

A Letter From Your Editor-

Happy New Year! Does not seem possible but we have indeed reached the new year 1979 already! Along with this is the third anniversary of Alpha Newsletter - three years old this January 1. I want to thank all members for their support and help to make Alpha Newsletter what it is today. I count myself lucky to have made so many good friends through the newsletter.

Some very exciting things have happened concerning the newsletter this past November and December. With the New Year, Alpha Newsletter brings in three new friends. I am honored to announce three new honorary members: Peter Porteous who played Weapons Officer Petrov, Sam Dastor who played Dr. Ed Spencer and last but certainly not least Alibe Parsons who portrayed Communications Officer Alibe. I want to thank you all for taking the time to write me back and for accepting membership into Alpha Newsletter. I hope you enjoy your membership with the newsletter.

More good news. SPACE 1999 CONVENTION 1979! The convention has been scheduled for the July 27 - 29 weekend, at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. All the series' stars have been invited and the convention staff awaits their replies. Creator Gerry Anderson has already confirmed his attendance. Ticket and hotel information will be available in Main Computer Three of the Space 1999 Alliance, and of course in the March issue of AN. The address for the Alliance is listed below; when writing please be sure to include a self-addressed-stamped-envelope within the USA and an IRC for all foreign inquiries. A special surprise guest that is hoping to attend is -- are you ready? -- YOUR EDITOR!!! Yes, I am planning to be at the 1979 Space 1999 Convention barring disasters. And after that Earth-shattering news the address for the Alliance:

NATIONAL SPACE 1999 ALLIANCE - 123 PAWN VALLEY DRIVE -- McMURRAY, PENNSYLVANIA 15317

Problem. Your editor is in need of contributions! At the moment I have an abundance of short stories and very little else for the newsletter. Although I am always interested in stories I would also like: poems, artwork (pen and ink -- no pencil), reviews, articles on the series, puzzles, anything you feel you'd like to contribute to the newsletter. It is your publication as well as mine and members participation makes it much more fun all 'round!

Problem. (Again!) When writing for information or with a question on Space or its stars please try to include an IRC or an SASE when possible. The postage bill takes a big chunk out of the budget every two months. Any and all help will be greatly appreciated. Of course all letters will always be answered but an SASE makes things easier all around -- especially on your editor! Thanks!

A brief mention on the Space: 1999 movie DESTINATION MOONBASE ALPHA. It seems at the moment ITC has no plans to release the film in the US. However, do not shed too many a tear as most of us have hopefully seen BRINGERS OF WONDER which is what the movie actually is. There will be differences, such as a bit more footage not seen on tv but all in all it will be the same BRINGERS OF WONDER shown on the small screen.

Well, I suppose I should end before it turns into a novel (not a bad idea but.....). Again, thank you all for your support and HAPPY NEW YEAR! Take care.

Steve

NEWS SHORTS: The following actors spotted on the BBC/PBS Masterpiece Theater series DUCHESS OF BUKE STREET: Leigh Lawson (Earl - ONE MOMENT OF HUMANITY) as Baron Paul Oppendorf, Micheal Culver (Pete Irving - GUARDIAN OF PIRI) as Major Farjeon and James Laurenson (Patrick Osgood - CATACOMBS OF THE MOON) as Culliforda. Nick Tate returning to Australia for a few weeks to work on various projects in tv and film. Prentis Hancock completed filming of THIRTY NINE STEPS in the character of Perryman. Anton Phillips recently appeared in a recurring role on the British GENERAL HOSPITAL. Dave Prowse (Cloud Creature - BETA CLOUD) appeared recently in soap opera EDGE OF NIGHT. Catherine Schell, Anouska Hempell (Annette Fraser - METAMORPH) and Judy Geeson (Regina Kessler - ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE) in various episodes of RETURN OF THE SAINT. Stuart Wilson (Vindrus - MATTER OF BALANCE) away from England filming. Peter Porteous (Petrov) recently completed roles of Claudius and Hamlet's father in a London stage production of HAMLET. Sam Dastor (Dr. Ed Spencer) recently completed a filming project as well as Alibe Parsons (Alibe). Clifton Jones (Dave Kano) recently heard but not seen as Blackavar in the animated film WATERSHIP DOWN.

BIRTHDAY WISHES this month go to our favorite security officer and/or Interstellar Beer Making - Tony Anholt. Born January 19 in Singapore. I know all members will want to join me in wishing Tony a very happy Birthday and a very successful 1979.

