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No. 3
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A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

**ALL NEW!
THE ILLUSTRATED
COLLECTOR'S EDITION
OF THE
STEVEN SPIELBERG
FILM!**



**EVERY EXCITING PANEL
IN FULL COLOR!**

DARRIN '78

BASED ON THE COLUMBIA PICTURES/EMI PRESENTATION!



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE FIRST KIND
Sighting of a UFO

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE SECOND KIND
Physical Evidence

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE THIRD KIND
Contact

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STAN LEE PRESENTS

A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL

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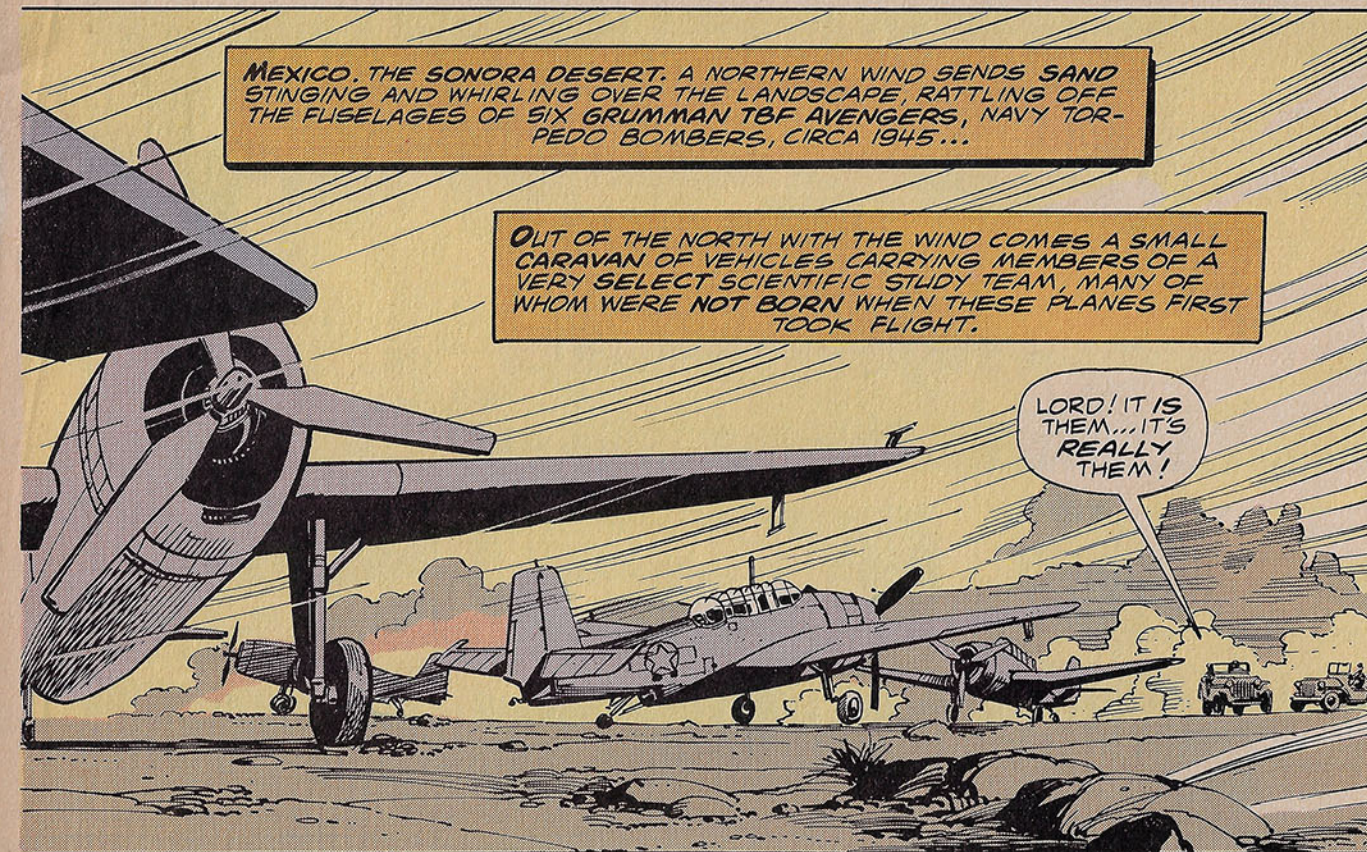
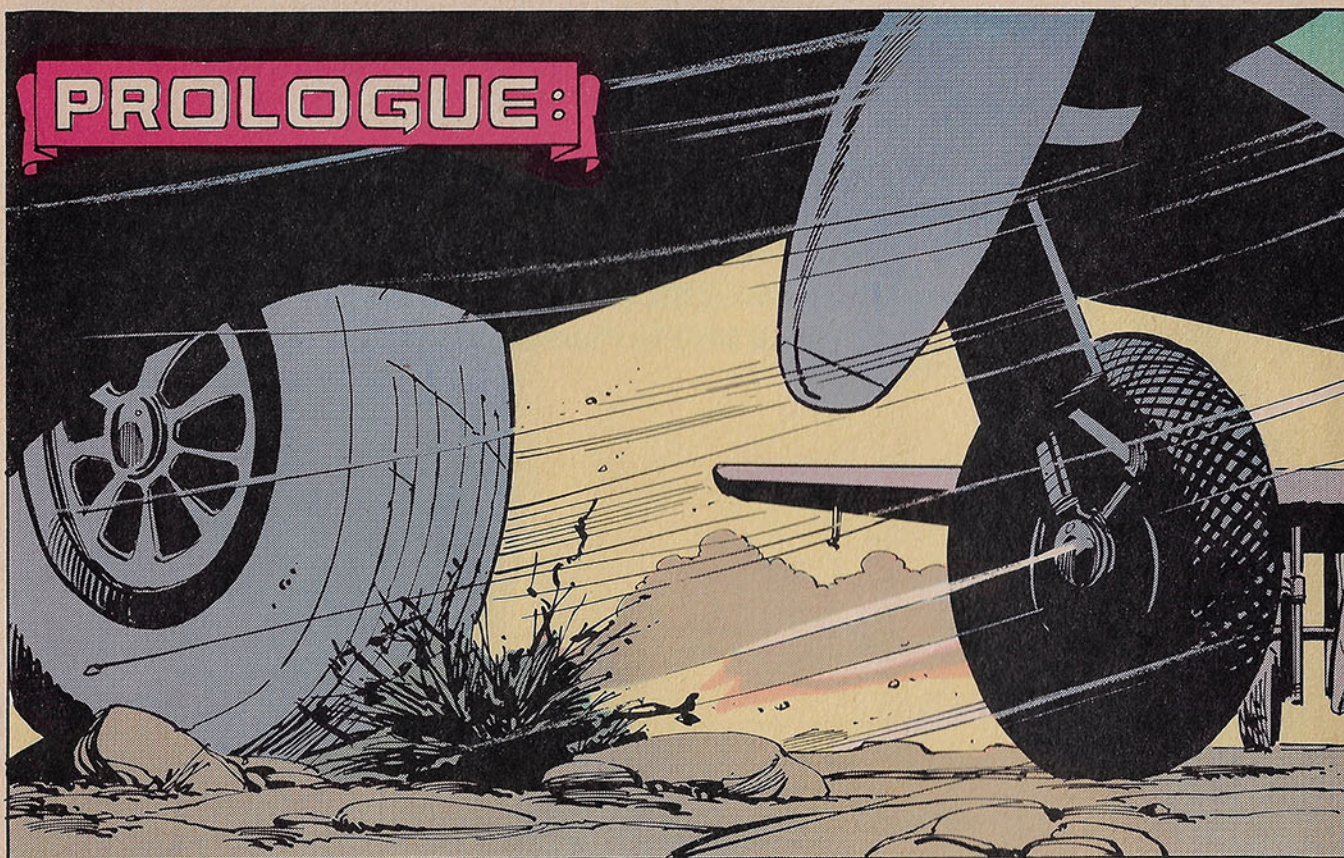
Cover Painting by BOB LARKIN Mechanicals by NORA MACLIN

The Official Comics adaptation of
A COLUMBIA/EMI Presentation

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

OF THE THIRD KIND

A PHILLIPS Production A STEVEN SPIELBERG Film
Starring RICHARD DREYFUSS also starring TERI GARR
and MELINDA DILLON with FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT as Lacombe
Music by JOHN WILLIAMS Visual Effects by DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Director of Photography VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.
Produced by JULIA PHILLIPS and MICHAEL PHILLIPS
Written and Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG



MEXICO. THE SONORA DESERT. A NORTHERN WIND SENDS SAND STINGING AND WHIRLING OVER THE LANDSCAPE, RATTLING OFF THE FUSELAGES OF SIX GRUMMAN TBF AVENGERS, NAVY TORPEDO BOMBERS, CIRCA 1945...

OUT OF THE NORTH WITH THE WIND COMES A SMALL CARAVAN OF VEHICLES CARRYING MEMBERS OF A VERY SELECT SCIENTIFIC STUDY TEAM, MANY OF WHOM WERE NOT BORN WHEN THESE PLANES FIRST TOOK FLIGHT.

LORD! IT IS THEM... IT'S REALLY THEM!

THE TEAM IS PREDDOMINANTLY AMERICAN, SOMEWHAT MILITARILY INFLUENCED. ONE MAN IS NEITHER.

HE IS A KEY MEMBER... OVER THE OBJECTION OF SOME TO THE RELIEF OF MANY.



PROFESSOR LACOMBE! OVER HERE...!

MY SPANISH IS RUSTY... BUT THIS SEEMS TO BE THE OLD MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN IT ALL!

WHATEVER HAPPENED, HE COLLECTED QUITE A SUNBURN!

IT'D HELP IF WE HAD A TRANSLATOR! HOW'D ANYTHING SO OBVIOUS GET FOULED UP?

LET'S HOPE THAT CARTOGRAPHER, LAUGHLIN, CAN FILL IN OKAY.



THEN, IN A HALTING CONVERSATION OF SPANISH, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH, QUESTIONS ARE ASKED...

HOW DID THEY GET HERE, GRANDFATHER... THESE MACHINES?



AND QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED...

LAST NIGHT, SENORES, THE SUN CAME OUT--



--AND BROUGHT THEM DOWN FROM THE SKY.

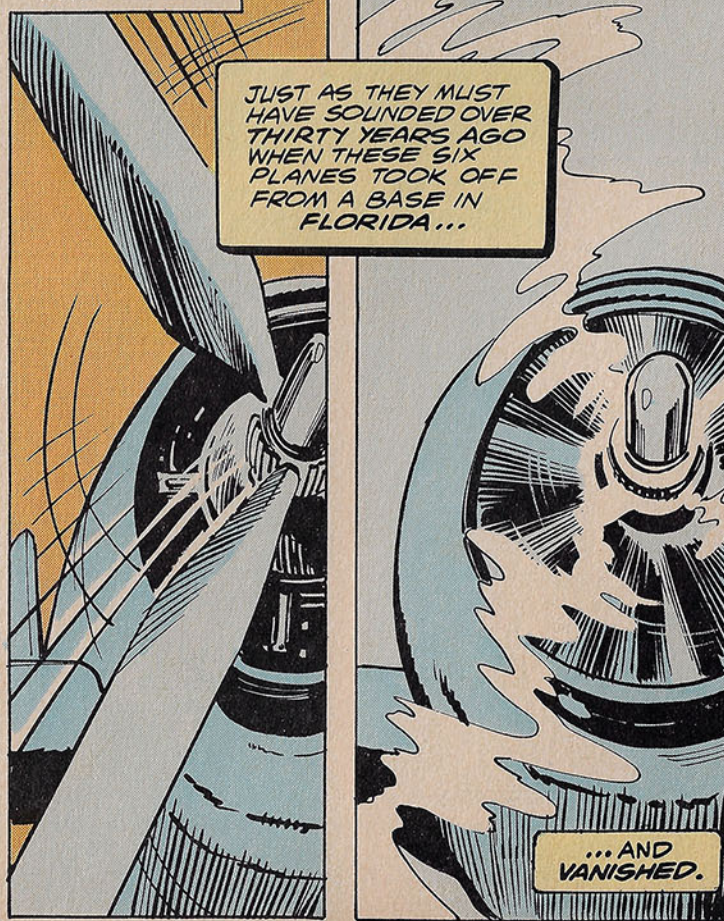
THEY SEEM IN PERFECT SHAPE... AND NOTHING'S MISSING. FLIGHT PLANS, PERSONAL PAPERS... ALL THERE.

ALL BUT THE PILOTS.



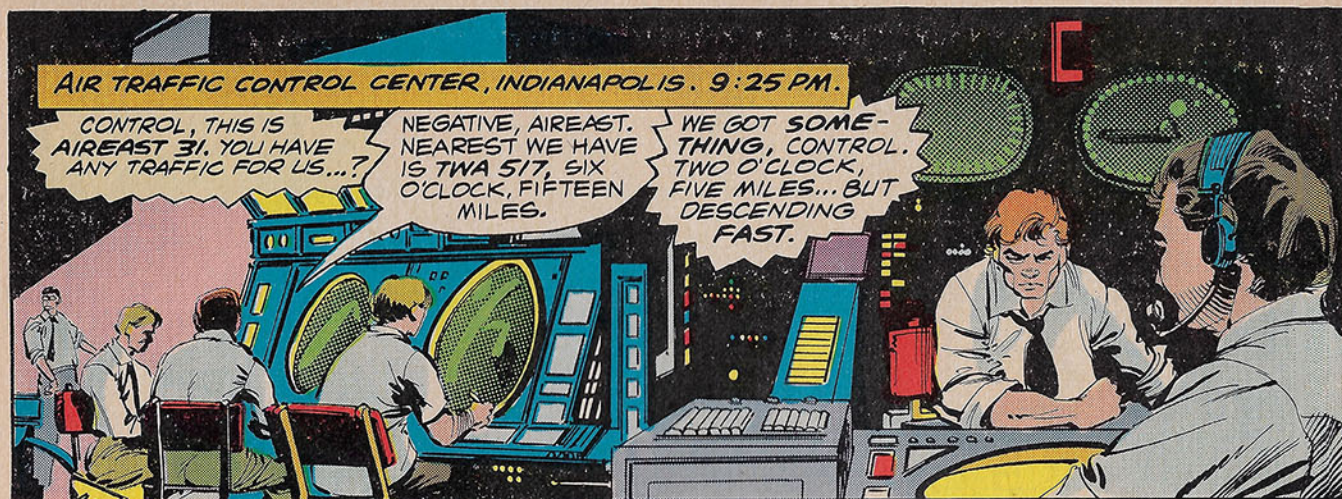
TRY THE ENGINES...

A NEW SOUND RISES ABOVE THE WIND, THE SOUND OF 1900 HORSEPOWER, WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES THROBBING SMOOTHLY, EFFORTLESSLY INTO LIFE...



JUST AS THEY MUST HAVE SOUNDED OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO WHEN THESE SIX PLANES TOOK OFF FROM A BASE IN FLORIDA...

...AND VANISHED.



AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER, INDIANAPOLIS. 9:25 PM.

CONTROL, THIS IS AIREAST 31. YOU HAVE ANY TRAFFIC FOR US...?

NEGATIVE, AIREAST. NEAREST WE HAVE IS TWA 517, SIX O'CLOCK, FIFTEEN MILES.

WE GOT SOMETHING, CONTROL. TWO O'CLOCK, FIVE MILES... BUT DESCENDING FAST.



LET ME CHECK THE BROAD-BAND, AIREAST. CAN YOU TELL AIRCRAFT TYPE?

NEGATIVE, HAS THE BRIGHTEST LIGHTS I'VE EVER SEEN. FLASHING, BRILLIANT...



GOT IT, AIREAST 31. BUT... IT SHOULDN'T BE THERE.

TWA 517, DO YOU HAVE THIS IN SIGHT?



AFFIRMATIVE, CONTROL. ULTRA-BRIGHT AND COMING ON STRONG.

GET WRIGHT-PATTERSON ON THE HORN...

--SEE IF THEY'RE TESTING ANY-THING.



AIREAST, BREAK RIGHT. ABANDON FLIGHT LEVEL 350!

TWA 517, DESCEND IMMEDIATELY TO LEVEL THREE--ZERO-ONE AND MAINTAIN IT!

THEN THE AIRWAVES VIBRATE WITH A DEAFENING ROAR...



CONTROL...? WHATEVER THAT WAS... IT JUST WENT PAST US.

ROGER, AIREAST. EITHER OF YOU WANT TO FILE A REPORT ON THIS?

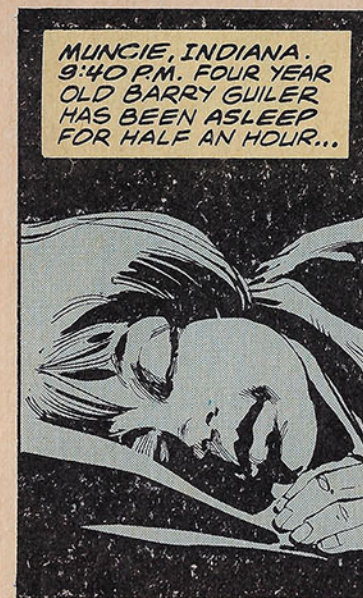


FOR LONG MOMENTS THERE IS SILENCE FROM THE TWO APPROACHING PLANES.

UNTIL...

UH... NEGATIVE, AIR CONTROL--

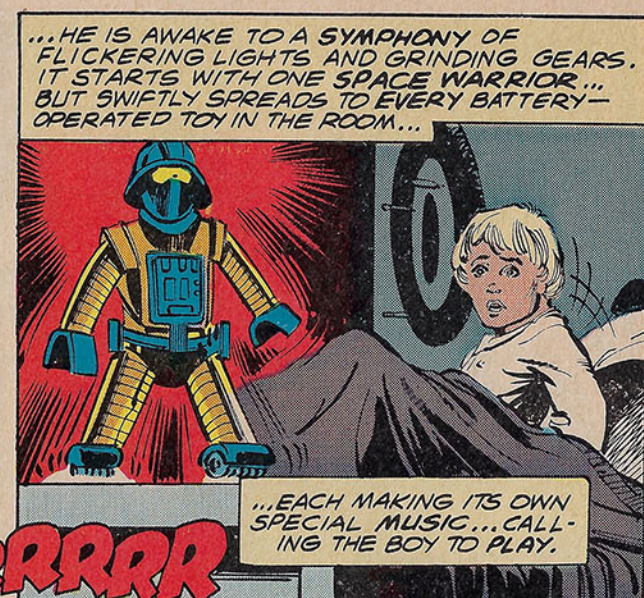
--WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT KIND TO FILE!



MUNCIE, INDIANA. 9:40 PM. FOUR YEAR OLD BARRY GUILER HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR HALF AN HOUR...



SUDDENLY...



...HE IS AWAKE TO A SYMPHONY OF FLICKERING LIGHTS AND GRINDING GEARS. IT STARTS WITH ONE SPACE WARRIOR... BUT SWIFTLY SPREADS TO EVERY BATTERY-OPERATED TOY IN THE ROOM...

...EACH MAKING ITS OWN SPECIAL MUSIC... CALLING THE BOY TO PLAY.

GIGGLING, BARRY ANSWERS THE CALL. THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN THE REST OF THE HOUSE. FUNNY THINGS. DRAWING HIM HAPPILY ALONG...



...FROM ROOM TO ROOM...



... AND BEYOND!!



--IS NEWER AND SOFTER, Mr. Whipple! That's why--

B-BARRY...?

AT FIRST JILLIAN GUILER IS GROGGY, SHE HAD ONLY INTENDED TO READ, NOT DRIFT ASLEEP. THE STRAINS OF A SINGLE PARENT-HOOD...



...PICK THEIR OWN TIME FOR CATCHING UP.

BARRY, ANSWER ME! WHERE ARE YOU?

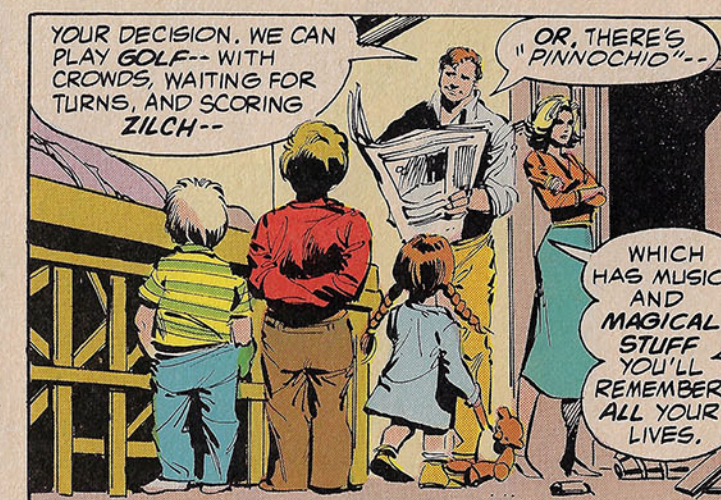
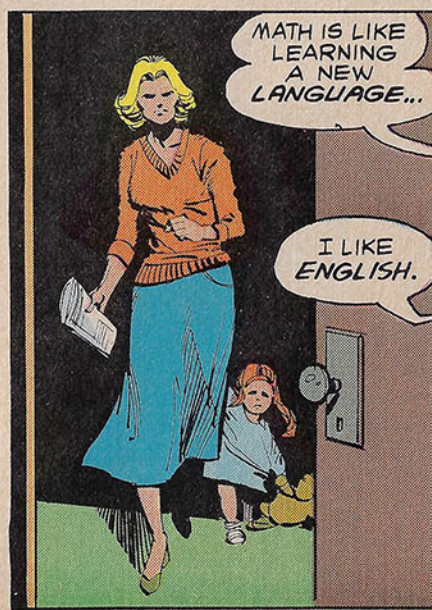
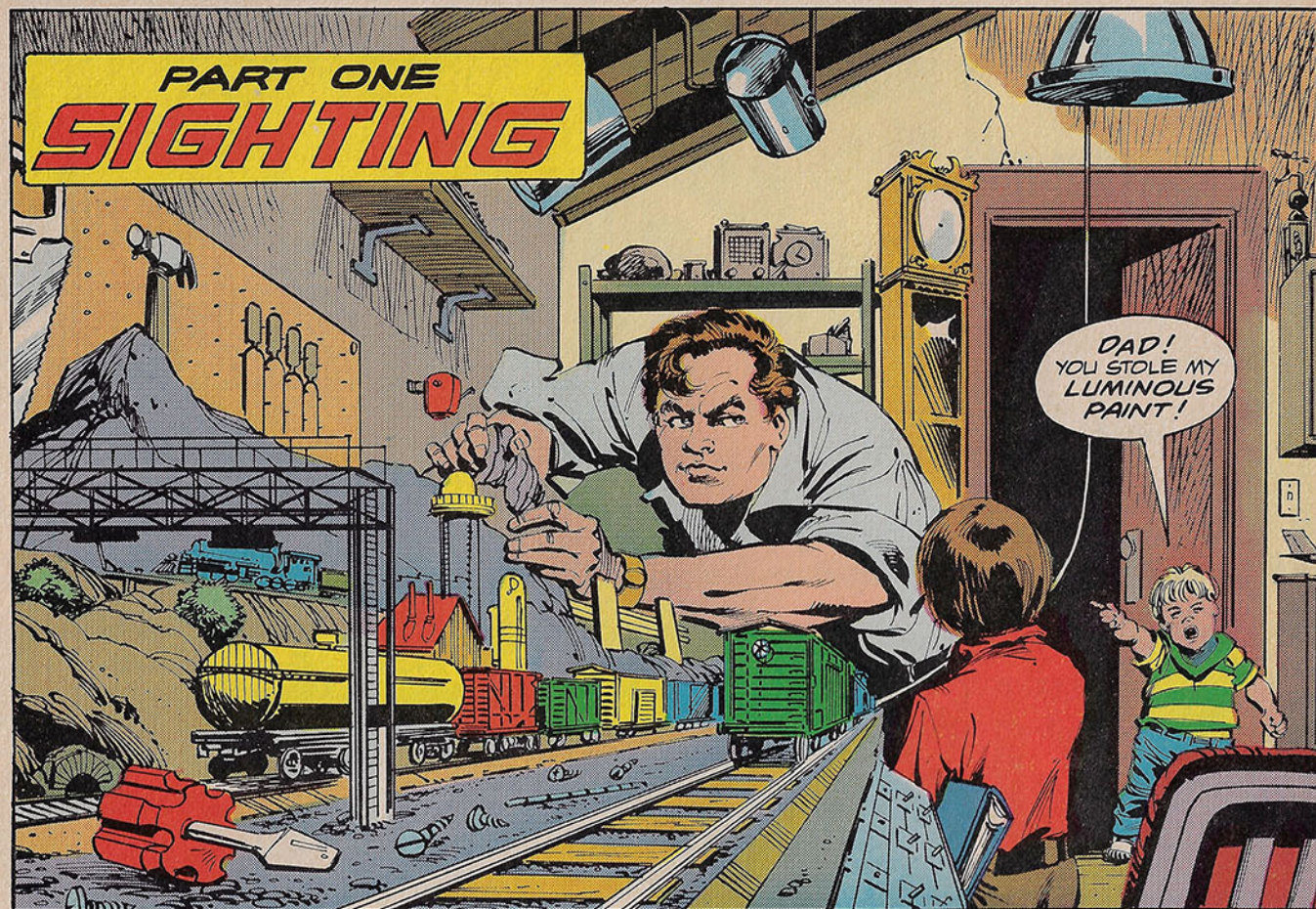
BARRY?

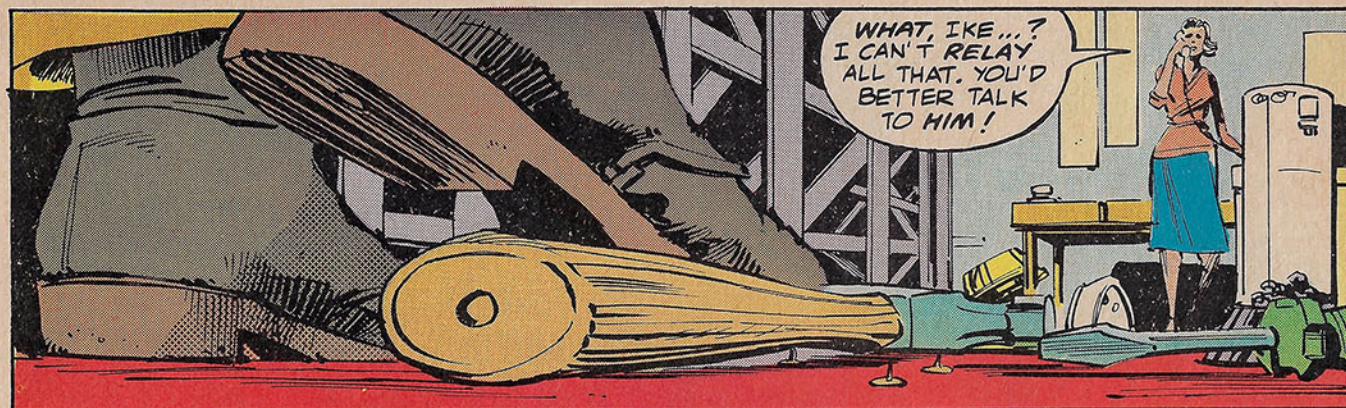


BARRY!!

