

STAR WARS™

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AT LAST! BEYOND THE MOVIE! BEYOND THE GALAXY!

STAR WARS



ALL NEW!
HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA
ON A WORLD THE LAW FORGOT!

GRAB A LASER-GUN, CHEWIE! THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED!

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
HAN SOLO AND CHEWBACCA
THE WOOKIEE
REWARD



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

STAR WARS

THE GREATEST
SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

CONTINUING THE SAGA BEGUN IN THE FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS, RELEASED BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

NEW PLANETS, NEW PERILS!

THE DREADED DEATH STAR IS NO MORE... AND THE EVIL DARTH VADER, ITS SOLE SURVIVOR, IS FLEEING ACROSS THE GALAXY, LOST FROM THE SIGHT OF MEN. *

AND, ON THE FOURTH MOON OF YAVIN, OLD FRIENDS SAY FOND GOOD-BYES WHICH CAN NO LONGER BE DELAYED:

WELL, S'LONG, LUKE... YOU TOO, PRINCESS.

I STILL WISH YOU WERE COMING WITH US, KID-- YOU'D MAKE A HELLUVA STAR-HOPPER.

GRONK!

THANKS, HAN... AND CHEWBACCA! BUT YOU KNOW I'VE GOT TO STAY HERE... AT LEAST TILL WE CAN SCOUT UP A NEW WORLD TO BECOME THE MAIN REBEL BASE.

ONCE DARTH VADER ESTABLISHES CONTACT WITH THE EMPIRE AGAIN, THE YAVIN SYSTEM WILL NO LONGER BE SAFE FOR US.

THE REBELLION MUST CONTINUE ELSEWHERE... EVEN WITHOUT YOU, HAN.

*AS SEEN IN LAST ISSUE'S CONCLUSION OF OUR ADAP-TATION OF THE FILM. --ROY.

| | |
|--|--|
| ROY THOMAS WRITER/EDITOR | HOWARD CHAYKIN ARTIST/CO-PLOTTER |
| FRANK SPRINGER EMBELLISHER | |
| JOE ROSEN LETTERER | CARL GAFFORD COLORIST |
| ARCHIE GOODWIN CONSULTING EDITOR | |

HE SURE WILL! WHATEVER YOU DO, LUKE-- WHEREVER YOU GO-- I'LL FIND YOU ALL AFTER I'VE DONE WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO.

THAT'S A PROMISE FROM HAN SOLO!



STOP SNIVELING, ARTOO! YOU'LL SEE MASTER SOLO AGAIN.

BLOOP

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MOMENTS LATER, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON STREAKS SKYWARD, TILL FIRST THE SATELLITE, THEN YAVIN, THEN YAVIN'S FIERY SUN IS LOST TO VIEW...



...ONE MORE FLICKERING POINT OF FLAME IN AN VAST BLACK OCEAN.

WELL, CHEWIE... WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

GUH-
RIK!

YEAH, I KNOW! AFTER ALL THAT BATTLE ACTION, I'D GIVE MY STAR-SPURS TO STAY THERE AND HELP PRINCESS LEIA RE-GROUP THE REBELS.

BUT YOU FORGET, WE'VE BOTH GOT A PRICE ON OUR HEADS--



--OR AT LEAST WE WILL HAVE, IF WE DON'T GET BACK TO DANTOOINE AND PAY JABBA THE HUT THE MONEY WE PROMISED HIM!*

*ISSUE #2,
--R.T.

GET A SMUGGLING CZAR ON YOUR TAIL, OL' BUDDY, AND EVEN A GALACTIC WAR WON'T SAVE YOU!

AS SOON AS THE CRATERS COOLED JABBA'D HAVE US BOTH ZAPPED BY ONE OF HIS BLASTER-HAPPY BONGOS!

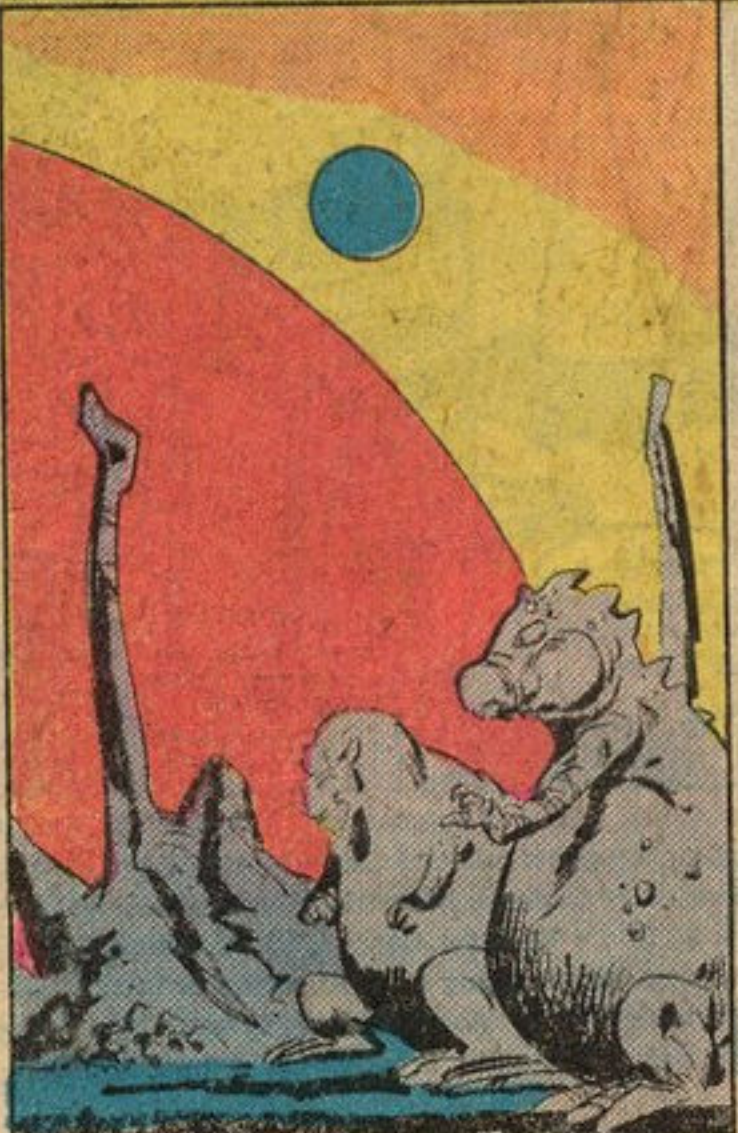


URK!

YEAH, I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY.

SO, SET 'EM FOR TATOOINE... NEXT STOP, MOS EISLEY SPACEPORT...

"...THOUGH WE'VE A FEW MORE LIGHT-YEARS TO GO BEFORE WE EVEN CUT TO HYPER-SPACE!"



AFTER ALL, LOOK AT THE *BRIGHT* SIDE, CHEWBACCA, OLDCHUM...

EVEN *AFTER* WE PAY OFF JABBA, THERE'S STILL ENOUGH LEFT OF THE *TREASURE* THE REBS GAVE US TO BUY A *SMALL* PLANET WHERE WE CAN--

UH OH! SOME KIND OF *CRUISER* AT TWO-O'CLOCK PRIME!

'SCOPE SHOWS IT'S *DRIFTING*... COULD JUST BE A *DERELICT*.

AT LEAST IT'S NOT AN *EMPIRE* SHIP, SO WHAT THE HECK-- HOW BAD COULD IT *BE*?



