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THE GREATEST SPACE-FANTASY FILM OF ALL!

STAR WARS™

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# STAR WARS™

**FABULOUS  
FIRST  
ISSUE!**



**ENTER: LUKE  
SKYWALKER!**  
WILL HE SAVE THE GALAXY--  
OR DESTROY IT?



MARVEL'S EPIC OFFICIAL ADAPTATION OF  
THE MONUMENTAL 20TH CENTURY FOX MOVIE!  
—A FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS—



Stan Lee PRESENTS: ROY THOMAS \* SCRIPTER/EDITOR \* HOWARD CHAYKIN \* ILLUSTRATOR \* JIM NOVAK \* LETTERER \* ... ADAPTING THE GREATEST SPACE-FANTASY OF ALL!

# STAR WARS

ADAPTED FROM THE GEORGE LUCAS FILM,

A 20th CENTURY-FOX RELEASE

It is a period of CIVIL WAR in the galaxy.

A brave alliance of UNDERGROUND FREEDOM FIGHTERS has challenged the tyranny and oppression of the awesome GALACTIC EMPIRE.

To CRUSH the rebellion once and for all, the EMPIRE is constructing a sinister new BATTLE STATION. Powerful enough to destroy an entire planet, its COMPLETION will spell CERTAIN DOOM for the champions of freedom.

Striking from a fortress hidden among the billion stars of the galaxy, REBEL SPACESHIPS have won their first victory in a battle with the powerful IMPERIAL STARFLEET. The Empire fears that ANOTHER defeat could bring a THOUSAND MORE solar systems into the rebellion, and IMPERIAL CONTROL over the galaxy would be LOST FOREVER.

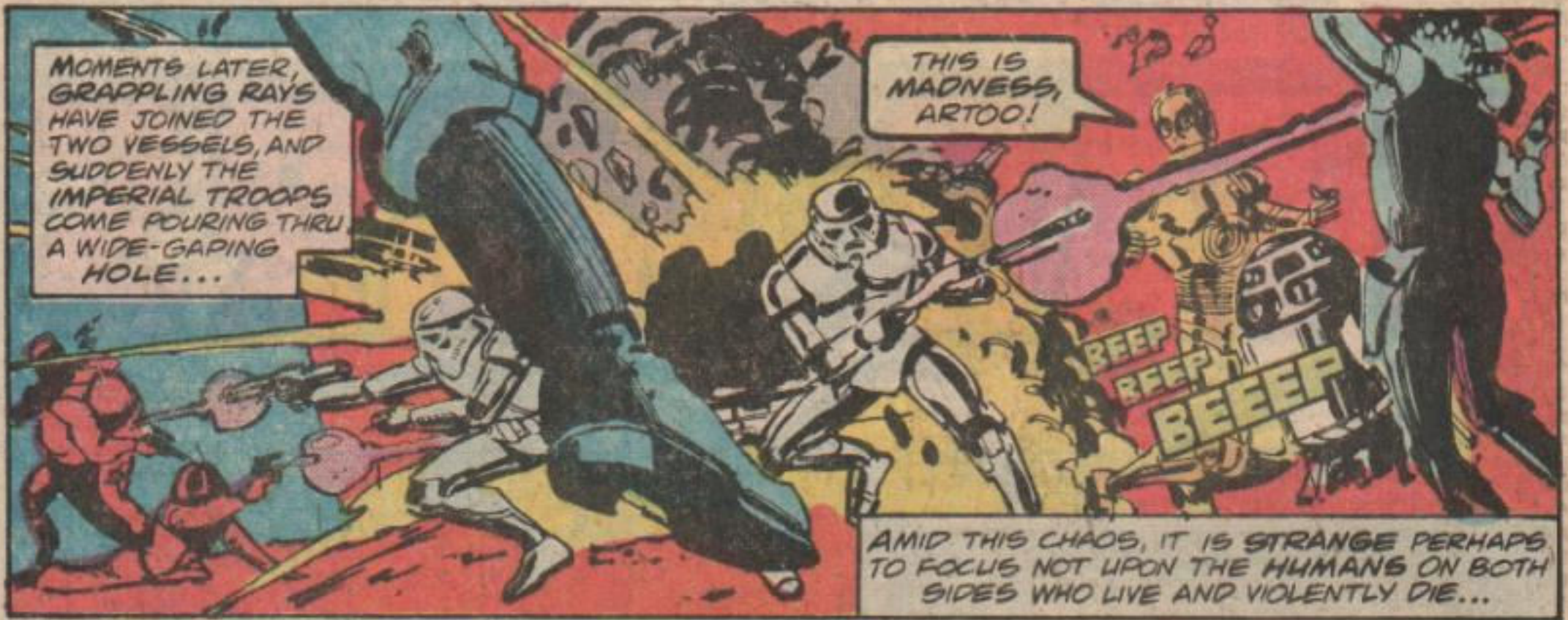
BUT THAT IS THE NEAR FUTURE.

AT THIS MOMENT:

ABOVE THE YELLOW PLANET TATOOINE, A GIGANTIC IMPERIAL STARSHIP PURSUES A REBEL SPACECRAFT--ITS DEADLY LASER BOLTS DISINTEGRATE THE SMALLER SHIP'S MAIN SOLAR FIN WITH A SOULSEARING SHUDDER...!

MARIE SEVERIN,  
COLORIST





MOMENTS LATER, GRAPPLING RAYS HAVE JOINED THE TWO VESSELS, AND SUDDENLY THE IMPERIAL TROOPS COME POURING THRU A WIDE-GAPING HOLE...

THIS IS MADNESS, ARTOO!

BEEP BEEP BEEEP

AMID THIS CHAOS, IT IS STRANGE PERHAPS TO FOCUS NOT UPON THE HUMANS ON BOTH SIDES WHO LIVE AND VIOLENTLY DIE...



...BUT UPON A PAIR OF ROBOTS, DESIGNATED C-3PO AND R2-D2.

MORE FAMILIARLY: SEE THREPIO AND ARTOO DETOO.

YES, ARTOO-- I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT... WE SHOULD FLEE THIS WAY... DOWN THE CORRIDOR...!



IT LOOKS AS IF THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR THE CAPTAIN THIS TIME! I--

OH! I THINK SOMETHING IS MELTING!



THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST THE LOGIC OF A HALF-SIZED THERMO-CAPSULARY DEHOUSING ASSISTER...!

HEY-- WAIT LIP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHINE



BELOW, ON THE DEATH-WHITE WASTELAND WHICH IS THE PLANET TATOOINE:

A BRIGHT SPARKLE IN THE MORNING SKY CATCHES A WATCHFUL EYE.



LUKE SKYWALKER LOWERS HIS MACROBINOCLARS, STANDING TRANFIXED FOR A MOMENT.



THEN, HE LEAPS NIMBLY INTO THE NEARBY, RECENTLY-REPAIRED LANDSPEEDER...

...AND AIMS THE CRAFT TOWARD THE DISTANT TOWN OF ANCHORHEAD.





WHILE, ON THE WOUNDED STARSHIP...

LORD VADER! THE SHIP'S INFORMATION RETRIEVAL SYSTEM HAS BEEN WIRED CLEAN!

THEN THIS REBEL WILL TELL US WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW!



WHERE IS THE DATA YOU INTERCEPTED?

W-WE'RE ON A DIPLOMATIC MISSION--!

LIAR! WHERE ARE THOSE INFORMATION TAPES?

THIS SHIP CARRIES THE CREST OF ALDERAAN! IS ANY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD?

DARTH VADER, DARK LORD OF THE SITH, TIGHTENS HIS FINGERS ON THE REBEL OFFICER'S THROAT.

BUT, HE STILL RECEIVES NO ANSWER...



... UNLESS IT BE THE AWFUL, UNQUESTIONABLE FINALITY OF A SINGLE GRUESOME SNAPPING SOUND.

THE FOOL IS DEAD!