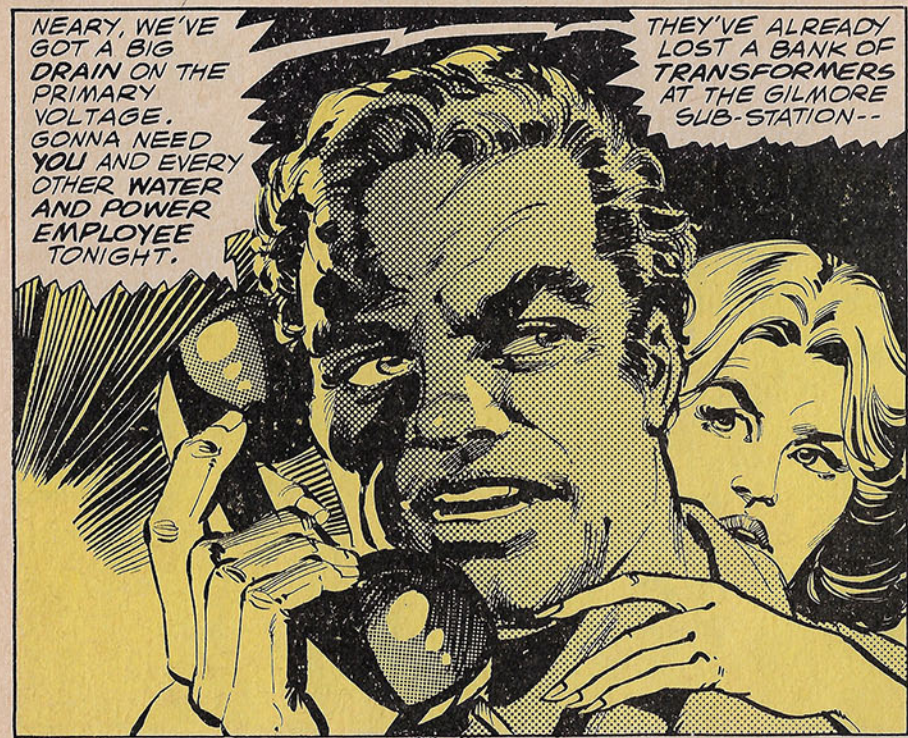
THE HOUSE IS SILENT, BUT SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE... THERE IS THE LAUGHTER OF A CHILD AT PLAY.

PART ONE
SIGHTING



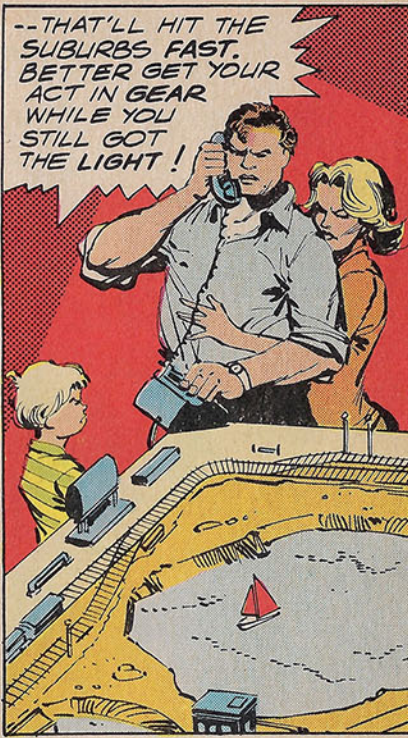


WHAT, IKE...?
I CAN'T RELAY
ALL THAT. YOU'D
BETTER TALK
TO HIM!



NEARY, WE'VE
GOT A BIG
DRAIN ON THE
PRIMARY
VOLTAGE.
GONNA NEED
YOU AND EVERY
OTHER WATER
AND POWER
EMPLOYEE
TONIGHT.

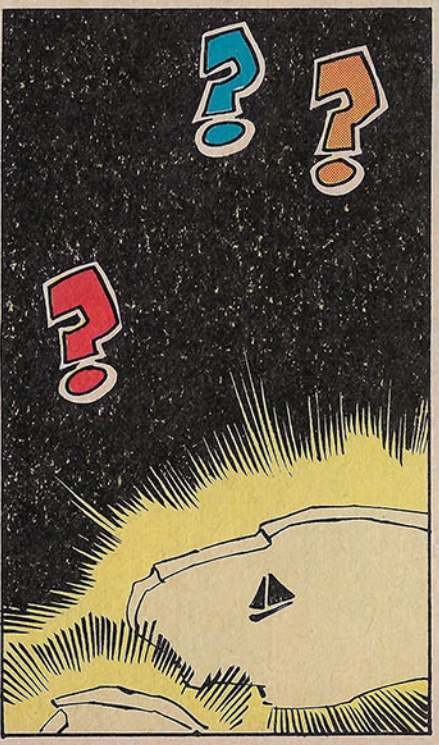
THEY'VE ALREADY
LOST A BANK OF
TRANSFORMERS
AT THE GILMORE
SUB-STATION--



--THAT'LL HIT THE
SUBURBS FAST.
BETTER GET YOUR
ACT IN GEAR
WHILE YOU
STILL GOT
THE LIGHT!



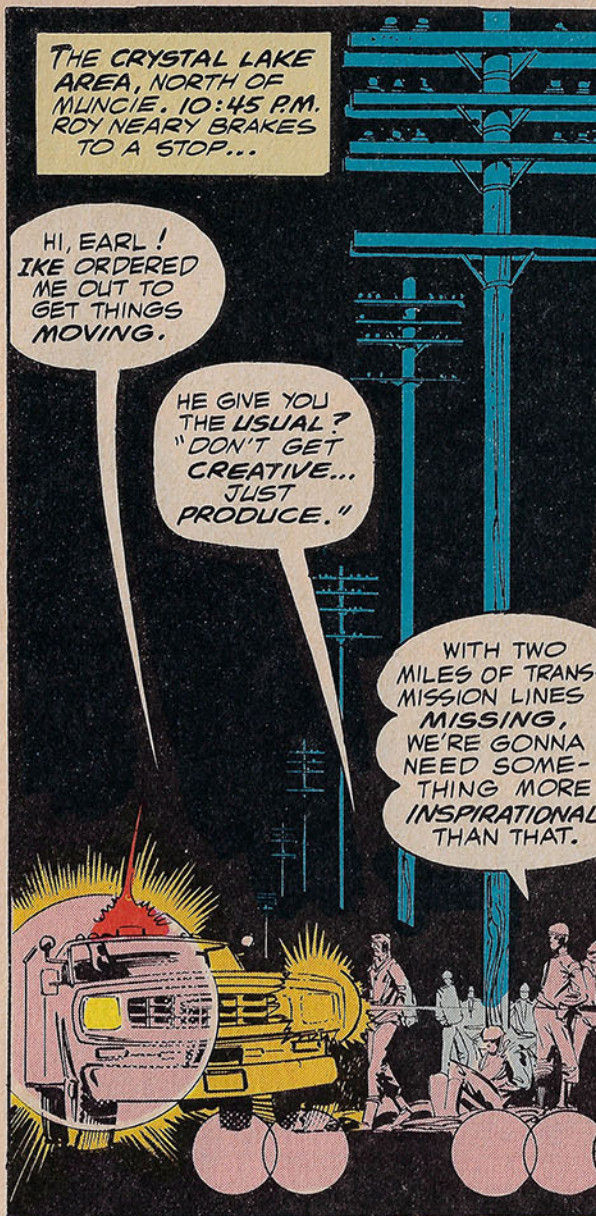
CLICK!



??



SEE! I
TOLD YOU
HE STOLE MY
LUMINOUS
PAINT!

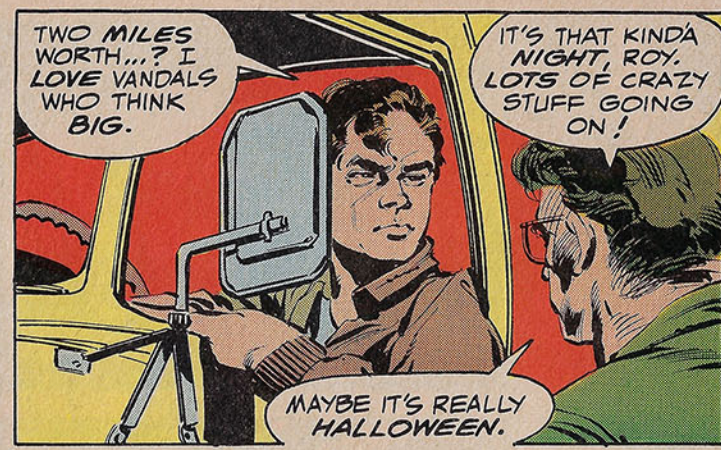


THE CRYSTAL LAKE
AREA, NORTH OF
MUNCIE. 10:45 P.M.
ROY NEARY BRAKES
TO A STOP...

HI, EARL!
IKE ORDERED
ME OUT TO
GET THINGS
MOVING.

HE GIVE YOU
THE USUAL?
"DON'T GET
CREATIVE...
JUST
PRODUCE."

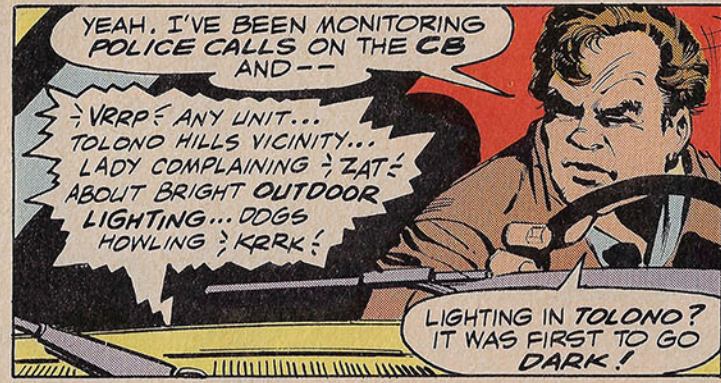
WITH TWO
MILES OF TRANS-
MISSION LINES
MISSING,
WE'RE GONNA
NEED SOME-
THING MORE
INSPIRATIONAL
THAN THAT.



TWO MILES
WORTH...? I
LOVE VANDALS
WHO THINK
BIG.

IT'S THAT KINDA
NIGHT, ROY.
LOTS OF CRAZY
STUFF GOING
ON!

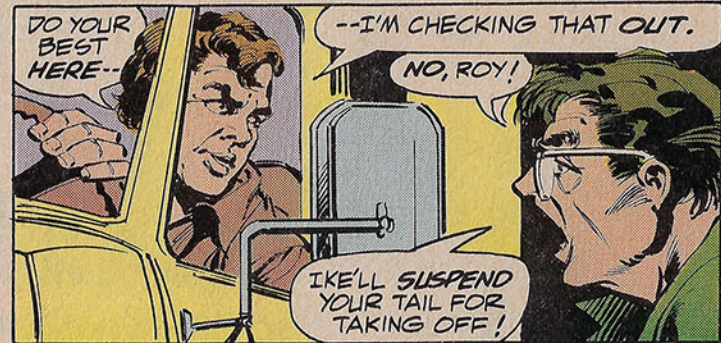
MAYBE IT'S REALLY
HALLOWEEN.



YEAH. I'VE BEEN MONITORING
POLICE CALLS ON THE CB
AND--

VRRP ANY UNIT...
TOLONO HILLS VICINITY...
LADY COMPLAINING ZAT-
ABOUT BRIGHT OUTDOOR
LIGHTING... DDGS
HOWLING KRRK!

LIGHTING IN TOLONO?
IT WAS FIRST TO GO
DARK!

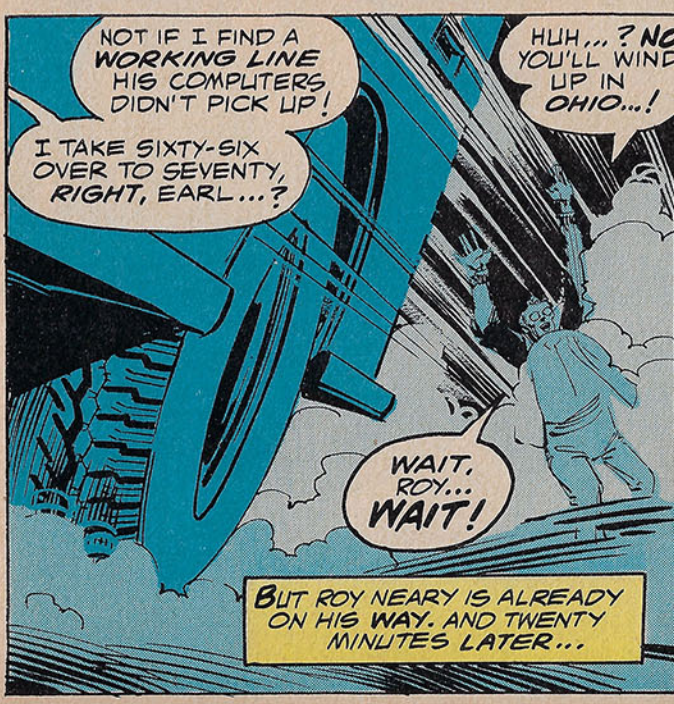


DO YOUR
BEST
HERE--

--I'M CHECKING THAT OUT.

NO, ROY!

IKELL SUSPEND
YOUR TAIL FOR
TAKING OFF!



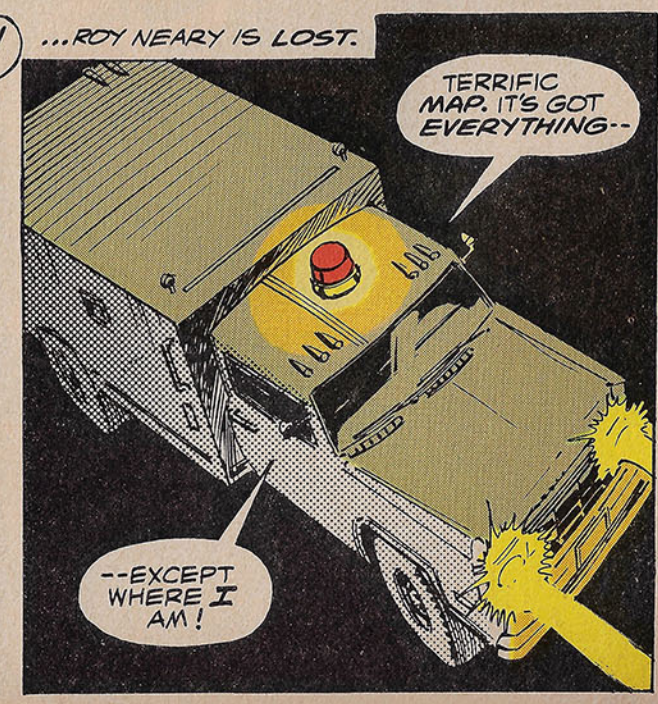
NOT IF I FIND A
WORKING LINE
HIS COMPLTERS
DIDN'T PICK UP!

I TAKE SIXTY-SIX
OVER TO SEVENTY,
RIGHT, EARL...?

HUH...? NO!
YOU'LL WIND
UP IN
OHIO...!

WAIT,
ROY...
WAIT!

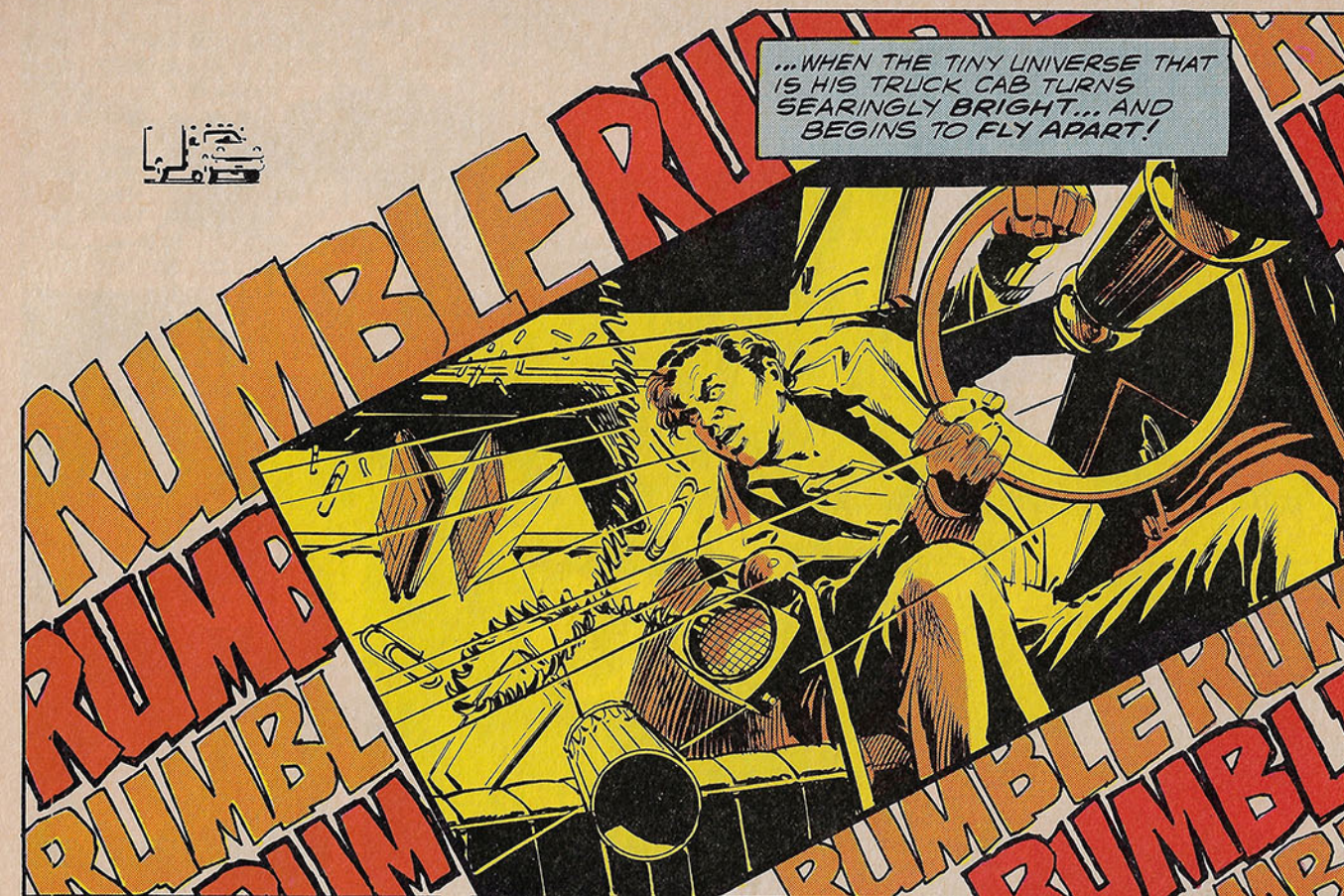
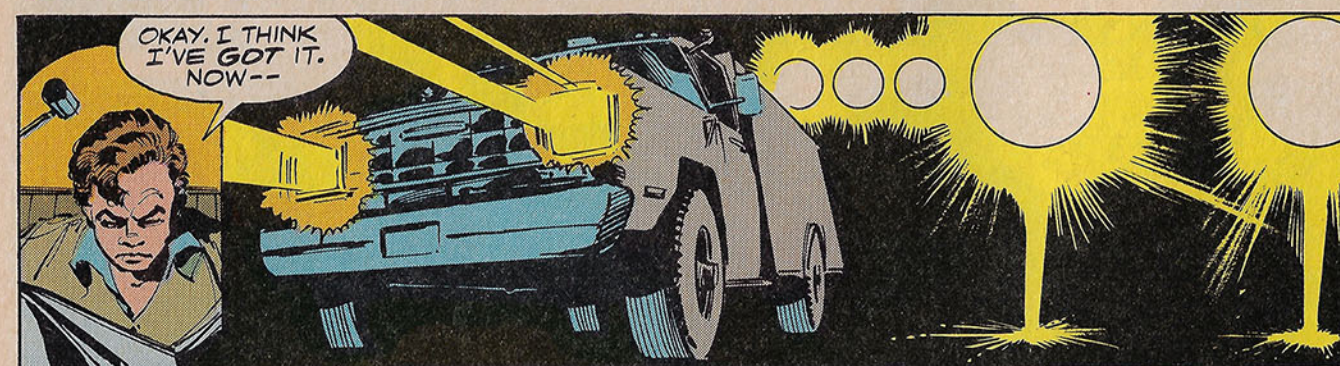
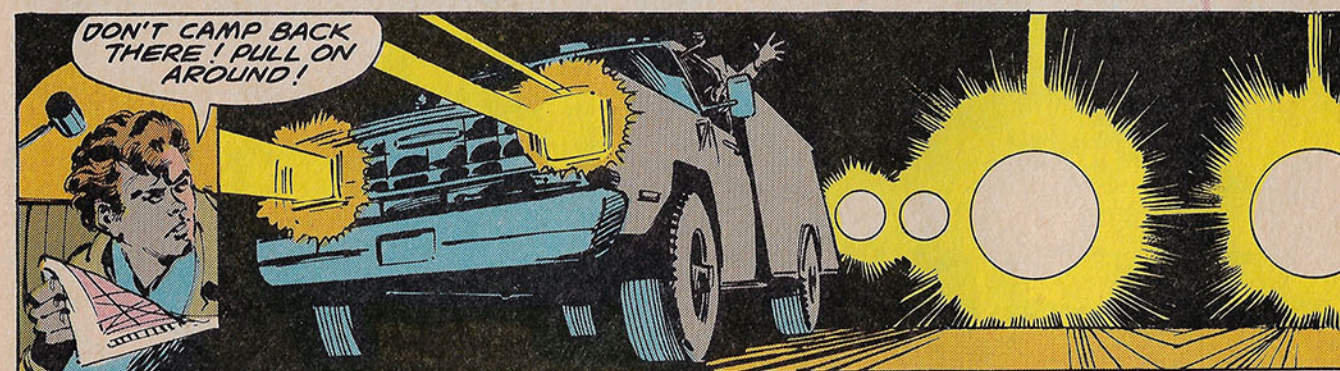
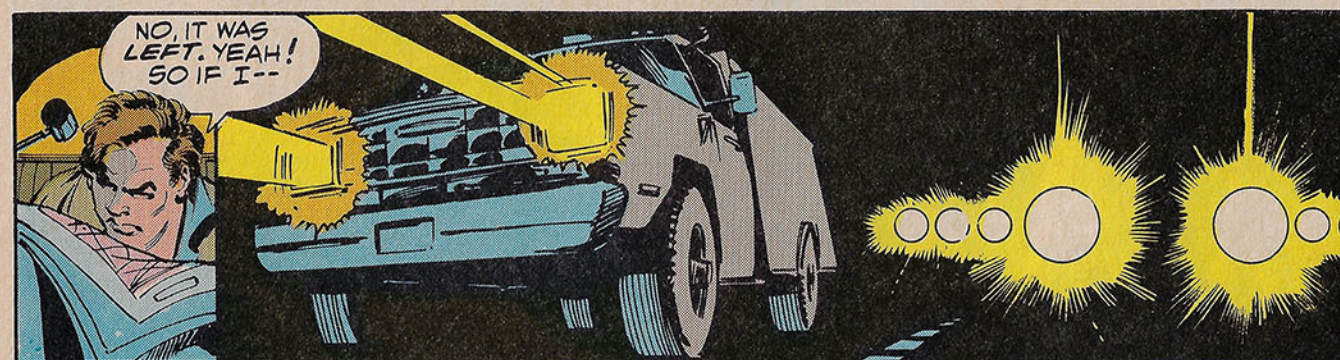
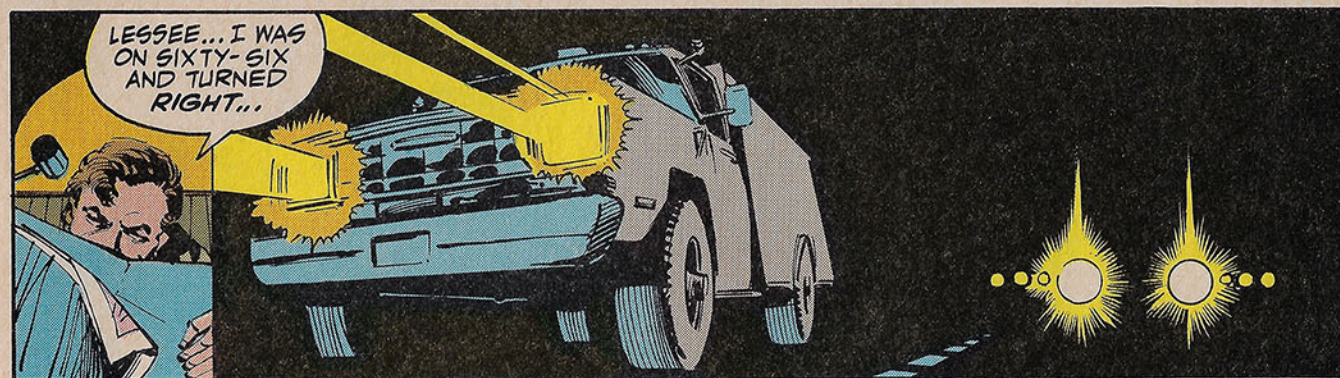
BUT ROY NEARY IS ALREADY
ON HIS WAY. AND TWENTY
MINUTES LATER...

