

INNOVATION™

FORBIDDEN PLANET

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\$2.50 U.S./\$2.99 Can.



THE OFFICIAL ADAPTATION OF THE CLASSIC MOTION PICTURE
By DAVID CAMPITI and DAERICK GROSS, SR.

Forbidden secrets.
Forbidden desires.
Forbidden Planet.

In the mid '50s, it all came together at MGM, with the creation of a movie. (Check out the inside back cover, for a wondrous look at its making, courtesy of "Mr. Movie" himself, Steve Friedman.)

Now, 36 years later, Innovation brings you its adaptation -- let's call it a celebration -- as a full-color, fully-painted, multi-issue project. It started when I began revamping

Lost in Space as a viable comic-book project for the '90s. A number of fans approached me at various conventions, confusing the unnamed Robot in *Lost in Space* with the earlier Robby from *Forbidden Planet*; yes, I realized that Robby had made a couple of appearances as different robots on that TV series, but they certainly weren't "Robby" nor Doctor Smith's long-suffering foil! From that feedback, I understood that one company needed to be able to offer both robots to the comics-reading world, so that reader confusion could be eliminated. Or at least minimized.

One day, I mentioned *Forbidden Planet* to Daerick Gross, winner of the prestigious Russ Manning Award, whose rise to prominence thanks to his work on *Anne Rice's THE VAMPIRE LESTAT* made him very much in demand by various publishers. The film turned out to be

one of Daerick's all-time favorites -- and he stressed that, if Innovation decided to publish an adaptation, he wanted first crack at it. One year later, here it is.

The **FORBIDDEN PLANET** you see before you isn't a strict adaptation of the film. Beyond the hindsight of 36 years since the movie's creation, we have been given access to set designs, the original screenplay,

background details, and more. As a result, fans will be treated to scenes and snippets of dialogue they never got to see in the finished film.

Even when scenes were identical from screenplay to celluloid, actual dialogue sometimes changed: we've tended to select what seemed to be the more

interesting wording. From an artistic standpoint, Daerick decided to keep things as fresh as possible; his pacing is based more on the screenplay than the finished film, and his staging of scenes is his personal brand of storytelling,

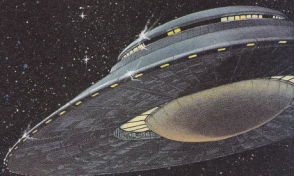
for the most part. Daerick also wanted to "open up" the story and show more of the planet, so his visual device of displaying it in a series of double-page-spread backgrounds presents, perhaps, the first time such an approach has been carried this far, through so many pages.

Forbidden Planet has been made available on video and is broadcast regularly on TBS and TNT. A chain of comics shops calls itself "Forbidden Planet," as near as New York and as far away as England. And the musical *Return To Forbidden Planet* is currently running on Broadway and is featured on record and CD -- showing that the name still conjures excitement over the shrouded secrets, the wonder of discovery, and even the subtle majesty of those fully-functional Krell doors...

-- David Campiti

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FORBIDDEN PLANET™



RELIEF SHIP

*Adapted from the classic
MGM Motion Picture*

SCREENPLAY BY CYRIL HUME

BASED ON A STORY BY
IRVING BLOCK
& ALLEN ADLER

DIRECTED BY
FRED McLEOD WILCOX

DAVID CAMPITI — SCRIPT
DARRICK BROSSE —
ADAPTATION & ILLUSTRATION
ROXANNE STARR — LETTERING
DIANA LIGHT — EDITS
CASEY BERNY — 4-EN-INPUT

Inspired by William Shakespeare's

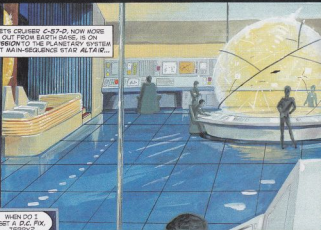
THE TEMPEST

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, MEN AND WOMEN
IN ROCKETSHIPS LANDED ON THE MOON...
BY 2200 A.D., THEY HAD REACHED THE OTHER
PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

ALMOST AT ONCE FOLLOWED THE DISCOVERY
OF HYPER-DRIVE, THROUGH WHICH THE SPEED
OF LIGHT WAS FIRST ATTAINED, AND LATER
GREATLY SURPASSED.

