

Edmond Hamilton (1943)

TCEI Animation (1978)



The Story of
Joan Randall
&
Curtis Newton

(hey - even if this guy is the hero of the stories - lady's first ...)

Part 9

Magic Moon

Die Rolle seines Lebens

Silence, on Tourne !

Introduction

Focus of this story is the relationship (if there is one anyway, you can decide by yourself then) between Ms. Secret Agent and Mr. Superhero. But I'll try to cover the main events of the adventure as well (as they are shown in the french anime) and the differences between book and movie ... They never meet in privacy but always while hunting some villains or because one of them is in danger while the other tries to save her / him - so this is the only way to tell their story anyway.

But no guarantees are given. If you think something should be included or changed, tell me:

harraps@gmx.com

The order of the adventures

differ the same way. This makes things VERY complicated, when in the novels the two are already in "kissing status" and in the anime don't dare to look at each other ... grumbl...

To make things more confusing, the German anime (A) and novel (N) titles differ, too.

Anyway, the order of this love-story ☺ follows the French DVD anime-version.



N 01 CF & the Space Emperor	01 Die lebende Legende	
A	02 Der Herrscher von Megara	01 L'Empereur de L'Espace
N 02 Calling Captain Future	02 Kollisionsziel Erde	
A	06 Der schwarze Planet	07 La Planète Noir
N 03 Captain Future's Challenge	03 Die Gravium-Sabotage	
A	05 Der Kampf um die Gravium-Minen	02 Les Cinq Mines de Gravium
N 04 Captain Future's Triumph	04 Der Lebenslord	
A	11 Das gefährliche Lebenselixier	11 La Source de L'Immortalité
N 05 CF & the 7 Space Stones	05 Diamanten der Macht	
A	03 Das Geheimnis der 7 Steine	06 Le Secret des Sept Pierres
N 06 Star Trail to Glory	06 Sternstrasse zum Ruhm	
A	-	14 La course à travers le Système Solaire
N 07 Magician of Mars	07 Der Marsmagier	
A	07 Der Zauberer vom Mars	05 L'Univers parallèle
N 08 The Lost World of Time	08 Im Zeitstrom verschollen	
A	01 Die Zeitmaschine	03 Départ pour le Passé
N 09 Quest beyond the Stars	09 Die Materiequelle	
A	04 A. d. Suche n. d. Quelle d. Materie	04 Le Créateur Universel
N 10 Outlaws of the Moon	10 Das Erbe der Lunarier	
A	-	-
N 11 The Comet Kings	11 Im Schatten der Allus	
A	10 Die Elektromenschen	10 La Comète de Halley
N 12 Planets in Peril	12 Held der Vergangenheit	
A	12 Planet in Gefahr	12 Le Semeurs de Givre
N 13 Face of the Deep	13 Planetoid des Todes	
A	08 Mitgefangen im Weltall	08 La Révolte des Prisonniers
N 14 Worlds to come	14 Invasion der Sverd	
A	-	-
N 15 Star of Dread	15 Stern des Grauens	
A	13 Ein gefährliches Geheimnis	13 La Caverne de Vie
N 16 Magic Moon	-	
A	09 Die Rolle seines Lebens	09 Silence, on Tourne!

What ? You think THIS is confusing ???

This is how the two look in the US-Pulp:



Biggest difference is the colour of Joan's hair and eyes: both brown instead of blonde / blue.

And she's never wearing this red pack, always something different in each story.

For further questions please refer to: <http://www.capitaineflam.free.fr/>

It's sad but I do have to destroy one illusion: They never, ever kiss in the anime, even if you may sometimes think that the tape is going to rip (or the DVD is going to melt) if they don't take their chance NOW.

Sorry - but the novels make up for that. AND they are addressing each other with the first names and use "Du / tu" instead of "Sie / vous" very soon (in "Calling CF"). Difficult to notice in English - but translating "Sie / Vous" as "Thou" ? Better not ☺. In the animes they stick to the "Captain / Sie / vous"-stuff almost all the time, especially in emotional & dramatic scenes. Hopeless...

The first kiss ? We had that already ... ☺

By the way - there's another Space-Dreamteam - for them deep-freezing of one part of them does tremendous wonders to their love-life :-D

But as far as I can see, this is the only thing our lovers haven't tried. They got kidnapped (uncountable times), tortured, burned, imprisoned, thrown super-troupers at, crashed with an spaceship on an instable planet, been hypnotised, stunned, suffocated, undergone partition of body and soul (twice), immobilised, electrified, gene-mutated (or something like that), beaten, shot at (all the time) - did I forget something ?

One should really think they know & trust each other very well by now.

Names

... all the time different in the novels and the animes *sigh*. If you get lost, you can check here for the main characters:



Pulp (USA)

Curtis Newton
Joan Randall
Otho
Grag
Ezra Gurney
Simon Wright
Johnny Kirk
Eek
Oog
Comet
Cosmolem

Anime (D)

Captain Future
Joan Lander
Otto
Grag
Eszella Garnie
Simon Wright
Ken Scott
Yiek
Oak
Comet
Cosmoliner

Anime (F)

Capitaine Flam
Johann Landore
Mala
Crag
Ezla Garni
Simon Wright
Ken Scott
Limaille
Frégolo
Cyberlabe
Cosmolem

I stucked to the pulp-names of all of the other characters, when in doubt, because at least I knew how to write them correctly...

But as a devoted fan (why else would you read this, anyway ?) you'll find your way, I'm sure.

Cut scenes

The biggest problem for me when writing this special summary was that in the German version a lot of J&C-scenes were cut to make the series fitting into the German TV-schedule. Thanks to a French Flam friend (the creator of this website you visited to get this), who wrote down a lot of scenes for me, I could grab the meaning of some of them - but as you will see, the work isn't finished yet. So any help will be appreciated. French language will do, meanwhile I can read it quite well - got that hint, hmmmmm ??? ☺ Up to now obviously almost nobody ... so no complaints about incompleteness please.

However:

Enjoy !

Main storyline:

A movie company wants to get CF's adventure on the screen to be the next summers blockbuster. They are sponsored by somebody who obviously (if not to us, but to Mr. Newton & Co.) has something else on his mind: He insisted on filming the entire stuff on location. So not only our crew decides to "join" the team, but somebody else, too ☺.

And because it is that hilarious, I won't withhold the pulp title from you ...

Please notice the corkscrew on Ms Randalls belt - but even the strongest wine would loose it's bouquet under water - and drinking wouldn't help solving problematic relationships anyway ...

I had the original novel at hand, so you'll get this time heaps of excerpts...



Ok, let's jump into the story:



Hey August, this'll answer your question where the Future-Crew gets their money from:

They earn it with gambling ... !!! Hahahahahaha ☺

In the novel the story starts a bit different:

The Crew returns from some journey, and:

And more than homesickness beckoned Captain Future Earthward. On green old Earth was the girl he loved, Joan Randall, secret agent of the Planet Patrol. He was counting the hours till he saw her again.

Next time take her with you, then you won't have to count... Anyway - this job is the minimum for the girl friend of a hero. I'm happy Eddie let her have an interesting and sophisticated (?) job. The whole story wouldn't be half as funny if she'd been only sort of "arm-candy" to the hero.

So in the novel the crew gets the call still "airborne":

Curt Newton's gray eyes gleamed with the light of adventure. With characteristic swiftness of resolution, he had decided his course.

And bingo - Joan is already forgotten.

Some centimetres above he couldn't await getting her into his arms and kiss her (yes, KISS - talking about the novel here ☺) - but as soon as an adventure lures round the corner, Joanie.baby is completely forgotten. Mr. Newton, you SHOULD invest some training in handling your emotions.



President and the man concerned doesn't seem to be too enthusiastic about the script, so the director will soon have a problem less:



"He's the only one we've found yet who looks even remotely like Captain Future."

Pardon me ? It should be easy enough to find a handsome young man, colour his hair and let him wear some lenses - even 1943. Ed.... But for the sake of the story I'll let you pass along with that.

But somebody else is doubting the abilities of the new found star of the screens:

Jeff Lewis was speaking to the sceptical Willard.

"Remember, this will be an action picture. He won't have to do any emoting in close-ups."

So this is the perfect picture for Curtis - YES !

And his costume isn't exactly the same as in the animes:

It was a gray zipper-suit such as Captain Future habitually wore. There was a slim atom-pistol in the holster at its belt.

No blue thingy... whatever it is, anyway ... Anybody has an idea ???



The actress playing the leading female role looks as if not exactly looking forward. If she only knew...



Grag and Simon Wright were waiting for them there. And with them was an aging man in the uniform of the Planet Patrol, a white-haired, wrinkled veteran whose bleak old eyes lightened with pleasure.

"Cap'n Future," he exclaimed. "I thought you were still out in deep space, till I got your message today."

Marshal Ezra Gurney, old comrade of Futuremen, pumped Curt Newton's hand. "Wait'll Joan hears you're back," he chuckled.

"She mustn't know, Ezra," Curt Newton said earnestly. "We're up to our necks in a dangerous business and I don't want Joan tangled in it. And she'd insist on going with us, if she knew."

"Goin' where?" asked the old marshal keenly. "What's up?"

Captain Future rapidly explained. Gurney's weatherbeaten face lengthened as he heard. "Just name what you want done," said the old veteran promptly.

"I want you to take the Comet out to Styx and wait there for us," Captain Future said. "We'll need our ship."

"But won't the Comet be recognized, and give the show away?" asked Ezra Gurney.

"Paint it up to look like a battered little space-cruiser," Curt Newton told him "You can be an interplanetary prospector who heard of the diamondstrike on Styx. Of course, you'll have to get yourself temporarily suspended from the Patrol so that you can legally go there."

Ezra Gurney nodded. "I can do all that. I'll be waiting for you right in Planet Town, the foreign colony on Styx."

Same in anime and novel.... Curtis, will you NEVER learn ? You know what is going to happen as soon as she finds out...

What YOU want is of no interest here - she'll have her way, be sure.

What I never understood is, why there is a city for non-inhabitants on this planet / moon.



No comment. from me, but lots from Otho and Grag ☺. But - uh - guys: Never ever tease your boss, especially NOT with his girlfriend, even if you raised him... he'll take revenge whenever he can !