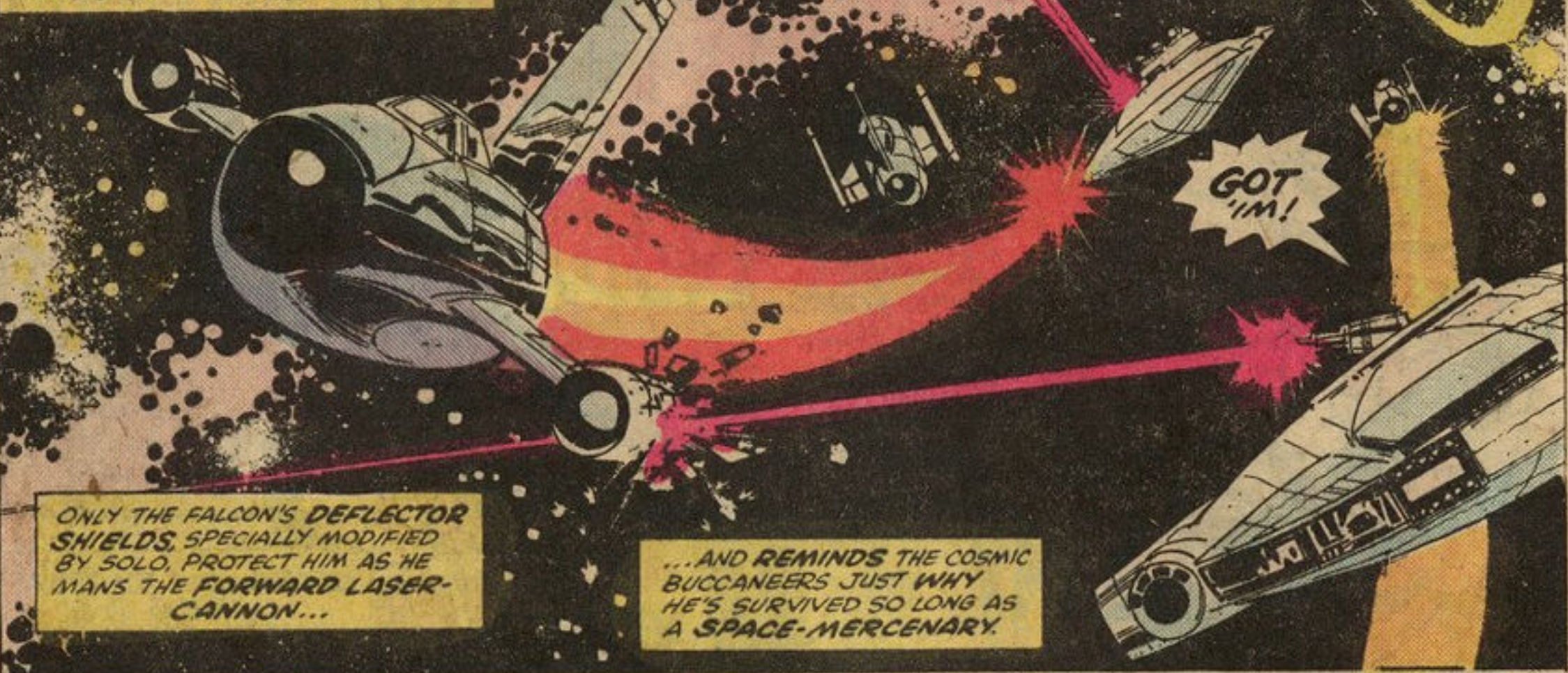
Y'KNOW, YOU'VE GOT A *POINT* THERE, PAL.

IT COULD VERY *WELL* BE--

SPACE-PIRATES!

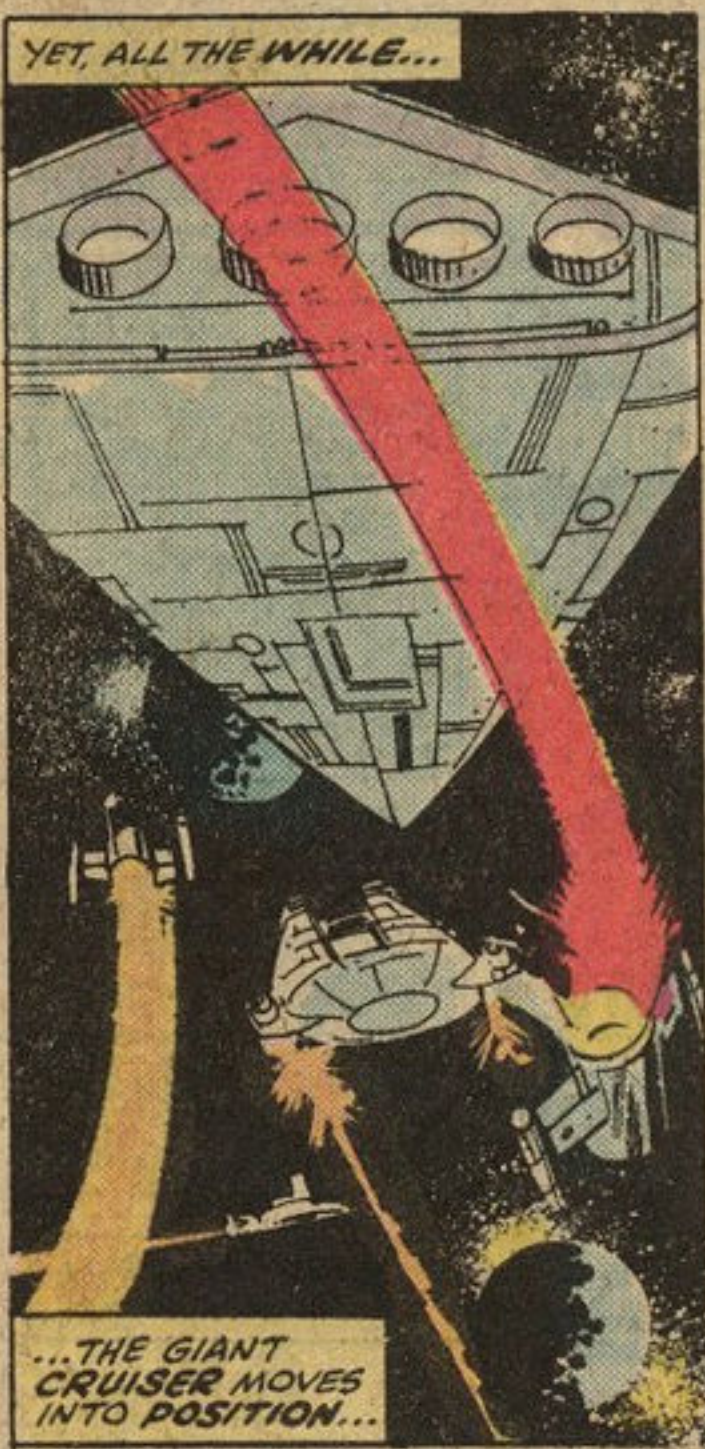
GIVE 'ER THE *GUN*, CHEWIE! WE'RE MAKING A *RUN* FOR IT!!

ALREADY, HOWEVER, IT IS FAR TOO LATE TO OUTDISTANCE, THE VARIOUS TYPES OF FIGHTERCRAFT WHICH ISSUE, GUNS BLAZING, FROM THE METAL BELLY OF THE MOTHER SHIP.



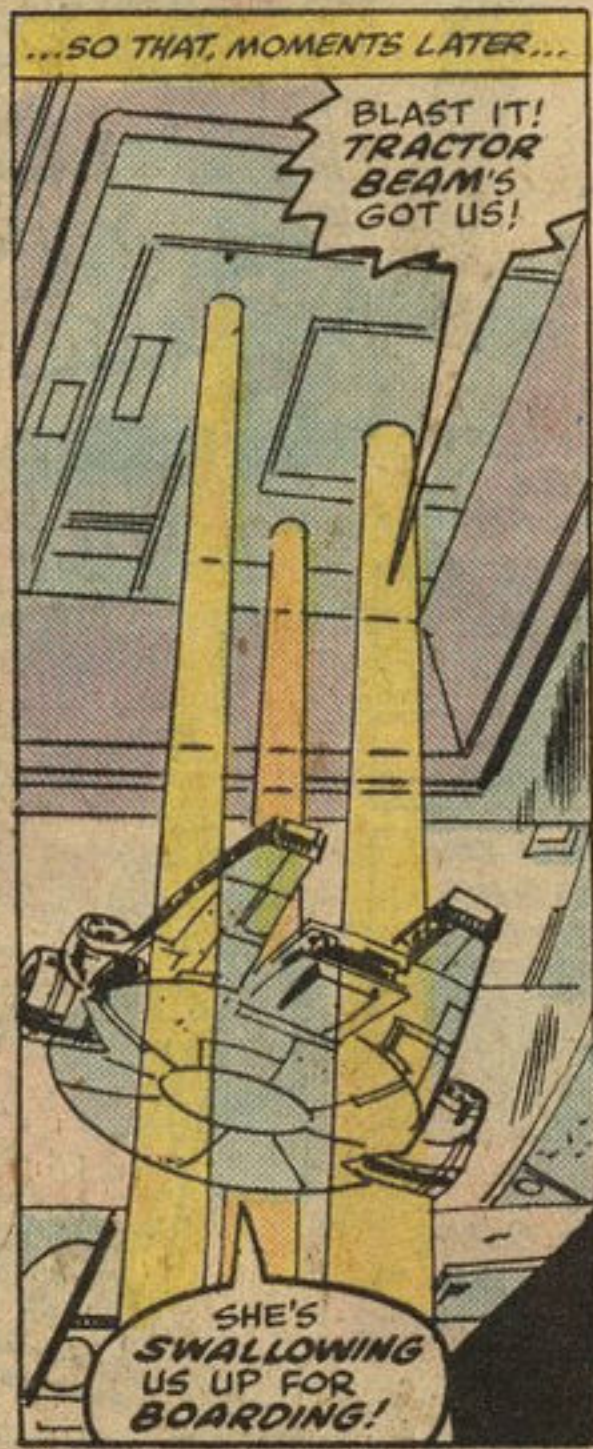
ONLY THE FALCON'S DEFLECTOR SHIELDS, SPECIALLY MODIFIED BY SOLO, PROTECT HIM AS HE MANS THE FORWARD LASER-CANNON...

