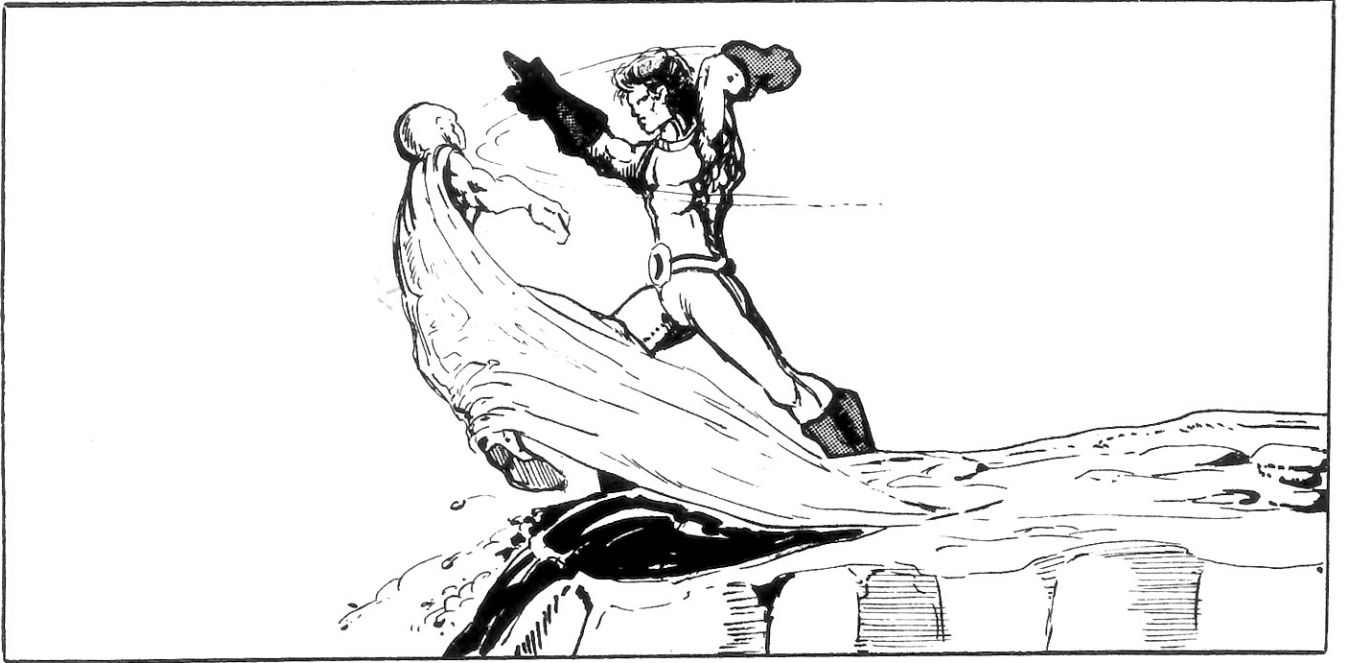
A SWORD IS RAISED...  
...TO SLAY THE MAIDEN...



... AND ANOTHER OF THE COUNTLESS BLOOD RITES HAS BEGUN...  
...SAVE THIS ONE WILL BE ALTERED SOMEWHAT..!







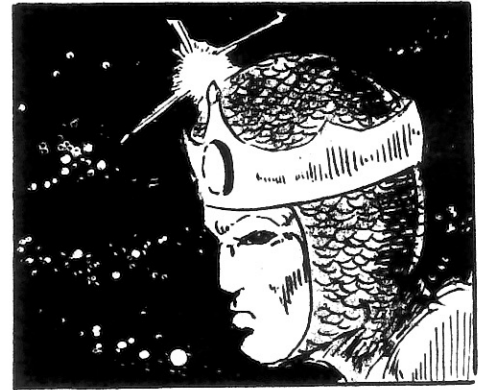
A TYRANT HAS BEEN DEFEATED... AND A PEOPLE SAVED  
THIS DAY BY THE HAND OF GARTHAN...



AND HIS ACTIONS...



HAVE BEEN REWARDED...



