

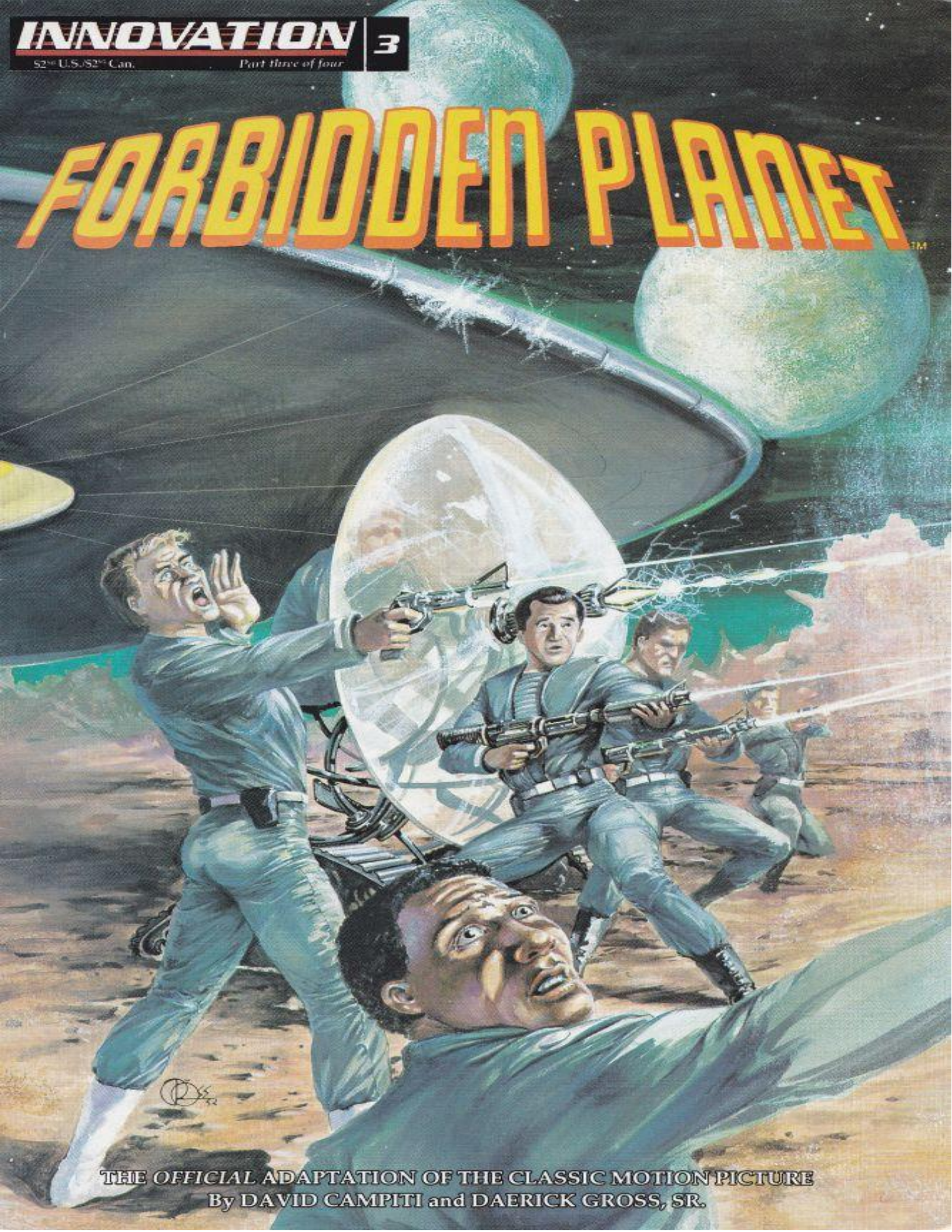
INNOVATION

3

52¢ U.S./52¢ Can.

Part three of four

FORBIDDEN PLANET



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

*Chapter
Three:*

**The Secrets
Of The
Krell**

FORBIDDEN PLANET™

*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
Daerick Gross -- Adaptation
& Illustration

Roxanne Starr -- Lettering
Diana Light -- Edits

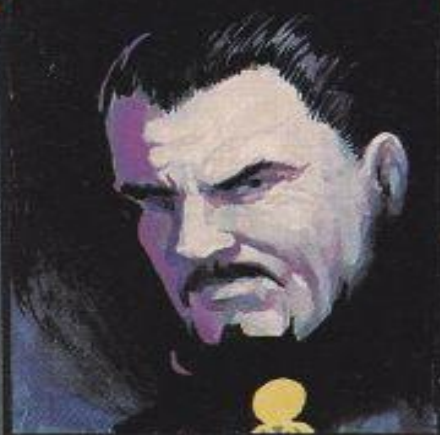
Casey Bernay -- Alien Input

Inspired by William Shakespeare's
THE TEMPEST

FORBIDDEN PLANET™, Vol. 1, No. 3, September 1992 issue. *Adapting the classic motion picture.* Published by the INNOVATIVE CORPORATION. Office of Publication: 3622 Jacob Street, Wheeling, WV 26003, (304) 232-7701. Fax #304-232-4010. David Campiti, Managing Editor. Diana Light, Marketing & Operations. George Broderick, Jr., Art Director. Vince Donley, Administration & Finance. TM and © 1992 Turner Entertainment Co. All rights reserved. "Innovation" logo TM Innovative Corp. Inside front cover text © 1992 Innovative Corp. Inside back cover text feature © 1992 Steve Friedman. All rights reserved. This publication is purely a work of fiction. For advertising rates, call (304) 232-7703. Subscription rate \$14.00 for all 4 issues, including postage; \$3.50 per issue. Special thanks to Turner Home Entertainment. *It's an Innovation Publication!*

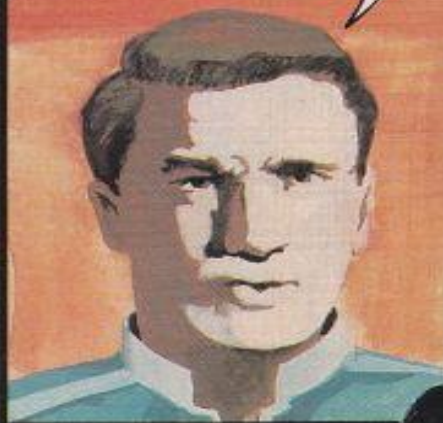
COMMANDER
ADAMS AND DOCTOR
OSTROW--

YOU WILL FIND THE HOUSEHOLD
SILVER IN THE DINING ROOM AND
MY DAUGHTER'S JEWELRY ON
HER DRESSING TABLE!



DOCTOR MORBIUS, LAST
NIGHT OUR CYSTRON MONITOR
WAS SABOTAGED.

NOW IT'S
TIME FOR A LOT OF
EXPLANATIONS...



...YOU SUSPECT ME --?

THEN THE TIME
HAS COME FOR
CLARIFICATION.

