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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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AT LAST! BEYOND THE MOVIE! BEYOND THE GALAXY!

STAR WARS



KEEP FIRING,
CHEWIE--ALL
OF YOU!

IT'S DO OR DIE--
'CAUSE HERE COME
**THE CLOUD-
RIDERS!**



YEAH--AND
IT LOOKS LIKE
IT'S GONNA BE
DIE!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

STAR WARS

THE GREATEST
SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

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CONTINUING THE SAGA
BEGUN IN THE FILM BY
GEORGE LUCAS,
RELEASED BY 20TH CENTURY-
FOX

HROOG!

SHOWDOWN ON A WASTELAND WORLD!

YEAH, I
KNOW, CHEWIE...
I KNOW!

IT'S TOO QUIET
FOR ME, TOO;
I JUST DIDN'T
WANT TO SAY
ANYTHING.

YOU CAN
BE REPLACED
ON THIS
MISSION,
Y'KNOW,
JAX.

SO NOW
I GUESS YER
GONNA TALK
ALL DAY ABOUT
HOW YA DIDN'T
WANNA TALK!?

YEAH?
WHO BY,
SOLO'S?

LOOKS TA ME
LIKE YER ALREADY
SCRAPIN' THE BOTTOM
OF A LOW BARREL
JUST TO DIG UP
THIS GROUP!

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HE'S RIGHT, SOLO--AND YOU KNOW IT!

HOW'D YOU GET INTO THIS MESS, ANYHOW--LEADING CHEWBACCA AND SIX BASICALLY-SCRUFFY SPACERS INTO WHAT'S BOUND TO BE A BATTLE WITH A BUNCH OF BANDITS WHO OUTNUMBER US FIVE TO ONE?

I THOUGHT I WAS ALL OVER THAT IDEALISTIC NONSENSE; I MEAN, A FEW MONTHS BACK, I WAS SMUGGLING SPACE FOR A LOWLIFE NAMED JABBA THE HUT.

YOU CAN'T GET MUCH LESS IDEALISTIC THAN THAT!

THEN, I GOT TANGLED UP WITH LUKE SKYWALKER AND PRINCESS LEIA--AND I ACTUALLY ENDED UP TURNING NOBLE FOR A MINUTE THERE.

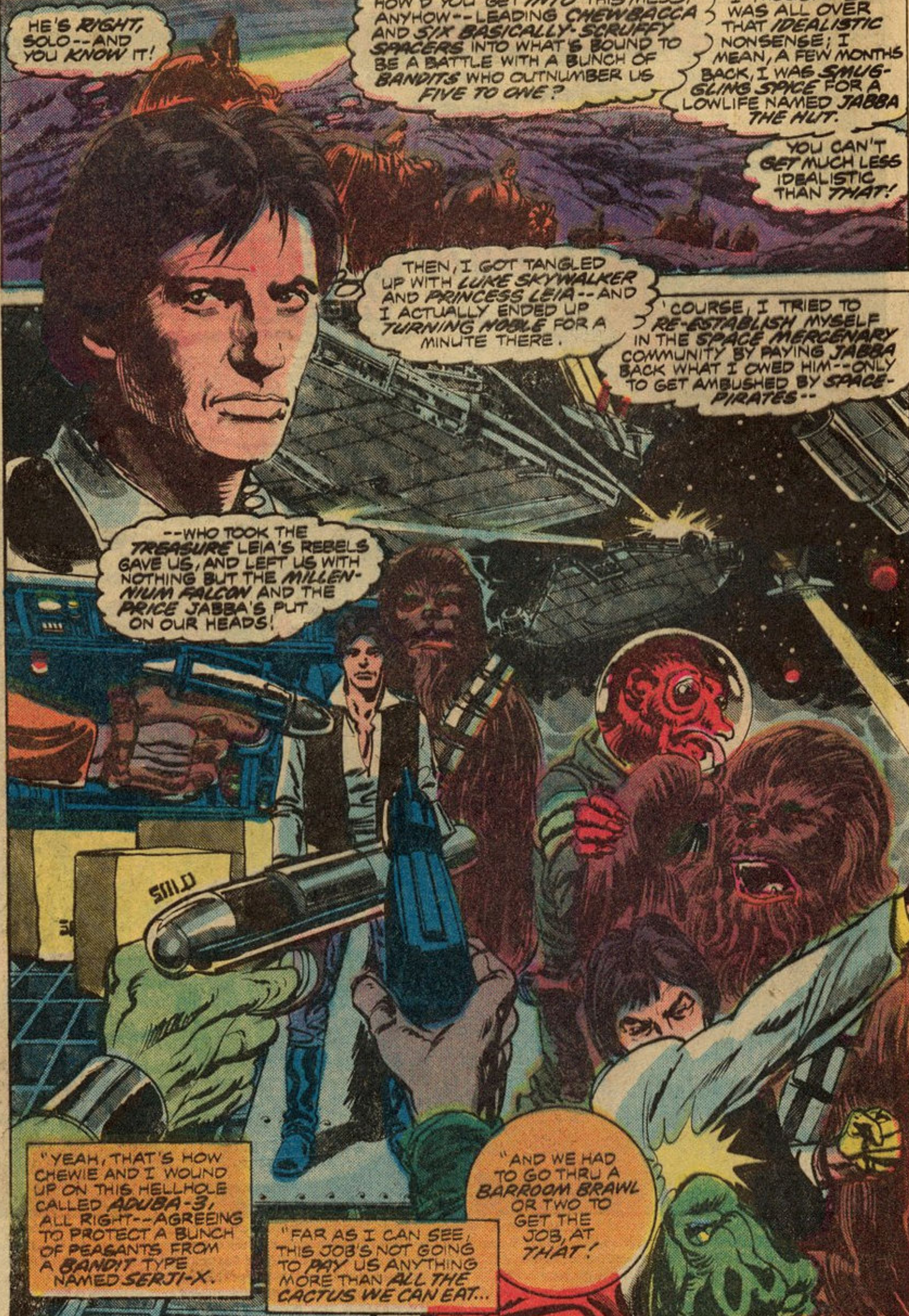
'COURSE, I TRIED TO RE-ESTABLISH MYSELF IN THE SPACE MERCENARY COMMUNITY BY PAYING JABBA BACK WHAT I OWED HIM--ONLY TO GET AMBUSHED BY SPACE-PIRATES--

--WHO TOOK THE TREASURE LEIA'S REBELS GAVE US, AND LEFT US WITH NOTHING BUT THE MILLENNIUM FALCON AND THE PRICE JABBA'S PUT ON OUR HEADS!

"YEAH, THAT'S HOW CHEWIE AND I WOUND UP ON THIS HELLHOLE CALLED ADUBA-3, ALL RIGHT--AGREEING TO PROTECT A BUNCH OF PEAGANTS FROM A BANDIT TYPE NAMED SERJI-X.

"FAR AS I CAN SEE, THIS JOB'S NOT GOING TO PAY US ANYTHING MORE THAN ALL THE CACTUS WE CAN EAT...

