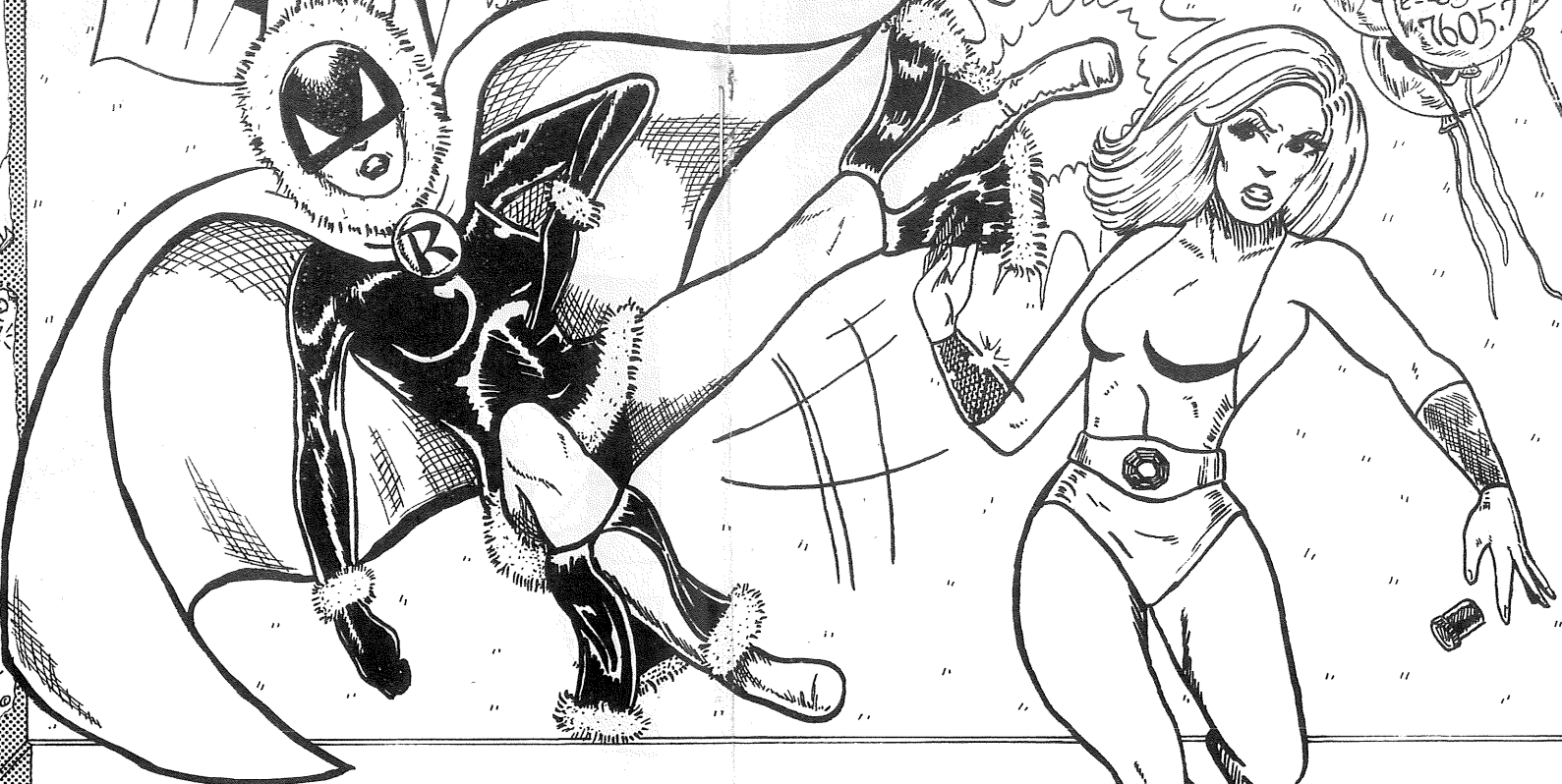


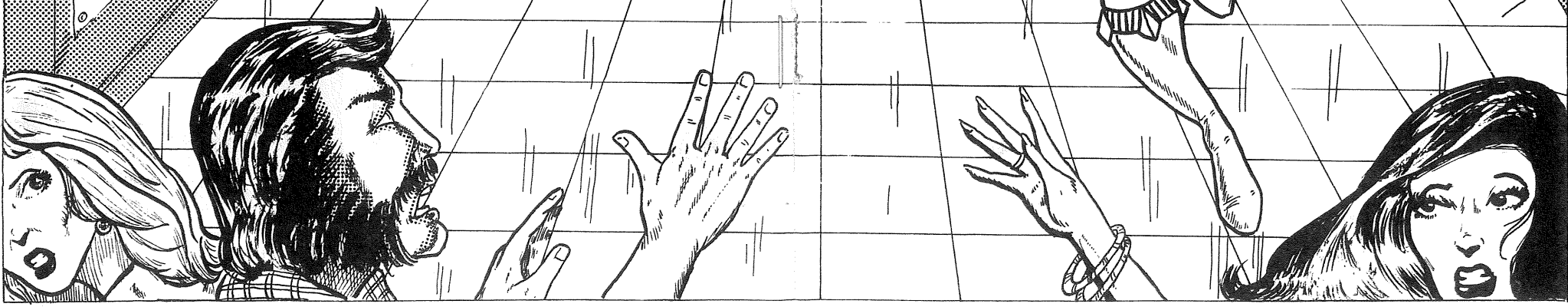
# THE ADVENTURES OF

NUMBER 5

SPECIAL CON ATTRACTION:  
**RAVEN VS STELLA**



Alaskon '76!  
GUESTS  
Jenette  
Genghis  
Stan  
Lie  
Full Membership  
\$5.00



**IMPORTANT INDICIA**

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All contributions, or inquiries about the same, should be sent to the Editor:

Ted Delorme  
977 Mt. Vernon Dr.  
Charleston, SC 29412



**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT**

This issue is something special! It is the first publication of this title under it's new Publisher, Steven R. Johnson, and new Editor, Ted Delorme. In another month or two will be another blessed event, the resurrection of our sister zine, *The Heroine Addict*, after over a year's absence. *THA* has been on the ballots of several major fan awards since its inception, and has been listed as a "Fanzine of Note" in *Overstreet's Price Guide* for the past two years. Steve and Ted are looking forward eagerly to bringing this fine fanzine to you once again. There will be a few changes, some new exciting staff artists and writers, but most of the same old crew is still hard at work on the features and illustrations that made us one of the biggest little zines in the world of fandom! We hope that you will join us. . .

*Steven R. Johnson*  
Publisher

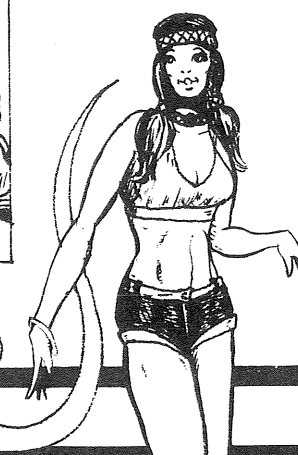
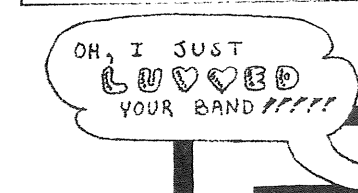
*Ted Delorme*  
Editor

Drawings on this page: RAVEN by Stan Holden, and STELLA by Frank Travellin, Jr. RAVEN created by Ted Delorme. STELLA created by Bob Rodi. SKULL GODDESS created by Jeff Thompson, with illustrations by Tom Luth. Cover pencilled by Bob Rodi and inked by Ted Delorme.

Inquire about back issues.

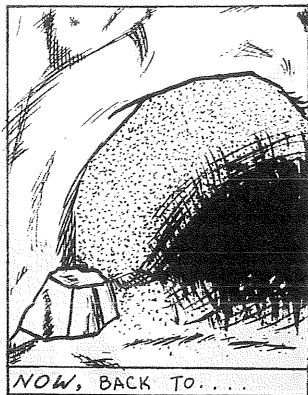
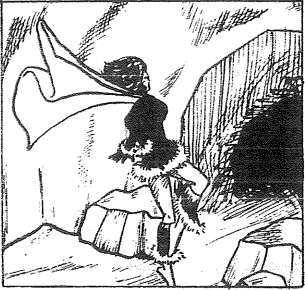


OH YEAH, ONE MORE TYPE: GROUPIES....