SIT
DOWN.



IN TIMES LONG PAST, THIS
PLANET WAS THE HOME OF A
MIGHTY A NOBLE RACE OF
BEINGS WHICH CALLED
THEMSELVES THE KRELL.

ETHICALLY, AS WELL AS TECHNO-
LOGICALLY, THEY WERE A MILLION YEARS
IN ADVANCE OF HUMANKIND--FOR, IN UN-
LOCKING THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE, THEY
HAD CONQUERED EVEN THE EVIL AND
CRUELTY IN THEIR OWN NATURES.

AND WHEN, IN THE COURSE OF EONS,
THEY HAD ABOLISHED SICKNESS, AND
INSANITY, AND CRIME, AND ALL INJUSTICE,
THEY TURNED--STILL WITH HIGH BENEVO-
LENCE--OUTWARD TOWARD SPACE.

BEFORE THE DAWN OF MAN'S
HISTORY, THEY WALKED OUR EARTH...
AND BROUGHT BACK MANY BIO-
LOGICAL SPECIMENS...

I SEE... THAT EXPLAINS THE
TIGER, THE DEER AND THE OTHERS--
MUTATED OVER THE EONS!

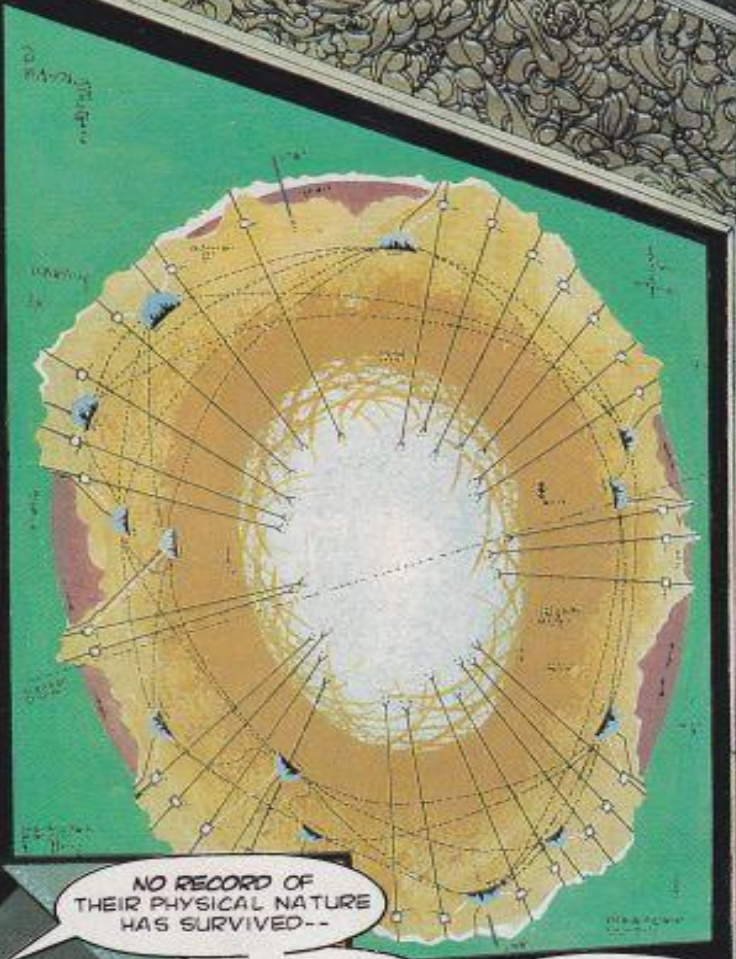
IRONICALLY,
OUR OWN BESTIAL
PRIMITIVE ANCESTORS
WERE EVIDENTLY
BENEATH THE NOTICE
OF THE KRELL.



THEN, SEEMINGLY ON THE THRESHOLD OF SOME SUPREME ACCOMPLISHMENT, WHICH WAS TO HAVE CROWNED THEIR ENTIRE HISTORY, THIS ALL-BUT-DIVINE RACE PERISHED IN A SINGLE NIGHT!

FROM ROBBY'S TESTS, I HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT, IN THE TWO-THOUSAND CENTURIES SINCE THAT UNEXPLAINED CATASTROPHE, EVEN THEIR CLOUD-PIERCING TOWERS OF GLASS AND PORCELAIN AND ADAMANTINE STEEL HAVE CRUMBLLED BACK INTO THE SOIL OF ALTAIR 4.

ALL THAT REMAINS ABOVE GROUND IS THIS RANGE OF FOOTHILLS WHERE WE STAND-- MATERIAL EXCAVATED FROM A SINGLE ENGINEERING PROJECT.



WHAT WERE THEY LIKE?

NO RECORD OF THEIR PHYSICAL NATURE HAS SURVIVED--

--EXCEPT, PERHAPS, IN THE FORM OF THIS CHARACTERISTIC ARCH... THE TOTALLY-FUNCTIONAL KRELL DOORS...

...I SUGGEST THAT YOU CONSIDER IT IN COMPARISON TO ONE OF OUR FUNCTIONALLY-SHAPED HUMAN DOORWAYS.





BWOOO BWOOO
BWOOO

LISTEN--THIS RECORDING WAS MADE BY KRELL MUSICIANS A HALF-MILLION YEARS AGO.

NOW IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME, I WILL SHOW YOU SOME OF THEIR OTHER REMAINING ARTIFACTS.



SUCH AS THIS: KRELL METAL.



TRY YOUR BLASTER, COMMANDER.

BZZZ



THAT SPOT OUGHT TO BE MOLTEN!

SCARCELY WARM. AND NO TRACE OF RADIOACTIVITY--

"--THE MOLECULES ARE MANY TIMES MORE DENSELY INTERLOCKED THAN IN ANY EARTHLY STEEL, AND YET IT DRINKS UP ENERGY LIKE A SPONGE."



NOW, COMMANDER... DOCTOR--


KLIK



-- THIS, GENTLEMEN--



-- WAS JUST ONE OF THEIR LABORATORIES...

A man with a goatee and a woman are in a futuristic laboratory. The man is speaking. The background is filled with complex machinery and pipes.

..I SHOULD JUDGE IT WAS AN IMPORTANT ONE.

YOU WILL NOTICE THAT MUCH OF THE EQUIPMENT IS FAMILIAR--

--ALTHOUGH DESIGNED FOR NON-HUMAN TECHNICIANS.

WHAT ARE THESE DEVICES?

ON THAT SCREEN MAY BE PROJECTED THE TOTAL SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE KRELL, FROM ITS PRIMITIVE BEGINNINGS TO THE DAY OF ITS ANNIHILATION --

--A SHEER BULK SURPASSING MANY MILLIONS OF EARTHLY LIBRARIES!

YOU'RE ABLE TO READ THAT?