...AND REMINDS THE COSMIC BUCCANEERS JUST WHY HE'S SURVIVED SO LONG AS A SPACE-MERCENARY.



YET, ALL THE WHILE...

...THE GIANT CRUISER MOVES INTO POSITION...



...SO THAT, MOMENTS LATER...

BLAST IT! TRACTOR BEAM'S GOT US!

SHE'S SWALLOWING US UP FOR BOARDING!



HRUNK!

YOU'RE NOT AS MAD AS I AM, CHEWIE!

SERVES ME RIGHT FOR THINKING ABOUT MONEY WHEN I SHOULD'VE BEEN CHECKING THE 'SCOPE.

TO BE SWALLOWED UP BY THE DEATH STAR WAS ONE THING*...BUT SPACE-PIRATES--!

*ISH*3.
--ROY.



X-WINGERS...TIE-FIGHTERS...EVERY KIND OF SMALL BATTLE-SPACER I'VE SEEN!

I DON'T KNOW WHO OUR OVER-EAGER HOST IS, BUT ONE THING'S CERTAIN:

HE SURE GETS AROUND!

AND I'VE BEEN FROM ONE END OF THE GALAXY TO THE OTHER!

IT'S WELL PERHAPS, THAT HE HAS...

...FOR, WITHIN MINUTES, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON HAS ITS FIRST, IF UNWELCOME PASSENGERS SINCE LUKE SKYWALKER, BEN KENOBI, AND COMPANY.

THOUGH ALL ARE MORE OR LESS HUMAN, THEY ARE AS VARIED IN PLANETARY ORIGIN AS THEY ARE INVARIABLY GRIM.

THE GARB OF BOTH CIVILIZED AND SEMI-CIVILIZED STAR-SYSTEMS SPARKLES IN THE CORRIDORS... RAY-GUNS GLITTER NEXT TO ARCHAIC CUTLASSES. THERE IS EVEN THE WHITE, STOIC ARMOR OF A FALLEN STORM-TROOPER, STRANGELY OUT OF PLACE.

AND, STRIDING THRU ALL THE DIN AND CLAMOR... A RED-BEARDED MAN IN BLACK.



GRONK!

YEAH, IT'S MOMENT-OF-TRUTH TIME, ALL RIGHT, FURRY BUDDY.

DO WE MAKE A STAND FOR IT, OR--?



I'M AFRAID THAT CHOICE HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE... FOR BOTH OF YOU.

DROP IT, STAR-HOPPERS... BEFORE I DROP YOU!



THAT'S BETTER! HE'S ALL YOURS, CAP'N.

NICE WORK, JOLLI.

I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T FORCE YOU TO KILL HIM.

I'D HATE TO HAVE TO BURY THE ILLUSTRIOUS HAN SOLO.



WELL THEN THERE NOW, IF IT ISN'T CRIMSON JACK!

LONG TIME, NO SEE-- BUT NOT LONG ENOUGH.

STILL A JOKER, EH, SOLO?

I GET BY.

BUT WHEN DID A SECOND-CLASS SCAVENGER LIKE YOU PICK UP EVEN A CAST-OFF CRUISER?

LAST I RECALL, YOU WERE STILL AMBUSHING SPICE-CARAVANS ON THE OUTER RIM.



WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME, CAP'N. LET ME BLAST A HOLE IN 'EM.

AND I SEE THE COMPANY YOU KEEP IS AS CHARMING AS EVER.

WHERE'D YOU PICK UP MISS SUNSHINE, JACK?



WHY, YOU NOVA-HAPPY--!
I'LL--!

THAT'S NOT
WHAT WE
CAME FOR,
JOLLI.

I'M SURE MR. SOLO
HAS SOME CARGO
OF CONSIDERABLY MORE
VALUE TO US THAN HIS
MISSPENT LIFE.

WELL SOLO?
YOU HAVE
UNTIL THE COUNT
OF THREE...!



YOU'VE GOT ALL THE
HIGH NUMBERS,
REDBEARD. OKAY,
CHEWIE...

LET'S SHOW
'EM THE
LOOT!

HRUMP



... AMAZING! WHERE DID A PAIR
OF STAR-HOPPERS GET SO
MUCH TREASURE?

LET'S
JUST SAY
A MAIDEN
AUNT LEFT
IT TO ME,
OKAY?

AND, I'M
SORRY TO SAY,
THERE'S NO
MORE WHERE
THIS CAME
FROM.

THIS WILL BE QUITE
SUFFICIENT...
FOR THE PRESENT.



THAT'S THE
LAST OF IT,
CAP'N. NOW
CAN I BLAST
'EM?

JOLLI, JOLLI--
EASY TO TELL
YOU'RE STILL
NEW AT THIS
PIRACY
GAME.

ONE DAY SOON,
WE MAY AGAIN EN-
COUNTER MR. SOLO AND
HIS FURRY FRIEND, WHEN
THEY HAVE ANOTHER
INTERESTING CARGO.

THAT WILL HARDLY BE TRUE
IF WE ELIMINATE THEM, WILL IT?

LET'S
GO,
LADS!



WELL,
THERE IT
GOES,
CHEWIE.

WITHOUT THAT
TREASURE, JABBA'LL
SOON HAVE A PRICE
ON OUR HEADS THAT'LL
MAKE US THE TARGET
OF EVERY BOUNTY-
HUNTER THIS SIDE
OF AQUILAE.

WE'VE GOT NO
CHOICE NOW: WE'VE
GOT TO LIE LOW
FOR A WHILE, ON
ONE OF THOSE RIM
WORLDS I WAS
TALKING ABOUT.

JABBA'S
REACH WON'T
BE THAT LONG...
MAYBE.

HRAK
HRAK

YEAH, SURE.
I'M GLAD WE'RE
STILL ALIVE TOO...
I GUESS.

ADUBA-3 IS ON RELATIVELY FEW STAR-CHARTS... AND WITH GOOD REASON.

SOME YEARS BACK, IT WAS THE SITE OF A CHROMIUM RUSH WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE LARGELY FALSE ALARM... THE RESULT OF MINE-SEEDING BY GREEDY SPECULATORS.

SINCE THEN THOSE STAR-TRADERS WHO STILL REMEMBER IT MOSTLY TURN UP THEIR NOSES AT THE MENTION OF ITS NAME.

STILL, FOR A PAIR OF WEARY SPACE-PILOTS TEMPORARILY ON THE LAM...

...EVEN ITS BARREN WASTES HAVE CERTAIN POSSIBILITIES.

WELL, HERE WE ARE, CHEWIE -- HOME SWEET HOME FOR A WHILE...

...THAT IS, IF THE LOCALS HAVE ANY EMPLOYMENT FOR A COUPLE OF INCOGNITO PLANET-JUMPERS.

GUH-RUNK!

YEAH, I KNOW! THERE'S USUALLY MORE PEOPLE AROUND IN A SPACEPORT TOWN LIKE THIS...

AND THAT SEEMS TO BE THE REASON WE DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY BEFORE.

SOME KIND OF COMMOTION GOING ON NEAR THE LOCAL CANTINA!

APPARENTLY THE GUYS ON THE GROUND ARE UNHAPPY WITH THAT INSECT-GUY UP ON THE BANTHA ABOUT SOMETHING.

HEY! ISN'T THE BUGGIE DRESSED LIKE SOME KIND OF PRIEST?

CAN'T IDENTIFY THE EXACT RELIGION; I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE SKIPPED SO MUCH SUNDAY SCHOOL AS A KID.

WHAT SAY WE GET A LITTLE CLOSER?



CLOTH OR NO--
PULL THAT BUGGIE
DOWN FROM
THERE!