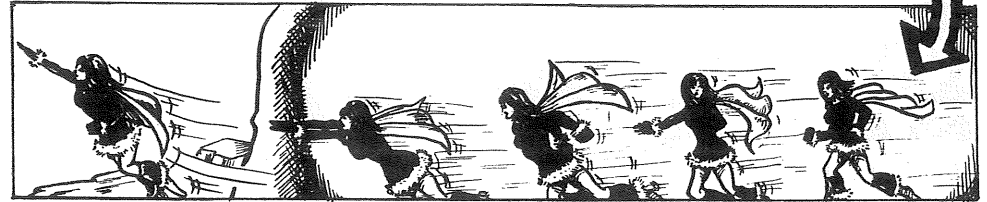
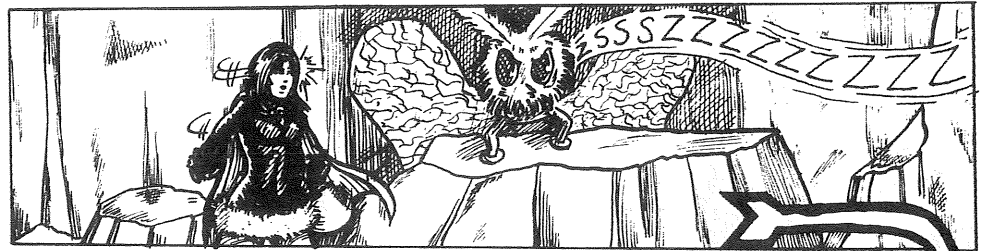




LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME, RAVEN OF COURSE GOES LOOKING FOR TROUBLE....



NOW, BACK TO....



ROOKIE! LOOK! THIS! THE MONSTER.... IT'S A GIANT CATERPILLAR!!

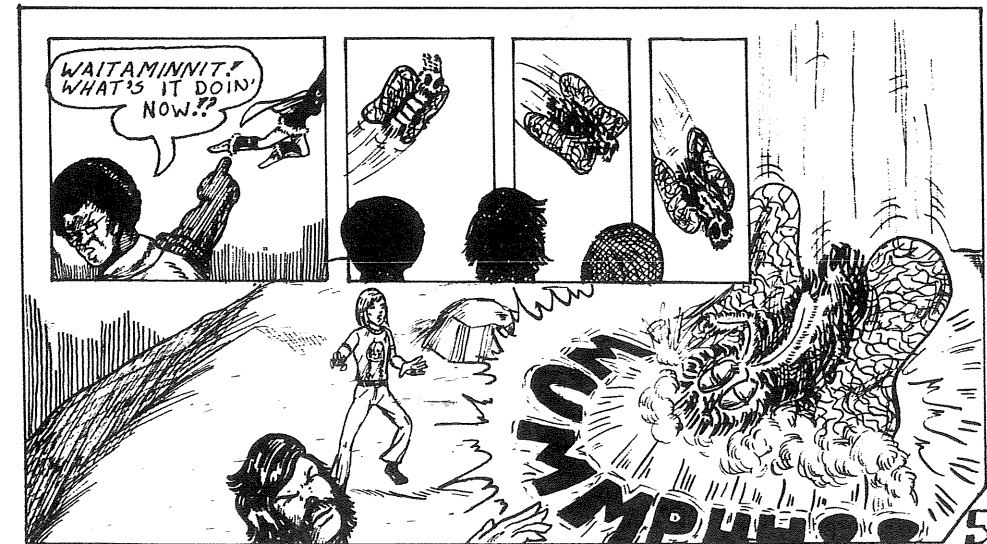
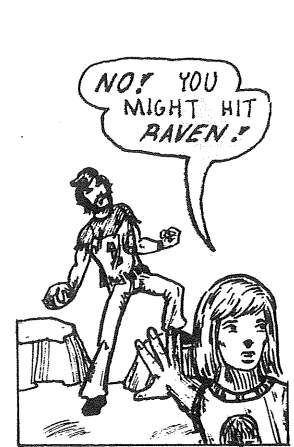
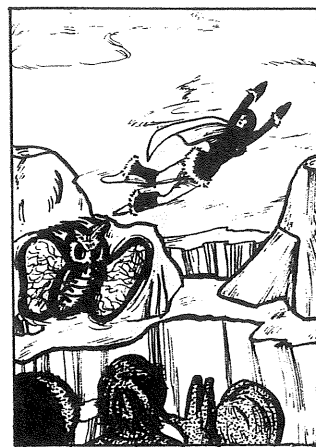


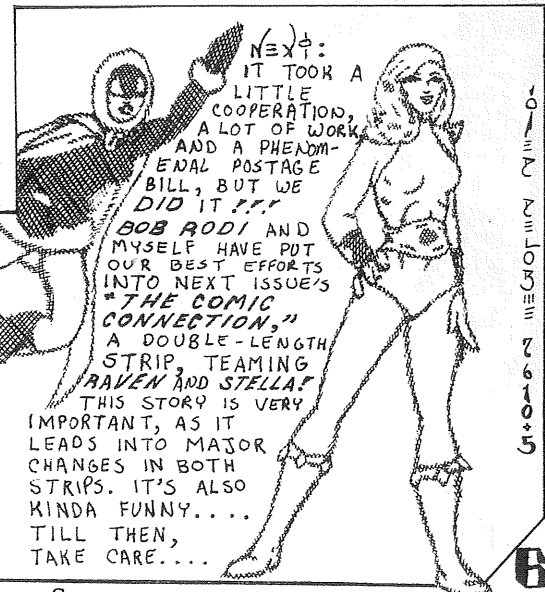
RIGHT ANGEL & BUGLES  
GIANT WORM NEAR SITE!  
ROD TAILO  
GRIM FOREBODINGS, NEW SHOW, AIRS  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN GIANT CATERPILLARS DISAPPEAR FOR A WHILE??

NO.... WHAT...?



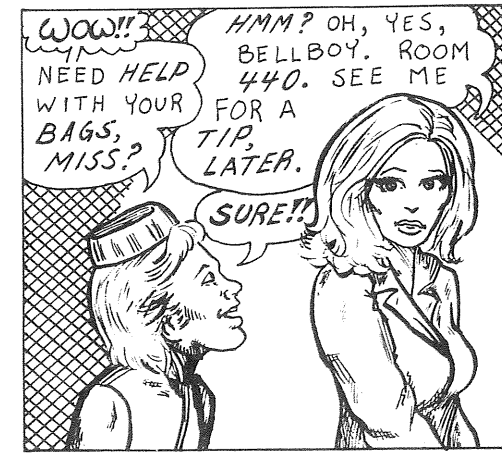
THEY BECOME....



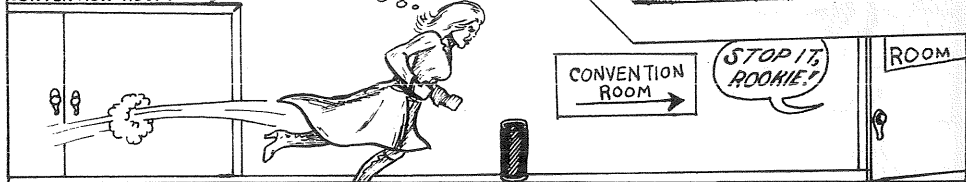
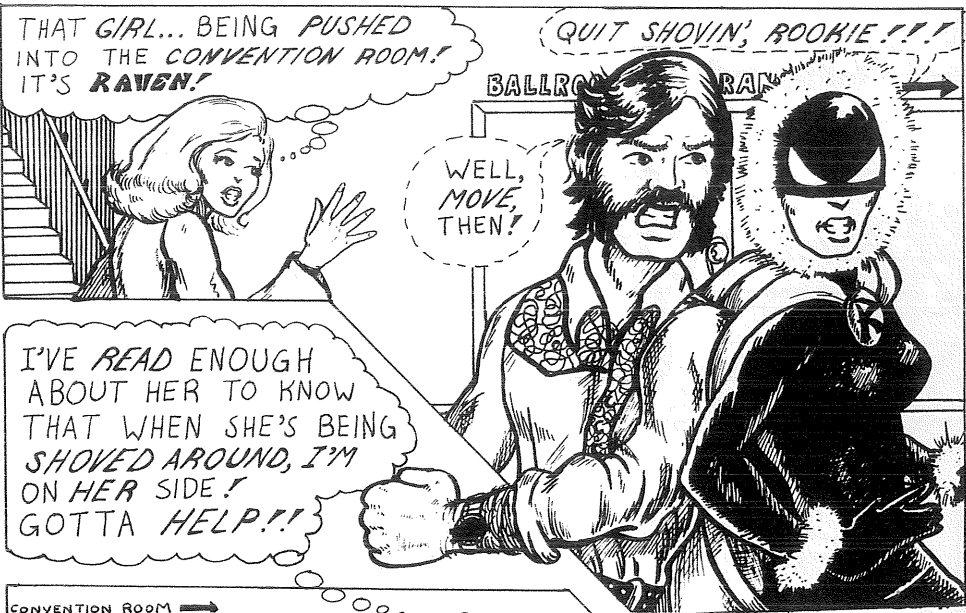


DEDICATED TO:  
 DON AND STEVE, FOR BEING NICE TO ME;  
 JAMES AND SONI, FOR INSPIRING ME;  
 AND ESPECIALLY, STIII AND SACHTE, FOR TOLERATING ME.  
 COMMENTS WELCOMED (EAGERLY!)  
 AT:  
 977 MT. VERNON DR.  
 CHARLESTON, SC 29412

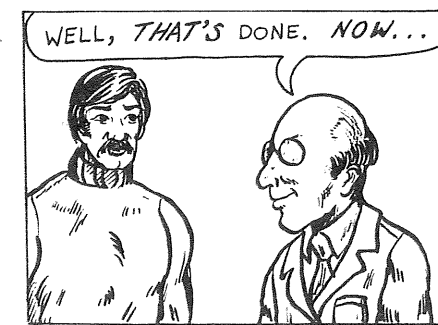
Stella - You are cordially invited to  
 the first meeting of the Super-Sisterhood,  
 March 20, 1977, in Fairbanks, Alaska.  
 R.S.V.P.