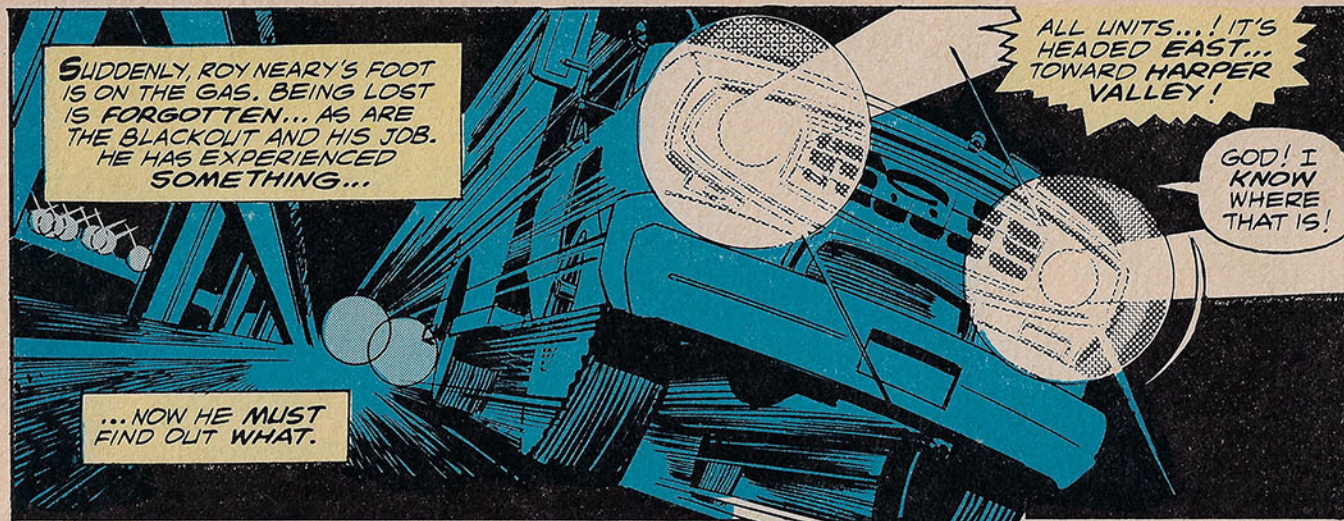


...ROY NEARY IS LOST.

TERRIFIC
MAP. IT'S GOT
EVERYTHING--

--EXCEPT
WHERE I
AM!





SUDDENLY, ROY NEARY'S FOOT IS ON THE GAS. BEING LOST IS FORGOTTEN... AS ARE THE BLACKOUT AND HIS JOB. HE HAS EXPERIENCED SOMETHING...

ALL UNITS...! IT'S HEADED EAST... TOWARD HARPER VALLEY!

GOD! I KNOW WHERE THAT IS!

...NOW HE MUST FIND OUT WHAT.

ELSEWHERE IN THE NIGHT, BARRY GUILER LAUGHS AND RUNS... STILL ANSWERING THE CALL TO PLAY.



BAR-REEE! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...!

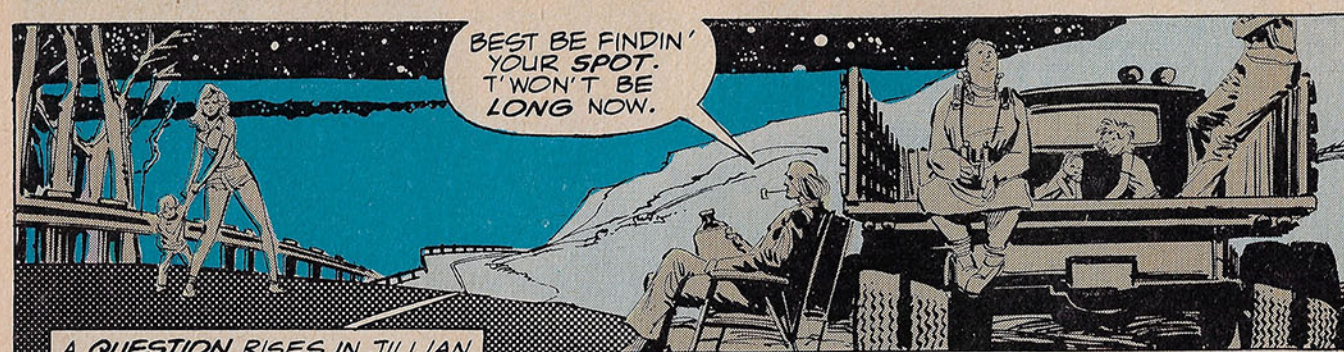


BARRY, STOP THIS INSTANT!



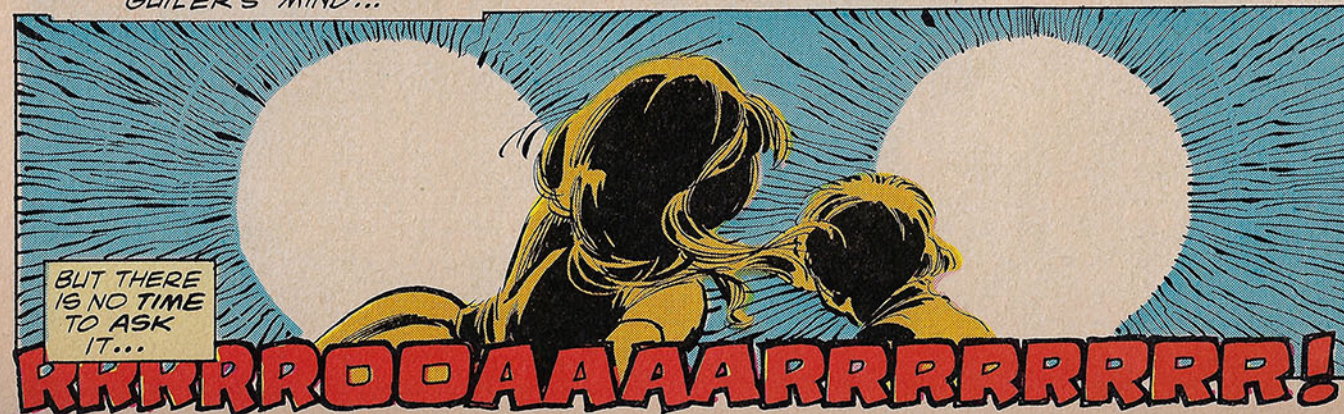
ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE YOUR MOTHER CRAZY?

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW FAR I'VE--



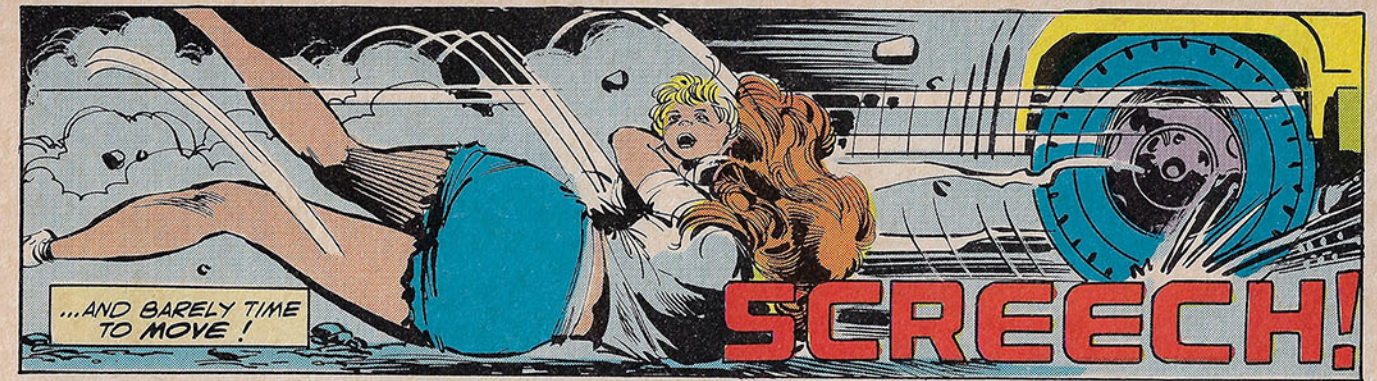
BEST BE FINDIN' YOUR SPOT. T'WON'T BE LONG NOW.

A QUESTION RISES IN JILLIAN GUILER'S MIND...



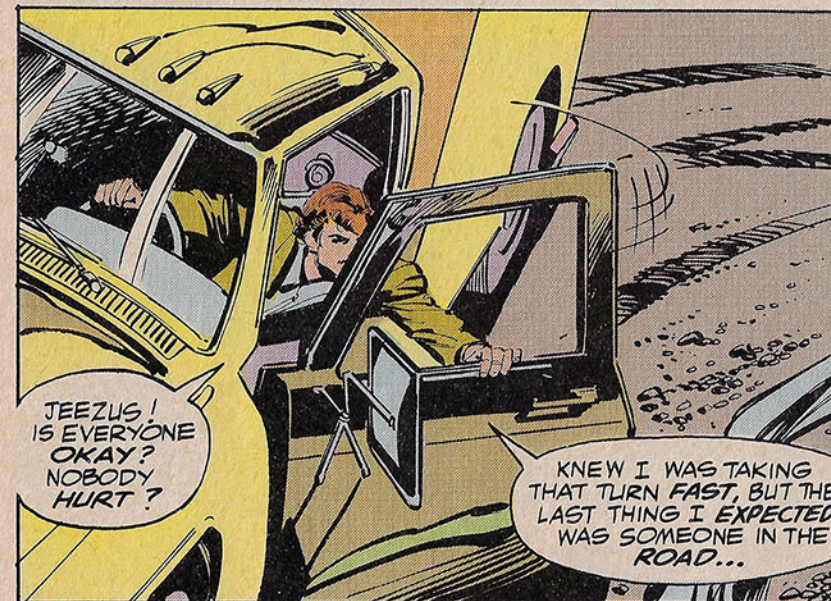
BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO ASK IT...

RRRRROOAAAARRRRRRRRRR!



...AND BARELY TIME TO MOVE!

SCREECH!



JEEZUS! IS EVERYONE OKAY? NOBODY HURT?

KNEW I WAS TAKING THAT TURN FAST, BUT THE LAST THING I EXPECTED WAS SOMEONE IN THE ROAD...



WE'RE FINE... I THINK!



THANK GOD! NAME'S ROY NEARY, I--

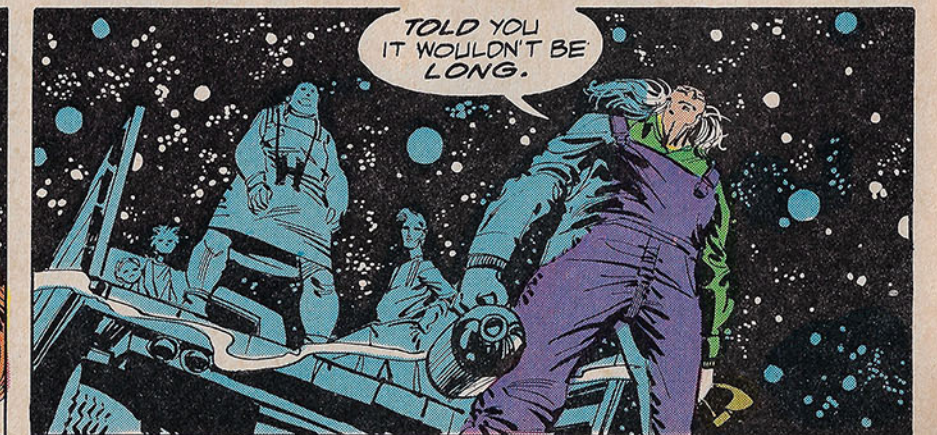
JILL--

--JILLIAN GUILER. THIS IS...



HEY! THE WIND...! IT'S STARTING TO RISE...

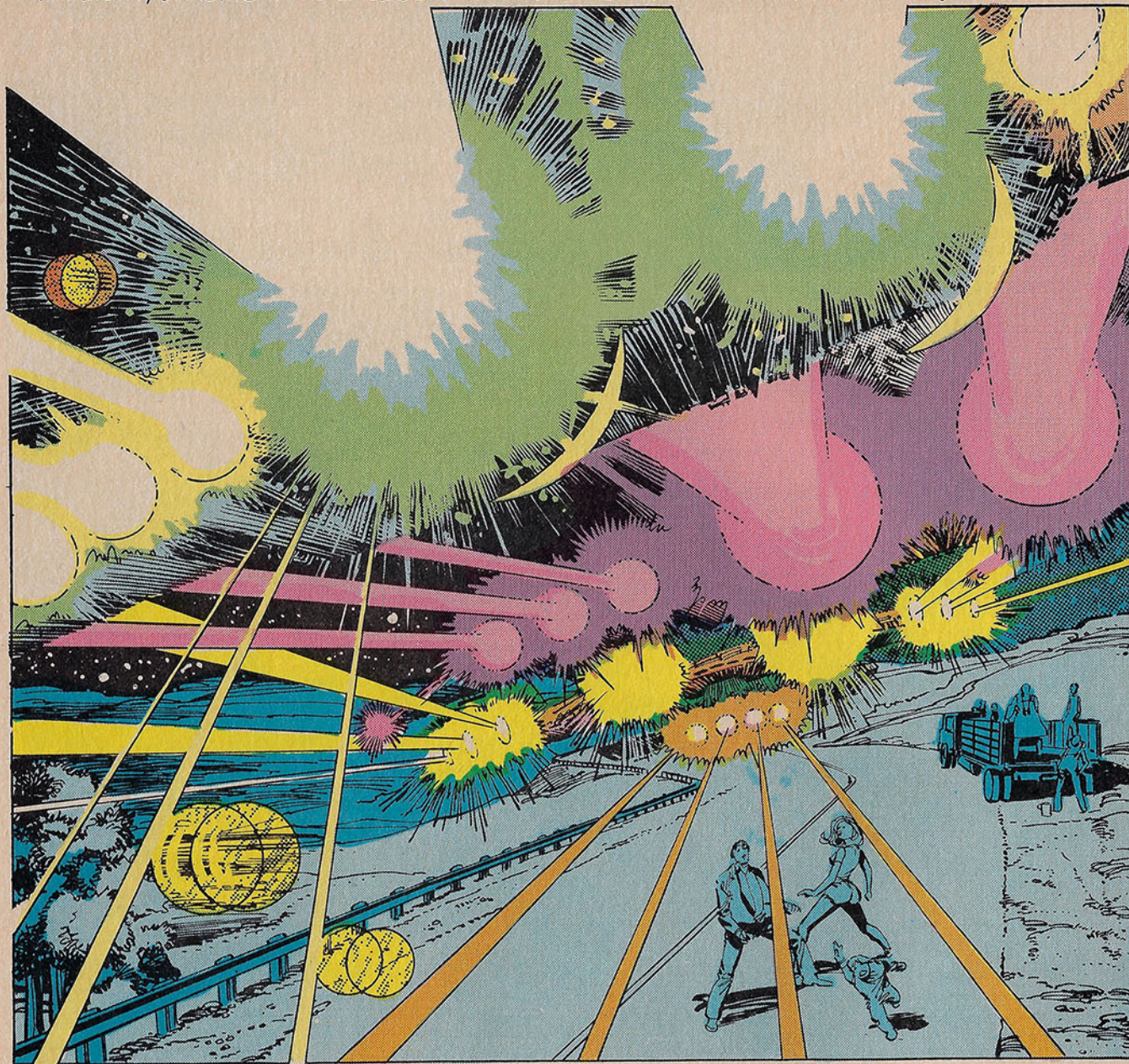
W-WHAT...?



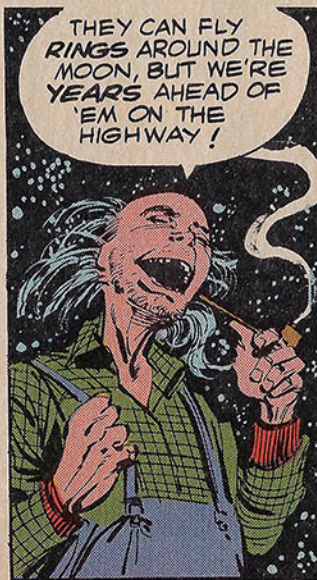
TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T BE LONG.

THEN, ABOVE THE WIND, THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND...

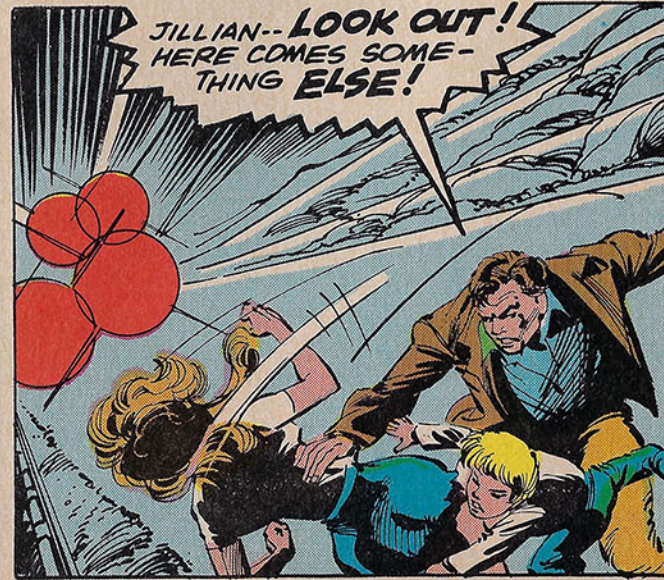
...AS THUNDER BURSTS OVER THE ISOLATED HILLSIDE. THE THUNDER OF SHOOTING STARS IN FLIGHT, DANCING IN RECKLESS FORMATION DOWN AN INDIANA ROAD!



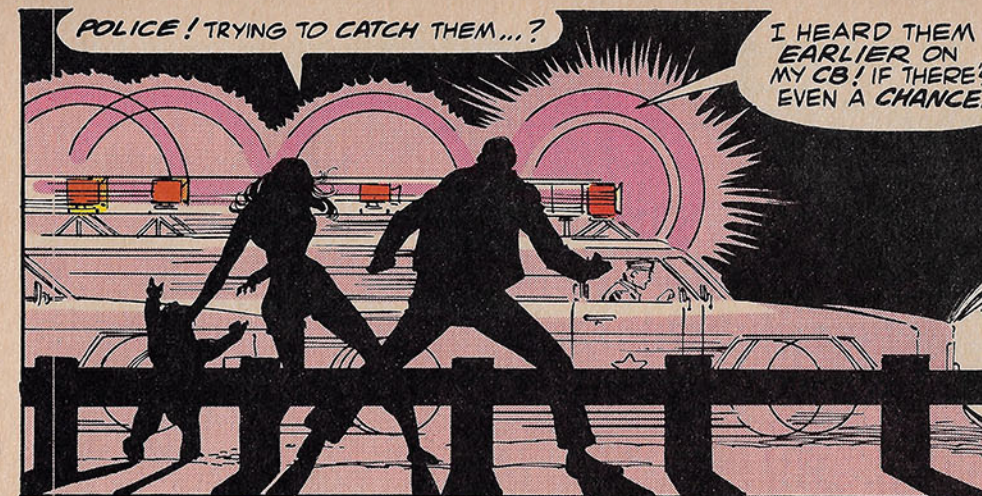
HOLY--!



THEY CAN FLY RINGS AROUND THE MOON, BUT WE'RE YEARS AHEAD OF 'EM ON THE HIGHWAY!



JILLIAN-- LOOK OUT! HERE COMES SOMETHING ELSE!



POLICE! TRYING TO CATCH THEM...?

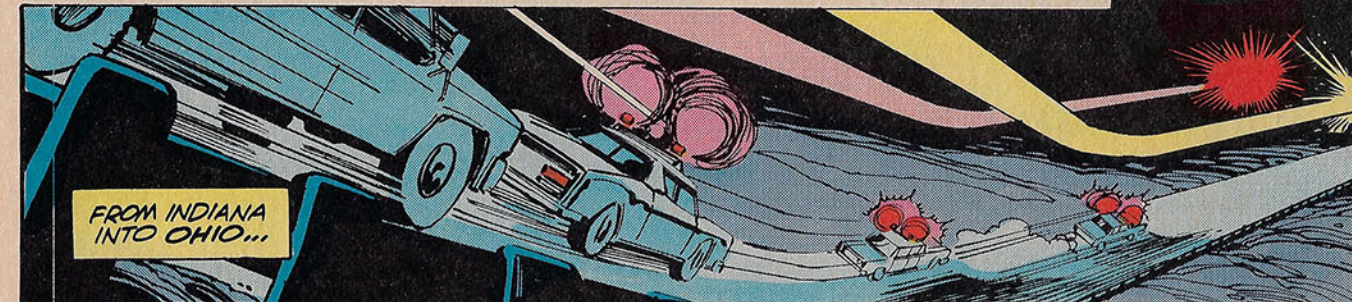
I HEARD THEM EARLIER ON MY CB! IF THERE'S EVEN A CHANCE...



JILLIAN, I... I'VE GOT TO... SEE.

IN MOMENTS, ROY NEARY HAS JOINED THE PURSUIT.

...A PURSUIT THAT IS WILD, NON-STOP. OVER TURNPIKE, THROUGH TOLL BOOTHS...



FROM INDIANA INTO OHIO...



...WHERE, ON A HAIRPIN TURN...



KRAKHAM!



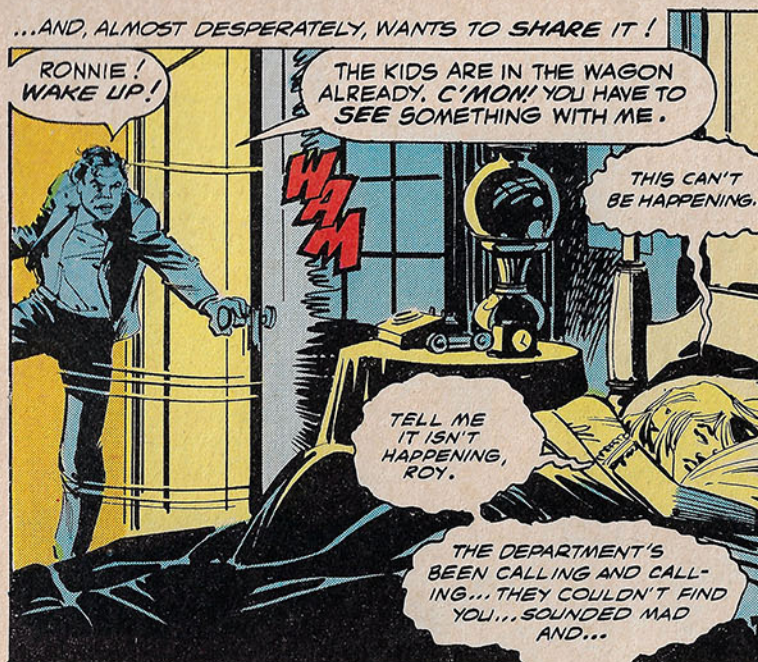
...IT ENDS.

LEFT BEHIND: A 5,000 DOLLAR WRECK, ITS VERY LUCKY, LARGELY UNHARMED DRIVER...



...TWO FELLOW OFFICERS, AND ONE EMPLOYEE OF MUNCIE'S POWER DEPT...

...WHO THIS NIGHT HAS WITNESSED WONDERMENT...



...AND, ALMOST DESPERATELY, WANTS TO SHARE IT!

RONNIE! WAKE UP!

THE KIDS ARE IN THE WAGON ALREADY. C'MON! YOU HAVE TO SEE SOMETHING WITH ME.

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...

TELL ME IT ISN'T HAPPENING, ROY.

THE DEPARTMENT'S BEEN CALLING AND CALLING... THEY COULDN'T FIND YOU... SOUNDED MAD AND...



NEVER MIND THAT.

COME ON! YOU'VE BEEN AFTER ME TO TAKE YOU OUT.

NOT AT FOUR IN THE MORNING...

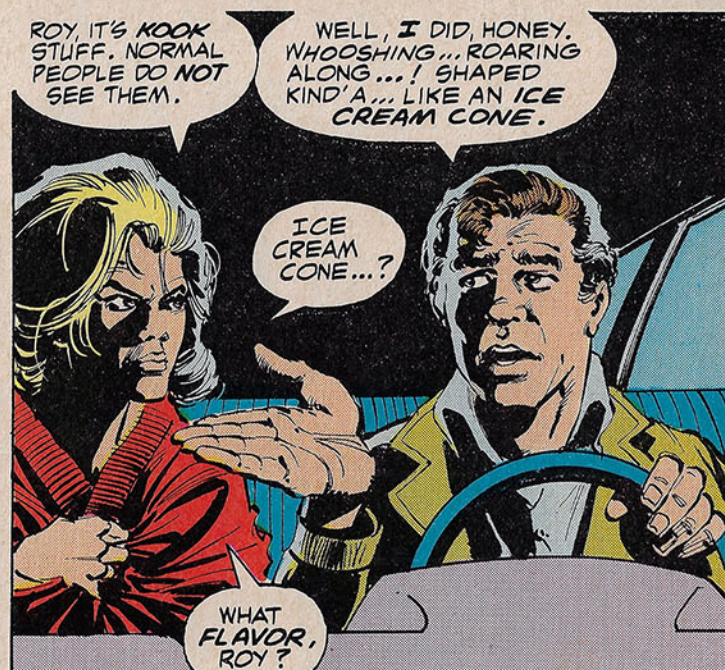
THIS IS WORTH IT, RONNIE... BELIEVE ME!

BUT ONE HOUR LATER, ON THE SILENT SUMMITT ROY NEARY VISITED EARLIER...



...BELIEF IS IN SHORT SUPPLY.

...HONEST-TO-GOD, RONNIE! I SAW THEM... RIGHT HERE.



ROY, IT'S KOOK STUFF. NORMAL PEOPLE DO NOT SEE THEM.

WELL, I DID, HONEY. WHOOSHING... ROARING ALONG...! SHAPED KIND'A... LIKE AN ICE CREAM CONE.

ICE CREAM CONE...?

WHAT FLAVOR, ROY?



OKAY, OKAY. IT DOES SOUND DUMB.

LIKE PINNOCHIO DOES TO THE KIDS.



DARLING...

ROY...

BUT IF WE JUST KEEP WAITING... IF THEY JUST COME AGAIN...



DON'T YOU THINK I'M TAKING THIS REALLY WELL?



I MEAN, WE USED TO COME TO PLACES LIKE THIS TO LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

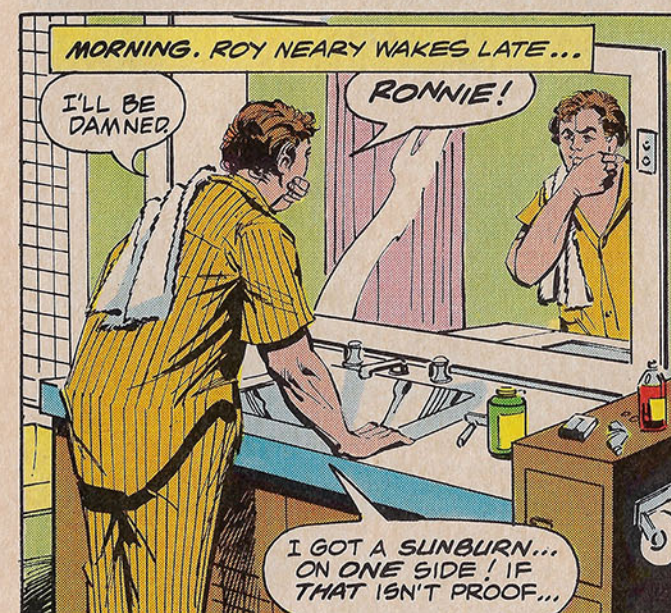
REMEMBER, ROY...?



MMM... SUDDENLY IT ALL COMES BACK.



ALMOST...