HE AIN'T PUTTING
NO BORGES IN
OUR MOUND!

YEAH! IF HE LIKES
BORGES SO MUCH, LET
'IM DRAG THE CARCASS
BACK TO THE MISSION!

EVEN AS SOLO AND CHEWBACCA APPROACH,
THE INSECT-LIKE ALIEN DESCENDS FROM
THE BANTHA'S BROAD, HAIRY BACK...



BUT,
BEFORE
HE CAN
SPEAK--

--ONE OF THE
ANGRY CROWD
SEEKS TO LAY
HANDS ON HIM.



THAT PROVES TO HAVE BEEN AN
ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

THRAP!



HOWEVER BEFORE HE CAN
RE-MOUNT HIS HUGE
BEAST OF BURDEN--

I'VE GOT
'IM, BOYS!

I STILL DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE,
CHEWIE-- BUT, IF YOU'LL
JOIN ME--

ROUGH
HIM
UP!

SHOW 'IM
WE MEAN
BUSINESS!

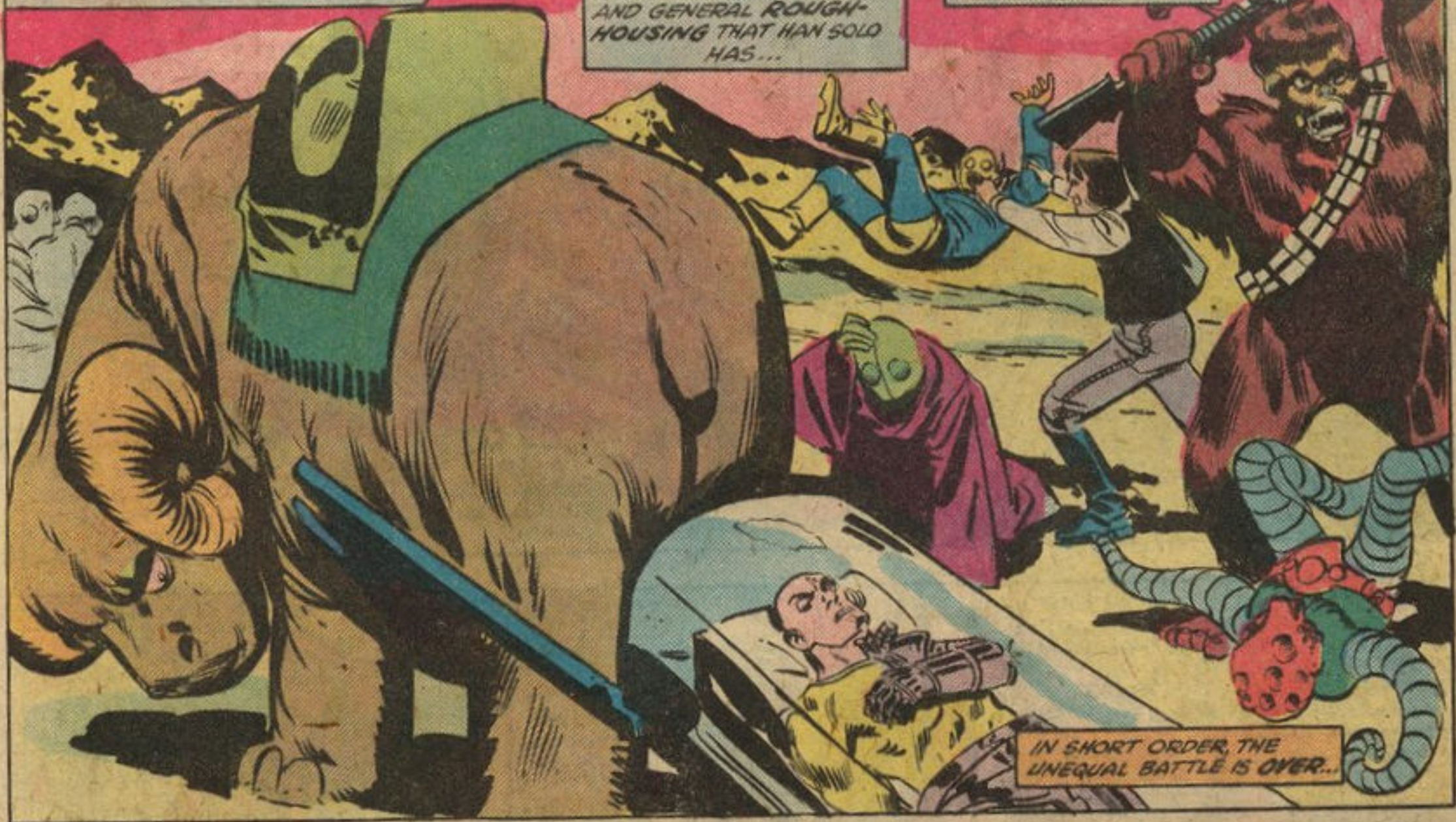
GRONK

YEAH,
I KIND'A
THOUGHT
YOU
WOULD!

THE SPACEPORT ALIENS ARE SPACERS MOSTLY... A FEW MEDIOCRE PILOTS, THE REST NAVIGATORS OR CREWMEN IN BETWEEN ASSIGNMENTS.

NONE OF THEM HAS HAD THE EXPERIENCE IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT AND GENERAL ROUGH-HOUSING THAT HAN SOLO HAS...

AND MOST CERTAINLY NONE OF THEM HAS EVER STOOD UP TO A WOOKIEE.



IN SHORT ORDER, THE UNEQUAL BATTLE IS OVER...

...AND HAN SOLO TURNS TO THE SHAKEN INSECTOID BEFORE HIM:

YOU ALL RIGHT, PERA?*

YES, MY FI.**

THEY MEANT ME NO HARM... NOT REALLY. PLEASE, DO NOT HURT THEM!

I DON'T BEAR ANY GRUDGES, PERA...

*PERA IS HIGH GALACTIC FOR MALE PARENT; FI MEANS MALE CHILD. --ROY.

...BUT, THEY'D BETTER GIVE MY FRIEND CHEWBACCA A WIDE BERTH FOR A WHILE!

GUH-
RARRR

IF THERE'S A MANLIKE ALIEN ANYWHERE IN THE GALAXY THAT CAN TAKE ON AN ANGRY WOOKIEE AND LIVE TO TELL THE TALE, I'VE SURE NEVER SEEN HIM!



AND, EVIDENTLY, I'M NOT ABOUT TO!

NOW, PERA, WHAT'S THE DISPUTE? AND WHO'S THE GUY ON THE TRAVOIS?

HE IS A BORG WHO DIED LAST NIGHT.

YOU KNOW THE TERM, I'M SURE...

HALF HUMAN... HALF MECHANICAL DROID.

YET, THE MAN HALF OF HIM HAD A SOUL... OR SO MY FAITH BELIEVES.



THE SPACERS, AS YOU KNOW, HAVE AN AGE-OLD PREJUDICE AGAINST ANY KIND OF ROBOT, AND REFUSE TO LET HIM BE BURIED ON SPACERS' HILL, AS IS HIS RIGHT AS A ONETIME PILOT.

WILL YOU BURY HIM THERE, OUTSIDE THE CITY?

LISTEN, PERA, WE'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR ONE--



HE HAD THIS SMALL SACK OF COINS UPON HIS PERSON WHEN HE DIED.

BY TRADITION, IT BELONGS TO THE ONE WHO BURIES HIM.



BORG, OL' BUDDY...

YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A LAST RESTING PLACE.

