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 satis-
faction 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:

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VENTURE NO.1
AN ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE FANTASY MAGAZINE

ARTISTS AND WRITERS IN THIS ISSUE:
Brent Anderson, Frank Cirocco, Gary Winnick, George Cheledemos 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 (©1972. ALL violators will be hung by the neck until dead. Frank Cirocco and Brent Anderson: EDITORS.

"Grimmley" (c) 2009 Brent Anderson
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, MAKTUL, AND YOU WERE COMPELLED TO TOUCH AND EXPLORE THE STRANGE "EGG".

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.~~~

BUT NOT KNOWING OF FRICTION INDUCED HEAT~~~

STALL!
AAARH!

YOU NOW NURSE REDDENING BURNS ON YOUR FINGERS.

UNTIL ~~~

THUNT!
STARING AT THE STRANGER THRU FEARFUL, HATE FILLED EYES, YOU BACK INTO THE SHELTERING 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.

It was then that the others came out of the "egg". Others like the one now dead.

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 K'dom's warriors came out of the bush. Warriors like yourself, Maktu.
Before the sun rose, I'd dom and four others were dead, Mally, and three of the strangers, too. You saw the egg swallowed by the retreating strangers.

And lifted up into the sky to be made a battle that will never be recorded in man's history books because of your ravenous appetite.

And you've almost forgotten the battle with the strangers.
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.

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.

YEAH.

YEAH!
'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 Götterdämmerung 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 arm 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 hear;
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...

Garthian'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...

Yes, it's people... a very superstitious lot... fearing the gods...

Slowly he creeps closer to the city and its people...

...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. Garth's quest is over.
GRIMWLEY'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!

-5-4-3-2-1

BLAST OFF

OFF ON CLICK!

I THINK I NEED AN ALGA SELTZER.
AWRIGHT! SHE'S ALL FIXED UP, AND READY TO LIFT OFF!

5-4-3-2-1-

LIFT-OFF!

I'M OFF!

I'M NOT OFF.

I THINK I SHOULD'VE USED A BIGGER RUBBER BAND

POOMP!
A Tall Tale

SCRIPT + ART BY FRANK CIROCCO - 1972

So.... you want to find out what you're long lost mama looks like?! You have come to the right place!!

Geez, the freaks I get in here. People will pay anything for a phoney story.

Ah, I can see her now... broad, flat shoulders...

What else can I tell this creep...

I see she has no arms or legs - you musta got yours from your poppa.

Ah.

Hey lookit this god, this sucker's fallin' for it!
...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!
ELFRID PAUSED, HE HAD JOURNELED FAR FROM HIS WOODED HOMELAND, 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!!

QUIT 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...

I STILL SAY THIS IS TOTALLY AN UNNECESSARY WASTE!!

...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...
TA DAY'S THE DAY I AM FIN'LLY GONNA GET THAT THING ALOFT!

ONE PUSLH OF THAT STARTER BUTTON, AND I'LL BE GLIDING THE SPACEWAYS!

YAWN!

10-8-6-4-2 BLAST-OFF!

DADRAT IT!

THAT THING AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET OFFA TH' GROUND!