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AT LAST! BEYOND THE MOVIE! BEYOND THE GALAXY!

# STAR WARS

**EXTRA!**

**IN THIS ISSUE:  
THE DEADLY  
MISSION OF  
LUKE  
SKYWALKER!**

**EIGHT AGAINST A WORLD!**



Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# STAR WARS

THE GREATEST  
SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

ROY THOMAS & HOWARD CHAYKIN  
WRITER/EDITOR ARTIST/CO-PLOTTER

JOIN IN  
WELCOMING  
ABOARD

TOM PALMER AS EMBELLISHER  
IN RESIDENCE!

T. PALMER, colors  
J. COSTANZA, letters

ARCHIE GOODWIN,  
CONSULTING EDITOR

# EIGHT FOR ADUBA-3

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

A QUIET INTERLUDE  
AT THE LOCAL CANTINA:

NOW, WOULD YOU *THREE* GUYS MIND RUNNING THAT PAST ME AGAIN?

YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT A JOB FOR ME-- IF I DON'T HAVE AN "UNFORTUNATE AVERSION TO DYING"?

SORRY, KIDS, BUT THAT DOESN'T SOUND QUITE LIKE WHAT I WAS LOOKING F--

UH OH!  
NOW  
WHAT??

WHAT'S YOUR BEEF, TALL-DARK-AND-UGLY-ASS-SIN?

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AZOOKA IS MINE,  
SEE--AND YOU'D BETTER  
KEEP AWAY FROM HER!

AZOOKA!?! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE--

THE BLUE-SKINNED  
GIRL YOU WERE  
TALKING TO BEFORE,  
THAT'S WHO.

LOOK,  
PAL, I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
WHERE SHE  
WENT.

SO WHY DON'T  
YOU JUST  
WADDLE ALONG  
BEFORE MY  
WOOKIEE FRIEND,  
CHEWBACCA,  
TAKES YOU APART?

BAH! I'M NOT AFRAID OF  
ANY SKINNY BAG OF FUR.

YOU'RE GOING  
TO GET IT,  
STAR-HOPPER!

FRANKLY,  
I DON'T  
WANT IT...

...SO YOU  
CAN HAVE  
IT BACK!

WELL?  
ANY  
MORE  
TRICKS?

OKAY, SO  
A WOOD  
CHAIR  
WON'T  
HURT YOU.

ALL RIGHT,  
CHEWIE-- I  
GUESS YOU'LL  
HAVE TO--

CHEWIE--?

NOW  
WHERE IN  
BLAZES  
DID HE--

THUD BOOM

--GO?



WH--? THAT WAS MY DRINK YOU JUST KNOCKED OVER, SKY-BOY!

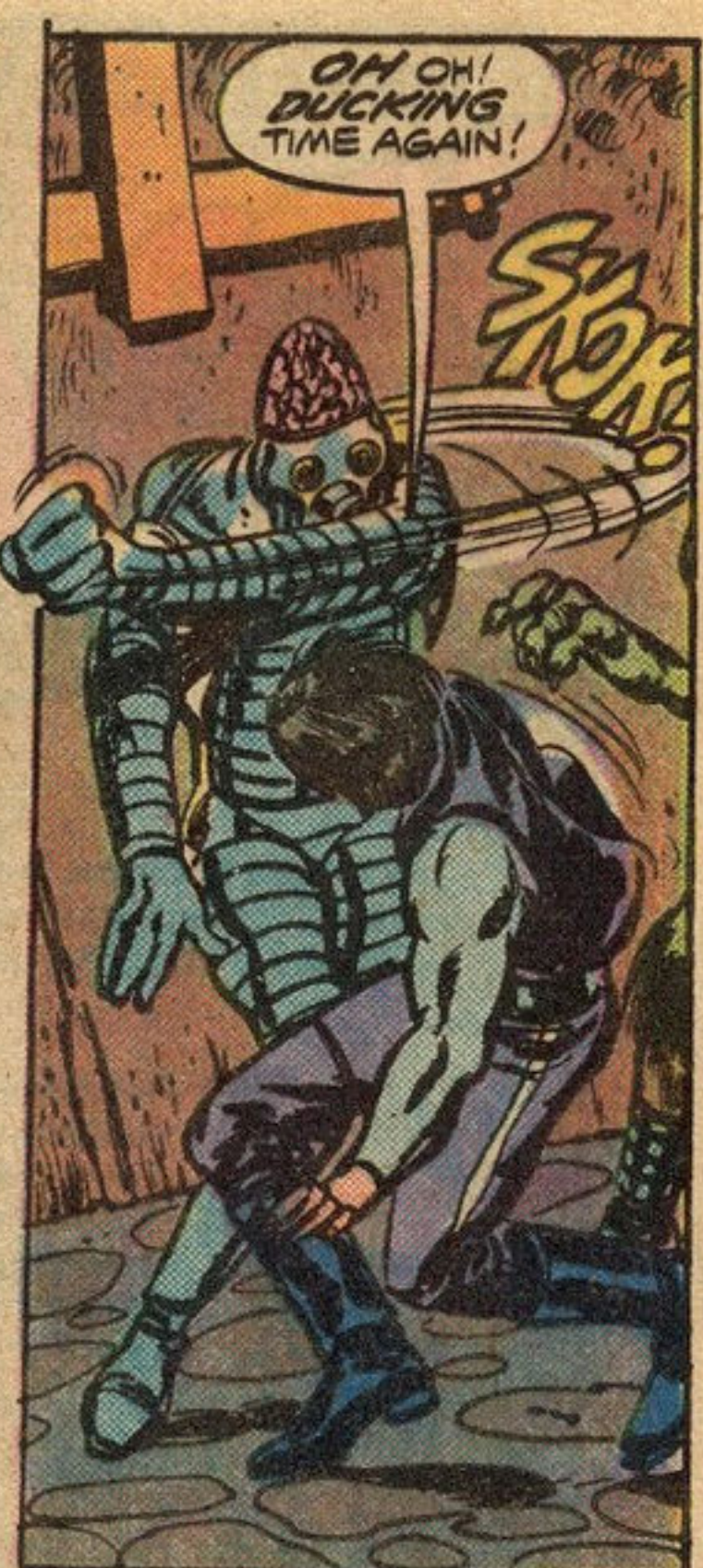
DON'T BLAME ME, PIG-FACE-- BLAME HIM!

HEY! YOU TRYIN' TO GET SMART WITH MY GIRL-FRIEND?

PLAT!



GIRL FRIEND!? IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T TELL ONE SEX FROM THE OTHER IN THESE SPACEPORT TOWNS. I--



OH OH! DUCKING TIME AGAIN!

SKOK!



OKAY... NOW YOU CAN LOOK!

THAT YOU BACK THERE, CHEWIE? I KNEW I SAW A BIG HULKING SHADOW BEHIND--

BASH!



ULP! WRONG AGAIN! SOLO!



THIP OOH OH!



AS SWIFTLY AS IT BEGAN, THE BATTLE ROYAL IS OVER...

**GRONK!**

NO GRUDGES NOW, OLD BUDDY.

AFTER ALL, WE WON, DIDN'T WE?

AND, AS IS USUAL IN SUCH CASES, THE VICTORS ARE THE ONES WHO ARE LEFT STANDING.

NOW, WHAT SAY WE GO SEE WHY THOSE PEASANT TYPES JUST OFFERED US A JOB?

WE COULD USE ONE Y'KNOW.

NOW, FRIEND, AS YOU WERE SAYING, BEFORE WE WERE SO CRUDELY INTERRUPTED...?

WE ARE LOWLY FARMERS FROM A VILLAGE IN THE POORER PARTS OF THIS PLANET...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL STARTING OUT AT THE BOTTOM!

BEG PARDON, SIR?

SORRY. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO *SHELVE* MY SENSE OF HUMOR FOR A WHILE, EH, CHEWIE?

ANYWAY ...WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, LITTLE FRIEND?

MY NAME IS RAMZ, AND I WAS SELECTED TO COME HERE WITH THE OTHERS TO FIND... I DO NOT KNOW QUITE HOW TO SAY IT...

...A CHAMPION... A PROTECTOR, SO TO SPEAK!

SO FAR, I LIKE THE SOUND OF IT.

**HRUK?**

I WAS JUST GETTING TO THAT, CHEWIE.

MY FURRY FIRST MATE WANTS TO KNOW JUST WHO OR WHAT YOU WANT US TO PROTECT YOU FROM.

HE IS A DEVIL... HE AND HIS MEN!

UH OH! SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED BEFORE WE EVEN START.

BUT, WE ARE DIRELY IN NEED OF A CHAMPION, MASTER SOLD...

"... SOMEONE WHO WILL DEFEND US FROM THE *CLOUD-RIDERS*, AND FROM *SERJI-X*!"