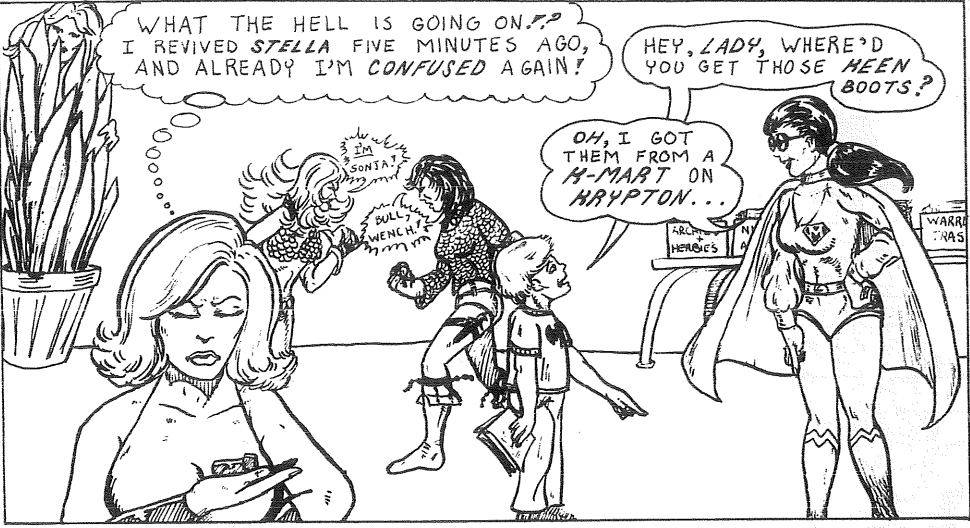


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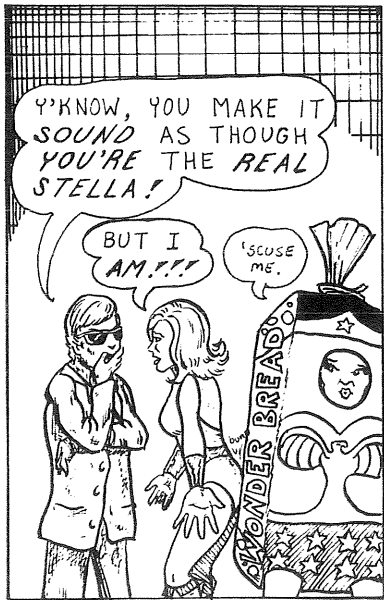
bob redi and ... DID THIS ALL BY THEMSELVES ... two



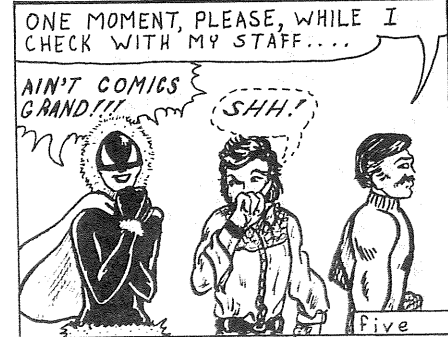
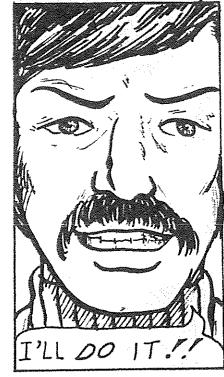
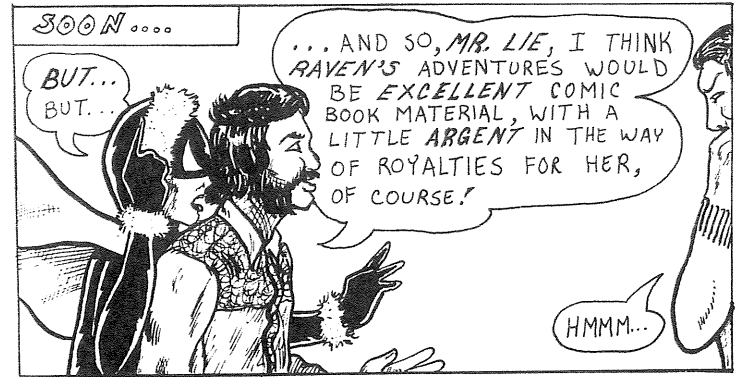


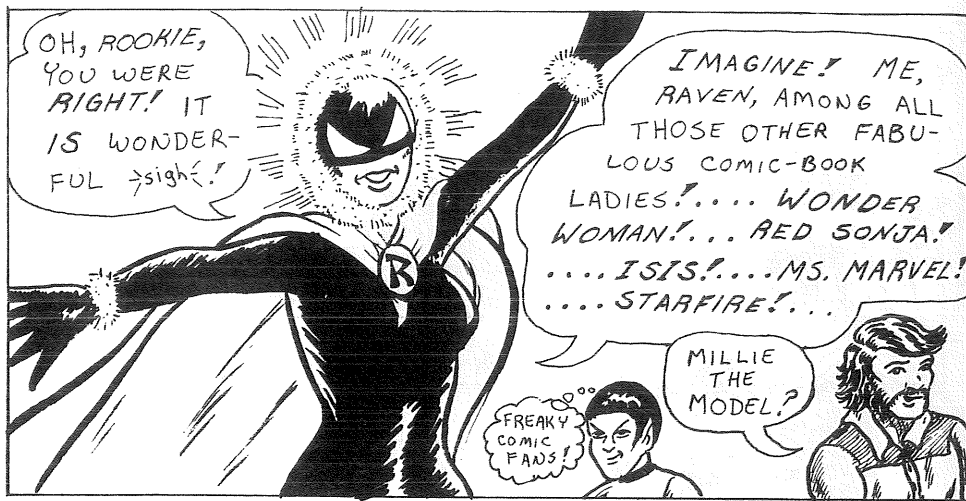
NOTE: Here Stella recounts to the man pages two and three of this strip. However, Bob and Ted refused to redraw these pages. So, if you feel you've missed anything, please feel free to re-read pages two and three. Thenque Yew.

... AND HE OBVIOUSLY MISTOOH ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE WHO IS WEARING A COSTUME LIKE MINE!



HONEST!?! THAT'S PERFECT! A REAL SUPER-HEROINE COULD GUARD THAT TOP-SECRET MICROFILM BETTER THAN A DOZEN OF OUR TOP AGENTS! STELLA, I REPRESENT THE F.I.A.; CAN WE COUNT ON YOU TO KEEP OUR LITTLE "PACKAGE" SAFE FOR... "UNCLE SAM.?"