THIS LAND NOW HAS A  
RIGHTFUL RULER...



... AND ITS RULER ENJOYS HIS NEWFOUND SUCCESS, FAME AND WEALTH.



WHAT KEEPS A MAN ALIVE? WHY DOES HE WANT TO KEEP LIVING? DOES HE WANT TO STRIVE FOR SUCCESS, WEALTH OR FAME? FOR SOME MEN, THIS IS THEIR GOAL... THEIR ULTIMATE VICTORY...

ONE MAN THINKS SO. THIS MAN HAS NO DREAMS AND NO HOPES... HE IS NOW THE KIND OF MAN HE ONCE DESPISED. GARTHANS QUEST IS OVER.

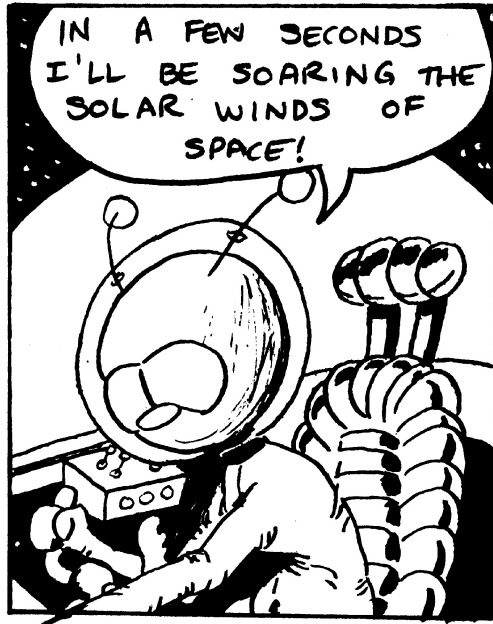




# GRIMMLEY'S

# TALES

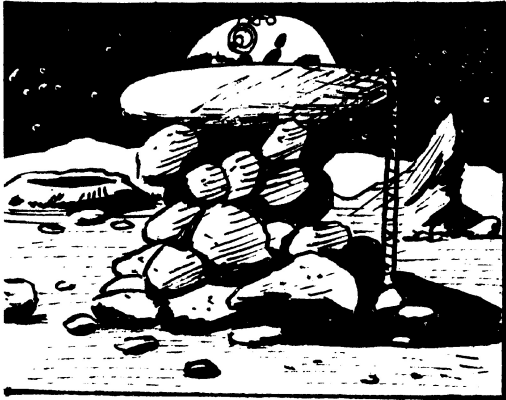
by  
BRENT  
ANDERSON



IN A FEW SECONDS  
I'LL BE SOARING THE  
SOLAR WINDS OF  
SPACE!



EXPLORING UNKNOWN  
WORLDS AND FACING  
UNKNOWN DANGERS!