"HE AND HIS MEN-- *OUTLAWS* WHO LIVE IN THE MIST-SHROUDED *HILLS* OUTSIDE OUR VILLAGE-- COME FORTH EACH YEAR AT ABOUT THIS TIME TO *EXACT TRIBUTE* FROM US, WHO HAVE BARELY ENOUGH TO FEED *OURSELVES*!"

"AYE, THAT IS THE NAME OF THEIR LEADER-- *SERJI-X ARROGANTUS*--THE *ARROGANT ONE*!"

"THEY STAMPEDE OUR *BANTHAS*, WHICH WE RAISE FOR *FOOD* AND *TRANSPORTATION*..."

"IF WE TRY TO *RESIST*, THEY WILL *BURN* OUR MEAGRE CROPS, WHICH SCARCELY FEED US WELL IN THE *BEST* OF YEARS..."

"AND THEY CARRY OFF OUR *WIVES*, OUR *DAUGHTERS*... MERELY TO *AMUSE* THEMSELVES!"

I HAVE SAID THAT THEY ARE *DEVILS*, MASTER SOLO... AND THERE IS NO *OTHER* WORD THAT FITS THEM *SO WELL*.

WE HAVE *LITTLE MONEY*, BUT WE CAN OFFER YOU *FOOD*... AND *SHELTER*.

YOU *MUST* HELP US, MASTERS... OR OUR VILLAGE WILL SOON *CEASE TO BE*!!

YEAH, THAT'D BE A REAL LOSS TO THE GALAXY, ALL RIGHT!

BEG PARDON?

SKIP IT!

OKAY, WE'LL TAKE THE JOB.

BUT, I WANT TO RECRUIT A FEW MORE OF THESE DOWN-ON-THEIR-LUCK SPACERS BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR YOUR VILLAGE.

SPREAD THE WORD, HUH?

YES, MASTER SOLO...!

ADUBA-3'S FOURTH-CLASS SUN HAS SCARCELY SET WHEN A PROCESSION OF ALIENS BEGINS TO FORM A LINE OUTSIDE AN UPSTAIRS DOOR IN THE RUN-DOWN CANTINA.

WHY THEY CAME TO ADUBA-3 IN THE FIRST PLACE, OR WHERE THEY CAME FROM, NO MAN CAN TRULY SAY...

...LEAST OF ALL HAN SOLO, WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE ANYBODY.

NEXT!

NOK NOK

WELL, WE'VE SEEN TEN SPACERS SO FAR, AND UP TILL NOW NOT ONE OF THEM KNEW WHICH END OF THE BLASTER WAS UP.

I KINDA HOPED YOU'D BE DIFFERENT... BUT I DON'T EVEN SEE YOUR GUN.

MY NAME IS HEDJI... AND I NEVER USE ONE.

SORRY, PAL, BUT THE KIND OF GUY WE'RE LOOKING FOR DEFINITELY ISN'T ONE WHO SPECIALIZES IN THUMB-WRESTLING.

SEND IN THE NEXT GUY, WILL YOU?

GURK!

HUH? YOU STILL HERE? I THOUGHT I SAID--

I HEARD YOU, BUT I STILL WANT THE JOB... FOR REASONS I'D RATHER NOT GO INTO.

LOOK, I'M A BIT PRESSED FOR TIME RIGHT NOW, SO GET TO THE POINT, OKAY?





WHATEVER YOU SAY!

ZIK  
ZIK  
ZIK



OPEN MOUTH... INSERT BOOT!

I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY OF YOU SPINERS LEFT IN THE GALAXY.

ANYWAY... YOU'RE HIRED!



SO GLAD TO HEAR IT.

BUT, MY SOURCES WERE A BIT VAGUE AS TO WHAT I'M BEING HIRED FOR.

LATER... WHEN I'VE FILLED MY QUOTA.

MEAN-WHILE, DON'T STRAY TOO FAR AWAY...



BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND... DON'T GET TOO CLOSE EITHER.

NEXT!



HARRUKK!

HELLO, SOLO.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.

I'VE GOT EYES, CHEWIE!

OUR OLD BUDDY ANAIZA-- DEN--MOTHER OF THE BLACK-HOLE GANG!

I THOUGHT THE EMPIRE GUNNED DOWN THE LOT OF YOU, OVER DELPHON WAY.



OBVIOUSLY... THEY MISSED.

AND, DIDN'T I HEAR SOMETHING ABOUT YOU OWING JABBA THE HUT ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY YOUR OWN SPICE-MINE?

MAYBE YOU HEARD WRONG, TOO.

ALL RIGHT, LADY... YOU'RE IN.

WHY, SOLO... DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE IF I'VE STILL GOT A WAY WITH A BLASTER?



ALTHOUGH, I MUST WARN YOU...

...I TEND TO COME A LOT CLOSER THAN THOSE QUILLS STUCK IN THE WALL DID!



SEEMS EVERYBODY AROUND HERE TONIGHT IS MAKING A POINT.

TRY NOT TO SHOOT UP ANY OF OUR OTHER PROSPECTS ON THE WAY OUT, OKAY?

I'LL DO MY BEST.

I'M SURE YOU WILL.

NEXT!



NOW WHO THE--?

I AM DON-WAN KINOHAY...

...OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS!



WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, OLD MAN? THE JEDI HAVE BEEN OUT-LAWED SINCE THE RISE OF THE EMPIRE...!

NONETHELESS, I AM A TRUE JEDI... MASTER OF "THE FORCE," AND WIELDER OF THE LIGHTSABRE.

THUS, IT IS MY SACRED DUTY TO TRAVEL THE GALAXY, CHAMPIONING THE CAUSES OF PEACE AND JUSTICE.

I PRAY YOU, LET ME JOIN YOU, YOUNG SIR, IN WHATEVER HOLY MISSION YOU UNDERTAKE... THAT I MAY CONTINUE TO BE WORTHY OF THE NAME OF JEDI KNIGHT!



**WAK ROOO**

YEAH, I KNOW HE'S CRAZY, CHEWIE... DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE DARTH VADER DESTROYED THE JEDI, YEARS AGO.

BUT, HE WON'T GET IN THE WAY TOO MUCH...!



ALL RIGHT, DON-WAN... YOU'VE MADE THE TEAM!

BUT ONLY IF YOU SWEAR TO UPHOLD THE REPUBLIC, AND SERVE AS DEFENDER OF THE RIGHT, AND SO FORTH.

I DO SO SWEAR, YOUNG SIR!

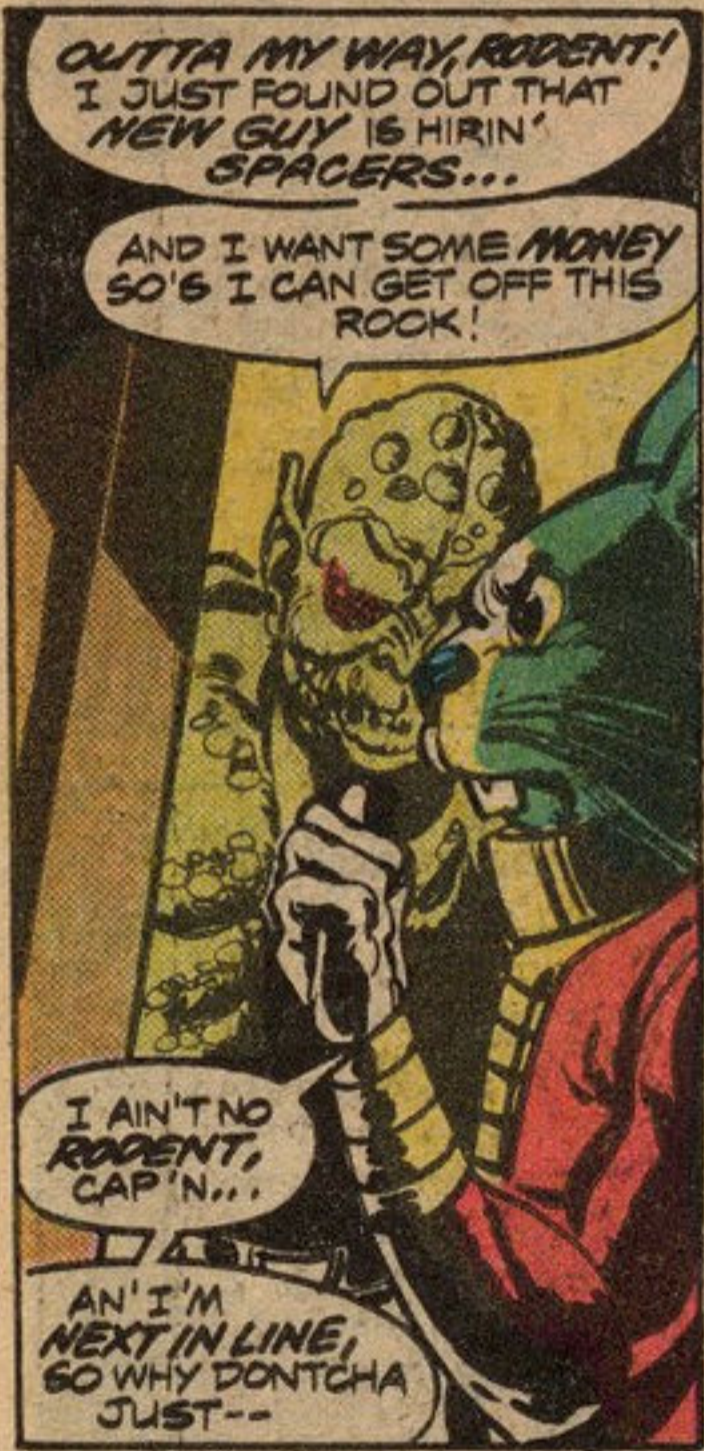
THEN RISE... BUT WATCH IT WITH THAT LIGHTSABRE.



