

STAR WARS  
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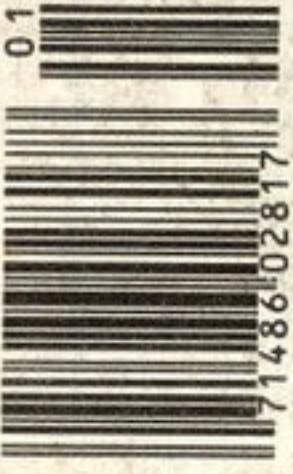
AT LAST! BEYOND THE MOVIE! BEYOND THE GALAXY!

# 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,  
SLONG, 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

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

ROY THOMAS & HOWARD CHAYKIN  
WRITER/EDITOR 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!

BLOOP

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

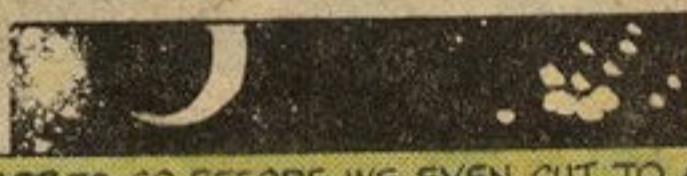
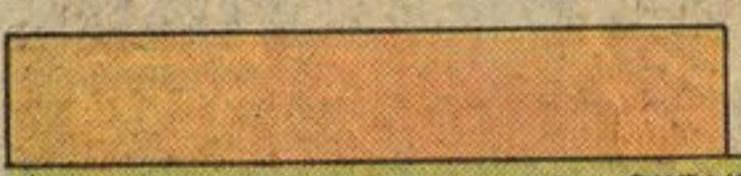
...ONE MORE FLICKERING POINT OF FLAME IN AN VAST BLACK OCEAN.



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



\* ISSUE #2.  
-- R.T.



"...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, OLD CHUM...

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!

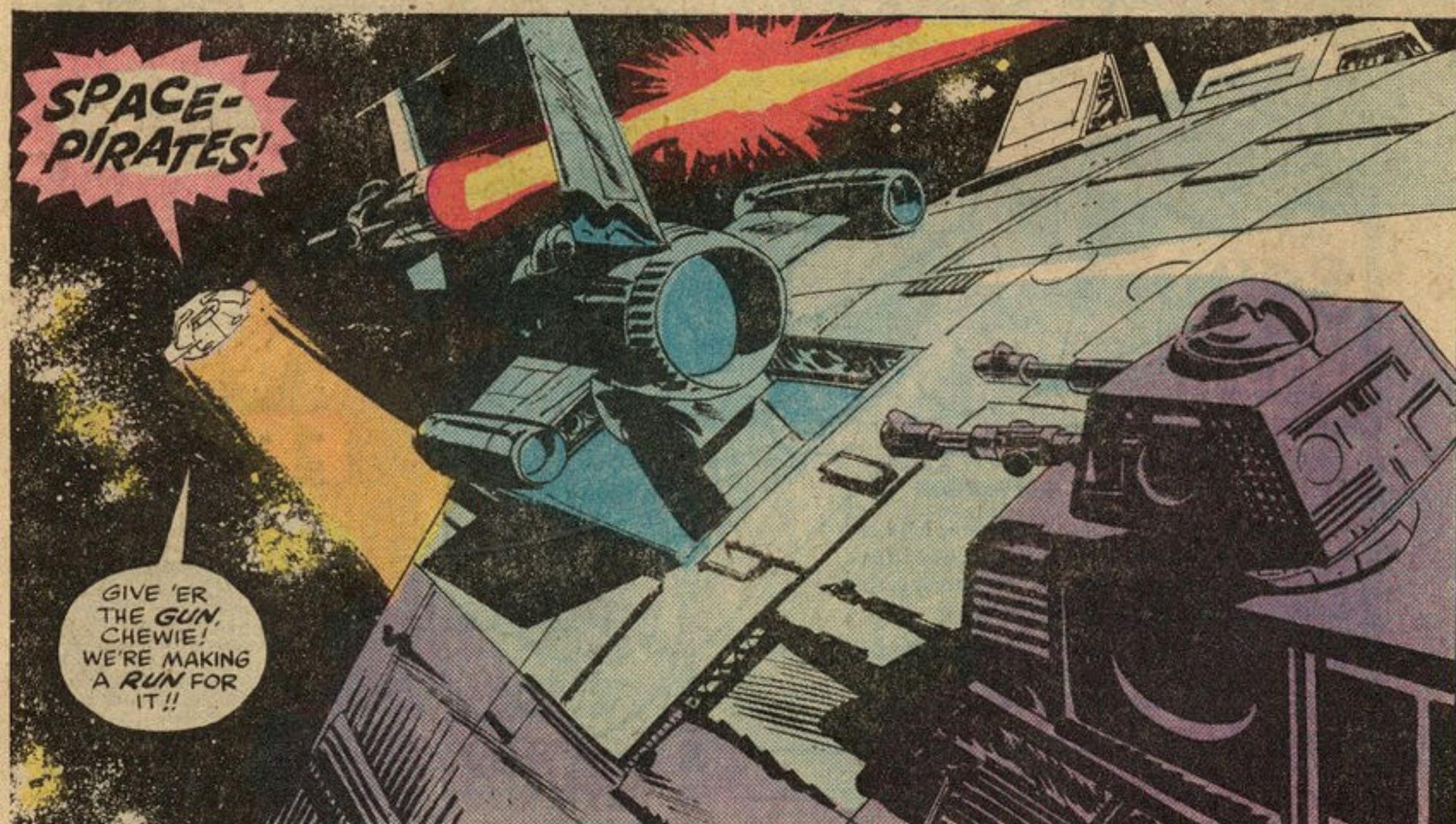
'SCOPE SHOWS IT'S DRIFTING... COULD JUST BE A DERELICT.