AND SO, AT LAST, MANKIND
BEGAN THE CONQUEST AND
COLONIZATION OF
DEEP SPACE...

UNITED PLANETS CRUISER C-57-D, NOW MORE THAN A YEAR OUT FROM EARTH BASE, IS ON A SPECIAL MISSION TO THE PLANETARY SYSTEM OF THE GREAT MAIN-SEQUENCE STAR ALTAIR...



WHEN DO I GET A D.C. FIX, JERRY?



HALF A MINUTE, COMMANDER.

GET YOUR GEAR STOWED, LIEUTENANT. WE DROP BACK BELOW LIGHT-SPEED AS SOON AS THE LIEUTENANT IS READY.

THAT'LL TAKE YOU THROUGH IT.

YES, SIR! I STILL GET THE SHAKES EVERY TIME WE MAKE THE DROP.

FSSSS ON



ALL THE CREW HAD THEIR GUNTS, DOC?

AND EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM GRIPED!

SHIP ON COURSE. WE'LL REACH D.C. POINT AT 1201--THAT'S LESS THAN THREE MINUTES NOW.

D.C. SET AND PUNCHED ON. SKIPPER.



ALL RIGHT -- ATTENTION! CAPTAIN TO CREW!

ALL HANDS SQUARE AWAY TO DECELERATE.





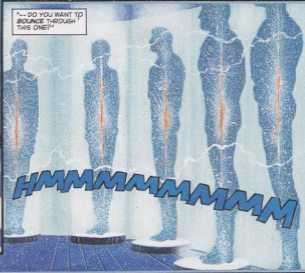
- Command and Crew:**
- Commander J.J. Adams
 - Lieutenant Jerry Farman
 - Chief Brian Gains
 - Lieutenant "Doc" Ostrow
 - Crewman William Besan
 - Crewman Karl Randall
 - Crewman Scott Lindstrom
 - Crewman Michael Moran
 - Crewman Jack Nichols
 - Crewman John Silvers
 - Crewman George Braderick
 - Crewman William David Wood
 - Crewman Michael Okamoto
 - Crewman Vincent Bosleg
 - Crewman John Newton
 - Crewman Mark Bernardo
 - Ship's Cook Eric Balverson

THE SHIP'S REEPER, AS USUAL, WILL SOUND TEN TIMES AFTER LIGHTS DIM.



C'MON, DOC. D.C., BOSUN!

AYE AYE, SR. DECELERATION STATIONS -- ON THE DOUBLE!--



"-- DO YOU WANT TO BOUNCE THROUGH THIS ONE?"

HAMMMMMMMMM



WHEW! DOWN TO .3596 OF
LIGHTSPEED. HOW DO YOU
FEEL, CHIEF?



I ALWAYS FEEL
GREAT WHEN IT
STOPS, SIR.



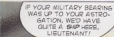
MY POOR OLD
BEAT-UP META-
BOLISM!



WARM IN HERE,
SKIPPER.



LOOK--SUNLIGHT/
ALTA IR_ RIGHT ON
THE NOSE!



IF YOUR MILITARY BEARING
WAS UP TO YOUR ASTRO-
GATION, WE'D HAVE
QUITE A SHIP HERE,
LIEUTENANT!



SEEMS A LITTLE
BRIGHTER THAN OUR
OWN SUN, AND
ABOUT TEN PERCENT
SMALLER.



MEANWHILE, OUR SHIP
CREATES ITS OWN
ECLIPSES.



THEY
DON'T LAST
LONG.

OKAY, JERRY —
PUNCH OUT AN ORBIT
ON THE FOURTH
PLANET.

AYE AYE,
SKIPPER.


ATTENTION! CAPTAIN
TO CREW...ATTENTION!
OUR PORT OF DESTINA-
TION ALTAIR-4, IS NOW
VISIBLE ON THE MAIN
VIEWPLATE.