NEUTRINO TRANSMISSIONS

Many responses came in for an answer to last issue's "Neutrino Transmissions" question, which was: "If you could change any Space: 1999 episode and make it to your liking -- which would it be and why". The answers varied:

Mike Rathke - Grand Forks, North Dakota

IF I COULD CHANGE ANY SPACE: 1999 EPISODE TO MY LIKING IT WOULD PROBABLY BE FIRST SEASONS MISSING LINK. THE PLOT, LIKE IN MANY OTHER FIRST SEASON EPISODES AND MAYBE EVEN ONE OR TWO SECOND SEASON EPISODES WAS TOO VAGUE; YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT. MARTIN LANDAU DID GIVE AN EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE AND THE SPECIAL EFFECTS WERE EXCELLENT. THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE BEST EPISODES EVER MADE ONLY IF THE WRITER WOULD HAVE WRITTEN A CLEAR, UNDERSTANDABLE SCRIPT. AS IT TURNED OUT, IT WAS ONE OF THE WORST EPISODES EVER MADE.

Mary Fall - Beverly, Massachusetts

I WOULD TOTALLY ELIMINATE THE STORY OF TAYBOR THE TRADER. OF ALL THE EPISODES, YEAR 1 AND YEAR II, THIS ONE JUST DIDN'T FIT IN. THE PLOT LINE AND THE ACTING WERE REMINISCENT OF LOST IN SPACE -- A CARTOON OF SCIENCE FICTION. IT JUST DIDN'T BELONG IN THE UNIVERSE OF SPACE:1999.

Larry McIrvin - Oceanport, New Jersey

I WOULD PROBABLY CHANGE AROUND SEVERAL EPISODES, MAINLY ALL THAT GLISTERS, SEED OF DESTRUCTION AND THE IMMUNITY SYNDROME. I WOULD HAVE CHANGED THE OCCURRENCE OF THE MISSING AND REAPPEARING LAB PODS IN THESE EPISODES AS POINTED OUT BY TOD ELLSWORTH.

Mary Tchir - Portland, Oregon

THE ONE EPISODE I WOULD DEFINITELY LIKE TO CHANGE THE END OF WAS GOT TO BE BETA CLOUD. THREE YEARS WAS LONG ENOUGH TO WAIT FOR THAT FIRST KISS AND ADMISSION OF LOVE. DID THE WRITERS HAVE TO MAKE TONY VERDESCHI SOUND LIKE A TEENAGER EMBARRASSED AT HIS FIRST CRUSH? WE'S SUPPOSE TO BE ABOUT 37 YEARS OLD FOR COSM SAKES! THIS WAS ONE TIME I FELT LIKE SAYING "GROW UP!"

Terry S. Bowers - River Falls, Wisconsin

IF I COULD CHANGE AROUND ANY EPISODE TO MY LIKING I THINK I WOULD CHANGE THE SCENE IN WAR GAMES WHERE JOHN FINDS HELENA IN THE RUBBLE OF THE EXPLODING PLANET. IN MY OPINION, I THINK JOHN AND HELENA SHOULD HAVE SHOWN MORE AFFECTION AT THAT POINT - A HUG OR A QUICK KISS PERHAPS. IT WAS, AFTER ALL, HELENA'S LOVE FOR JOHN THAT BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE AND BACK TO THE PLANET AFTER THE EAGLE EXPLODES; AND JOHN'S DESIRE TO SEE HELENA SAFE THAT SET OFF THE CHAIN REACTION THAT LEAD TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PLANET. WHEN I FIRST SAW THAT SCENE I FULLY EXPECTED JOHN TO ATLEAST JUG HELENA, A WAS A BIT LET DOWN WHEN HE DIDN'T. I FEEL SOME DISPLAY OF AFFECTION AT THAT POINT WOULD HAVE ADDED IMPACT TO THAT MOMENT, AND POSSIBLY GIVEN US A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE RELATION BETWEEN JOHN AND HELENA THROUGHOUT THE FIRST SEASON.

I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO CHANGE THE METAMORPH IN ONLY ONE WAY, AND THAT IS FOR THEM TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO VICTOR BERGMAN, DAVID KANO AND PAUL MORROW. THEY JUST VANISHED AND THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SECOND SEASON I CAN'T RECALL A SINGLE REFERENCE TO ANY OF THEM. I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM. WERE THEY RE-ASSIGNED TO A SECTION WHERE SERVICES WERE RARELY EVEN PUT TO USE, OR DID ONE OF MAYA'S CREATURES GO BANANAS AND EAT THEM FOR LUNCH!??