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--

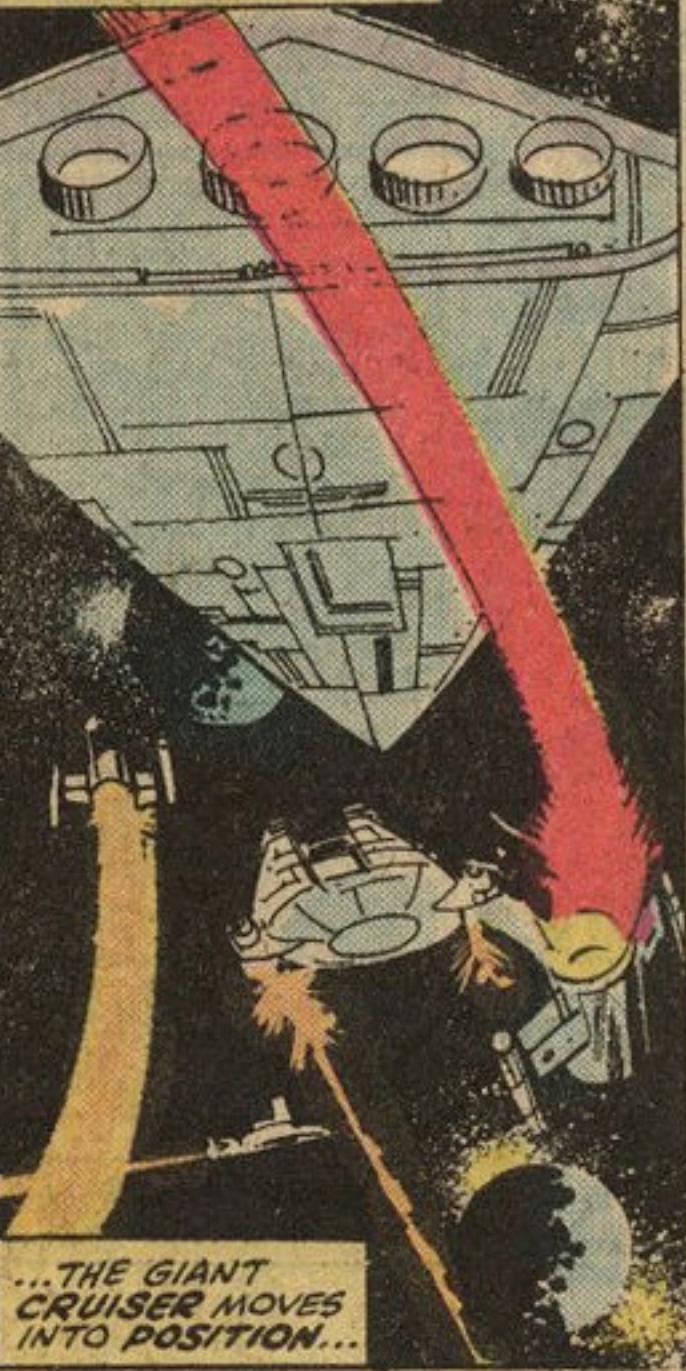


ALREADY, HOWEVER, IT IS FAR TOO LATE TO OUTDISTANCE THE VARIOUS TYPES OF FIGHTERCRAFT WHICH ISSUE, GUNS BLAZING, FROM THE METAL BELLY OF THE MOTHER SHIP.