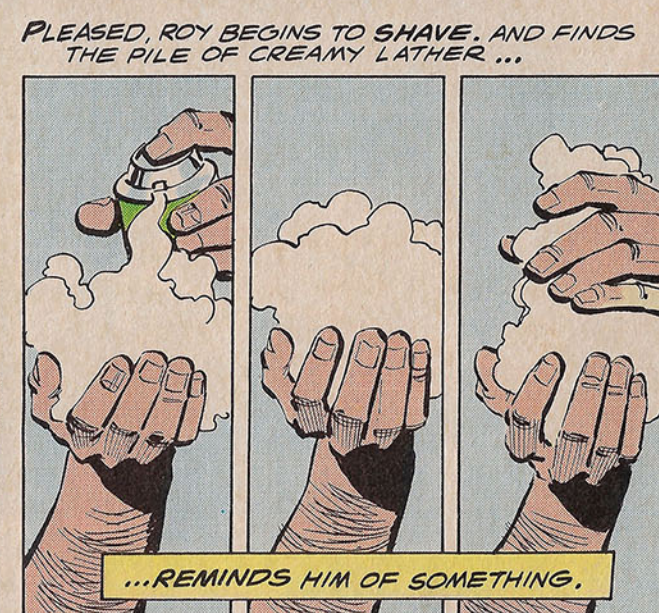


MORNING. ROY NEARY WAKES LATE...

I'LL BE DAMNER

RONNIE!

I GOT A SUNBURN... ON ONE SIDE! IF THAT ISN'T PROOF...



PLEASED, ROY BEGINS TO SHAVE. AND FINDS THE PILE OF CREAMY LATHER...

...REMINDS HIM OF SOMETHING.



ROY, I THOUGHT LAST NIGHT ENDED THIS... DON'T START AGAIN.

I TOLD THE CHILDREN IT WAS A JOKE, BUT IF YOU--!

RING RING RING



I'LL GET THE PHONE. TAKE CARE OF YOUR FACE.

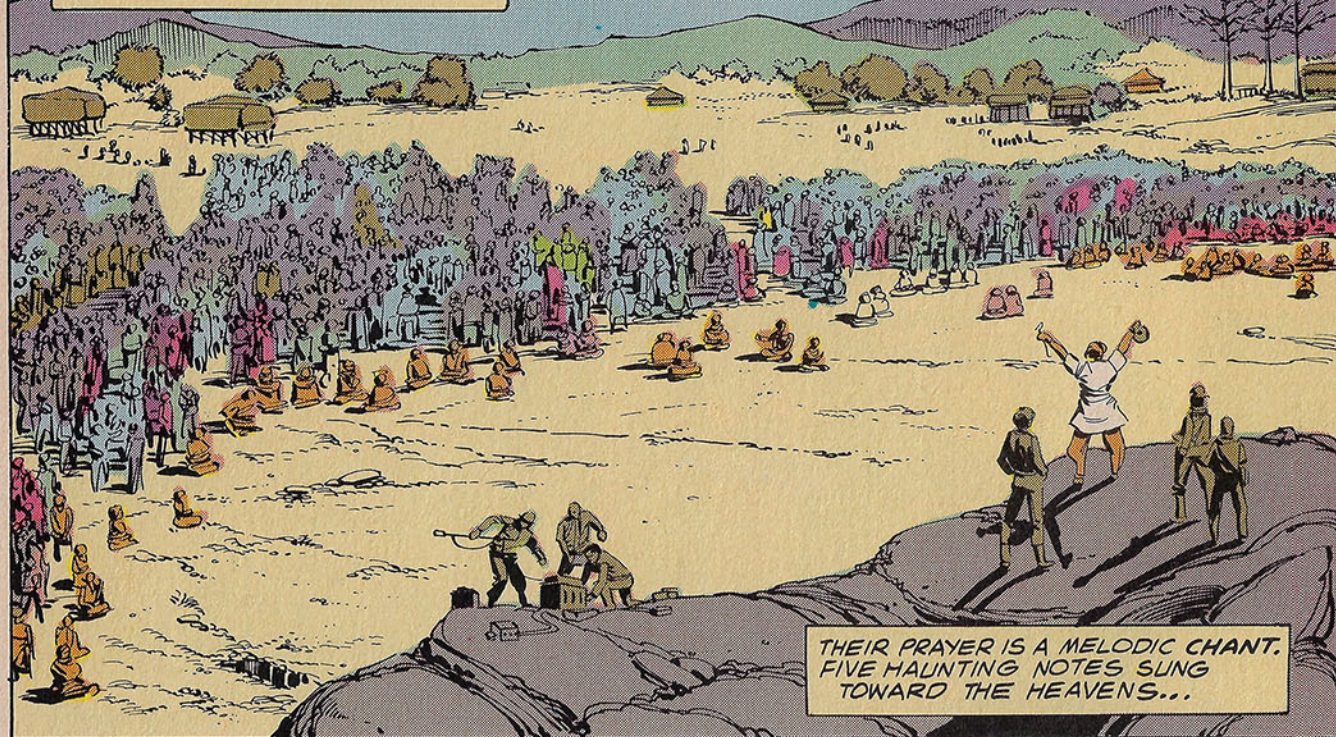


ROY! IT'S THE DEPARTMENT. THEY SAY--

--YOU'RE FIRED!

PART TWO EVIDENCE

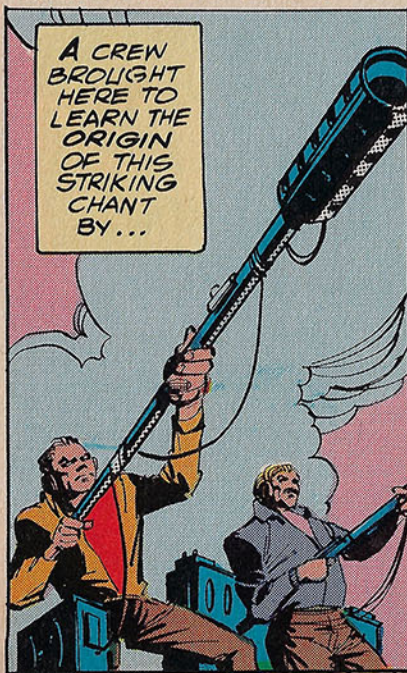
INDIA. THE BENARES VALLEY.
THOUSANDS OF HINDUS GATHER
BEFORE THEIR LEADER IN LOUD,
JOYFUL PRAYER ...



THEIR PRAYER IS A MELODIC CHANT.
FIVE HAUNTING NOTES SUNG
TOWARD THE HEAVENS...

...AND ONLY INCIDENTALLY
TO THE MICROPHONES OF
THE WESTERN SCIENTIFIC
CREW IN THEIR MIDST.

A CREW
BROUGHT
HERE TO
LEARN THE
ORIGIN
OF THIS
STRIKING
CHANT
BY...

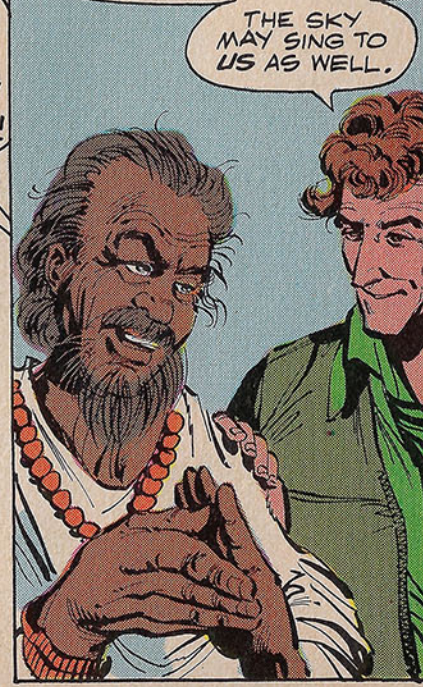


...A MAN NAMED LACOMBE.



THE SADHU
SAYS THE
SKY OPENED
UP AND SANG
TO THEM,
PROFESSOR!

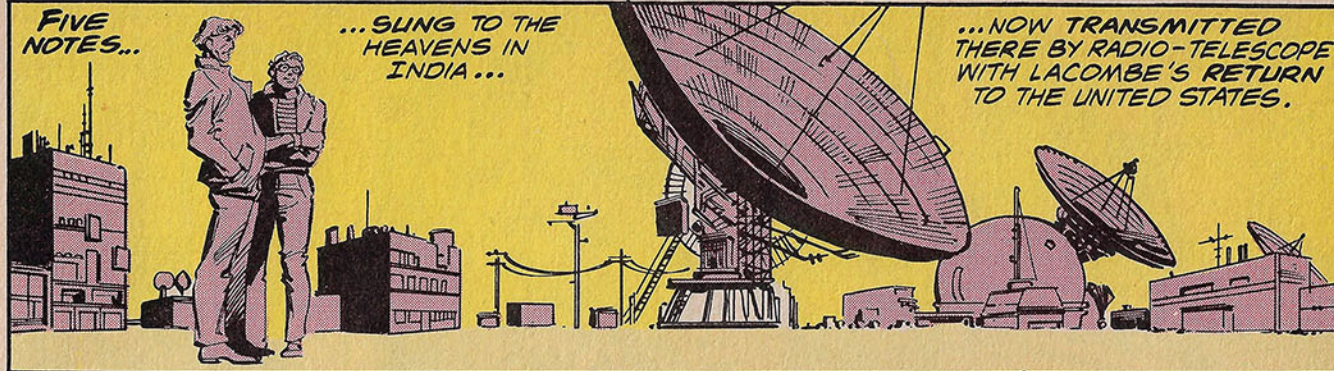
OUR THANKS, MY FRIEND,
FOR BY YOUR SHARING
OF THESE FIVE NOTES...



THE SKY
MAY SING TO
US AS WELL.

FIVE
NOTES...

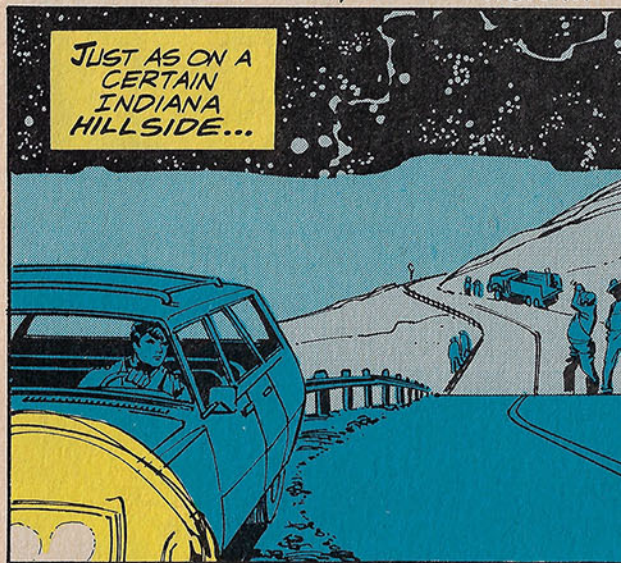
...SLUNG TO THE
HEAVENS IN
INDIA...



...NOW TRANSMITTED
THERE BY RADIO-TELESCOPE
WITH LACOMBE'S RETURN
TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE PROFESSOR AND CARTOGRAPHER-TURNED-
TRANSLATOR LAUGHLIN, ALONG WITH THE REST
OF THE PROJECT TEAM, BEGIN A VIGIL ...

JUST AS ON A
CERTAIN
INDIANA
HILLSIDE...



...OTHERS
GATHER
TO DO THE
SAME.



ROY...!



OH...
HI
THERE.

JILLIAN
GUILER,
REMEMBER?

SURE! I'M NOT LIKELY TO
FORGET ANYTHING ABOUT
THE OTHER NIGHT.

IT WAS
PRETTY
WEIRD.



AND IT
DOESN'T
FEEL
LIKE IT'S
OVER.

HEY! YOU'RE
SUNBURNED!

YEAH. I'M
HOPING TO
TAN THE
OTHER SIDE
TONIGHT!

I GOT THE SAME
THING... BUT MORE
EVENLY DISTRIBUTED
MY WHOLE FACE AND
NECK, SEE?



UH...
RIGHT.



UH... THIS WHOLE BUSINESS HAS MY WIFE PRETTY UPSET. KIDS, TOO.

I'VE GOT THREE. TWO BOYS, A GIRL.

YOU MET MINE--



--MR. CLEAN OVER THERE.

HE'S CUTE UNDER THE DIRT...! WHAT'S THAT HE'S MAKING...?



LOOKS KIND'A FAMILIAR, HUH?



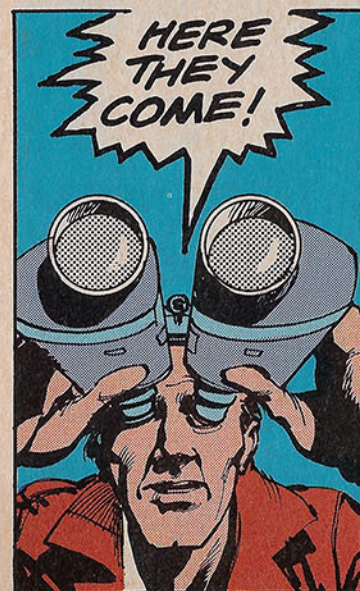
MAYBE IF IT HAD SOME LINES ALONG HERE...

IT DOES REMIND ME OF SOMETHING. BUT--



-- I LIKE IT BETTER THIS WAY.

SO DO I. ONLY I DON'T KNOW W--



HERE THEY COME!



A CHILL GOES THROUGH ROY NEARY. HIS EYES BURN, HIS BODY TREMBLES...

STOP & BE FRIENDLY

BUT HE HAS NO NOTION IF IT IS OUT OF FEAR...

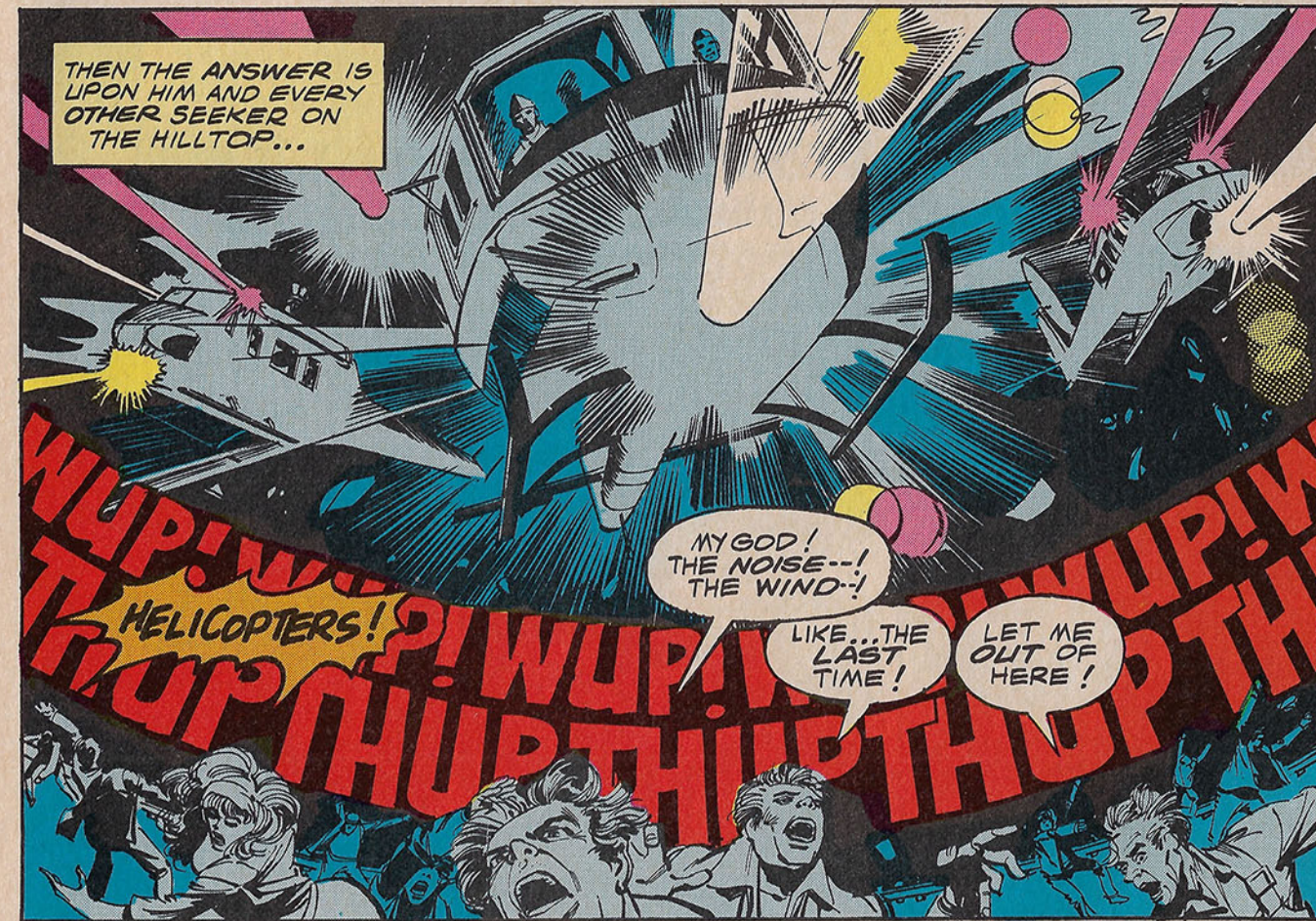


...OR FASCINATION.

HE ONLY KNOWS HE HAS TO BE HERE, TO SEE...



...AND PERHAPS, TO LEARN.



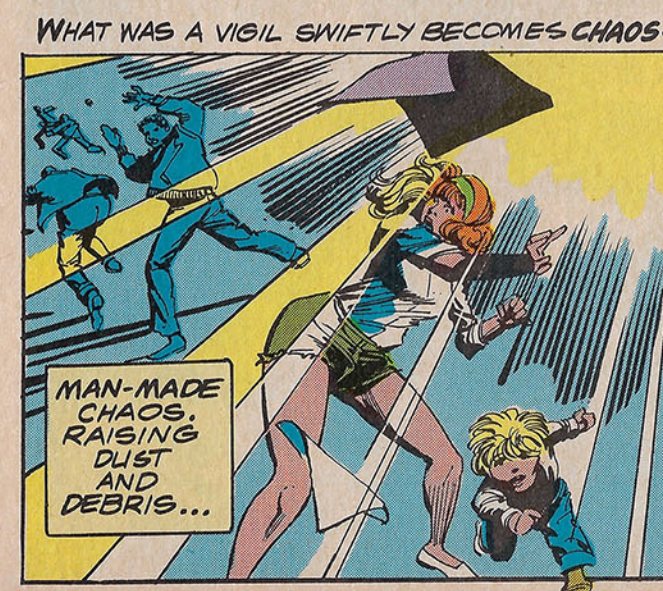
THEN THE ANSWER IS UPON HIM AND EVERY OTHER SEEKER ON THE HILLTOP...

HELICOPTERS!

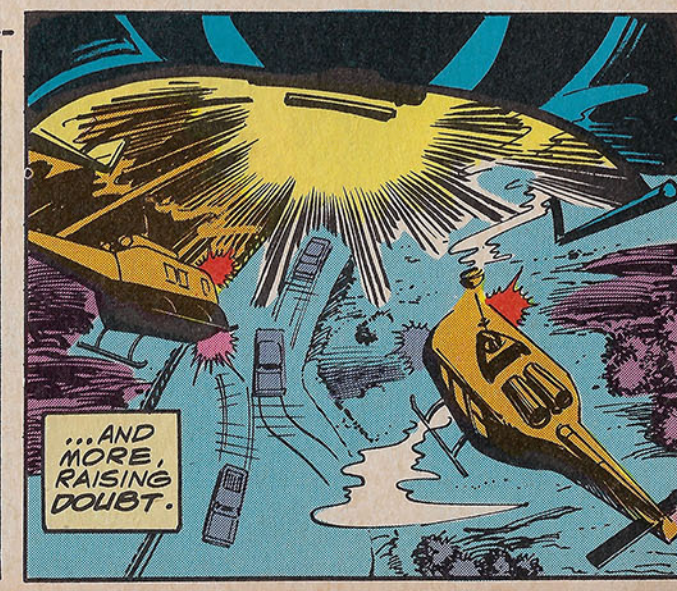
MY GOD! THE NOISE--! THE WIND--!

LIKE...THE LAST TIME!

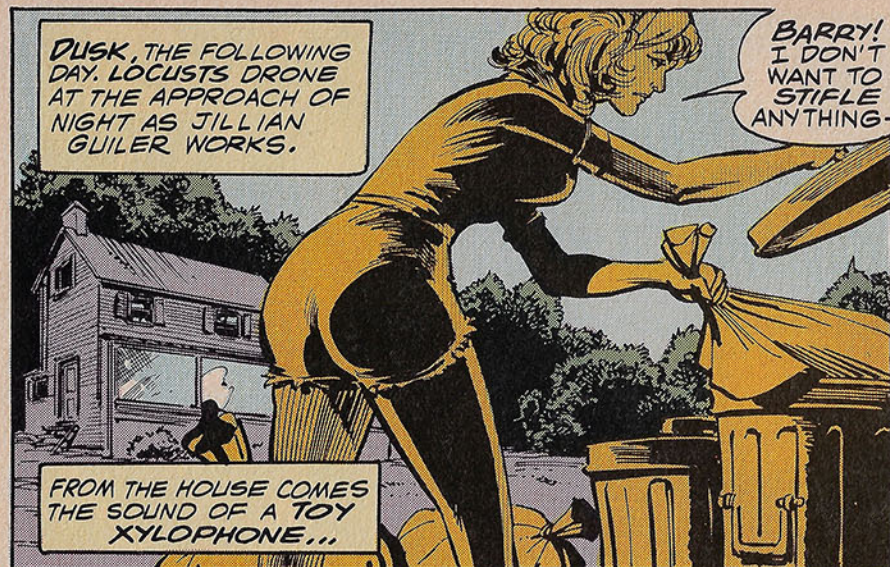
LET ME OUT OF HERE!



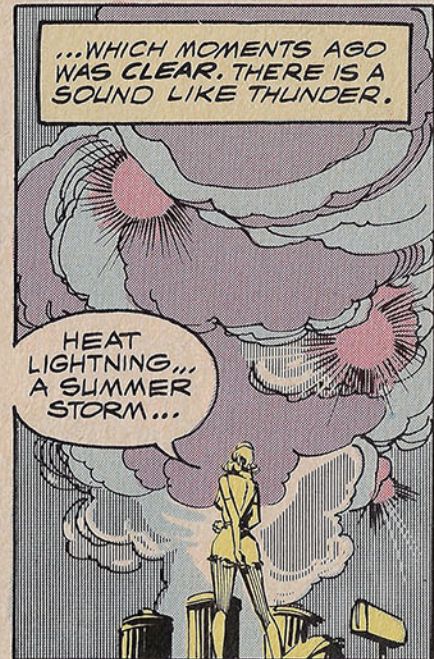
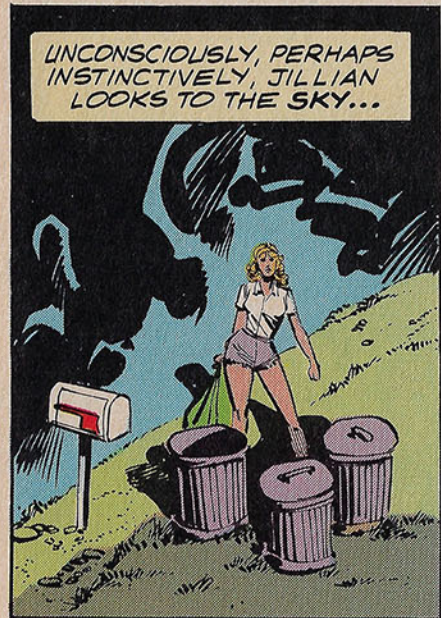
MAN-MADE CHAOS. RAISING DUST AND DEBRIS...



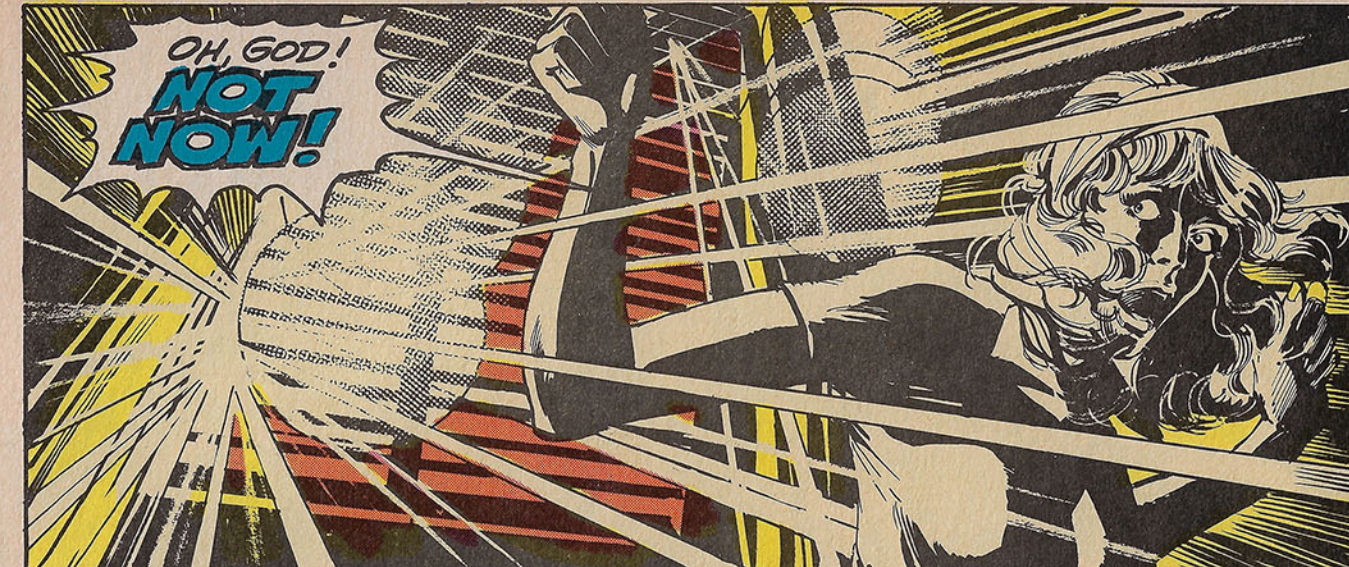
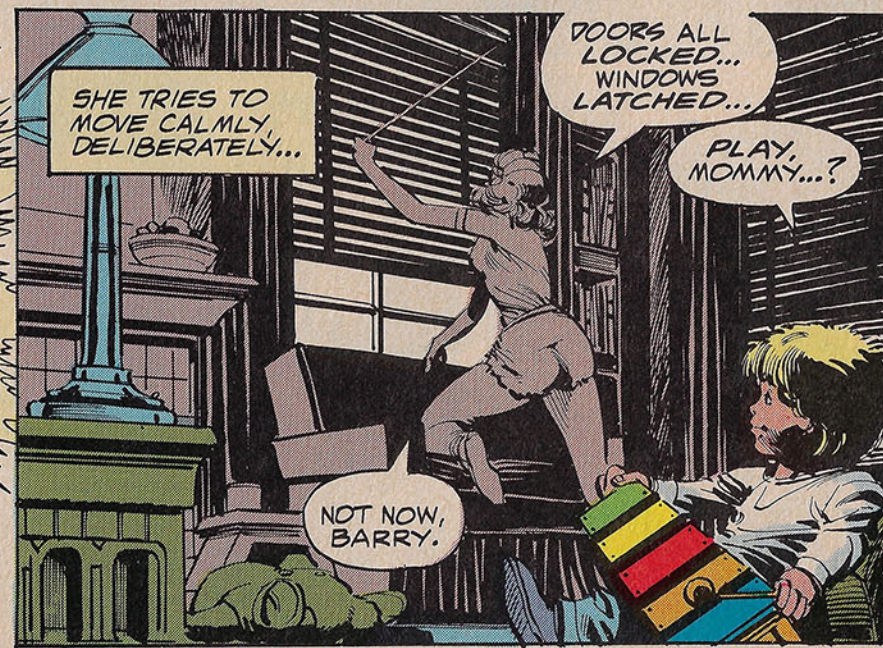
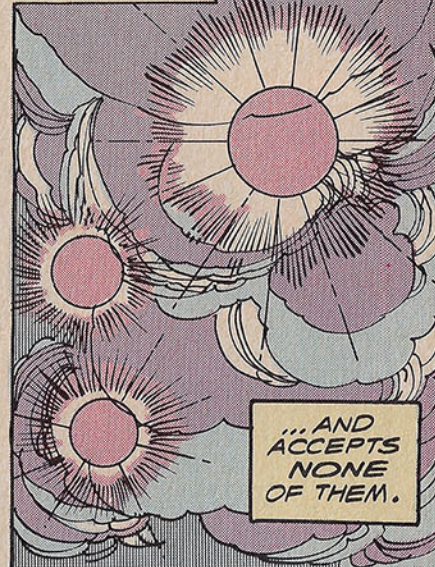
...AND MORE, RAISING DOUBT.