START TEARING THIS SHIP APART, PIECE BY PIECE, UNTIL YOU HAVE THOSE TAPES!

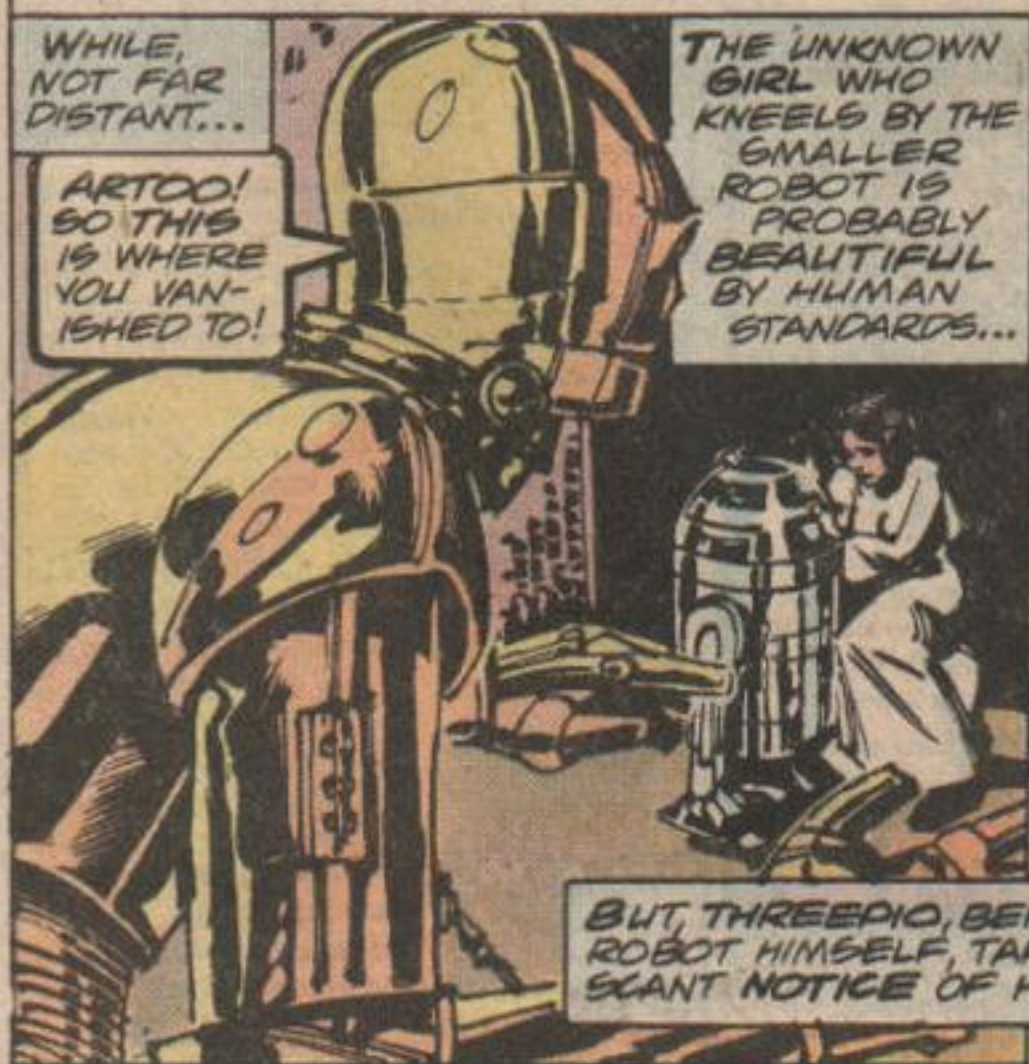


AND FIND THE PASSENGERS OF THIS VESSEL!

I WANT THEM--ALIVE!!

Y-YES, LORD VADER...!

THE IMPERIAL TROOPS FALL ALL OVER EACH OTHER IN THEIR HASTE TO LEAVE--AS MUCH TO ESCAPE THEIR MASTER'S PRESENCE AS TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS.

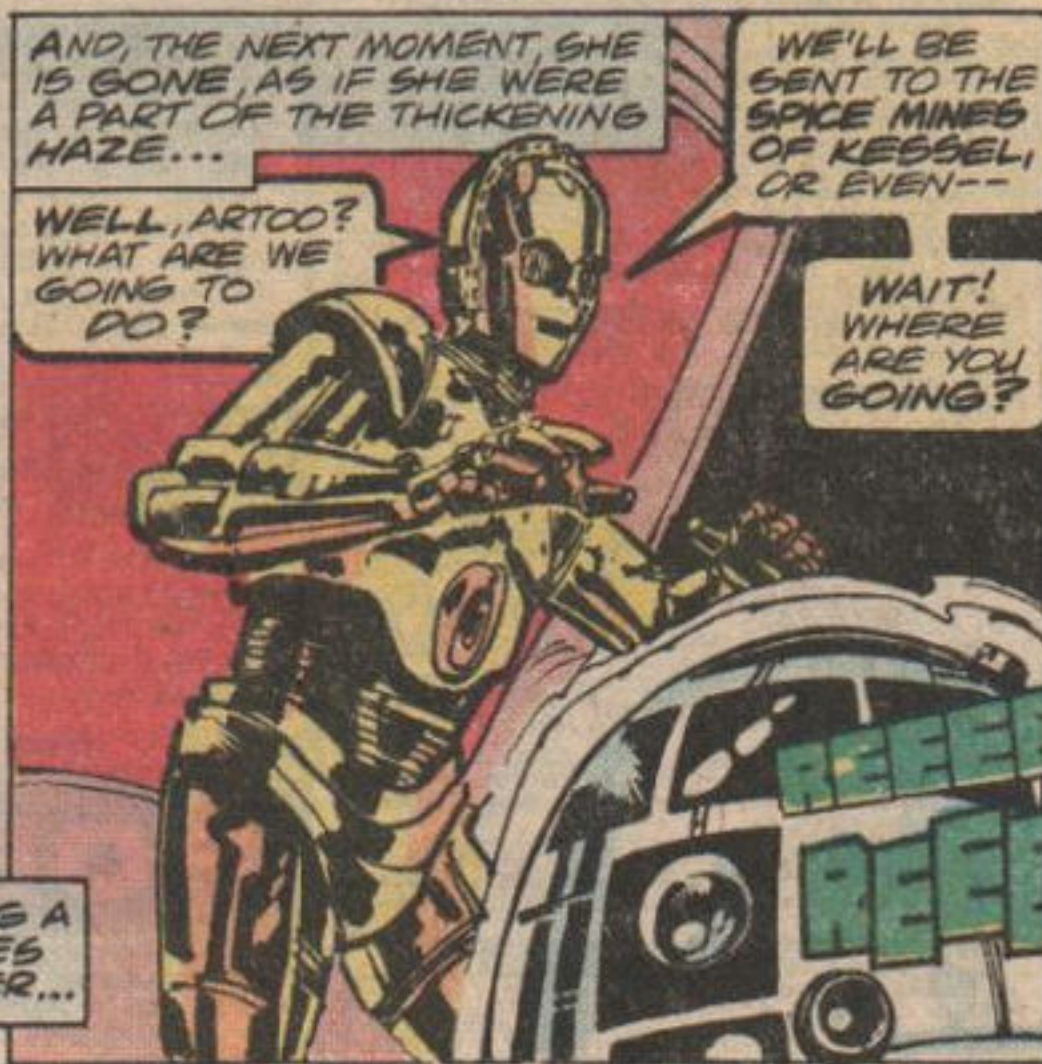


WHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT...

ARTOO! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU VANISHED TO!

THE UNKNOWN GIRL WHO KNEELS BY THE SMALLER ROBOT IS PROBABLY BEAUTIFUL BY HUMAN STANDARDS...

BUT, THREPIO, BEING A ROBOT HIMSELF, TAKES SCANT NOTICE OF HER...