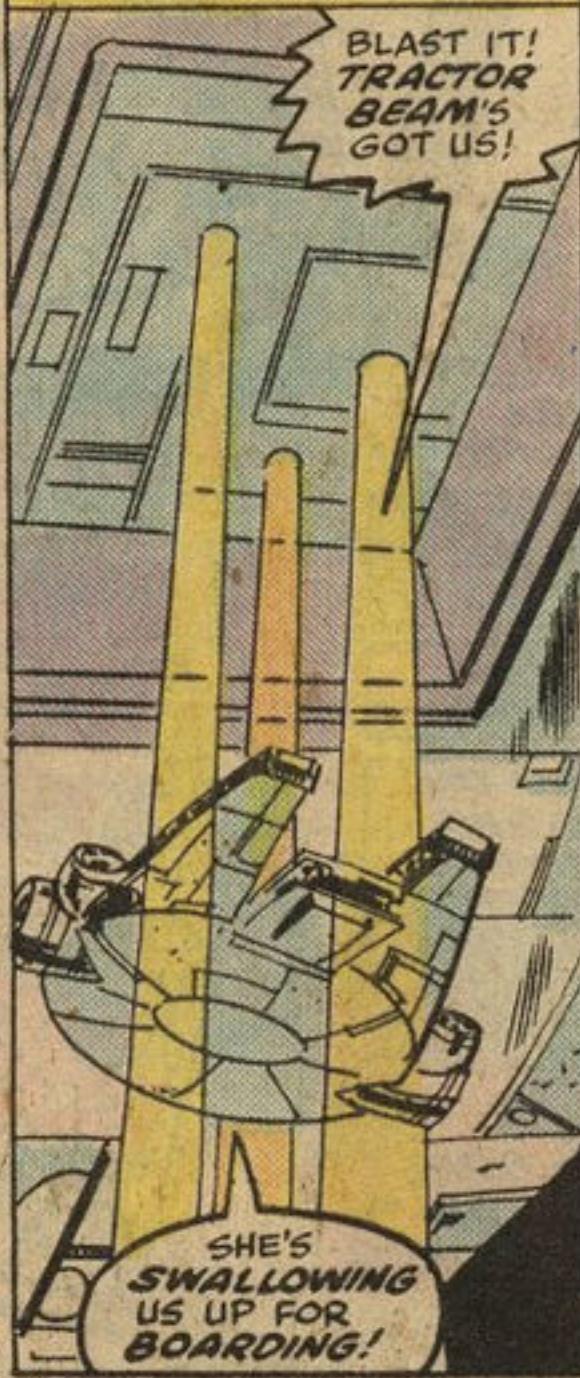
ONLY THE FALCON'S DEFLECTOR SHIELDS, SPECIALLY MODIFIED BY SOLO, PROTECT HIM AS HE MANS THE FORWARD LASER-CANNON...

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

YET, ALL THE WHILE...



...SO THAT, MOMENTS LATER...



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

HE SURE GETS AROUND!

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

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.





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 RE-  
MEMBER 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.

GUR-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.