MY ETERNAL THANKS, YOUNG SIR! DON-WAN KIHOTAY WILL NOT LET YOU DOWN.

THAT'S PEACHY! NOW MOVE IT, POPS-- WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT OUT HERE IN THE LOBBY, Y'KNOW.

OH, WELL, LEASTWAYS I'M NEXT, SO WE CAN FINALLY GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD BEFORE SUN-UP.



OUTTA MY WAY, RODENT! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT NEW GUY IS HIRIN' SPACERS...

AND I WANT SOME MONEY SO'S I CAN GET OFF THIS ROCK!

I AIN'T NO RODENT, CAP'N...

AN' I'M NEXT IN LINE, SO WHY DONTCHA JUST--



WHOM!

URG!



YOU MEAN YOU WAS NEXT!

NOW, OPEN UP IN THERE, PAL, AND LET ME--

'SCUZE ME, JUNIOR...



... BUT I REALLY GOTTA INSIST THAT YOU HAUL YOUR WART-COVERED CARCASS BACK TO THE END'A THE LINE, Y'KNOW?

BLAST OFF, RODENT-- OR THERE'S PLENTY MORE FISTS WHERE THAT ONE CAME FROM!

I AIN'T ABOUT TO DOUBT IT, PAL.

BUT, LIKE I SAID BEFORE...



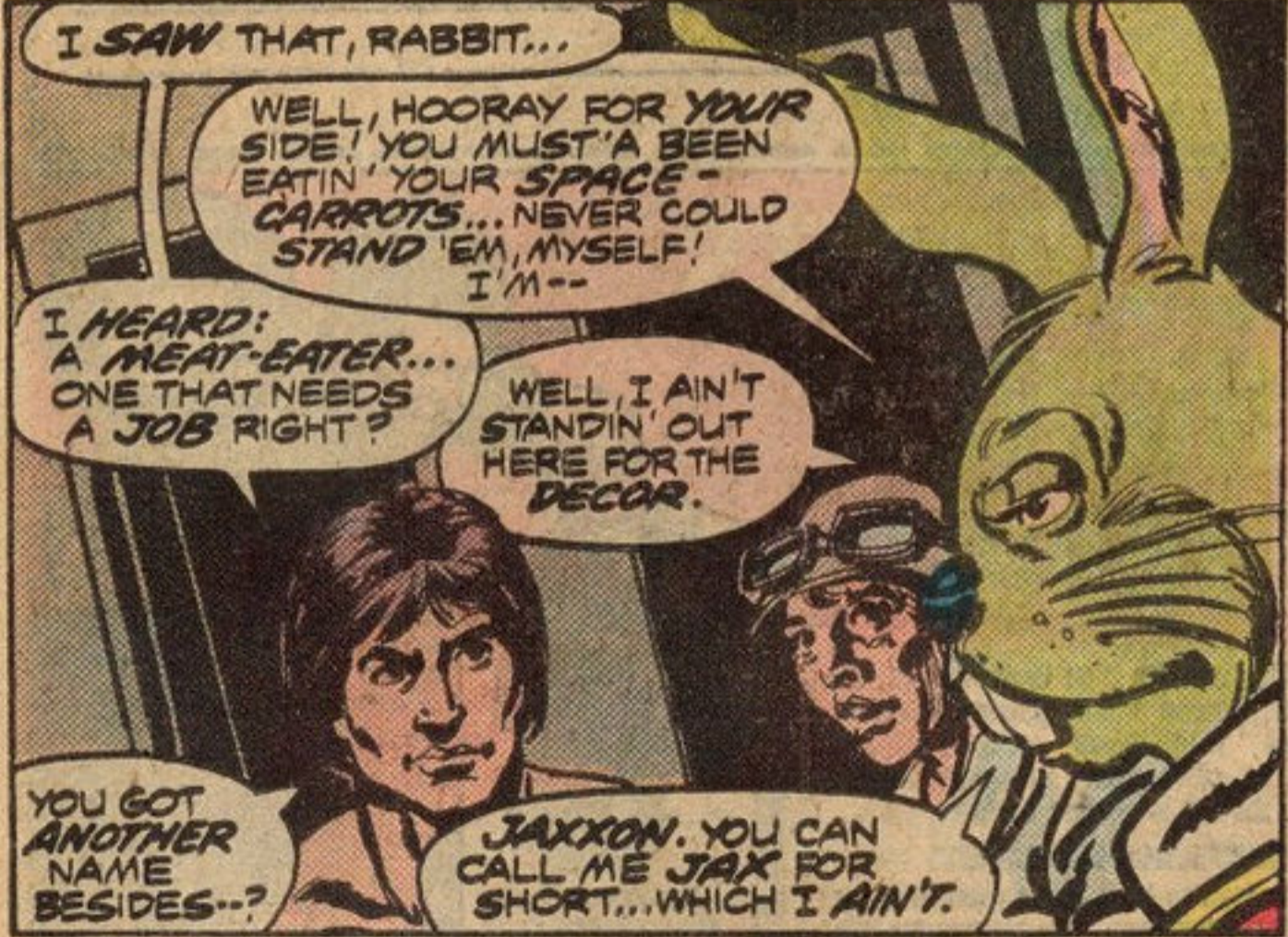
...I AIN'T NO RODENT!

KSHOP!



I'M MORE WHAT YA CALL YER BASIC *LEPUS CARNIVORUS*-- A MEAT-EATIN', ROCKET-RIDIN' RABBIT TA YOU, JUNIOR!

OH YEAH-- AN' GIVE MY REGARDS TA THE BOYS IN THE BAR!



I SAW THAT, RABBIT...

WELL, HOORAY FOR YOUR SIDE! YOU MUST'A BEEN EATIN' YOUR *SPACE-CARROTS*... NEVER COULD STAND 'EM, MYSELF! I'M--

I HEARD: A MEAT-EATER... ONE THAT NEEDS A JOB RIGHT?

WELL, I AIN'T STANDIN' OUT HERE FOR THE DECOR.

YOU GOT ANOTHER NAME BESIDES--?

JAXXON. YOU CAN CALL ME JAX FOR SHORT... WHICH I AIN'T.



OKAY, JAX... I'LL SEND *CHEWBACCA* DOWN FOR YOU AND THE OTHERS LATER.

NOW, SON... WHAT'S A YOUNGSTER LIKE YOU DOING IN LINE?



I MEAN, THE *FREE-FOR-ALL* I'VE GOT LINED UP DOESN'T NEED ANOTHER MASCOT.

AND THAT *TRACTOR-ROBOT* TREADING HIS WAY UP THE STAIRS BEHIND YOU... HE YOURS?

HE SURE IS! MY HANDLE'S *JIMM*, BUT I CALL MYSELF THE *STARKILLER KID*!

AND YOU CAN BET I'M GONNA LIVE UP TO THAT HANDLE--IF I CAN EVER GET OFF THIS CRUMMY PLANET.

WHILE I, SIR, AM *FE.9Q*... FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS *EFFIE*...

AND I DON'T BELONG TO ANYONE... MOST ESPECIALLY NOT TO ANYONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE *STARKILLER KID*!

# STAR-WARDS

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**SPECIAL NOTE:** This issue, for a change, we're going to start with one of the very few almost-totally *unfavorable* comments we've received to date on STAR WARS #1-4. Perhaps the letter, and its answer (detailing some of the difficulties inherent in adapting the movie "Star Wars" into comics form the way we did it), will be of interest; at least, we hope so. . .