AND, THE NEXT MOMENT, SHE IS GONE, AS IF SHE WERE A PART OF THE THICKENING HAZE...

WELL, ARTOO? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE'LL BE SENT TO THE SPICE MINES OF KESSEL, OR EVEN--

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



MISSION? WHAT MISSION? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

HEY! YOU'RE NOT PERMITTED TO GO NEAR THOSE EMERGENCY LIFEPODS!

**TWANG**

DON'T YOU CALL ME A MINDLESS PHILOSOPHER, YOU OVERWEIGHT GLOBE OF GREASE!

NEXT, AS A NEW AND CLOSER EXPLOSION SENDS DUST AND DEBRIS AND FLAMES THRU THE SUB-HALLWAY...

...THREEPIO FINDS THAT EVEN A ROBOT CAN CHANGE HIS MIND.

THEN, AS THE SAFETY DOOR SNAPS SHUT BEHIND HIM--

I'M GOING TO REGRET THIS.

--THERE IS THE SUDDEN THUNDER OF EXPLODING LATCHES--

--AND THE TINY LIFEPOD EJECTS FROM THE DISABLED STARFIGHTER!

...AS, BACK ABOARD...

THERE'S ONE OF THEM!

SET WEAPONS FOR STUN!

I'VE SET MINE TO KILL!

**ZZZZZ**

THEN, THE YOUNG GIRL STARTS TO FLEE ONCE MORE--

--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, NOT AT THE LIGHT-SPEED OF A PARALYSIS RAY.

**OH HH**

**FSSSS**

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

REPORT TO LORD VADER!



WHILE, ON TATOOINE  
(CITY: ANCHORHEAD)...

I'VE TOLD YOU KIDS  
TO SLOW DOWN!

SHREEEE

HEY, CAMIE--  
DID I HEAR A  
YOUNG NOISE  
BLAST THRU  
HERE?

IT WAS JUST  
WORMIE ON  
ANOTHER  
RAMPAGE,  
FIXER.

SHAPE IT UP,  
YOU TWO! I--  
**BIGGS!**

WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?

JUST NOW!  
I THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE HERE  
--CERTAINLY  
DIDN'T EXPECT  
YOU TO BE OUT  
WORKING!

HEY, WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
DIDN'T YOU  
GET YOUR  
COMMIS-  
SION?

WHY, LH--OF COURSE  
I GOT IT! SIGNED  
ABOARD THE RAND  
ECLIPTIC LAST WEEK.

FIRST MATE  
**BIGGS**  
DARKLIGHTER  
AT YOUR  
SERVICE!

WAIT! I ALMOST  
FORGOT--

THERE'S A  
BATTLE  
GOING  
ON--  
RIGHT  
HERE IN  
OUR  
SYSTEM!

COME  
AND  
LOOK!

UP THERE! CAN YOU  
SEE--?

THAT'S NO BATTLE,  
HOT-SHOT. THEY'RE  
JUST SITTING  
THERE.

PROBABLY A  
FREIGHTER-  
TANKER  
REFUELING.

I KEEP TELLING YOU,  
WORMIE-- THE REBEL-  
LION'S A LONG WAY  
FROM HERE; I DOUBT  
IF THE EMPIRE  
WOULD EVEN FIGHT  
TO KEEP THIS  
SYSTEM.

BELIEVE ME,  
LUKE-- THIS  
PLANET IS A  
BIG HUNK OF  
NOTHING!

NOT  
AGAIN!  
FORGET IT,  
BIGGS--  
HE'S  
ALWAYS--

NO, I  
MEAN IT.  
COME ON.

I JUST CAME  
BACK TO SAY  
GOODBYE TO  
ALL YOU  
UNFORTUNATE  
LANDLOCKED  
SIMPLETONS.

BUT, THERE  
WAS A LOT OF  
FIRING EARLIER....!





WHILE,  
OUT IN  
SPACE...

LORD VADER!

I SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN -- ONLY  
YOU COULD BE  
SO BOLD!



WELL, THE IMPERIAL SENATE  
WILL NOT SIT STILL FOR THIS!

WHEN THEY HEAR  
YOU'VE ATTACKED  
A DIPLOMATIC--

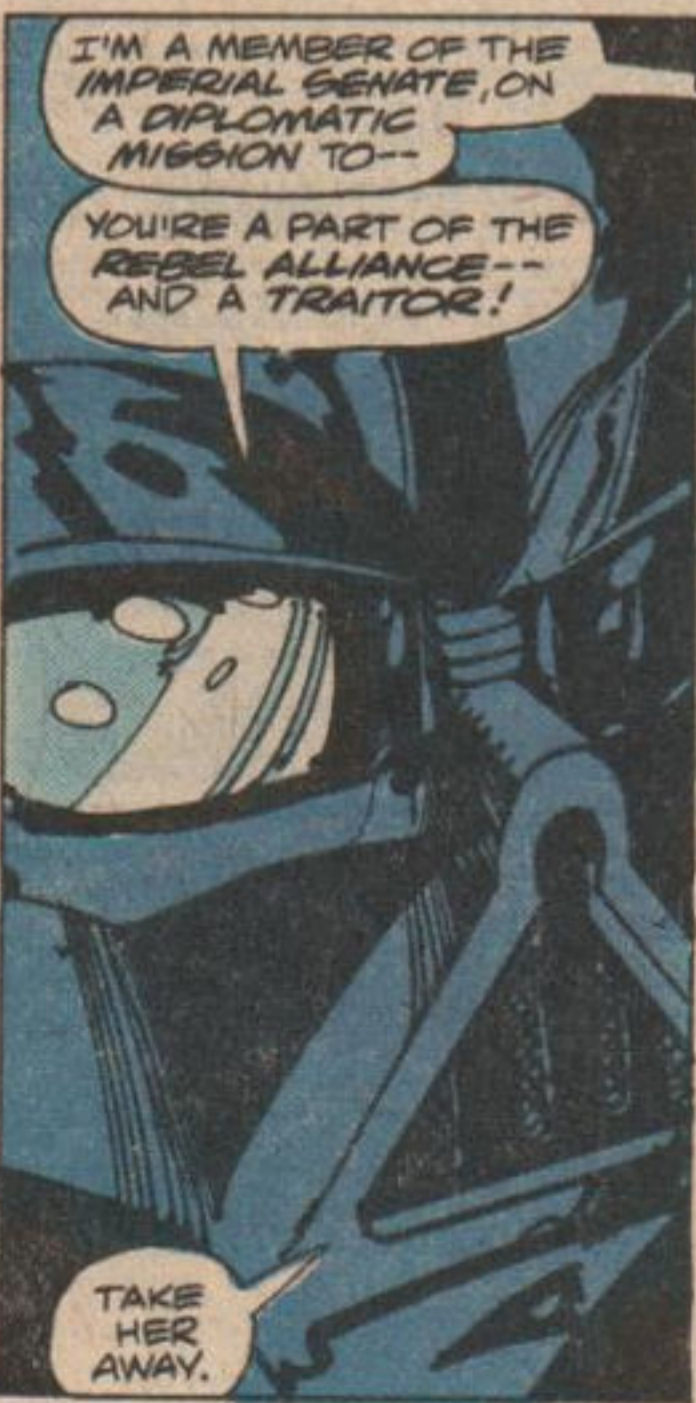
DON'T PLAY  
GAMES WITH  
ME, YOUR  
HIGHNESS!

THIS SHIP PASSED  
DIRECTLY THRU A  
RESTRICTED  
SYSTEM.

SEVERAL  
TRANSMISSIONS  
WERE BEAMED TO  
THIS SHIP BY SPIES,  
WHO ARE NOW  
UNFORTUNATELY  
DEAD.

I WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THOSE  
DATA  
TAPES.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT!



I'M A MEMBER OF THE  
IMPERIAL SENATE, ON  
A DIPLOMATIC  
MISSION TO--

YOU'RE A PART OF THE  
REBEL ALLIANCE--  
AND A TRAITOR!