The other object was a similar replica of the Brain - a square, transparent box with a 'face' and lenseyes like Simon Wright's. Inside it was a plastic gray copy of a human brain.

Good ole Simon needs a working pump system to survive - do they really think nobody will notice the difference ? Even if assumed movie-makers are not the brightest - even they should grab this.

In the novel the trick was easier concerning the fact that Simon still couldn't fly in the adventure on which the movie is supposed to be based on.



The listeners at the door... get to hear a somewhat heated debate...

"She does it for you only, Captain !" But Captain doesn't seem to be too happy with this. Strange...



The poor director isn't to be envied. The lady tells him off like he's never been before. He should've been aware of that. - but maybe he underestimated her character and didn't do his "homework" properly.

BTW Curtis: Even if you're a little bit handicapped with handling emotions, you should know that this is a sign that she not has just a crush on you but likes you as a friend & lover. In case you haven't noticed before...



In the novel no Ken.

Otho, made up again as Rizo Thon, darted into the property room excitedly. He brought dismayed news.

"Chief, I thought you were going to keep this whole business from Joan. Well, she's here in the studio at the present moment."

Curt Newton was thunderstruck. "Impossible! Joan doesn't even know that we're back yet from outer space."

"Nevertheless, she's here," retorted the android. "She's out there talking to Jeff Lewis now."

Incredulously, Captain Future hurried out across the noisy, big studio. He found Jeff Lewis by the door of his office.

And with the telepicture producer was a figure at sight of which his heart leaped. An Earthgirl, slim in severe brown jacket and space-slacks, whose dark hair was bare and whose firm, lovely little face was flushed with emotion of some sort as she talked.



It was Joan Randall - the secret agent of the Planet Patrol who had been the gay, gallant comrade of the Futuremen on many adventures, and whom Curt Newton loved.

He wanted to stride forward and take her in his arms, but he forced down the impulse. He dared not let Joan Randall know of the hazardous enterprise on which they Futuremen were engaged. He knew only too well that she would insist on joining them, to her own grave peril.

So - what ? She obviously knows what to expect when on tour with the guys, and especially with Mr. Newton. Better to be in the thick of it with the people one likes (don't dare to use another word here ☺) than twirling thumbs all alone at home. No risk - no fun ! Very nice is the hint that ladies had to wear a hat back then.

Joan was speaking indignantly to the producer. "I won't stand for it, Mr. Lewis! As soon as I heard about this picture you're planning, I came here to protest against it. I won't allow you to make a cheap, silly thriller about Captain Future."

Jeff Lewis tried to soothe her. "It'll be a great film, Miss Randall - a tribute to the Futuremen. There won't be a thing in it that isn't true. Why, we're going to enormous risk and expense to film it in the identical scenes of their exploits."

"The Ace of Space!" said Joan scornfully. "It's absurd! Captain Future isn't a glory-hunting story-hero. He's a real man, the finest in the System, who has risked his life and endured every form of hardship to help the System peoples, to crush criminals preying on them and to push the frontiers of space further back."

"And you want to make money by glamorising a man like that! I won't permit it! The Futuremen can't protest, for they're still out in deep space, but I'm here and I'll adopt every possible legal means to halt this silly picture."

Curt Newton's heart warmed to her staunch loyalty. And Jeff Lewis looked more worried.

"You couldn't legally stop the picture, because everything in it will be true," the producer answered. "The story of 'The Ace of Space' is based on the epic struggle of the Futuremen with the Legion of Doom, and every incident of the plot really happened."

Joan Randall was unappeased. "Unless I'm certain your story is going to stick to the truth, I'll ask for an injunction against your making the film. It will at least delay the thing until Captain Future returns."

"You mustn't do that," pleaded Jeff Lewis. "Our expedition is all ready to start. I have an idea. Come into my office and I think we can iron this out."

They came face to face with Curt Newton as they turned around. Newton held his breath. He wore his 'Chan Carson' disguise. But he was not sure that it would be proof against Joan Randall's keen glance.

She seemed startled by the sight of him. For just a moment gladness leaped into her brown eyes. Then it died away as she looked at him more closely.

"For a moment, I thought-," she began.

"You thought it was Captain Future?" Jeff Lewis finished for her, smiling. "It's no wonder, for we picked him for the close resemblance. This is Chan Carson, who is to play Future in the film."
Joan looked frowningly at 'Chan Carson'. "You don't look like a spaceman to me."
Newton answered timidly. "No, I've never been off the Earth. I hope I don't get space-sick on this trip."
Her brown eyes snapped. "And you are going to play Captain Future."
There was the ghost of a smile in Curt Newton's eyes as he watched her and Jeff Lewis enter the producer's office.



Unsteadily, Newton rose to his feet. His real motive was a desire to inspect the lower decks as soon as possible. Suddenly he stiffened. He saw, farther along the deck, a slim feminine figure in gray space-slacks who was looking down through the transparent deck-wall at the receding Earth. It was Joan Randall !
"She isn't coming with us, is she?" he asked Willard in dismay.
Willard nodded. "Why, yes, she is. Jeff told me this morning."
Captain Future felt stunned. He started along the deck, and then met Jeff Lewis and Valdane. The chubby financier was frowning.
"It's the first I knew of it," Jon Valdane was saying angrily. "Why in the world should you bring that snooping girl Patrol agent along?"
Lewis shrugged helplessly. "I had to. She was going to delay our starting, because she thought our picture would be a libel on her friends, the Futuremen. I finally had to offer to take her along so that she could check on the picture as we made it, and give it her okay."

Jon Valdane's ordinarily beaming pink face looked ugly.
"She could have been handled in other ways," he snapped. "But it's too late now."
They passed on. Joan Randall had disappeared. And Captain Future remained rooted, chilled by premonitory dread.
Joan's loyalty to himself had unwittingly catapulted her into this devil's ship of conspiracy where her danger was extreme. Valdane did not want her aboard. He might take drastic means to get rid of her.
Curt Newton groaned inwardly. He could not reveal himself to her without entangling her further in danger. He must continue to play his strange part if he was to penetrate the great plot against Magic Moon.



The crushing down super-trouper (© - hi, Ann !) is an pure TOEI-invention. But I like this variation of the scene very much, especially when she tells the director to watch his words when talking to her... The German version is much softer.

OK, there IS one big difference between movie and novel:



I could've sworn that the blonde actress was supposed to be the "Joan" in the movie and always wondered, why the real Joan never protested, never even seemed to notice (just look what the actress is wearing !)... We discussed that in the forum, and VSG suggested that she maybe was so distracted with defending her beloved Captain that it simply slipped her attention.

BUT:

"What you must do," Lewis was lecturing Curt Newton, "is to tell yourself, 'I am Captain Future.' Then you'll act more like him."

Curt Newton managed to keep his face solemn. "I'll try, Mr. Lewis," he stammered. "I've been space-sick so much, that it's made it harder for me."

Ron King, the exquisite-looking juvenile lead of "The Ace of Space," raised his eyebrows superciliously at Newton. "You really shouldn't have taken the part when you're such a bad space-sailor."

"He's about as good a space-sailor as he is an actor," gibed Lura Lind. "He's ruined every scene with me so far."

"Let Carson alone," growled the producer. "He'll be all right."

Joan Randall, slim in her gray spaceslacks, had stood in the background watching the scene with a faint contempt in her brown eyes.

"Captain Future wouldn't use melodramatic language like that," she told Jeff Lewis now. "It's not like him at all."

"Miss Randall, will you please give me a little leeway in making this picture," begged the producer impatiently. "I'm keeping my promise to stick to the truth in depicting the Futuremen's exploits, ain't I? Please let me direct the dialogue myself."

Jim Willard, his young assistant, intervened diplomatically. "The 'day' is about over, Jeff," he remarked, glancing at his watch.

"All right, that'll be all for this time," Jeff Lewis said wearily to the troupe. "Hanged if I can get used to these ship 'days' and 'nights'."

Lo Quior and his technicians started stowing away the cameras. The actors streamed off to their cabins to remove their make-up before dinner.

What a pity - it would have been so nice to have a kissing scene in the script with a "wrong" Joan and a "correct" Curtis. I'm not nice, I know... *sigh* **really big grin** ☺



Curtis and pal Otho try to get her off the set as quick as possible, the trick doesn't work out - and the poor producer gets another whack from her. I bet he'll change his job as soon as possible...

But please take a look at the two screenshots above: Curtis is deeply concerned about Joan's security - but can't suppress a faint smile, thinking about her efforts to guard his honour.



Trick worked so far, she leaves - but is followed by somebody dangerous - so it's Otho to the rescue.

"What did you do about Joan?" Newton asked in a whisper. "Remember, I'm counting on you to see that she goes no further on this trip."

Otho grinned. "Don't worry, I fixed it in Jungletown. She'll get a hurry call back to Earth from the Patrol. I know the Patrol code!"

Jeff Lewis was barking at Curt Newton. "Carson, you're not listening. Will you pay attention?"

Then Lewis continued. "This is one of the most important episodes of our picture. 'The Ace of Space,' as you know, re-creates the struggle of the Futuremen with the Legion of Doom. Most of it we'll film on Styx, but the scenes here and in Neptune's submarine cities are vital."

Joan Randall protested indignantly. "I told you before that the Futuremen didn't touch Jupiter in the Legion of Doom case. That was in the Space Emperor case."

Jeff Lewis groaned. "I know, I know, but can't I insert a few of their former adventures into my script to heighten the effect?"

Joan Randall looked as though she would protest further. But at that moment a breathless Jovian youngster came running into the camp and handed her a slip of paper. "Message for you that just came in on the telaudio."

Joan Randall frowned as she read, and then turned. "I've got to go back to Jungletown."

"There's no truck ready to return-," Jim Willard began.

"I can walk," she replied. "I'm not afraid of Jovian jungles."

She hurried away and disappeared in the jungle trail.

Curt Newton felt relief. Otho's stratagem was working.

Then he noticed Valdane whispering rapidly to Kin Kurri. And in a moment the tall Saturnian also turned to leave the location-camp.

Women don't grouse, they just tell it again and again and again and ag.....

"It's too hot for me here," he explained. "I'm from a chilly planet, remember. I'm going back to the ship."

Captain Future felt sharp apprehension as he saw Kin Kurri hastily take the trail by which Joan had left a moment or so before. Why had Valdane sent the Saturnian after Joan Randall?

