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 sure 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 8½x11 in. offset pages with artwork by Gary Sinnick, 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

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FRONT COVER: Brent Anderson  BACK COVER: Frank Cirocco
TIME: THE DISTANT FUTURE. MANKIND HAS SPREAD HIS EARTH-SPOWLED SEED THROUGHOUT 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 BLUSH 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 SOMETIME'S 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?

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

YOU'VE LET THEIR APPEARANCE AND THEIR LACKING COMMUNICATION PREJUDICE YOUR ENTIRE OUTLOOK OF THEM.

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

Animas Shayman in:

STORY: Eric Toye
ART: Brent Anderson
THE PLAGUE OF PREJUDICE IS EVERYWHERE. ANIMAS SLAYMAN HAS SEEN A GOOD PORTION OF IT AND A TALL GLASS OF GONZLA USUALLY REMEDIES IT... AT LEAST TEMPORARILY...

Unawevered by Animas' threat, the insolent Rine ordered a Runese drink. When it came, the reptilian-man promptly emptied it onto Slayman's lap.

ANGER...

OVERWORK...

PRIDE...

BEDLAM.

DO THAT AGAIN, YOU SON OF A HURRY, AND I'LL KICK IN YER SKULL.

ANIMOSITY!
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 RUMOR THAT DID START IT.

NOW LOOK WHO'S RACIST!...

DORN HERE... WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

AN UNIDENTIFIED SPACE CRUDE MARKET DESTRUCTION ON OUTER DEFENSE UNIT AND REFUSES TO ANSWER IDENTIFICATION CALLS?

DORN OUT...

YOU BACK ON THE PAYROLL, ANIMAS...

ANIMAS?...
Damn, if I know how that dumbshit got his position...

There's the craft...

Computer, relate...

Damage: 2475.6 meters... Detect: 417669.8 beings within... Alert alert... Power surge from...

-Traction beam- Comp out-

End Part 1 of "Exile"
YEP! WE'RE ALL OUT OF TANG AND SPACE FOOD STICKS, BORK! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT!

...OUT THERE!

FOR INSTANCE: UNDER THIS BOULDER GROW TINY SUCCELENT SHOOTS!

NOPE.

WELL, WE CAN'T BE RIGHT ALL THE TIME! UH...IF WE WERE TO LOOK THRU THE POORLY DUST IN THIS CRATER, WE'LL FIND LITTLE EDIBLE CRUSTACEAN!

I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

I TOOK A CLASS IN INTERPLANETARY SURVIVAL!

BUT NEVER FEAR, MY CRUMBY FRIEND! I WILL FIND YOU SOMETHING TO EAT...

HUh??

OBVIOUSLY, WE ARE FACING SOME SORT OF PLANET- WIDE NATURAL RESOURCE SHORTAGE.

DOUBTLESS THE POLLUTION OF THE UNIVERSE IS HAVING DRASTIC REPERCUSSIONS.

OR COULD IT BE THAT YOU WERE A LOUSY STUDENT...
"FEAR FOR THE DEVIL"
Accor ding to a class I took on the laws of physics, it's a physical impossibility for another meteor to fall on this size planetoid in less than a week.

That's the third time this week that's happened.

Maybe I should've taken the final...
As the grey mists of unconsciousness waft away, they are replaced by a voice...

WHERE...

HELL WITH THE NEURAL BEAM!

TELL ME WHERE I AM!

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

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

WHO ARE YOU...? OOOOH... MY HEAD...

THE NEURAL BEAM...

FREEDOM?

... THE FREEDOM LEADER OF THESE PEOPLE.

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

Despots 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 homed behind to seek a better life...

...and freedom.

Why didn't you answer our calls of identification?

Our ship, as a self-contained computer complex, travels through spacewards via subspace and when it reaches real space at the end of a hop, the computer alerts us. When we appeared over... Turvan III, the ship automatically defended us against your defense units.

We had no control... we didn't mean to... to.....

Don't worry about it. You mean to say that unless you find a planet you and your descendants will wander through space endlessly?

Unfortunately, that is the case, Animus Scavvan.
I suppose the galaxial federation can find you a suitable planet. I know of one myself...

Excuse me, Anjamas 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, Anjamas Slayman. I shall remember you always.
"GENERAL DORN! SECURITY CONTROL HERE. THE INVADER SHIP IS BEGINNING TO WARP OUT OF REAL SPACE!"

"WHAT?!!! 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 DEFENCE MACHINERY.

CRAM IT, DORN!

MACHINERY CAN BE REPAIRED...

The End.