TAKE  
HER  
AWAY.



SHE SHOULD BE DESTROYED,  
LORD VADER.

MY DUTY  
IS TO FIND THE REBELS'  
HIDDEN FORTRESS,  
COMMANDER.

SHE IS MY  
ONLY LINK TO  
DISCOVERING ITS  
LOCATION-- AND  
I INTEND TO  
USE IT.

MEANWHILE, SEND A  
DISTRESS SIGNAL--CALL  
IT A METEORITE STORM--



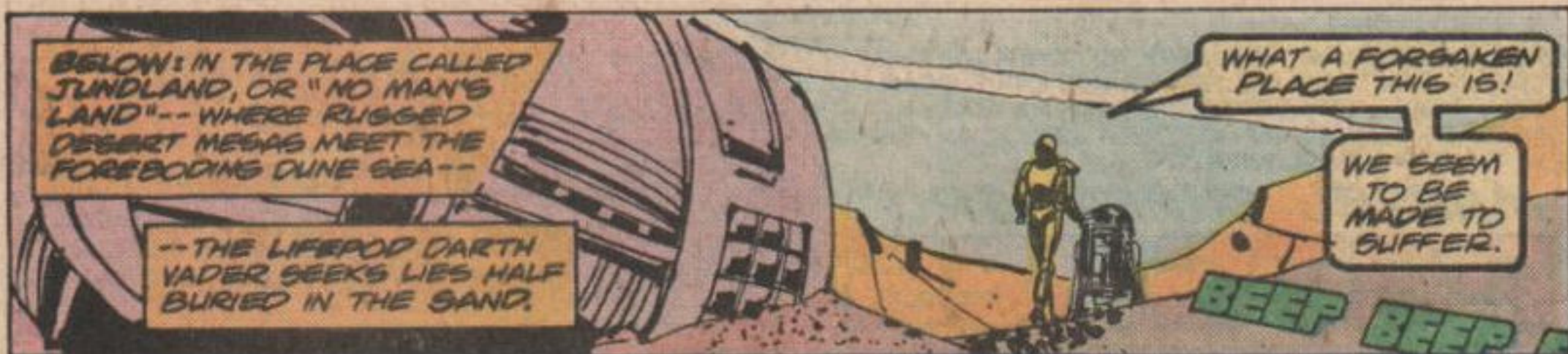
VAPORIZE THIS SHIP,  
DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING.

THEN,  
INFORM HER  
FATHER AND  
THE SENATE  
THAT ALL  
ABOARD WERE  
KILLED.

I'VE BEEN  
INFORMED  
THAT A  
REPAIR  
POD WAS  
SOMEHOW  
JETTISONED  
DURING THE  
FIGHTING

THE DATA TAPES MUST  
BE HIDDEN IN IT-- SO SEND  
A DETACHMENT DOWN TO  
RETRIEVE THEM, WITHOUT  
ATTRACTING ATTENTION.





BELOW: IN THE PLACE CALLED JUNDLAND, OR "NO MAN'S LAND"-- WHERE RIGGED DESERT MESSAS MEET THE FOREBODING DUNE SEA--

--THE LIFEPOD DARTH VADER SEEKS LIES HALF BURIED IN THE SAND.

WHAT A FORSAKEN PLACE THIS IS!

WE SEEM TO BE MADE TO SUFFER.

BEEP BEEP



I'VE GOT TO REST BEFORE I FALL APART, MY JOINTS ARE ALMOST FROZ--

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

PUH MEET PUH WEET

OH YOU ARE, ARE YOU?



WELL, I'M NOT GOING THAT WAY! GO ON IF YOU WANT TO--

KLIK KLIK KLIK



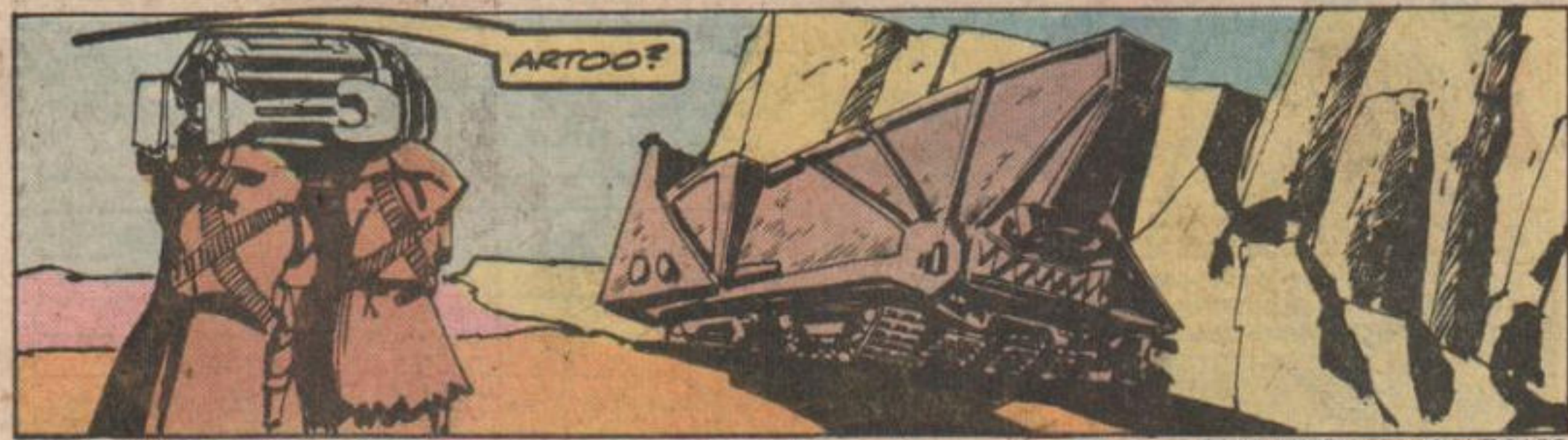
--AND DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU FOLLOWING ME AND BEGGING FOR HELP--

ZRAP!

SQUEE

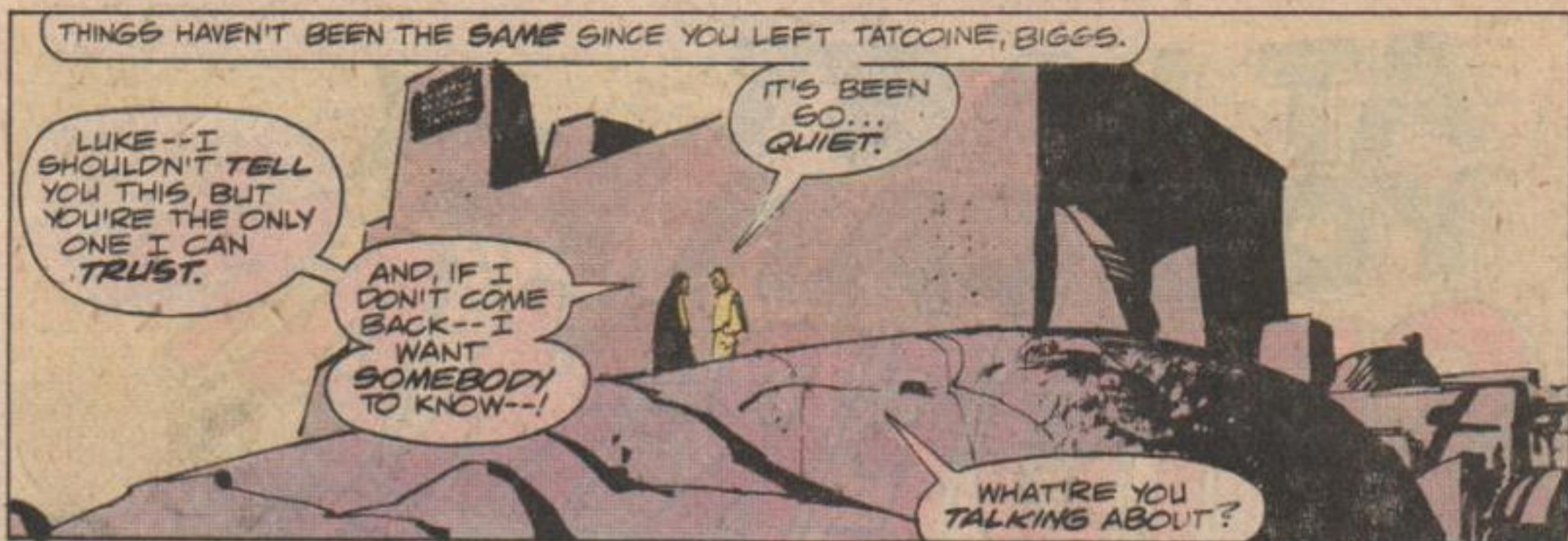


--BECAUSE YOU WON'T GET IT! DO YOU HEAR ME, ARTOO?