"AND WE HAD TO GO THRU A BARROOM BRAWL OR TWO TO GET THE JOB, AT THAT!



"AND THE GUYS I SIGNED ON TO HELP US! I MUST 'VE BEEN CHEWING LUNA-WEED!"

"DON-WAN KIOTI, CRAZY OLD COOT WHO THINKS HE'S THE LAST OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS--"

"JAXXON-- A SIX-FOOT RABBIT WHO GNAWS ON HAMBONES INSTEAD OF CARROTS--"

"HEDJI, ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING SPINERS-- WELL, HE THROWS A MEAN QUILL, AT LEAST--"

"AND AMAIZA, WELL-- I'VE SEEN HER SHOOT THE ANTENNAE OFF A JI-ANT AT 600 YARDS!"

"DON'T KNOW WHAT POSSESSED ME TO BRING JIMM, WHO WANTS ME TO CALL HIM THE STAR-KILLER KID-- UNLESS IT'S BECAUSE HE'S A NATIVE--"

"BESIDES, HIS ROBOT EFFIE MIGHT BE USEFUL TO US."

ONLY THING IS, I DON'T KNOW HOW THOSE SIX WILL HOLD UP IF SERJI-X TRIES TO AMBUSH US BEFORE WE GET TO THE PEASANTS' VILLAGE.

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE REMEMBERED THAT MY LAST NAME IS SOLO, AND--

KID! THIS IS YOUR PLANET! WHAT'RE THOSE BIG BIRDS FLYING FAST TOWARD US?

NOT BIRDS, SOLO! THEY'RE CALLED HIGH-HOUNDS... AND THEY'RE BLOOD-THIRSTY SCAVENGERS.

THEY'LL PICK THE PEASANTS' CROPS BARE, IF WE DON'T STOP 'EM!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO ASK!

WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL BE KILLED BY THINGS WITH FEATHERS AS BANDITS WITH BLASTERS.

COME ON, YOU STAR-HOPPERS--

LET'S GO GET 'EM!

GRUNK!

NEXT MOMENT, THE EARTH LITERALLY TREMBLES BENEATH THE RACE OF RAMPAGING BANTHAS--

--AS UP AHEAD, A NUMBER OF THE PLANET'S HUMAN INHABITANT'S ARE BEING BESIEGED BY SHRIEKING, QUASI-HUMAN MONSTERS ON THE WING--

NOR DID ANY MERE SCARECROW EVER SUFFICE AGAINST SUCH BLOODTHIRSTY SCAVENGERS AS THESE!

SKRAWIN

YET, IF STRAW MEN WOULD PROVE USELESS AGAINST CREATURES WHICH FEED ON THE MAZE-STALKS WHICH ARE ADU-BA-3'S STAPLE CROP...



--THERE ARE OTHER WAYS.



OKAY, GUYS! NOW WE KNOW THOSE BIRDIES AREN'T IMMUNE TO A WELL-AIMED BLASTER.

TIME TO GET IN SOME TARGET PRACTICE WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR SERJI-X AND HIS BOYS!



THUS, GUNS BLAZING, THE AMAZING EIGHT WADE INTO THE VERY MIDST OF THE UNEVEN FRAY--



--AND PROCEED TO UNBALANCE IT IN A BRAND NEW WAY!



AMAIZA, ONCE A MEMBER OF THE DREADED BLACK-HOLE GANG, IS WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE IN SIX STAR-SYSTEMS.

...AND IT ISN'T FOR THE WAY SHE THREADS A NEEDLE.

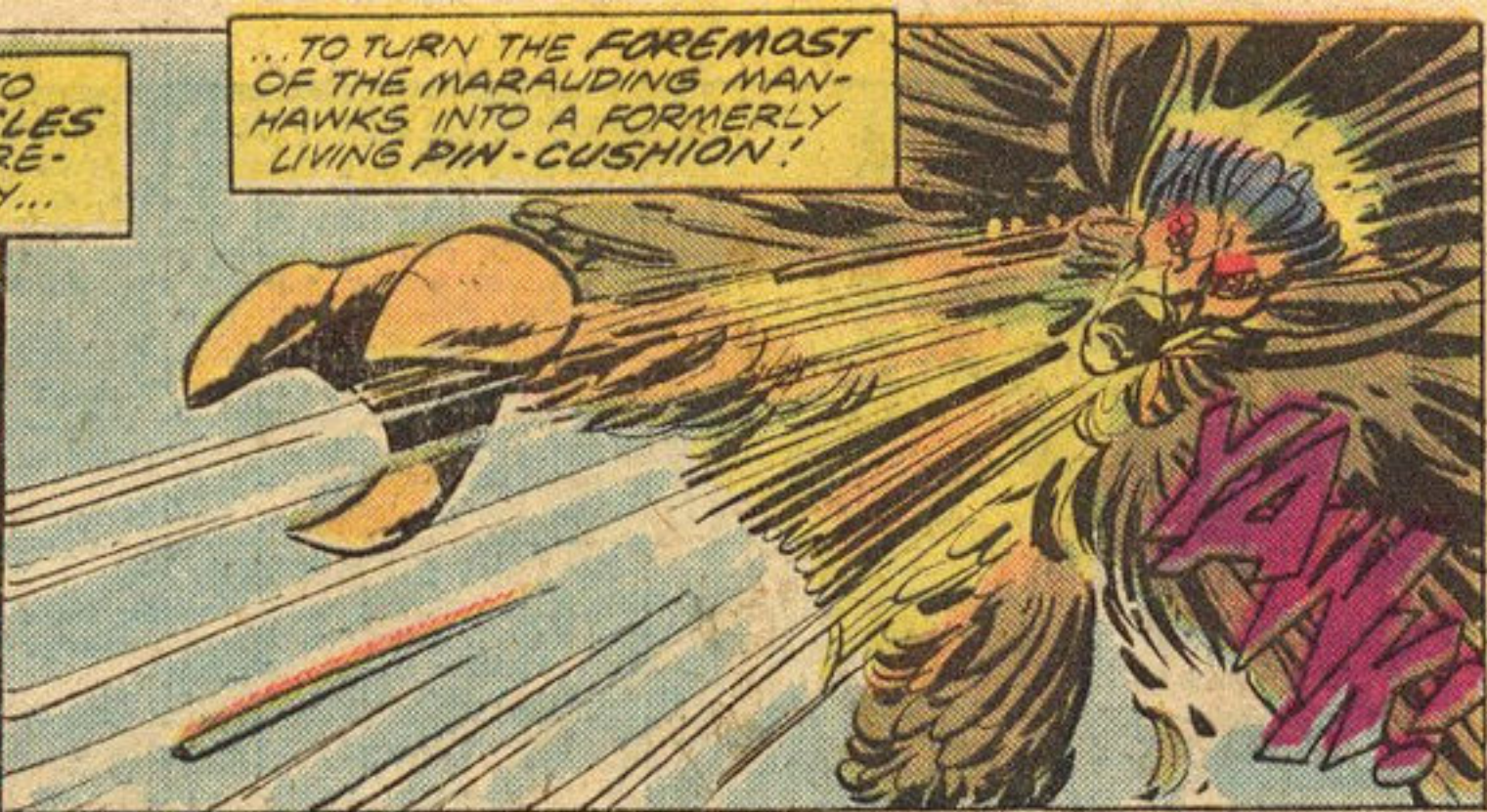
MEANWHILE, JAXXON--JAX FOR SHORT, WHICH HE ISN'T--BRINGS DOWN A HIGH-HOUND WITH EACH OF THE GUNS HE WIELDS.