People,

About a year ago I stopped collecting comics because they were getting too expensive for my tastes. However, I came out of my hermitage long enough to pick up issues 1-4 of STAR WARS at a recent convention.

Because of my devotion to the movie, I was utterly disgusted at the job you people have done on the comic end.

First of all, Roy's adaptation is, to say the least, horrendous. He's added things that don't need to be added, giving the reading a fourth-grade look. Why he can't spell "Wookie" right is beyond me. I think fame has gone to the Thomas head so that he thinks he can do whatever he wants just because he is who everybody claims he is. ROY THOMAS, BOY WONDER! I'm amazed you don't try to put *that* in a comic-book.

Let me say before I rip into Howie Chaykin that I really enjoyed the poster he did a year ago. But the artwork in issue #1 just left me cold. Most of it seemed as if it were just hacked out and not given the time he could have given it. No doubt it was the upper echelons that made him move his tush faster than he could move his pen. Luckily, Leialoha's inks, as well as his superior coloring methods (Oh, Marie, Marie! You should be baking cake for the peasants rather than doing a guillotine job on ish #1) has saved the series somewhat.

I haven't seen #5 yet, although I know it's out. All I ask now is that when you go on with the series, after Roy's mutant adaptations of the novel, please, *please* get a pro sci-fi man in to do the stories or call, in Don McGregor, who did such a beautiful job scripting the Killraven series, rather than have STAR WARS turn into another super-hero mag (God love 'em for themselves, though). And don't take it too hard, Roy—you can write all of Ben Grimm's dialogue forever.

Don DeContreras  
Garden Grove, CA

For which sop Roy thanks you muchly, Mr. D., but all the same he rather thinks he'll continue with STAR WARS instead for a while. Trying to answer your letter in somewhat politer terms than *it* was phrased, we'll simply state that, as far as we (and most readers) can tell, Roy (with or without Howie) added little or nothing that the original screenplay (and paperback book adaptation thereof) did not include; it's simply that several scenes were either not filmed at the last minute, or else scrapped in favor of a more viable running-time for the film. Thus, Luke's boyhood chum Biggs Darklighter disappeared almost entirely from the film, except as one of the fighter pilots in its climax, hardly even identified by name. Thus also, the scene in which Luke Skywalker himself sees the boarding of Princess Leia's fleeing craft by Darth Vader's men (p. 2 of ish #1), also in the script and book, were included in the comics format but not the finished movie.

This type of thing is all but inevitable when, as Roy and Howie did, you adapt a film from merely a screenplay and a series of stills because the movie itself is not yet finished. This is why the aliens in the background of the already-famous "Cantina Sequence" are vastly different from those Howie drew; these were added in the last few weeks before the film opened, long after Howie had drawn the issue. Even the opening crawl of copy (both the famed "Long ago in a galaxy far, far away" line and the copy that followed) were changed just prior to the movie's premiere; what you saw in our issue #1 was what Roy, Steve Leialoha, and letterer Tom Orzechowski were privileged to see in a rough cut of the film screened at George Lucas' home a few months prior to opening. (Hapless Howie never *did* get to see the movie till he'd laid out all six issues, while Roy was scripting the second one before he saw even the rough cut.)

All this is not so much by way of apology, since Roy and Howie don't feel they owe anybody one, as by way of explaining certain discrepancies between the comic-book and the movie. Given the Star Wars Corporation's stated desire to see at least two issues of a STAR WARS comic-mag on the stands before the movie opened, it was impossible to have done things much differently.

And, to answer your other comments briefly:

(1) As stated above, Roy will probably continue to write and edit STAR WARS for a while. Killraven is dead, and Chewbacca lives. We'd like to keep it that way.

(2) Howie wasn't so much rushed on issue #1 (though that probably entered the picture slightly) as trying out a particular style of artwork.

(3) George Lucas spells "Wookiee" with two "e's," not one, and it's everything else *besides* Marvel Comics (including program booklets issued by the Star Wars Corporation itself) which is wrong there. That may change in the future, just to keep everything consistent, but in the meantime Roy prefers to spell Chewbacca's generic name the way that his creator does. He just wishes everyone else would shape up.

(4) Far from simply betting out the STAR WARS comic as you suggest, Roy spent (as did Howie) long hours for no pay at the Lucasfilm offices on the Universal movie-lot, talking with writer/director Lucas and with media projects director Charles Lippincott about the way the series should be handled. He's spent more hours with them, as well as the movie's stars Mark Hamill and Harrison Ford, since then, getting all the feedback he can on how things should go in future stories. Since both movie and paperback sequels are projected and George naturally wishes to keep them all consistent, this is a far more complicated project even than writing/editing books like CONAN or TARZAN, let alone other comic-mags.

Don, believe us when we tell you we haven't printed and rebutted your letter in full to belittle you. However, perhaps a lesson can be learned here by you and others who are too quick to criticize things when they don't even begin to understand the situation. Namely, Roy and Howie, like the rest of Marvel's writers and artists, are working professionals who labor within a prescribed set of guidelines, trying to turn out a product which is both pleasing to them and saleable for the publisher. That the STAR WARS comic was selling well and being enthusiastically received even before the movie came out, at a time when there had been virtually no publicity whatever about the film, shows that they may just know what they're doing.

Give 'em a break, huh? They're smarter than you give them credit for, and in the long run you may just make yourself look foolish. Nobody gains from that, not even us.

And now, because we've just room left for a random sampling of the overwhelmingly *favorable* response to our STAR WARS mag so far—!

Move over, Howard and Spidey! STAR WARS is here!

Richard J. Bakowski  
Elmwood, CT 06110

STAR WARS #4 was superb in every sense of the word.

Steve Pipe  
Cupertino, CA 95014

The comic adaptation is a cultural experience. Marvel, you're beautiful!

Elbert B. Franklin  
Houston, TX 77098

STAR WARS should get an annual next summer!

Burt Glass  
Milford, OH

**ADDENDUM:** As these words are penned, the first several issues of STAR WARS have become a comic-book phenomenon. Not only are second editions of the first several issues (identified clearly by the word "Reprint" on the cover) going on sale, and not only is the second STAR WARS TREASURY hitting the newsstands, but Ballantine Books has combined the first six issues of the comic into a special paperback-size edition, on sale even as we speak. Between these three editions and the original comic-book edition, more than two million copies of Roy and Howie's "Star Wars" adaptation have seen print—and the lads, as well as Marvel, couldn't be more delighted!

DON'T PAY HIM ANY MIND, SOLO! HE GETS UPPITY SOMETIMES, BUT HE'S REALLY DEVOTED TO ME... LIKE A PET.

MORE LIKE A LANDSPEEDER IS DEVOTED TO THE MAN BEHIND THE STEERING WHEEL!

WE CAN ALWAYS USE A GOOD ROBOT, SON.

BUT GIVE ME THREE GOOD REASONS WHY WE SHOULD TAKE YOU ALONG!

AH-HAN!

SHUT UP, EFFIE!

BECAUSE I'VE STUCK ON ADUBA-3 ALL MY LIFE, AND IF I DON'T GET OFF IT, I'M GONNA GO NUTS... THAT'S WHY!

EVER FIRED THAT BLASTER AT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN A SAND-RAT?

SURE... LOTS OF TIMES, AT-- AT--

DUNE-CACTUSES, RIGHT?

WELL, YEAH-- BUT JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE, AND I'LL--

WAWA! PUT ON YOUR RETRO-ROCKETS!

YOU KNOW, YOU REMIND ME OF ANOTHER COCKY KID I USED TO KNOW... NAME OF LUKE SKYWALKER.

IT HASN'T BEEN ALL THAT LONG SINCE I SAW HIM, BUT THINGS WERE MOVING PRETTY FAST WHEN I LEFT.

I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO, RIGHT ABOUT NOW...

AND, EVEN AS HAN SOLO MUSES...

...EVENTS ARE MOVING QUICKLY ON THE FOURTH MOON OF THE DISTANT PLANET YAVIN, UN-NUMBERED LIGHT-YEARS AWAY.

FOR, SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GALACTIC EMPIRE'S DREADED DEATH STAR, THE REBELS ON THAT VERDANT WORLD HAVE BEEN ON CONSTANT VISIT...

...THOUGH ONLY A FEW TELLTALE RECON-TOWERS, JUTTING UP OUT OF THE THICK JUNGLE, WOULD GIVE THEM AWAY.