ARTOO?





THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE YOU LEFT TATOOINE, BIGGS.

LUKE--I SHOULD'N'T TELL YOU THIS, BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST.

IT'S BEEN SO... QUIET.

AND, IF I DON'T COME BACK--I WANT SOMEBODY TO KNOW--!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



I MADE SOME FRIENDS AT THE ACADEMY, LUKE.

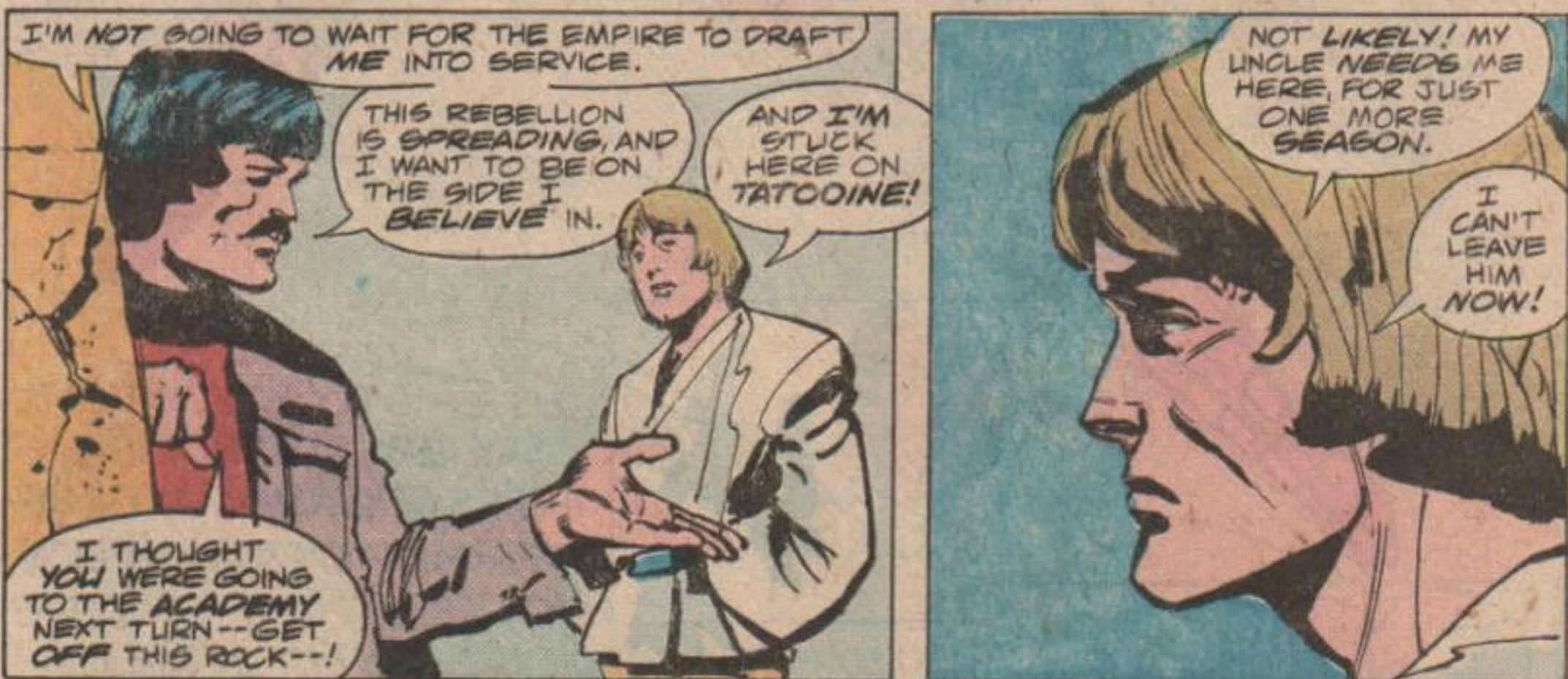
WHEN OUR FRIGATE GOES TO ONE OF THE CENTRAL SYSTEMS, WE'RE GOING TO JUMP SHIP AND JOIN THE ALLIANCE.

QUIET DOWN, WILL YOU? MY FRIEND HAS A FRIEND ON BESTINE WHO MIGHT HELP US MAKE CONTACT.

YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU COULD WANDER AROUND FOREVER TRYING TO FIND THEM.

JOIN THE REBELLION? ARE YOU KIDDING? HOW?

I KNOW IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT--



I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THE EMPIRE TO DRAFT ME INTO SERVICE.

THIS REBELLION IS SPREADING, AND I WANT TO BE ON THE SIDE I BELIEVE IN.

AND I'M STUCK HERE ON TATOOINE!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO THE ACADEMY NEXT TURN--GET OFF THIS ROCK--!

NOT LIKELY! MY UNCLE NEEDS ME HERE, FOR JUST ONE MORE SEASON.

I CAN'T LEAVE HIM NOW!



WHAT GOOD IS ALL YOUR UNCLE'S WORK, IF HE ENDS UP MERELY A TENANT SOON--SLAVING AWAY FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF THE EMPIRE?

WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO... I'M LEAVING IN THE MORNING.

THEN I GUESS I WON'T SEE YOU...

MAYBE SOMEDAY. I'LL KEEP A LOOKOUT.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, BIGGS. YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE BEST FRIEND I'VE GOT!



WHILE, IN A SOULLESS IMPERIAL CONFERENCE ROOM, SOMEWHERE IN THE GALAXY...

...I TELL YOU, DARTH VADER HAS GONE TOO FAR!

THIS SITH LORD SENT BY THE EMPEROR WILL BE OUR UNDOING.

THE REBEL ALLIANCE IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU REALIZE!

DANGEROUS TO YOUR STARFLEET, COMMANDER TAGGE-- NOT TO THIS BATTLE-STATION!

YOU'RE A FOOL, ADMIRAL MOTTI!

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE EMPEROR HAS DISSOLVED THE COUNCIL-- PERMANENTLY.

THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE OLD REPUBLIC HAVE BEEN SWEEPED AWAY.

THE REGIONAL GOVERNORS NOW HAVE DIRECT CONTROL OVER THEIR TERRITORIES.

'IMPOSSIBLE!' HOW WILL THE EMPEROR MAINTAIN CONTROL WITHOUT THE BUREAUCRACY?

THE REBELLION WILL CONTINUE TO GAIN SUPPORT IN THE IMPERIAL SENATE, AS LONG AS--

THE IMPERIAL SENATE IS NO LONGER OF ANY CONCERN TO US, GENTLEMEN.

FEAR WILL KEEP THE LOCAL SYSTEMS IN LINE-- FEAR OF THIS BATTLE-STATION WHICH NEARS COMPLETION.

AND WHAT OF THE REBELLION, GOVERNOR TARKIN?

IT'S GRAND MOFF TARKIN-- AND DARTH VADER!

