

STAR WARS™

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THE GREATEST SPACE-FANTASY FILM OF ALL!

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 ROY THOMAS HOWARD CHAYKIN * JIM NOVAK * ... ADAPTING THE GREATEST
PRESENTS: SCRIPER/EDITOR * ILLUSTRATOR LETTERER * 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.

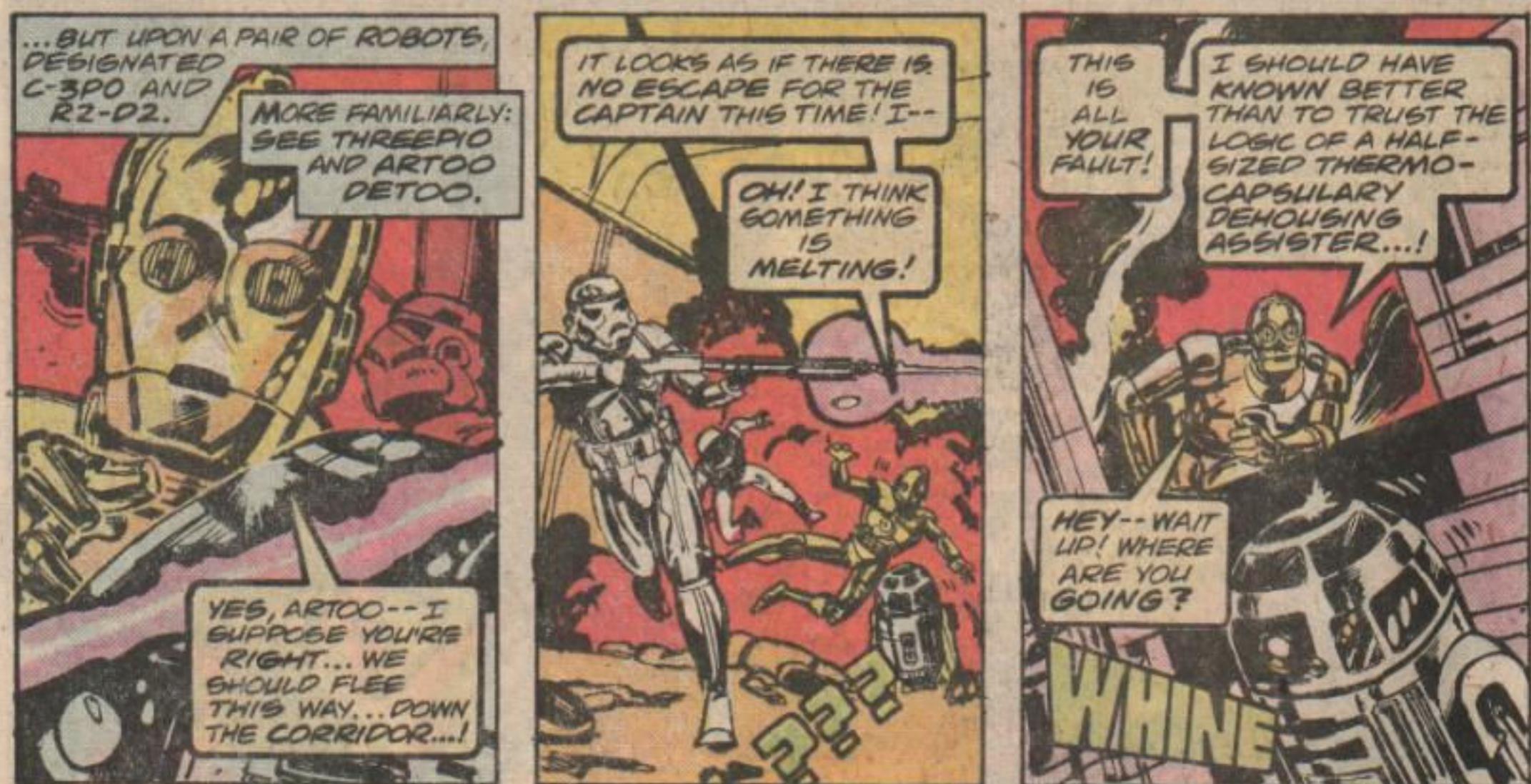
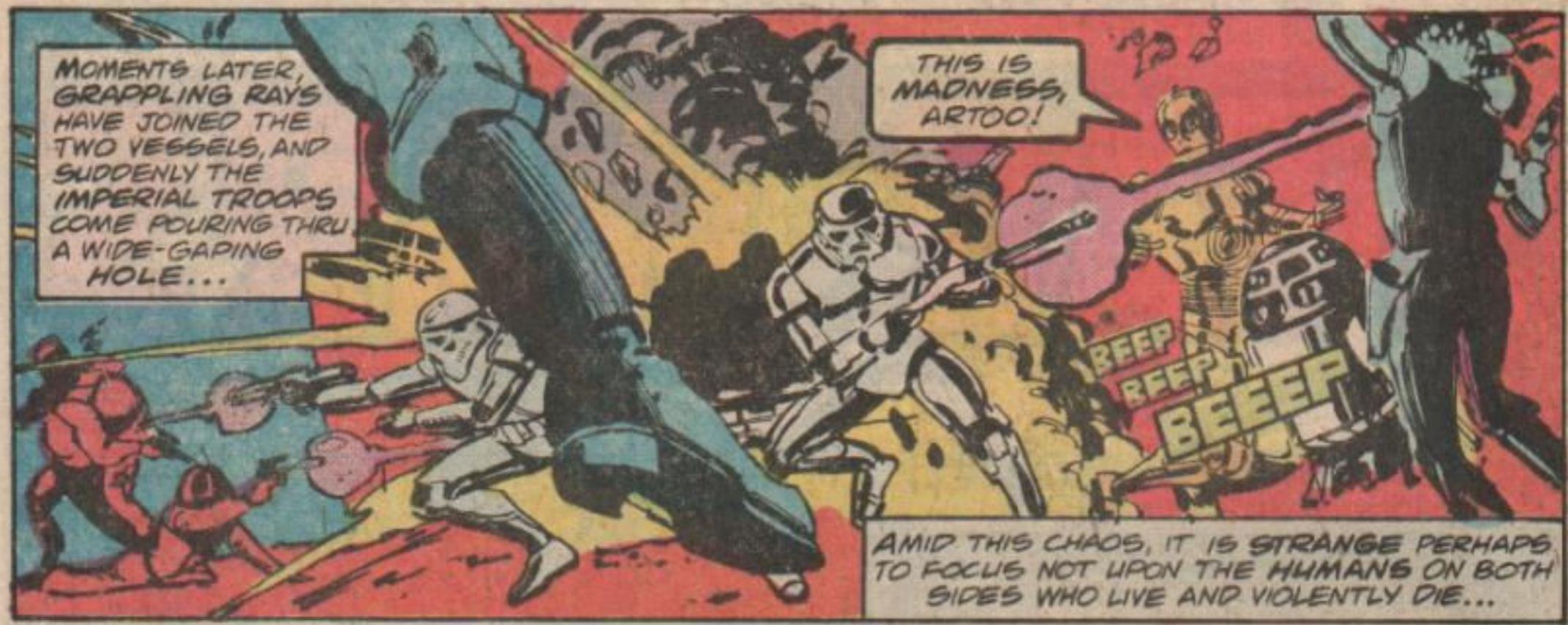
BUT, THAT
IS THE NEAR
FUTURE.