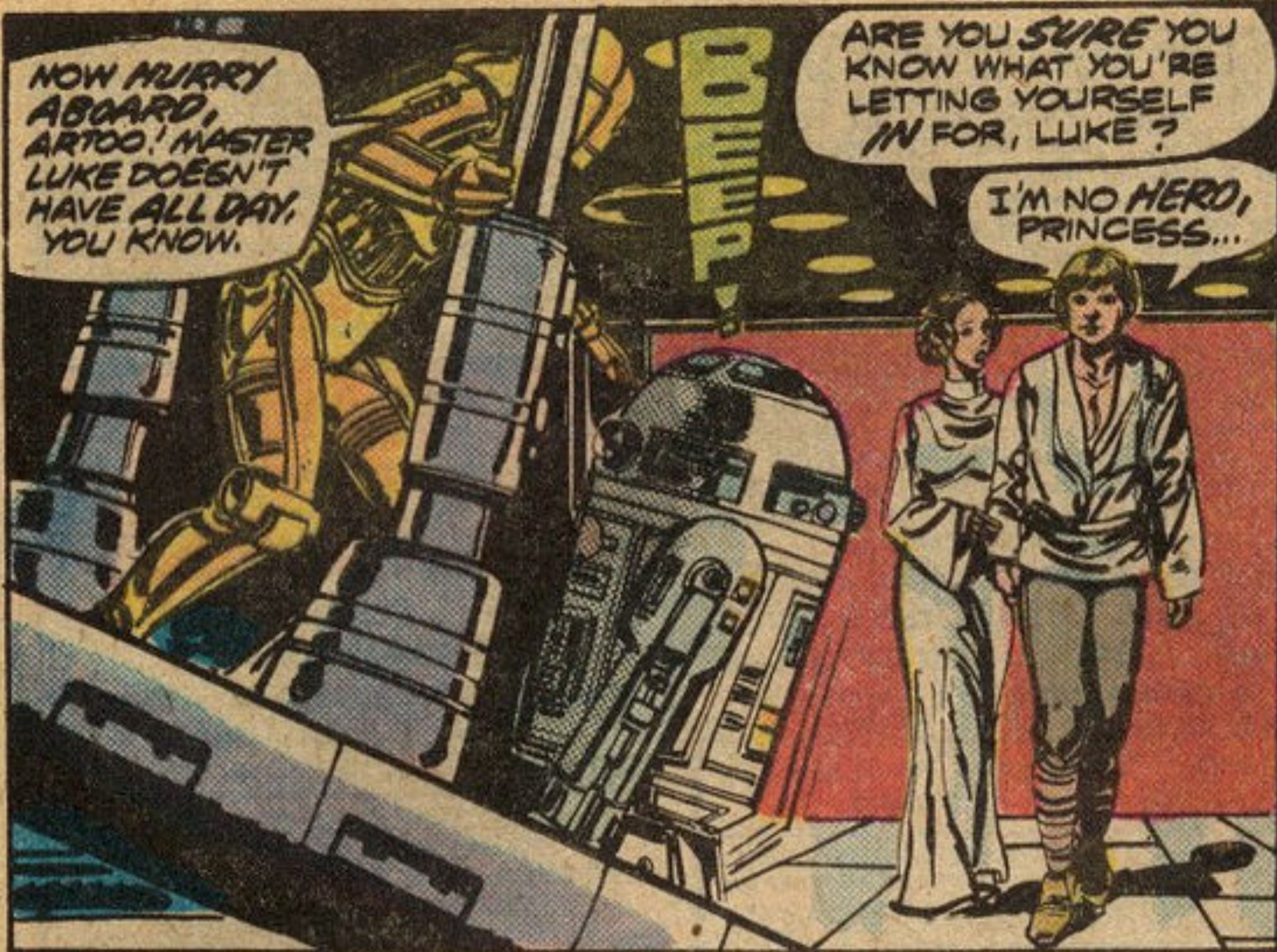
WHILE, BENEATH THE SURFACE OF YAVIN-4...

OH, LUKE... I WISH ANYONE BUT YOU WERE GOING...!

AS DO WE ALL, YOUR MAJESTY... BUT, NO ONE HERE HAS PROVEN HIMSELF AS GOOD A STAR-PILOT AS YOUNG LUKE...

AND SKILLED, FAST FLYING IS JUST WHAT WE NEED AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME!

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, GENERAL DODONNA!



NOW HURRY ABOARD, ARTOO! MASTER LUKE DOESN'T HAVE ALL DAY, YOU KNOW.

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LETTING YOURSELF IN FOR, LUKE?

I'M NO HERO, PRINCESS...



BUT THEN, IT DOESN'T TAKE A HERO TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE GALACTIC EMPIRE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED...

AND THE REBELS ARE THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT!

DARTH VADER KNOWS WE'RE HERE NOW...



...SO THREEPIO, ARTOO, AND I HAD BETTER SCOUT UP ANOTHER HIDING-PLACE FOR THE REBELS --FAST!

YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

I'M SURE I WILL, LUKE... MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!

AND WITH YOU, PRINCESS!

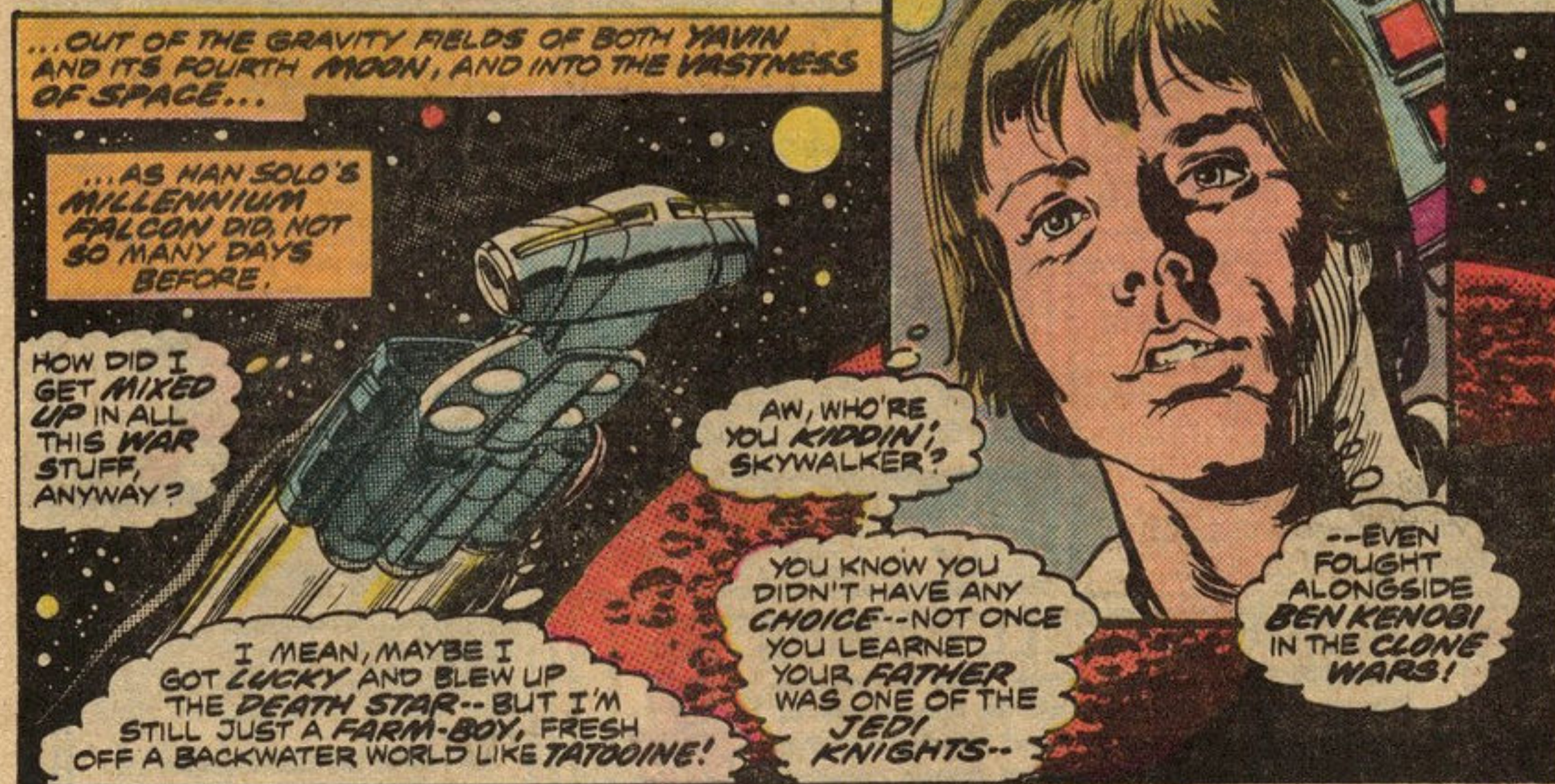


IF ONLY I COULD BE GOING WITH HIM, GENERAL...!

YOUR PLACE IS HERE, YOUR HIGHNESS... WITH THE REBELS.