He started to follow. But Jeff Lewis' angry bellow halted him. "Where the devil are you going, Carson? Come back here."

Curt Newton was stymied. He turned and whispered rapidly to Otho. "Kin Kurri is following Joan. I don't like it. Go after them."

[...]

And Captain Future felt a throb of thankfulness as he saw that Joan Randall was there to meet them.

Joan Randall greeted Jeff Lewis indignantly. "That was a clever trick of yours to get rid of me - sending me a fake call from Earth!"

Jeff Lewis looked bewildered. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"Someone sent me a fake message to return to Earth headquarters," Joan said wrathfully. "I'd have gone, too, if I hadn't suspected it was a trick and called headquarters myself."

"I don't know anything about it," the producer said emphatically. "I've got troubles enough of my own right now. Sam! Lo Quior! Get ready for takeoff. We're all through here on Jupiter."

Though disappointed by the failure of his stratagem to get Joan out of this dangerous expedition, Captain Future nevertheless felt relief that she had come to no harm from Kin Kurri.

He looked around and saw Kin Kurri himself. The tall, cadaverous Saturnian had apparently been waiting at the ship.

Curt Newton didn't see Otho, in the throng around the ship. Neither was Otho in the cabin they shared.



To have a smart girlfriend has its disadvantages, my friend... You should've known that she won't fall for this ! She's supposed to be a Top Agent, my boy !! So Joan got safely back to the ship - but Otho disappeared ...

"If you're worrying about the Randall girl-" Kin Kurri began.

"Su Thuar will take care of the girl before we reach Styx." Valdane interrupted. "But if Rizo Thon was a Patrol spy, there may be others aboard. What about this Chan Carson, whose cabin Rizo Thon shared?"

"Carson?" repeated the Saturnian incredulously. "That timid, stuttering fool? You surely don't have any suspicions of him?"

"Oh, well, I can make certain that Carson is no spy, if it'll make you feel any easier," growled Kin Kurri. "I know a way."

Now we get two scenes (the other one a little bit later) the romantic hearts long for - and the scenes with the worst discontinuity in drawing EVER. These faults are so obvious somebody SHOULD have noticed. I arranged myself with the 3 different "artists", who were responsible for Joan (for Curtis there seems to only one), as can be seen with the different styles, no complaints anymore, but this ... *sigh* Children's anime...

In the german novel the watch in the following scene is the ring he usually wears - in the original pulp-version none of these... hmpf. And in the anime she's upset because he uses her first name instead of Ms R. / L.

Curt Newton stopped suddenly as he entered the passage upon which lay his own cabin. A man was crouching at his cabin door, fumbling with the catch. The catch gave way and the crouching figure stealthily stepped into Curt Newton's dark cabin. He clutched in his hand a small, gleaming object. Captain Future had already drawn his atom-pistol from inside his jacket. He tip-toed silently but swiftly down the corridor. He reached his open door and vaguely glimpsed the dark figure of the stealthy visitor, just inside it. Curt Newton leaped in, his weapon raised. His pistol-barrel rang down on the head of the shadowy prowler. The man slumped back down in the doorway. By the dim light from the corridor, Curt Newton now saw the senseless figure's face.



"Kin Kurri," he exclaimed, as he recognized the pale blue countenance of the Saturnian politician. Now what the blazes-" Then he noticed that the Saturnian held in his hand a small bottle. Captain Future inspected it. It contained a colorless oil which he recognized as the oil used to remove artificial make-up. "So that's why he sneaked in here when he thought I would be sleeping," Curt Newton muttered. "What have you done to Kin Kurri?" a clear voice suddenly demanded.

Captain Future turned, dismayed. It was Joan Randall. She had been coming along the corridor but had stopped at his open door. He realized instantly how incriminating it must look to her, to find him stooping thus over Kin Kurri's senseless body.

"You've stunned him," she explained as she perceived the bruise on the Saturnian's forehead. Her brown eyes flashed. "I'm going to call the captain to investigate this."

Joan Randall turned to carry out her intention, but Captain Future hastily grasped her arm. "No, you mustn't do that."

"Why shouldn't I, Chan Carson?" she flared. "I knew you were a timid little coward but I didn't think you were vicious enough to make an attack like this on an unoffending man."

Curt Newton desperately realized that as things stood he could not dissuade her from giving the alarm. To her, this looked like an utterly unprovoked attack by him upon Kin Kurri.

But if she gave the alarm, if the ship's officers and company were aroused, it would ruin his own plans. He realized that there was only one way in which he could insure Joan's silence.

"Joan, listen," he begged earnestly. "You must be silent. This is Curt speaking. I'm not really Chan Carson - I'm Curt Newton."

Joan Randall's brown eyes grew hot with scorn. "You're trying to deceive me with a clumsy trick. And it won't work."

"It's true," Captain Future insisted. "I've been playing the part of Chan Carson, from the first. I'm on board on a dangerous mission-"

He saw that she did not believe a word of it, that she was about to shout an alarm. Racking his brain for a means of convincing her, Curt suddenly thought of something.

"Listen, Joan. You were with the Futuremen on Aar, the world of Deneb, a world no one else in the System has ever visited. If I tell you the name of the leader of the Clan of the Winged Ones on Aar, won't that convince you that I'm Captain Future?"

Joan Randall looked startled. "How can you know anything about our trip to Aar?"

"I know, because I was with you," Curt Newton retorted. "The name of the leader of the Clan of Winged Ones there is Skeen. Isn't it?"

It convinced the girl. And a wonderful change came over her face. Her brown eyes misted suddenly as she clutched his arm. "Curt, it's really you? But I didn't dream that you'd got back to the System yet."

"I didn't tell you, because I didn't want to drag you into this danger," he said, and added with a groan. "And now you're in the thick of it in spite of my efforts."

"But what's it all about?" she asked wonderingly. "Why is Kin Kurri here?"

"It's a plot of Jon Valdane's against Styx, and Su Thuar and Kin Kurri are his right-hand men," Captain Future answered rapidly. "And now it looks as though Kin Kurri has begun to suspect my imposture. For he sneaked in here with a bottle of make-up remover. He must have intended to drug or overpower me, and then see if I am really Chan Carson."

At that moment came a sound of anxious voices and footsteps hurrying along the corridor toward them. Curt Newton stiffened.

"Your first outcry must have been heard," he exclaimed in dismay.

It was Jim Willard who came down the corridor, and behind the young assistant director were Lo Quior and Su Thuar.

"What happened, Joan?" Willard asked her anxiously. "We were just coming down to turn in, when we thought we heard you cry out."

Then he stopped as he and the other two men caught sight of Kin Kurri lying unconscious, half inside Curt's cabin.



Somebody around who doesn't think that TOEI pulled the emergency brake in the last second ? For me it looks as if they decided in the last minute NOT to let them kiss. If you ever watch this sequence follow the movement closely (I bet you'll do NOW ☺) - continued logically it should have another end. I bet they took out two or three cels and swapped the two layers on the one but last screen-shot of this scene (next page).



Here I want to insert a little conversation with August, with August's comments precisely getting to the point of whole "romance" (conversation was about how / if the crew taught Curtis to handle women):

h: You mean a kind of "manual"? "Do-it-yourself: How to make a conquest in 20 easy to follow steps."?

A: Something of the kind. Or rather "How to make an easy conquest in..."

h: Easy !? You think these two can achieve anything in an EASY way ??? Hahaha !

The most complicated would barely do.... :-)

A: Yes, easy conquest, he had nothing to do to conquer her, just say yes and she will be there.

On the contrary, she is the one needing a bible "How to seduce an old bachelor, a tough case".

☺ August, this is so perfect, it can't be topped ! ☺

And she tried everything till now: Scared girl, tough lady, hugs, skirts so short not to talk about, looks, un - pardon... re-dressing in front of him... All in all, if he's got some male eyes in his stupid head he should already got a pretty good impression of how she looks. Not much secrets left... Even if I'm talking only about the anime-Joan - with the clothing of the other one... brrr.....



And the two can't even hug each other in a proper way... Remember the embrace in which Han Solo took his princess in the last scene in SW VI (Jedi) ? THIS is what I call a tight & loving embrace - but this on the picture above is ... nothing ... But it seems to be enough for Joan. So nice it is seeing her leaning on his chest that happy, confident and relaxed ok... I'll stop complaining ☺

But sometimes TOEI is very good at expressing their characters emotions. Usually the close-ups are done very well...

In the German version Joan is accused of having a kind of flirtation with the star of the movie.... hm ? Did I hear somebody laughing ???



Even if the situation isn't very compromising, they have to think about something quick (anime-pair only).

On the following page you'll see a pair of innocent big blue eyes, expression No. 1: "Who ? Me ???" ☺



Their excuses seem to be doubted...



Joan Randall and Curt Newton were left alone together in his cabin for the moment. She came swiftly into his arms. "Joan," he murmured, holding her, "it's been torture not being able to tell you who I was." He explained rapidly what little he had learned of Jon Valdane's nefarious scheme to get control of the rich diamond-deposits of Styx. "In a couple of days we reach Neptune," Curt Newton concluded, "and Simon and I are going to make a final try there with a brain-scanner to expose this plot. It'll be difficult, but it's the only chance we have." They were interrupted by the return of Jim Willard. With him now were Jeff Lewis, and Jon Valdane himself.

So I may assume she isn't longer in his arms, then ?

"Will I have to go out undersea when we make the Neptune scenes?" Curt Newton asked in trembling tones. "Yes, Carson, you will," barked the producer. "And I'll have no complaints from you about it. I'm getting fed up with your scariness." Joan gave Curt a look of contempt, simulated to perfection. "It's a libel on Captain Future to have him played by such a man as that," she said scathingly. Then they all departed, leaving Curt Newton alone. Captain Future's assumed fearfulness faded into an expression of real worry as he looked after them. He realized that every hour of their flight, every mile that they came nearer to Magic Moon, increased Joan Randall's danger. For her sake, he must not fail at Neptune!



And everybody in unison please.... hrrrngch. In the anime she is told to stay close to the team and NOT to go on solitary excursions. 'kay ☺ as you wish, my lord...



In the novel they all get in panic here and stay calm when approaching the other water planet - in the anime it is exactly the other way round. Strange....