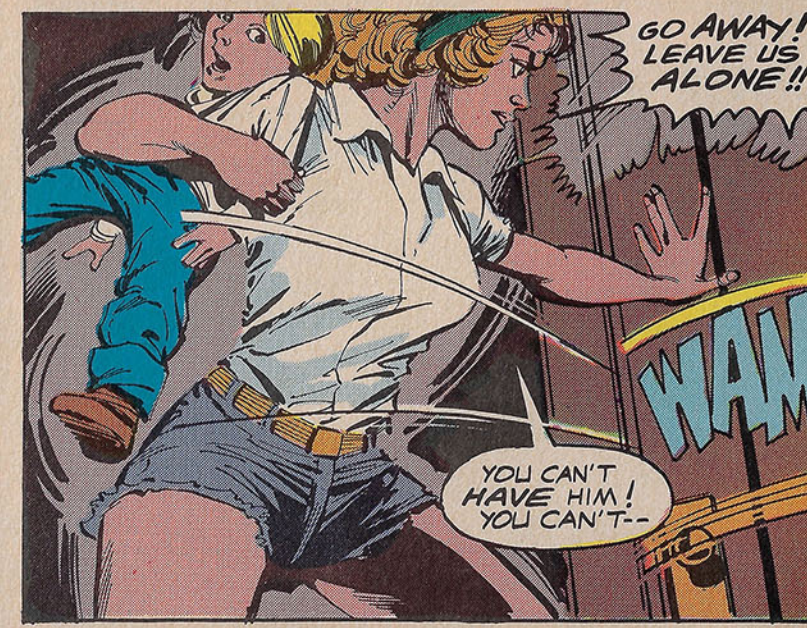
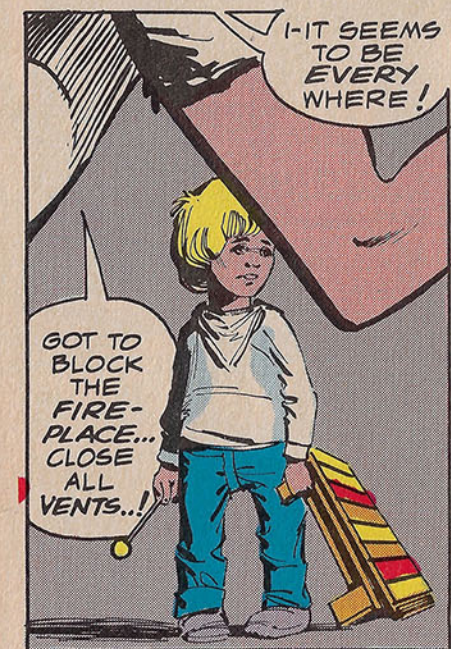
SUDDENLY, THE LOCUSTS STOP.

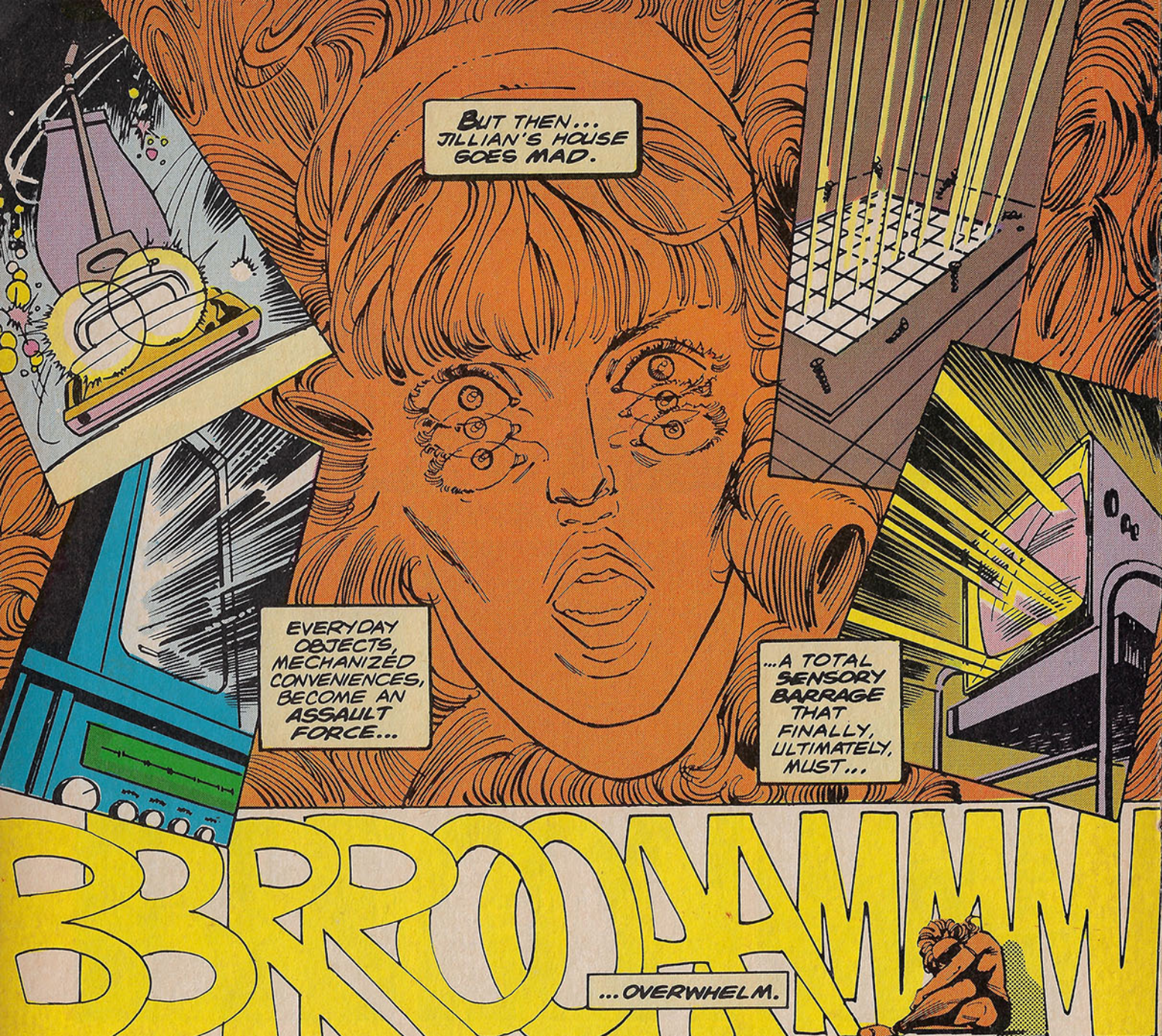


HOARSELY, SHE WHISPERS OTHER EXPLANATIONS TO HERSELF...



SOMETHING DESCENDS. THE HOUSE SHAKES AND VIBRATES AS THOUGH BATTERED BY A GOBLIN WIND.



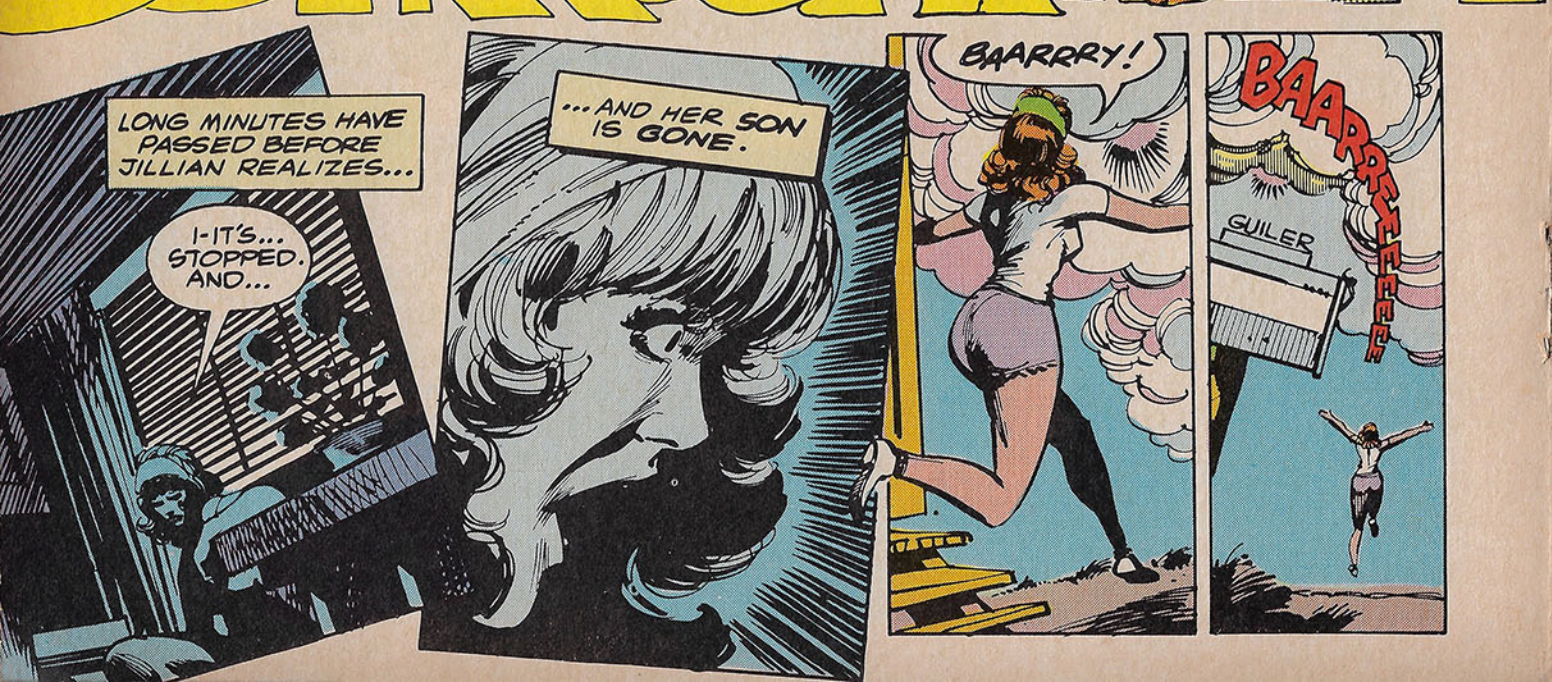


BUT THEN...
JILLIAN'S HOUSE
GOES MAD.

EVERYDAY
OBJECTS,
MECHANIZED
CONVENIENCES,
BECOME AN
ASSAULT
FORCE...

...A TOTAL
SENSORY
BARRAGE
THAT
FINALLY,
ULTIMATELY,
MUST...

...OVERWHELM.



LONG MINUTES HAVE
PASSED BEFORE
JILLIAN REALIZES...

I-IT'S...
STOPPED.
AND...

...AND HER SON
IS GONE.

BAARRY!



BAAARRRRREEEE
GUILER

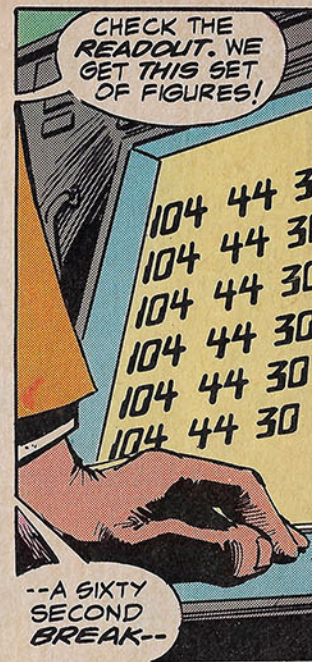
CALIFORNIA. GOLDSTONE RADIOTELESCOPE STATION 14. INTENT TECHNICIANS ARE LISTENING TO THE SKY... AND LISTENING IN FRUSTRATION.



STILL THE SAME
PATTERN, PROFESSOR
LACOMBE.

THEY MUST
CORRESPOND
TO SOME-
THING.

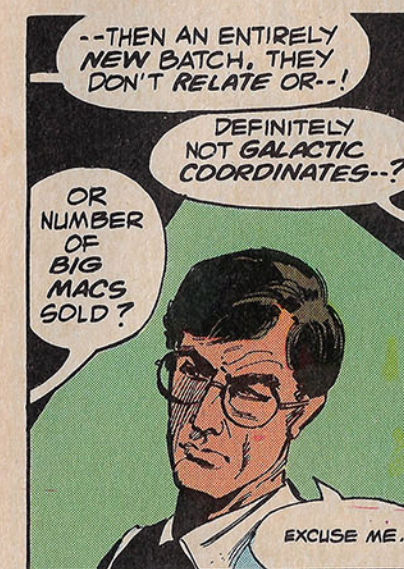
SAME CRAZY
ARRANGEMENT
OF RAPID PULSE
SIGNALS.



CHECK THE
READOUT. WE
GET THIS SET
OF FIGURES!

104 44 3
104 44 30
104 44 30
104 44 30
104 44 30
104 44 30

--A SIXTY
SECOND
BREAK--



--THEN AN ENTIRELY
NEW BATCH, THEY
DON'T RELATE OR--!

DEFINITELY
NOT GALACTIC
COORDINATES--?

OR
NUMBER
OF
BIG
MACS
SOLD?

EXCUSE ME.



CONJECTURES ARE FLYING
TOO FAST. NO ONE HEARS
LACOMBE'S TRANSLATOR.

EXCUSE
ME.



HEY!

LAUGHLIN!
W-WHAT--?

BEFORE
BEING PAID
TO SPEAK
FRENCH--



--I WAS PAID TO READ
MAPS! THOSE FIRST
NUMBERS--

--LOOK LIKE
A LONGITUDE
TO ME.

YOU
MEAN...
SOME
PLACE...
RIGHT...
HERE
ON--?

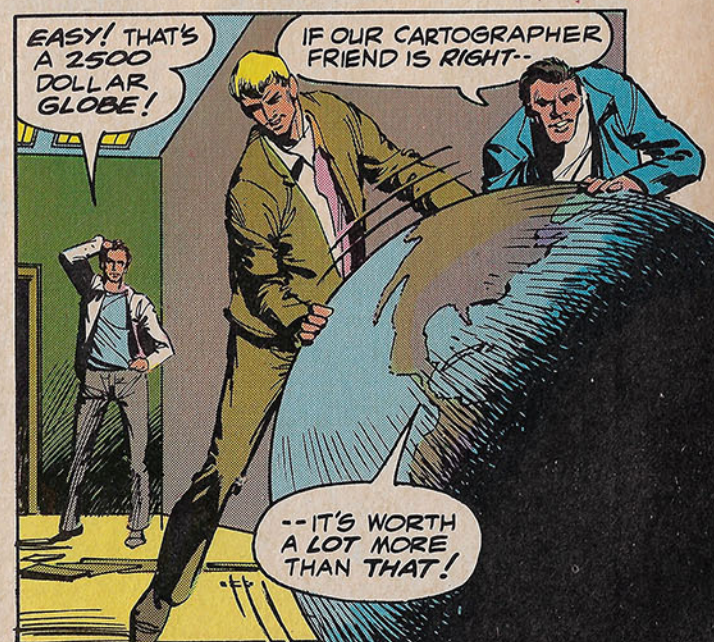
FIND A
MAP!!



BUT IN A PROJECT
CONCERNED WITH THE
COSMOS, WORLD MAPS
ARE HARD TO COME BY.

THERE!

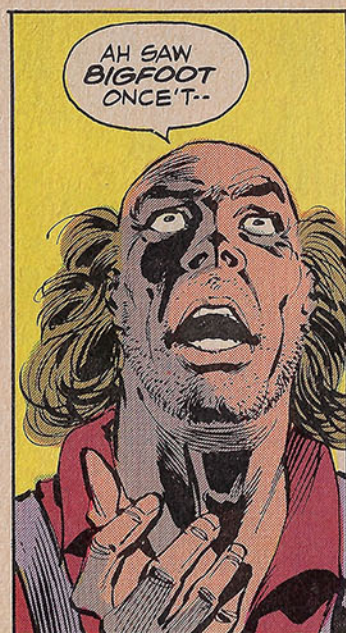
KRASH!



EASY! THAT'S
A 2500
DOLLAR
GLOBE!

IF OUR CARTOGRAPHER
FRIEND IS RIGHT--

--IT'S WORTH
A LOT MORE
THAN THAT!



AH SAW
BIGFOOT
ONCE-T--



--SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK,
NINETEEN AN' FIFTY-ONE.

AIN'T A
SIGHT I'D
CARE TO SEE
TWICE-T.
HAD A FOOT
ON 'IM THAT...



DAX AIR FORCE BASE. A HEARING
IS IN PROGRESS ON RECENT UFO
SIGHTINGS...

ROY NEARY, MAJOR.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
I SAW, BUT IT WAS
REAL, DAMMIT... AND
IT COST ME MY JOB.

SOMETHING'S
GOING ON!
WE DESERVE
AN ANSWER.



I WISH WE HAD ONE, MR. NEARY. IF THE
EVIDENCE IN THESE SIGHTINGS EVER
STOOD UP THEN WE COULD TAKE
THEM SERIOUSLY AND INVESTIGATE.

WAIT A
MINUTE!

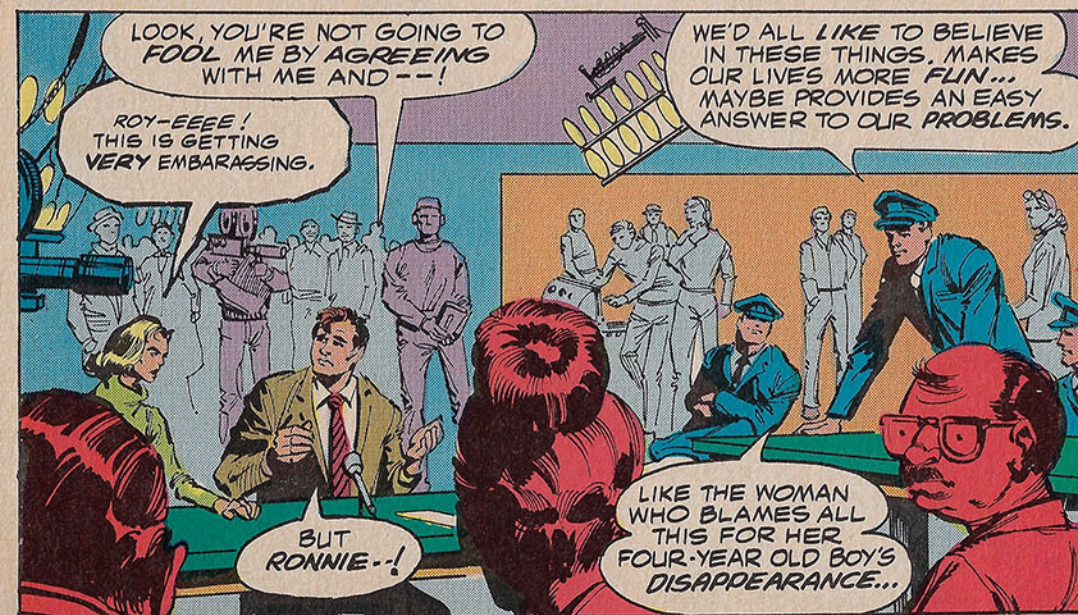
WE ARE THE
EVIDENCE!
WE SAW--!



THINK YOU SAW,
MR. NEARY. AS
EVERYONE EARLIER
THOUGHT THIS WAS
A UFO--

--INSTEAD OF A
PEWTER PLATE
SAILED BY MY
SON.

OF COURSE, WHAT YOU SIGHTED
MIGHT BE REAL! WE DON'T
KNOW THE TRUTH. WE WON'T
TELL YOU WE DO.



LOOK, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
FOOL ME BY AGREEING
WITH ME AND---!

ROY-EEE!
THIS IS GETTING
VERY EMBARRASSING.

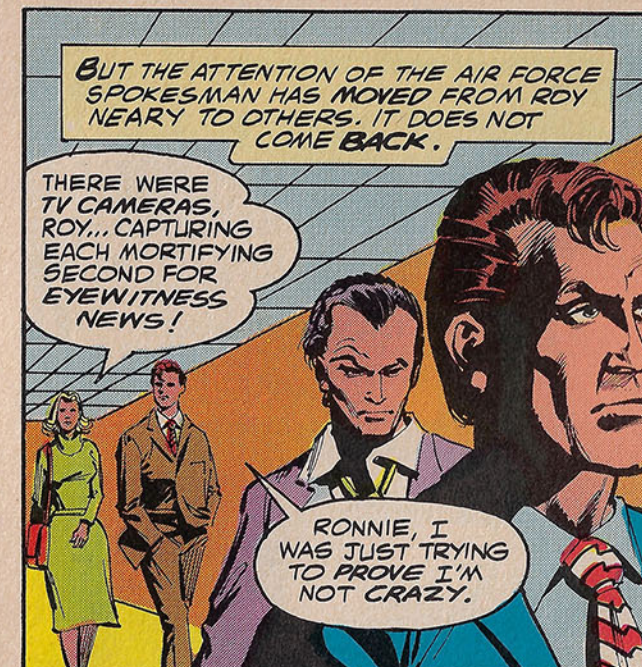
BUT
RONNIE--!

WE'D ALL LIKE TO BELIEVE
IN THESE THINGS. MAKES
OUR LIVES MORE FUN...
MAYBE PROVIDES AN EASY
ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS.

LIKE THE WOMAN
WHO BLAMES ALL
THIS FOR HER
FOUR-YEAR OLD BOY'S
DISAPPEARANCE...



HEY...!



BUT THE ATTENTION OF THE AIR FORCE
SPOKESMAN HAS MOVED FROM ROY
NEARY TO OTHERS. IT DOES NOT
COME BACK.

THERE WERE
TV CAMERAS,
ROY... CAPTURING
EACH MORTIFYING
SECOND FOR
EYEWITNESS
NEWS!

RONNIE, I
WAS JUST TRYING
TO PROVE I'M
NOT CRAZY.



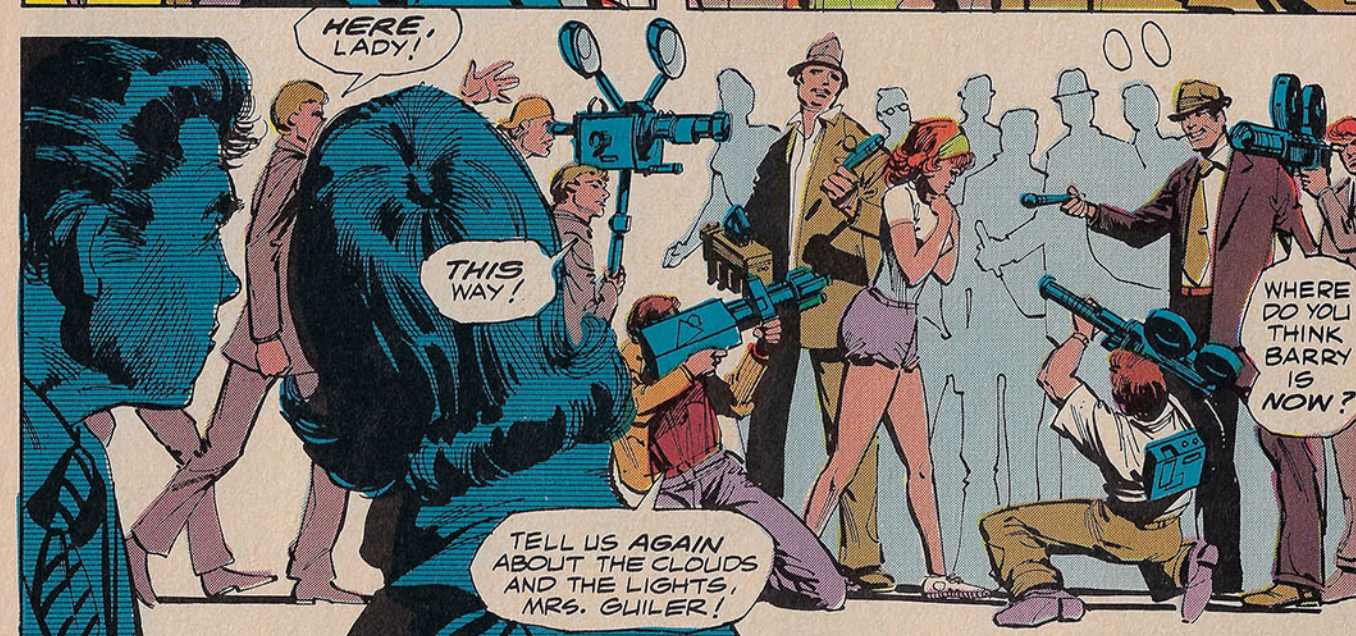
ROY, THOSE OTHER
PEOPLE WERE OVER THE
EDGE... ON THEIR WAY
TO THE ROCKS BELOW.