NOW THAT YOUR FATHER IS DEAD, YOU ARE NEEDED BOTH AS A LEADER... AND AS A SYMBOL.

PRINCESS LEIA THINKS MOMENTARILY OF HER FATHER, SLAIN BY THE EMPIRE, AS LUKE'S STARSHIP PASSES SWIFTLY FROM SIGHT...



...OUT OF THE GRAVITY FIELDS OF BOTH YAVIN AND ITS FOURTH MOON, AND INTO THE VASTNESS OF SPACE...

...AS HAN SOLO'S MILLENNIUM FALCON DID, NOT SO MANY DAYS BEFORE.

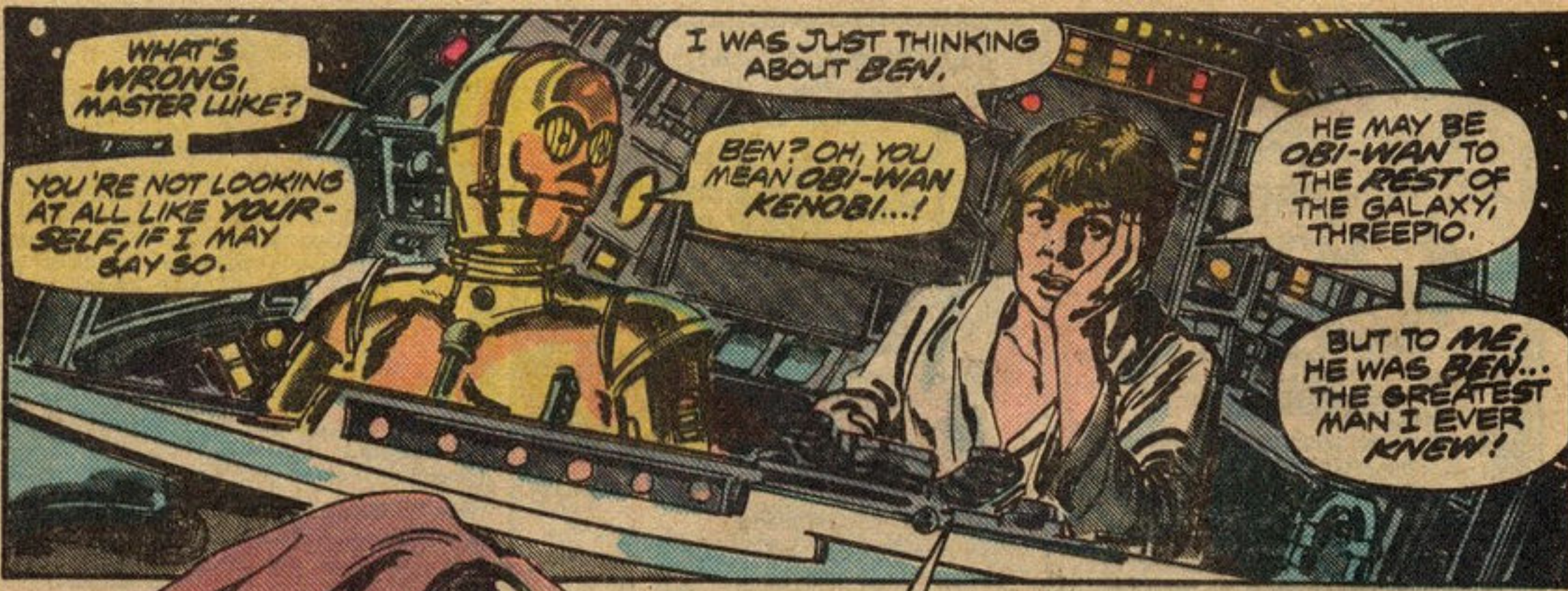
HOW DID I GET MIXED UP IN ALL THIS WAR STUFF, ANYWAY?

I MEAN, MAYBE I GOT LUCKY AND BLEW UP THE DEATH STAR-- BUT I'M STILL JUST A FARM-BOY, FRESH OFF A BACKWATER WORLD LIKE TATOOINE!

AW, WHO'RE YOU KIDDIN', SKYWALKER?

YOU KNOW YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHOICE--NOT ONCE YOU LEARNED YOUR FATHER WAS ONE OF THE JEDI KNIGHTS--

--EVEN FOUGHT ALONGSIDE BEN KENOBI IN THE CLONE WARS!



WHAT'S WRONG, MASTER LUKE?

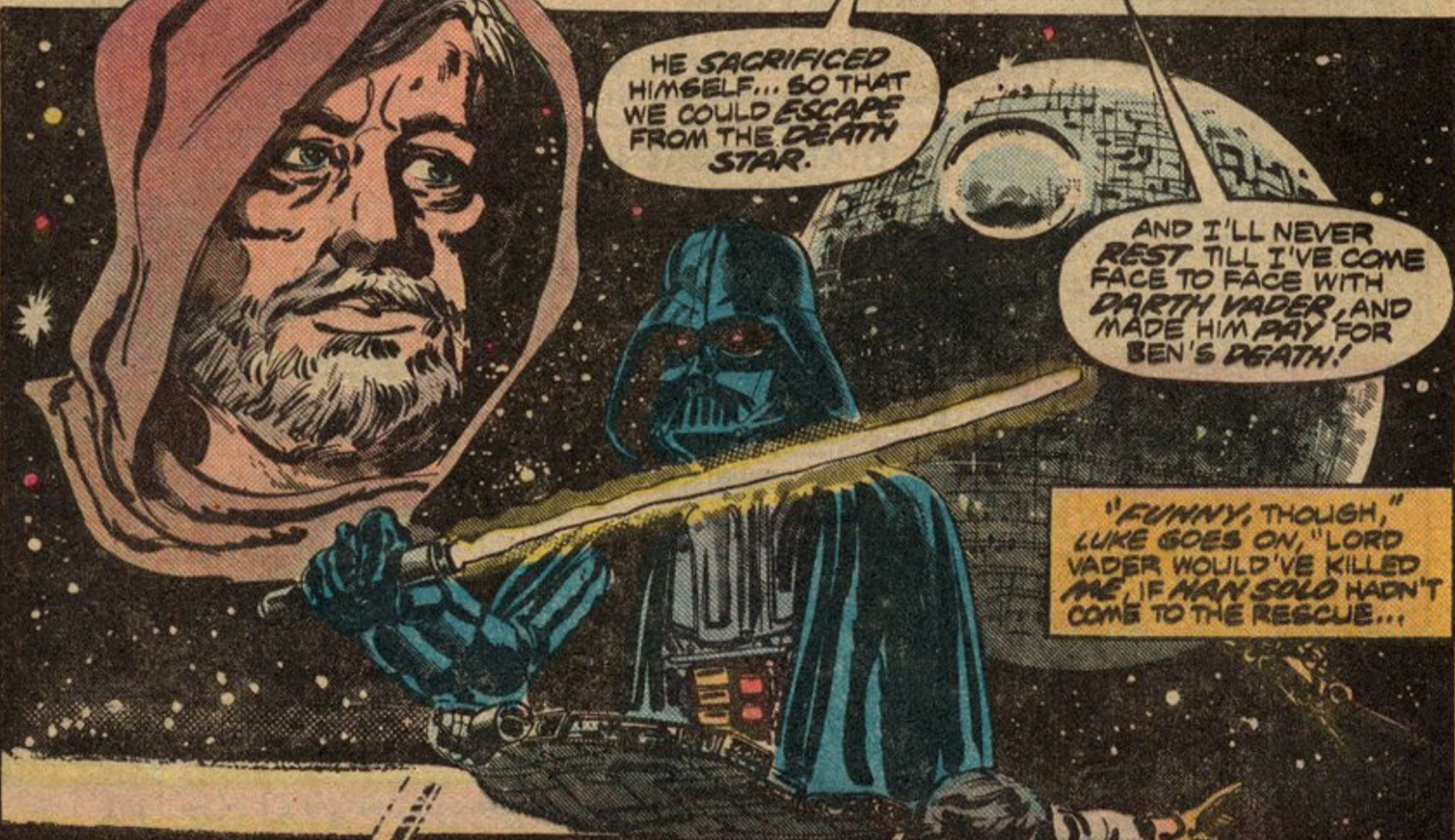
YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT ALL LIKE YOURSELF, IF I MAY SAY SO.

I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT BEN.

BEN? OH, YOU MEAN OBI-WAN KENOBI...!

HE MAY BE OBI-WAN TO THE REST OF THE GALAXY, THREEPIO.

BUT TO ME, HE WAS BEN... THE GREATEST MAN I EVER KNEW!



HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF... SO THAT WE COULD ESCAPE FROM THE DEATH STAR.