A LITTLE. IT'S MY PROFESSION.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, I BEGAN HERE WITH THIS PAGE OF GEOMETRICAL THEOREMS. EVENTUALLY I WAS ABLE TO DEDUCE MOST OF THEIR HUGE, LOGICAL ALPHABET.

-- BUT STILL I AM LIKE AN ILLITERATE SAVAGE, WANDERING AT RANDOM THROUGH SOME STUPENDOUS SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE, AND COMPREHENDING NOT A THOUSANDTH PART OF ALL THE PILED UP WONDERS!

I HAVE COME HERE EVERY DAY NOW FOR TWO DECADES, PAINFULLY PICKING UP A FEW OF THE LEAST DIFFICULT FRAGMENTS OF THEIR KNOWLEDGE--

I BEGAN TO LEARN. THE FIRST PRACTICAL RESULT WAS THAT ROBOT OF MINE YOU GENTLEMEN APPEAR TO FIND SO REMARKABLE... CHILD'S PLAY!




A THING LIKE THIS,
IT'S TOO BIG TO EVALUATE!
THINK WHAT A *DISCOVERY*
OF THIS KIND--

UH, DOCTOR MORBIUS,
WHAT'S THIS *OTHER*
DEVICE--?


I CALL IT THEIR
"PLASTIC EDUCATOR."
AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE
OUT, THEY USED IT TO
CONDITION AND TEST
THEIR YOUNG--

--IN MUCH THE SAME WAY
AS WE ONCE EMPLOYED
FINGER-PAINTING AMONG OUR
KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN.



I OFTEN PLAY
WITH IT MYSELF, FOR
RELAXATION--

--ALTHOUGH,
WORKING HERE, I
SOMETIMES WISH I
HAD BEEN BLESSED
WITH MULTIPLE
ARMS AND LEGS!



OVER HERE YOU
SEE THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC WAVES OF
MY BRAIN SENDING THAT
INDICATOR UP ABOUT
HALF WAY.

I GATHER THAT ONE OF THEIR OWN
YOUNG, COMPARABLE TO A SEVEN-
YEAR-OLD CHILD, WAS NORMALLY
EXPECTED TO SEND THAT ALL
THE WAY TO THE TOP--


--WHICH, BY
KRELL STANDARDS,
CLASSIFIES ME AS
A LOW-GRADE
MORON...

...YET I HAVE AN
OFFICIALLY-RECORDED
I.Q. OF 183.


NOW TO
DEMONSTRATE
ITS *PRIMARY*
FUNCTION--

I'LL CHOOSE A
FAMILIAR SUBJECT,
TO SAVE TIME.

SIMPLY A THREE-
DIMENSIONAL IMAGE,
COMMANDER--A SORT
OF HOLOGRAM.



IT'S A...DOLL, LIKE
A LITTLE STATUE!
MOVING--!



IT'S
ALTAIRA!

IT SEEMS ALIVE--!

--BECAUSE MY DAUGHTER IS ALIVE IN MY BRAIN FROM MICRO-SECOND TO MICRO-SECOND.

SOME SORT OF HYPNOTIC TRICK...?

NOTICE HOW THE IMAGE BLURS WHEN I ALLOW MY ATTENTION TO BE DISTRACTED BY YOUR CONVERSATION.

THERE. SOMETHING OF A... STRAIN.

IT'S TRUE, A HYPNOTIC IMAGE WOULD HAVE REMAINED STEADY.

YES, VERY MUCH.

ALADDIN'S LAMP IN A PHYSICS LABORATORY!

WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN CARE TO TAKE THE KRELL TEST OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE?

YOU MAY BE DISAPPOINTED, COMMANDER. SUPPOSE WE START WITH THE GOOD DOCTOR...

THERE-- NOW THROW THE FIRST SWITCH.

NOW THE COMMANDER...

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! AT LUNA PORT, MY OFFICIAL I.Q.'S 161 --

--YET I DON'T REGISTER HALF THE AREA THAT YOU DID!

PROCEED.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER DOESN'T NEED BRAINS--JUST A GOOD, LOUD VOICE, HMM?

HOW DO I MAKE AN IMAGE? DO I PULL THIS--?

NO-- STOP!!

YOU'D NEVER SURVIVE IT. OUR BELLEROPHON SKIPPER TRIED IT, AND IT WAS INSTANTLY FATAL TO HIM.

OH, I SEE. SO YOU'RE IMMUNE TO THIS, TOO!

IN MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT CREATING AN IMAGE HERE, MY BRAIN PATTERN THERE WAS SCARCELY LARGER THAN YOURS... AFTERWARD, I LAY UNCONSCIOUS FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT.

IT WAS A QUESTION OF SCIENCE, DOCTOR. BUT YOU CAN IMAGINE MY JOY WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT THE SHOCK HAD PERMANENTLY DOUBLED MY INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.

I HAVE TURNED UP SOME RATHER PUZZLING INDICATIONS THAT, IN THOSE FINAL DAYS BEFORE THEIR ANNIHILATION, THE KRELL WERE APPLYING THEIR ENTIRE RACIAL ENERGIES TO A NEW PROJECT--

--ONE WHICH THEY ACTUALLY SEEMED TO HOPE MIGHT SOMEHOW FREE THEM, ONCE AND FOR ALL, FROM ANY PHYSICAL DEPENDENCE UPON INSTRUMENTALITIES.

AND YET YOU CAME BACK FOR A SECOND GO AT IT?

OTHERWISE, MY RESEARCHES HERE WOULD HAVE COME TO NOTHING, POOR AS THEY HAVE BEEN.

A CIVILIZATION WITHOUT INSTRUMENTALITY? YOU'RE TALKING BEINGS OF PURE THOUGHT!

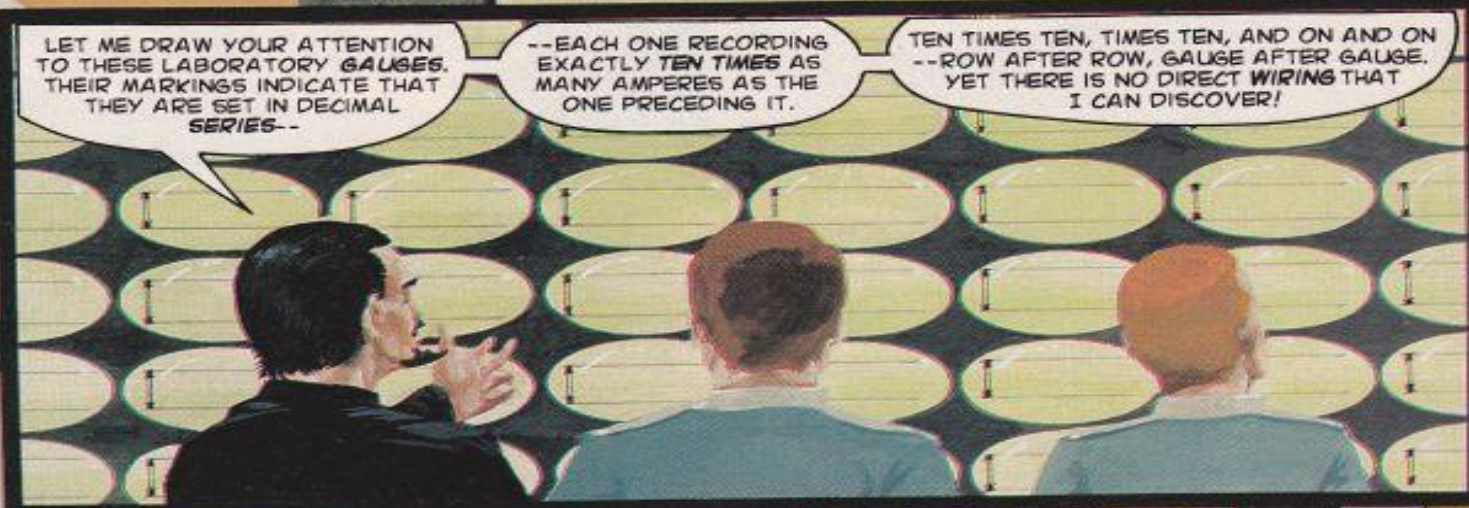
OR SOMETHING WHICH I HAVE NOT YET COMPREHENDED.