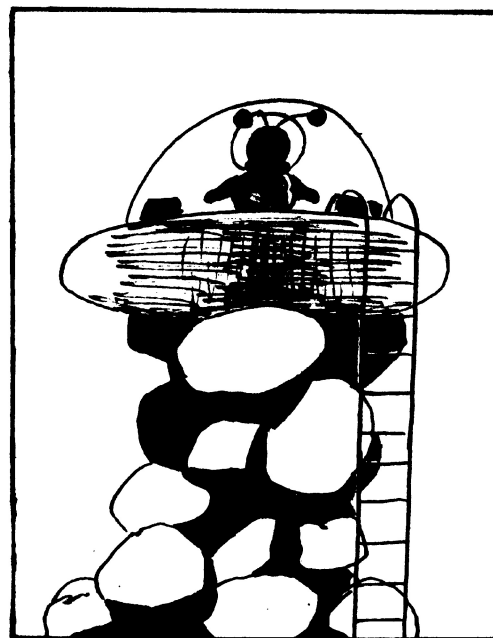
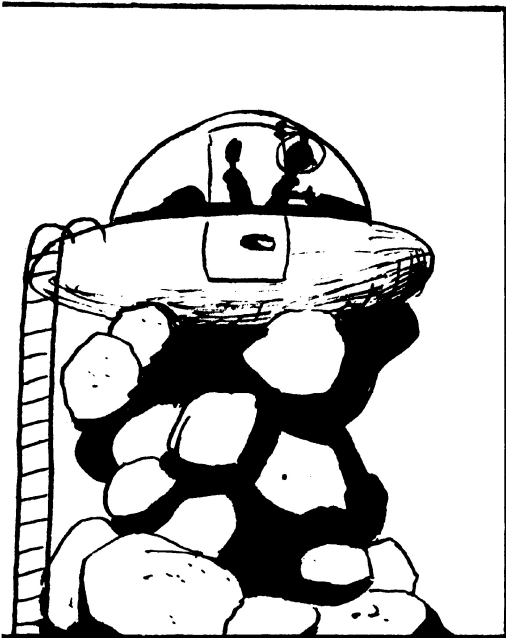
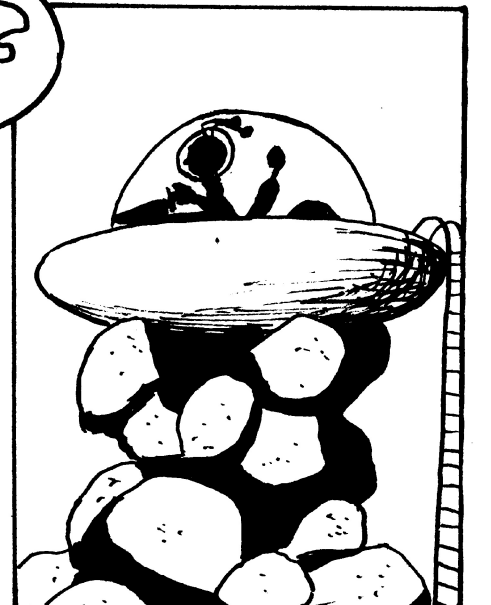


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BLAST OFF

CLICK!



I THINK I  
NEED AN AUKA  
SELTZER.

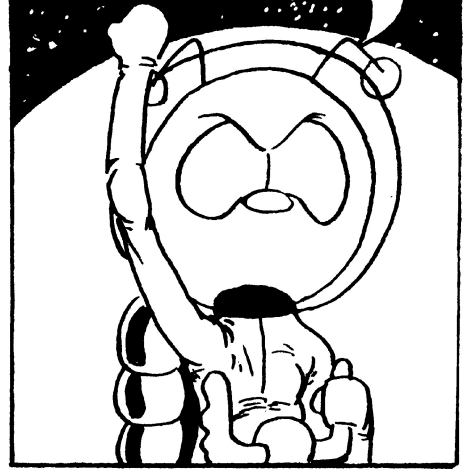
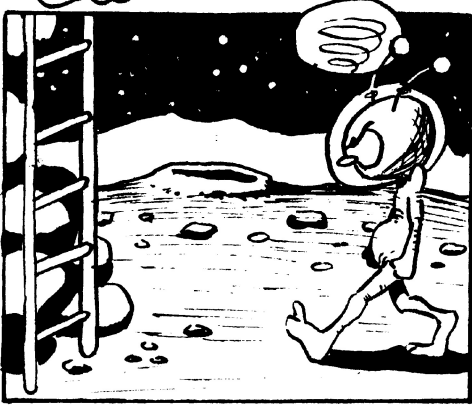


# GRIMLEY'S TALES

by: FRANK CIROCCO  
(STORY)  
and: BRENT ANDERSON  
(ART)

AWRIGHT! SHE'S ALL  
FIXED UP, AND READY  
TO LIFT OFF!