AS FOR THE SPINER CALLED HEDJI, WHO REFRAINS FROM USING A BLASTER AT ALL...

... HE HAS BUT TO FLEX HIS MUSCLES IN A PRECISE, PRE-DETERMINED WAY...

... TO TURN THE FOREMOST OF THE MARAUDING MAN-HAWKS INTO A FORMERLY LIVING PIN-CUSHION!



AS FOR "THE LAST OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS"...

FIE UPON YOU, FOUL FEATHERY FIEND--

I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU JUST SAID, OLD MAN-- BUT I'M WITH YOU IN SPIRIT!

WHILE I DO ALL THE ACTUAL WORK...

... AS PER USUAL.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, LET THIS PLANET BE CLEANS-ED OF SUCH FILTH AS YOU AND YOUR BRETHREN!



Y'KNOW AMAIZA-- WHEN THIS BABY-SITTIN' MISSION'S OVER, HOWZABOUT YOU AN' ME TEAMIN' UP?

I GOT A HUNCH WE COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL BLASTER-MUSIC TOGETHER.

NO THANKS, BUCK-TOOTH!

NO OFFENSE, BUT IF I HUNG AROUND WITH A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE A BIG GREEN RABBIT, FOLKS MIGHT START TO TALK, AND--

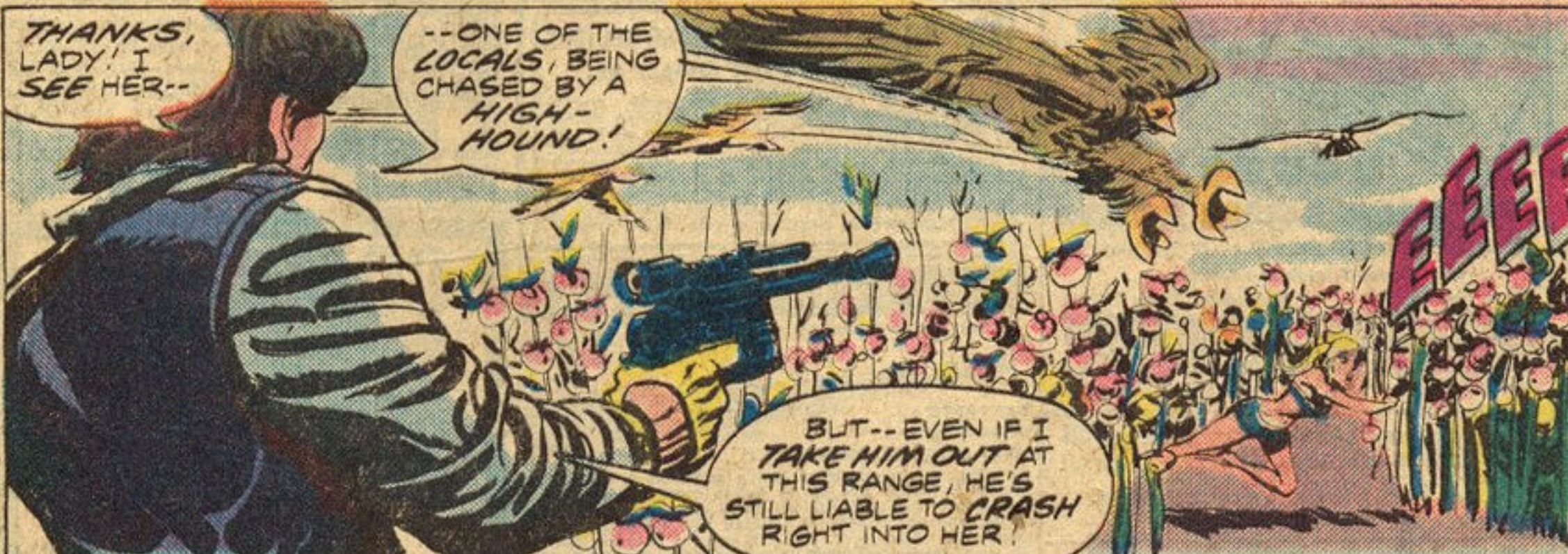
SOLD! OVER THERE TO YOUR RIGHT--!



THANKS, LADY! I SEE HER--

-- ONE OF THE LOCALS, BEING CHASED BY A HIGH-HOUND!

BUT-- EVEN IF I TAKE HIM OUT AT THIS RANGE, HE'S STILL LIABLE TO CRASH RIGHT INTO HER!



AND, INDEED, THE GIRL HAS ALREADY CLOSED HER EYES-- CONSIGNING HER SOUL TO WHATEVER GODS SHE MAY WORSHIP--



FWAK!