DOCTOR MORBIUS, EVERYTHING HERE IS NEW. NOT A SIGN OF WEAR ON ANY OF IT.

YOUNG MAN, THESE DEVICES, SELF-SERVICED AND SELF-MAINTAINED, HAVE STOOD EXACTLY AS YOU SEE THEM FOR TWO THOUSAND CENTURIES.

AND DURING ALL THAT TIME, WHERE DID THE POWER COME FROM?


THAT'S A VERY GOOD QUESTION...



LET ME DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THESE LABORATORY GAUGES. THEIR MARKINGS INDICATE THAT THEY ARE SET IN DECIMAL SERIES--

--EACH ONE RECORDING EXACTLY TEN TIMES AS MANY AMPERES AS THE ONE PRECEDING IT.

TEN TIMES TEN, TIMES TEN, AND ON AND ON --ROW AFTER ROW, GAUGE AFTER GAUGE. YET THERE IS NO DIRECT WIRING THAT I CAN DISCOVER!



YET WHEN I ACTIVATE THIS MACHINE, IT REGISTERS INFINITESIMALLY--YOU SEE, DOWN IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER.


BUT THAT MUCH IS NEGLIGIBLE.

THE TOTAL POTENTIAL HERE MUST BE NOTHING LESS THAN ASTRONOMICAL!

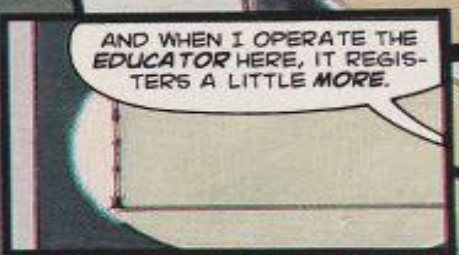
--THE NUMBER TEN RAISED ALMOST LITERALLY TO THE POWER OF INFINITY.

GENTLEMEN, WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE SOME MORE OF THE KRELL WONDERS?

YES INDEED.



IF YOU WILL, STEP INTO THIS SHUTTLE CAR.




AND WHEN I OPERATE THE EDUCATOR HERE, IT REGISTERS A LITTLE MORE.



NOTHING LESS, DOCTOR OSTROW--



HOW OFTEN THE KRELL TECHNICIANS HAD RIDDEN IN THIS LITTLE VEHICLE...



WHAT NOW, DOCTOR MORBIUS?

PREPARE YOUR MINDS FOR A NEW SCALE OF SCIENTIFIC VALUES, GENTLEMEN!



TWENTY MILES!

TWENTY MILES!

LISTEN--
CIRCUITS OPENING
AND CLOSING...

OH,
THEY NEVER
REST...



THIS IS ONE OF
THEIR ELEVATOR
SHAFTS! YOU CAN
FEEL THE WARM
AIR RISING.

LOOK DOWN
HERE
--LOOK DOWN,
GENTLEMEN!

ARE YOU
AFRAID?

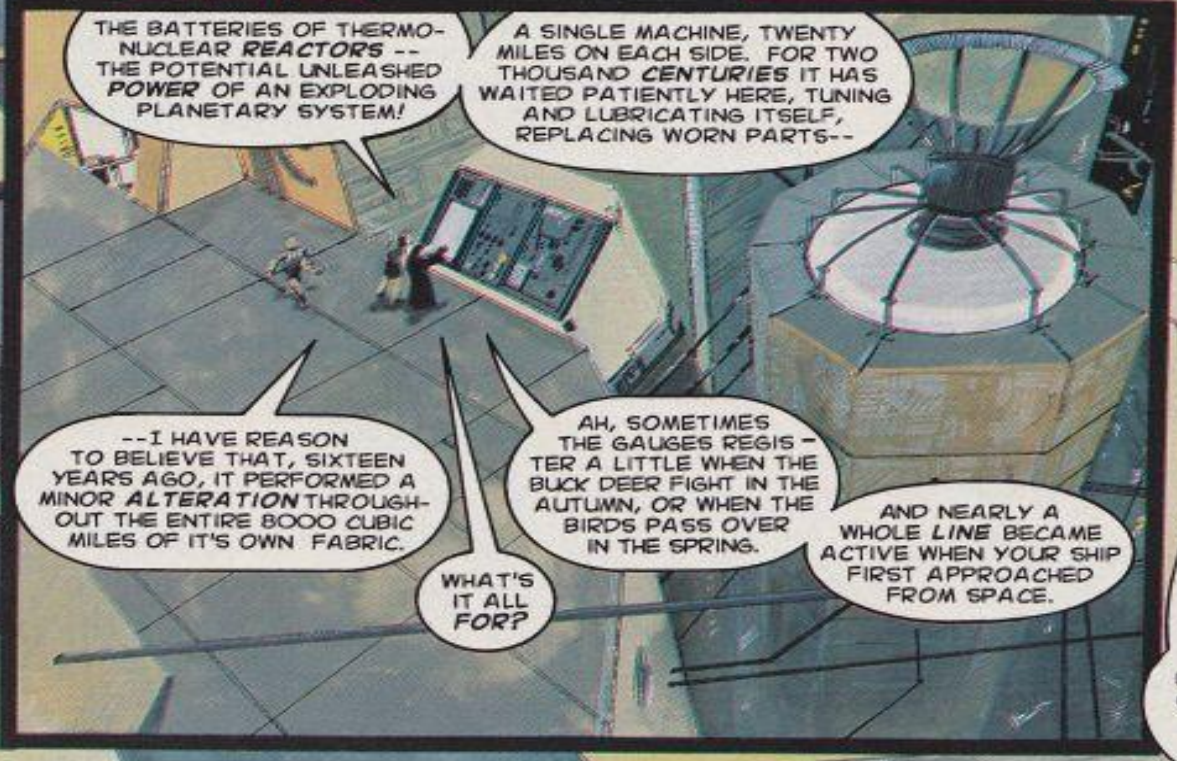


SEVENTY-EIGHT
HUNDRED LEVELS.
TWENTY MILES
STRAIGHT
DOWN!
AND
FOUR HUNDRED
OTHER SHAFTS
LIKE THIS
ONE!