Diana Sue Majesty - Sacramento, California

I THOUGHT HARD ON THIS AND REALLY CAN'T THINK ABOUT ANY EPISODE I'D LIKE TO CHANGE. MAYBE THE THINGS I'D LIKE TO CHANGE ARE MORE LIKE: A THIRD SEASON (CHANGE THE FACT THAT 1999 WAS CANCELLED), A CLOSER RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN TONY AND MAYA, A CLOSER FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN ALL THE MAIN CHARACTERS, ETC. I GUESS ON THE WHOLE, I WAS NOT REALLY DISPLEASED WITH ANY ASPECTS OF THE SHOW.

Rose Marie Badgett - Covington, Kentucky

ONE MOMENT OF HUMANITY -- ALAN IS TAKEN DOWN TO THE PLANET WITH HELENA INSTEAD OF TONY. WHEN ZAMARA RETURNS TO ALPHA AND LEARNS ABOUT OTHELLO ONLY JOHN RETURNS WITH HER. ALAN LEARNS FROM NUMBER 8 ABOUT THE FAIL SAFE ON THE COMPUTER. MAYA WASN'T REALLY NEEDED ON THE PLANET. AS FOR DORCONS -- TONY TO MAYA'S RESCUE INSTEAD OF JOHN!

Sue Ginter - Fullerton, California

THE MEATMORPH. IT'S MY FAVORITE EPISODE OF EITHER SERIES, BUT I FELT IT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE ALOT BETTER. I KNOW IT'S BEEN MENTIONED BEFORE AND I AM JUST AGREEING WITH IT, BUT THE EPISODE DID LEAVE ALOT TO BE DESIRED, ALOT OF LOOSE ENDS DANGLING. I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE SEEN HOW MAYA ADJUSTED TO HER NEW AND ALIEN SURROUNDINGS. I DON'T THINK SHE WOULD HAVE ADJUSTED AS QUICKLY AS WAS SHOWN IN "THE EXILES". WHY SHE HAD JUST SEEN HER FATHER DIE AND HER WHOLE WORLD DESTROYED. THE MAYA/TONY VERDESCHI RELATIONSHIP COULD HAVE BEEN EXPLAINED. I THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUN TO SEE HOW THEIR

RELATIONSHIP BLOSSOMED. CATHERINE SCHELL WOULD HAVE HAD A FIELD DAY WITH THAT. I WOULD HAVE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO VICTOR BERGMAN, DAVID KANO AND PAUL MORROW, TOO.

Diana Winslow - Watauga, Texas

THE EPISODE I WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE IS RULES OF LUTON. I'D LIKE TO CHANGE IT BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN, STARRING CATHERINE SCHELL AND TONY ANHOLT INSTEAD OF MARTIN LANDAU. I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST KOENIG, I JUST FEEL THAT THIS EPISODE WOULD HAVE BEEN THE PERFECT VEHICLE TO SHOW THE REAL LOVE BETWEEN MAYA AND TONY. IT WOULD HAVE HAD SO MUCH MORE MEANING IF MAYA WAS WILLING TO DIE FOR TONY AND TONY READY TO DIE TO SAVE MAYA. PERSONALLY, EVERY TIME I THINK OF THIS EPISODE I FIRST ENVISION THE STORY FROM THE PAPERBACK, NOT THE STORY AS IT WAS FINALLY SHOT. AS I UNDERSTAND IT, THIS EPISODE WAS TO HAVE STARRED TONY ANHOLT BUT TONY WAS FILMING ANOTHER EPISODE AT THE SAME TIME AND THE SCHEDULE COULDN'T BE WORKED OUT FOR HIM TO BE IN BOTH OF THEM. I THINK RULES OF LUTON COULD HAVE BEEN SO MUCH BETTER IF HE WERE IN IT INSTEAD OF KOENIG.

Susann Molnar - Ventura, California

THE 1999 EPISODE I WOULD LIKE TO REDO IS FULL CIRCLE. I LIKE TO SEE THE PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS OF THE CHARACTERS BROUGHT OUT IN PLOTS -- AND FEEL THAT THE FIRST HALF OF THIS EPISODE DID DO A GOOD JOB OF SHOWING THAT PAUL LOVES SANDRA AND THAT ALAN IS A CLOSE FRIEND TO BOTH OF THEM. THE SECOND HALF SIMPLY DID NOT FLOW THROUGH ON THIS. WE NEVER SAW OR HEARD OF PAUL AFTER HE TALKED TO VICTOR AND ASKED IF THERE WAS ANY NEWS OF SANDRA. I FEEL THAT THE PLOT SHOULD HAVE HAD EITHER PAUL IN ON THE FINAL RESCUE OR HAD SOMEONE LET PAUL KNOW AS SOON AS ALL OF THE MISSING PEOPLE HAD BEEN RECOVERED. I CAN JUST PICTURE ALAN ON THE COMLOCK TO ALMA SAYING - "HI, COBBER. LOOK WHAT WE FOUND HERE ON RATHA." AND PAUL -- SMILING -- LOVELY!!