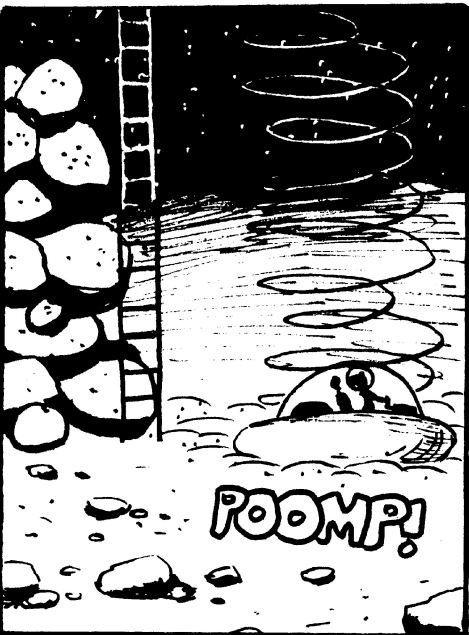
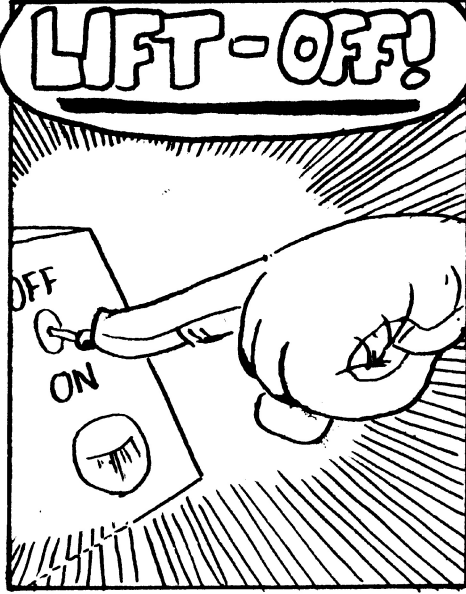
READY TO TAKE  
TO THE AIR!!



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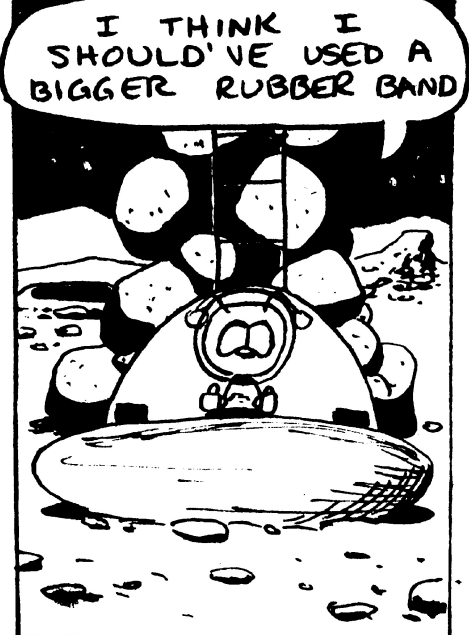
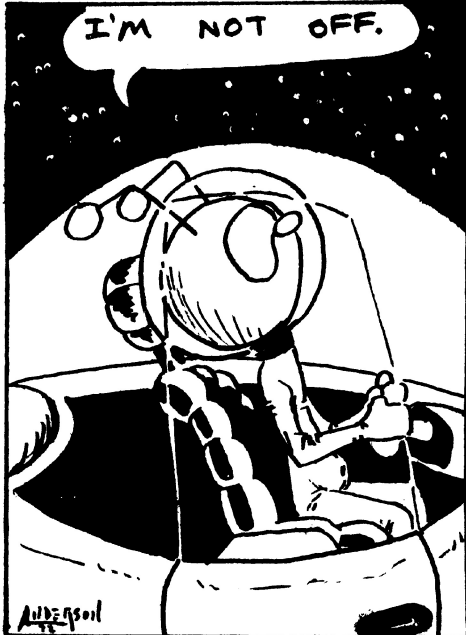
LIFT-OFF!

I'M OFF!



I'M NOT OFF.

I THINK I  
SHOULD'VE USED A  
BIGGER RUBBER BAND





# A Tall Tale...

SCRIPT + ART BY FRANK CIROCCO · 1972





...SHE HAS HUNDREDS OF EYES...

HEE, HEE!

...AND A POINTY HEAD!