IF THE REBELS HAVE OBTAINED A COMPLETE TECHNICAL READ-OUT OF THIS BATTLE-STATION, IT IS POSSIBLE-- HOWEVER, UNLIKELY-- THAT THEY MIGHT FIND A WEAKNESS AND EXPLOIT IT.

THE TECHNICAL DATA YOU REFER TO WILL SOON BE BACK IN OUR HANDS.



ANY ATTACK MADE AGAINST THIS STATION BY THE REBELS WOULD BE A USELESS GESTURE, NO MATTER WHAT TECHNICAL DATA THEY'VE OBTAINED.

THIS BATTLE STATION IS NOW THE ULTIMATE POWER IN THE UNIVERSE!

DON'T BECOME TOO PROUD OF THIS TECHNOLOGICAL TERROR YOU'VE CREATED, ADMIRAL MOTTI.

THE ABILITY TO DESTROY A PLANET IS INSIGNIFICANT NEXT TO THE COSMIC FORCE!

DON'T TRY TO FRIGHTEN US WITH YOUR SORCERER'S WAYS, LORD VADER!

YOUR SAD DEVOTION TO THAT ANCIENT RELIGION HASN'T HELPED YOU CONJURE UP THOSE STOLEN DATA TAPES--

--OR ENABLED YOU TO FIND THE REBELS' HIDDEN FORTRESS.

WHY, I HAVE TO LAUGH--AH--

CHOKES

--CAN'T BREATHE

--I--

I FIND YOUR LACK OF FAITH DISTURBING.

ENOUGH OF THIS! VADER-- RELEASE HIM!

THIS BICKERING IS POINTLESS.

LORD VADER WILL FIND THE LOCATION OF THE REBEL FORTRESS BY THE TIME THIS STATION IS OPERATIONAL.

THEN, WE WILL CRUSH THE REBELLION WITH ONE SWIFT STRIKE!

AND, BACK ON TATOOINE, ABOARD THE LUMBERING SAND-CRAWLER OF THE DESERT-DWELLING JAWAS...

WILL THIS NEVER END?

WAKE UP, ARTOO! WAKE UP!

WE'VE STOPPED! WE'RE DOOMED!

DO YOU THINK THE JAWAS WILL MELT US DOWN?

YOU'RE A GREAT COMFORT.

SUDDENLY, THROUGH AN OPENING HATCH, BLINDING WHITE LIGHT FILLS THE CHAMBER...

THEY WANT US TO GO OUTSIDE.

I WAS RIGHT! WE ARE DOOMED!





LUKE-- TELL YOUR UNCLE OWEN THAT IF HE GETS A TRANS-LATOR TO BE SURE IT SPEAKS "BOCCE"!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE, AUNT BERU, BUT I'LL REMIND HIM.



YES, THIS R2-D2 MODEL WILL DO FINE; THAT OTHER ONE OVER THERE LOOKS READY FOR THE JUNKHEAP.

SAVE YOUR SALES PITCH! YOU-- ROBOT --DO YOU KNOW ETIQUETTE AND PROTOCOL?

ZW L W OH

DO I KNOW PROTOCOL! WHY, IT'S MY PRIMARY FUNCTION!

I AM WELL VERSED IN THE CUSTOMS AND---



I DON'T NEED A PRO-TOC-OL DROID! I NEED A DROID THAT KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BINARY LANGUAGE OF MOISTURE VAPOR-ATORS.

VAPORATORS! SIR, MY FIRST JOB WAS PRO-GRAMMING BINARY LOAD LIFTERS, A VERY SIMILAR--

DO YOU SPEAK "BOCCE"?

IT'S LIKE A SEC-OND LANGUAGE FOR ME, SIR. I'M AS FLUENT AS---

SHUT UP!



I'LL TAKE THIS ONE.

SHUTTING UP, SIR.

LUKE, TAKE THEM TO THE GARAGE AND CLEAN THEM UP.

BUT I WAS GOING INTO TOSHI STATION TO--

AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR CHORES!



UNCLE OWEN -- THIS R2 UNIT HAS A BAD MOTIVATOR. LOOK!

**SPRING!**



IF I MIGHT SAY SO, SIR, THIS R2 UNIT IS IN TOP CONDITION -- A REAL BARGAIN.

THEN WE'LL TAKE IT -- AS A REPLACEMENT.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE JAWAS, LUKE. RUN ALONG.

**BLEEP!**



DON'T YOU FORGET THIS, ARTOO!

WHY I STICK MY NECK OUT FOR YOU IS BE- YOND MY CAPACITY TO--

**BEEP BEEP BEEP**



# STAR WARS™

# THE ULTIMATE SPACE-FANTASY

## A Six-Issue Prospectus On A Startling Piece of Cinema

Six years ago, George Lucas, the creator of *American Graffiti*, began his first draft of the script of a film that is certain to become a milestone in the space fantasy genre.

Thus, it is perhaps appropriate that Marvel Comics is going to take six monthly issues of this STAR WARS comic-magazine to adapt the movie into illustrated form. Anything less than approximately a hundred pages would be too little to do it justice.

Still, just to familiarize you with the territory, including a few terms new to those unfamiliar with interstellar warfare, we thought it'd be best to give you this brief overview of the story, the characters, and the people behind it. Read it carefully, 'cause there might be a quiz at the end of the sixth issue:

Through thousands of light-years come the amazing exploits of hero Luke Skywalker and his friends, flesh-and-blood space pilots and mechanical robots, as they battle numerous villains and creatures in a massive Galactic Civil War. 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.

Young Luke Skywalker is accompanied by his robot companions R2-D2 and C-3PO (more familiarly known as Artoo and Threepio)—the tough starpilot Han Solo—the seven-foot, fur-covered Wookiee named Chewbacca—and the venerable old warrior, Ben Kenobi.

Three different worlds become settings for the series of fabulous adventures and thrills. They travel from the large arid planet Tatooine to the huge man-made planet destroyer, Death Star, and finally arrive on the dense jungle-covered fourth moon of Yavin.

Director/writer George Lucas has created a majestic visual experience of extraordinary worlds. This Panavision Technicolor motion picture, to be released in late May of this year, is produced by Gary Kurtz for Twentieth Century-Fox release and was made on locations in Tunisia and at EMI Elstree and Shepperton Studios, London, over a 17-week schedule.

Lucas and Kurtz, the successful duo of the fantastically popular *American Graffiti*, have acquired an outstanding production team, including production designer John Barry of *A Clockwork Orange* fame and director of photography Gil Taylor of Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy* and Twentieth Century-Fox's 1976 hit, *The Omen*. A team with credentials!

John Stears, production special-effects supervisor in London (and Academy Award winner for the James Bond film *Thunderball*) designed the robots and land vehicles and planned the cataclysmic explosions. At a hidden warehouse in the United States, special-effects miniaturist John Dykstra took full advantage of new advances in computer-controlled stop-motion animation. Matte artist Peter Ellenshaw, Jr., carried on a great family tradition in a relatively unknown motion picture art form. John Barry was production designer, while veteran John Williams scored the music.

Other important production members include make up expert Stuart Freeborn, who designed and made the ape-costumes for *2001*, and editors Marcia Lucas, Richard Chew, and Paul Hirsch.

And the stars of *Star Wars*?

Sir Alec Guinness stars as Ben (Obi-wan) Kenobi, Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford (a featured player in *Graffiti*) as Han Solo, Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia Organa, and Peter Cushing (of *Frankenstein* fame and infamy) as Governor Moff Tarkin.

Others in the cast include Anthony Daniels, Kenny Baker,

Peter Mayhew, and Dave Prowse—though it's doubtful even their own families would recognize them in their alien get-ups.

Now the question: "Why did filmmaker George Lucas follow up a movie like *American Graffiti* with such a totally different film?"

Here's the reason, in his own words:

"I think that anyone who goes to the movies loves to have an emotional experience. It's basic—whether you're seven, seventeen, or seventy. The more intense the experience, the more successful the film.