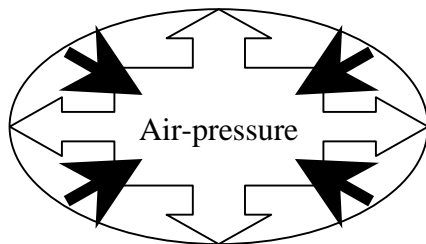
"There's no danger whatever in the Perseus going down to the bottom. A space-ship is built to keep air in, and it will keep water out just as well. And our rocket-tubes are fitted with baffles so we can navigate underwater."

Heavens... brilliant explanation.

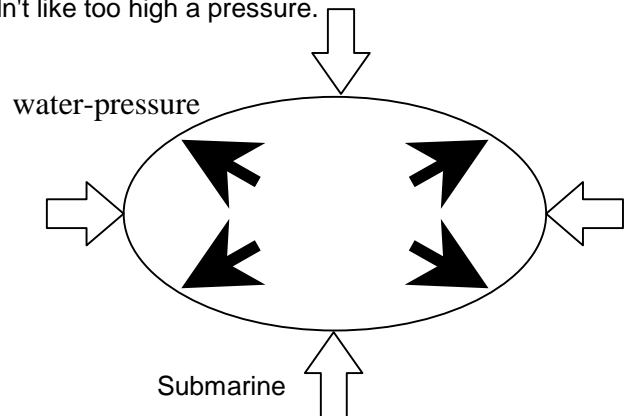
Uh, guys.... a spaceship is not only built to keep the air inside but to withhold the pressure from the inside as well - because there's no pressure to talk about on the outside.

Opposite problem for a deep-water submarine: Mighty pressure on the outside, so the ships structure has to withhold the forces, because the species inside it wouldn't like too high a pressure.

I'll give them about 5 minutes in reality.



Spaceship



Submarine

White are the forces caused by circumstances & surroundings, black are the withholding forces embedded in the ships structures (or "helping-to-survive-forces" ☺). The steel on left has to annihilate pulling forces, the one on the right pressing forces. With steel the first type is easier to cover - the latter would afford a slightly different design. It would be kind of fatal if outer and inner forces (seen from the ships static system) start working in the same direction... And the speed, with which they hit the water - gods....



The suits were simply space-suits with glassite helmets, but they had been especially strengthened and made more rigid to withstand the crushing weight of waters.

This gets better and better....

Joan has two new fans, who will track her from now on... But she should do something with her hair - long hair as that won't fit in the cap of her scuba-outfit. And does she NEVER gets rid of that red pack ??? My, she's wearing it for every purpose - must be Curtis bad influence... He does it all the time.

What gets me thinking about the obviously perfect working laundry service... I never saw anybody carry around any luggage the previous and this adventure. Or the packs are kind of self-cleaning ?



Curt Newton, as he started donning his, saw Joan Randall climbing into hers. She had previously signified her intention of accompanying the undersea party.

It had been Captain Future's idea that she should, as he had explained to her in the only chance he had had to speak with her secretly.

But Curt Newton was disconcerted to see that Su Thuar was also donning one of the sea-suits. The Venusian was going to accompany them!

"I'd like to see what this Neptunian ocean is like," he said.

Curt Newton edged to Joan's side.

ARGH ! YES, TELL HER !! What do you THINK she'll do ??? Stay put ???

In the anime he didn't want her to join the party at all.



"It's an ancient, ruined Jovian city," Joan said .

"They're simply an extreme evolutionary adaptation of the ancient human stock to the Neptunian habitat," Joan Randall declared.

If her career at the Space Patrol doesn't thrive according to her wishes she always can work as a travel guide along the Solar System.



Curtis sneaks away... and now the trouble starts.

It is almost the same in anime and novel with a slight difference... (you'll see later).



Grag can't follow her when she pretends saving "Curtis" who lost his way in the underwater jungle. But the two gentlemen will gladly help out.



So that's it - no air left, but there should be enough. Her enemies sat up a nice trap...

To make sure she got the right outfit, they labelled every of them with the different names...



...and make sure that she is drowning far away from any help. This guy is the last one she sees before fainting: That surely can't be a rescuer - or can it be ?



Luckily Curtis learns about that plan while scanning Waldens brain and rushes off.



WITH quick comprehension, Joan Randall immediately understood when "Chan Carson" terrifiedly reported himself lost in the submarine forest.

Captain Future had told her that he would use some such pretext to slip back to the Perseus, where he and Simon Wright would subject Jon Valdane to the inquisition of their brain-scanner.

"You stay with Lewis and the rest, Joan," he had earnestly warned her. "Grag will be there, too, and you'll be safe from Su Thuar."

But the girl was rebellious. If there was one thing she hated, it was being left out of things because Newton felt anxious about her safety. And she had secretly resolved to follow him back to the ship and share in his precarious attempt there, whether he liked it or not.

Standing in her sea-suit with the others at the edge of the dense submarine forest, she heard the voice of Jeff Lewis angrily calling to "Chan Carson."

[...]

While this was going on, Joan Randall had followed Jim Willard and his two men back to the edge of the submarine forest.

"I'll help you hunt for Carson," she offered. "I know a little about these submarine forests."

"And I'll help too," said a smooth voice on the telaudio.

Joan Randall turned, sharply. It was Su Thuar's voice. The Venusian had unobtrusively stayed near her all during their undersea march and during the scenes at the sea-folk city. And he was still sticking to her.

She remembered Curt Newton's warning against the Venusian. Valdane wanted to get rid of her before they went on to Styx. Su Thuar had probably accompanied them with that purpose in mind.

The girl felt more vexation than apprehension. She was not afraid of the Venusian. But if he stuck too closely to her it would make it difficult for her to steal away secretly from this search, and follow Newton back to the ship. And that was what Joan intended to do.

"All right, we'll separate and beat through this whole sector of the forest," Jim Willard said. "Keep within telaudio range of each other and keep calling Carson. Sooner or later, we'll get an answer."

The young assistant director added an anxious warning.

"Don't go too far in, Joan. It could be dangerous. And Carson isn't worth it."

JOAN RANDALL smiled to herself as she started into the polyp forest. How astounded all these people would be if they knew the real identity of the timid, fearful Chan Carson for whom they showed such open contempt.

She kept up a pretense of searching as she tramped through the dusky glades of grotesque polyp-growths. The small krypton-light she wore at the belt of her sea-suit like the others furnished a limited illumination, and she could see the lights of the others close by.

She heard, on her suit-receiver, the telaudio calls of Jim Willard and the others to the missing "Chan Carson." She called herself, to keep up the pretence. But actually, she was looking for a chance to get away from them and start back to the ship after Curt Newton.

Joan Randall was soon out of sight of Willard, in the dense submarine forest. But on her other side, Su Thuar persistently kept within sight of her lamp's beams. Undoubtedly, the Venusian was trailing her.

He had made no attempt to attack her. She did not fear such an attack, for she was on the alert and had her own efficient atom-pistol at her belt. But she was becoming angry at her inability to slip away while the Venusian was watching her.

Joan decided to lose no more time. She entered a thicket of giant, waving sea-grasses which she knew concealed her completely. At once, she turned off her belt-light. And then she moved as rapidly as possible through the dusky undersea forest in the direction of the ship.

She was now out of sight of Su Thuar's light, and knew that she had given the Venusian the slip. Jim Willard's voice called her anxiously, but she did not answer. Presently the calls faded away, indicating that she was now out of range of the short-radius telaudio.

The anime-Joan does it to prove being worthy a part of the Future-Crew. Oh Joan, if they don't know till now, they'll never.

Joan Randall hurried on through the dusky undersea forest. The Perseus was still at least a mile and a half away, and she had wasted nearly an hour in the pretended search and in getting away from the Venusian. She must hurry if she was to have any chance of joining Curt Newton and Simon Wright in the ship before they attempted their daring expedient.

Shoals of brilliant solar-fish rushed away from her through the waving polyps. The groping tenacle-like arm of a hydra-polyp wrapped around her arm once, but she tore it loose without difficulty and stumbled on through the ooze.

She shrank back suddenly as a huge, black turtle-like creature rose in the shadowy waters ahead of her. Then she laughed shakily to herself. It was only one of the big, harmless "breathers," rising from its burrow on one of its endless trips to the surface to refill its lung-sacs with air.

"I suppose Curt will be angry when I show up to help him," she thought a little apprehensively. "But he might as well learn right now that I'm in on this case with him."

She wondered if Captain Future's brain-scanner would work. She had unlimited faith in the wizard mastery of science of Newton and the Brain. Yet, to snatch a man's secret thoughts from his mind –

Joan Randall suddenly stopped in alarm. The air inside her helmet was suddenly becoming thick and foul.

"The oxygen-tube must be clogged," she thought quickly, and rapped sharply on the aluminoy tank of compressed oxygen at her belt. There was no resulting flow of purified air. But her rapping did have an effect that dismayed her.

The oxygen-gauge on the side of the tank had shown twenty hours' supply of the gas remaining to her. But when she rapped the tank, the needle of the gauge suddenly swung jerkily to "Empty."

"But it can't be empty," she thought bewilderedly. "I've only been out here in this suit a couple of hours."

She hammered anxiously at the tank. There was no response. The needle remained at "Empty." And every moment now, the air inside her helmet was becoming more hot and unbreathable.

Joan came to an appalling realization. The tank had been tampered with! It had been emptied of all but a couple of hours' supply of oxygen, and the gauge had been set to show "Full."

"Su Thuar," she exclaimed. "He did that before we left the ship. That's the way Valdane worked out to get rid of me."

She understood with terrible clarity now, why the Venusian had made no attempt to harm her. Su Thuar hadn't needed to. All he had had to do was to wait till her oxygen ran out and she died from asphyxiation. He had trailed her merely to make certain that happened.

Joan's head was already reeling from the lack of pure air. Since the processes of oxygenation and purification had stopped, she was breathing the air in her suit over and over. In a very few minutes, she must lose consciousness and perish from asphyxiation.

She called desperately to Curt Newton. There was no answer. He was out of telaudio-range of her, ahead.

"I can't make it to the ship," she thought wildly. "And that's the only possible chance-"

The Perseus was still more than a mile away in the submarine forest. There alone, was hope of life. And she could never reach it.

Death stared Joan Randall in the face. She would perish in the next few moments, unless she found air.