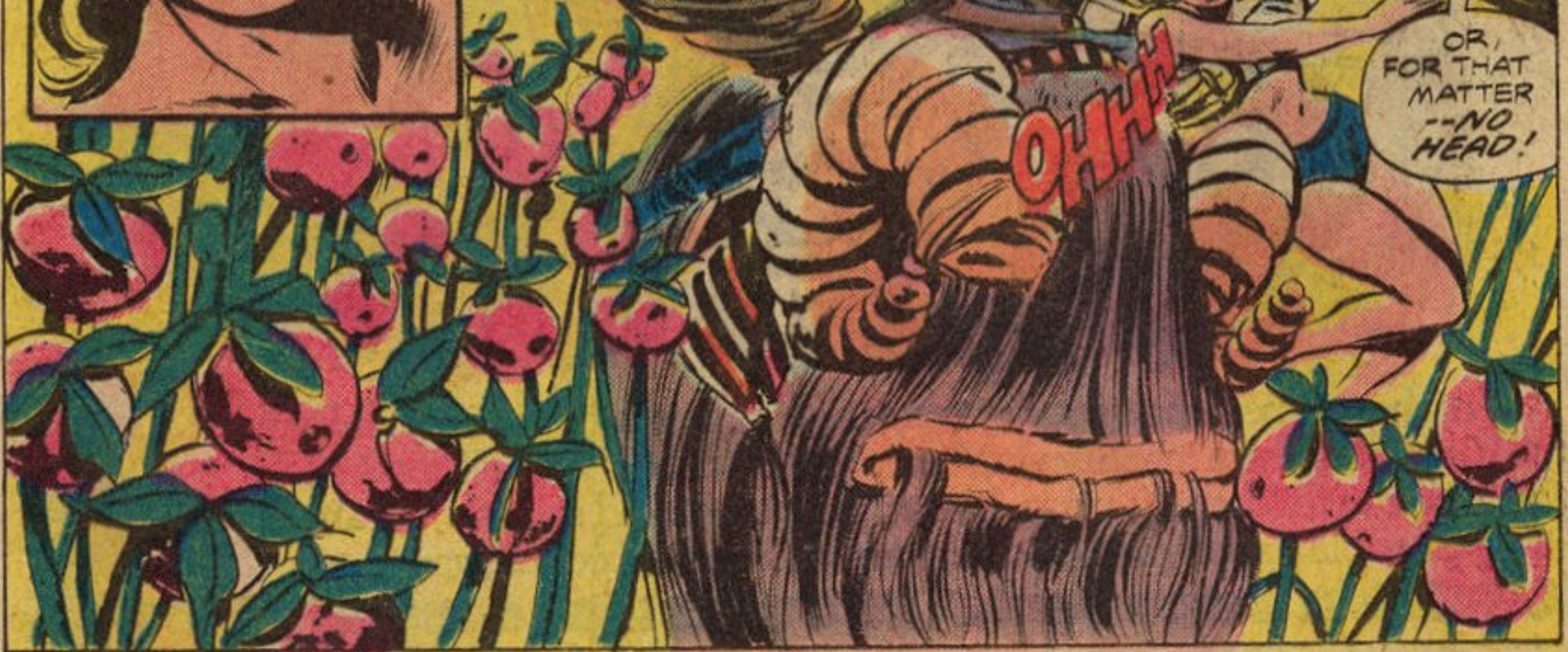
--WHEN, SUDDENLY--

HERE, STONE-FACE! TRY CHEWING ON A LASER BEAM FOR A WHILE!

NOT THAT IT'LL BE TOO EASY WITH NO TEETH--

OR, FOR THAT MATTER --NO HEAD!

OH!!!



NEXT MOMENT, THEIR RANKS SORELY DEPLETED, THE GROTESQUE SCAVENGERS TAKE TO THE AIR ONCE MORE...



... AND, IN A FEW SECONDS, ARE LOST TO SIGHT.

I HOPE SERJI-X AND HIS CLOUD-RIDERS GIVE UP AS--

WELL THEN THERE NOW! THINGS ARE LOOKING UP ON ADUBA-3!

I--I THANK YOU, KIND STRANGER, FOR RESCUING ME-- BUT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND--



YOU WILL, LADY-- IF WE STICK AROUND LONG ENOUGH.

MAYBE THIS PLACE IS WORTH SAVING, AFTER ALL.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE VILLAGE ITSELF...

SORRY WE DIDN'T GET HERE SOONER, PEOPLE... BUT WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE GETTING THE SPACEPORT CROWD TO LOAN ME THESE BANTHAS WITH MY STARSHIP AS SECURITY...

AS YOU MAY SUPPOSE, HAN SOLO, WORD OF YOUR COMING PRECEDED YOU.

YOUR DA--? UH, LET ME HELP YOU DOWN, MISS.

NOR COULD YOU HAVE COME AT A MORE OPPORTUNE MOMENT, THAN IN TIME TO SAVE MY DAUGHTER.



I SEE THIS ISN'T THE BEST TIME TO CONTINUE OUR LITTLE DISCUSSION.



CRACK!

NO CRACKS! CHEWIE! OKAY, YOU STAR-HOPPERS...

THESE NICE FOLKS SAY WE CAN STABLE OUR BANTHAS BEHIND THIS BUILDING.

YEAH? I WONDER WHERE THEY'LL STABLE US?

DON'T MAKE FUN OF MY PEOPLE, GREENIE!

REMEMBER-- I WAS BORN IN THIS VILLAGE... EVEN IF I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FORGET IT.

THEN, WHEN THE RELATIVELY SMALL BANTHAS ARE SECURELY TETHERED...

NOW, MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR SOME INTRODUCTIONS, AND A FEW MORE DETAILS ABOUT SERJI-X...?

I AM ONCHO, WHOM THE VILLAGERS HAVE CHOSEN AS THEIR SPOKESMAN.

MY DAUGHTER, WHOM YOU SAVED, IS NAMED MERRI.



I SHALL BE EVER IN YOUR DEBT FOR--

SERVE ME RIGHT FOR GIVING YOU AN OPENING.

FORGET IT! YOUR EMISSARIES IN THE SPACEPORT PROMISED YOU'D EVENTUALLY PAY US WHAT LITTLE YOU COULD TO PROTECT YOUR VILLAGE, DIDN'T THEY?

LET'S JUST FIGURE THAT WE GOT AN EARLY START.



WELL, PICTURE THAT! HAN SOLO, LAST OF THE RED-HOT SPACE-SMUGGLERS...

... GOING SOFT OVER A GIRL NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN A WODANIAN WOOD-SPRITE!

AMAIZA, DID ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU TALK TOO MUCH?

ONE GUY... ONCE.



LAST I HEARD, HIS WIDOW WAS LIVING IT UP ON BESTINE WITH HIS DEATH-BENEFITS.



ALL RIGHT, "SPRITES"-- 'CAUSE I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO CALL YOU-- LET'S GET TO WORK!

WHEN SERJI-X SHOWS UP NEXT TIME, WE WANT TO BE READY FOR HIM!



SOON...

THEY'RE WILLING AND ABLE, CHEWIE-- BUT WHEN THOSE SKY-BANDITS COME ROARING IN--

-- IT'S GONNA TAKE MORE THAN GOOD INTENTIONS TO TURN BACK THOSE BLASTER-HAPPY CLOWNS!

TIME IS AN ALL BUT MEANINGLESS CONCEPT IN THE VAST SEA OF STARS.

YET, IF SUCH A WORD A "MEANWHILE" CAN HAVE ANY RELEVANCE AT ALL, THEN THIS IS WHAT IS HAPPENING AT THE SELFSAME MOMENT ON THE FOURTH MOON OF THE DISTANT PLANET YAVIN...

...OR, RATHER, BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE JUNGLE-INFESTED SATELLITE?

I DON'T LIKE IT, GENERAL DODONNA!

WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD FROM LUKE BY NOW!

YOU LIKE THIS YOUNG MAN "LUKE SKYWALKER," DON'T YOU, HIGHNESS?

OH, IF ONLY I COULD HAVE GONE WITH HIM AND HIS DROIDS!

AS MUCH AS ONE WITH MY RESPONSIBILITIES CAN AFFORD TO LIKE ANYONE IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES.

LUKE, LUKE-- WHERE ARE YOU??

FOR US, HOWEVER, THE EXIGENCIES OF TIME AND SPACE DO NOT EXIST.

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MASTER LUKE, BUT AS YOU KNOW, SPACE TRAVEL IS HARDLY MY SPECIALTY... OR EVEN ANYTHING I LIKE VERY MUCH.

YOU BET YOUR CARBON SCORING MARKS I HAVE!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL--

WOULD YOU MIND ELABORATING...?

GLADLY! WE WERE SENT HERE TO FIND A NEW WORLD FOR THE REBELS TO MIGRATE TO, BEFORE DARTH VADER SENDS THE WHOLE IMPERIAL WAR-FLEET AGAINST THEM.