"I've always loved adventure films. After I finished *American Graffiti*, I came to realize that since the demise of the western, there hasn't been much in the mythological fantasy genre available to the film audience. So, instead of making 'isn't-it-terrible-what's-happening-to-mankind' movies, which is how I began, I decided that I'd try to fill that gap. I'd make a film so rooted in imagination that the grimness of everyday life would not follow the audience into the theatre. In other words, for two hours, they could forget.

"I'm trying to reconstruct a genre that's been lost and bring it to a new dimension so that the elements of space, fantasy, adventure, suspense, and fun all work and feed off each other. So, in a way, *Star Wars* is a movie for the kid in all of us."

With this multi-million-dollar Fox release slated to open in major theatres across the country in just a few short weeks—with a *Star Wars* novelization from Ballantine Books already rushing toward a second printing—and now, with the beginning of Marvel Comics' official adaptation by Roy Thomas (late of UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION and a Skrull/Kree War or two himself) and Howard Chaykin (whose MONARK STARSTALKER and SOLOMON KANE for Marvel have shown he knows how to buckle a mean swash himself, in space or elsewhere)—

—well, it looks as if the time *has* come for STAR WARS, after all!

And it's *about* time!





# STAR WARRIORS

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## THE STORY BEHIND STAR WARS

The Movie and the Comic-Mag  
by Roy Thomas

It started slowly, this *Star Wars* project. Both for George Lucas and even for Marvel Comics.

It's a couple of years now since I met George Lucas, already celebrated as the film-maker behind the blockbuster *American Graffiti*. I was an ardent admirer of that film (and had also been intrigued by his earlier, science-fiction feature *THX 1138*). George, in turn, had expressed a desire to see the Carl Barks/ Uncle Scrooge McDuck painting which hangs proudly in my living room, and was enthusiastic about another pride and joy of mine, our late lamented \$1 magazine UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION. We met, shared a dinner and a few anecdotes, and that was it.

Or so it seemed.

For, a few months later, a friend of George's looked me up. His name was Charlie Lippincott, and he was (for lack of a better term, he said) media projects director of George Lucas' new film, *Star Wars*, about which I knew nothing but the name.

Fairly understandable, since at that stage filming hadn't even been started.

Charlie informed me, after a spaghetti dinner and some more swapped anecdotes, that he and George would like Marvel Comics in general and me in particular to handle the comic-book adaptation of *Star Wars*. I was, of course, both flattered and flabbergasted. And, when Charlie brought out stats of a dozen or so beautiful paintings of projected scenes from the movie ("sketches," they're called in the trade, but they were painstakingly detailed and breathtakingly beautiful), I was definitely hooked.

Within a couple of days, Smilin' Stan Lee had seen my enthusiasm and figured, I guess, that "What the heck, it'll give the Kid something to do." STAR WARS was tentatively added to the hectic Marvel schedule, after some slight debate about whether it should be a color or black-and-white mag, about whether it should be adapted in one issue or twenty, etc. I wanted to adapt George's script in about a half dozen issues, in full color—and I guess I was fairly persuasive that particular day.



By that time, reading over the script and having perused the illustrations which would soon become filmic reality, I had already chosen the artist I would give first crack at STAR WARS, Marvel version.

Howard Chaykin's drawn space fantasy (or space opera, if you will) for just about every market over the past couple of years. For our competition, for underground-type mags, and even for us, as witness last year's MARVEL PREMIERE issue featuring one MONARK STARSTALKER. Howie took one look at the script and the "production sketches," and his only question was—"When do we start?"

He's got top-notch help, too, to help the two of us produce the STAR WARS comic on a monthly basis. This issue's cover, for instance, based on a poster by the talented Mr. C., was inked by Tom Palmer, a favorite of Marvel-dom Assembled. And, starting with issue #2, the inking chores (if you can call such an enjoyable assignment a "chore") will be done by Steve Leialoha, in between encounters with HOWARD THE DUCK. We think Chaykin and Leialoha are gonna be a duo to remember.

And STAR WARS, both as film and as comic-book, is going to be just what it says out there on the first page.

"The Greatest Space-Fantasy of All!"





...IT JUST ISN'T FAIR! BIGGS IS RIGHT--I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!

IS THERE ANYTHING I MIGHT DO TO HELP, SIR?

YES, YOU CAN CALL ME LUKE!

HMMM... LOT'S OF CARBON SCORING HERE. YOU'VE BOTH SEEN A LOT OF ACTION.

WELL, MY LITTLE FRIEND, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING JAMMED IN HERE REAL GOOD...



LET'S SEE WHAT--  
=OODOOF!<

...OBI-WAN KENOBI--HELP ME! YOU'RE MY ONLY HO--

SNAP



WHAT'S THIS?? A THREE-DIMENSIONAL HOLOGRAM--AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

...OBI-WAN KENOBI--HELP ME! YOU'RE MY ONLY HO--

BREEP!



ARTOO SAYS IT'S NOTHING, SIR... MERELY A MALFUNCTION. PAY IT NO MIND.

BUT-- WHO IS THIS GIRL?

I... THINK SHE WAS A PASSENGER ON OUR LAST VOYAGE, SIR, BUT I DON'T--

IS THERE ANY MORE TO THIS HOLOGRAM?

...OBI-WAN KENOBI...



ARTOO SAYS HE'S THE PROPERTY OF OBI-WAN KENOBI, AND IT IS A PRIVATE MESSAGE FOR HIM.

QUITE FRANKLY, SIR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT! OUR LAST MASTER WAS CAPTAIN ANTILLIES...

I DON'T KNOW ANY OBI-WAN, BUT THERE'S AN OLD BEN KENOBI WHO LIVES OUT BEYOND THE DUNE SEA... SORT OF A HERMIT. I WONDER...

HMMM... I WONDER, IF I REMOVE THIS RESTRAINING BOLT...



NOW THE HOLOGRAM'S DISAPPEARED, GIRL AND ALL!

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT HE APPEARS TO HAVE PICKED UP A SLIGHT FLUTTER.

PLAY BACK THE ENTIRE MESSAGE, ARTOO!

PERHAPS LATER...!

MAKE HER COME BACK!

BOO BEEP BOO BEEP



SOON AFTERWARD, AT DINNER...

UNCLE OWEN--I THINK THAT R2 UNIT MAY BE STOLEN GOODS.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT, LUKE?

THE DROID CLAIMS TO BE THE PROPERTY OF SOMEONE CALLED... OBI-WAN KENOBI!

I STUMBLED ON A RECORDING WHILE I WAS CLEANING HIM...

I THOUGHT HE MIGHT MEAN OLD BEN--THE NAME IS SIMILAR. DO YOU KNOW WHAT--?

IT'S A NAME FROM ANOTHER TIME, THAT CAN ONLY MEAN TROUBLE!

TOMORROW, YOU'LL HAVE THAT R2 UNIT'S MEMORY FLUSHED AND THAT'LL BE THE END OF IT.

YOU STAY AWAY FROM THAT OLD WIZARD, DO YOU HEAR ME? HE'S DANGEROUS!

I DON'T CARE WHERE THAT DROID CAME FROM; IT BELONGS TO US NOW!

BUT, WHAT IF THIS OBI-WAN COMES LOOKING FOR THE DROID?

HE WON'T! HE DIED AT THE SAME TIME AS YOUR FATHER. FORGET ABOUT IT.

DID HE KNOW MY FATHER?

I SAID FORGET IT!

ALL RIGHT-- BUT IF THESE NEW DROIDS WORK OUT, I'D LIKE TO TRANSMIT MY APPLICATION TO THE ACADEMY THIS YEAR.

YOU'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH DROIDS TO--

DROIDS CAN'T REPLACE YOU, LUKE! IT'S JUST FOR ONE MORE SEASON.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE'VE GOT A FORTUNE COMING INTO OUR HANDS. MAYBE AFTER NEXT SEASON...