Find air here at the bottom of the sea? It seemed a bitter mockery to ask the question. Then into her reeling mind came sudden remembrance.

There was a tiny bit of air at the bottom of the Neptunian sea, in certain places. She had passed one of those places only a few minutes before.

Joan Randall turned and staggered back through the polyp-forest the way she had come. Her brain was spinning from lack of oxygen, and her blood pounded in her temples.

She flashed on her belt-light, desperately searching. Then she saw what she was seeking. It was the "breather's" burrow which she had passed shortly before, from which the creature had risen.

It was no more than a wide, round tunnel down into the floor of the sea. That dark, gaping passage seemed a fearsome place to enter. But Joan Randall knew it was her only chance of living a little longer. She dropped down into the black opening.

The tunnel which the big, turtle-like "breather" had burrowed went down through ooze and then through soft coral. It sank into the coral for twenty feet, then turned and ran horizontally, then rose again.

Joan Randall, gasping and only half-conscious from the roaring in her ears, scrambled up the last section of the queer tunnel. She emerged into the big, hollow pocket in the coral that was the "breather's" home.

This pocket was filled, not with water, but with air! A bubble of air trapped here at the bottom of the sea.

The "breathers" were air-breathing sea-creatures, like the whales of Earth. Survivals of former Neptunian land-life, Curt Newton had told her, who had adapted themselves to the sea when it covered all eroded Neptune. A grotesque wonder of planetary biology.

The creatures, on each of their trips to the surface, could store their lungsacs with enough air for many hours of life underwater. And they could bring air down in their lung-sacs to the cunningly excavated burrows in which it remained trapped, to furnish oxygen to the young of the species who could not yet ascend to the surface.

Joan was nearly unconscious as she clambered up from the water into this dark, airfilled pocket. Her arms seemed leaden and useless as she tried to unfasten her helmet. Her lungs were on fire.

Then she got the helmet off. And air - hot, thick, fishy-smelling but still blessed air - rushed into her nostrils.

Her head cleared a little as she gulped in the air. It was highly compressed by the pressure of the waters that trapped it here. It made her lungs labor to breathe it, but her gasping ceased.

Joan flashed her light around. The burrow was like a big wet cavern of dark coral. Half its floor was water, and the other half was a slightly raised ledge upon which she had pulled herself.

She discovered that she shared the ledge with a brood of five young "breathers." Looking much like big black turtles with soft skin backs instead of shells, they blinked at her light solemnly.

"What a place," she thought, with a little shudder. "I've got to get out of here somehow."

She tried the telaudio in her helmet, calling again. But there was still no answer.

The girl began to feel desperate. The air in this pocket would not last her for many hours. And there was no possible way of using it to replenish her oxygentank so that she could escape from here.

Her senses swam from the thick, fishy odor. She had a chill realization of the hopelessness of her situation. Even if Curt Newton searched for her, how would he ever find her in this place?

But the rest of Valdane's translated thought-memory on that subject, uttered by the scanner, swept that and all else from Newton's mind.

"-but for that very reason, the Randall girl must not reach Styx. Should have taken care of her at Jupiter. Kin Kurri is a stupid blunderer. But Su Thuar will see to her at Neptune. His idea of fixing her oxygen-tank is good. When she smothers, it'll look like an accident to her sea-suit. We don't want any Patrol investigation-"

Captain Future sprang to his feet. His face was deathly white as terrible understanding burst upon him.

"Good gosh," he exclaimed hoarsely. "Joan may be dying out there now. The devils have tampered with the oxygentank of her suit."

He lunged to the door. "Come on, Simon. I've got to get to her. You have to let me back out through the escape-hatch."

The Brain hesitated a moment. "There'll be no further chance to use the scanner on Valdane, for he'll soon come to. And we haven't anything more than a few dim clues."

"To blazes with Valdane and everything else," cried Curt Newton. "Joan may be dying."

He plunged down the corridor with Simon Wright gliding close after him. Possessed by an overpowering fear, he was reckless of discovery but fortune was kind and they met no one in the aft corridors.

At the escape-hatch, Curt Newton delayed a moment to rip open the spacesuit locker beside it and snatch up one of the spare oxygen-tanks of the suits. He inspected its gauge swiftly, then clambered into his own sea-suit, tucked the spare tank under his arm, and entered the hatch.

The inner door of the little airlock slid shut as Simon Wright operated the emergency hatch from within. The outer door opened, and the sea smashed in on Captain Future.

He flung himself out into the dusky waters. And with a cold dread clutching his heart and spurring his muscles, he started in a desperate, dragging run through the weird groves of the polyp forest.

"If she's dead!" his brain throbbed. "If she's dead, I'll kill Su Thuar and Valdane and all the rest of them right here."

He was heading back toward the undersea city of the sea-folk where he had left Joan with the telepicture troupe. Reckless now of the dangers of the depths, he took the straightest course toward it.

Before Curt Newton had covered half the distance, he was suddenly galvanized by a faint call from the little telaudio inside his helmet.

"Joan, is that you?" he cried frantically. "Are you all right?"

FAINTLY the trapped girl's voice came to him.

"Yes," she exclaimed, her tones quivering with gladness as she recognized his voice. "My oxygen ran out. I'm down here in a 'breather's' burrow. It was the only chance I had."

"Joan, stay there - I'm coming," Captain Future promised, his heart pounding with relief. "Keep speaking each few moments so I can know the way to you."

He steered his way through the labyrinthine polyp forest by listening to her frequent calls. Their short-range telaudios, good for a radius of only a few thousand feet, made her voice quickly louder when he went toward her and as rapidly weaker when he was going away from her.

Thus Captain Future groped his way through the dusky undersea groves until he found the entrance of the "breather's" burrow. He dived unhesitatingly down into the dark mouth of the tunnel, and clambered through it until he emerged up into the burrow itself.

By the light of Joan's krypton beltlamp, he perceived the interior of this air-filled pocket under the ocean floor. Joan was crouched upon a rock ledge above the water, and at the other end of the ledge a huge, turtle-like "breather" was protectively guarding its young. The beady eyes of the big, harmless creature watched Curt Newton with apprehension.

Curt Newton ripped off his helmet, and took the shuddering girl into his arms. Joan Randall was nearer to hysteria than he had ever seen her.

"It's been like a nightmare," she sobbed. "And yet it was almost funny when that 'breather' came back and found me in here. It was as scared of me as I was scared of it. I laughed." He fitted the full oxygen tank he had brought to her suit, and they scrambled out of the burrow of the "breather." Then they started hastily through the polyp forest toward the city of the sea-folk.

When they finally emerged from the submarine forest into full view of the telepicture troupe at the city's edge, Jeff Lewis sighted them.

"So you found Carson, Miss Randall. It's about time."

"He was wandering in circles only a quarter-mile inside the forest," Joan Randall said in an exasperated voice.

Jim Willard and Su Thuar came out of the polyp forest.

"We couldn't find Carson anywhere," the Venusian reported.

He stopped suddenly. His sea-suited figure grew stiff with amazement as he glimpsed Joan Randall.

"Where did she come from?" he gulped.

"Miss Randall found Carson," growled Jeff Lewis. "All right, folks, that's all. We're going back to the ship."

Captain Future realized the reason for Su Thuar's stupefaction. The Venusian could not understand how Joan Randall had managed to survive without air.

Curt Newton trembled with bitter anger toward the murderous scoundrel. It was not Su Thuar's fault that Joan Randall was not dead in the polyp forest. The Futureman swore to himself that he would repay the Venusian for that.

Great, first Simon hesitating to save Joan and then Curtis yelling for her using the audio-system... A wonder the fake still works.

Curtis feelings usually only get hopping when Joan is in danger. Hmph - never heard about a candle-light-dinner, my friend ? Among us non-heros this is considered to be quite romantic... But however, Ed gave his heroine finally some pages all alone and she is allowed to save herself.

In the anime Joan is carried by ... into that cavern, but then left alone, what got Curtis quite upset. You want to know who that somebody is ? Hmmm - later. But I'd rather like to see an unconscious Joan in Curtis arms than in somebody else's. Yes, romantic me...I confess everything ☺.



If you're left somewhat puzzled after the following sequence, don't panic. But I won't spoil the stuff for you in case you don't know the story - so I have to withhold some basic information from you...

As TOEI likes to make drastic changes in the story - why on earth couldn't they do it with this scene ? There's so much potential in it. Grmbl. They could even stick to the novel...Deduction in B-mark (like in skating...).



Always keeping proper distance - maybe an onlooker could assume he likes her *rolleyes*. HUG HER, HELL !

The Curtis in the novels is a tiny bit better trained in proper reactions towards hero-standard-situation No. 1: girlfriend, just saved from peril. Both, Joan and Johann, give their respective superman in charge plenty of situations to practise. Maybe the Johann-Curtis is more shy ???

What I DO miss is a second pair of flasks... He is upset the other guy left her back without any extra air but I can't see that HE brought some of the stuff with him !

Wait ! It's dehydrated ... just add water and the tanks are of the folding type...

Hey, if Mr. Hamilton can tinker around with physics to make his story work, I can do too !!!



But when she tells him something that lightens his heart, he's so happy he can't wait to get her into his arms.



Uh - here's somebody heavily hit by Amor's arrows, 5 - 6 minimum... I'd say.





Difficult to see on the single pictures, but he is carrying her on his arms. Please don't think that they tell each other tender or private things - they are discussing the facts.... Words fail me...



TOEI blew that scene, nothing is consistent, neither the diving-outfits nor the movements nor the emotions.



A drinking Curtis seems to leave Joan shocked...





Nice scene - he on his knees in front of her ☺



Look how she's blushing !!! This can't be made up from her.





THIS is a Comet under camouflage ?? Oh please... Ezra did a better job with himself.



Newton went down to his cabin and soon had transformed himself from Chan Carson to Captain Future, even to the gray zipper-suit and stage pistol. Before returning to the others, he slipped down to the dark property-room. "Grag - Simon !" he whispered. They came to his side at once, and he told them rapidly of the mission on which he was being sent ahead. "I'll fix it so the Stygians won't cooperate, and the telepicture party that's to follow me won't reach their city. But I want you to get Joan to stay here with Ezra, if you can." "I will try to make her do so, if I have the chance, but you know better than I how stubborn she is," said the Brain dryly. "She's got to," Newton exclaimed. "Su Thuar will be with the telepicture party when it leaves here, and she'd be in danger out there."