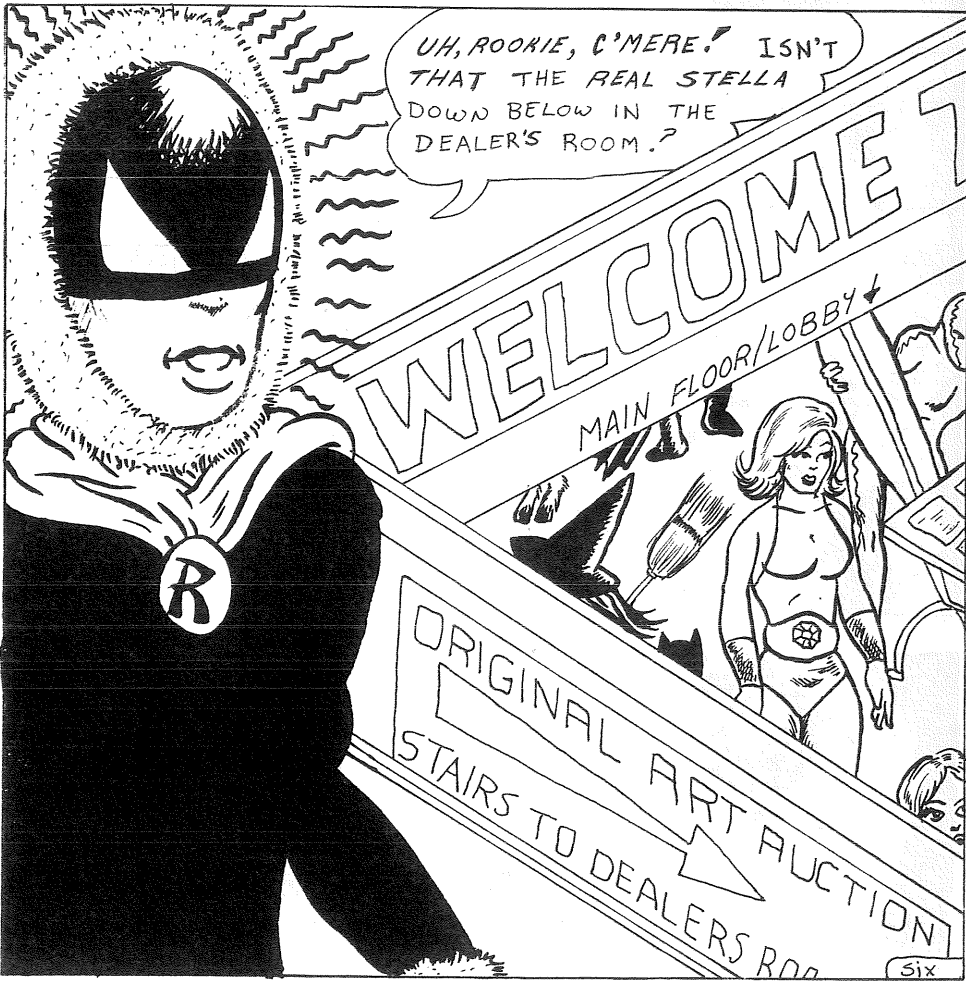


OH, ROOKIE, YOU WERE RIGHT! IT IS WONDERFUL *sigh*!

IMAGINE! ME, RAVEN, AMONG ALL THOSE OTHER FABULOUS COMIC-BOOK LADIES!... WONDER WOMAN!... RED SONJA!... ISIS!... MS. MARVEL!... STARFIRE!...

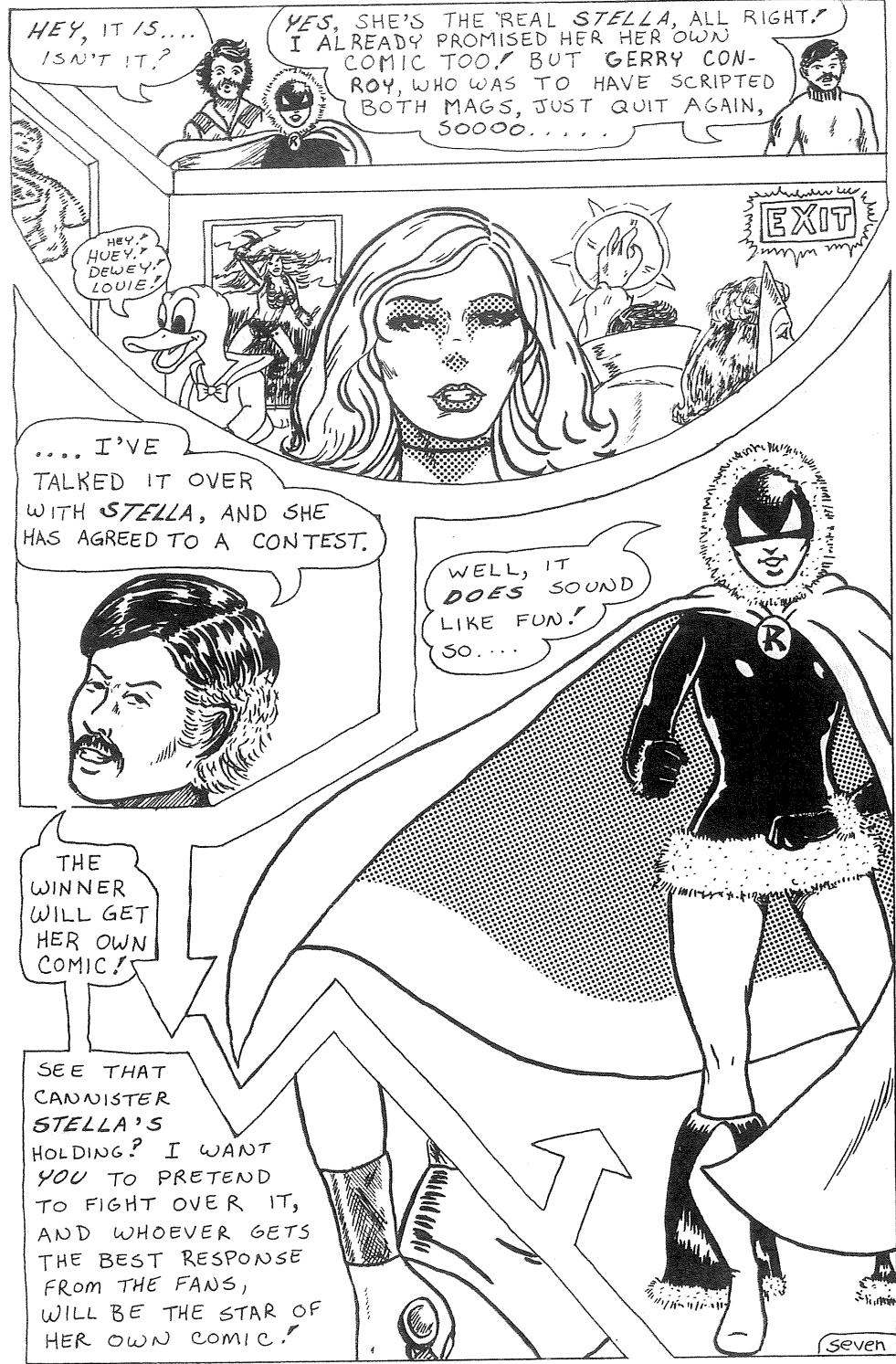
FREAKY COMIC FANS!

MILLIE THE MODEL?



UH, ROOKIE, C'MERE! ISN'T THAT THE REAL STELLA DOWN BELOW IN THE DEALER'S ROOM?

WELCOME  
MAIN FLOOR/LOBBY  
ORIGINAL ART AUCTION  
STAIRS TO DEALERS ROOM



HEY, IT IS... ISN'T IT?

YES, SHE'S THE REAL STELLA, ALL RIGHT! I ALREADY PROMISED HER HER OWN COMIC TOO! BUT GERRY CONROY, WHO WAS TO HAVE SCRIPTED BOTH MAGS, JUST QUIT AGAIN, 50000....

HEY, HUEY, DEWEY, LOUIE!