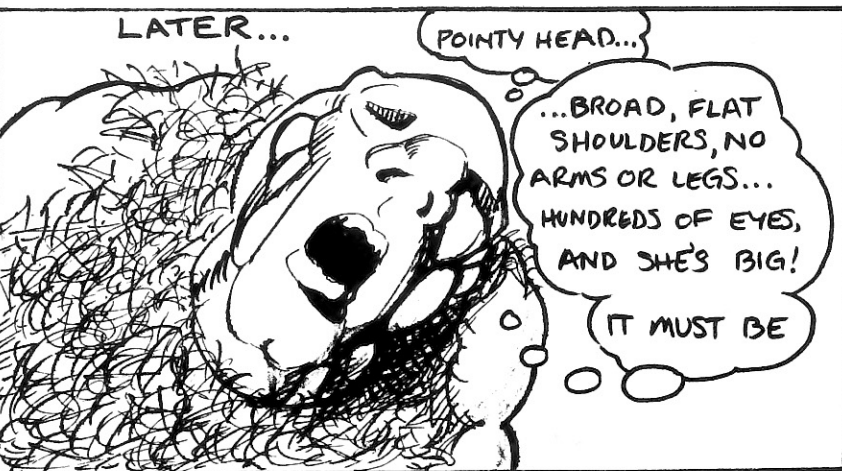


AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, SHE'S HUGE!

AND THAT COMPLETES MY MIRACLE FOR THE HOUR!  
HEN! HEN!



HE ACTUALLY BELIEVED ME!



LATER...

POINTY HEAD...

...BROAD, FLAT SHOULDERS, NO ARMS OR LEGS... HUNDREDS OF EYES, AND SHE'S BIG!

IT MUST BE



MAMA!

END.

# ELFRID

EH? WHATS THIS?

ELFRID PAUSED, HE HAD JOURNED FAR FROM HIS WOODED HOMETLAND, INTO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE NONE OF HIS KIND HAD EVER VENTURED.

...NOW AS HE CLEARS ONE CRAGGY PEAK....





OH... AT LAST!! A HERO COMES TO THE RESCUE!!

HMM... STRANGE LOOKING BEAST, AND CHAINED TO THOSE ROCKS, MUST BE DANGEROUS!!



YOU MUST KILL THE BEAST, YOU MUST KILL THE BEAST!!

QUITE A STRANGE REQUEST....

WHY WOULD I WANT TO DO THAT?



IF ONLY THIS STRANGE CREATURE WILL SAVE ME BEFORE THE BEAST COMES, HE MUST KILL IT!!

BUT YOU MUST!!

IF I MUST,  
THEN I MUST...