AT THIS
MOMENT:

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

MARIE SEVERIN,
COLORIST

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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...

AROO! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU VANISHED TO!

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

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

WELL, AROO? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

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

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

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

REFEE
REFEE

MISSION?
WHAT
MISSION?
WHAT ARE
YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

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

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...

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

I'M
GOING
TO
REGRET
THIS.

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

--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!

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

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

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, UH--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!

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

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

NO, I
MEAN IT.
COME ON.

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.

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

I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THOSE
DATA
TAPES.

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

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

SHE SHOULD BE DESTROYED,
LORD VADER.

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

VAPORIZIZE 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.

TAKE
HER
AWAY.

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--

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

BELLOW: IN THE PLACE CALLED JUNDLAND, OR "NO MAN'S LAND"-- WHERE RUGGED DESERT 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

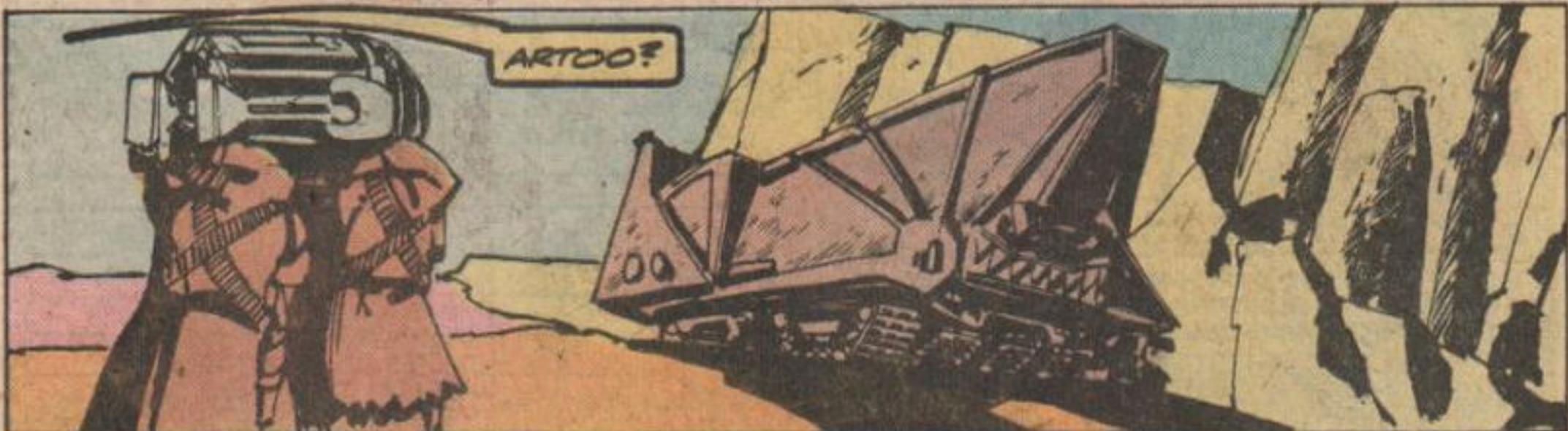
I'VE GOT TO REST BEFORE I FALL APART. MY JOINTS ARE ALMOST FROZ--

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

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

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

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



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

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

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

IT'S BEEN
SO...
QUIET.

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.

JOIN THE
REBELLION? ARE
YOU KIDDING? HOW?

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.

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!

YOU'RE A FOOL, ADMIRAL MOTTI!

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

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

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

THE REGIONAL GOVERNORS NOW HAVE DIRECT CONTROL OVER THEIR TERRITORIES.

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.

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

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

AND WHAT OF THE REBELLION, GOVERNOR TARKIN?

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--=CHOKEE--CAN'T BREATHE --I--

I FIND YOUR LACK OF FAITH DISTURBING.



ENOUGH OF THIS! VADER--RELEASE HIM!

THIS BICKERING IS POINTLESS.



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 TRANSLATOR 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?

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

I AM WELL VERSED IN THE CUSTOMS AND--

I DON'T NEED A PROTOCOL DROID! I NEED A DROID THAT KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BINARY LANGUAGE OF MOISTURE VAPORATORS.

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

DO YOU SPEAK "BOCCE"?

IT'S LIKE A SECOND 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!



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.

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

DON'T YOU FORGET THIS, ARTOO!

BLEEPBLEEPBLEEP

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 Marveldom 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!"





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 SOME
ONE 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 BE-
LONGS 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--

DROID'S 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 BE-
FORE 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.