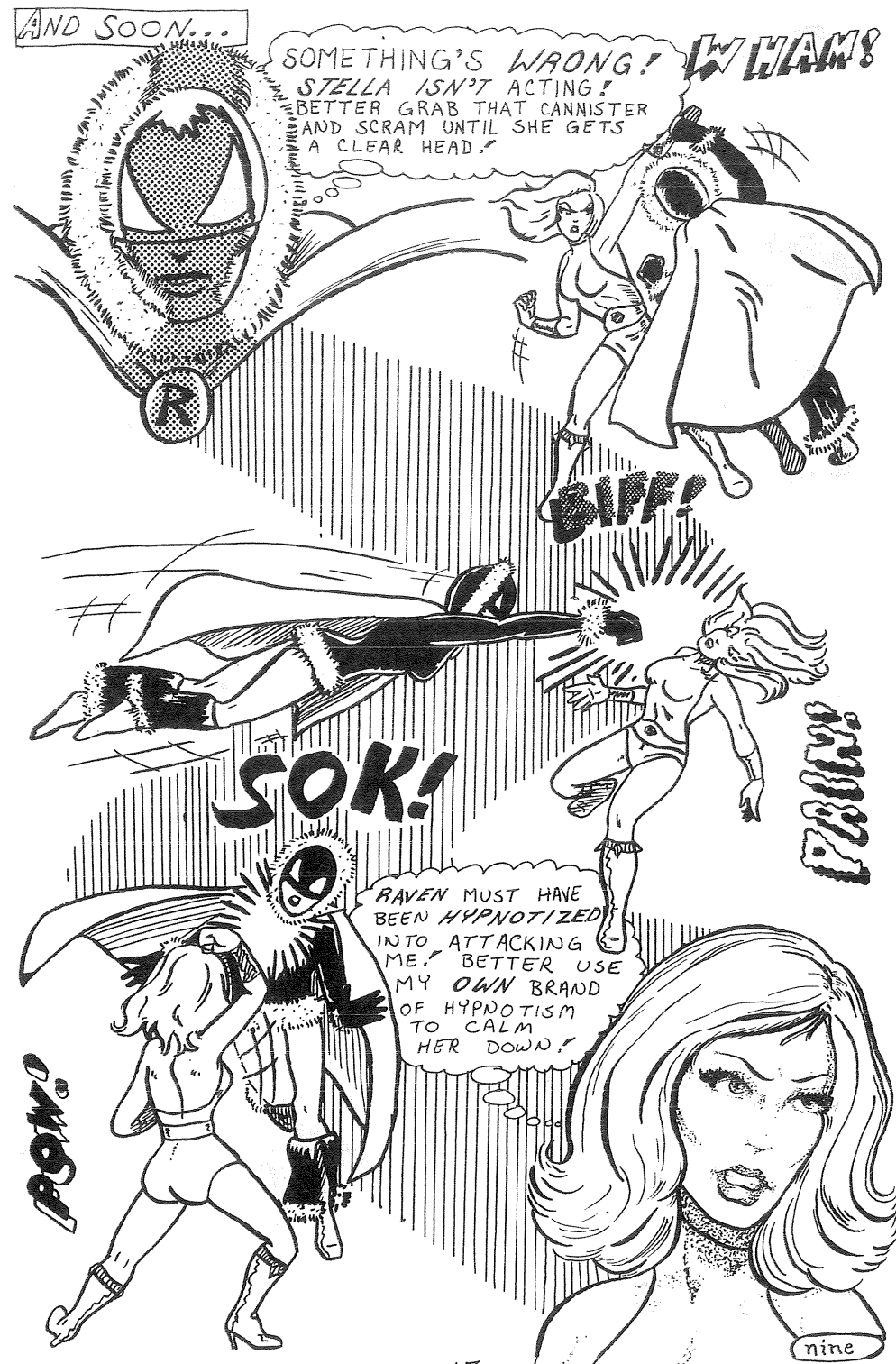
... I'VE TALKED IT OVER WITH STELLA, AND SHE HAS AGREED TO A CONTEST.

WELL, IT DOES SOUND LIKE FUN! SO....

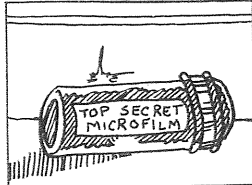
THE WINNER WILL GET HER OWN COMIC!

SEE THAT CANISTER STELLA'S HOLDING? I WANT YOU TO PRETEND TO FIGHT OVER IT, AND WHOEVER GETS THE BEST RESPONSE FROM THE FANS, WILL BE THE STAR OF HER OWN COMIC!





LOOK! STELLA DROPPED THE CANNISTER! GRAB IT IN THE NAME OF THE CBI!



... BETTER GRAB THAT CANNISTER FOR THE FIA!



... HAVE TO THINK FAST!

OH... SIT ON IT, RAVEN!



WHA!!! COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!

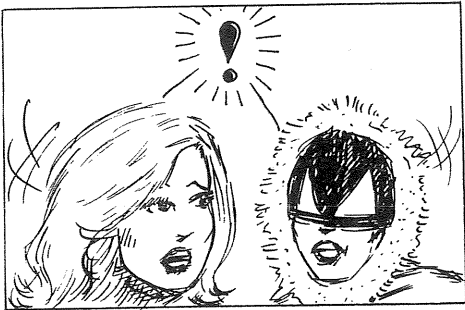
CRUNCH!

OH, NO! SHE'S RUINED THE MICROFILM...

WELL, AT LEAST IF UNCLE SAM CAN'T HAVE IT, NOBODY CAN!!!



WHADDAYA MEAN!?! I'M FROM UNCLE SAM, TOO!



BY THE WAY, I'M RAVEN AND YOU'RE NOT.

NO, I'M STELLA, AND YOU'RE NOT!

I LIKE YOUR HAIRDO.

I LIKE YOUR CAPE.

ETC., ETC., ETC.



NOT QUITE THE HERO

ten



PART III

by Jeff Thompson and Tom Luth

The uncaring wall clock pulled the moment of Skull Goddess' latest "departure" farther and farther away. Dr. Jerry Marlowe studied the tense face of his young attorney friend, Mark Owens. I wish that Mark and that bizarre woman never had met, Jerry thought to himself as Mark gingerly touched Skull Goddess' unmoving body on the hospital bed. She's warped Mark's thinking. How could anyone think that that woman before us is lovely?

"You don't want her to come back to me, do you, Jerry?" Mark suddenly cried. "You and Mitch never have liked her."

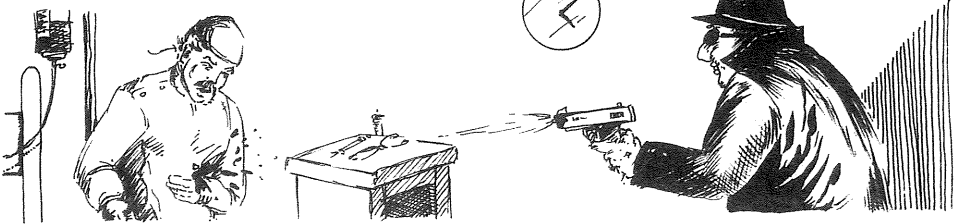
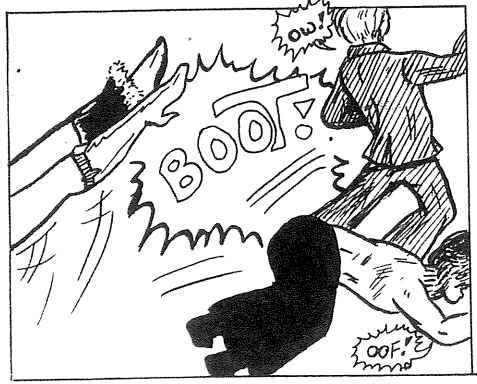
"That's not true, Mark," Jerry replied, attempting to sound convincing. "I've tried to understand her so I could like her, but —"

Mark Owens bolted from Skull Goddess' bedside and gripped Dr. Jerry Marlowe. "That's what Skull Goddess gets from everybody: misunderstanding, mistrust! Everyone except me!"

Equipment in hand, and peering through the space provided by the slightly ajar door to Skull Goddess' room, Bruno Adrian smiled. The perfect time to enter the room and render the two men helpless in order for him to accomplish his goal.

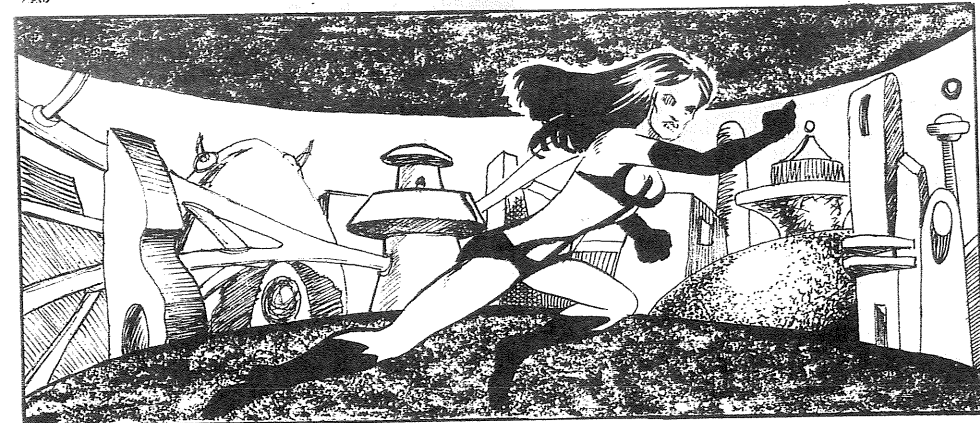
"Because I love her!" Mark cried before Bruno Adrian had delivered a blow to his head which had closed his eyes. However, Jerry then saw Adrian, gun butt poised, coming; the young doctor lunged at the man with an expression of astonishment and revulsion on his face. Jerry knocked the attacker to the floor. Quickly Bruno fired the silenced gun at Jerry. Miss! Again: hit! Adrian watched as a whimpering Jerry Marlowe slid to the floor and into unconsciousness, his extremely lower abdomen a geyser.

Bruno Adrian damned the delay as he approached Skull Goddess' supine form. He readied the large syringe.