AS YOU'LL RECOLLECT
FROM YOUR BRIEFING LEC-
TURES, IT IS AN EARTH-TYPE
PLANET. TWENTY YEARS AGO
THE SPACECRAFT BELLEROPHON
LANDED HERE WITH A PROS-
PECTING PARTY OF MEN AND
WOMEN SCIENTISTS.



OUR MISSION IS
TO SEARCH FOR
SURVIVORS.
THAT IS ALL.

"SHIP IN APPROACH, SKIPPER,
HELICAL VECTOR ORIENTED."





"OKAY--TAKE IT AWAY."



ATTENTION! CAPTAIN TO CREW: WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE OF ALTAP-4. NO SURVIVAL SUITS WILL BE REQUIRED UPON LANDING.

OXYGEN CONTENT HERE IS 4.7 RICHIER THAN EARTH STANDARD, AND THE GRAVITY IS ONLY .897. AS A RESULT, YOU MEN MAY BE FEELING A LITTLE "HISHER" THAN USUAL DURING OUR STAY HERE.

NOW I KNOW YOU'VE ALL BEEN COOPED UP FOR OVER A YEAR, AND EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS DONE HIS JOB. BUT WE'RE HERE ON SPECIAL PATROL, AND I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU TO STRICT DISCIPLINE. THAT IS ALL.

"DISCIPLINE" I'VE SEEN THESE NEW WORLDS. NO CIVILIZATION AT ALL!

NO GIRLS, NO MUSIC, NOT EVEN SOMETHING HUMANLY EDIBLE!



NO RADIO SIGNALS AT ALL? HOW ABOUT VISUAL?

NOT SO FAR, SIR.

SKIPPER, I MAY BE MISSING SOME INDIVIDUAL STRUCTURES, BUT THERE ARE NO CITIES, PORTS, ROADS, BRIDGES, DAMS -- THERE'S JUST NO SIGN OF CIVILIZATION AT ALL!



"SIR, WE'RE BEING RADAR-SCANNED."

"CAN YOU ZERO IN ON IT?"

"NO, SIR -- IT SEEMS TO EMANATE FROM AN AREA ABOUT TWENTY MILES SQUARE."

"TWENTY MILES SQUARE??... BOSUN, SOUND THE ALERT!"

"VOICE CONTACT, SIR--HUMAN!"



SKIPPER, YOU DON'T REALLY SUPPOSE IT'S THE BELLEROPHON SURVIVORS??

YES, THAT'S WHAT I SUPPOSE.





"NO, I DON'T THINK BASE HAD
THAT IN MIND WHEN THEY SENT
THE NEWEST FIGHTING SHIP
IN THE SERVICE."

"STEADY AS YOU GO,
LIEUTENANT."



...SPACE SHIP,
IDENTIFY YOURSELF.
YOU ARE BEING
TRACKED.





EDWARD
MORBIUS.



CRUISER!
WHAT DO YOU
WISH HERE?

HERE IT IS: MORBIUS,
E.--PH.D.-- EXPEDITION
PHILOLOGIST.

PHILOLOGIST?



"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND,
SIR--WE'RE YOUR RELIEF.
WE'RE VERY GLAD TO
FIND YOU ALIVE."

I, OF COURSE,
APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN--BUT ABSOLUTELY
NO ASSISTANCE OF ANY
SORT IS REQUIRED.

"DOCTOR MORBIUS, MY ORDERS
ARE TO SURVEY THE SITUATION
ON ALTAIR-4."

LET ME REPEAT: I'M IN
NO SORT OF DIFFICULTY HERE.
YOUR BEST PROCEDURE WILL
BE TO TURN BACK AT ONCE,
WITHOUT LANDING!

"SORRY, SIR."

COMMANDER, IF YOU SET
DOWN ON THIS PLANET, I WARN
YOU: I CANNOT BE ANSWERABLE
FOR THE SAFETY OF YOUR
SHIP OR YOUR CREW.



DOCTOR MORBIUS,
I REQUIRE LANDING
COORDINATES!



VERY WELL.
BUT I WASH MY
HANDS OF ALL
RESPONSIBILITY.