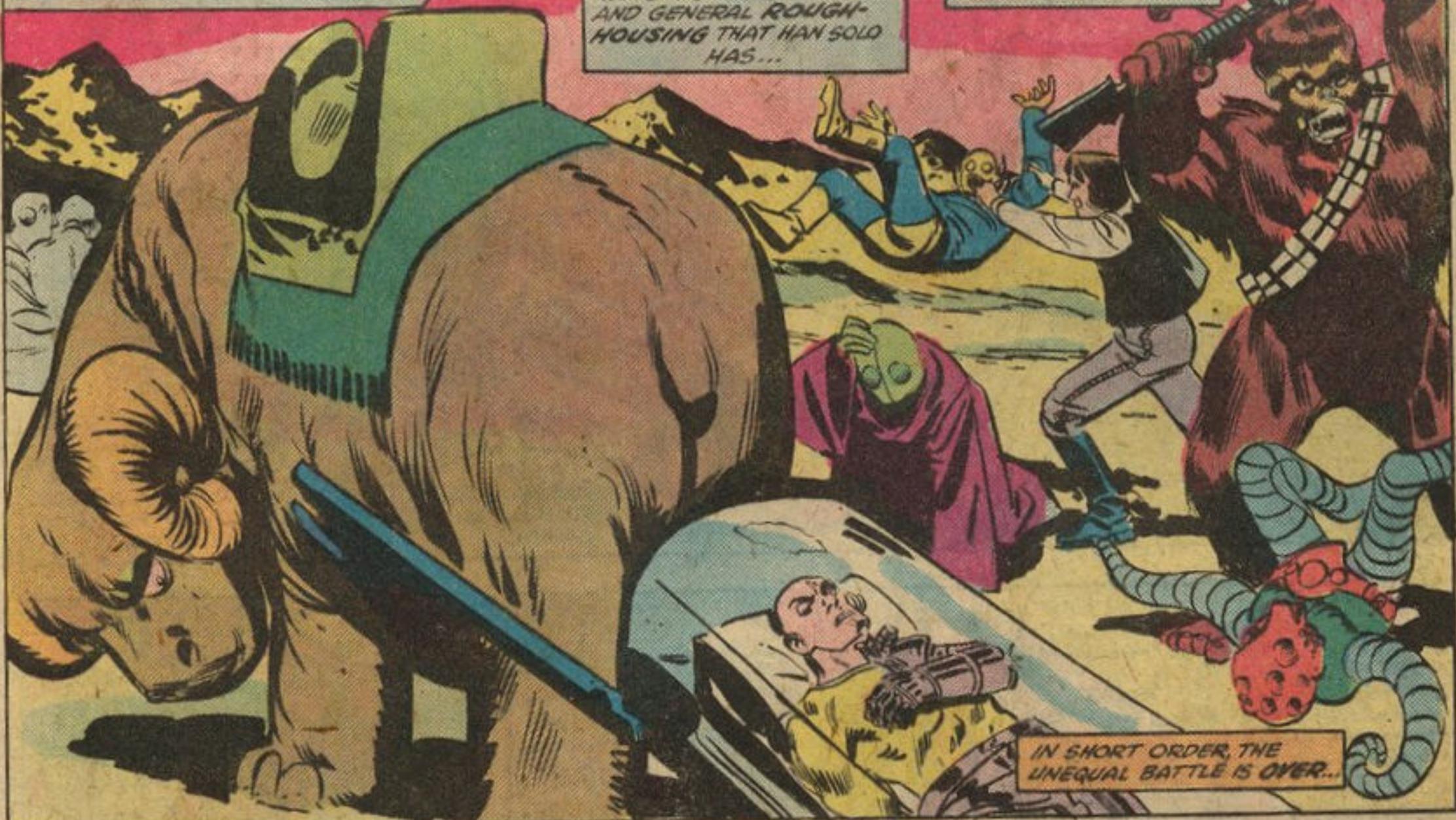
WHAT  
SAY WE  
GET A  
LITTLE  
CLOSER?



THE SPACEPORT ALIENS ARE SPACERS  
MOSTLY... A FEW MEDIOCRE PILOTS.  
THE REST NAVIGATORS OR CREW-  
MEN 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.



...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..."

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

GUH-  
RARR

"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!"

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



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!

ZULP! -- AND THEN AGAIN-- MAYBE NOT!

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

JUST LOOK FIERCE, KEEP YOUR GUN LOW--

--AND MAYBE THEY'LL LET US PASS.

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

# STAR-WORDS

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**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 blockbuster 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.

The advertisement features a dynamic illustration of Ms. Marvel in her red and yellow superhero suit, flying through the air with her arms outstretched. She is holding a comic book titled "MS. MARVEL" in one hand. To her left, a speech bubble reads: "ALL NEW THRILLS BY MARVEL'S MIGHTIEST!" Below this, another text box says: "ON SALE THE FIRST WEEK OF EVERY MONTH!" To the right of Ms. Marvel, a large, bold headline reads: "THE MOST SPECTACULAR SUPER-HEROINE OF ALL--ON SALE MONTHLY!" At the bottom right, a green-bordered box contains the text: "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--

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  
FAR.  
SO  
GOOD!