THIS, LET US SKIP LIGHTLY ACROSS THE VOID OF SPACE, TO WHERE THE SMALL STAR-CRAFT OF LUKE SKYWALKER HAS JUST GONE INTO ORBIT AROUND AN UNNAMED PLANET OF THE STAR-SUN DREXEL...

WELL, THREEPIO, ARTOO, THIS IS IT!

YES, ARTOO... IT DOES SOUND AS IF HE'S FOUND WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR, DOESN'T IT?

THE TIME'S COME TO BREAK TRANS-CEIVER SILENCE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL PRINCESS LEIA ABOUT IT!

OH, DON'T BE SUCH A WORRY-DROID!

...NOT SO LONG AS THE ION-SCRAMBLER IS OPERATING TO CONFUSE THE ENEMY.

BRIEF PERIODS OF INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION WON'T ENDANGER OUR LOCATION...

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MASTER LUKE?

THAT'S THE THEORY, THREEPIO. NOW I--

**BREEP
BREEP**

WAIT!
I'M RAISING THE REBEL BASE, AND--

'PRINCESS! IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

AND YOU LUKE. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, I THINK I HAVE, YOUR HIGHNESS. IT'S A PLANET IN THE DREXEL SYSTEM, THAT--

NOW WHAT IN BLAZES--?

LUKE--!
LUKE!?

THE IMAGE IS GONE!

NO USE, YOUR HIGHNESS!

HE'S STOPPED SENDING!

HAVE YOU FOUND A NEW SAFE-HAVEN FOR OUR REBEL FORCE?

TIME IS RUNNING SHORT.

NO! IT--IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! IT--

MORE POWER, ENSIGN! YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME MORE RECEIVING POWER!

AND THERE'S NO WAY TO RE-ESTABLISH CONTACT FROM THIS END.

WE'VE LOST HIM!

IF WE EVEN KEEP SENDING, SOME STRAY EMPIRE SHIP IS LIABLE TO--

THEN STOP SENDING!

PRINCESS LEIA-- WHERE ARE YOU--?

I'M GOING TO DO WHAT I WANTED TO DO IN THE FIRST PLACE-- WHAT I WAS TALKED OUT OF DOING.

I'M GOING TO FIND LUKE SKYWALKER-- NO MATTER WHAT!!

BOLD WORDS INDEED FOR ONE WHOSE STATION IN LIFE WOULD USUALLY HAVE HER DELIBERATING ON MATTERS OF STATE...

BUT WHILE PRINCESS LEIA CONTEMPLATES JUST HOW TO FIND ONE PERSON LOST IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE--

--THE TENSION ON ADUBA-3 IS WELLING LIKE A THING ALIVE...

OKAY THEN, YOU MISFITS! IT'S NOT GONNA BE LONG BEFORE THE FIREWORKS START POPPING!

SO YOU WANNA HURRY UP WITH UNLOADING THOSE WEAPONS AN' POWER PACKS?

I DON'T THINK SERJI-X IS GONNA WAIT FOR US!

WAIT, YOUNG MAN! I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU BEFORE YOU--

HUH? GRAND-FATHER?! LISTEN, OLD MAN--

--IT'S NOT SAFE SNEAKING UP LIKE THAT ON A GUY WITH A TEMPERAMENTAL BLASTER!

NO, GRAND-FATHER! NOT NOW!

LUCKY FOR YOU I HEARD MERRI CALL YOU GRANDPA, OR YOUR OLD AGE MIGHT'A GOT CUT SHORT!

SO WHAT D'YA WANT? BUT MAKE IT QUICK-- 'CAUSE I'M SORTA BUSY RIGHT NOW!

I AM HERE TO TELL YOU THAT THE HELP OF YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS IS NOT NEEDED HERE!

LISTEN, OLD-TIMER! TIME'S A' WASTING, SO...

YOU THINK I AM JESTING, YOUNG MAN! BUT IT HAS BEEN MANY DECADES SINCE I HAVE SPOKE LIGHTLY!

I TELL YOU IN ALL SOBRIETY THAT WE DO NOT NEED YOU OR YOUR ALIEN HORDE TO DRIVE THOSE OUTLAWS FROM OUR VILLAGE!

"WHY SHED THE LIFE FLUIDS OF YOUR FRIENDS, WHEN THERE IS A SIMPLER SOLUTION TO MY PEOPLE'S PROBLEM--

"--A MYSTICAL SOLUTION I ONCE BEHELD IN MY YOUTH!"

FIRST OF ALL, NOT ALL THOSE CHARACTERS ARE MY FRIENDS! AND SECOND, THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE GETTING INTO WHEN THEY TOOK THIS JOB!

AND THIRD, I OUTGREW FAIRY TALES BY THE TIME I COULD TALK!

NO, HEAR ME, MERCENARY!



MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME, ALL RIGHT?

THEN YOU WILL NOT LISTEN! GRAND-DAUGHTER... TAKE HIDING BEFORE SERGI-X COMES--



-WHILE I DO WHAT I WAS BORN TO DO... ALONE!

PLEASE IGNORE THE OLD ONE, HAN SOLO!

HE FANCIES HIMSELF AS A MYSTIC... A SHAMAN... CAPABLE OF SUMMONING SOME LEGENDARY MONSTER TO SAVE OUR VILLAGE!



UH, YEAH! WELL TELL YOU WHAT, ONCHO! AFTER WE'VE USED UP OUR LAST SHOT--

--THEN MAYBE WE'LL TAKE THE CODGER UP ON HIS OFFER! BUT FOR NOW--



--ALL YOU HEROES READY? BLASTERS AT FULL POWER... QUILLS SHARPENED AND ALL THAT?

READY WHEN-EVER YOU GIVE THE WORD, SOLO!

MEAN' MY ROBOT'S READY, LEADER MAN!

FRONK!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JUVENILE!

READY! AND IF WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US RABBITS HAVIN' GOOD EYES IS TRUE--



--THEN I SUGGEST WE GET UP OFF OUR FANNIES AN' COTTON TAILS--

--'CAUSE I GOT A HUNCH TROUBLE'S ON THE WAY...



"BIG TROUBLE--"

KR-BLAZZ!

"--AN' IT'S COMIN' AT US HARD AN' FAST!"

STAR WARS™

PIN-UP SPECIAL



CHEWIE, HAN SOLO, LUKE SKYWALKER & PRINCESS LEIA AS SEEN BY ARTIST HOWARD CHAYKIN.

Chaykin



I HOPE YOU PEASANTS APPRECIATE OUR SPECTACULAR ENTRANCE THIS YEAR! BUT WE HADDA TOP OUR LAST APPEARANCE IN YOUR SQUALID VILLAGE--

YOU CAN START DOLIN' OUT THE TRIBUTE YOU'VE BEEN SAVIN' UP FOR US ALL YEAR! RIGHT?!

--WHEN WE SIMPLY CRASHED INTO A FEW OF YOUR DWELLINGS! REMEMBER? HARRRR!!!

BUT YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE, SO LET'S NOT WASTE ANYMORE OF MY VALUABLE TIME!

AND THAT INCLUDES THE CREAM OF YOUR CROP, WHO JUST REACHED THE AGE I LIKE THEM! YOU KNOW, WHAT'S-HER-NAME--?