THAT LITTLE GREEN
LIGHT WAY DOWN THERE
AT THE BOTTOM--



-- WHAT'S
THAT?



THE BATTERIES OF THERMO-
NUCLEAR REACTORS --
THE POTENTIAL UNLEASHED
POWER OF AN EXPLODING
PLANETARY SYSTEM!

A SINGLE MACHINE, TWENTY
MILES ON EACH SIDE. FOR TWO
THOUSAND CENTURIES IT HAS
WAITED PATIENTLY HERE, TUNING
AND LUBRICATING ITSELF,
REPLACING WORN PARTS--

--I HAVE REASON
TO BELIEVE THAT, SIXTEEN
YEARS AGO, IT PERFORMED A
MINOR ALTERATION THROUGH-
OUT THE ENTIRE 8000 CUBIC
MILES OF IT'S OWN FABRIC.

AH, SOMETIMES
THE GAUGES REGIS-
TER A LITTLE WHEN THE
BUCK DEER FIGHT IN THE
AUTUMN, OR WHEN THE
BIRDS PASS OVER
IN THE SPRING.

AND NEARLY A
WHOLE LINE BECAME
ACTIVE WHEN YOUR SHIP
FIRST APPROACHED
FROM SPACE.

WHAT'S
IT ALL
FOR?



I ASKED
YOU: WHAT'S
IT ALL FOR?

I DON'T KNOW! IN
TWENTY YEARS, I HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO FORM
NO CONCEPTION
OF IT ALL.

BEHOLD A SECTION
OF ONE OF THEIR POWER
UNITS, SUNK INTO THE BODY
OF THE PLANET FIFTY MILES
RIGHT BELOW OUR FEET!
LOOK ONLY IN THESE
MIRRORS BELOW US--

"--MAN DOES NOT BEHOLD THE FACE OF THE GORGON AND LIVE!"

VERY GOOD, BOSUN-- MAYBE JUST ONE MORE FLOODLIGHT ACROSS THE PERIMETER.

AYE AYE, SIR.

IS THE JUICE ON THE FENCE?

THERE YOU ARE, SIR.

HAVING COMPLETED MY WASH-UP DUTIES AFTER CHOW, I REQUEST THE LIEUTENANT'S PERMISSION TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER.

THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE.

SIR?

BUT THERE IS, SIR. I MEAN, WELL, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BRIGHTEN THE BOYS' MESS A LITTLE IF I COULD FIND SOME WILD, FRESH RADISHES OR OTHER NATIVE... FOODS.

LOOK, COOKIE-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LYING ABOUT, BUT YOU BETTER GET BACK HERE BEFORE THE SKIPPER CHECKS IN, OR WE'LL BOTH BE SKINNED.



YES, SIR!



QUINN, THIS IS FARMAN-- KILL THE POWER ON THE FENCE.



ALL RIGHT-- PUT IT BACK ON...

♪...



SIXTY
GALLONS, AS YOU
REQUESTED.



≡ SNIFF ≡
GENUINE KANSAS
CITY BOURBON!



MMMM... SMOOTH, TOO.

ROBBY,
THE CREW AND I
WON'T FORGET
THIS.



WHAT'S
WRONG?
SOMETHING
COMING THIS
WAY--?



HRRMM

DOCTOR MORBIUS, A SCIENTIFIC FIND OF THIS MAGNITUDE HAS GOT TO BE TAKEN UNDER UNITED PLANET SUPERVISION.

NO ONE MAN CAN BE ALLOWED TO MONOPOLIZE IT!

FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS, I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU TO MAKE EXACTLY THAT ASININE STATEMENT.

FOR SOME TWENTY YEARS NOW I HAVE BEEN CONSTANTLY-- AND I HOPE DISPASSIONATELY-- CONSIDERING THIS VERY PROBLEM.

AND I HAVE COME TO THE UNALTERABLE CONCLUSION THAT MAN IS UNFIT, AS YET, TO RECEIVE SUCH KNOWLEDGE-- SUCH ALMOST LIMITLESS POWER.

WHEREAS MORBIUS, WITH HIS ARTIFICIALLY-EXPANDED INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY, IS IDEALLY SUITED TO ADMINISTER THIS POWER FOR THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE?

PRECISELY, DOCTOR. SUCH PORTIONS OF THE KRELL SCIENCE AS I MAY --FROM TIME TO TIME-- DEEM SAFE AND SUITABLE, I SHALL DISPENSE TO EARTH.

OTHER PORTIONS SHALL I WITHHOLD. AND IN THIS I SHALL BE ANSWERABLE EXCLUSIVELY TO MY OWN CONSCIENCE AND JUDGEMENT--

--AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOUR SUPERIORS BACK ON EARTH, I AM OBLIGED TO ADD THAT I INTEND TO SUBMIT TO NO COERCION WHATSOEVER.

BZZT

DOCTOR MORBIUS, IN THE ABSENCE OF SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS, YOU LEAVE ME IN A VERY AWKWARD POSITION--!

COMMANDER--
COMMANDER ADAMS!

SPEAKING,
LIEUTENANT.

SKIPPER--
THE CHIEF'S BEEN
MURDERED.

QUINN
MURDERED??