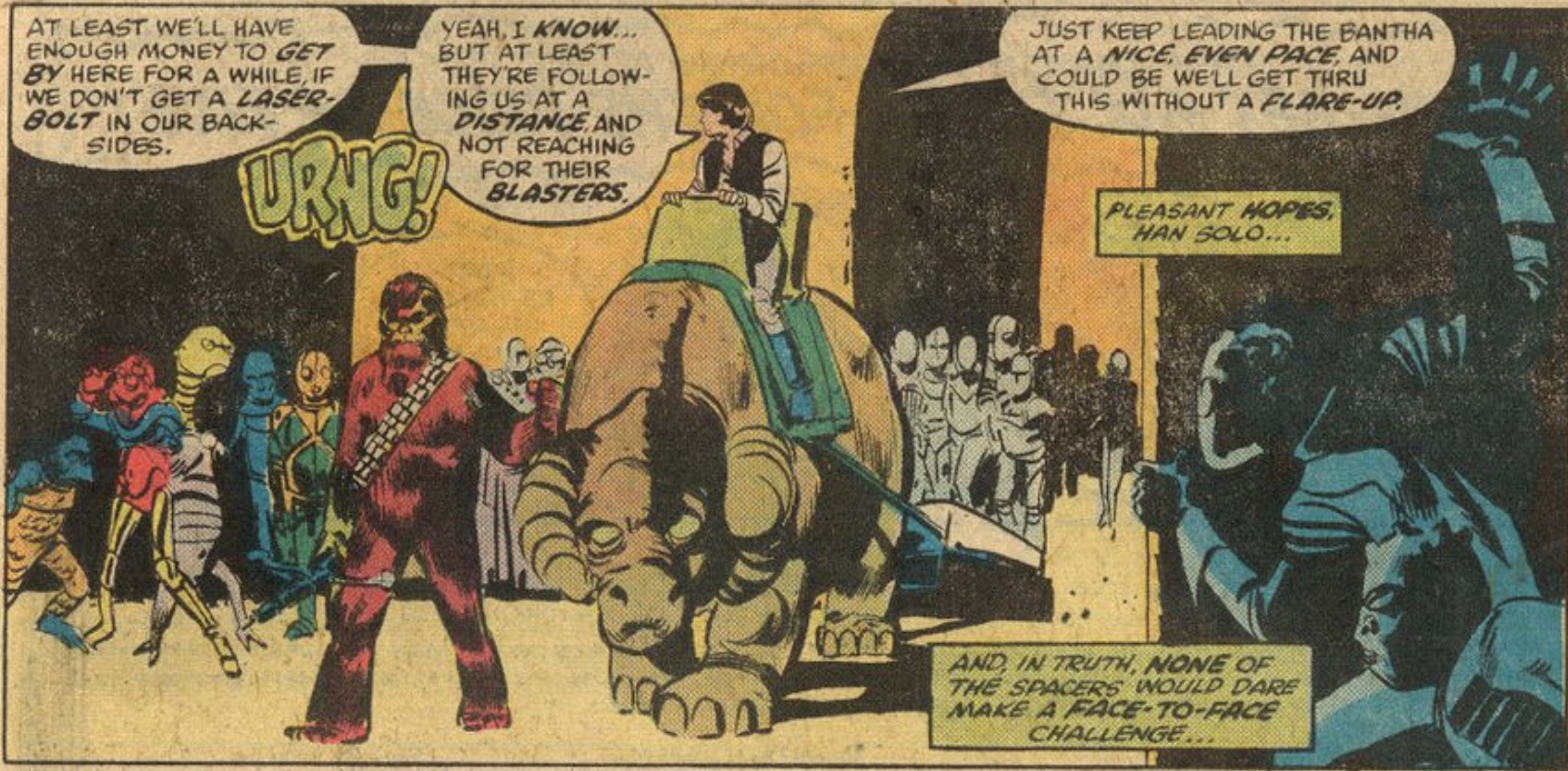


Y'KNOW, CHEWIE, SPACERS ARE A WEIRD LOT.

HALF OF 'EM HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING MORE IN COMMON WITH EACH OTHER THAN THE SAME NUMBER OF EYES... MAYBE NOT EVEN THAT.

BUT SHOW 'EM A GUY WHO'S PART MACHINE LIKE THE SHIPS THEY FLY, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY'RE ONE BIG HAPPY BIGOTED FAMILY.

OH WELL... ALL THE BETTER FOR US, EH?



AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET BY HERE FOR A WHILE, IF WE DON'T GET A LASER-BOLT IN OUR BACK-SIDES.

YEAH, I KNOW... BUT AT LEAST THEY'RE FOLLOWING US AT A DISTANCE, AND NOT REACHING FOR THEIR BLASTERS.

JUST KEEP LEADING THE BANTHA AT A NICE, EVEN PACE, AND COULD BE WE'LL GET THRU THIS WITHOUT A FLARE-UP.

URNG!

PLEASANT HOPES, HAN SOLO...

AND, IN TRUTH, NONE OF THE SPACERS WOULD DARE MAKE A FACE-TO-FACE CHALLENGE...



BUT, A STONE HURLED FROM WITHIN A CROWD IS ANOTHER MATTER!

NRLK!

OWWW--!

GO ON BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM, YOU DIRTY BORG-LICKERS!



EASY, CHEWIE! YOU MAY BE AS STRONG AS A WHOLE FREIGHTER-LOAD OF SWAMP-CATS, BUT WE'RE STILL OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE!

JUST LOOK FIERCE, KEEP YOUR GUN LOW--

--AND MAYBE THEY'LL LET US PASS.



HELP! AND THEN AGAIN-- MAYBE NOT!

NEXT INSTANT, EVEN AS HAN SOLO IS YANKED BY A TALL SPACER FROM HIS HIGH PERCH--

--THE INSECTOID PRIEST IS BACK, THOUGH WHERE HE CAME FROM, NONE COULD SAY.

STAR-WORDS

40 MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. 10022

SPECIAL NOTE TO STAR WARRIORS: With this issue Roy and Howie become the first team to carry forward the legend of Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, Princess Leia, and company, beyond the storyline of the blockbusting 20th Century-Fox movie release—and they're pleased as a pair of newly-refurbished droids about it! For the present, in order to gain a breathing space while director/creator George Lucas himself is deciding where the movie sequel (and novelizations thereof) will head, the lads are concentrating a bit more on the adventures of Han and Chewbacca than on Luke, the Princess, Threepio, and Artoo Detoo. But more of the latter four will be coming at you in future issues, never fear! In fact, since this seventh issue of STAR WARS was plotted, Roy managed to get together in a huddle with George and the film's star, Mark Hamill, and all agreed on certain directions the mag will take from this point forward. But, we'll leave you guessing on that for now, while we present a random sampling of mail on ish #3...!

Dear People:

I have greatly enjoyed all issues to date of STAR WARS. But something has come to my attention. Recently I saw the movie itself, and when it was over, I rushed home to look at issue #1. On page 18, I saw the words: "This story has no relationship to Earth time and space. It occurs in other solar systems in another galaxy and could be happening in the future, the past, or even the present." Okay, fine—but at the very beginning of the movie I read the words: "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away." These conflicting words puzzle me. Either no-prize or explain, please. Till they put Wookiees in the San Diego Zoo, make mine Marvel!

Ervin Phillips, Jr.
P.O. Box 332
Gastonia, N C 28052

They've already put Darth Vader's feet in cement in front of the famed Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, friend—so maybe what you propose isn't so far-fetched as it may sound!

But, about the conflict between what we said in STAR WARS #1 and what the movie-ads and the beginning of the film itself states: you're dead right! Y'see, our statement at that time was exactly what George Lucas, who conceived and directed the project from start to finish, intended—that the story have no relation at all to earth, in terms of either time or space. And when Roy (along with inker Steve Leialoha and letterer Tom Orzechowski) saw what is called a "rough cut" of the film at George's home a couple of months before its May release, that beautiful "long ago and far away" line wasn't there! It was a late addition, done perhaps primarily to give the story a kind of fairytale quality (the "once-upon-a-time" type of thing). Both it and the other prologue which begin the film were added, replacing another prologue which is quoted

verbatim on the splash page of STAR WARS #1. That's one of the problems inherent in adapting a still-unfinished movie—for artist Howard Chaykin had already penciled all six issues of our adaptation, using the final screenplay (which still varies somewhat from the movie as it actually appeared) and a large number of movie stills (which did *not*, alas, include a lot of the more technical aspects of the film, such as the background aliens in the already-famous "Cantina Sequence" or many of the space-battle scenes). That, for instance, is why Luke's boyhood chum Biggs Darklighter figures more prominently in the comic-book (and in the novelization) than in the movie; it may explain a few other things to the more alert reader, as well.

Dear Roy,

After seeing the movie "Star Wars" four times, and reading the novel two times, I feel like Darth Vader just gave me a kick in the pants for not buying the first three issues in the STAR WARS comic-book series. So how can we unlucky persons who missed some of the issues in the series get some back issues to fill the gap and correct our oversight? Judging from the letters page in ish #4, I think you guys struck the jackpot. May STAR WARS the comic go beyond the movie and become a legend like the movie! May the Force be with you.

Glen Yamashita
1117 8th Ave.
Honolulu, HI 96816

And with *you*, Glen. As you can see, STAR WARS does indeed go "beyond the movie" beginning with this seventh issue, and Roy and Howie are having a ball.