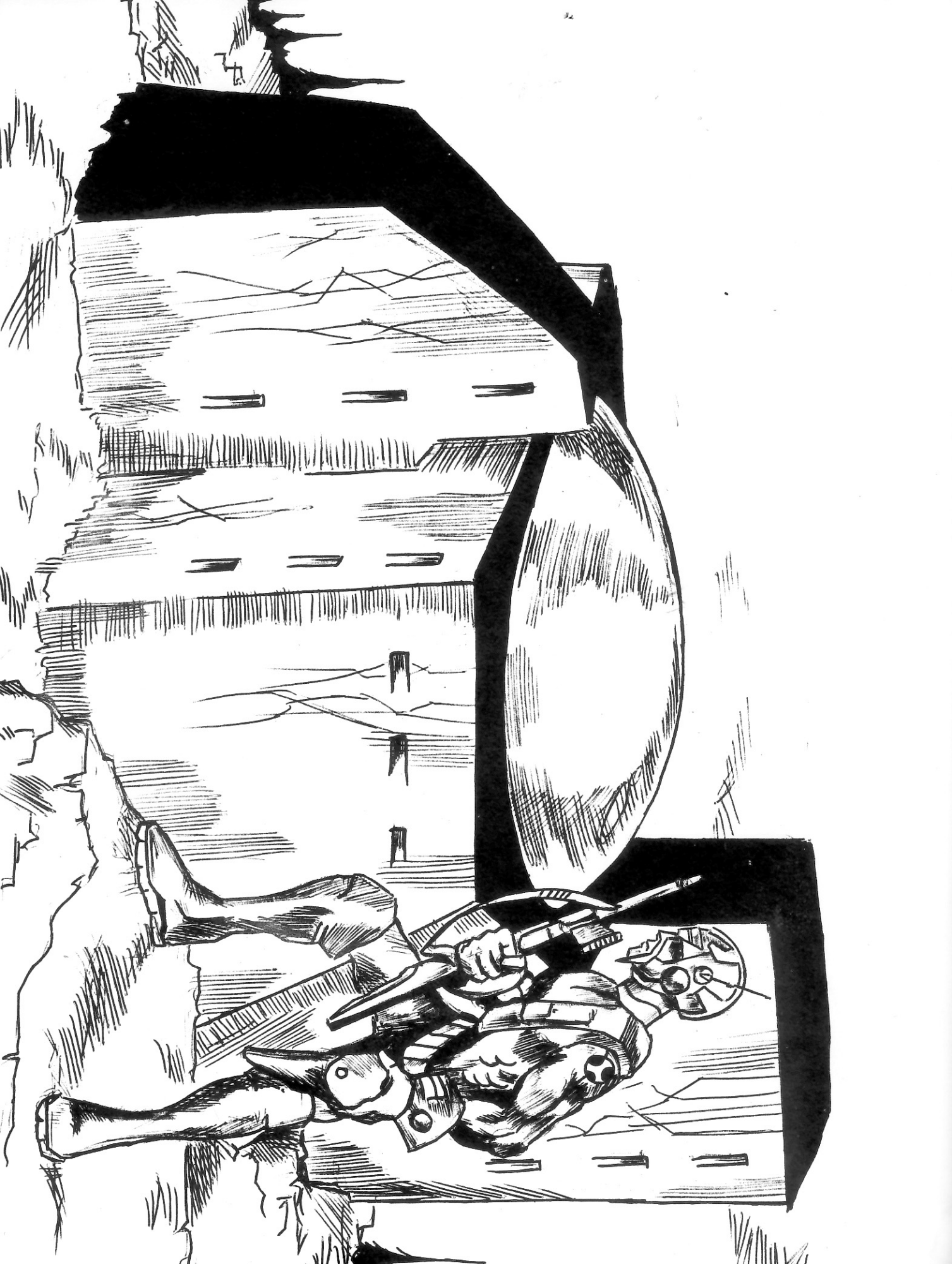


... NOW I  
ASK YOU  
WHAT KIND  
OF A BEAST,  
ASKS YOU TO  
KILL IT?  
INDEED  
SOMETIMES I  
REALLY WONDER  
IF WE ELFIN  
AREN'T THE  
ONLY SANE  
FOLK AROUND...