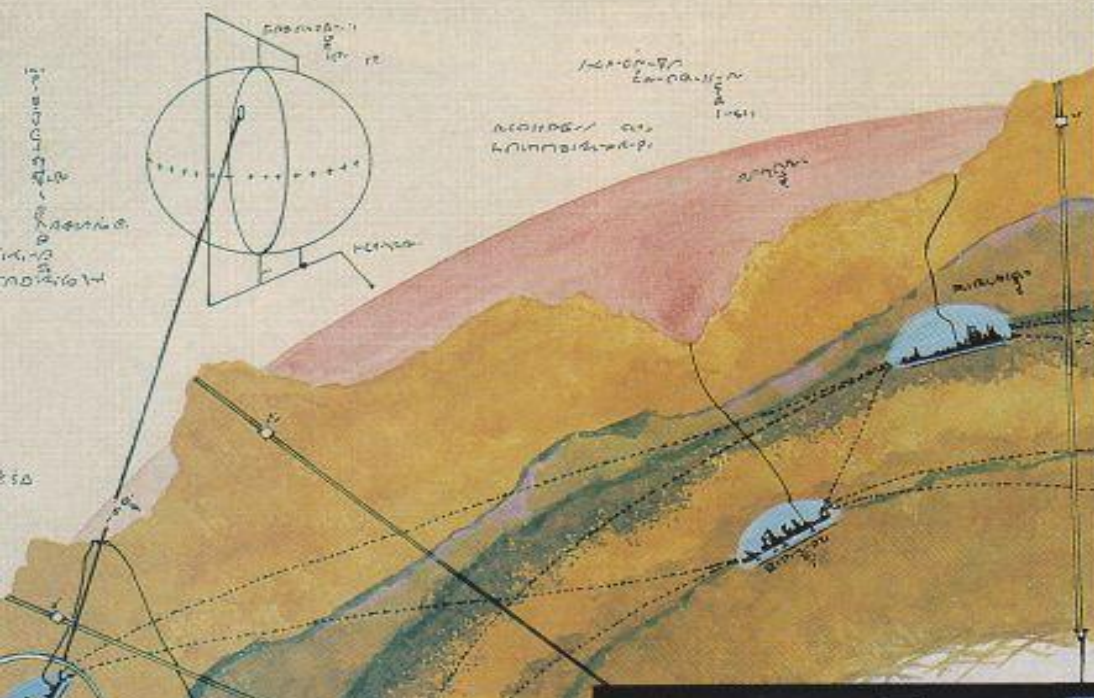
HE WAS ALONE, WORKING ON THE MONITORS. THE REST OF US WERE OUTSIDE ON GUARD DUTY! I--

HOW WAS IT
DONE?

DONE--!?
SKIPPER, THE
CHIEF'S BODY IS
SPLATTERED ALL
OVER THE COM-
MUNICATIONS
ROOM.

"ALL RIGHT,
LIEUTENANT--
LEAVE EVERY-
THING AS IT IS.
WE'RE ON OUR
WAY...."

...IT HAS
STARTED
AGAIN...



...NEXT OF KIN, MRS. SARA L. QUINN, HIS MOTHER.

...NOTHING ELSE LEFT FOR HER...



IS THAT IT?

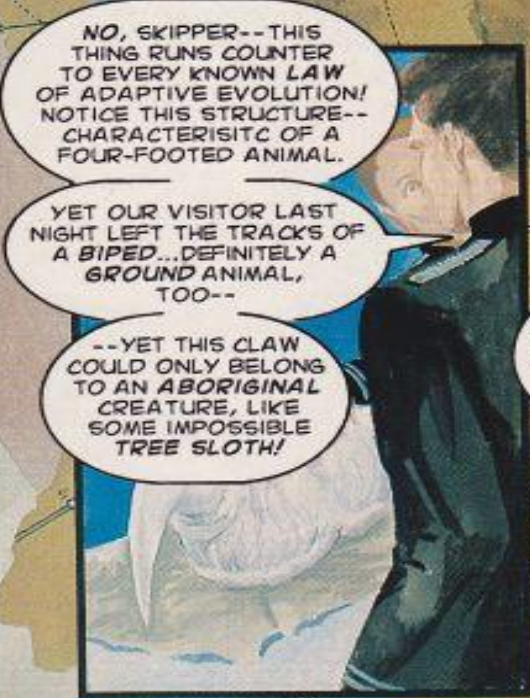
YEAH--I TRIED TO MAKE A PLASTER MODEL OF THE FOOT-PRINTS WE FOUND.



THIRTY-SEVEN INCHES BY NINETEEN.

WHATEVER WALKS ON THAT WOULD BE QUITE AN OPPONENT--FOR A MAN WITH A CLUB.

BUT WITH OUR KIND OF WEAPONS, QUINN COULD HAVE--



NO, SKIPPER--THIS THING RUNS COUNTER TO EVERY KNOWN LAW OF ADAPTIVE EVOLUTION! NOTICE THIS STRUCTURE--CHARACTERISTIC OF A FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL.

YET OUR VISITOR LAST NIGHT LEFT THE TRACKS OF A BIPED...DEFINITELY A GROUND ANIMAL, TOO--

--YET THIS CLAW COULD ONLY BELONG TO AN ABORIGINAL CREATURE, LIKE SOME IMPOSSIBLE TREE SLOTH!



IT JUST DOESN'T FIT INTO NORMAL NATURE ANYWHERE IN THE GALAXY. IT'S A NIGHTMARE!

COULD THE ANSWER BE FAIRLY SIMPLE?...OUR ROBOT FRIEND, WEARING THOSE THINGS FOR FEET?

...WELL, MAYBE, MORBIUS DID TAKE A LOT OF TROUBLE TO PLANT THE IDEA HIS ROBOT WAS HARMLESS...



PARDON ME, COMMANDER--ARE YOU READY TO HOLD DISCIPLINE FOR THE COOK?

YEAH, LET'S HAVE HIM...

I'M OBLIGED TO REMIND YOU, SIR--I GAVE HIM PERMISSION TO GO OUT LAST NIGHT.



DID YOU GIVE HIM PERMISSION TO GET FALLING-DOWN DRUNK?

DRUNK, SIR? ASK DOCTOR OSTROW, SIR: 4 PINTS OF 120-PROOF BOURBON FROM THAT ROBOT-- WITHOUT A TRACE OF HANG-OVER ON IT--JUST ISN'T NATURAL.



YOU WERE WITH THE ROBOT LAST NIGHT?! EVEN WHILE THE CHIEF WAS BEING KILLED?



YES, SIR. HE AND I WERE SORT-OF TOASTING TO EACH OTHER'S GOOD HEALTH--FOR CORDIAL "INTERPLANETARY RELATIONS," YOU MIGHT SAY.

I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I COULD GET THAT STIFF IN FIVE MINUTES...!

I DON'T. DISMISSED!



THAT SORT OF WASHES THE ROBOT UP...

WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US FOR SUSPECTS?

MAYBE IT LEAVES US WITH THE SAME ONE. MAYBE YOU AND I OUGHT TO DROP BY THAT KRELL LABORATORY --AND GET OUR I.Q.'S BOOSTED A COUPLE OF HUNDRED PERCENT.



SIR, THE BURIAL DETAIL IS READY.



OH...



"...WE COMMIT THE BODY OF OUR COMRADE TO THE SOIL OF THIS PLANET IN THE NAME OF GOD--"



--EARTH TO EARTH...
ASHES TO ASHES...
DUST TO DUST.



COMPANY
DISMISSED.

HE WAS A FINE
TECHNICIAN. GOOD
SHIPMATE.



THAT'S A GOOD
EPITAPH FOR ANY
SPACEMAN.



GOOD DAY,
DOCTOR MORBIUS.

I...DARE SAY NEITHER
OF US SLEPT ANY,
LAST NIGHT.

THAT'S A
CLOSE GUESS.



WHILE YOUR SHIP WAS
STILL IN SPACE, I WARNED
YOU--I **BEGGED** YOU--
NOT TO LAND ON
THIS PLANET!

BELIEVE ME,
COMMANDER--
THAT IS ONLY
A FORETASTE.