As for yourself, fret not that you missed those early collectors'-item issues! For one thing, an additional several hundred thousand of each of the first several issues has been printed and are being sold even as we speak, mostly in the "comic-bags" which you'll find at many retail outlets. Secondly, as you doubtless know by now, we've already reprinted STAR WARS #1-3 in our giant-size Treasury Edition format, with a print run which dwarfs the regular edition, with issues #4-6 making up the second Treasury Edition which should be coming on sale at this very moment! Not only that, but Ballantine Books is coming out with all six issues in rearranged paperback-book format any week now. By that time, there'll be well over two million copies of most of our STAR WARS adaptation in print—so if you don't get a copy of some version or other, lad, you just aren't trying hard enough!

Dear Marvel,

STAR WARS #3 gave me a pleasant greeting with a fine Gene Colan cover (Palmer inks?). Steve's inks and colors are really doing great things to complement Howard Chaykin's pencils, especially with his use of light and shades.

Ken Hart
540 Lincoln Ave.
Staten Island, N Y 10306

Glad you like the artwork, Ken. Only thing is, the pencils on the cover of ish #3 were Wholesome Howie's own, not Genial Gene's, the latter gentleman being up to his inkpots in Howard the Duck work just now.

ALL NEW
THRILLS BY
MARVEL'S
MIGHTIEST!

THE MOST **SPECTACULAR SUPER-HEROINE**
OF ALL--ON SALE MONTHLY!

ON
SALE
THE
FIRST
WEEK
OF
EVERY
MONTH!

**MS.
MARVEL**



NEVER BEFORE
HAS A FIGHTING
FEMALE CAPTURED
THE IMAGINATION
OF THE READING
PUBLIC SO
DRAMATICALLY!

SPACER AFTER SPACER
GOES DOWN BEFORE
CHEWBACCA'S FURRY FISTS--

ROORG!

--YET, BECAUSE
THE WOOKIEE PULLS
HIS PUNCHES, SOME
OF THEM GET BACK
UP AGAIN.

AND, MEAN-
WHILE--

WHOOOPS! LOOKS
LIKE I SPOKE
TOO SOON!

THERE'S ONE IN
EVERY CROWD!
NO WAY I CAN
DODGE THAT
SIKURDIAN
BATTLE-AXE--

SO
FAR,
SO
GOOD!

THEY'RE MAD, BUT THEY'RE NOT
KILLERS! AND, AS LONG AS THEY
DON'T TRY ANYTHING LETHAL,
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE WE CAN--



--SO
I DON'T
HAVE ANY
CHOICE!

CHEWBACCA, HOWEVER, IS
NOT AS SQUEAMISH AS HIS
CORELLIAN CAPTAIN--



AND, AS SOON
AS HE SEES
FIRST BLOOD--

--HIS WOOKIEE NATURE MANIFESTS ITSELF
IN ITS USUAL MANNER.



OKAY, CHEWIE-- THESE SPACE-HAPPY CLOWNS STARTED THIS LITTLE CLAMBAKE...

LET'S END IT FOR EM FAST, SO WE CAN GET BACK TO WORK, HUH?

GRURG!



URK!



BEHIND ME!? WHERE?? I DON'T--



ZIK!



OH, NOW I SEE!

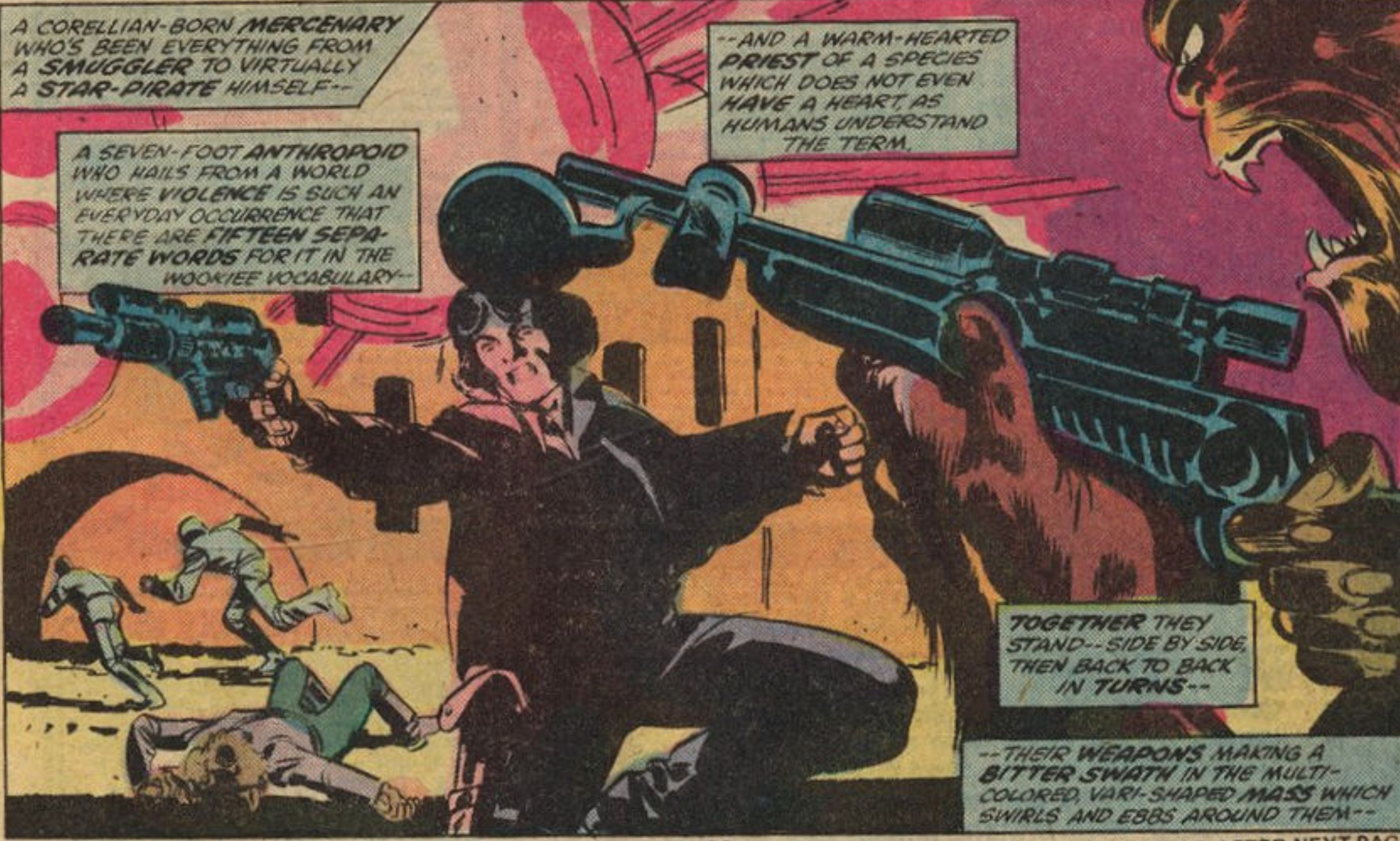
THANKS, CHEWIE.

I OWE YOU ONE.

A CORELLIAN-BORN MERCENARY WHO'S BEEN EVERYTHING FROM A SMUGGLER TO VIRTUALLY A STAR-PIRATE HIMSELF--

--AND A WARM-HEARTED PRIEST OF A SPECIES WHICH DOES NOT EVEN HAVE A HEART, AS HUMANS UNDERSTAND THE TERM.

A SEVEN-FOOT ANTHROPOID WHO HAILS FROM A WORLD WHERE VIOLENCE IS SUCH AN EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE THAT THERE ARE FIFTEEN SEPARATE WORDS FOR IT IN THE WOOKIEE VOCABULARY--



TOGETHER THEY STAND-- SIDE BY SIDE, THEN BACK TO BACK IN TURNS--

--THEIR WEAPONS MAKING A BITTER SWATH IN THE MULTI-COLORED, VARI-SHAPED MASS WHICH SWIRLS AND EBBS AROUND THEM--



--UNTIL THE FIRST OF THE SPACERS TURNS TAIL TO FLEE--

-- TO BE SWIFTLY JOINED BY OTHERS OF HIS ILK.



NOT JUST YET, CHEWIE...

DON'T LET YOUR GUARD DOWN YET!

THEY COULD STILL TRY TO PICK US OFF FROM THE SHADOWS--



--THOUGH I DON'T THINK THAT'S QUITE WHAT THEY'VE GOT ON THEIR MIND.