A lone figure sprinted through the eerie landscape of Ethera. Skull Goddess still felt as if she were an intruder to this macabre realm despite her nighscore of involuntary stays there. Hesbolo, the ageless Etherian sorceress, almost had captured her a moment ago when the former had stumbled upon Skull Goddess' lifeless unprotected body. "I can't risk Hesbolo finding my body like that again," Skull Goddess remarked to herself. She ceased her running and found a niche beneath a nightmarish tree. "Where can I hide during my consciousnesses and unconsciousnesses in Ethera? If Hesbolo catches me, God knows how she might go about 'duplicating my duality,' as she said." Then: "Oh, God, why? There's no place for



freaks like me in either world that I live in!" Skull Goddess wept bitterly, covering her countenance with her slender hands.

Then a likeness of Mark Owens swam through her tears. "He won't love me forever," she predicted. "Someday soon he'll wake up and ask himself why the hell he's running around with some kind of living aberration!" She cast her sunken eyes skyward.



"WITCH!" A smooth stone struck Skull Goddess' head. She rocketed to her feet and automatically assumed a defensive stance.



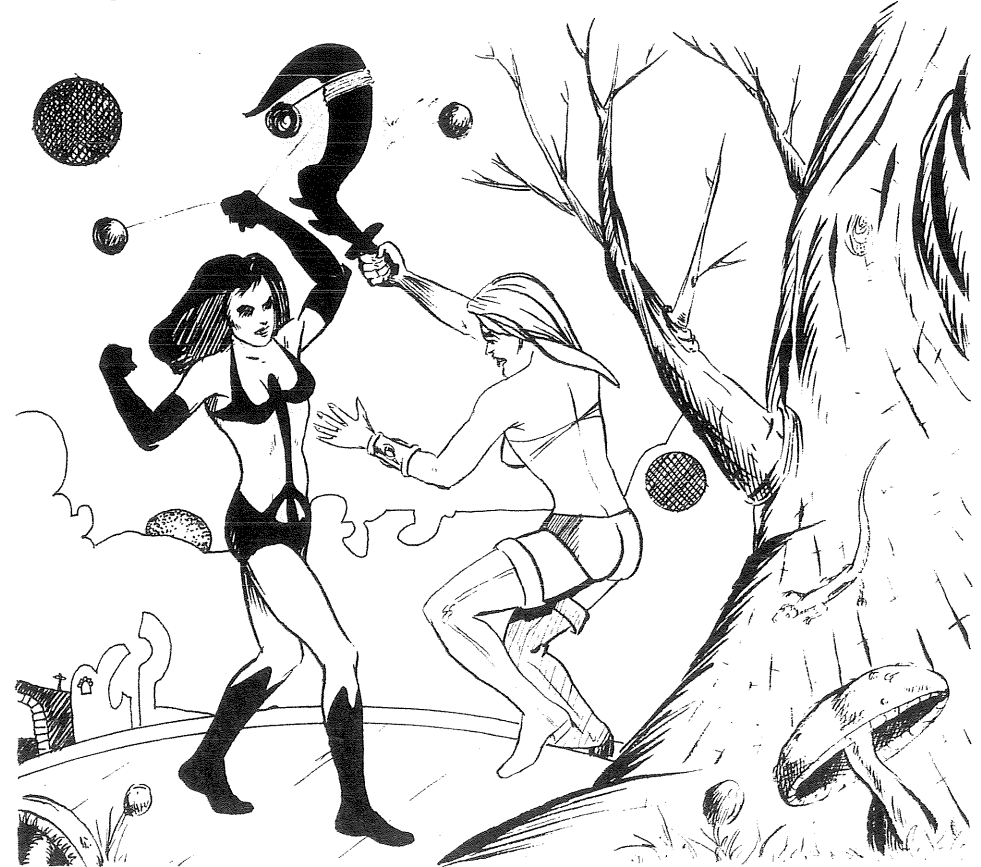
"Remove that enchanted mask and face me!" the female voice bellowed once more. Skull Goddess gazed upon a shapely woman of indescribable beauty. The woman was dressed in a loose-fitting robe of many hues, similar to Hesbolo's garb. In her hand was a weird instrument which Skull Goddess took to be a weapon — and one poised to be used against her!

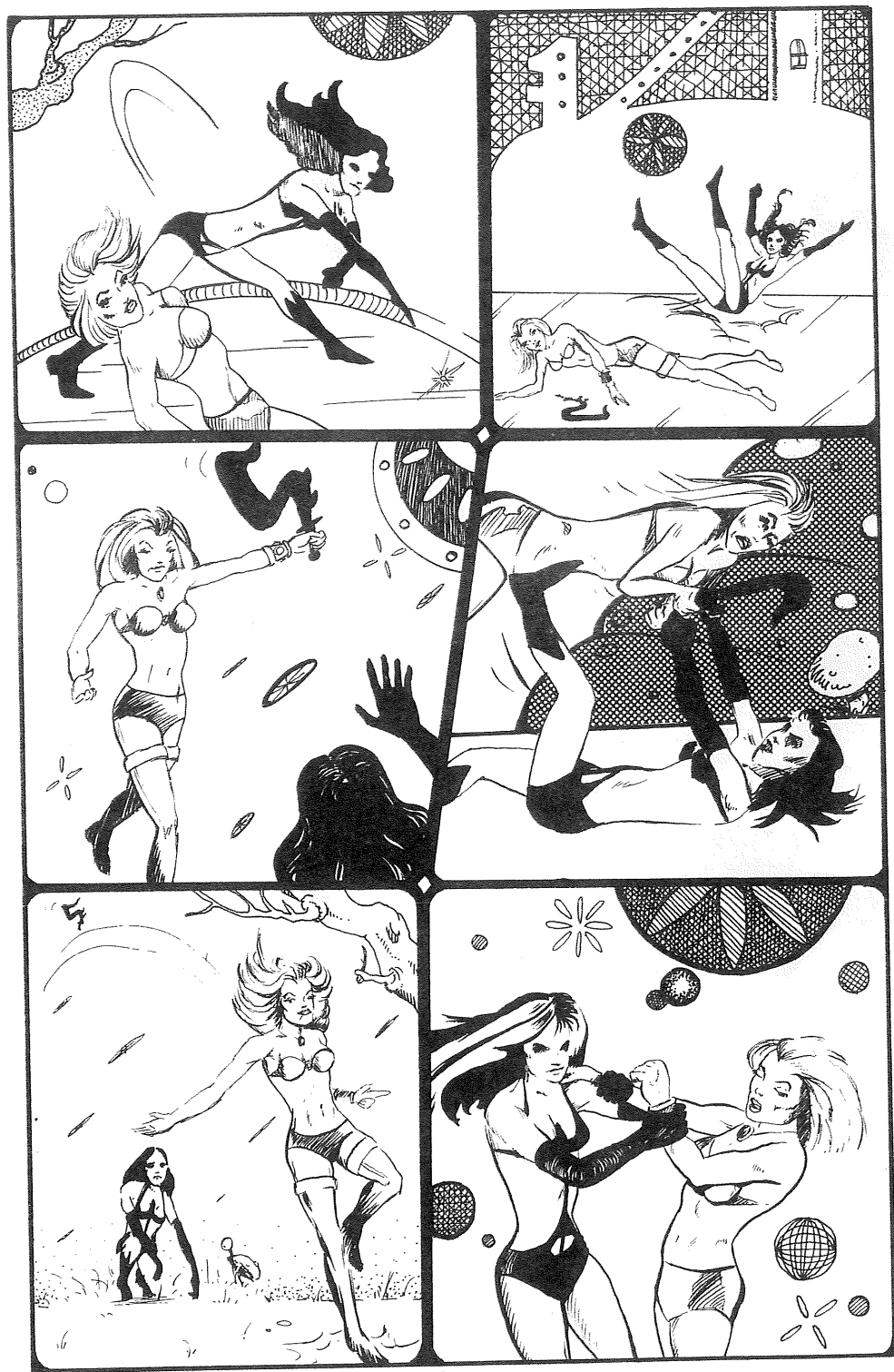
What should I say to her? Skull Goddess asked herself mentally. Finally: "Who are you?"

"As if you didn't know!" the woman warrior guffawed as she shucked off the robe. "Perhaps what was wrong with you in the first place was the fact that you never feared Baptista!"

"And you're Baptista!" Skull Goddess asked. "Of course! And you are the shame of the village — the opposite position of mine — because of your terrorist dealings with Hesbolo!"

"Hesb — wait one minute! Hesbolo and I are enemies! We —" No more reasoning could be done. Baptista was upon her, brandishing her sword-thing. The instrument began its decent upon Skull Goddess. The heroine blocked the blow with her wrist, enforced and protected by the bolos and cord compacted in her glove. With her otherhand, Skull Goddess hurled Baptista to the ground.