Above you can see who won the debate - even Simon can challenge her, hahaha !

Curtis leaves to set up the fake Walden planned so long ago: He'll pose as CF in order to let the inhabitants of the moon / planet agree to further mining colonies being set up.

And finds back a long lost friend:

"I figured that as Kin Kurri, one of Valdane's associates, I could get to the bottom of the plot. So I took Kin Kurri's clothes, and used the make-up kit I always carry at my belt, to make myself exactly like him. Neither Valdane nor anyone else suspected that I was anyone but Kin Kurri." "But why in blazes didn't you tell me?" Curt Newton demanded. "Chief, I tried to," Otho said earnestly. "The night we left Jupiter, I slipped into your cabin to tell you. I had a bottle of make-up remover with me so that I could prove to you I was Otho, if you doubted." He grimaced. "But you conked me before I had time to explain. When I came to, the others were around and I couldn't speak. I told Valdane I'd had suspicions that made me go to your cabin. Valdane told me I was a fool, and ordered me to stay away from you. So I didn't dare get you apart to tell you, from then on, without running the risk of arousing his suspicions by disobeying his order." Captain Future mopped his brow. "You certainly pulled me out of a nasty hole right now, even though you gave me the shock of my life doing it." [...]

GRAG and Simon Wright, in the dark property room of the Perseus back at Planet Town, had conferred worriedly after Captain Future had left them with his final admonition to see that Joan Randall remained in safety. "I don't see how we're going to get to Joan without giving ourselves away," Grag said anxiously. "Have you any ideas, Simon?" "No, I haven't," said the Brain. "I wish Otho were here." He suddenly whispered a warning. "Someone's coming." They subsided instantly into immobility and silence. It was Su Thuar and two other of Valdane's "bodyguards" who entered. "That's the case there," exclaimed the Venusian criminal, pointing to a metal chest. "Quick, before the property-men come down here." The men picked up the chest, and in a moment they were gone with it. Grag and Simon were mystified, but before they could speculate upon it they heard other footsteps approaching. Joan and Ezra Gurney slipped into the property-room. At first, neither Grag nor the Brain recognized Ezra Gurney in his shabby prospector's clothing and evil-looking white whiskers. Then his familiar drawl sounded. "Danged queer-lookin' automaton over there in the corner, Joan," he chuckled. "Looks almost lifelike, doesn't it?" "Ezra," cried Grag. He strode forward. "Where's the Comet?" "Right here on this landin' field," was the reply. "Only she don't look like the Comet now, but like a battered old spacecruiser." "Are Eek and Oog all right?" Grag asked anxiously referring to the Futuremen's two pets on the Comet. "Sure, they're fat an' sassy," Ezra reassured. Then his face lengthened. "Joan was just tellin' me about Otho." "Otho's not dead," Grag declared stubbornly. "He can't be." Joan interrupted anxiously. "Ezra and I just saw Su Thuar and all the rest of Valdane's 'bodyguards' slip out of the ship into the mist. They had a metal chest with them, and two smaller oblong metal cases." "Those are the cases that contain the native blow-guns they picked up secretly on Jupiter," the Brain said quickly. "The chest they took from the telepicture properties here, but we couldn't see what was in it. Joan, which way did they go?" "Northward, the same way Curt and the other two went." "I don't like that," muttered Simon. "We should warn Curtis." "Simon, you could overtake Curt and warn him if we got you out of the ship without anyone seeing," Joan exclaimed. "I can get Simon out," Ezra said promptly. "I got the run of the ship, for I told this Jeff Lewis I knew a lot about Styx and he asked me to go with their telepicture party as a guide. I can wrap up Simon like a bundle, and smuggle him out that way." "We'll do that," the Brain decided immediately. "It's imperative that I tell Curtis of Su Thuar's party following him." Ezra soon made an innocent-looking bundle of the Brain by wrapping him up in his jacket. Then he sauntered casually out of the property-room, to leave the Perseus and release Simon in the mists. Grag had detained Joan Randall with an anxious plea. "You must stay here when the telepicture truck-caravan goes to the Stygian city," said the robot. "The chief told me to tell you so." "Stay here?" cried Joan. "I won't do it. I'm going north with the others after Curt."

She departed before Grag could think up more objections. The big robot made a disgusted snorting sound and reluctantly resumed his former immobility. For a stir of preparation was resounding through the Perseus as the telepicture troupe prepared for the trek northward to the Stygian city.

Nobody can stop her if she's determined to do something. I admit that this is a little bit tugging at my nerves by now, even if I like her to be self-conscious.

Lo Quior suddenly cried a warning. "There are some Stygians just ahead."

Startled, Grag managed to twist his head imperceptibly so that he could see. Nervous exclamations were coming from the whole party.

A half-score of the weird, whitefurred natives stood, only half-visible in the shrouding mists. They formed a semi-circle across the path of the caravan's advance.

The Stygians suddenly raised long, slim tubes in an odd motion. Next moment, a vicious shower of deadly, tufted wooden darts whizzed through the mist and struck the rocket-trucks.

"They're attacking us," yelled Jim Willard. One of the darts had ripped through his lower arm.

Sam Martin had taken a dart through his throat and was sprawled dead, halfout of his truck. A technician was clawing at a missile that had stuck in his chest, and another prop-man was yelling in agony.

"Turn the trucks around," Jeff Lewis cried hoarsely. "Start back to Planet Town."

"It seems incredible," exclaimed Joan Randall. "I've never heard of Stygians killing anyone before."

EZRA GURNEY, whipping out an atom-pistol from inside his jacket, fired a crackling bolt. One of the Stygians crumpled.

But the other Stygians instantly melted back into the mist, out of sight. And from these invisible attackers there continued to whiz the deadly darts that now were striking down more of the party.

The telepicture troupe was giving way to panic. The rocket-trucks had jammed together when their drivers had run into that one which Sam Martin had been driving, and which had stalled when he was killed. As they jammed, Ron King yelled in pain and terror as a dart grazed his cheek. And Lura Lind's shrieking rose shrilly above the whole babel.

"Those aren't Stygians," Grag exclaimed to himself, thunderstruck. "The costumes that were stolen from the property-room-"

There was no time for Grag to complete the thought. The panic that had seized the telepicture troupe was costing lives.

Ezra Gurney had the only weapon in this unarmed party. He could not use it now, for there were no targets. The attackers had retired into the concealing mist, from which their darts continued to rain on the party.

"This is where an automaton comes to life," thought Grag. Then he exploded into action.

He leaped off the truck and began to advance in great, clanking strides toward the unseen foes in the mist.

"Stop that automaton," yelled Jeff Lewis through the din. "It must have rolled off. Something set its switches going. It's running wild."

But Grag was already plunging into the mist. Darts rattled off his metal body without harming him in the least.

He began to seek for the attackers. Then his sensitive microphone ears located the source of the whizzing darts, and he charged in that direction.

Two of the weird, white-furred men who were crouching in the mist and loosing their missiles toward the telepicture party, suddenly looked up to see the giant metal robot looming over them with his photoelectric eyes blazing down like stars in the mist.

The men uttered yells and recoiled. Grag's mighty metal arms caught them and hurled them senseless to the ground. He stalked on, found another of the attackers. But this one was already fleeing. The attackers retreated from the enraged robot as he searched the fog.

Grag heard Jeff Lewis shouting over the din. "Get Martin's truck started. Turn back to Planet Town."

Grag would dearly have loved to remain and hunt down the ambushers, but Captain Future had told him to guard Joan. Mindful of that order, the big robot turned and tramped hastily back to the troupe. The trucks had been turned around and the telepicture troupe was panically streaming southward with its dead and wounded.

Deadly darts still whizzed out of the mist at them, taking toll of more actors as they retreated. Grag found Joan Randall and Ezra at the rear of the panic-stricken retreat, Ezra firing furiously in the mist.

"Can't see them to shoot at, dang them!" swore the old veteran.

Grag picked up Joan bodily and carried her as though she were a feather, his great metal body shielding her from the whizzing darts.

"Put me down," cried the furious girl. "I'm going on after Curt."

"You're going back to the ship," the inflexible robot replied. "The chief ordered me to keep you out of harm."

With Ezra Gurney beside him, he strode rapidly through the mist after the fleeing telepicture caravan as they retreated to Planet Town with their unseen attackers still following and showering darts upon them.

So Grag has finally found a way to make her obey. Do you remember what he told Curtis about how women should be handled in "Face of the Deep" ? No ? You missed some great dialogue, I can tell you... ☺

Otho seems to be right with his job suggestion for Grag... ☺

Newton suddenly reined up his kuru. In the foggy darkness, he had suddenly descried a little group waiting out here on the northern edge of the town.

"It's Grag and Ezra - and Joan," he exclaimed, with a great leap of thankfulness in his heart.

Ezra Gurney and the girl, with the mighty robot towering beside them, had been peering into the misty night. They ran forward with eager exclamations as Curt Newton and Otho dismounted.

"Joan, you're all right," he cried anxiously, taking her into his arms. "We saw that the telepicture party had been ambushed -"

"I'm all right, thanks to Grag," she interrupted. Her lovely face was pale in the darkness. "But Curt, all Planet Town is raging against the Stygians because of that ambush. Three of the party were killed, and a half-dozen wounded."

"And Jon Valdane has sent out a telaudio call to the Planet Patrol, demandin' that they come here to restore order," Gurney cried.

Captain Future's eyes flashed. "I knew he'd do that. It was his game from the first, to get the System Government to move in here."

Grag had sighted Otho, who still wore his Saturnian disguise. The giant robot wrathfully strode forward and gripped Otho's neck.

"Shall I finish this rascal Kin Kurri, chief?" the robot called angrily to Curt Newton. "He tried to kill my pal Otho. Maybe he did!"

Otho uttered a choking yell. "Let go of my neck, you big cast-iron baboon! I'm your pal Otho."

"Otho, it's really you?" cried Grag joyfully. Then the robot hastily dissimulated his gladness. "You blasted rubber dummy, why didn't you let us know you were safe?"

Joan Randall was speaking urgently to Captain Future. "Curt, we've been waiting for you out here on the edge of town. We're sure that the Stygians who ambushed us were not really Stygians but were -"

"Su Thuar and his men, in costumes," Curt Newton finished rapidly. "Yes, I know all about that."