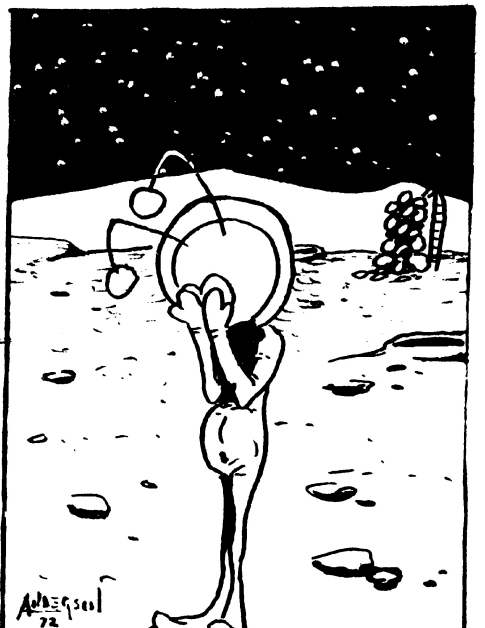
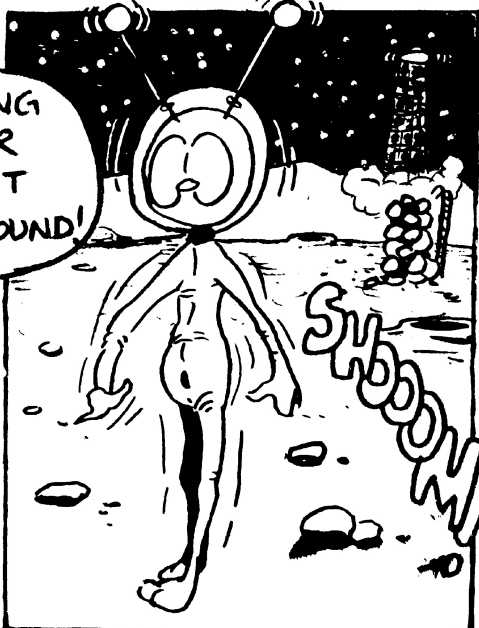
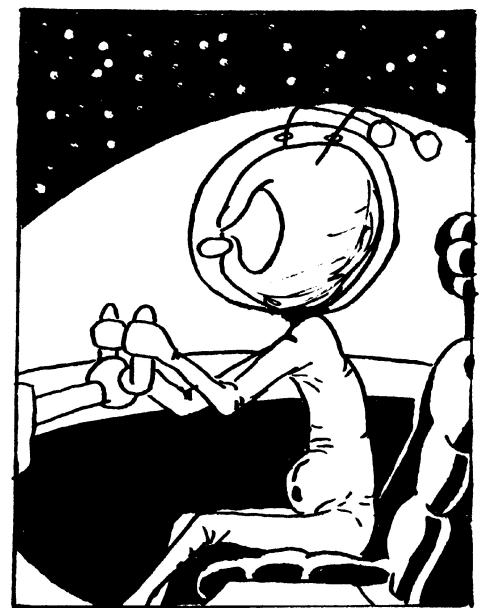
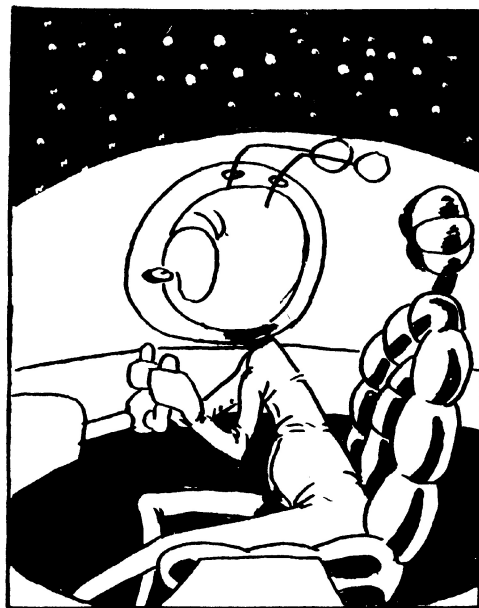
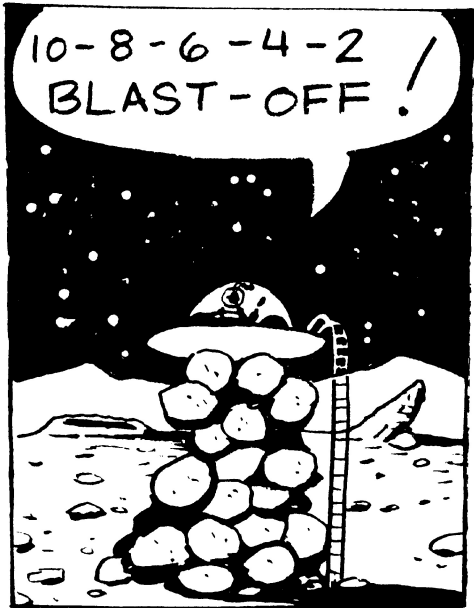
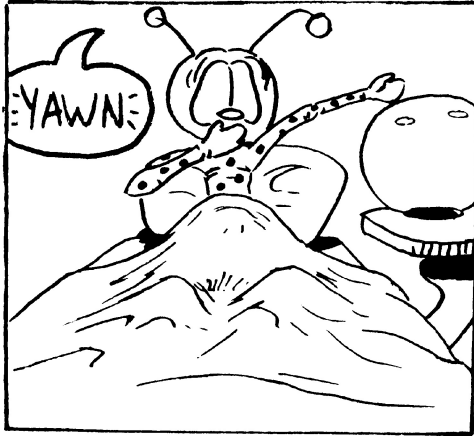
-G. WINNICK-72