BUT, THAT MEANS ANOTHER YEAR...

THE TIME WILL PASS BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST YEAR-- WHEN BIGGS AND TANK LEFT.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING NOWHERE!

I HAVE TO FINISH CLEANING THOSE DROIDS.

OWEN, WE CAN'T KEEP HIM HERE FOREVER! MOST OF HIS FRIENDS ARE GONE...

I'LL MAKE IT UP TO HIM NEXT YEAR... I PROMISE.

LUKE'S JUST NOT A FARMER, OWEN. HE'S GOT TOO MUCH OF HIS FATHER IN HIM.

THAT'S... WHAT I'M AFRAID OF...!





THREPIO!  
ARTOO!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU TWO?

THIS  
CONTROL  
BOX WILL  
POP YOU  
OUT INTO  
THE  
OPEN!

YIPE!

IT-- WASN'T MY  
FAULT, SIR!  
PLEASE DON'T  
DEACTIVATE  
ME!

I TOLD HIM NOT TO  
GO, BUT HE'S FAULTY  
--MALFUNCTIONING.

KEPT  
BABBLING  
ON ABOUT  
HIS  
"MISSION"!

WHAT WERE YOU  
HIDING FOR? AND  
--WHERE'S ARTOO?

OH  
NO!

MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE...

NO SIGN OF HIM,  
EVEN WITH THESE  
ELECTRO-  
BINOCULARS!

UNCLE OWEN'S  
GOING TO  
KILL ME FOR  
THIS.

BEGGING  
YOUR  
PARDON,  
SIR... BUT  
CAN'T WE  
GO AFTER  
HIM?

NOT AT NIGHT! IT'S TOO  
DANGEROUS WITH ALL  
THE SANDPEOPLE  
AROUND. BUT, COME  
MORNING WE'LL--

LUKE! YOU  
ABOUT  
FINISHED  
WITH THOSE  
DROIDS?

BE  
THERE IN  
A MINUTE,  
UNCLE  
OWEN!

THAT  
LITTLE  
R2 DROID  
IS GOING  
TO GET  
ME INTO  
A LOT OF  
TROUBLE!

HE EXCELS  
AT THAT, SIR.

THESE ASTROID  
DROIDS ARE  
GETTING TOO  
MUCH FOR ME;  
EVEN I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
THEIR LOGIC  
AT TIMES.



BOY,  
AM I IN  
FOR IT,  
IF HE  
FINDS  
OUT!



HOURS LATER, AS DAWN SLOWLY CREEPS OVER THE SPARSE BUT SPARKLING OASIS WHICH IS OWEN LAR'S HOMESTEAD...

BERU, HAVE  
YOU SEEN  
LUKE THIS  
MORNING?

HE GOT TO  
WORK EARLY--  
TOOK THE NEW  
DROIDS WITH  
HIM, I GUESS.

WELL, HE'D BETTER HAVE THOSE CONDENSING  
UNITS ON THE SOUTH RIDGE BY MIDDAY-- OR  
THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY!





MEANWHILE,  
SOME DIS-  
TANCE AWAY,  
FOUR  
IMPERIAL  
STORM-  
TROOPERS  
MILL  
ABOUT A  
FAMILIAR  
FORM: A  
HALF-  
BURIED  
LIFE-  
POD...!



THIS IS THE  
ONE! BUT, THERE  
ARE NO DATA  
TAPES HERE,  
SIR!

IF ONLY WE  
KNEW WHO  
WAS IN  
THAT POD  
WHEN IT--

HOLD  
IT!

THIS SMALL  
PIECE OF  
METAL I  
FOUND IN  
THE SAND--!



**DROIDS!**



...OLD  
BEN KENOBI  
LIVES OUT IN  
THIS DIRECTION  
SOMEWHERE,  
THREEPIO...

BUT, I  
DON'T SEE  
HOW ARTOO  
COULD  
HAVE--



AS THE TINY  
LANDSPEEDER  
GLIDES ACROSS  
THE DESERT  
FLOOR, ITS  
OCCUPANTS  
ARE UNAWARE  
OF A DEADLY  
LASER RIFLE  
BEING AIMED  
AT THEM...

MOMENTS, LATER,  
FOLLOWING A HEATED  
ARGUMENT IN THEIR  
BARBARIC TONGUE,  
THE TWO SAND-  
PEOPLE--OR TUSKEN  
RAIDERS AS THEY'RE  
SOMETIMES CALLED--  
ARE SCURRYING OVER  
THE ROCKY TERRAIN...



...TOWARD THEIR  
TWO ENORMOUS  
BANTHAS, TETHERED  
NEARBY.

MOUNTING THE ELE-  
PHANTINE CREATURES,  
THEY RIDE OFF DOWN  
THE RUGGED BLUFF  
--IN OMINOUS  
SILENCE.



WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING  
DEAD AHEAD ON THE  
SCANNER!

LOOKS LIKE  
OUR DROID!  
HIT IT,  
THREEPIO!

...AND OF  
ANOTHER'S HAND, WHICH  
GRASPS THE GUN BE-  
FORE IT CAN BE FIRED!



WHILE, ON THE FLOOR OF A MASSIVE CANYON...

... AND JUST WHERE DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING?

THREEDPIO?

TUH-WHEET TUH-WHEET

HE'S STILL TALKING THAT OBI-WAN KENOBI JIBBERISH, SIR-- EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE HIS RIGHTFUL MASTER, NOW.

ARTOO, YOU'RE FORTUNATE HE DOESN'T BLAST YOU INTO A MILLION PIECES RIGHT HERE!

WELL, COME ON-- IT'S GETTING LATE! I ONLY HOPE WE CAN GET BACK BEFORE--

NOW WHAT?

OH MY, SIR...

ARTOO SAYS THERE ARE SEVERAL CREATURES APPROACHING RAPIDLY FROM THE SOUTHEAST!

SANDPEOPLE!

--OR WORSE!

I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT THIS FAR BEFORE! THE WILD THINGS OUT HERE ARE SAID TO BE WEIRD-- AND SAVAGE!

HURRY! FROM THIS RIDGE WE CAN SCAN THE WHOLE CANYON.

I JUST HOPE THAT R2 UNIT IS ON THE BLINK!

AS YOU KNOW, SIR, SUCH A THING IS NOT BEYOND THE REALM OF POSSIBILITY.

COME ON, ARTOO!

TWOOT TWOOT



NO SUCH LUCK!  
THERE ARE TWO  
BANTHAS DOWN  
THERE, AND--

YEP, THERE'S  
SANOPEOPLE,  
ALL RIGHT! I  
I SEE ONE  
OF THEM.

BUT, THERE MUST BE TWO OF  
THEM! WHERE'S THE OTH--?



--AND ONLY HIS LASER  
RIFLE, NOW SMASHED  
TO BITS, PREVENTS  
LUKE SKYWALKER'S  
SKULL FROM BEING  
THE SAME!

IN SECONDS, LUKE IS FORCED  
BACKWARD, TILL HE STAGGERS  
AT THE EDGE OF A  
DEEP CREVICE!

SIR!  
LOOK  
OUT!

YEEOW!



SUDDENLY, A  
GRUESOME  
TUSKEN  
RAIDER  
LOOMS ABOVE  
THE STARTLED  
LAD--

THE GADERFFII  
OF THE SAND-  
PEOPLE IS A  
FORMIDABLE  
WEAPON!



THREEPIO  
HAS ALREADY  
TOPPLED  
INTO IT.



AND NOW, THE  
SINISTER RAIDER  
TOWERS ABOVE  
THE TERRIFIED  
BOY-- LAUGHING  
HIS HORRIBLE,  
INHUMAN  
LAUGH--

--HIS DREADED  
AXE-BLADE  
POISED TO  
KILL!



NEXT ISSUE!  
ON TO  
ALDERBARK!