...YOU HAVE
STANDARD
CHARTS?

"YES, SIR."

YOU MAY COME
IN AT 83-17-4 NORTH,
148-21 WEST.

"THANK YOU."

"THAT'S RIGHT BACK
THERE IN THE DESERT,
SKIPPER."

COMMANDER, I
STRONGLY URGE YOU
TO RECONSIDER! I
RECOMMEND--

CLICK

"SOMETHING'S FUNNY
DOWN THERE, SKIPPER."

"YEAH, OKAY, JERRY--
I'LL TAKE 'ER IN."

CAPTAIN TO CREW:
STAND BY TO REVERSE POLARITY.
STANDARD CLASS A SECURITY WILL
BE MAINTAINED UPON LANDING.

AND UNTIL FUR-
THER NOTICE, ALL
HANDS WILL WEAR
SIDARMS. THAT
IS ALL.





"ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY OFF."

"GRAV. OFF."

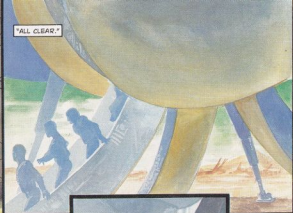
"HALF-FLUX."

"HALF-FLUX."

"CUT PRIMARY COILS."

"PRIMARIES CUT, SIR."

"ALL CLEAR."



LOOK AT
THE COLOR OF
THAT SKY!

YEAH, BUT
I'LL STILL TAKE
BLUE.

I DON'T KNOW...I
THINK A MAN COULD GET
USED TO THIS -- AND
GROW TO LOVE IT.

BOSUN--
UNLOAD THE
TRACTOR.

AYE AYE,
SIR.

"CHIEF? YOU'RE IN COMMAND
NOW, QUINN. YOU KEEP RIGHT
AT THOSE INSTRUMENTS."

"AYE AYE,
SIR."

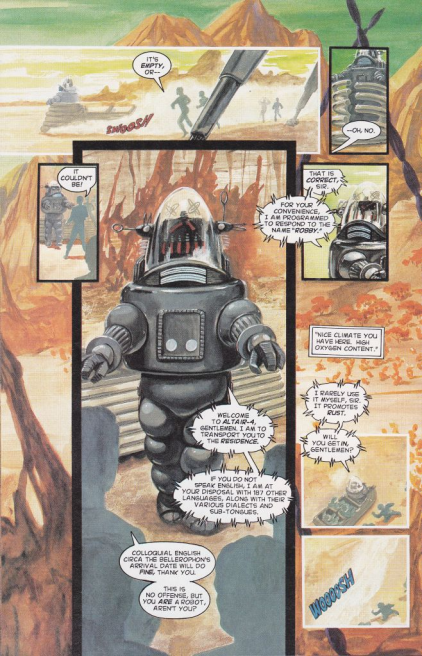




"HOLD THAT TRACTOR,
BOBLEN."

"AYE AYE, SIR."





IT'S
EMPTY,
OR--

Whoosh

—OH NO.

IT
COULDN'T
BE!

THAT IS
CORRECT,
SIR.

FOR YOUR
CONVENIENCE,
I AM PROGRAMMED
TO RESPOND TO THE
NAME "ROBBY."

"NICE CLIMATE YOU
HAVE HERE. HIGH
OXYGEN CONTENT."

WELCOME
TO ALTAIR-4.
GENTLEMEN, I AM TO
TRANSPORT YOU TO
THE RESIDENCE.

I RARELY USE
IT MYSELF, SIR.
IT PROMOTES
RUST.

WILL
YOU GET IN,
GENTLEMEN?

IF YOU DO NOT
SPEAK ENGLISH, I AM AT
YOUR DISPOSAL WITH 187 OTHER
LANGUAGES, ALONG WITH THEIR
VARIOUS DIALECTS AND
SUB-TONGUES.

Whoosh

COLLOQUIAL ENGLISH
CIRCA THE BELLEROPHON'S
ARRIVAL DATE WILL DO
FINE, THANK YOU.