WHOOPS! LOOKS  
LIKE I SPOKE  
TOO SOON!

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

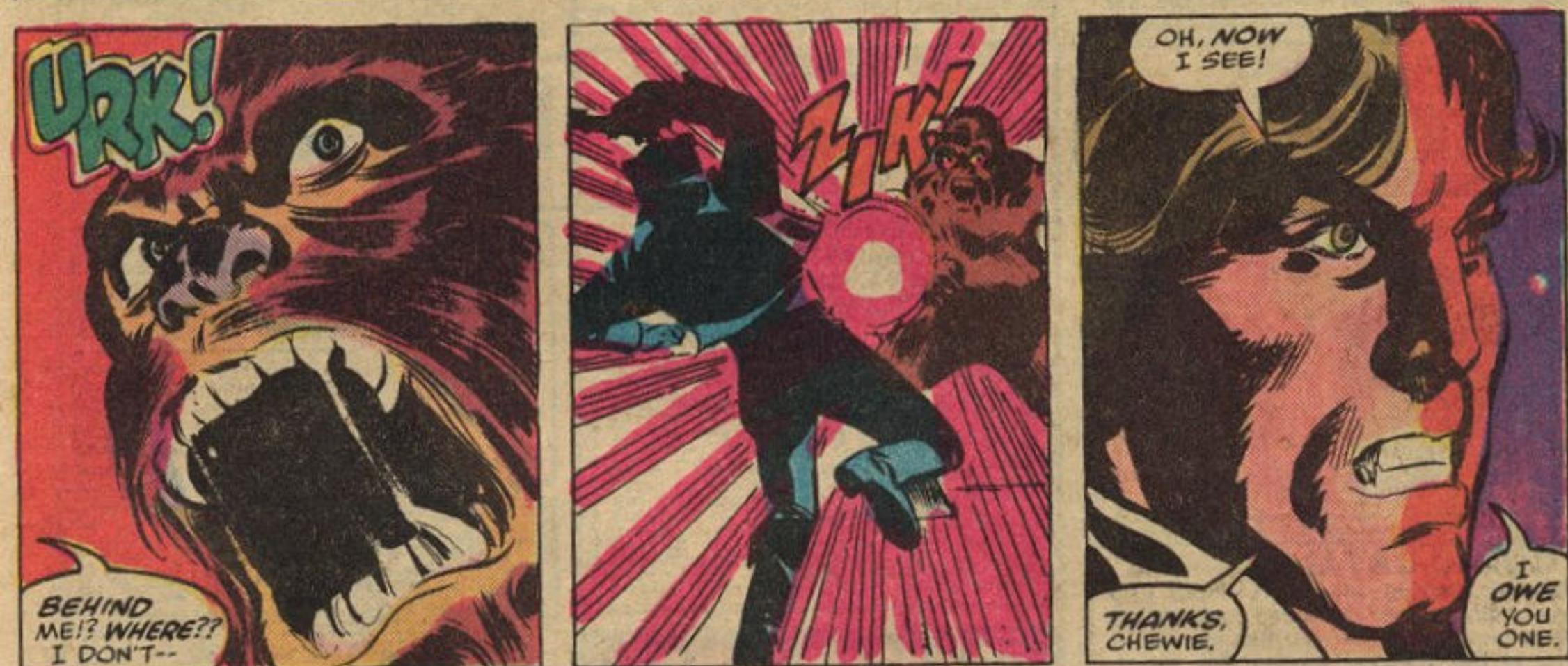
CHEWBACCA, HOWEVER, IS  
NOT AS SQUEAMISH AS HIS  
CORELLIAN CAPTAIN--

--SO  
I DON'T  
HAVE ANY  
CHOICE!

AND, AS SOON  
AS HE SEES  
FIRST BLOOD--

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

FRZZZZ



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

NOT JUST  
YET,  
CHEWIE...

DON'T LET  
YOUR GUARD  
DOWN YET!

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

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 BORG'S RIGHT  
TO BE BURIED ON  
SPACERS' HILL.

ONLY THING IS, SOME OF  
THE STAR-HOPPERS  
SPRAWLED AROUND HERE  
ARE GOING TO BE JOIN-  
ING 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...



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 Ernest 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 pencilings 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 scripter 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!