"But you don't know that Jon Valdane is incitin' the toughs of Planet Town to take revenge on the Stygians," Gurney exclaimed. "He's talkin' to 'em right now, stirrin' them up."

"The more disorder he creates, the more reason there'll be for the Patrol to come here," Captain Future declared.

"And the Patrol must not come. Everyone here has got to leave, at once."

He told them swiftly of the overshadowing doom which the Stygians would unchain if all aliens had not left Styx by planet-rise.

"We've got to make them go, and prevent the Patrol or anyone else from coming here," he concluded swiftly. "Grag, I want you to hurry to the Comet and get a telaudio call through to Planet Patrol headquarters. Tell them not to come to Styx. And keep warning all ships."

Grag nodded his understanding. "Okay, chief!"

[...]

Captain Future sprang up beside the green Jovian and the others. Valdane looked startled as he recognized Curt Newton and the disguised Otho.

"Chan Carson and Kin Kurri," Valdane exclaimed. "We thought you'd been killed by the Stygians."

Curt Newton ignored him. He turned around and faced the crowd, holding up his hand to gain their attention.

"People of Planet Town, you've got to leave Styx at once," he shouted. "Unless you go before planet-rise, doom will fall on this world. There are enough ships out at the landing-field to take you all. Get into them and go."

A bursting chorus of amazement and incredulity swelled up from the astonished throng.

"What's he talking about?"

"Carson, are you crazy?" Valdane was demanding furiously. "What's got into you?"

Captain Future paid no attention, as he desperately repeated his warning to the incredulous throng.

"You must go," he shouted. "The Stygians are coming here, and unless every one of you is gone, they will release catastrophe."

A roar of laughter went up from the brutal throng, an outburst of contemptuous mirth.

"This poor nincompoop is trying to scare us with the Furies," bellowed Jos Vakos in homeric laughter. "Why, those ignorant monkey-men don't have a weapon to their names, and wouldn't use one if they had it. We could wipe 'em all out with our atom-guns in an hour."

"Listen, you're wrong," cried Curt Newton desperately. "The Stygians possess the most terrible of all weapons -"

He was interrupted by a hand that yanked him around. It was Jon Valdane, his chubby pink face distorted with rage.

"Have you lost your mind, Carson?" he demanded.

"Who is he, anyway?" yelled a voice from the crowd.

"He's just a scared telepicture actor, who was hired to play the part of Captain Future," Valdane shouted back.

"You are wrong," Curt Newton answered. "I am Captain Future."

"He's been playing the part so long he believes it himself," exclaimed Jeff Lewis in amazement.

"No, he is really Captain Future," Joan Randall exclaimed. "I would know, wouldn't I? And I can prove it."

She raised her head. "Simon!" she called.

Down from the misty darkness came flashing the weird cubical shape of the Brain. He poised beside Curt Newton, his strange lens-eyes calmly surveying the astounded onlookers.

"The dummy Brain," gasped Jim Willard. "But it's living!"

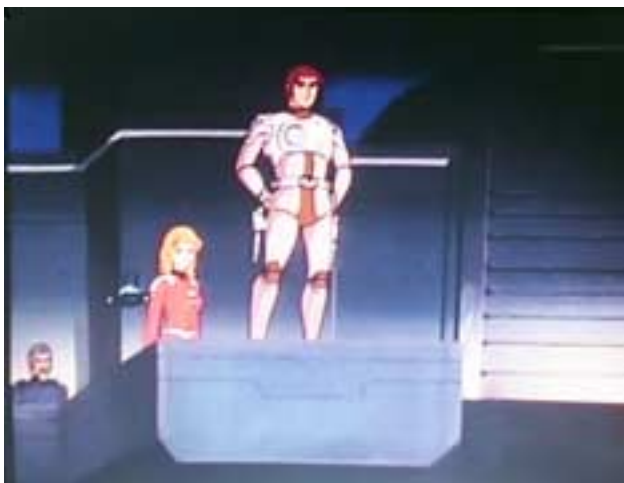
"It is the real Brain," Joan Randall retorted. "All the way out from Earth, the Futuremen have been aboard the Perseus, impersonating themselves."

"Good heavens," gasped Lewis, overwhelmed by realization. "Captain Future, playing his own part in 'The Ace of Space' -"

Every Knight has his page who takes care for the weapons - Curtis has caught a good looking one.



And his girl has to help him convince the others that he's the real CF.



Not everybody seems to be particularly happy with this fact.



A long lost friend reveals himself...



... and the tough part is about to start.

So this leads to the conclusion that the stuff our heroes wear is entirely made of something non-metallic - including the pistol of our beloved Agentess.

But the riddle of Joans red uniform is solved: She can better be identified ...

It is the same with the keeper at soccer: He wears something different because he's the only one who may touch the football with his hands - so the referee can check more easily in the milling around the goal.

Every time the sentence (it's the same in the anime):

"Put the women at the center," cried Captain Future. "We'll have to charge right through this mob. Now!"

gets me upset. No joke: I don't know why..., but every time I think: Euchhhh !



Curtis pistols show a somewhat delayed reaction, too...



Both can fight without weapons - but three men aren't enough to overwhelm Mr. Hero..



Tactical retreat - after a quick change of costumes. Actors are trained to this - but during a fight ???

Joan Randall, riding beside him, called to him. He saw through the foggy darkness that her face had become deathly pale.

"Curt, are we doomed to spend the rest of our lives here?" she cried. "Isn't there any hope of our ever getting away?"

"Joan, there may be a faint hope - but nothing more. The Destroyer blight won't leave a scrap of metal on the surface of Styx. No ship can land here. And we can never build a ship, without metal."

Suddenly the girl smiled. "Curt, at least we're together here," she said. "If we never get away, I won't mind so much."

"Nor would I. Joan."

HA ! FINALLY !! YES !!! WOHOO !!!!

But the danger here is bigger than you realize. This whole moon, cut off from the rest of the System, and nursing a blight that sooner or later might spread to all the other planets of the Solar System."

But how should it spread through the vacuum of space ????

"I want to go back to Earth," wailed Lura Lind. "Jeff, you've got to get me back, do you hear? The Perseus will take us."

Jeff Lewis shook his head heavily. "All that's left of the Perseus now is a heap of gray dust. The ship, and all our telepicture equipment, and all the film we worked so hard to make-"

"The films we made ought to be all right, boss," Lo Quior put in hopefully. "They're non-metallic themselves, and were packed in those plastic insulite cases to protect them from heat and cold."

The producer smiled bitterly. "What difference does it make now whether they're safe or not? We can never show 'The Ace of Space' to anyone."



The metallic members of the Future-Crew got off the planet on time, but THIS form of communication... uh ...

It is much too tiny for covering this distance AND would mean that the Comet is positioned at co-ordinates nobody knew in advance. Only part of a second (degree's second ...) wrong - and they can see nothing.

Humpf - this story is tough - one has to throw logic entirely overboard... OK, let's assume that simple physic laws are not working in this universe - for the sake of the story I'll sacrifice almost everything... even my conscience. This is an honour to you, dear story !



Even that the "Message in a bottle" would have been burned and if not, would NEVER have reached that location that easily OK, ok, stop glaring at me, I'm already quiet.....

"Turn out your pockets," Curt Newton ordered. "Let's see just what we can salvage."

They made a little heap of their belongings. It was a discouraging inventory that they took. Everything metallic had vanished. Of some things, only the plastic parts remained while metal parts were gone.

"We've got a plastic knife-handle, the stock of an atom-pistol, a gyro-compass without needle or rotors, a pocket chronometer whose works are all gone, and some other junk," Otho said in a discouraged voice.

"Let's have the lenses of the compass and chronometer," said Curt Newton.

He examined them. They were magnifying lenses, so that the two instruments could be made tiny and yet read with ease.

"By fixing these two lenses apart at the correct focal distance, we'd have a microscope of sorts," Captain Future declared. His brow knitted. "We'll have to use these plastic cases as a tube for it."

He began work, with the crudest of means. The light plastic cases of the ruined chronometer and compass, he softened into malleable state by skillful application of heat from one of the torches.

While Otho and Ezra watched skeptically, Newton's deft fingers shaped the softened plastic into a new form. He drew it out into a short, thick tube, affixing the two lenses at its ends before it hardened.

May I introduce you to McGuyvers grandfather ? (This guy is spelled right ???)



Boys aside - here comes the lady ! Joan... *desperate sigh*



See how Curtis is looking at her ? And what is Otho examining ? Seems to be some shells...



"A chance that's cursed slim, when it depends on building a completely nonmetallic electric machine in a day or two," Otho muttered.

Yet Otho plunged into the labor with the same unremitting zeal as Curt Newton himself. Joan Randall joined them in the work, as did Lo Quior, the little Martian telepictur technician.

In the anime Joan is responsible for the catering.... What I've skipped all the time is the "optimism" Otho showed all the time in the novel - he's really a little encouraging sunshine to the team...

So Joan brings some refreshments and some bad news.



Weather-forecast for Dzong-City for today: Fog - Fog - Fog. SUN ? TODAY ?? This is a joke, right ?

At that moment, there broke upon their ears a fierce, distant chorus of raging yells that came from the southern side of Dzong.

"Su Thuar's band," cried Joan Randall. "They're here."

"There's still time enough," Curt Newton answered feverishly, racing toward the door. "I can call the Comet to come, by the heliograph."

Then, as he and Joan emerged from the tower in which he had built his projector, Curt Newton stopped, appalled.

He had forgotten one thing. He had forgotten the mist! The big, drifting bank that had shrouded Dzong all day still lay over it.

And while that mist veiled the city, he could not use the heliograph, could not flash his message to Simon Wright and Grag.

The bitter irony of it struck to Captain Future's soul. He and the others had achieved the impossible, only to have their work made futile by mere mist.

Deep fog still hid the skies but, sooner or later Curt Newton knew the mist would pass. It would pass, in time - but time was what they would not have if Su Thuar's forces won the city. That would end all hope, indeed.

"We've got to hold them off, till the mist clears and we can get a heliograph message through to the Comet," Newton exclaimed.

He started forward with Otho, on a run, toward the south wall of the city. Joan Randall started to accompany him, but he motioned her back.

"No, Joan! Somebody's got to stay here by the heliograph, to send the message the moment the mist clears. And you're the only one of these people who knows the message-code."