"Stop!" The combatants released their holds on each other when Hesbolo suddenly was gripping them both and throwing them away from each other. "You have the wrong woman, silly Baptista!" the gnarled crone throatily cried.

"Impossible!" Baptista retorted. "This woman dabbled in the black arts in our village and then you came and eventually took her away with you and used her to do evil!"

"Wrong!" Hesbolo spat. "You speak of Carlia, whom I teleported to this ugly woman's, ah, home world, as she likes to call it."

"Home world? But— but the face! I saw the hideous mask that Carlia made and wore after you began dealing with her—and that is the face!"

"This grotesquerie's visage is all too real, Baptista," Hesbolo announced. She had released her vice-like grip on Baptista, but the witch still clutched Skull Goddess. Hesbolo continued: "I sent Carlia to another world where this woman also exists so Carlia could keep this woman's body there a prisoner, as I hoped to here. As a grim joke, I told her to wear a loathsome mask and pretend to be a superhuman vigilante like yourself called Countess Cranium, after Skull Goddess here." Hesbolo's inhuman grip had begun to draw blood from Skull Goddess' arm. "But Carlia, who was obviously unbalanced to begin with, became so disoriented in that realm — and the swell-headed on top of that — that she indulged in some paltry theatrics at a place called a hospital which proved to be her downfall. I brought her back here and killed her."

"Where does your bloodlust end, witch?" the heroine known as Baptista cried as she raised the sword-thing above Hesbolo. Suddenly the gnarled wizardress and the skull goddess were enveloped in a body of dazzling, impenetrable light. Within the incandescent bubble, Hesbolo resorted to the vernacular of Earth when she turned to Skull Goddess and said, "Well, my dear, alone at last!"

Before Skull Goddess could raise her hand to Hesbolo, she sat up in bed and observed the carnage before her: Mark Owens, unconscious on the floor; Dr. Jerry Marlowe, moaning in an imperfect circle of crimson. "Oh, my God!" Skull Goddess gasped. "Hesbolo has my other body— but now I've got to think about what's happened here." She uttered a swift cry of pain as her gunshot wound made itself known upon her leap from bed. She gently removed the IV tube and, although weak, pressed the button on the wall for the nurse.

Skull Goddess caressed Mark's forehead as she mentally asked herself why hadn't someone heard something and come to help before now? How long have I been away from this world? And, when it's time to go back to Ethera, where—and in what condition — will I find my body there?



\* TO BE CONTINUED \*

The CHICAGO NIGHT CLUB SCENE →



THANKS, JOE, FOR A NICE EVENING.

HUH? BEV, THE NIGHT IS YOUNG! ALL CHICAGO AWAITS US!



oh, brother! NO, REALLY, I'M TIRED. AND I TOLD YOU...



MY NAME ISN'T BEV ANYMORE. IT'S...

# stella



OH, I FORGOT. NOWADAYS YOU CLAIM TO BE SOME SUPER-CHICK OR SOMETHING.



THAT'S WHAT I "CLAIM," ALRIGHT! ALTHOUGH I LOOK THE SAME, MY WHOLE MAKE-UP HAS CHANGED TO CONFORM TO SIREN PHYSIOLOGY. I'M NOT EVEN HUMAN ANYMORE. I'M A STAR-CHILD.



I'M AN ALIEN... ON MY OWN PLANET.

AW... CHEER UP. MAYBE WE CAN FIND YOU A BUG-EYED MONSTER TO FIGHT.

maxims



WRITER/ARTIST: BOB RODI  
EDITOR: AL TANNER



WHAT?? YOU... YOU HUMAN! I BARE MY SOUL TO YOU, CONFIDE IN YOU, AND WHAT DO I GET? BUG-EYED MONSTER?



WHA...?

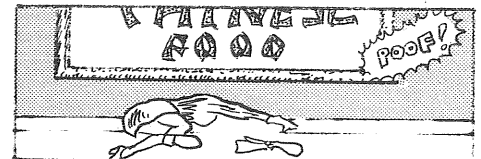
poof!

poof!

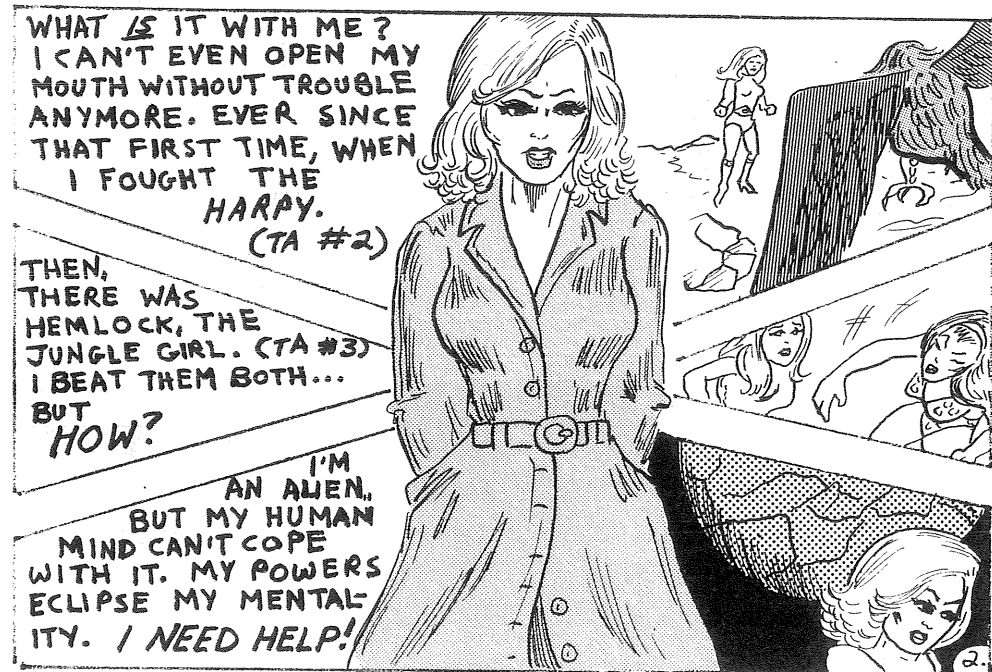
LOOK OUT! A BUG-EYED MONSTER!



DISAPPEAR!



poof!



WHAT IS IT WITH ME? I CAN'T EVEN OPEN MY MOUTH WITHOUT TROUBLE ANYMORE. EVER SINCE THAT FIRST TIME, WHEN I FOUGHT THE HARRY. (TA #2)

THEN, THERE WAS HEMLOCK, THE JUNGLE GIRL. (TA #3) I BEAT THEM BOTH... BUT HOW?

I'M AN ALIEN, BUT MY HUMAN MIND CAN'T COPE WITH IT. MY POWERS ECLIPSE MY MENTALITY. I NEED HELP!

**NEXT-NIGHT.**

HEY... WANNA GO TO MY PLACE AND HEAR MY COMPLETE JONI MITCHELL COLLECTION?

MERCY ME!

MADAME CABRINI MEDIUM

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.

SLAP!

HELLO?

I AM MADAME CABRINI. MAY I HELP YOU, CHILD?

YES. I NEED TO CONTACT ONE OF THE DEAD ... THIS A FRIEND OF YOURS ?

MY FIRST HUSBAND. COME... SIT HERE WHILE I GET MY CRYSTAL BALL.

OK.

HOPE I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING!

**IN THE BACK ROOM:**

MISTRESS?

# meet the countess erika von darkness!

AH, MY FAITHFUL ONE, YOU'VE FOUND ME ANOTHER VICTIM. ATTEND TO THE POOR FOOL, AND PROCEED AS USUAL.

AND SO... WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE DECEASED?

SONA.

SONA WHAT?