AND I'LL NEVER REST TILL I'VE COME FACE TO FACE WITH DARTH VADER, AND MADE HIM PAY FOR BEN'S DEATH!

"FUNNY, THOUGH," LUKE GOES ON, "LORD VADER WOULD'VE KILLED ME, IF HAN SOLO HADN'T COME TO THE RESCUE..."



"GOOD OLD HAN! I GUESS HE'S LIVING IT UP BACK AT MOS EISLEY AT THIS VERY MINUTE, WITH ALL THE TREASURE THE REBELS GAVE HIM..."

"...THOUGH HE'S REALLY NOT AS MERCENARY AS HE LETS ON, YOU KNOW.

"YEAH, I WONDER WHAT..."

...HE'S UP TO, RIGHT ABOUT NOW...!

PROBABLY HAVING MORE FUN THAN I AM, THAT'S FOR SURE!



WELL, SOLO? YOU GONNA TAKE ME AND MY TRAKKIE ALONG?

SORRY, KID. I GUESS MY MIND JUST WANDERED OFF FOR A SECOND THERE.

ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN COME. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO USE THAT BLASTER LATER.

THAT'S GREAT BY ME, SOLO.

C'MON, EFFIE...

WE'VE GOT SOME PACKING TO DO.

DON'T SAY IT, CHEWIE! I KNOW OUR SIX STALWARTS AREN'T ALL THAT MUCH...

AT DAWN, OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE SPACEPORT TOWN...

WELL THEN THERE NOW! GLAD TO SEE ALL YOUR SMILING FACES THIS BRIGHT MORNING.

AND I'M THE ONE WHO'LL GET TO DO IT, AS PER USUAL!

HEY, SOLO-- WHERE'S THAT SHIP OF YOURS?

BUT BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE BLOWING THIS CRUM-MY ROCK!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID, STARKILLER... NOT ME! NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL--

**HAROO!**

I SEE 'EM, CHEWIE.

HEADS UP, SPACERS!

SKYSPEEDERS COMING UP ON YOUR LEFT!



# MARVEL® BULLPEN BULLETINS

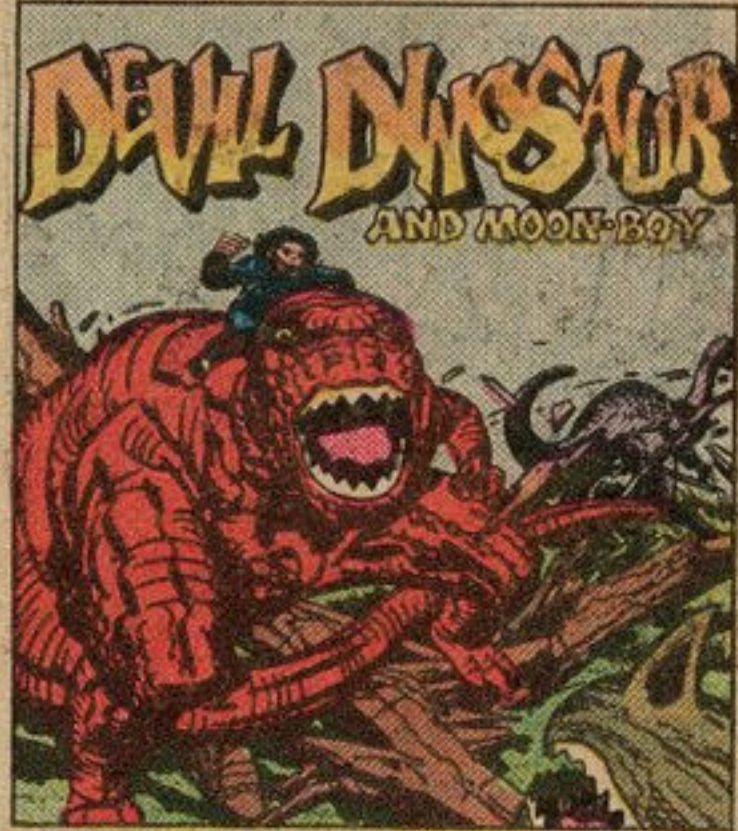
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## STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Hey, culture lovers, here's a Thanksgiving treat for you! I won't try to sell you a single thing anywhere in this column! Instead, I'll let you in on a sense-shattering secret! Ready? Here it is! Even the mighty moguls of Marvel can make a mistake! And the one we made a few issues back is a real cymbal-clanger! If you're the one holdout in all of comicdom who didn't notice it, this is for you. Last August, right here in the osmosis-spinning Soapbox, I asked you to try to guess what PIZZAZZ was. I figured we'd make a little game out of it and I'd clue you in next ish. But who knew—WHO KNEW—my over-eager little staff would be putting a big, full-page, full-color AD for PIZZAZZ right on the inside front cover of all those very same mags?!?! There I was tryin' to tease you, slyly asking you to guess about something that was fully and completely described on a previous page in the same magazine! Talk about having egg all over your face! This time I got the whole chicken! Oh well, waddaya expect from a guy who could never remember whether his own character was called Bruce Banner or Bob Banner! Hey, speaking of that, here's another nutty thing that could only happen in the wacky world of Marvel. As you know, Universal Studios just completed a live-action, 2-hour special tv movie of everybody's favorite lolly green giant. (In fact, THE INCREDIBLE HULK may be prime-timing it on the tube by the time you read these imperishable words!) Anyway, what do you think they called ol' Doc Banner? Bruce? Uh-uh! Bob? Forget it! They decided to name him Davel! What there is about our recalcitrant little rampager that makes it so tough for people to get his name right I'll never know! But there you have it, more living proof that—despite what you've always thought—even the minions of Marvel are sometimes less than perfect! But keep it to yourselves, huh? We'd hate the competitish to find out that we're merely flesh and blood! Look, in case I'm sounding too humble, don't worry. One of these days, if we ever do something right, I'll tell you about that, too!

Excelsior!

expecting this—there's MACHINE MAN. If the title's not quite familiar to you, it's because we felt a brand new feature ought to be launched with a brand new name, but Machine Man is most certainly *Mister Machine*, whose adventures in the now-defunct 2001 book drew more comment and acclaim than any other stories in that searing science-fiction series. With cyborg super-heroes still rampaging on TV and star-warring robots stealing scenes at motion picture theaters, Jack's mechanized man with the all-too-human feelings ought to be one of his biggest successes yet! For his second title, Jack proves that there's no time or topic he can't bring the distinctive Kirby touch to by taking you into the primitive conflicts of earth's prehistoric past for the adventures of DEVIL DINOSAUR. We're betting that if you dig our GODZILLA book (and from cards, letters, and sales reports we've got to conclude that more than a few of you do), this one just *has* to be your mixture of monstrous mayhem! Both of these bombshells should be bursting your way in about a month's time, so watch these pages for further announcements!



ITEM! You know, one of the things we're most often asked in the jillions of letters you people are good enough to send us is usually something like: "Hey! If Thor is trapped by the Cosmic Hairdresser's Rinse-and-Set machine in his own book, how is he able to fight side-by-side with the Vision, Iron Man, and the Scarlet Witch against the Giant Wontons of Fu Manchu in the latest AVENGERS?" Vexing as this type of dilemma is to all continuity buffs—and most of the Bullpen counts itself in the forefront of those ranks—there's a reasonably simple explanation, one put forward by STAN THE MAN himself in this very column several years back, which bears repeating every now and then for those of you who dropped in late to the Marvel Universe. Obviously, all of the adventures taking place in all of our various titles are not happening at the same time. What the mighty Thor is doing in his own book—to stick with our example—may be happening before or after what's going on in the AVENGERS. Also, *Marvel* time is not the same as real time. Showing four *hours* of the Thunder

God's admittedly hectic life may take four issues and four *months* of regular time, so that adds to the continuity confusion and creates situations like, having Peter Parker sunning himself in the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN while having a snowball fight in the same month's TEAM-UP or SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN. What we try to do is to occasionally leave time gaps between the end of one adventure and the start of another, so that an imaginative and industrious Marvelite can figure: "Ah! The Hulk was in Hohokus, New Jersey when he polished off Orloff the Orthodontist last issue, but this month's mag opens with him kicking sand in a bully's face on Pismo Beach! Getting there probably took him several days. That could explain why he had time to help Nighthawk and Hellcat in the bean-eating contest several issues ago in the DEFENDERS!" We think it's one of really fun fringe benefits of being a Marvel fan, and judging from some of the well-worked-out theses that a lot of you keep sending our way, you're in agreement. Try it sometime. . . We may not always agree on the exact *course* of Marvel history, but trying to *plot* may be the greatest parlor game since Twenty Questions.