She protested, but he was deaf to her objections as he and the android ran to join the other defenders.



Even a hero can't remember everything...



"The city's ours," yelled the Venusian. "Kill all the Futuremen and the telepicture fools - but not the women." It was that command and its hideous implications that exploded cold fury in Curt Newton's brain. He sprang forward with his little group of comrades to stem the entrance of the invaders.

Ed !!!!!

Sometimes TOEI gets me cursing... THESE scenes were covered so meticulously any other scene can't dream of... No further comments besides: THIS was meant to be a children's movie - and I would refuse any child to watch these scenes (around a lot of others, the German fans never got to see).



"And before you die," the Venusian hissed, "I want you to know something else. I want you to know what will happen to her."

He gestured toward the pale face of Joan Randall. As he made that gesture, Su Thuar suddenly stiffened and glared past the girl.

A man was stealing out of the council tower—a chubby, dishevelled man who was frantically trying to escape without being seen.

"Valdane," yelled Su Thuar. "So this is what happened to you. You came here to warn them."

"No, no, I didn't," shrieked Jon Valdane in accents of terror. "No!"

Wildly the financier started to flee, for he had read death in the Venusian's eyes. But Su Thuar was after him with tigerish swiftness, raising his long stone dagger in his hand.

The crude knife plunged into the stumbling Valdane's back. The financier choked, staggered and then fell forward, with his face crushed in death against the stones of the world whose wealth he had coveted.

And again: ED ! (first sentence)



Why didn't Joan tried to sneak away when everybody else was watching Curtis to be executed ???

As she is the only one who isn't bound maybe she could think about something else.

AND in that moment, Captain Future acted. He had felt his two guards' grip upon him relax a little as they turned to look. His body suddenly contorted and then broke free from their grip like an uncoiling spring.

Curt Newton plunged toward the lever that controlled the big heliograph, a score of feet away. His bound hands gripped the lever. He frantically jerked it back and forth. The glass shutters of the thing closed and unclosed swiftly as he began to spell code-letters in flashes.

"C-o-m-e."

"Curt, look out," screamed Joan Randall.

Captain Future leaped aside, and the reddened dagger which Su Thuar was bringing down on his back, dug into his shoulder instead.

The Futureman's bound hands seized the Venusian's dagger hand. He struggled for that instant, Su Thuar's raging eyes glaring into his.

"Kill him, you fools," Su Thuar was yelling to his hastening men. "He was trying to signal to his friends."

Fighting with mad ferocity, Otbo was trying to get to Newton's side.

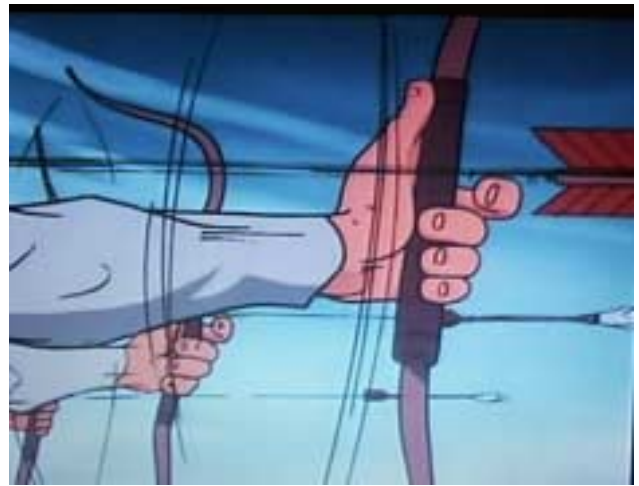
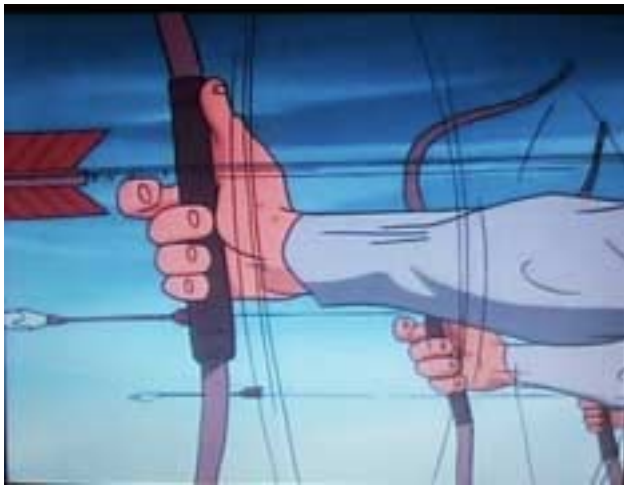


Su Thuar raised his stone dagger in his hand (Chap. XVIII)



The whole time the anime-Joan does nothing else than yelling "Captain!" I am sorry, but isn't she usually all the time the stubborn, smart policewoman ???





Perfect mirror ... ☺



There was a sudden thunderous roar, growing to deafening pitch as a dark bulk dropped down upon them through the pale sunlight.

"It's the Comet!" came Joan Randall's frantic cry. "And the Patrol!"

Su Thuar's horde was scattering in all direction as the little ship of the Futuremen and the half-dozen grim, big Planet Patrol cruisers that followed it, landed swiftly upon the central plaza.

Atom-guns of the descending ships sent bursting shells over the fleeing horde. And out of the Comet, the huge figure of Grag came plunging, his metal fists smashing heads like eggshells as he strode in the direction of Curt Newton and Su Thuar.

Su Thuar, his face livid, suddenly relaxed his hold on the dagger and turned to flee. His sudden relaxation of pressure turned the weapon in Newton's hands, and it drove into the Venusian's throat.

Su Thuar tore away, choked with blood, foam on his lips, as he staggered a few steps and fell. Then he lay still beside the dead body of the financier whom he had murdered a minute before.

"Curt!" cried Joan. She was free, running to him. After she had cut the bonds from his wrists, she wound her arms around his neck.

Grag's booming, excited voice interrupted them. "Chief, we were watching and when you said 'Come', we came. You've got the metal-blight licked here, haven't you?"

"The blight is conquered in this small area," Captain Future answered. "The first thing we've got to do is to build a big enough generator and projector here to destroy the blight all over Styx."

The Patrol was rounding up the men of Su Thuar's horde. With no weapons except blow-guns and clubs and knives, facing the atom-guns of the grim Patrol officers, there was no resistance.

Curt Newton, Joan Randall and the Futuremen found Ezra Gurney in the heap of bodies by the shattered gate. Gurney was stunned. but no worse. Jim Willard and Lo Ouior had suffered wounds. but would recover.



In the anime Curtis isn't killing anybody...

At this last, fateful hour, the moon-men had seen the fatal mistake of their peace-loving tradition.

Curt Newton spoke earnestly to Th' Thaan, who now would be leader of the Stygian people.

"Th' Thaan, you've had a lesson in the perils of pacifism and isolation when they're carried too far. I want your people to forget your old traditions, and join the rest of the Solar System, yielding authority to maintain order here to the Patrol."

"We shall do so," the Stygian declared fervently. "All we ask is that our world shall not be overrun by aliens."

"The System Government will take care it isn't," Newton assured him. "The diamond-deposits here, which might draw more unprincipled seekers, are going to become the property and trust of the Government itself, if my recommendation has any weight."

No comment needed on THAT.



JEFF LEWIS approached Newton.

There was an embarrassed timidity in the producer's manner that contrasted oddly with his former bluntness.

"Carson - I mean, Captain Future," he corrected hastily, "what about our picture, 'The Ace of Space?' Jim says we'll find our films unharmed, but we still haven't made any scenes here on Styx, and can't make them without you."

Curt Newton's lips twitched. "I see your difficulty. All right, I'll make a bargain with you."

"What is it? Just name your conditions," Lewis said eagerly.

"I'll help you make the last scenes here you need, as soon as you get new equipment, on condition that you and the troupe keep it secret that the Captain Future in the film is the real Captain Future."

Jeff Lewis' face dropped. "But think of the worlds of publicity it will mean if I'm able to advertise that the picture has Future himself in it," he wailed.

"You'll have publicity enough, without that," Curt Newton answered firmly. "Is it agreed?"

The producer nodded heavily. "All right, it's agreed. But when I think of it, I could weep. The Futuremen themselves in my picture - and nobody will ever know it."

ON a night three months later, there occurred in a New York telepicture theater the System-wide premiere of "The Ace of Space."

A packed audience cheered for minutes when the film ended. And when they issued from the theater they found a tremendous crowd outside, who nearly crushed Jeff Lewis, Ron King and Lura Lind.

The most important telepicture critic in the System, on the next day, published what became an epitome of the general reaction to the film.

" 'The Ace of Space' is the greatest adventure picture ever made," he wrote. "The terrifying scenes by the Fire Sea of Jupiter, the incredible undersea episode filmed in an actual Neptunian submarine city, the wonderful special effects, and especially the scenes on remote Styx, have never been presented on a telepicture screen before."

"The hero-worship of our peoples toward the Futuremen who have performed such great exploits in our behalf, will make this film the biggest attraction in entertainment history. Its appeal is heightened by the fact that it was partly made on Styx at the very time of the mysterious, sensational catastrophe that recently struck that world."

"The story is a masterpiece of swiftpaced writing that still keeps closely to the facts of the Futuremen's past exploits. The direction and technical effects are superb. The performances of Lura Lind, Ron King and Rizo Thon have never been bettered."

"There is only one flaw in the picture to which exception can be taken. That is the new actor who performs in the title role, Chan Carson."

We hate to say it, but Carson is a misfit in this role. Let's hope that the next time Jeff Lewis makes a film like this, he gets somebody for it who can really look and act like Captain Future."



For Rizo Thon it should be easy enough - it was the first movie he starred in ever...

Almost same ending in the anime.

In the French version Ken is teasing with the words:

"Look at the big hero, he's too afraid to get out of the car. " (if I got his words right here)

In German: "I bet he wanted to go along all alone with Joan..."

I bet that, too.



Some statistics ☺

Life-saving J : C	1 : 2.... what do you think ?
"Too Dangerous":	oh, yes... more than once - kind of consistent discussion
Otho's comments:	uncountable !!!!!!!!! ☺
Joan is kidnapped:	hm, not really.....
Together in peril:	all the time - kind of...
Hugs:	Yes... yes....