Whoosh

THIS IS
NO OFFENSE, BUT
YOU ARE A ROBOT,
AREN'T YOU?



PASSENGERS WILL
PLEASE FASTEN THEIR
SEAT BELTS.

"HE LOOKS AFTER
US LIKE A MOTHER!"

"GUINN-- TRACK THIS!
AND IF I BLINK RED--"

"--I'LL BRING
THE TRACTOR IN
A HURRY, SIR."



SWOOSH

"FOR THE LOVE OF PETE,
ROBBY--CAN'T WE KEEP
IT UNDER NINETY?!"

HAVE NO
APPREHENSION,
SIR. MY ELECTRONIC
REFLEXES ARE
INFALLIBLE.



AT LEAST
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!

NOT NECESSARY.
I DO EVERYTHING
BY POSITRONIC
CONFIGURATION.

IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL GO IN, YOU'RE EXPECTED.



GENTLEMEN...

I AM MORBIUS!





I'M COMMANDER
ADAMS. THIS IS LIEUTENANT
FARMAN, MY EXECUTIVE--

--AND LIEUTENANT
OSTROW, OUR SHIP'S
DOCTOR--

HOW
IRONIC...

...THAT A SIMPLE
SCHOLAR WITH NO AMBITION,
BEYOND A MODEST MEASURE
OF SECLUSION--

--SHOULD, OUT OF THE
CLEAR SKY, FIND HIMSELF BESIEGED
BY AN ARMY OF FELLOW CREATURES,
ALL GRIMLY DETERMINED TO BE
OF SERVICE TO HIM!



I'M SORRY,
SIR, IF WE'RE
NOT WELCOME--
BUT WE DO HAVE
OUR ORDERS.

BUT OF
COURSE YOU MUST
STAY FOR LUNCH,
GENTLEMEN.

AND DO
FORGIVE THE
MANNERS OF AN
OLD RECLUSE. DO
COME IN.

"THANK YOU. WE HAD A
CHILDISH SORT OF IDEA
THAT YOU MIGHT BE GLAD
TO GET NEWS FROM HOME..."

"HOME, COMMANDER? ISN'T
A MAN'S HOME WHERE HE
WANTS HIS INTELLECT?"



OR HIS
UNIFORM.



WHATEVER THAT LUNCH WAS, IT WAS CERTAINLY DELICIOUS!

SIMPLY SOME OF ROBBY'S SYNTHETICS.

HE'S YOUR COOK, TOO?

EVEN MANUFACTURES THE RAW MATERIALS.



ONE INTRODUCES A SAMPLE OF HUMAN FOOD THROUGH THIS APERTURE.

DOWN HERE IS A SMALL CHEMICAL LABORATORY WHERE HE ANALYZES IT.

LATER HE CAN REPRODUCE IDENTICAL MOLECULES IN ANY SHAPE OR QUANTITY.



BZZZZT

PLUS ABSOLUTE, SELFLESS OBEDIENCE. ROBBY, ACTIVATE THE DISPOSE-ALL UNIT!



NOW WATCH!

A HOUSEHOLD DISINTEGRATOR BEAM!

ROBBY,
PUT YOUR ARM
IN THERE.

WHAT--??

→GASP←

ORDER
CANCELLED.

DONT
ATTRIBUTE
FEELINGS TO
HIM, GENTLEMEN.
ROBBY IS SIMPLY
A TOOL.

STILLSON
WRENCH.



HANDY, SH? FROM THE
VIEWPOINT OF SHEER ENGI-
NEERING, HE MIGHT BETTER
HAVE BEEN SIMPLY A
SPHERE, WITH MULTIPLE
APPENDAGES.

IN THIS CASE, THERE'S
EVEN AN AUTOMATIC COURTESY
ADJUSTMENT--YOU'LL NOTICE HOW
HE INVARIABLY ROTATES HIS TOP
SECTION TOWARD THE PERSON
HE ADDRESSES.