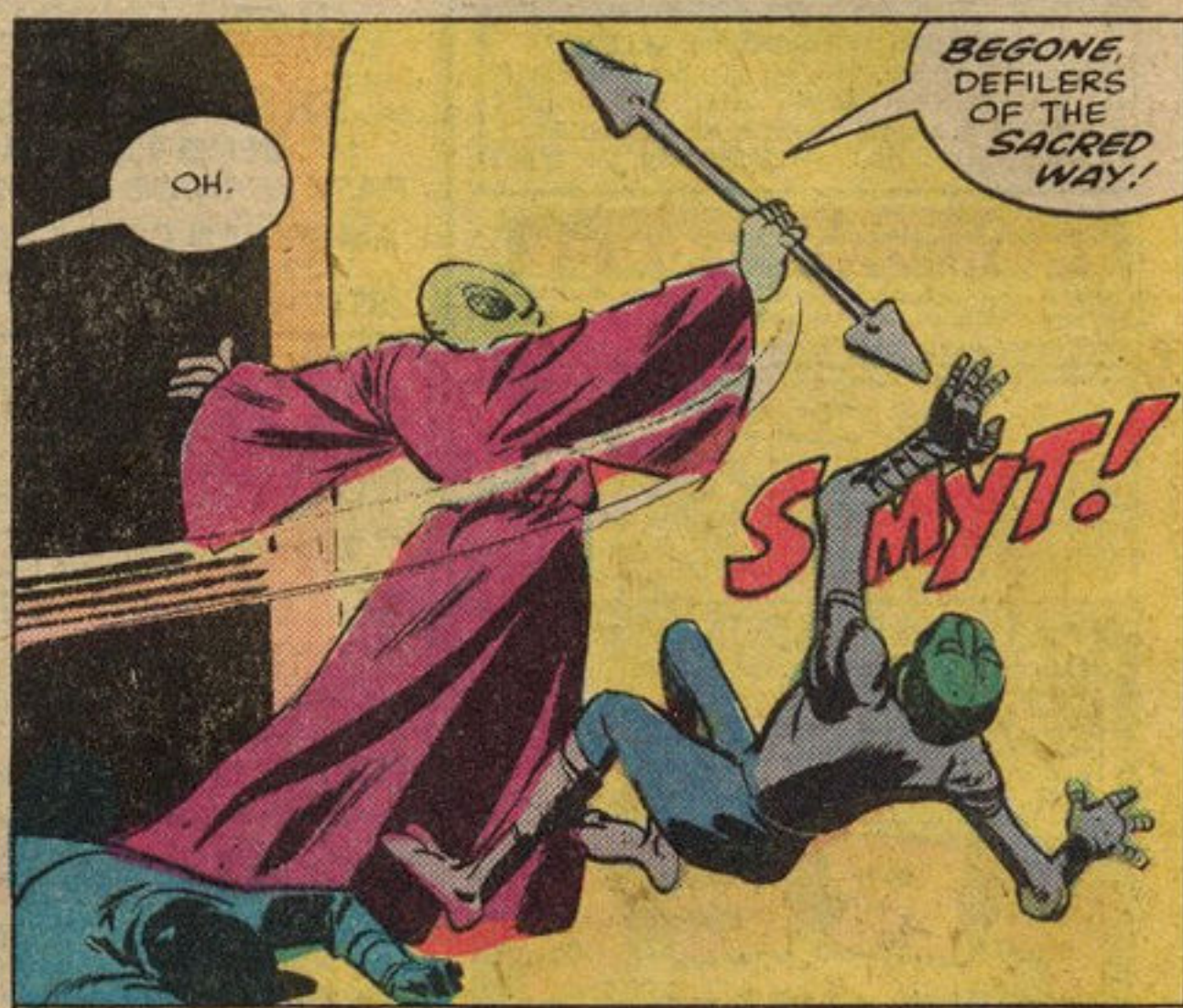


HROOG!

YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

THEY'VE HAD IT.

NOW, WHERE'S THE PERA? I DON'T--



OH.

BEGONE, DEFILERS OF THE SACRED WAY!

SMYT!



WELL, PERA, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE WON THAT BORGS RIGHT TO BE BURIED ON SPACERS' HILL.

ONLY THING IS, SOME OF THE STAR-HOPPERS SPRAWLED AROUND HERE ARE GOING TO BE JOINING HIM, COME THE MORROW.

VIOLENCE EVER BEGETS VIOLENCE, OUTWORLDER.

AS MY HOLY-BOOK SAYS: "FOR EVERY SIN THERE IS AN EQUAL AND POSITIVE RETRIBUTION."



IF THAT'S TRUE, PERA, THEN I KNOW AN ARMORED CREEP NAMED DARTH VADER WHO'S IN FOR ONE HELLUVA PAY-OFF ONE OF THESE FINE DAYS.

BUT ANYWAY, THAT LITTLE VICTORY SHOULD HAVE SOLVED ALL OUR PROBLEMS, RIGHT?



ALL BUT ONE MY FI.

ONE OF THE SPACERS' LASER-BLASTS FORTUNATELY MISSED ITS TWO-LEGGED TARGET...



...BUT STRUCK THE HAPLESS BANTHA, INSTEAD.



AND A BORG IS FAR HEAVIER THAN A HUMAN, BECAUSE HE IS HALF METAL.

THAT'S IT, OLD CHUM-- DON'T DROP IT NOW! SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT.

HRUNK!



IT WILL BE DIFFICULT NOW FOR US TO TRANSPORT HIM TO HIS BURIAL PLACE.

DIFFICULT FOR YOU, MAYBE-- BUT NOT FOR US, EH, CHEWIE?



YES, I KNOW I'M NOT THE ONE WHO HAS TO CARRY IT UP THE HILL...



MARVEL® BULLPEN BULLETINS

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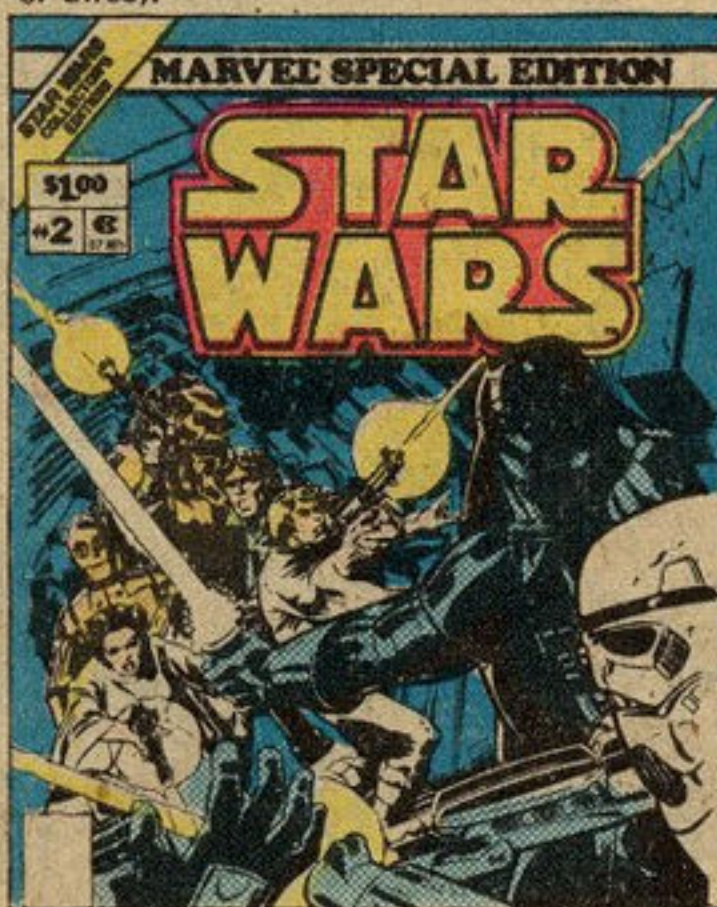
STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Remember years ago when we warned you that ol' Marvel is taking over the world? Of course, most of you wise and witty old-timers believed us, except for a few malcontents like Irving Forbush! Anyway, here's a little extra proof to show what we mean. You've all heard of Pocket Books, the most famous publisher of pocket-sized books in the world. You've probably got dozens of their titles on your bookshelf right now. Well, guess who's publishing an entire library of SPIDER-MAN and the FANTASTIC FOUR, in full color, so that you can build a permanent, complete collection of our Marvel masterpieces at a rock-bottom price! Next time you're in a book store, be sure to ask for the great new Pocket Books editions of SPIDER-MAN and FANTASTIC FOUR—just tell 'em our armadillo sent you! But that's only the beginning! The newest in our seemingly endless ORIGINS series is just now going on sale—THE SUPERHERO WOMEN—and, judging by the avalanche of advance orders, it'll be the hottest seller of all! But there's still lots more! We've finally sent one of our greatest secret project books to the printer, and now I can breathlessly reveal that you'll soon be able to buy HOW TO DRAW COMICS, THE MARVEL WAY!—by none other than Big John Buscema, who's as qualified as anyone in the world to write such a book, in collaboration with your obedient servant, who's got a lot of nerve butting into the act! Yep, this book, by Lee and Buscema, is the first one ever to reveal the Marvel secrets of drawing super-heroes! We'll tell you when it'll go on sale as soon as Simon & Schuster tells us—but in the meantime, save your shekels, stalwart one! And we've still just scratched the surface! We've got an exciting new MARVEL SPECIAL EDITION, and—aw, why should I give it all away? I'll save the rest for Archie to tell you about as soon as I sign off. So, till next ish, be good to each other—and keep smiling! Remember, things could always be worse. I could have made this column twice as long!