STANDING UP
WITH THEM
SEEMS A PRETTY
STRANGE WAY
TO PROVE---

WAIT,
HONEY.
WHAT--?

OVER HERE,
MRS. GUILER!

LOOK AT
ME,
JILLIAN!



HERE,
LADY!

THIS
WAY!

TELL US AGAIN
ABOUT THE CLOUDS
AND THE LIGHTS,
MRS. GUILER!

WHERE
DO YOU
THINK
BARRY
IS
NOW?



HEY!
HEY,
JILLIAN!
IT'S
ME...!

ROY...!



SHE CAN'T POSSIBLY
HEAR YOU ABOVE
THAT MOB.

LET'S GO HOME.



AND, ROY--

--WHO
IS THIS
JILLIAN?

JILLIAN GUILER IS A WOMAN OBSESSED. AND WITH EACH DAY HER YOUNG SON REMAINS MISSING...

...THAT OBSESSION GROWS.

DRAWING ON SKILLS THE DEMANDS OF BEING A PARENT FORCED HER TO NEGLECT, SHE PAINTS, SHE SKETCHES. ONE SUBJECT. OVER AND OVER.. AGAIN AND AGAIN.

MEANWHILE, A CARAVAN HAS BEGUN TO ROLL...

IT'S PURPOSE IS SECRET, AS IS ITS DESTINATION. AND NOT EVEN PROFESSOR LACOMBE IS CERTAIN IF IT MOVES TOWARD A BEGINNING ... OR AN END.

MUNCIE. ROY NEARY, DEEP IN THOUGHT, IS HUMMING A SONG SUNG BY A CARTOON CRICKET IN A MOVIE HE LOVES VERY MUCH.

DADDY'S NOT POLITE. HE'S STARIN' AGAIN. IT'S NOT POLITE TO STARE.

SYLVIA ... STOP IT. BRAD, PASS YOUR FATHER THE MASHED POTATOES.

ROY. ROY?

UH...SURE. POTATOES.

CAN'T HAVE DINNER WITHOUT POTA...

ONLY...

STILL NOT RIGHT. GOTTA BE STEEPER AND--

AND...

UH... BY NOW, YOU'VE NOTICED SOMETHING A LITTLE... FUNNY ABOUT DAD.

BUT... DON'T WORRY. I'M STILL DAD.

IT'S JUST THAT... ALL THIS MEANS SOMETHING. ONLY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT!

BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

THEN I'LL BE ALL RIGHT... I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

ROY NEARY BEGINS TO CRY. IT IS A LONG TIME BEFORE HE CAN STOP.

8:17 A.M.

IT HAS NOT BEEN A GOOD NIGHT FOR THE NEARY FAMILY...

...BUT RONNIE HAS HOPES FOR THE NEW DAY.

THWUMP!

R-ROY...?

THAT'S NOT Y-YOU IS IT?

HEY, IT'S OKAY, HON'. I FEEL GOOD.

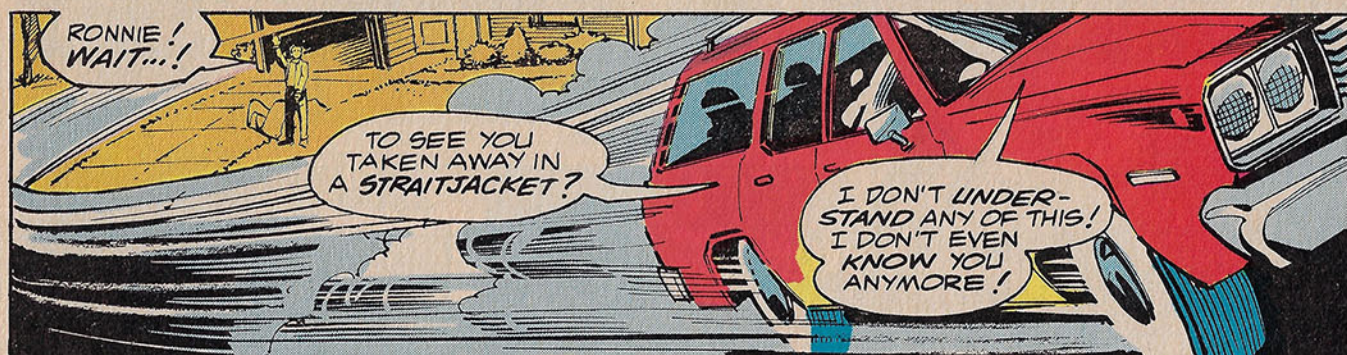
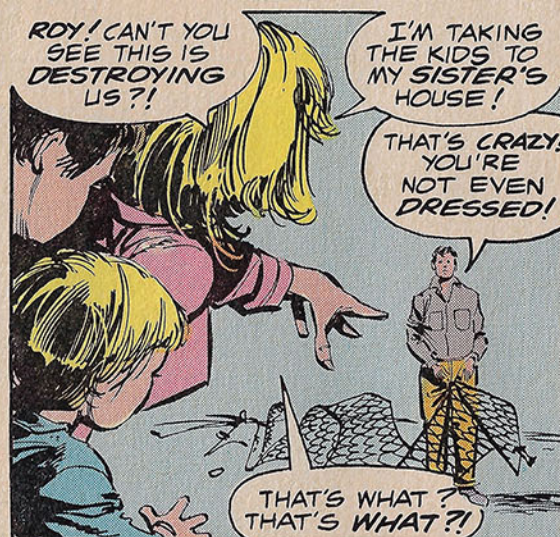
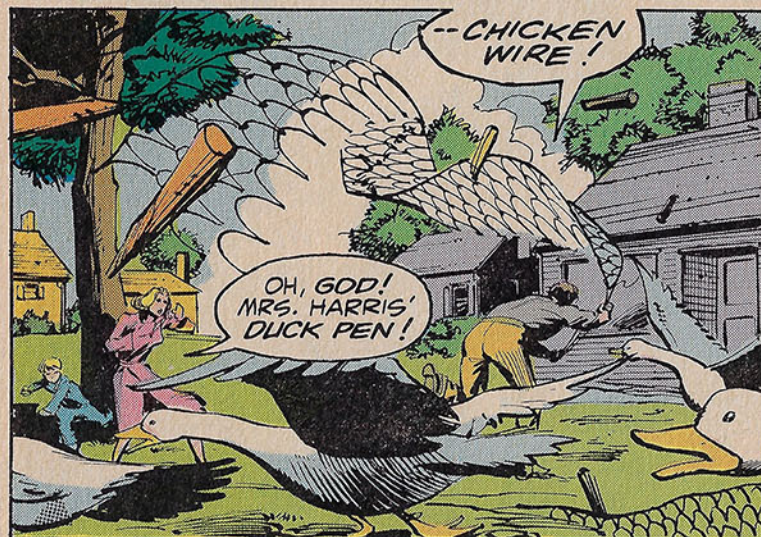
SHRIMP!

AND RONNIE NEARY'S HOPES...

...JOIN SHRUBS, SOD, AND SELECTED TRASH HURLING INTO HER KITCHEN.



FIGHTING THIS IS MAKING ME CRAZY. ALL I REALLY NEED IS TO SEE IT THROUGH. THAT AND--



ROY NEARY IS A MAN OBSESSED. AND WITH EACH DAY HE IS ALIENATED FROM HIS WIFE AND FAMILY...



...THAT OBSESSION GROWS.

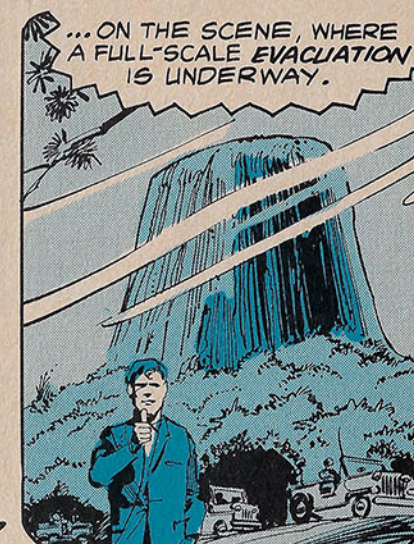
IT IS DONE. THE THING THAT HAS COST HIM ALL HE HOLDS DEAR, AND PERHAPS, HIS SANITY AS WELL.

HE IS TOO TIRED TO HATE IT, TOO NUMB TO DRAW SATISFACTION FROM IT.

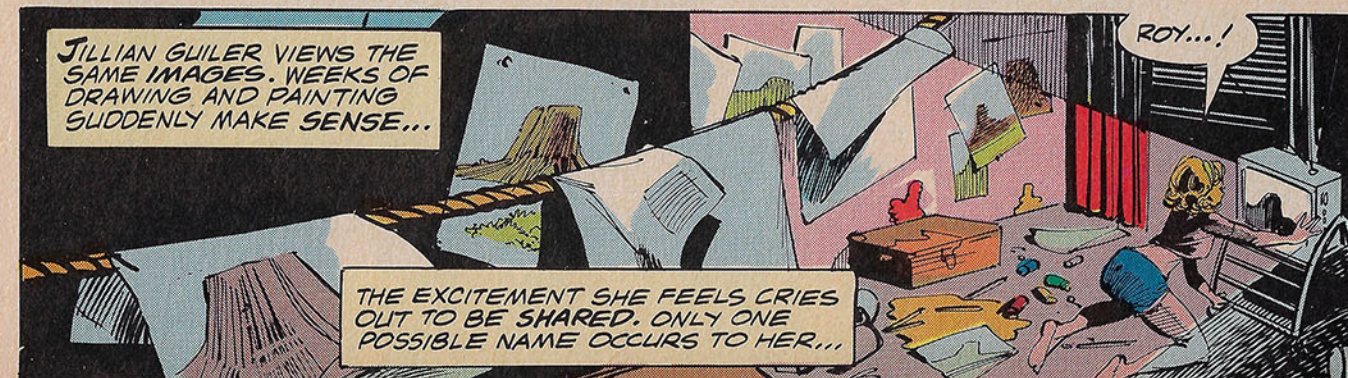


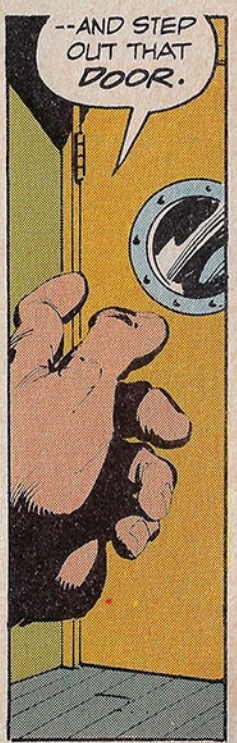
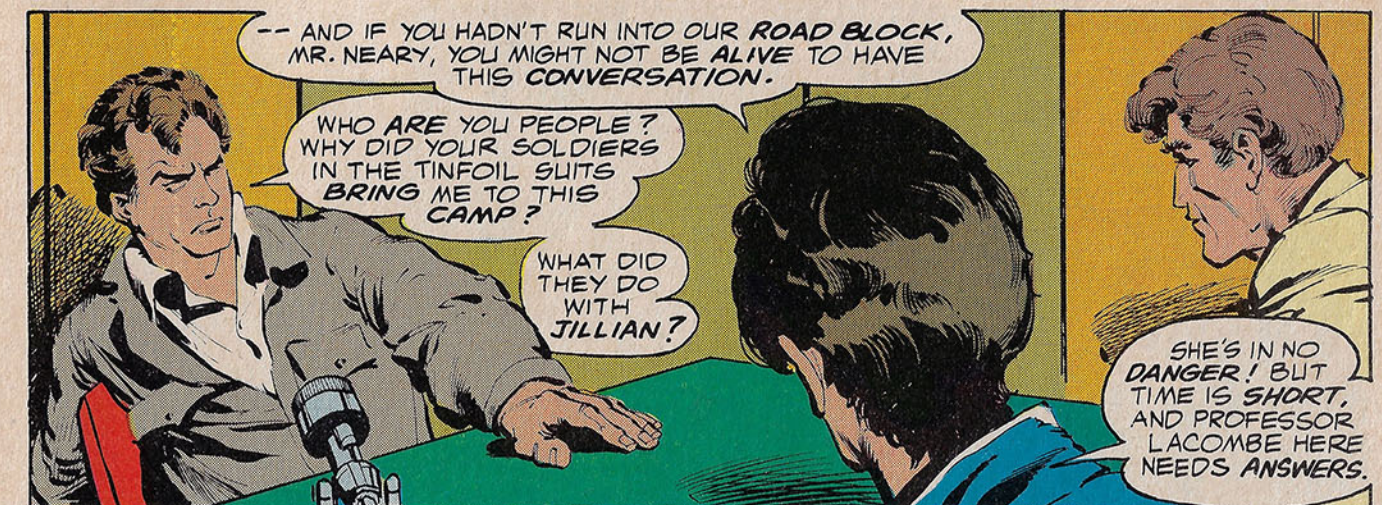
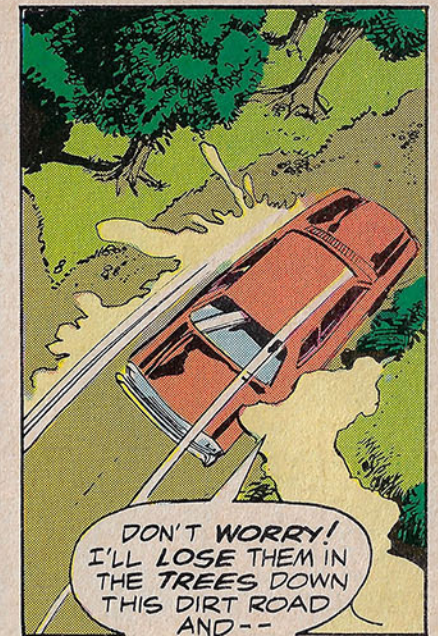
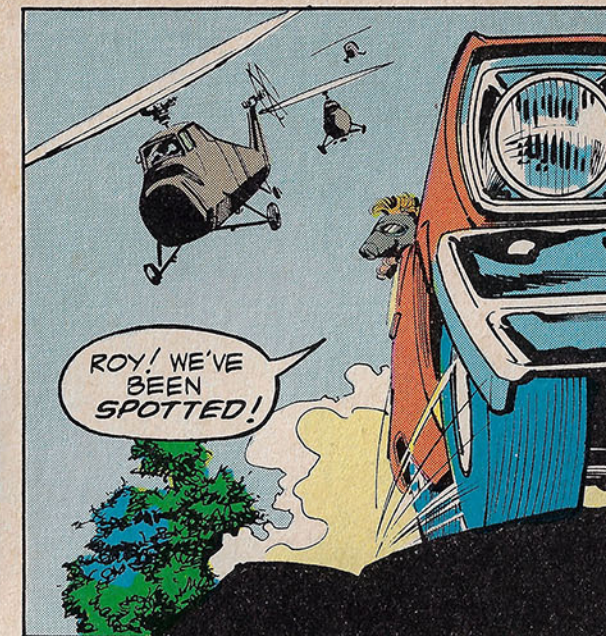
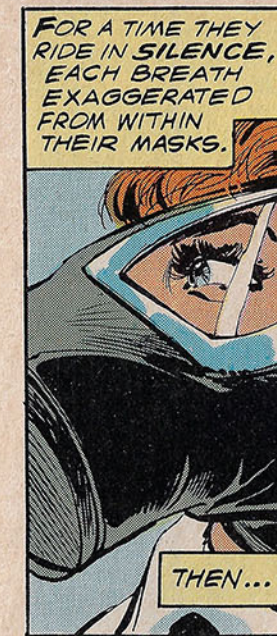
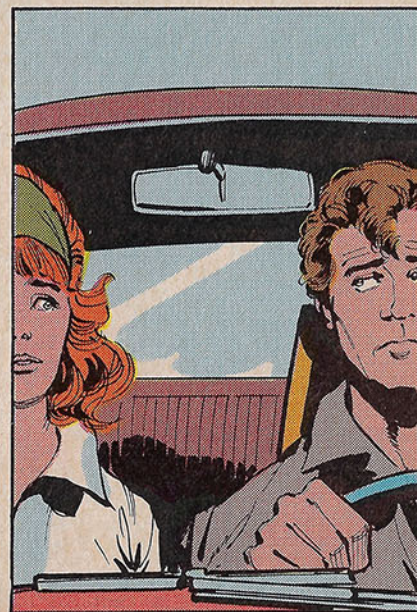
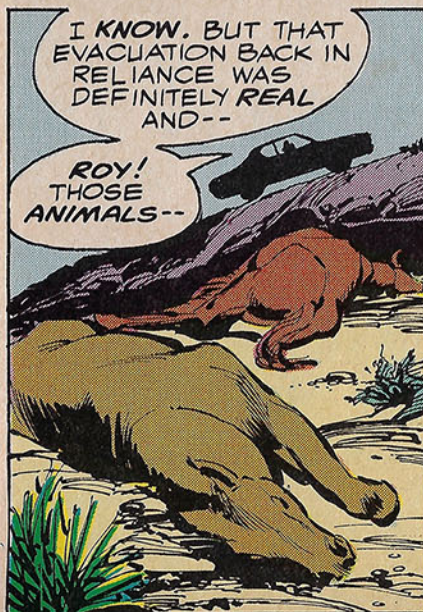
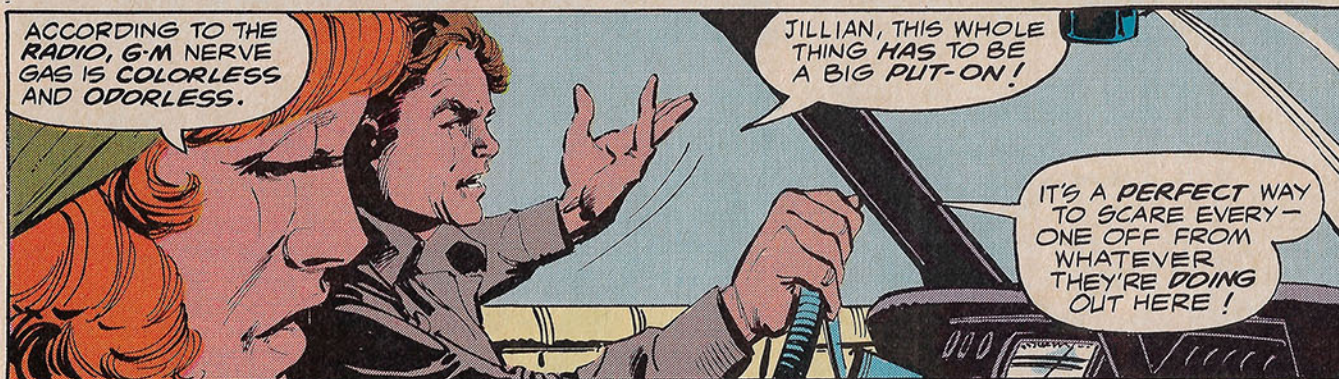
NOW, HE STUDIES IT FOR HOURS, MAKES MINOR ADJUSTMENTS, AND WAITS FOR A MOMENT OF ENLIGHTENMENT THAT NEVER SEEMS TO COME.

...EXCEPT FOR GHOST-VOICES ON A FLICKERING TELEVISION SET.



JILLIAN GUILER VIEWS THE SAME IMAGES. WEEKS OF DRAWING AND PAINTING SUDDENLY MAKE SENSE...





OKAY. I'M HUMAN. I HAVE DOUBTS. BUT YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO MAKE PEOPLE CRAZY.

IF THIS IS ALL YOU CLAIM--

WHY DID I KNOW EVERY DETAIL OF THAT MOUNTAIN OUTSIDE--

--BEFORE I EVER SAW IT?

YOU FELT COMPELLED TO COME HERE? PERHAPS AFTER A... CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH SOMETHING... UNUSUAL?

YES! I WANTED-- I HAD-- TO FIND THE ANSWER! THAT'S NOT CRAZY, IS IT?

NO, M'SIEU NEARY, IT'S NOT. IN FACT, I ENVY YOU.

AND PERHAPS IT IS THAT FEELING WHICH BRINGS LACOMBE TO A CONFRONTATION.

YOU CANNOT TURN HIM AND THE OTHERS AWAY. THESE PEOPLE ARE SPECIAL, THEY--

THEY'RE A SECURITY PROBLEM, PROFESSOR.

AND ON THIS SIDE OF DEVIL'S TOWER, THEY'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY!

YOU SAY THEY'RE ALL 'INVITED'... BUT THEY'RE SURE NOT AUTHORIZED!

WE CAN'T RISK HAVING CULTISTS OR FANATICS SUBVERT THE PROJECT--

--AND THAT'S FINAL.

EVEN AS THOSE WORDS ARE SPOKEN...

ROY! THEY'RE SENDING US BACK! THERE ARE BUSES WAITING IN RELIANCE!

THAT'S IT! GET 'EM OUT OF HERE!!

T-THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE THAN THIS...

AND ROY NEARY MAKES THE DECISION TO BECOME A HERO. OR PERHAPS... A FOOL.

HESITANTLY, HE TAKES THE HARDEST BREATH OF HIS LIFE.

NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE AIR. NOTHING.

BUT WHATEVER COMPELLED HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS, FAILS THEM NOW...

...WITH TWO EXCEPTIONS.

YEAH...!

IT'S BETTER THAN THE AIR IN LOS ANGELES!

HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAIN!!

THIS IS A HELL OF A TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS--

BUT I'M LARRY BUTLER. LOS ANGELES.

KEEP RUNNING FOR THE TREES, LARRY!

FOR BEYOND THE TREES SURROUNDING THE CAMP...

...LIES DEVIL'S TOWER.

AND WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW OF THE SECURITY OFFICE...

...CLAUDE LACOMBE SMILES!



MAN, I (Puff) SHOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN UP (Puff) JOGGING!

NONE OF MY DOODLES OF THIS PLACE (Puff) PREPARED ME FOR CLIMBING IT!

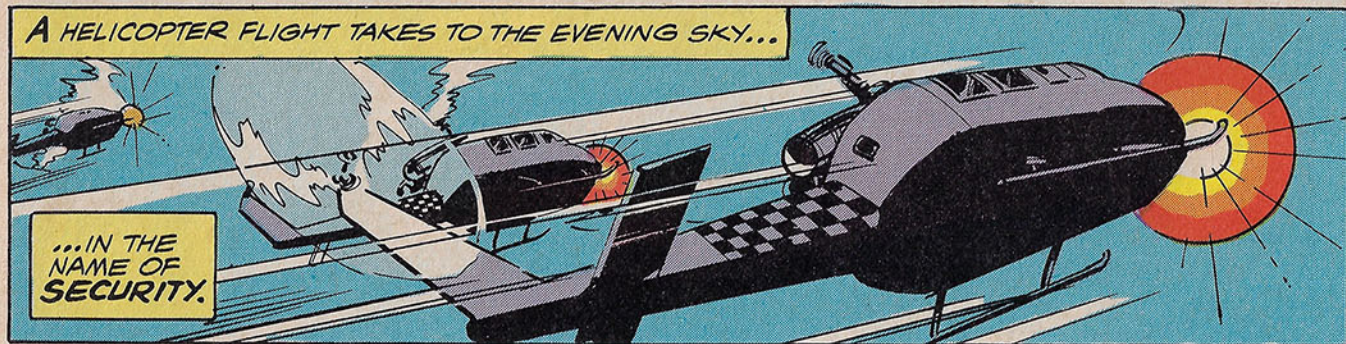


THIS IS THE HARD PART. BUT THERE'S A BOX CANYON ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT'S RIMMED WITH HIKING TRAILS.

MY PAINTINGS NEVER SHOWED THAT.

NEXT TIME, TRY SCULPTURE.

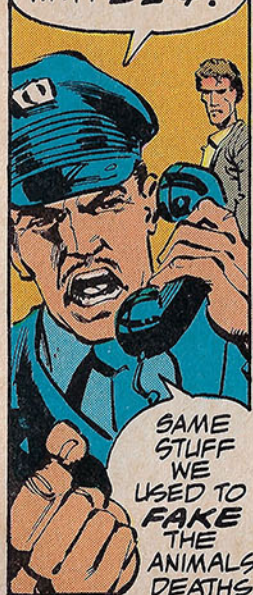
HEY! I HEAR SOMETHING!



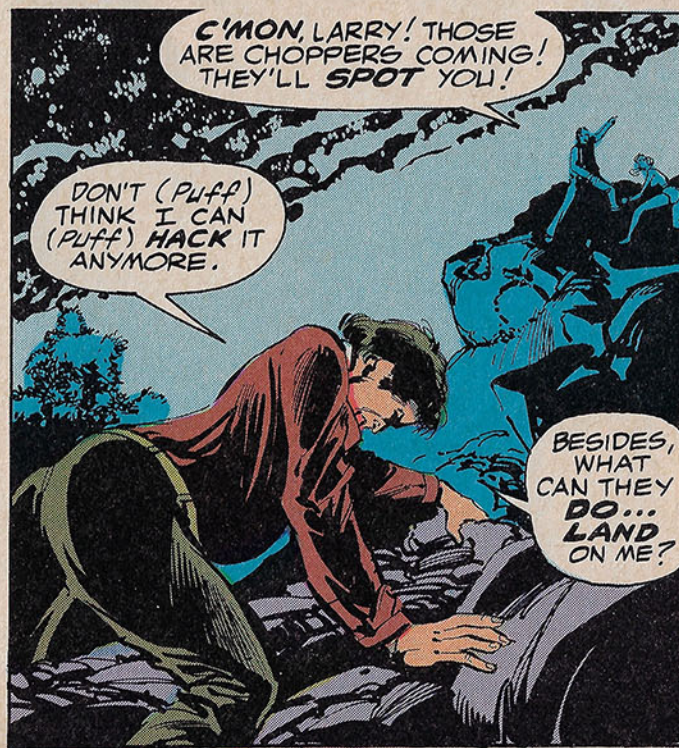
A HELICOPTER FLIGHT TAKES TO THE EVENING SKY...

...IN THE NAME OF SECURITY.

--TOO LATE FOR GROUND TROOPS! WE'LL HAVE TO DUST 'EM OFF THAT SLOPE WITH EZ-4!



SAME STUFF WE USED TO FAKE THE ANIMALS' DEATHS.



C'MON, LARRY! THOSE ARE CHOPPERS COMING! THEY'LL SPOT YOU!