# GRIMMLEY'S

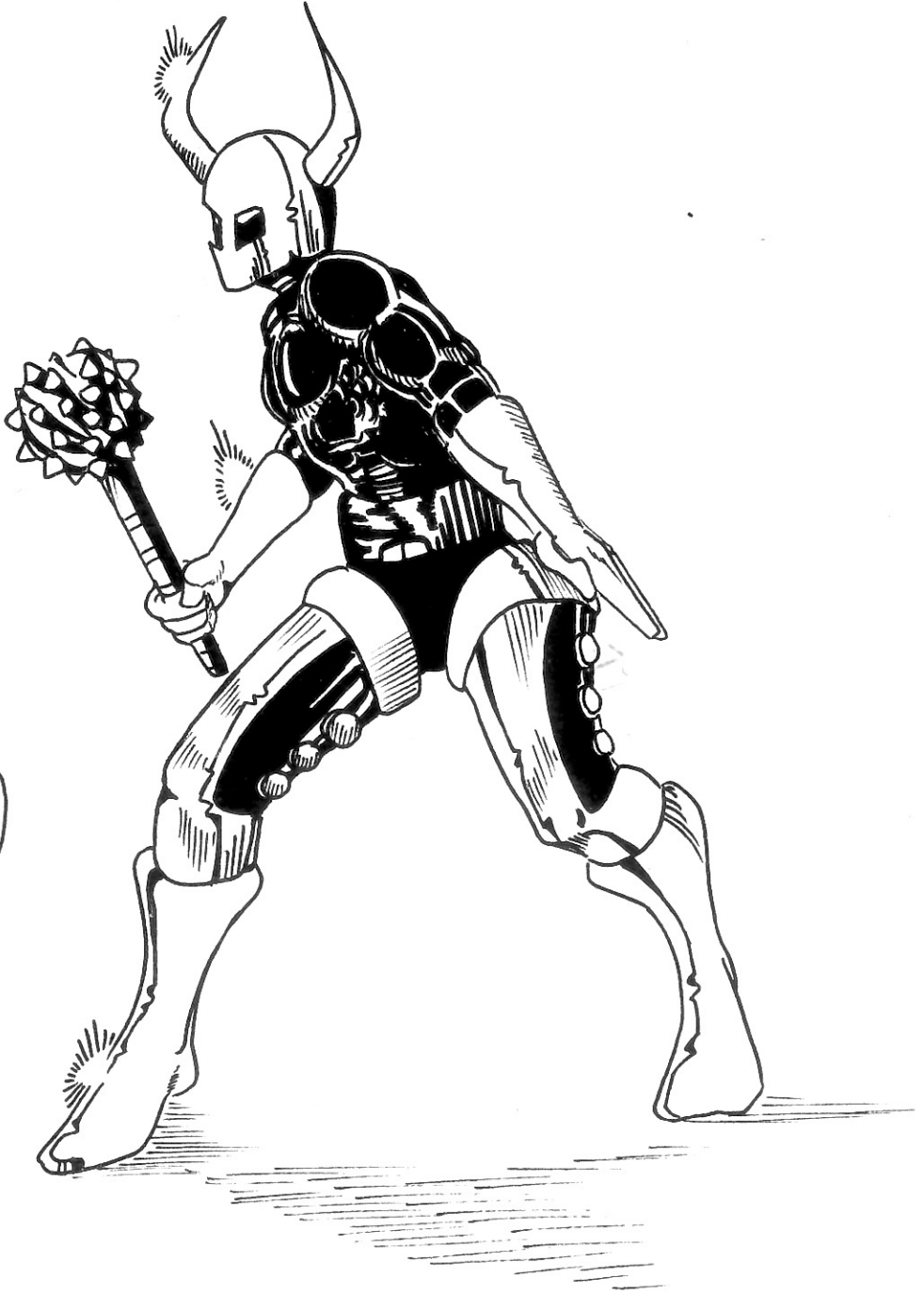
# TALES

by: BRENT  
ANDERSON





CIROCCO  
72





Alberston  
4-8-72