Excelsior!

ITEM! Let's get started with a personal note by offering warmest congratulations to one of our cavorting colorists, DON WARFIELD, and to his wife, GAYLE LANDERS, on the birth of their daughter, ELLEN KELLY WARFIELD. We'd wish the happy trio all the luck in the world, but since Ellen was born on the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventy-seventh year at 7:00 PM, she's probably got a corner on that already!

ITEM! Usually we're so out of breath from talking at you about all our new and super special projects—say, for instance, our second STARS WARS TREASURY EDITION which is on sale this month and wraps up the ROY THOMAS/HOWIE CHAYKIN adaptation of this summer's number one movie sensation—that it seems we never get around to mentioning much about our regular monthly and bimonthly titles in this space. Naturally, it's hard not to beat the drum for something like our up-and-coming \$1.00, eighty page, giant MAN FROM ATLANTIS book (more details later) or lay sly hints to all you SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN fans about a particularly colorful surprise which may be headed your way along about Christmas time, but for *this* edition of the Bullpen Bulletin, your amiable armadillo is resolutely resolved to restrict his ramblings to our rip-roaring regular books (and to declare a moratorium on alliteration for a sentence or three).



ITEM! Though you'll be reading this in the fall, it's still summer as we're hunting and pecking these tidbits, and that means some of our beleaguered Bullpenners have managed to slip away for short vacations, which further means that other, even *more* beleaguered souls have stepped in to substitute for them on some assignments. Hence, this month and next you get treated to Earnest ERNIE CHAN's pencils and inks on MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE which teams blue-eyed Ben Grimm with none other than SKULL THE SLAYER, and—thanks to ingenious plotting and writing from Marvelous MARV WOLFMAN—wraps up some loose ends left over from when Skully's own book was cancelled. THE DEFENDERS will also have a two issue fill-in art job, and the featured penciler will be Creative CARMINE INFANTINO, whose ability to adapt his unique style to almost any of our crazy characters is making him a mainstay of the line. Those of you who have been demanding that KLAUS JANSON return to inking everybody's favorite non-group will be pleased to note that he does exactly that with these two

issues, and he'll be staying on when Energetic ED HANNIGAN picks up the reins as regular penciler after Carmine's issues. Together with writer DAVE KRAFT, the guys promise some of the most devastating Defenders adventures ever!

ITEM! On the staff front, how about a hearty welcome for Dandy DANNY FINGEROTH, who is taking over as Assistant Editor of our bombastic British books. Danny replaces Bouncing BOB BUDIANSKY who recently so impressed us with his penciling of a special Falcon filler story that we decided to start throwing freelance art assignments his way. Bob's in the middle of a DAREDEVIL tale even as we write this. Watch for it; we think the boy's a real comer! Two other titanic talents who have served in Marvel's British Legion are penciler DAVE WENZEL and inker DUFFY VOHLAND. They too are making inroads into stateside publication, and a future issue of SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN will feature a Solomon Kane tale by Dave and Duffy that we think will really delight you.

ITEM! With JACK "King" KIRBY hard at work finishing the massive one hundred page SILVER SURFER saga he and STAN THE MAN are creating for book publication by Simon and Schuster (The same good folks who are currently bringing you Stan's latest in the ORIGIN series, THE SUPERHERO WOMEN), our CAPTAIN AMERICA comic has passed over to writer/editor Rascally ROY THOMAS. Art chores this month will be handled by Big JOHN BUSCEMA, and after that by the terrific team of Our Pal SAL BUSCEMA and Jolting JOE SINNOTT. And, lest you fear that this shift will leave Mr. Kirby with a few moments breathing space once the Surfer epic is ended, we'll remind you that a couple of sessions back we mentioned that the King was conjuring up some nifty new titles. Though delayed slightly, Jack is just about ready to spring them on you, and we should be able to announce them, with appropriate fanfare, in this column next month. Be here, hear?

ITEM! Space—or the lack of it—makes this our last segment, and we've still got about a jillion things we wanted to crow about and comment on. . . like the new X-MEN art team of Jocular JOHN BYRNE and Terrific TERRY AUSTIN (the same lads who, along with scribe CHRIS CLAREMONT, dazzled you with STAR-LORD in our magazine-size showcase, MARVEL PREVIEW). . . like Delightful DAVE COCKRUM's up-and-coming issue of JOHN CARTER, WARLORD OF MARS (just to show everyone that since leaving the aforementioned X-MEN he isn't sitting on his hands or resting on his laurels). . . like welcoming TONY and MARY DeZUNIGA back to the Big Apple after their long-time residence in the faraway Philippines, and wondering how Tony managed to make such a move without missing a deadline or even a deft brushstroke in his dazzling inking. . . but, unfortunately, we can't go into that—there just isn't any space left. Maybe next time, gang.



...BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO PLAY BRING-UP-THE-REAR, RIGHT?

HRUNK!

WITH THE INSECTOID IN THE LEAD, THE STRANGE ASSEMBLAGE PROCEEDS SLOWLY UP THE CURVE OF THE BURIAL MOUND...

YOU ALREADY SAID THAT!

...TO A PLACE WHERE THE DREAMS OF MEN AND MONSTERS ALIKE HAVE ALL COME TO THE SAME, SAD END COUNTLESS LIGHT YEARS DISTANT FROM THE WORLDS THEY ONCE CALLED HOME.



AND, IF THE GODS OF SPACE ARE WATCHING OVER THE PRIEST'S EERIE, CHIRP-LIKE CHANTING, THEY GIVE NO SIGN.

BUT THEN, THEY NEVER PROMISED THEY WOULD.



WHEW! THAT WAS THIRSTY WORK!

I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW, PERA, BUT IF THERE'S A CANTINA--

THE THIRD STRUCTURE ON THE LEFT PAST THE TOWN CIRCLE, MY FI.

I SUSPECT YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE THERE, SINCE YOU DID ALL YOU DID IN A FAIR FIGHT.

THE SPACERS RESPECT THAT.



SOON AFTERWARD, IN THE SPACEPORT BELOW...

CHNOOP

I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE, PAL...



I COULD REALLY GET TO LIKE IT HERE, TOO!



RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, I THINK WE COULD STILL USE A BIT MORE GOOD WILL FROM THE CLIENTELE.

BARTENDER! ANOTHER ROUND FOR THE HOUSE--

--ON ME AND MY WOOKIEE FRIEND HERE!



AND HOW ABOUT YOU, LITTLE LADY?

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS--

--I HOPE!



WHY DON'T WE TAKE A WALK AND SWAP LIFE-STORIES, STAR-HOPPER?

YOU TELL ME YOURS...

...AND I'LL TELL YOU MINE.



WHY NOT? AFTER ALL, WHO KNOWS--?

SOME OF IT MAY EVEN TURN OUT TO BE TRUE.

YOU BE OKAY HERE ALL BY YOUR LONESOME, CHEWIE?



GRUNK!

I STAND CORRECTED.

NOW, WHERE'D LITTLE GIRL BLUE GO? OH WELL...



I'M SURE SHE'LL-- HUH?

YOU THREE LOOK LIKE YOU WANT TO SAY SOMETHING TO ME. OUT WITH IT!

WE HAVE A PROPOSITION TO PUT FORTH TO YOU, HONORED OFFWORLDER.

IT IS A MOST AGREEABLE PROPOSAL, WE ASSURE YOU...

...UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU HAVE AN UNFORTUNATE AVERSION TO DYING...!

?

NEXT ISSUE:

TROUBLE IN PARADISE!