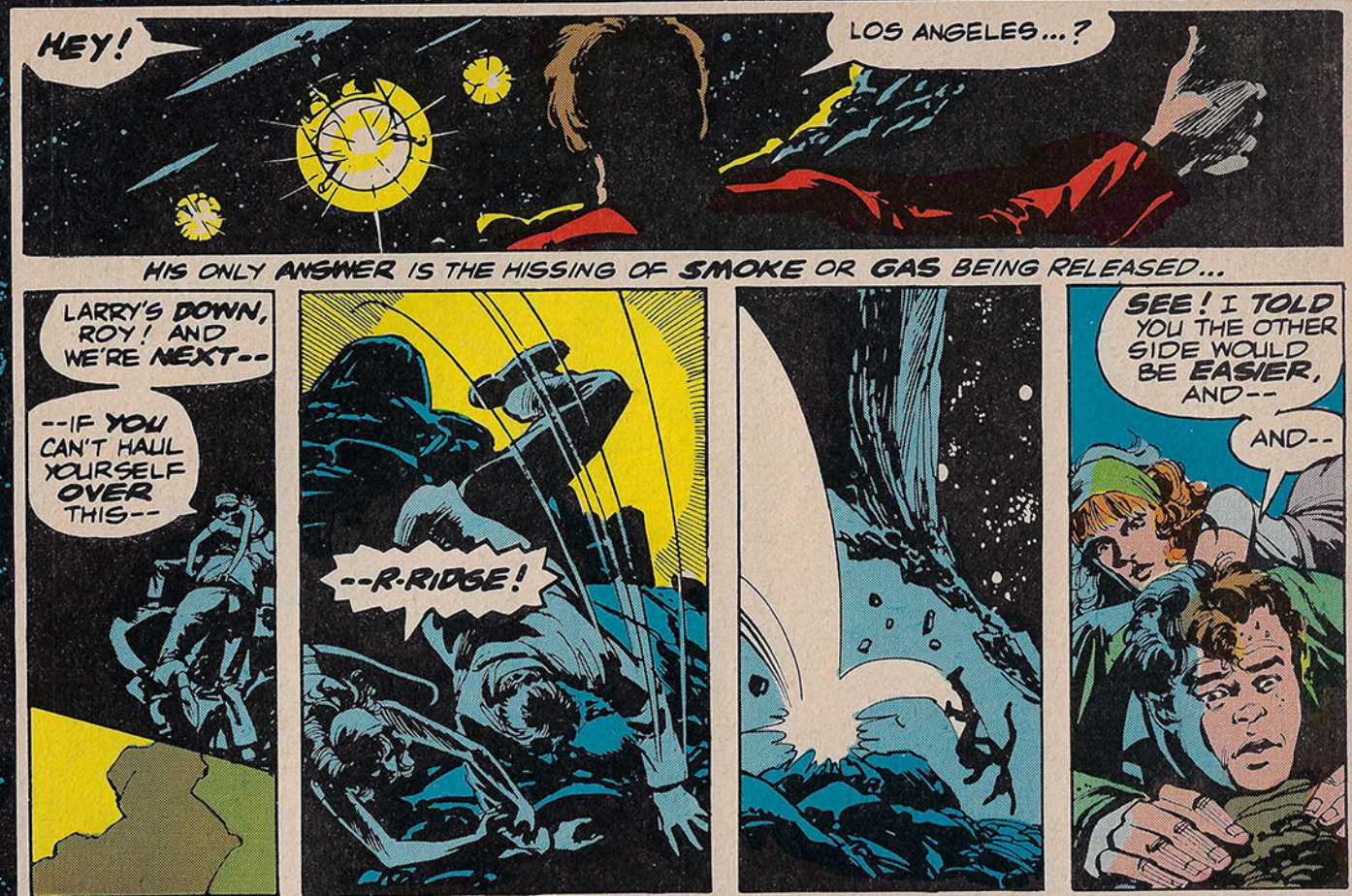
DON'T (Puff) THINK I CAN (Puff) HACK IT ANYMORE.

BESIDES, WHAT CAN THEY DO... LAND ON ME?



GO AHEAD. I'LL (Puff) TRY TO KEEP 'EM (Puff) BUSY.

LARRY BUTLER STANDS AND BRUSHES HIMSELF OFF...



HEY!

LOS ANGELES...?

HIS ONLY ANSWER IS THE HISSING OF SMOKE OR GAS BEING RELEASED...

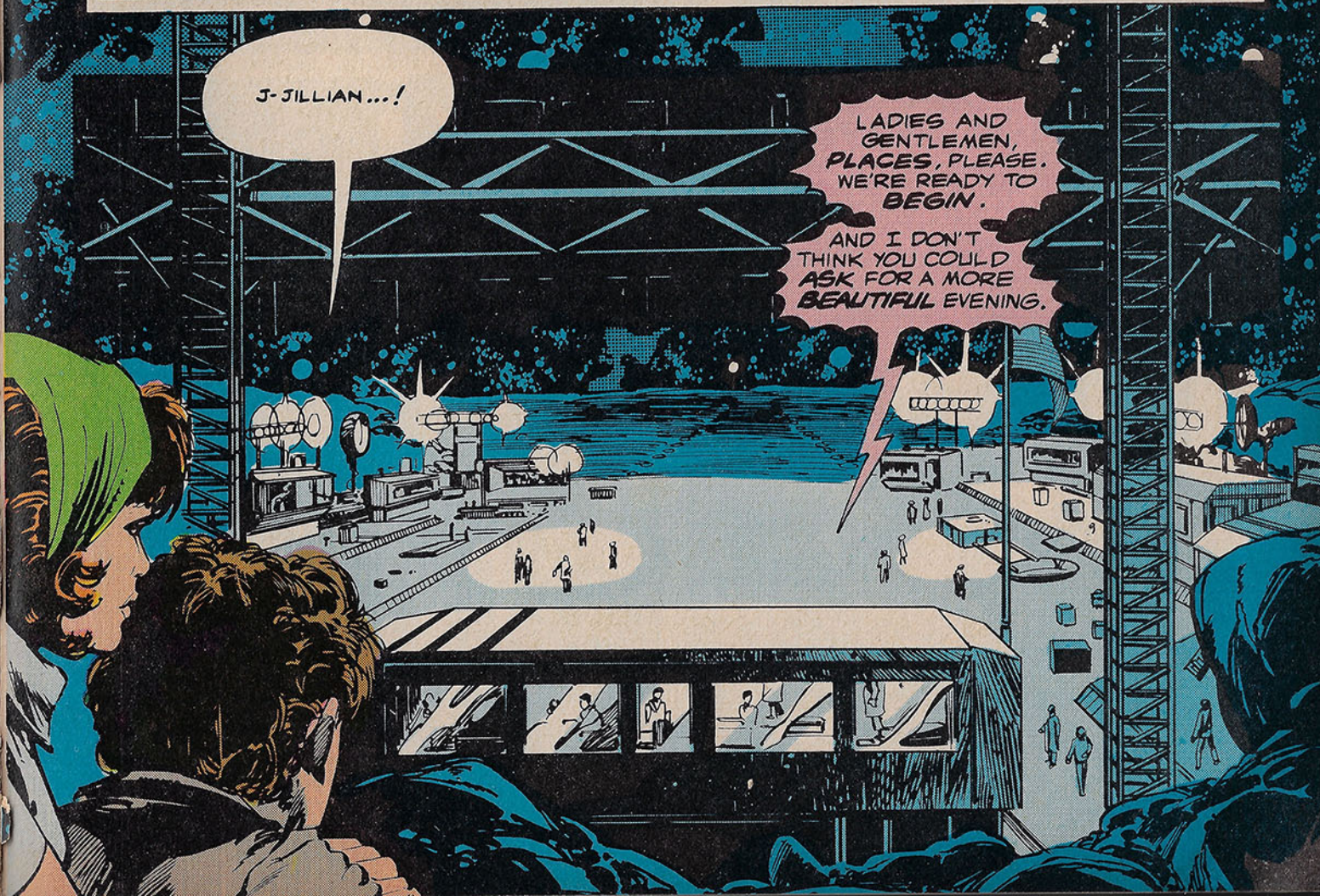
LARRY'S DOWN, ROY! AND WE'RE NEXT--

--IF YOU CAN'T HAUL YOURSELF OVER THIS--

--R-RIDGE!

SEE! I TOLD YOU THE OTHER SIDE WOULD BE EASIER, AND--

AND--

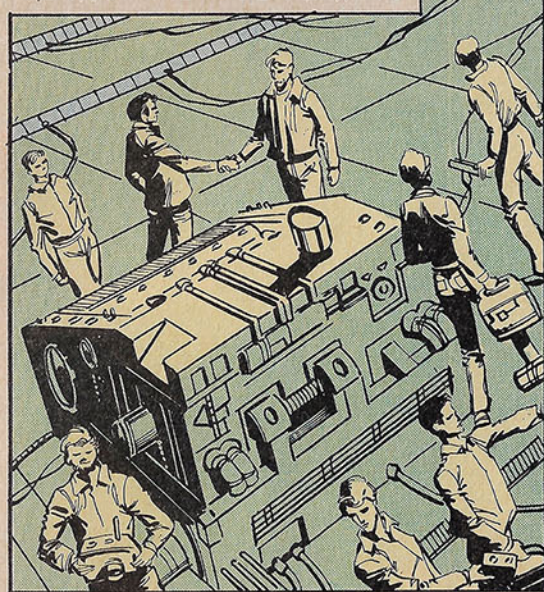


J-JILLIAN...!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLACES, PLEASE. WE'RE READY TO BEGIN.

AND I DON'T THINK YOU COULD ASK FOR A MORE BEAUTIFUL EVENING.

FROM A RECENTLY ARRIVED HELICOPTER, PROFESSOR LACOMBE WALKS TO A LARGE MOOG SYNTHESIZER ... AND THE MAN WHO WILL PLAY IT.



THEN... IT STARTS.

ROY! THAT MUSIC... THOSE FIVE NOTES.

I... KNOW THEM.

AND AS ECHOES OF A TOY XYLOPHONE SOUND IN JILLIAN GUILER'S MIND...



...THE MOOG'S ELECTRONIC VOICE...

WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE.

I-I'VE... GOT TO... SEE!



PROFESSOR! DOES THIS MEAN--?

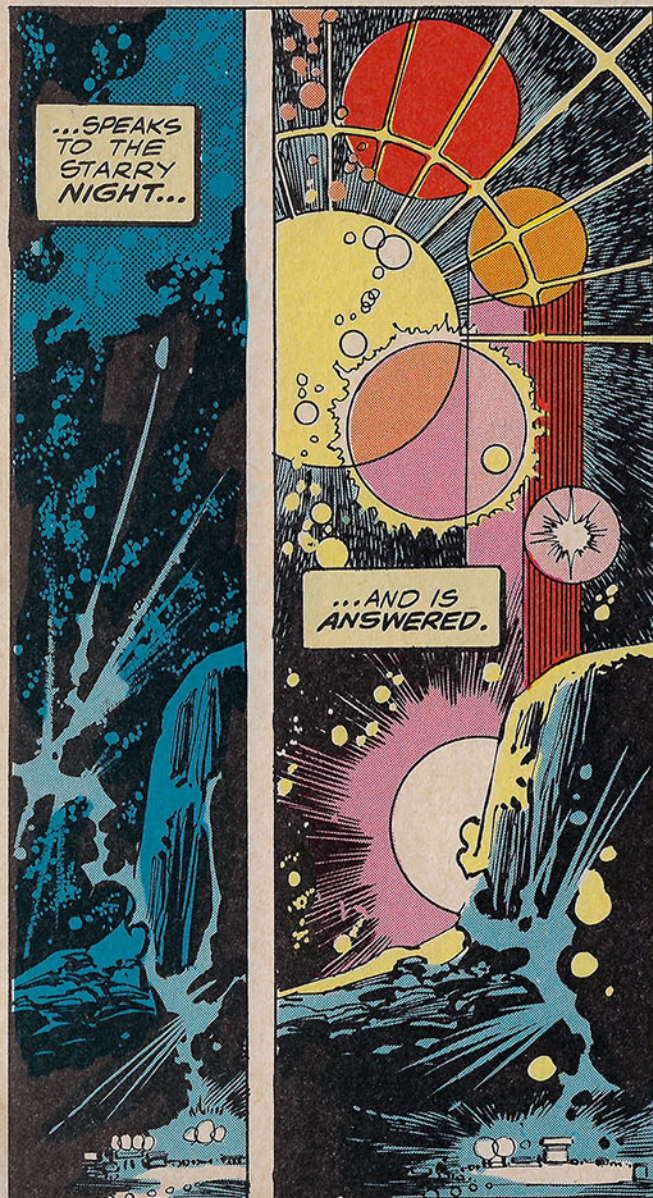
YES...



...THEY ARE COMING.

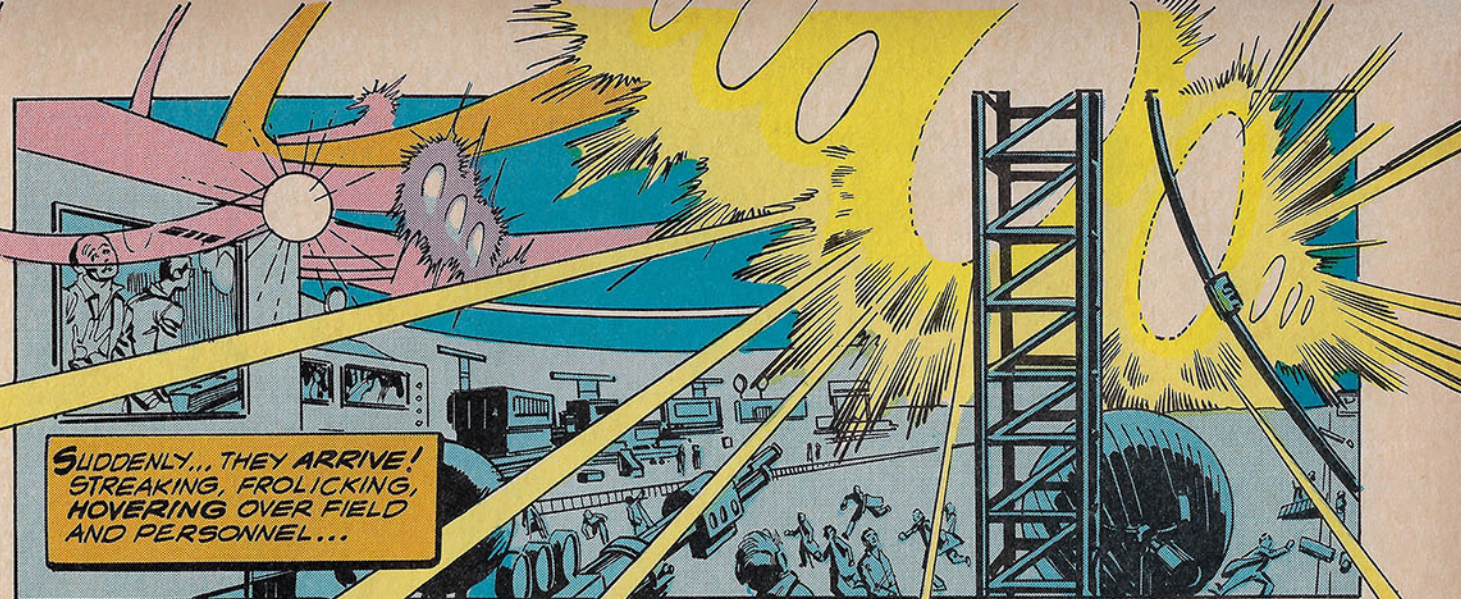


...SPEAKS TO THE STARRY NIGHT...

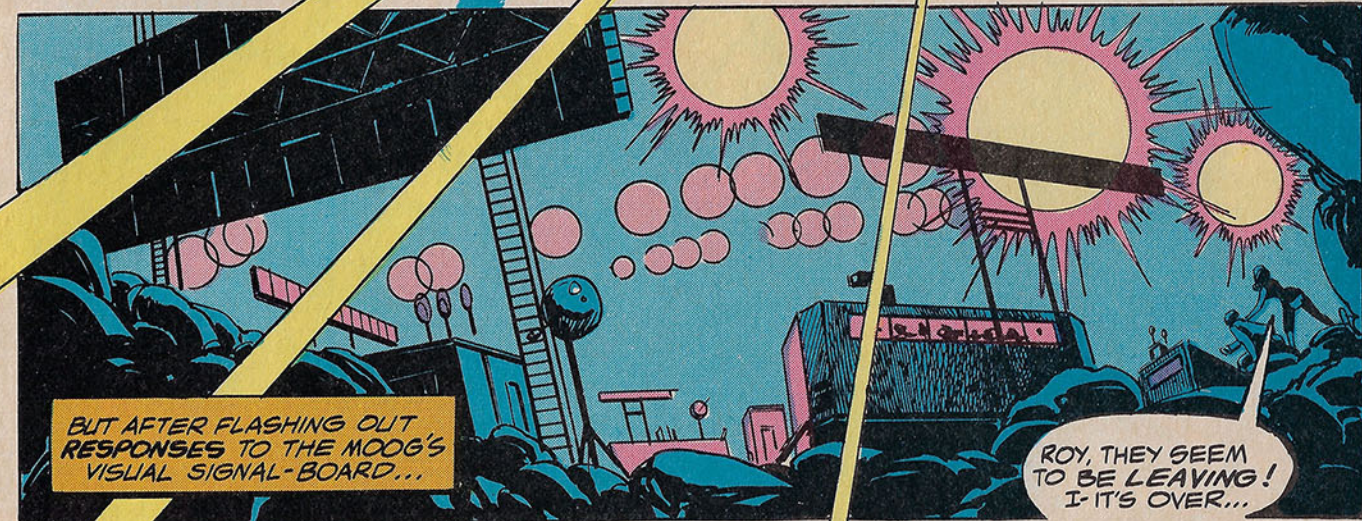


...AND IS ANSWERED.

SUDDENLY... THEY ARRIVE! STREAKING, FROLICKING, HOVERING OVER FIELD AND PERSONNEL...



BUT AFTER FLASHING OUT RESPONSES TO THE MOOG'S VISUAL SIGNAL-BOARD...



ROY, THEY SEEM TO BE LEAVING! I-IT'S OVER...

NO. IT CAN'T BE. NOT YET, NOT YET!



DOWN BELOW, TECHNICIANS START TO PACK UP EQUIPMENT...

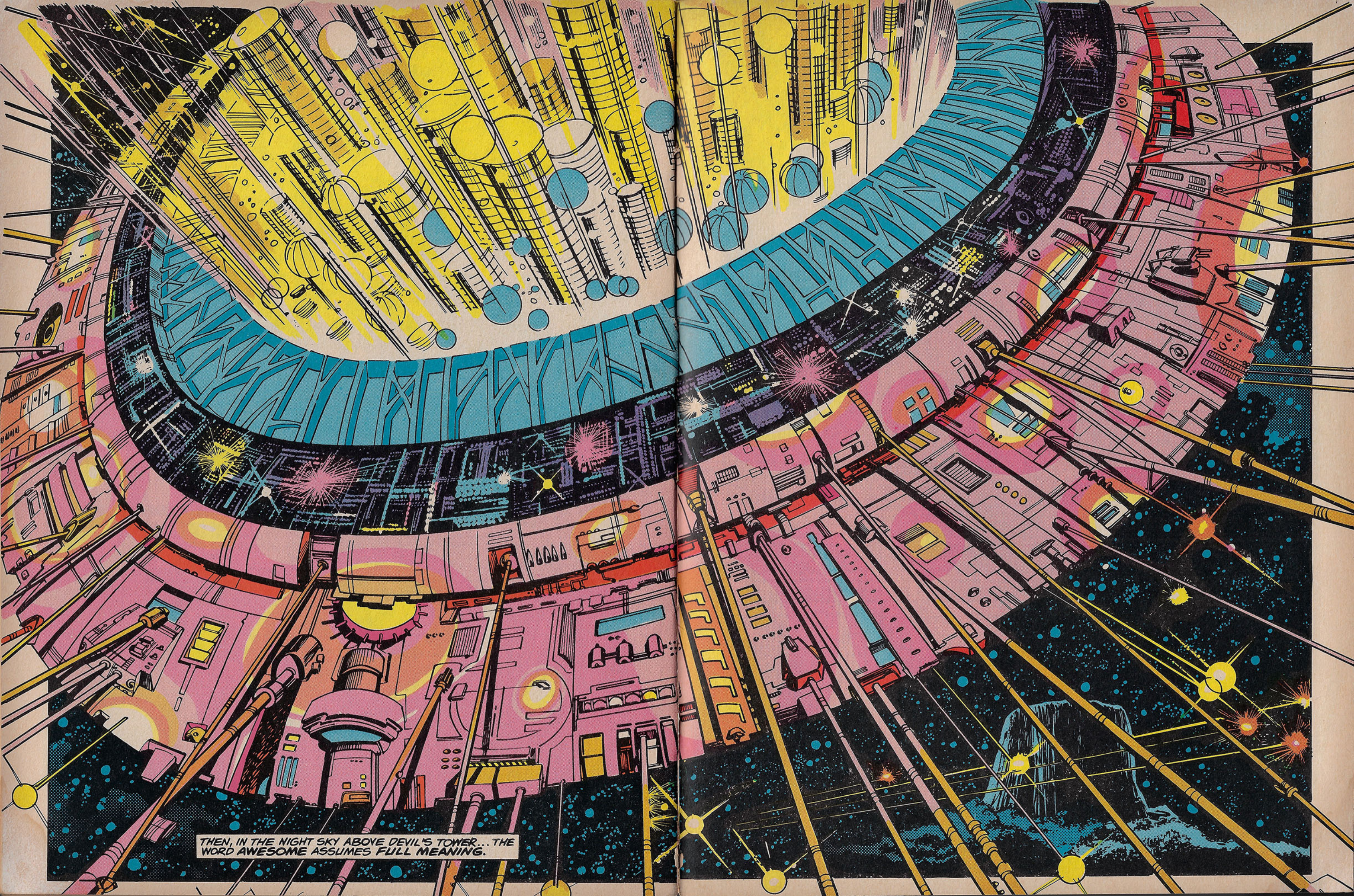
WHEN, SUDDENLY AS BEFORE... THEY COME AGAIN...



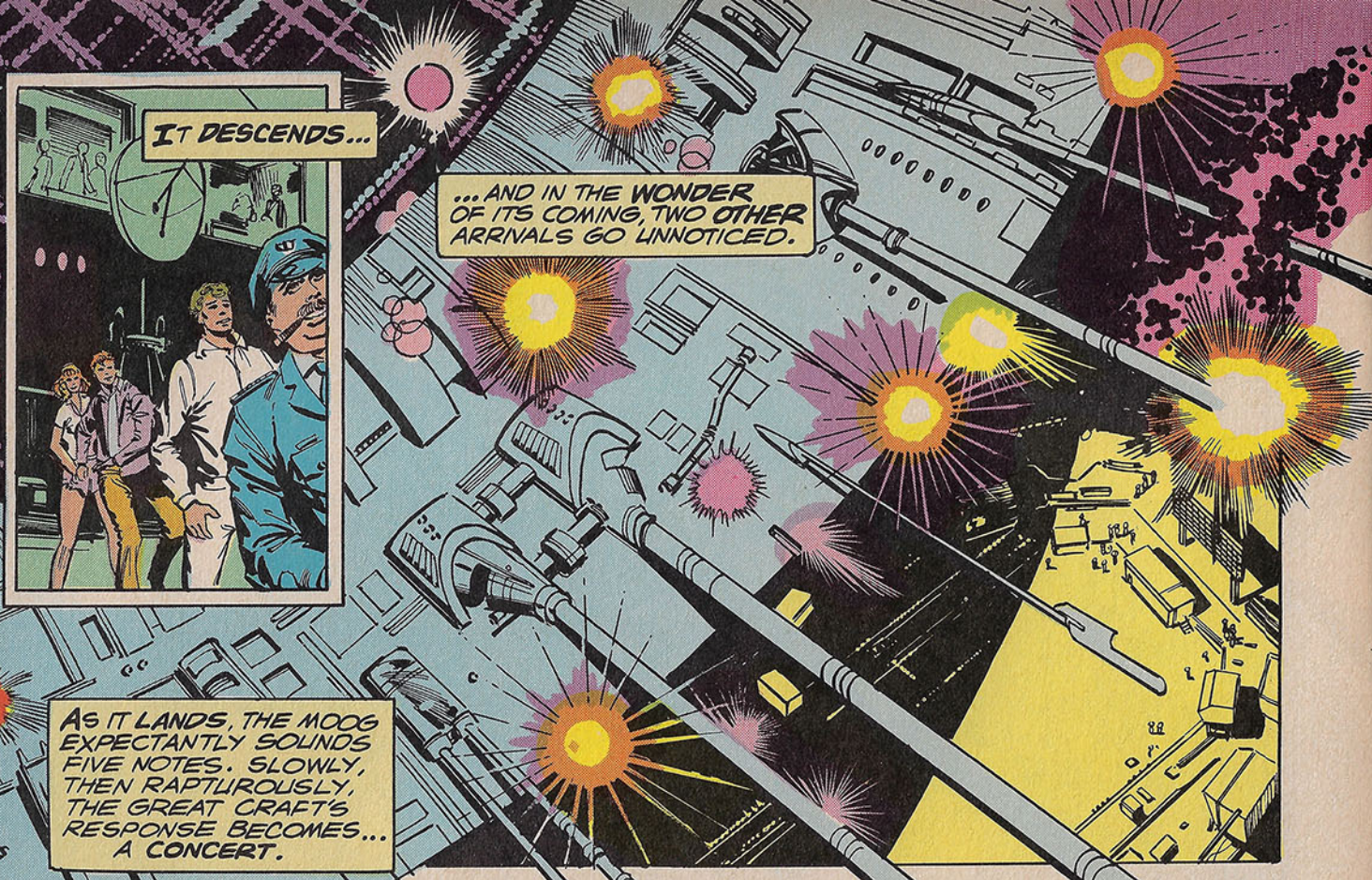
THEY'RE DRIVING US OFF THE FIELD! WHAT--?

OUT OF THE NORTH, ROLLING CLOUDS MOVE WITHOUT WIND, ADVANCING WITH A SOUND LIKE THUNDER...





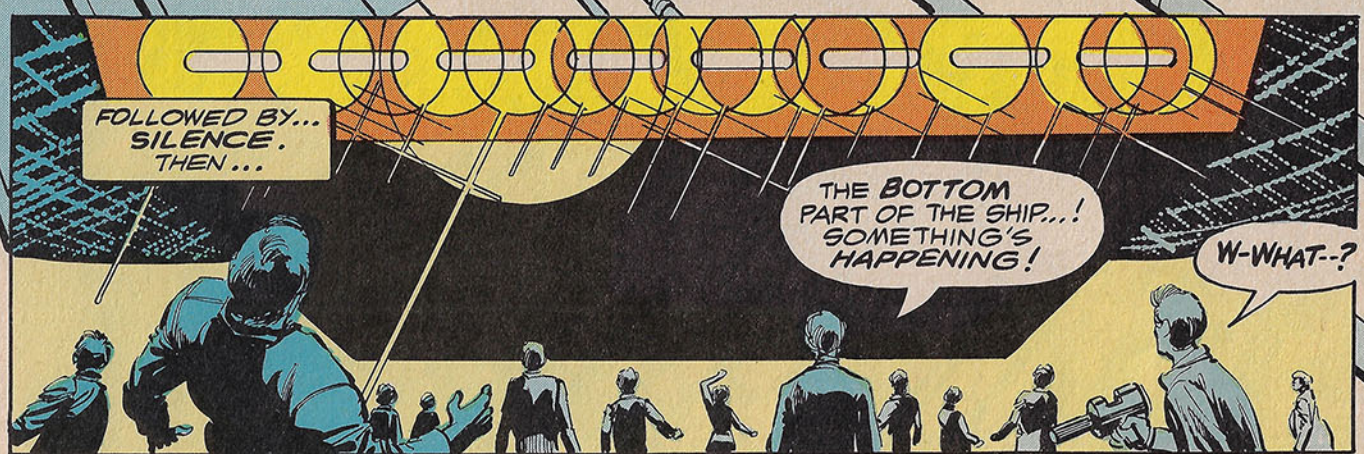
THEN, IN THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE DEVIL'S TOWER... THE
WORD AWESOME ASSUMES FULL MEANING.