NOTICE THOSE OTHER
ATTACHMENTS: FORCEPS FOR
FINE WORK, MICROMETERS, CALIPERS,
BOX HOOK. HIS ARM ITSELF IS THE
PINCH-BART--HIS WHOLE BODY
THE POWER JACK--

BUT MAN HAS
A WEAKNESS FOR
MAKING THINGS IN
HIS OWN IMAGE.

TOTALLY NON-FUNCTIONAL,
OF COURSE. ACTUALLY, HE
SEES, HEARS, SENSES
SIMULTANEOUSLY IN
ALL DIRECTIONS.

-- TREMENDOUSLY
STRONG, TOO. HE COULD
EASILY TOPPLE THIS HOUSE
OFF ITS FOUNDATIONS!

IN THE WRONG
HANDS, MIGHTN'T SUCH
A TOOL BECOME A
DEADLY WEAPON?

NO, DOCTOR--
NOT EVEN IF I WERE THE
MAD SCIENTIST OF THE
TAPE THRILLER!

BECAUSE,
YOU SEE, THERE
HAPPENS TO BE A
BUILT-IN SAFETY
FACTOR.

COMMANDER,
MAY I BORROW THAT
FORMIDABLE-LOOKING
SIDEARM OF YOURS?

THANK YOU, ROBBY--POINT
THE THING AT THAT
ALTHEA CRUTEX ON
THE TERRACE.



FIRE!




YOU UNDERSTAND
THE MECHANISM?

YES, MORBIUS,
A SIMPLE BLASTER.

ALL RIGHT, POINT IT AT THE
COMMANDER, AIM
RIGHT BETWEEN
THE EYES.

FIRE!





"RELAX, GENTLEMEN. PUT AWAY YOUR WEAPONS--WE'RE NOT HARMING YOUR COMMANDER."

"YOU SEE? HE'S HELPLESS--LOCKED IN A SUB-ELECTRONIC DILEMMA BETWEEN MY DIRECT ORDERS AND THE BASIC INHIBITION AGAINST HARMING RATIONAL BEINGS."

"CANCELLED. IF I WERE TO ALLOW THAT TO CONTINUE, HE'D BLOW EVERY CIRCUIT IN HIS BODY."



HERE'S YOUR WEAPON, COMMANDER. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SHOW OF FAITH.

UH, I DIDN'T 'COME BY' HIM, DOCTOR. I TINKERED HIM TOGETHER DURING MY FIRST MONTHS UP HERE.

DOCTOR, HOW DID YOU COME BY SUCH A MECHANISM?

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU MADE THAT "GENTLEMAN"?

CRACKLE

"--YOU'RE A PHILOLOGIST...AN EXPERT IN WORDS AND LANGUAGES, THEIR ORIGINS, DERIVATIONS, MEANINGS... YET THIS ROBOT IS FAR BEYOND THE COMBINED RESOURCES OF ALL EARTH'S PHYSICAL SCIENCES!"

"MY DEAR COMMANDER, POSSIBLY YOU OVER-ESTIMATE BOTH ROBBY AND MYSELF. GENTLEMEN, LET ME SHOW YOU ANOTHER BIT OF PARLOR MAGIC!"



A USEFUL ENOUGH TOY, LIEUTENANT, BUT NOWADAYS I HAVE NO TIME FOR SUCH THINGS.

BUT DOCTOR MORBIUS--



OH--FORGIVE ME, I DIDN'T MEAN TO ALARM YOU, GENTLEMEN--

CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG

"--I HAD ROBBY INSTALL THESE STEEL SHUTTERS BEFORE I REALIZED HOW ALTOGETHER SAFE I AM, HERE."




DOCTOR MORBIUS,
I NOTICED YOU HAVE NO
SCREENS IN YOUR WINDOWS.
PLENTY OF BUTTERFLIES
IN YOUR GARDEN,
OF COURSE--



--AND HERE'S A BEE...
NECESSARY TO POLLINATE
THOSE EXTRAORDINARY
FLOWERS THAT GROW
HERE--

--BUT HAS
ANYONE NOTICED A
SINGLE FLY, MOSQUITO,
OR THEIR EQUIVALENT
SINCE WE LANDED?