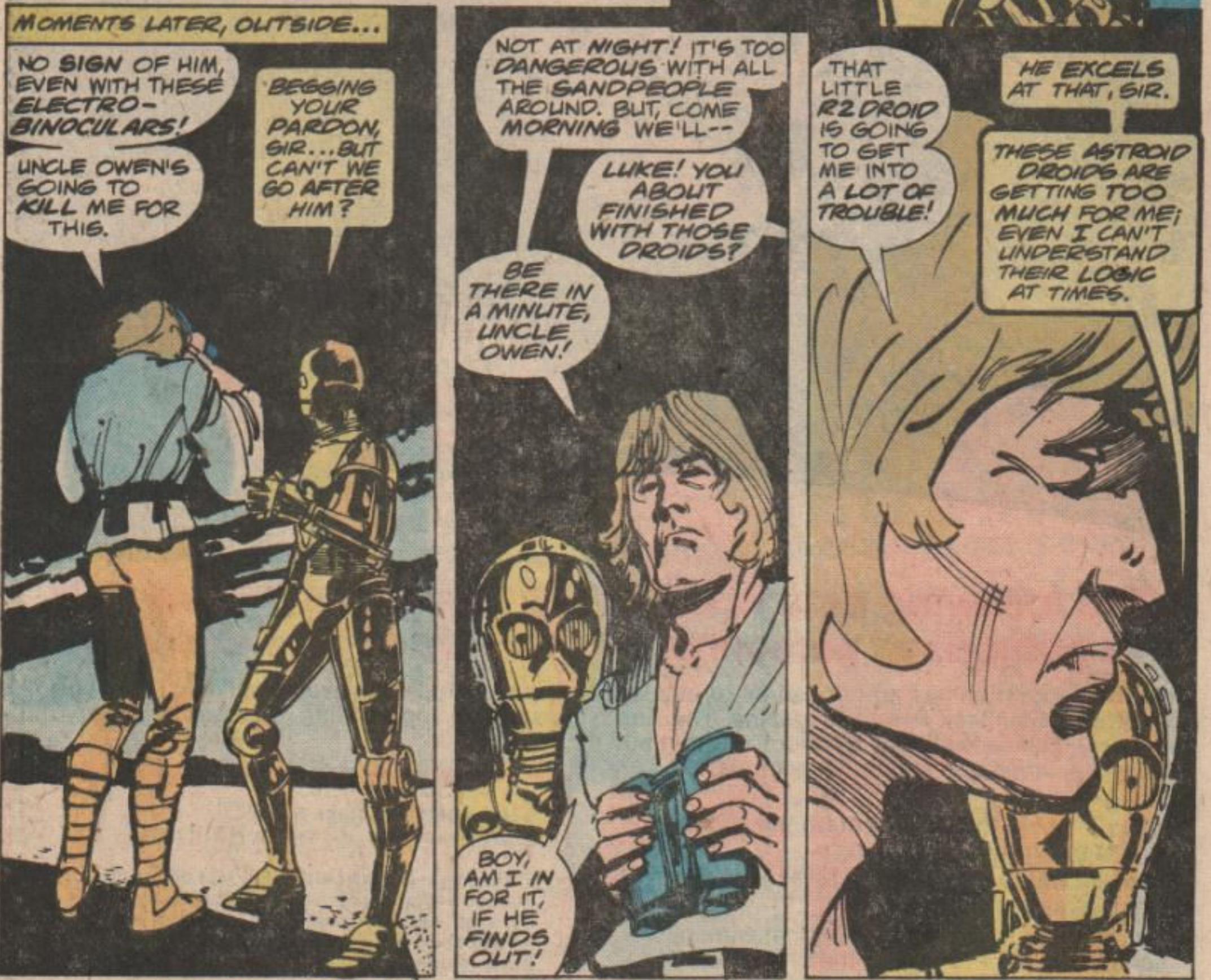
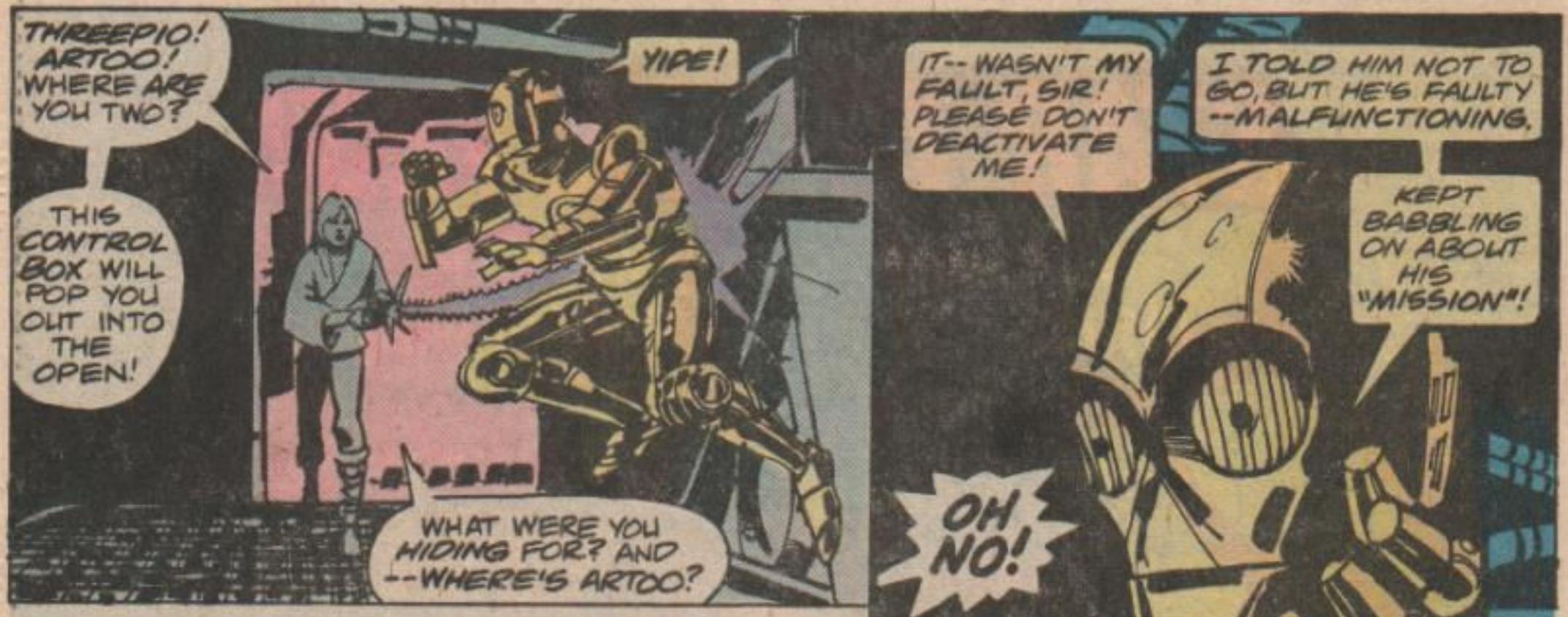
OWEN, WE CAN'T KEEP
HIM HERE FOREVER!
MOST OF HIS FRIENDS
ARE GONE...

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.

YOU MEAN
NEXT TERM
--BEFORE THE
HARVEST?

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



MEANWHILE,
SOME DISTANCE 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...

MOUNTING THE ELF
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?

THREEPIO?

TUH-WHEEET

TUH-WHEEET

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 MIL-
LION PIECES
RIGHT HERE!

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

ARTOO SAYS THERE
ARE SEVERAL CREA-
TURES APPROACHING
RAPIDLY FROM THE
SOUTHEAST!

SANDPEOPLE!

NOW
WHAT?

OH MY,
SIR...

--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.

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

COME ON,
ARTOO!

I JUST HOPE
THAT R2 UNIT IS
ON THE BLINK!

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!



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



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



THREEPIO
HAS ALREADY
TOPPLED
INTO IT.



NEXT ISSUE:
ON TO
DJODERBAKA!