"--MERRI!" LIKE HELL YOU'RE TAKING ANYMORE OUTA THIS VILLAGE, ARROGANTUS!

AND IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA LAY ONE GRIMY FINGER ON THAT GIRL--



-- GONNA BE OVER MY SMOKING BONES!!

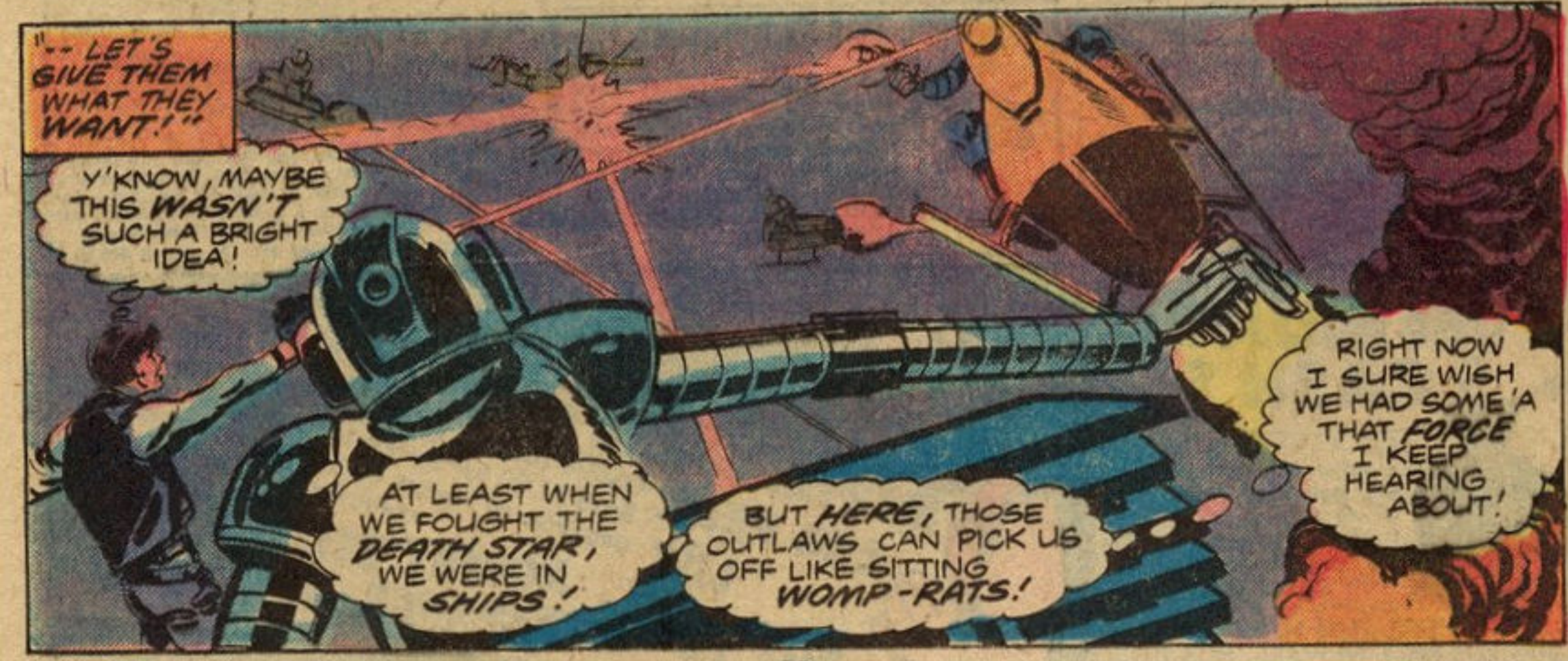
ALL RIGHT, STAR-JUMPERS! LET'S LET 'EM HAVE IT!!



SO, THE HIRED GUNS DID NOT TAKE MY WARNING!

THEY ARE STILL HERE!

ALL RIGHT, THEN, IF THESE SPACE-RATS ARE SO ANXIOUS TO DIE--



"-- LET'S GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT!"

Y'KNOW, MAYBE THIS WASN'T SUCH A BRIGHT IDEA!

AT LEAST WHEN WE FOUGHT THE DEATH STAR, WE WERE IN SHIPS!

BUT HERE, THOSE OUTLAWS CAN PICK US OFF LIKE SITTING WOMP-RATS!

RIGHT NOW I SURE WISH WE HAD SOME 'A THAT FORCE I KEEP HEARING ABOUT!

BUT THERE ARE OTHER, THOUGH LESSER, "FORCES" ON HAN SOLO'S SIDE --

"OR THAT IN THE SHAG-COVERED ARMS OF AN ENRAGED SEVEN-FOOT, WOOKIEE!

YET, IN THEIR OWN, IMMEDIATE WAY...



SPANG!

N-NO, YOU M-MONSTER! LET ME GO!!

...THEY ARE EFFECTIVE.

URK?

BASH!

GROWL!

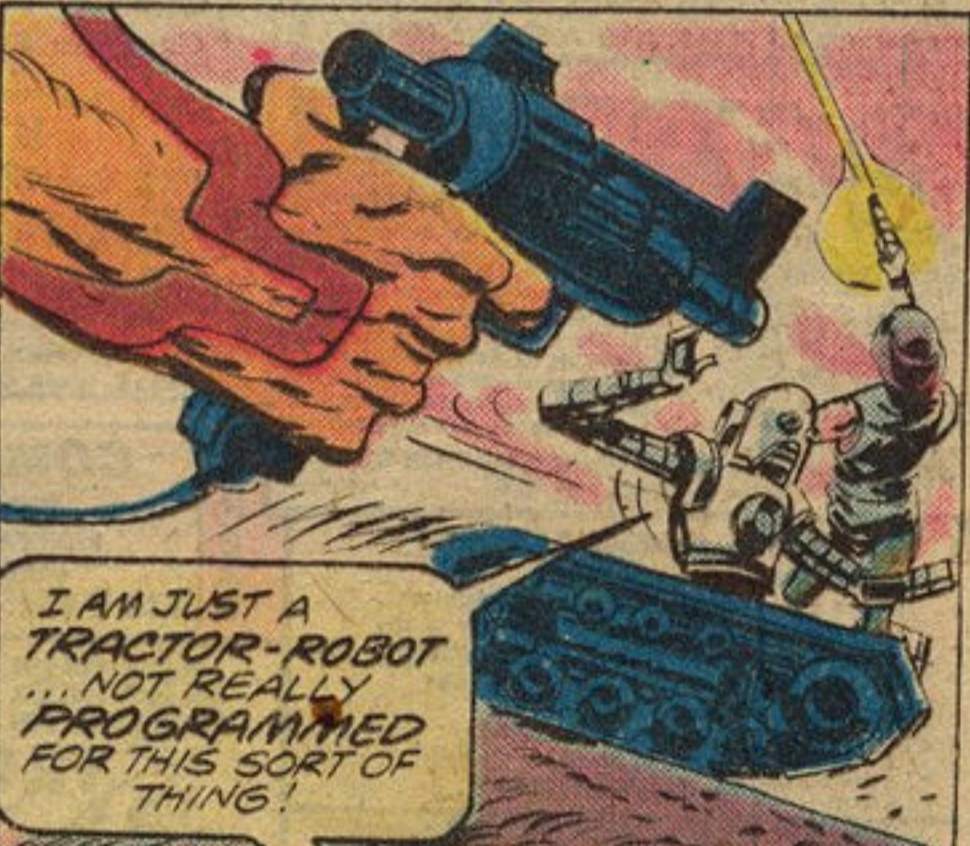
-- LIKE THE ROBOTIC FORCE THAT BRINGS A METAL ARM TO SNATCH A LOW-FLYING SKYSPEEDER.