"IN THIS SUB-TROPICAL CLIMATE,
IT MEANS NOTHING...UNLESS OUR
HOST HAS SIMPLY REMOVED ALL
NATIVE INSECTPESTS FROM THE
FACE OF THE PLANET!"

I ASSURE
YOU, DOCTOR, THAT
ALTAIR-4 REMAINS IN ALL
RESPECTS EXACTLY AS
WE DISCOVERED IT!


I...SEE.

CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG CLANG

"WELL, GENTLEMEN, THIS HAS BEEN VERY PLEASANT.
YOU'VE SEEN HOW COMFORTABLE I AM HERE--NO
HARDSHIPS, NO SPECIAL DIFFICULTIES, AND NO NEED
AT ALL FOR MILITARY ASSISTANCE. NOW, I DARE SAY
YOU'RE IMPATIENT TO GET BACK TO BASE."



YES, SIR--THE
MOMENT WE'VE INTERVIEWED
THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE
BELLEROPHON PARTY.




...OTHERS--? BUT THERE
ARE NO OTHERS, COMMANDER.
BEFORE THE FIRST YEAR WAS
OUT, THEY HAD ALL--

--EVERY MAN AND
WOMAN OF THEM--SUCCEMBED
TO A... SORT OF A PLANETARY
FORCE HERE.



A DARK, TERRIBLE,
INCOMPREHENSIBLE FORCE,
AND ONLY MY WIFE AND I
WERE IMMUNE.

AND JUST HOW
DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR
YOUR SPECIAL IMMUNITY,
DOCTOR MORBIUS?



MY WIFE AND I
DIFFERED FROM THE OTHERS
ONLY IN OUR SPECIAL LOVE FOR
THIS NEW WORLD. FOR OUR BOUNDLESS
LONGING TO MAKE OUR HOME HERE...
FAR FROM THE STRIFE AND
SCURRY OF HUMAN KIND.

I REMEMBER HOW WHEN
THE VOTE WAS TAKEN TO
RETURN TO EARTH, SHE
AND I WERE UTTERLY
HEARTBROKEN...

"...HOW COULD WE HAVE FORESEEN THE EXTINCTION OF SO MANY CO-WORKERS AND FRIENDS?"



AN INFECTION AGAINST WHICH A SPECIFIC EMOTION CONFERES IMMUNITY?? THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING NEW IN PSYCHO-SEMANTICS!

"SKIPPER, THERE'S NO RECORD OF ANY WIFE ON THE BELLEROPHON ROLLS."

"LOOK UNDER 'BIO-CHEMISTRY,' LIEUTENANT JULIA MARSH. SHE AND I WERE MARRIED BY THE BELLEROPHON COMMANDER DURING OUR VOYAGE HERE. I HAVE THE CERTIFICATE."



I...THOUGHT ROBBY HAD MANAGED SOME CHARMING FEMININE TOUCHES! I TAKE IT MRS. MORBIUS ISN'T AT HOME TODAY...?

MY DEAR WIFE DIED SOME MONTHS AFTER THE OTHERS--ONLY IN HER CASE IT WAS THE RESULT OF NATURAL CAUSES.

I'M VERY SORRY...

ONLY IN NIGHTMARES OF THOSE THINGS. AND YET, ALWAYS IN MY MIND, I SEEM TO FEEL THE CREATURE IS LURRING SOMEWHERE CLOSE AT HAND, SLY AND IRRESISTIBLE--

--AND ONLY WAITING TO BE RE-INVITED FOR MURDER!

DOCTOR MORBIUS, JUST WHAT WERE THE SYMPTOMS OF ALL THOSE OTHER DEATHS? --THE UNNATURAL ONES, I MEAN.



THE SYMPTOMS WERE STRIKING, COMMANDER: ONE BY ONE, IN SPITE OF EVERY SAFEGUARD, MY CO-WORKERS WERE TORN LITERALLY LIMB FROM LIMB BY SOME DEVILISH THING THAT NEVER ONCE SHOWED ITSELF!

THE BELLEROPHON ITSELF VAPORIZED AS THE REMAINING THREE SURVIVORS TRIED TO TAKE HER OFF.