IT DESCENDS...

...AND IN THE WONDER OF ITS COMING, TWO OTHER ARRIVALS GO UNNOTICED.

AS IT LANDS, THE MOOG EXPECTANTLY SOUNDS FIVE NOTES. SLOWLY, THEN RAPTUREOUSLY, THE GREAT CRAFT'S RESPONSE BECOMES... A CONCERT.



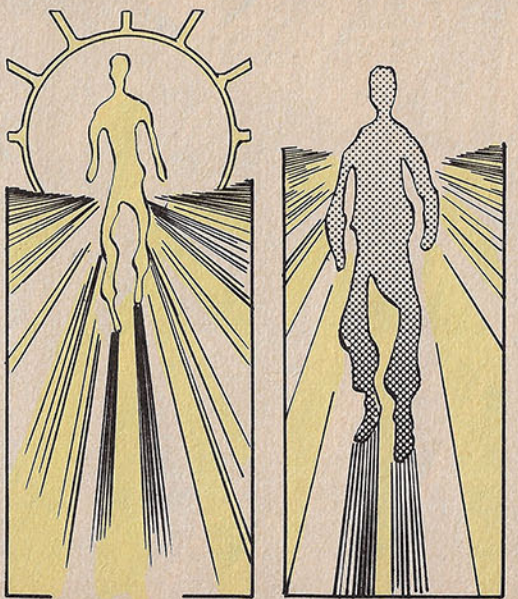
FOLLOWED BY... SILENCE. THEN...

THE BOTTOM PART OF THE SHIP...! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!

W-WHAT--?



I-IT'S... OPENING!



I'M... FRANK TAYLOR, LIEUTENANT JG, U.S. NAVY.

GOT HIM.

PART OF THE FLIGHT THAT DIS-APPEARED OFF FLORIDA IN 1945.

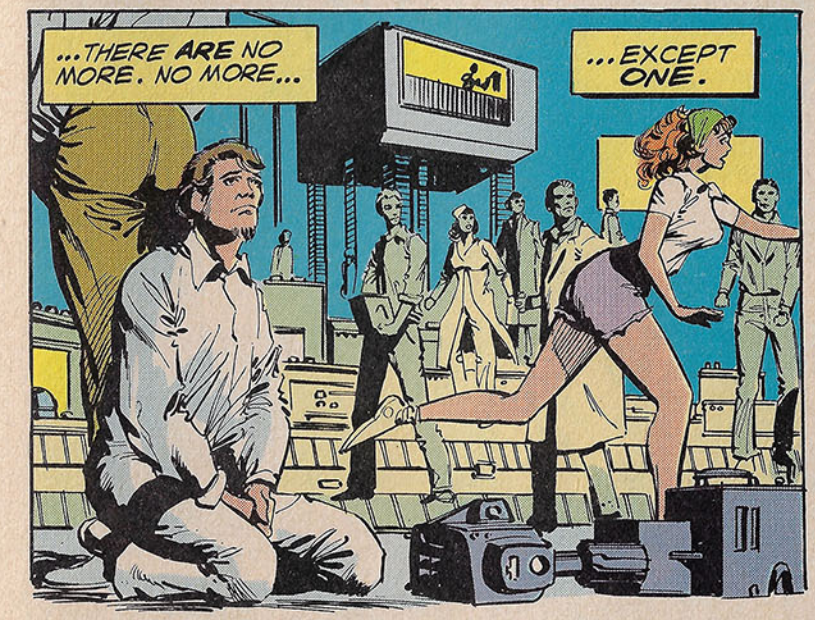


WELCOME HOME, SON. THIS WAY TO DEBRIEFING.



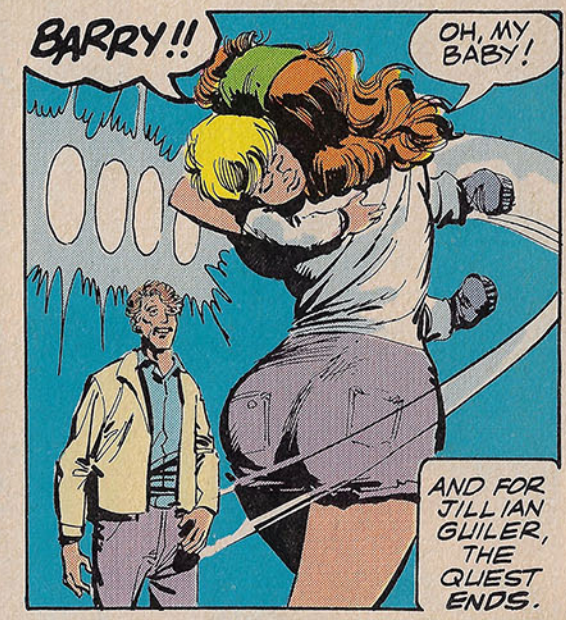
ONE BY ONE, THEY STEP BACK FROM THE UNKNOWN. A LEGION OF THE MISSING, UNCHANGED, UNAGED, DESPITE YEARS...

...DAZED, BEMUSED, THEY RETURN. UNTIL ...



...THERE ARE NO MORE. NO MORE...

...EXCEPT ONE.



BARRY!!

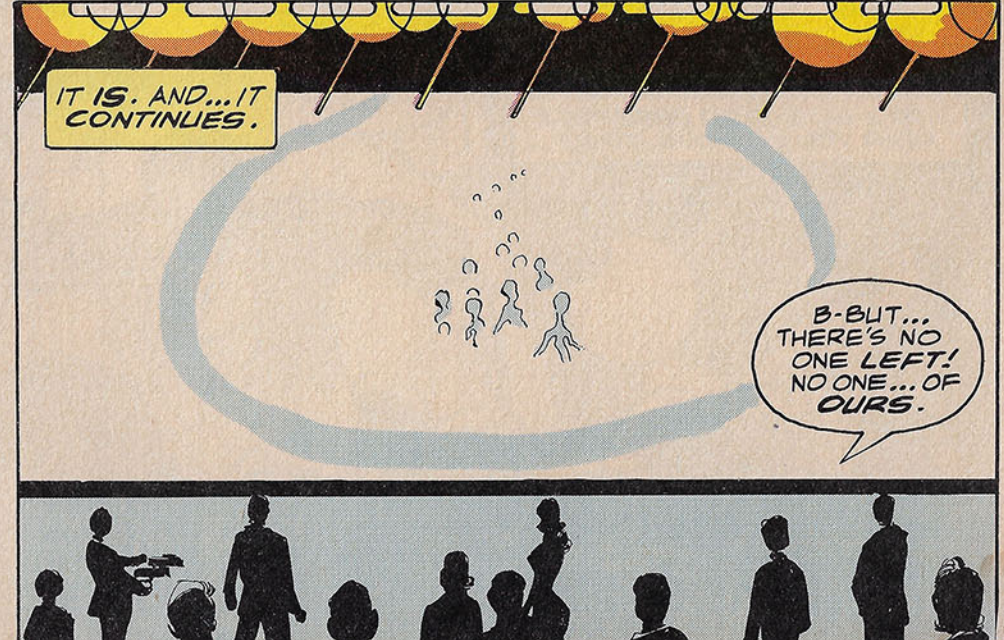
OH, MY BABY!

AND FOR JILL IAN GUILER, THE QUEST ENDS.



BUT WHAT OF YOU, M'SIEU NEARY? WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?

I... I JUST WANT TO KNOW THAT IT'S REALLY HAPPENING.



IT IS. AND... IT CONTINUES.

B-BUT... THERE'S NO ONE LEFT! NO ONE... OF OURS.



BUT WE, MY FRIENDS, NO LONGER ARE... THE ONLY ONES.

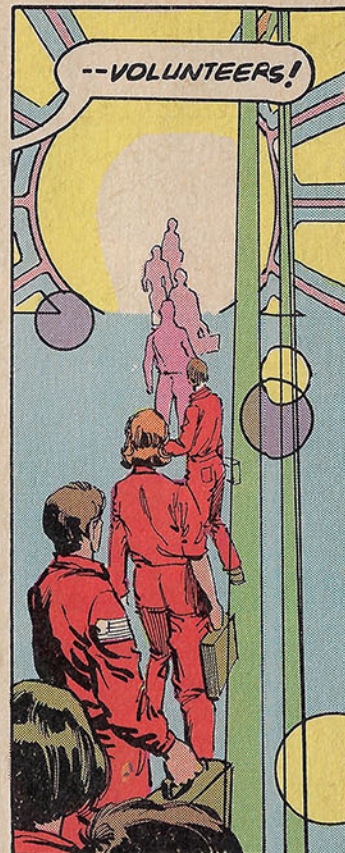
AGAINST THE BRILLIANCE OF THE RAMP, THEY ARE SCARCELY MORE THAN SHADOWS...

...BUT SHADOWS WITH ENOUGH SUBSTANCE TO FOREVER ALTER THE HISTORY OF MAN.

YOU WERE EXPECTING THIS.

WE HOPED.

AND PREPARED IN THE EVENT THEY MIGHT ACCEPT OUR--



--VOLUNTEERS!

THERE ARE TWENTY, PERFECTLY TRAINED AND PHYSICALLY AT THEIR PEAK...



...YET SEEMINGLY BARRED FROM ENTERING THE GREAT SHIP...

...AS MORE OF THE SCURRYING SHADOWS MOVE FROM THE RAMP...



...TO A WIDE-EYED OBSERVER NEAR ITS GLOWING EDGE...

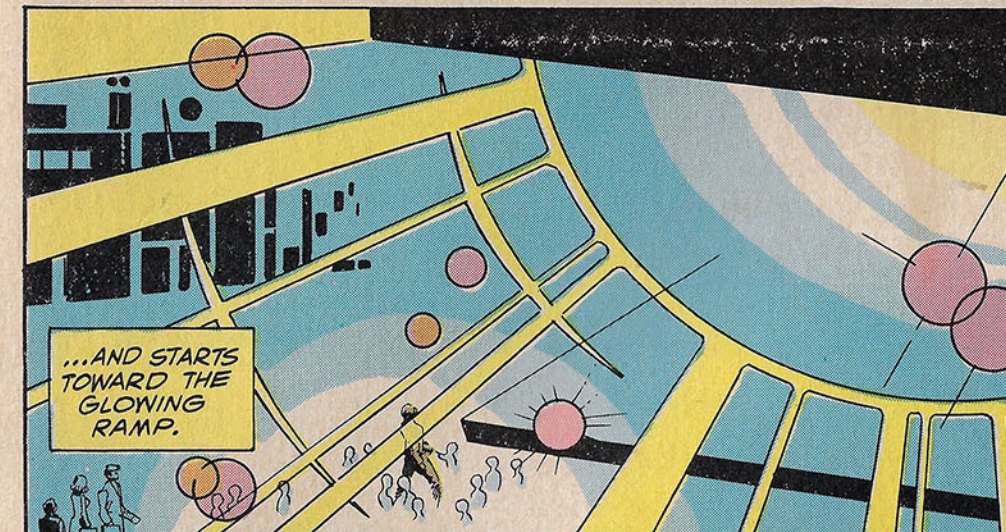
HEY! WHAT--?

I WOULD GUESS THAT ALONG WITH OUR VOLUNTEERS--

--THEY WOULD LIKE ONE WHO WAS INVITED. AS I TOLD YOU EARLIER, M'SIEU NEARY... I ENVY YOU.



ROY NEARY HAS COME TOO FAR TO HESITATE NOW. HE SHRUGS SLIGHTLY...



...AND STARTS TOWARD THE GLOWING RAMP.



FOR A MOMENT, HE TURNS...



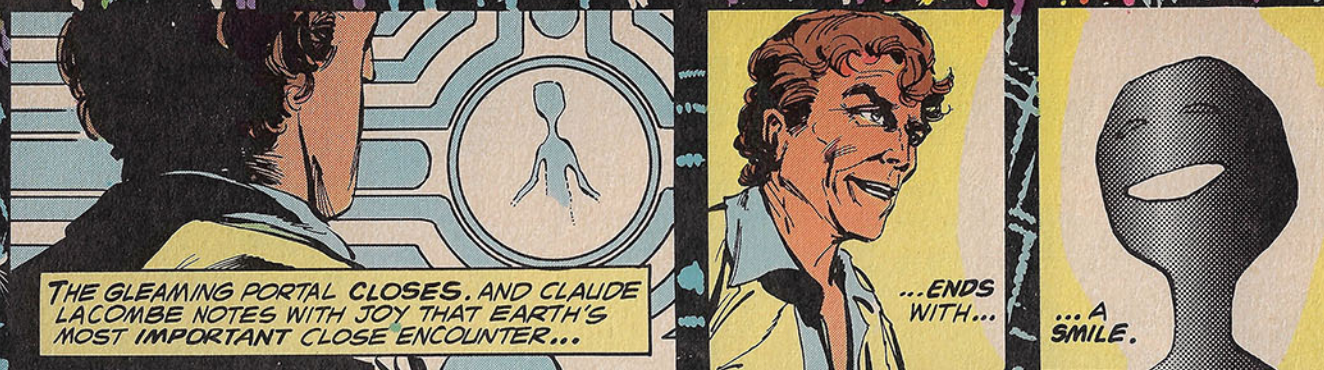
...HIS EYES FINDING JILLIAN AND BARRY AMONG THE CROWD. IN THE WARMTH OF THEIR SMILING FACES, HE FINDS UNDERSTANDING AS WELL.



THEN, THE BRIGHT RAMP BECKONS.

HE MOVES INTO ITS INTENSITY. AND SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS IN HIS OWN MIND, ROY NEARY HEARS THE VOICE OF JIMINY CRICKET SINGING AS HE DID IN PINOCCHIO. SINGING OF WISHING ON A STAR.





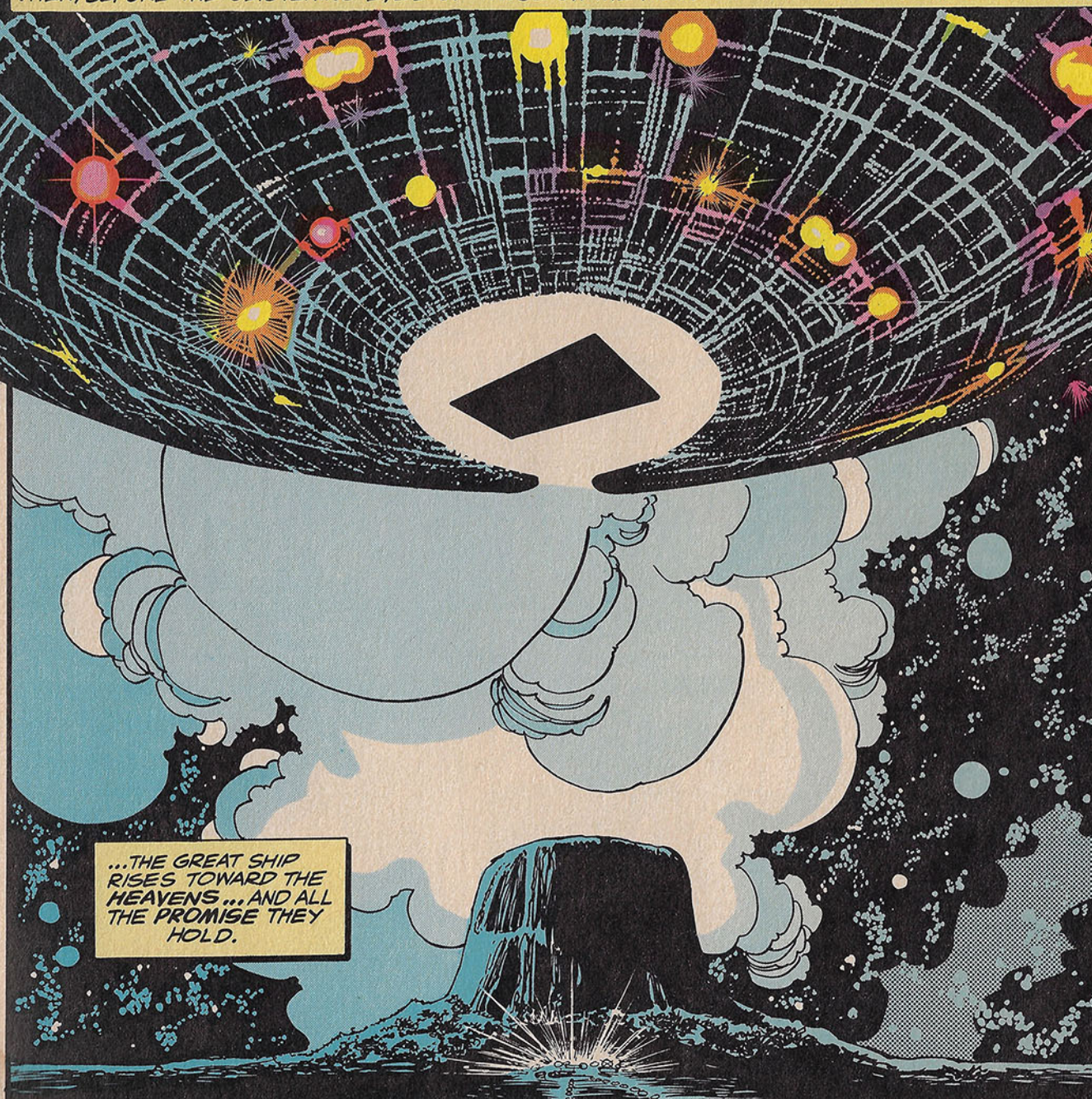
THE GLEAMING PORTAL CLOSES, AND CLAUDE LACOMBE NOTES WITH JOY THAT EARTH'S MOST IMPORTANT CLOSE ENCOUNTER...

...ENDS WITH...

...A SMILE.



THEN, BEFORE THE GLISTENING EYES OF THOSE ON THE FIELD AT THE BASE OF DEVIL'S TOWER...



...THE GREAT SHIP RISES TOWARD THE HEAVENS... AND ALL THE PROMISE THEY HOLD.

FILM CAST

Roy Neary	RICHARD DREYFUSS
Claude Lacombe	FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT
Ronnie Neary	TERI GARR
Jillian Guiler	MELINDA DILLON
Barry Guiler	CARY GUFFEY
David Laughlin	BOB BALABAN
Project Leader	J. PATRICK McNAMARA
Wild Bill	WARREN KEMMERLING
Farmer	ROBERTS BLOSSOM
Jean Claude	PHILIP DODDS
Brad Neary	SHAWN BISHOP
Silvia Neary	ADRIENNE CAMPBELL
Toby Neary	JUSTIN DREYFUSS
Robert	LANCE HENDRICKSEN
Team Leader	MERRILL CONNALLY
Major Benchley	GEORGE DICENZO

FILM CREDITS

Produced by	JULIA PHILLIPS and MICHAEL PHILLIPS
Written & Directed by	STEVEN SPIELBERG
Director of Photography	VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.
Special Photographic Effects by	DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Music by	JOHN WILLIAMS
Director of Photography of	
Additional American Scenes	WILLIAM A. FRAKER, A.S.C.
Director of Photography of	
India Sequence	DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE, B.S.C.
Production Designer	JOE ALVES
Edited by	MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
Associate Producer	CLARK PAYLOW
Visual Effect Concepts by	STEVEN SPIELBERG
Unit Production Manager	CLARK PAYLOW
Additional Directors of Photography	JOHN ALONZO, A.S.C. LASZLO KOVACS, A.S.C.
Technical Advisor	DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK
Set Decoration	PHIL ABRAMSON
Realization of "Extraterrestrial" by	CARLO RAMBALDI
Art Director	DAN LOMINO
Assistand Director	CHUCK MYERS
Still Photographers	PETE SOREL, JIM COE, PETE TURNER
Title Design	DAN PERRI
2nd Unit Director of Photography	STEVE POSTER
Special Photographic Effects	
Supervised by	DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Director of Photography	
Photographic Effects	RICHARD YURICICH
Matte Artist	MATTHEW YURICICH
Effects Unit Project Manager	ROBERT SHEPHERD
Special Visual Effects Coordinator	LARRY ROBINSON
UFO Photography	DAVE STEWART
Chief Model Maker	GREGORY JEIN
Animation Supervisor	ROBERT SWARTHE
Optical Photography	ROBERT HALL
Matte Photography	DON JAREL
Mother Ship Photography	DENNIS MUREN
Project Coordinator	MONA THAL BENEFIEL

FINAL ENCOUNTER

Some last words, thoughts, and background information on doing the comics adaptation of *Close Encounters*

When people pontificate about comics—and, believe it or not, some people do—there's often a good deal of talk about 'cinematic technique' and elaborate comparisons are made between the work of the comic book artist and that of the film director. It gets just a bit heady at times, but nonetheless it's still interesting because there's more than a small amount of truth in it. Flip through the pages of this book and you'll find jump cuts, reaction shots, fade-outs; a veritable catalogue of filmmaking expertise. However, as editor and writer of this adaptation of STEVEN SPIELBERG's movie blockbuster, the thing I found most interesting was the *difference* between comics and film.

To begin with, we don't have sound. We do have narrative captions, dialogue balloons, and sound effects (You know, KRAKWAM, WUP WUP, etc.). For some movies that would be enough. For some movies that would even be a blessing. But for *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS* it's a major loss. No amount of onomatopoeia (That's Webster's Dictionary for KRAKWAM, WUP WUP, etc.) can take the place of the Dolby stereo system registering the sound of a UFO passing overhead. And all the adjectives I can shake out of my Roget's Thesaurus can't compare with JOHN WILLIAMS' beautifully integrated musical score when it comes to awe and wonder.

Fortunately, we had two very fine illustrators on the project. WALT SIMONSON, who paced and laid out the adaptation in pencil form, and KLAUS JANSON, whose abilities with pen, brush, and ink brought it all to a richly detailed finish (though he may have ODeD forever on starry skies in the process). Walt, a graduate of Rhode Island School of Design and an Academy of Comic Book Arts award winner, came up with the idea of varying the page and panel size according to the impact desired and actually letting some drawings run off the page in the peak scenes thereby giving us a visual equivalent of the soundtrack's dramatic punch. Klaus, who entered the field as apprentice to top illustrator DICK GIORDANO and who, in the last five years, has built up a large fan following and formidable professional reputation, devised a wide range of line rendering techniques to simulate the film's elaborate reflected light effects and left the whole office speechless with the dazzling finish he brought to Walt's impressive version of the mother ship.

In deciding what scenes to include or

drop, expand or condense, we were guided by what seemed to work best in terms of *visual* dramatics and yet still conveyed the overall intent and *feeling* of the original within the limited number of pages available to us. Comic book visuals generally revolve around key movements or key dramatics; catching an action or emotion at its very peak. At 24 frames per second—as opposed to a comic's six or seven frames per page—film can show many movements and dramatic shadings in an incredibly short amount of time. A movie screen is also huge; an image twenty feet or more tall can convey a flicker of emotion or the subtlest of movements without difficulty. On the other hand, movies, being photographs, project an image of realism and require a more realistic logic in their staging than comics, which are more stylized.

For instance: Spielberg, in collaboration with RICHARD DREYFUSS' intensity as an actor, is able to convey a large amount about Roy Neary, his warmth and humor, his relationship with his family, in the very short scene that introduces him. Comics need more time. We went back to the original script, which had a longer version of the same scene, and used that. The extra panels and what happens in them help us establish familiarity with the character and build interest in him. Conversely, in handling another scene, the comics version is far shorter. In the movie, when Roy and Jillian are driving through the evacuated area and spot the apparently dead animals, we see them reassure each other that it's all fake, then pause, and then simultaneously begin pulling their gas masks from their bags and rapidly and awkwardly putting them on. It plays well and gets a good laugh. But to handle it exactly that way in the comic would have taken almost a page and, because it would be stretched out to a greater length than the importance of the joke justified, it wouldn't have been funny. Instead, Walt managed to do it in just two small panels: an uneasy exchange of glances and—boom—the masks are on. The very abruptness makes the joke work (It also made my job simple; no dialogue was necessary. Probably the best two panels I wrote).

Of course, *all* the reasons for differences between comic and film aren't quite so esoteric. *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS* was produced in secrecy and that secrecy was tightly maintained until its release and even for a time after that. If you've seen the film,

it becomes understandable. Too much advance publicity might have undercut its power and emotional impact (to say nothing of leaving the door open for quickie imitations, which Steven Spielberg is on record as having feared). That same secrecy affected us as well. The book, begun some time before the movie opened, had to be done without photographic reference, working only from the shooting script and several viewings of a promotional film clip. We also were committed to not showing the aliens in any detail. Another restriction—one fairly standard with comics adaptations of movies—was that we not do likenesses of the actors. After *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS* was released and Walt, Klaus, and I saw it, we were able to go back and make adjustments in the material, and fortunately for our already strained printing schedule, no major changes were necessary.

At this writing, the comic is almost complete. MARIE SEVERIN, a very talented artist in her own right and Marvel's art director besides, is about to finish adding the book's final dimension: it's color. Then, it will be off to the engraver and printer and finally, out to you. By the time you are reading this, *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND* will probably be one of the most seen films of all time. We hope the excitement and pleasure we felt while doing this book comes across to you. In any event, we'd like to hear from you about it. If you're so inclined, drop us a line at:

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

Marvel Comics Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

We'll be waiting. It's always nice to know ... we are not alone.

ARCHIE GOODWIN, *Editor*

Beyond those whose names appear on page one of this book, a number of others made considerable contributions, each in their own way. In more or less alphabetical order, they are: Sol Brodsky, David Cohen, Danny Crespi, Alice Donenfeld, Jo Duffy, Davida Lichter-Dale, Bob Marczak, Jim Novak, John Romita Jr., Stu Schwartzberg, Jim Shooter, Roger Slifer, Roger Stern, John Tartaglione, Andy Yanchus, and the Mighty Marvel Bullpen. Also thanks to Vincent Alati, Les Borden, and all the folks at Columbia Pictures Merchandising without whose cooperation this entire magazine would have been illegal.

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