THE **BELLEROPHON**
PATTERN IS BEING
WOVEN AGAIN.

YOUNG MAN, LET ME **URGE**
YOU--AND MY DAUGHTER JOINS
ME IN **URGING** YOU--TO LEAVE
WHILE THERE IS STILL
TIME!

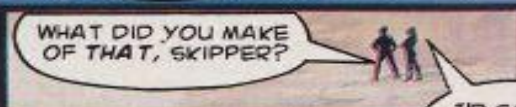




"--AND WHEN THIS CRUEL ILLUSION OF LOVE HAS FAILED YOU, PERHAPS YOU WILL DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF THAT YOUR LIFE HERE WAS KINDLIER THAN THE LIFE OF EARTH."



"I SIMPLY SEEM TO... VISUALIZE IT, SOMEHOW. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY CALL IT A PREMONITION!"



I'D SAY IT SOUNDED LIKE AN ULTIMATUM!



GET ALONG WITH THAT GEAR!
I WANT A CLEAR FIELD OF FIRE
IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

AT LEAST THREE
HEAVY UNITS COVERING
EVERY POINT ON THE
PERIMETER.

BOSUN, HOW SOON
WILL RADAR BE
OPERATIONAL?

OPERATIONAL
RIGHT NOW,
SIR.

"GOOD...YOU
KEEP ON IT
YOURSELF."

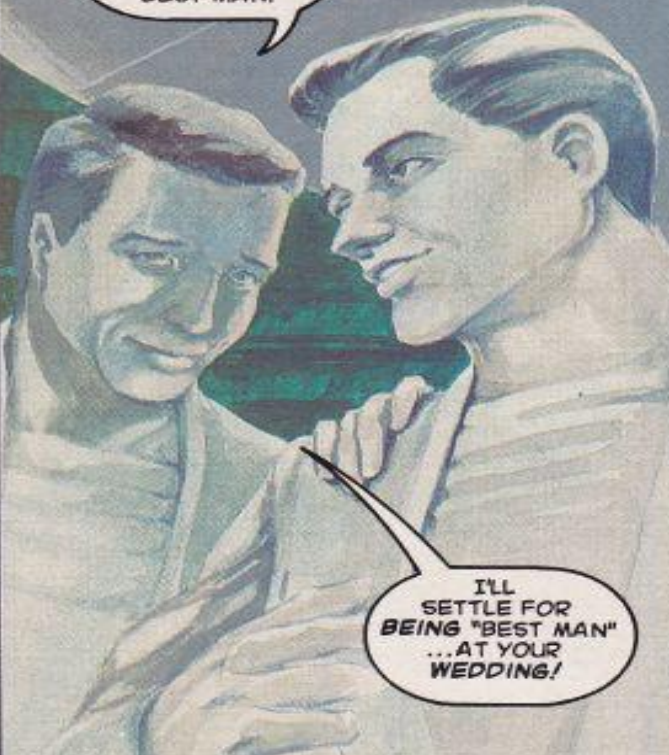


WELL, LIEUTENANT--
IS YOUR TROUBLE-SQUAD
READY?

IN HAND BUT
SLIGHTLY TRIGGER-
HAPPY, SIR.

JERRY, LOOK--THIS MAY BE A BIG DEAL
COMING UP. I'M SORRY IF I'VE LEANED ON
YOU AT ALL, BUT--

STOP KNOCKING
YOURSELF OUT,
SKIPPER. SHE
PICKED THE
BEST MAN.



I'LL
SETTLE FOR
BEING "BEST MAN"
...AT YOUR
WEDDING!

ATTENTION:
ACTIVATE MAIN
BATTERIES--
FIRE!!

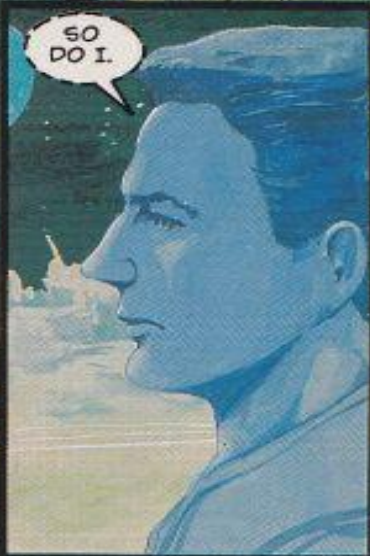


FZZZZRRR

WE'RE SAFE--

--I HOPE.

SO
DO I.



SIR, THE RADAR
HAS PICKED UP
SOMETHING. NORTH-
EAST BY NORTH.



BRUMM

HRRRMMMM

MOVING...?

THIS WAY, SIR--!



DIRECT SEARCH-
LIGHTS NORTHEAST
BY NORTH.



DOC-- YOU
SEE ANYTHING
OUT THERE?

NO.



ATTENTION: THIS MAY BE
A RUSE TO DIVERT ATTENTION
FROM SOME OTHER PORTION
OF THE PERIMETER.



YOU MEN WILL
CONTINUE WATCHING
ON YOUR OWN IMMEDIATE
FRONTS. THAT IS ALL.

WELL,
BOSUN--?

IT JUST STOPPED
AT THE EDGE OF THE
CLEARED AREA.



YOU'RE SURE YOU'VE GOT A REAL BLIP THERE?

BIG AS A HOUSE, SIR.

IT'S COMING ON AGAIN.

STRAIGHT ACROSS?

IT SAYS HERE-- ABOUT HALFWAY ACROSS, SIR.

STILL COMING--

--RIGHT AT THE FENCE, COMMANDER!!

BRRZZT

THERE, SKIPPER-- JUST LIKE LAST NIGHT!

BRRZZT

STEADY ALL HANDS.

BRRZZT

BRUMM

WHA--?

FOOTSTEPS!