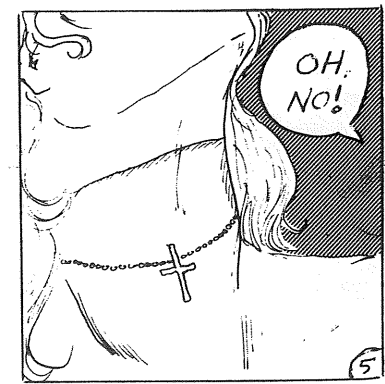
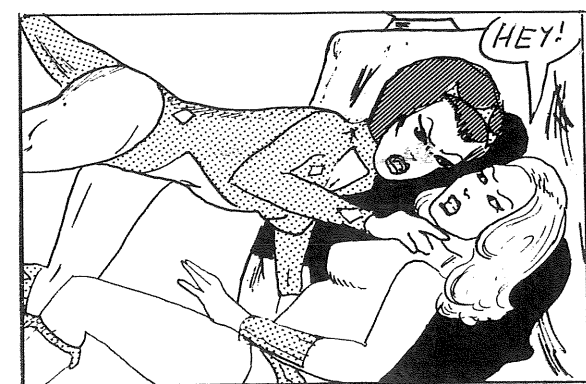
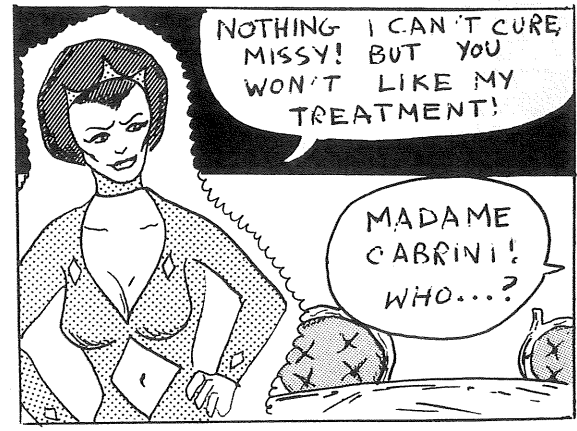
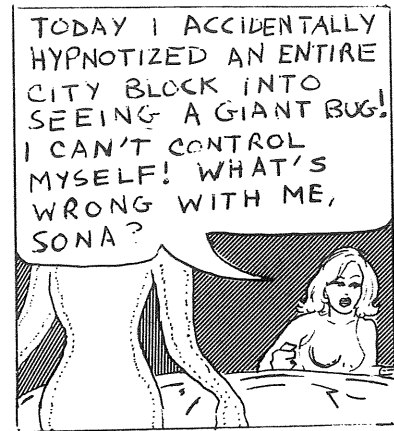
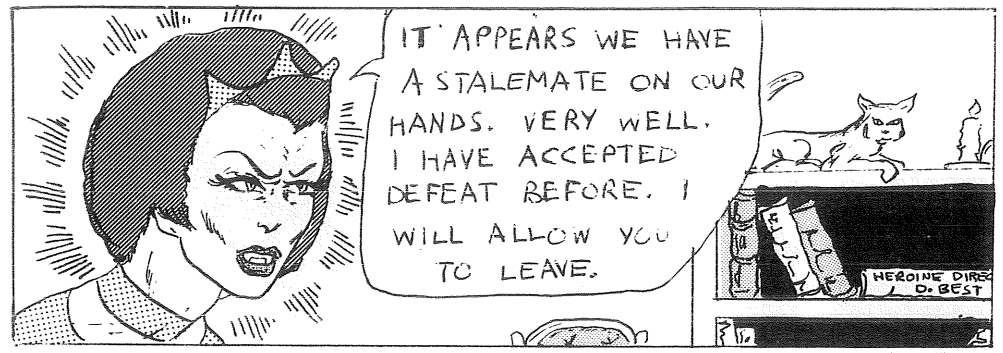
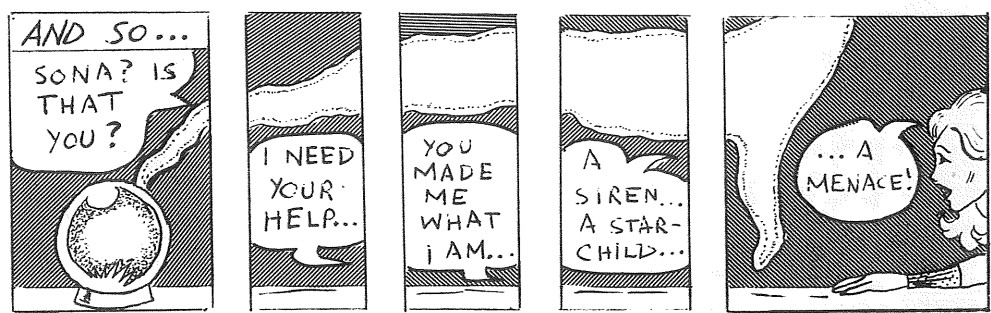
THAT'S IT... I THINK...

HAVE YOU A POSSESSION OF THE DECEASED'S WITH YOU?

I NEVER KNEW HER WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE.

I SEE. I THINK I CAN STILL GET HER.

GOOD.



VERY WELL THEN, CABRINI?



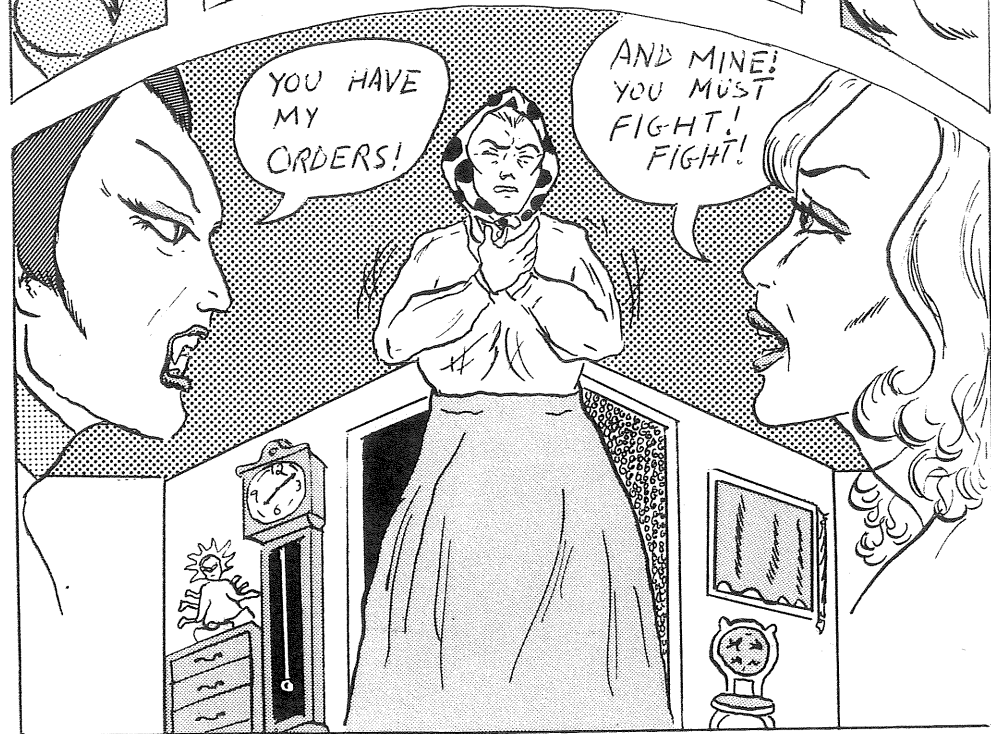
PLEASE, MISTRESS... NO...



DO IT!



DON'T!



YOU HAVE MY ORDERS!

AND MINE! YOU MUST FIGHT! FIGHT!

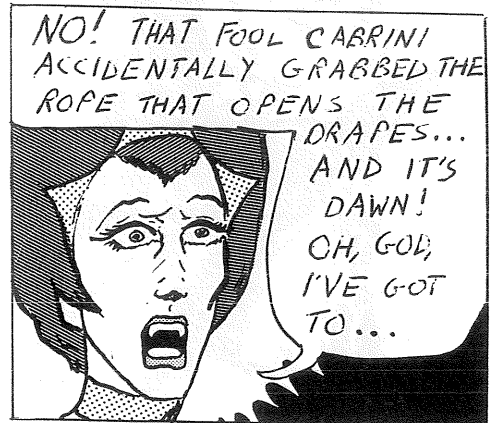
THE BATTLE FOR A HUMAN LIFE BEGINS, BETWEEN TWO WHO WERE ONCE HUMAN... BUT NO MORE. ONE, HOWEVER, RETAINS ENOUGH HUMANITY TO FIGHT WITH ALL THE PASSION SHE CAN MUSTER. STELLA, AT LAST, HAS PROVEN HER WORTH.



FINALLY... UUNNH...



OH, MY GOD! SHE FAINTED! I WON!



NO! THAT FOOL CABRINI ACCIDENTALLY GRABBED THE ROPE THAT OPENS THE DRAPES... AND IT'S DAWN! OH, GOD, I'VE GOT TO...



...HIDE... AARGH!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! FOR ONCE, I REALLY WON! PERHAPS BECAUSE THE STAKES WERE SO HIGH... A HUMAN LIFE!

UHH... THANK YOU, CHILD...



PERHAPS THERE'S MORE HUMANITY LEFT IN ME THAN I THOUGHT! I MUST BE CERTAIN... SO, FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, I'LL GO BACK TO BEING BEV O'NEIL. I OWE IT TO MYSELF. STELLA MUST RETIRE!

NEXT ISSUE: BEV RETURNS TO HER TEACHING DUTIES... BUT CAN STELLA STAY DEAD WHEN SHE'S INVITED TO JOIN THE SUPER-SISTERHOOD? (8)