OBVIOUSLY, SUCH FORCES CANNOT COMPARE WITH THAT WHICH BINDS TOGETHER THE GALAXY.

YOU KNOW, CHEWBACCA! WE MAKE AN EFFECTIVE TEAM AND--

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID, EFFIE? CAN'T HEAR YOU ABOVE ALL THIS SHOOTIN'!

MORE OUTLAWS... SNEAKING UP FROM THE REAR!



I AM JUST A TRACTOR-ROBOT ... NOT REALLY PROGRAMMED FOR THIS SORT OF THING!

BUT EVEN THOUGH THE STARKILLER KID IS NOT MY MASTER, I CANNOT LET HIM BE SHOT DOWN BY THAT OUTLAW'S WEAPON--

BLASK!

--EVEN THOUGH
IT MEANS MY...

EFFIE!!

BZZ - ZAK!

THOUGH THE ROBOT FEFO CLAIMED
NEITHER TO BE SERVANT NOR PET TO THE
STARKILLER KID... PERHAPS HE WAS
SOMETHING MORE...

...THEIR RELATION-
SHIP NOT UNLIKE
THAT SHARED BY
HAN SOLO AND...

CHEWIE--!!

AMAIZA... DON-WAN...
YOU THREE BETTER
PROTECT OUR REAR!!



YEAH! THAT'S A
SIMPLE ENOUGH
ORDER TO
GIVE, HOT-SHOT!

BUT THESE SPACE-
UGLIES ARE ALSO
COMIN' AT US FROM
EVERY OTHER
DIRECTION!



TAKE CARE,
FAIR MAIDEN!
BEHIND YOU--

UGHNN! I
APPRECIATE
THE COMPLI-
MENT, DON-WAN--

--BUT NOW
I NEED YOUR
HELP A
HELLUVA LOT
MORE!



SO IF YOU REALLY KNOW
HOW TO USE THAT LIGHT-
SABRE OF YOURS--

AYE, IN THE
NAME OF
RIGHTEOUS-
NESS, USE IT
I SHALL!

SHE SEES THE BLADELIKE
BEAM APPEAR AT THE TOUCH
OF A BUTTON...

AND SHE WONDERS IF THIS MADMAN CAN ACTUALLY WIELD THE LEGENDARY WEAPON OF THE JEDI-KNIGHTS...

YAAARRGG!!

HE CAN...

MAY YOU PERISH, YOU SCUM WHO WOULD DARE TAINT THE FLESH OF THIS LADY MOST FAIR!!

HE'S NOT BAD FOR AN OLD-TIMER! BUT HE'S NOT FAST ENOUGH--

--AND THERE'S A SKYSPEEDER ZOOMING DOWN, TOO FAST FOR ME TO GET HIM BEFORE--



FAREWELL, COMELY DAMSEL! AT LEAST YOU SHALL... LIVE....!!

FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, HAN SOLO SEES THE VALIANT OLD MAN DROP, BUT EULOGIES MUST WAIT...

THAT'S TWO OF US DOWN... AND THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LETTING UP OF THE OUT-LAW FORCES!



BUT AT LEAST WE SEEM TO HAVE KNOCKED OFF THE LAST OF THOSE SNEAK ATTACKERS, SO--

UH, OH! LOOKS LIKE BIG MOUTH SOLO SPOKE TOO SOON!



I'M NO AMATEUR, HAN SOLO!

BUT THANKS ANYWAY FOR THE WARNING!

YEAH?! WELL SOMEBODY OUGHTA WARN GRANDPA OUT THERE IT AIN'T HEALTHY WAVIN' HIS ARMS LIKE THAT--

ZIK
ZIK
ZIK

--'LESS HE LIKES MAKIN' HISSELF AN EASY TARGET!



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STAN'S SOAPBOX

Many knowledge-hungry readers have asked what in the name of Irving Forbush do I talk about when I make my monthly pilgrimage to some defenseless college bringing a modicum of Marvel culture to the madly cheering masses! Therefore, in my burning desire to answer your every question—and because I can't think of anything else to write about—you're now about to be favored with a typical outline of one of Lee's Luminous Little All-Purpose Lectures! So let's begin before you get too choked up to read any further. I usually kick off with a brief outline of the history of mighty Marvel—how and why the whole nutty thing began. And, since I've got the world's worst memory, it rarely comes out the same way twice! Half the campuses in America probably have wildly conflicting histories of the growth of Marvel's greatness—but at least it keeps 'em on their toes! Then, we have some dizzy in-depth discussions of our cuddly costumed cavorters. We probe the psyches and gestalts of Spidey, the Hulk, Doc Doom, Howard the Anatid (in case you meet a guy who speaks only Latin!), and as many other of our legendary little lovebugs as time, and the audience's stamina, will permit. Next, we come to the really heavy stuff—namely, the philosophy of comics. We explore what's right with them and (gulp!) what's wrong with them; why Marvel has a furshlugginer flavor all its own (sort'a like a ripe scallion); and what lies ahead for Marveldom Assembled. That's probably the most momentous subject of all, for as academia knows, as Marvel goes so goes the nation! (The world?) (The universe maybe?) Finally, we segue into the grand finale, the part where the long-suffering audience can get its well-deserved revenge—the Questions-and-Answers period! This is the zingiest part for all concerned 'cause they can put me on the spot while I get my jollies by trying to worm out of it in my usual sneaky way! And there you have it—next to the secret of the Rosicrucians, probably the most sought-after info since the Silver Surfer divulged the name of his barber! And now, till J. Jonah Jameson elopes with Aunt May, have the merriest of Christmases, be good to each other, and always remember—Red Sonja will love you if you keep thinking Marvel!

Excelsior!