ITEM! We know most of you are probably starting to think about Thanksgiving turkey, but as this is being written there's still a smidgen of Summer left, so we'll bow to the browbeating of the Bullpen Softball Team and inform you that despite a slow start, the titanic ten are finishing the season strong with victories over Doubleday Books and rival comics group, Warren Publishing. No small part of these victories have come from such stellar performers as Vivacious VILMA FALCON, who in addition to working in our Subscription Department manages to pitch, hit, and field like a pro, and to Devastating DAVIDA LICHTER-DALE and Ramblin' RICK PARKER of art production, who usually carry the beer.

ITEM! Let's close out with a swift parade of plugola and call your attention to such goodies now available as our \$1.00, 80-page, Giant MAN FROM ATLANTIS comic. This is a special to kick off the series we'll be doing about TV's undersea superstar and offers two bonus-length comics stories plus articles, pin-ups and photos of Mark Harris and Company. When we say this is a big one, we're really being literal! Also, the second in our full-color paperback collectors' editions is out. First was SPIDER-MAN. This time around it's the FANTASTIC FOUR. Another paperback in the Marvel manner is our illustrated version of STAR WARS. If you missed the Treasury Edition or regular monthly mags, here's your chance to make it up; if you've become a Star Wars completist, here's one more item you can't live without. And last, for younger readers and TV cartoon aficionados, this month sees the appearance of the all-new, all original FLINTSTONE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY, featuring your favorite Hanna-Barbera characters in a gift-size Treasury book! Look for 'em all. . . and for us in this same spot next time.

ITEM! Hey, we've been promising and promising to give you the scoop on JACK "King" KIRBY's two new titles just as soon as the time was right. Well, we have first issues on both of them sitting with us right now, so the need for secrecy is certainly past. First off—and we'll bet most of you were already



AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS... THOSE ARE THE CLOUD-RIDERS WE WERE HIRED TO PROTECT A VILLAGE FROM!

SOLO! DO YOU WANT US TO--?

EVERYBODY KEEP YOUR BLASTERS IN YOUR HOLSTERS!

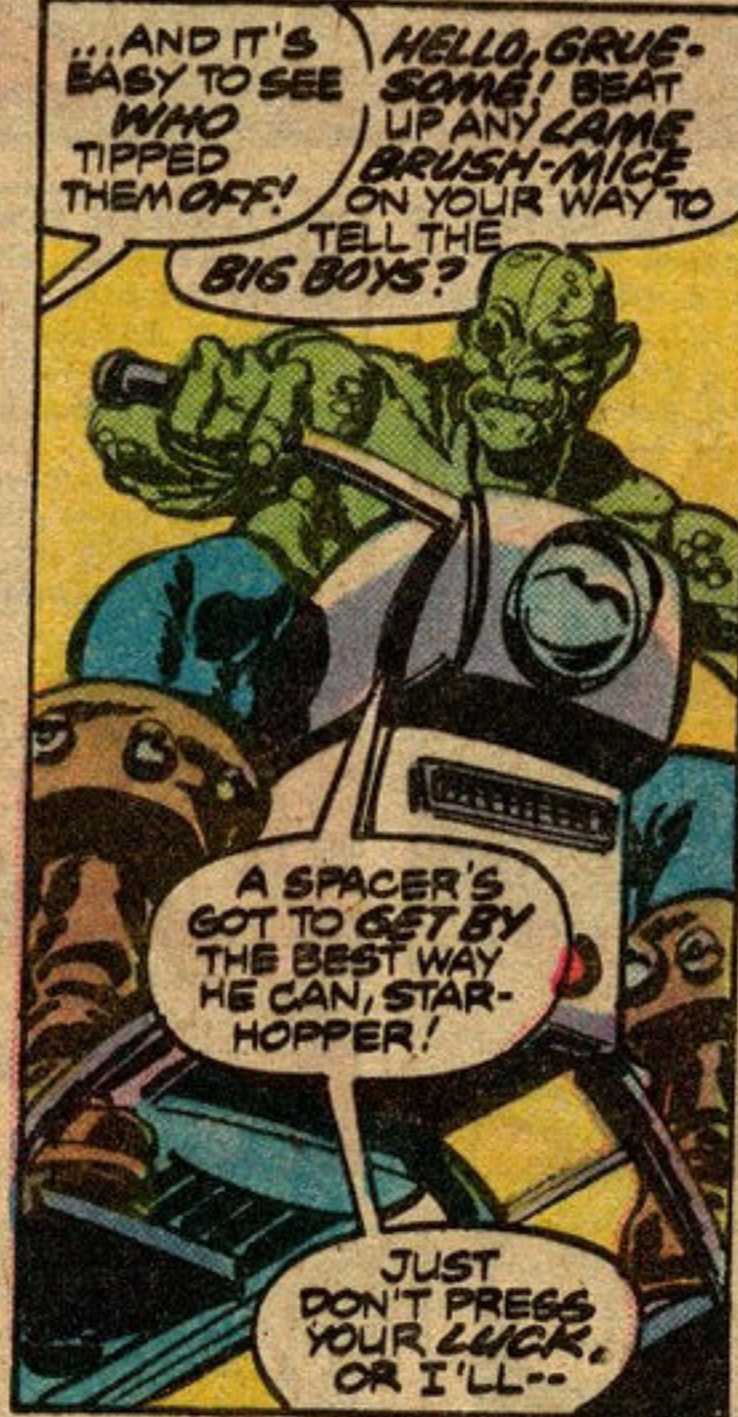
LET THEM MAKE THE FIRST PLAY!



THERE'S ONLY SIX OF 'EM! WE COULD--

DO WHAT? HALF OUR GUYS DON'T EVEN USE BLASTERS.

NO, IT'S OBVIOUS THEY HEARD ABOUT US, AND CAME TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK...



...AND IT'S EASY TO SEE WHO TIPPED THEM OFF!

HELLO, GRUE-SOME! BEAT UP ANY LAME BRUSH-MICE ON YOUR WAY TO TELL THE BIG BOYS?

A SPACER'S GOT TO GET BY THE BEST WAY HE CAN, STAR-HOPPER!

JUST DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK, OR I'LL--



YOU WILL NOT FIRE, WARTO, UNLESS I GIVE THE WORD!

WELL, MR. SOLO?

MAY I ASSUME WE MEET UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE?

I'M FRESH OUT OF BANDANAS, BUT YOU'RE ON SERJI-X...



YOU ARE SERJI-X ARROGANTUS, AREN'T YOU?

AN UNFORTUNATE TITLE, FOR ONE OF SUCH DELICATE SENSIBILITIES AS I.

BUT, WE HAVE COME A LONG WAY, SO LET US NOT BANDY WORDS, EH?

YOU HAVE BEEN APPROACHED BY FARMERS FROM A CERTAIN VILLAGE... TO WHICH THEY HAVE ALREADY RETURNED.

FORGET YOUR MISSION, I AM PREPARED TO OFFER YOU A ANIMAL SUM...

...THOUGH I'M SURE IT WILL BE MORE THAN THOSE IGNORANT PEONS CAN GIVE YOU.

THEY'RE GIVING US ALL THEY CAN, FRIEND... AND THAT'S THE BEST PAY I'VE EVER HAD.

A SAND-RAT LIKE YOU COULD NEVER BEGIN TO MATCH THEIR PRICE,

NOW I'VE GOT AN IDEA: HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND YOUR MEN LEAVE THAT VILLAGE ALONE THIS YEAR, AND WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

SUCH UNEXPECTED BRAVADO--FROM ONE WHO LEADS WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND STAR-SHIP REJECTS!



IF I HAD KNOWN, I WOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE MOUNTAINS -- LAUGHING.

YEAH? WELL, TRYING LAUGHING THIS BLASTER OFF, YOU LOUSY BANDIT! I'LL--

AMAIZA!

I READ YOU, SOLO--



--LOUD AND CLEAR!

SO, ALREADY YOU FIGHT AMONG YOURSELVES! AND WITH THIS FORCE YOU TRY TO FRIGHTEN SERJI-X?



YOU'VE HAD YOUR SAY, FRIEND. NOW, WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR CLOUD-RIDERS GO HOME AND PLAY?

BUT I'D STEER CLEAR OF THAT PEASANT VILLAGE, IF I WERE YOU.

YOU ARE NOT ME, STAR-PILOT.

AND IF YOU PERSIST, YOU WILL SOON BE NOTHING...



... JUST ONE MORE LIFELESS CORPSE, TWISTING IN THE DESERT WIND!

WRRK!

YEAH, MAYBE WE HAVE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN WE CAN CHEW THIS TIME, OLD BUDDY... I DON'T KNOW.



WELL, LET'S GET MOVING, STAR-HOPPERS!

WE'VE GOT SOME BANTHA RIDING TO DO!!



NEXT: **SHOWDOWN ON A BARREN WORLD!**