SKIPPER--

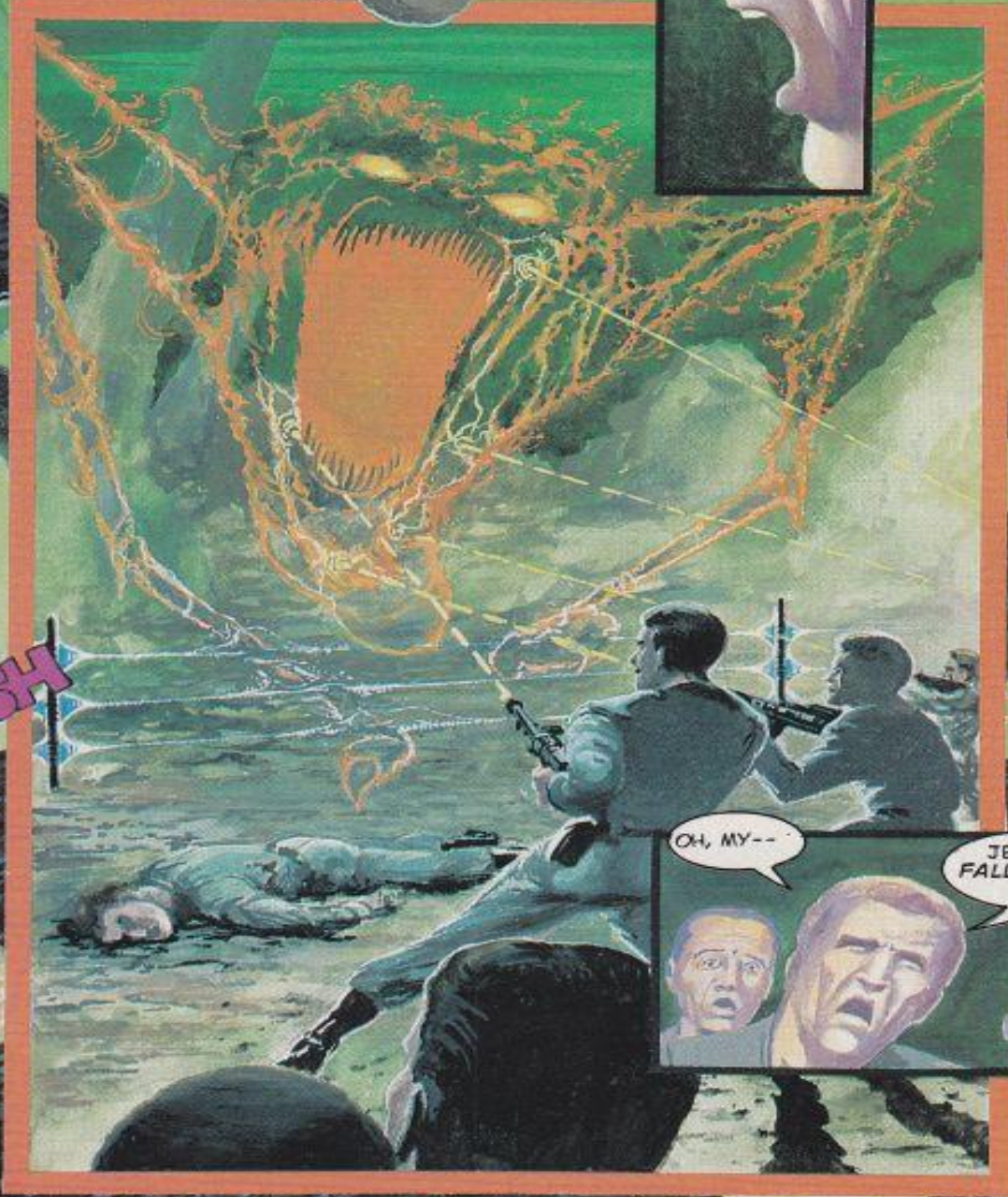
--THE BLASTED THING'S INVISIBLE!!

ZRRRAK!

FIRE!!

UNNGHH!

URRGH



VRZZZSSH

OH, MY--

JERRY-- FALL BACK--!



AHHHHH!

VRRRZZZHHH
ROOOOAAAR



WHUMP

MAIN BATTERY: FIRE ONE.

FIRE TWO!

FIRE THREE!

FIRE FOUR!

ROOOOAR

VRRRZZZHHH

POUR IT ON!!

IT'S STILL COMING!

INNOVATION

The Face Of The Gorgon

In 1956, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences saw fit to nominate only two films for the coveted Best Special Effects Oscar. One of them was the most expensive film ever made up until that time, a widescreen Technicolor spectacle with lots of gaudy, obvious process shots and visible matte lines marring every effects-heavy scene.

The other film, by comparison, was more subtle, innovative and convincing in every respect...no small accomplishment, considering the fact that its creators were forced to come up with a whole new planet -- complete with its own idiosyncrasies, not to mention a totally alien technology -- and make it all believable to an audience of baby boomers.

Not surprisingly, the big, gaudy spectacle -- Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* -- eventually took home the Oscar. To audiences who had waited nearly four long hours to see the Red Sea part in Technicolor and VistaVision, matte lines around every expensive wave were a small price to pay for seeing a "miracle" unfold before their very eyes.

But the *real* miracle -- especially for science-fiction fans who had bought their tickets to the other Oscar nominee expecting to see the kind of space opera propagated by films like *Flight To Mars* and *This Island Earth* -- was that *Forbidden Planet* was light-years better than anything they could possibly have imagined.

More significant, the world's press were also taken completely off-guard by this unexpectedly intelligent and sophisticated feat of film magic, as long-jaded critics like *The New York Times'* Bosley Crowther raved: "Fasten your seat belts...get those space helmets clamped to your heads and hang on tight, because we're taking off this morning on a wonderful trip to outer space...and we suggest you extend a invitation to Mom and Dad to go along." Crowther went on to use the highest possible

superlatives about everything from the art direction to the acting to the never-before-heard "electronic tonalities."

He especially marvelled at the ingenuity of the screenplay, as did *Time Magazine* which, after revealing the film's entire plot -- including the Krell machine which had created a "civilization without instrumentalities" -- went on to explain: "Force without form, spirit without substance. They became, in a word, Gods. Or did they? On paper, the answer to this question would seem to nix the picture's intellectual respectability once and for all. But on the screen, it makes King Kong look like an organ grinder's monkey and will probably have the most skeptical scientist in the audience clutching wildly for his atomic pistol."

Even the usually-staid British Film Institute was overwhelmed by *Forbidden Planet*: "This is MGM's first venture into the science-fiction field -- and to make the film worthy of the occasion, more than a year was spent in authentic research into what the world of 200 years or so hence will be like...the result is both startling and persuasive! This is no space "cartoon" legend. It really impresses every type of audience from young to old with its authentic and possible adventures off this earth!"

Possible or not, *Forbidden Planet* certainly *seemed* more plausible than any SF film that had gone before, aided immeasurably by its classically-inspired, Shakespeare-tinged script which conjured up images of forces beyond our control. In demonstrating the incalculable power of the Krell reactors, Morbius had cautioned us to "look only in the mirror...after all, Man does not behold the face of the Gorgon and live!"

Thirty-six years and countless science-fiction films have done little to diminish *Forbidden Planet's* impact, especially on many of today's filmmakers, who continue to gaze intently into that mirror in an effort to recapture the haunting eloquence of its unique achievement...combining a complex morality play with a mystery older than man and a power that could destroy the universe...and wrapping it all up on a note of hope for mankind's future among the stars.

-- Steve Friedman
"Mr. Movie"

Steve Friedman earned the nickname "Mr. Movie" for many reasons, which you've already learned reading this space in previous issues. *Robby the Robot* really, truly lives in Steve's den.



Next Issue:

**MONSTERS
FROM THE ID!**

*A Mind Is A
Terrible Thing...
To Waste.*



J.J. ADAMS



"DOC" OSTROW



JERRY FARMAN



BRIAN QUINN



DOCTOR MORBIUS



ALTAIRA