ITEM! Just to prove we really love you all, we've come up with a holiday surprise package that we think will absolutely knock you on your mistletoe, namely the *second* of our MARVEL COMICS SUPER SPECIALS. If you caught our *first* one (which starred the rock group KISS), then you know to expect a deluxe magazine with radiant full color, high quality paper, and dazzling art reproduction. And if you've checked out the illustration on this page, then you also know the sensational *subject* of this Special, none other than everyone's favorite sword-swinging Cimmerian, CONAN THE BARBARIAN. Odds are that's enough to send most of you cogent comics cognoscenti stampeding to your nearest newsdealer, but for the doubters and diehards lurking about, we'll elaborate further. The magazine's main feature is a novel-length epic entitled: "Revenge of the Barbarian." It's based on a story by Conan's creator, ROBERT E. HOWARD, and adapted by the award-winning team of writer/editor ROY THOMAS and artist extraordinaire JOHN BUSCEMA. Adding their talents are Awesome ALFREDO ALCALA, who renders John's layouts to a fantastic finish, and Mirthful MARIE SEVERIN, whose hand-tinting craftsmanship brings new meaning to the words 'full color!' In addition, there's a fabulous feature section (also in color) delving into the history of Conan in the comics as well as other awesome aspects of the sword-and-sorcery trade, and the whole prestigious package comes with a rip-roaring wraparound cover painting by Earnest EARL NOREM. All that . . . and it's yours for a mere \$1.50! MARVEL COMICS SUPER SPECIAL #2 featuring THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN. Don't miss it!



ITEM! If you think from the last item we're shooting our bolt on the holiday season and don't have anything left for the New Year. . . then you misjudge just how much we like to keep the excitement flowing your way, amigo, because on tap in January is a veritable landslide of landmark mags! First, there's SPIDER-WOMAN debuting in her own title; revamped, redesigned, and refined to a fare-thee-well from her MARVEL SPOTLIGHT appearance by MARV WOLFFMAN, CARMINE

INFANTINO, and TONY DeZUNIGA into one of the most unique and uniquely exciting super-heroines to hit the scene. Then there's the fabulous fiftieth issue of POWER MAN, which hits you with a dazzling new direction as Luke Cage becomes partners with Danny Rand, otherwise known as IRON FIST. It's offbeat and outrageous, but we're betting it's the most winning combination since Starsky met Hutch. Last month we gave you the rundown on JACK "King" KIRBY's two new books, DEVIL DINOSAUR and MACHINE MAN. This month we're going to cue you that *next* month they're going to be on sale. A word to the wise should be sufficient . . . first issues, especially those by Mr. K, disappear fast! Finally, in our black-and-white magazine line, a new edition of MARVEL PREVIEW surges forth in January and features THE U.F.O. CONNECTION, a novel-length blockbuster of flying saucers, pyramid power, reincarnation, and a secret war with beings from the beyond written by DAVID KRAFT, drawn by HERB TRIMPE, and rendered by KLAUS JANSON. Editor ROGER SLIFER assures us it's all imaginary, but the way it ties in with some known facts and theories leaves us wondering. . . and experiencing a shiver or two definitely *not* brought on by the winter wind!

ITEM! One thing we always seem to have plenty of in the Bullpen is changes, and this time around is no exception. We're saying hail and farewell to Edifying ED HANNIGAN, who is abandoning his Assistant Editor's post for the rigors of becoming full-time penciler of the monthly DEFENDERS mag, and to Mellow MARY ELLEN BEVERIDGE, who departs as our Lady of the Fan Letters to take up the brush and Doctor Martin's dyes of a freelance colorist. Fortunately, ready to step into their places, respectively, are Slim JIM SALICRUP and Heavenly HELLEN KATZ. A whole lot of good luck to the lot of you in your new endeavors. On the free-lance front, let's say hello to Rebel ROGER McKENZIE who has recently taken over the scripting of DAREDEVIL and GHOST RIDER, and offer considerable congratulations to Klobbering KEITH POLLARD, whose pulsating pencil work can now be seen on the FANTASTIC FOUR and IRON MAN comics. We're looking forward to bigger and better dazzlement from both these promising talents!

ITEM! A sad note: The passing of RON HAYDOCK, who contributed many articles to our black-and-white magazines of several seasons back, particularly MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES. He was a friend to many of us here at Marvel and his absence shall be felt.

ITEM! As usual, there's a lot to cover and always too little space to do it in. We didn't get a chance to mention the secret project that artist GEORGE "Pacesetter" PEREZ and scripter DAVID KRAFT are huddling together on, or those private planning sessions between STAN, CHRIS CLAREMONT, and DAVE COCKRUM over a certain super-heroine in Marvel's mighty line-up. Maybe next time.

ITEM! It's December and another holiday season, good people, so from every amiable armadillo and boisterous Bullpenner here at merry Marvel, the very best of Season's Greetings to you one and all!

BUT THE SHAMAN SEEMS NOT TO HEAR THE NOISES OF BATTLE, FOR HIS MIND IS SOMEWHERE ELSE--



--HIS THOUGHTS BURNING THROUGH SOLID STONE WITH THE EASE AND INTENSITY OF A LIGHT-SABRE--



DON'T KNOW WHAT GRAMPS IS HOWLING ABOUT! AND RIGHT NOW I'M TOO BUSY TO CARE!

BOFF!

THERE! THAT TAKES CARE OF THE LAST OF THOSE SNEAK ATTACKERS FAR AS I CAN TELL!

--UNTIL AN ALMOST INHUMAN SHRIEK ISSUES FROM HIS MOUTH!

BUT OUR MAIN ATTACK'S STILL COMING FROM THE SKY!



ZAK!

HEY, JAXXON! HOW'S OUR AMMUNITION HOLDING OUT?!

AIN'T COMPLAININ', SOLO! AN' IF I RUN OUTA POWER, I CAN ALWAYS KICK THOSE RIDERS OUTA THE CLOUDS!



WELL, UNLESS YOU GOT SOME TRICK EXTRA LONG FEET STASHED AWAY, YOU'D BETTER KEEP SHOOTING!

SHA-BRAK!

YAAHOOOO!! YOU SEE THAT, RABBIT--?

TALK ABOUT FLYING RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE!!

NO ONE HAS YET NOTICED THAT THE OLD SHAMAN HAS RELAXED HIS CONCENTRATION...

...OR THAT HE NOW SPEAKS.

HEAR ME, SLUMBERING ONE!

I BEG YOU AWAKEN AS YOU DID IN DECADES PAST! OUR MINDS ARE NOW LINKED TOGETHER AS ONE!

EMERGE FROM YOUR BED-CHAMBERS OF STONE! SAVE US WHOSE ANCESTORS ONCE WORSHIPPED YOU!



WHEN THE ROCK BEGINS TO SHIFT, EVEN HAN SOLO MUST TAKE NOTICE!

OH, HELL! IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT!!

THE CARNAGE OF BATTLE CONTINUES,
WITH BLASTERS BARKING THEIR MINIATURE
EXPLOSIONS...AND WITH THE SKIES
ABLAZE WITH THE DEBRIS OF ERUPTING
SKYSPEEDERS.

BUT, SOMEHOW,
SERJI-X
ARROGANTUS
AND HIS SURLY
BAND OCCUPY
SECOND PLACE
IN HAN SOLO'S
PRIORITIES--

GREE-AARGH!

-- AS HE STARES
DUMBFOUNDEDLY
WHILE THE MOUN-
TAIN ITSELF IS
TORN ASUNDER--
FROM WITHIN...

QUITE OBVIOUSLY,
THE REAL BATTLE'S
YET TO BEGIN!!

NEXT ISSUE:
**DAY OF THE
BEHEMOTH!**