AND YET, IN ALL THESE NINETEEN YEARS, YOU PERSONALLY HAVE NEVER AGAIN BEEN BOTHERED BY THIS "PLANETARY FORCE."

FATHER...



HELLO...

ALTAIRA!

INNOVATION™

A Beacon In The Galaxy

The first indication of *Forbidden Planet's* future cult status and its emergence as the first truly great science-fiction film appeared on March 14, 1956 when *Variety* hailed it as "A *Space Patrol* for the adults." To a generation being raised on B-movies, Tom Corbett, and *Space Patrol*, *Forbidden Planet* represented a quantum leap beyond anything that had ever been labeled a science-fiction film. Its unique combination of hardcore science-fiction concepts and first-class multi-million dollar production values immediately raised it to a new level of intelligence and sophistication in fantasy filmmaking.

Like many other "instant classics," from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Citizen Kane*, *Forbidden Planet* was embraced by a small but intensely loyal core of critics and aficionados but largely ignored by the mainstream on its original release. Like them, it was also a seminal film, giving birth to dozens of imitators and attaining almost legendary status over the years.

Forbidden Planet was not the first science-fiction film to deal seriously with otherworldly possibilities; early '50s classics like *The Thing From Another World*, *The Day The Earth Stood Still*, *It Came From Outer Space* and *War Of The Worlds* had all dealt with intergalactic visitors of one form or another, and the beloved foolishness of *This Island Earth* had even managed to take space cadets of all ages on a voyage to the Technicolor furies of a dying planet called Metaluna.

But *Forbidden Planet* was something else again, a different kind of science-fiction film. Ten years before *Star Trek* would borrow its best ideas, *Forbidden Planet* dared to take us "where no one had gone before." Twelve years before 2001: *A Space Odyssey* would take us to "Jupiter and beyond the infinite," *Forbidden Planet* unveiled the infinite possibilities within ourselves. Twenty-one years before *Star Wars* revealed the cosmic power of "The Force," *Forbidden Planet* explored the almost limitless powers of darkness and light, waiting to be unleashed inside each of us.

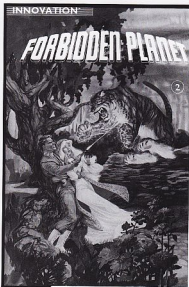
Headly concepts for a studio-bound late entry into the science-fiction boom. But *Forbidden Planet* was much more than just the first SF film with an A-budget...taking its inspiration and basic plot from Shakespeare's final play, *The Tempest*, it was something virtually unheard of in '50s America -- a family adventure movie that actually stressed ideas over action and imagination over the usual bug-eyed monsters so prevalent at the time. At its core, in fact, imagination is really what *Forbidden Planet* is all about, touching on such universal chords as the demons that haunt our dreams, the inherent dangers of playing god, and the ultimate power of love. Most especially, though, *Forbidden Planet* captures the mystery, the beauty, and the potential terrors that may be waiting for us among the stars.

With each passing year, *Forbidden Planet* continues to grow in stature, as it also captures the imagination of a whole new generation. More than thirty-five years after its creation, the first science-fiction film to treat its audience with respect still shines like a beacon in the galaxy.

So "prepare your minds for a whole new scale of physical scientific values," as this magnificent and long-overdue full-length adaptation takes you on a voyage beyond the stars...to Altair-4, the *Forbidden Planet*.

— Steve Friedman
"Mr. Movie"

Steve Friedman earned the nickname "Mr. Movie" from music lovers throughout 38 states hosting a five (two-way) all-music radio talk show for seven years on CBS, as well as penning numerous reviews and columns. He has seen *Forbidden Planet* more than 200 times. When he grows up, he hopes to be just like *Robbie the Robot* -- who, incidentally, is alive and well and living in his den.



Next Issue:

ALTAIRA!

*"I've Always Wanted To
Meet A Young Man...
And Now Three Of Them At Once!"*



J. J. ADAMS



"DOC" OSTROW



JERRY FARMAN



BRIAN QUINN



DOCTOR MORBIUS



ALTAIRA