Steve Eramo - Stoneham, Massachusetts

THE EPISODE I WOULD MOST LIKE TO CHANGE WOULD BE "BRIAN THE BRAIN". NOW, THE EPISODE ITSELF, PLOT, CHARACTERS, ETC. COULD HAVE BEEN DONE JUST THE SAME -- EXCEPT FOR THE CHARACTER OF BRIAN. THE VOICE SHOULD HAVE BEEN CHANGED ALTOGETHER; THE EPISODE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANDLED AS A SERIOUS ONE. THE CHARACTER OF BRIAN WAS MUCH TOO SILLY AND CHILDISH TO BE WRITTEN INTO A SCRIPT. MUCH BETTER WAS A SERIOUS CHARACTER. AS BRIAN WAS IN THE EPISODE, ONE OF JOHN MUG'S LINES DESCRIBES MY FEELINGS ON BRIAN THE BRAIN PERFECTLY: "A CRAZY, HIGH JACKING SLOT MACHINE!" ANOTHER CHANGE WHICH, IN MY OPINION, WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY BENEFICIAL IS THE FOLLOWING. AN EPISODE SHOULD HAVE BEEN FILMED BEFORE METAMORPH EXPLAINING THE MISSING CHARACTERS, THE MOVE UNDERGROUND AND ALL AND THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW CHARACTERS. THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE LEAD IN EPISODE FOR YEAR 11 THEN METAMORPH AND FOLLOWING A READJUSTMENT EPISODE FOR MAYA ON ALPHA THEN EXILES.

I was very happy with the number of responses this time to the column. I think this warrants another shot for the next issue. Next question up for answering is:

"If you could pick one alien guest star, male or female, to become a permanent resident on Alpha (besides Maya of course) which would you choose and why?"

There, I hope this question is as interesting (and difficult??) for everyone out there. Same rules apply as before. Deadline for answer is February 10/1979. Thanks to all who answered the above question.

RAFFLE!! RAFFLE!! RAFFLE!! RAFFLE!!

Here I am back again! Congratulations to Alpha Newsletter member Mike Kincaid for winning last issues raffle of the Year 1 Episode/Personnel Brochure. Which he will be receiving shortly if he hasn't already.

This time I am raffling off a copy of the second season script "THE DORCONS". Rules are the same as before. Each entry is 50¢ and you can enter as many times as you wish. Deadline for all entries will be February 20/1979. Best of luck to everyone and again, congratulations to Mike for winning this time around!!

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A MINOR CONSPIRACY
by

Stephen Erazo
Patricia Brimer

Janis and Civita heavily heartedly walked into the scanner room atop the observatory in their capital city. They were on the duty roster for watch tonight; one of the less desirable jobs on Loros. Janis was a seventeen year old, brown hair and a muscular build. Civita was fifteen with long flowing blonde hair and very beautiful. They walked inside the observatory and took their positions in the scanning room. "Of all the luck!" exclaimed Janis, "Watch duty tonight. Everyone else is at Lauter's home for a party!"

Civita sighed and activated a row of computer screens, "I know what you mean - but someone has to do this work; and we were on the roster."

"I know but its the same thing every night - empty space. Nothing new ever happens."

"I think tonight's going to be a little different." answered Civita, pointing at the monitor. "Take a look."

Janis glanced at the viewscreen. "An asteroid."

"More like a Moon." corrected Civita.

"Thrills. Give me extreme magnification." ordered Janis.

The screen blurred for a moment and the dot on the screen was replaced by a close up shot of a base. Both Janis and Civita smiled at each other. "You know, we can have a little fun of our own." said Janis.

Civita activated a few more controls and the interior of the base was shown on the screen. People sat at their stations, busily working at their various jobs. "Remember that experiment we had in Astro Para psynology class?" she asked

"You mean dispose of senior officers for a time and see what minor officers can do in an emergency command situation?" Janis answered.

"What did you do? Memorize the textbook? Anyway, that's exactly what I mean. Our planet is hidden from them by our atmospheric screen; the computer can easily pick out the command staff."

"Well." said Janis, "What are we waiting for? Let's get to it!"

"Moonbase Alpha Status Report, Dr. Helena Russell reporting. Two thousand nine hundred and forty two days after leaving Earth orbit. All is quiet on Moonbase as it has been for several days. All personnel are enjoying a peaceful tour of duty and....."

Helena Russell was interrupted by the sound of the Medical Center door sliding back. Dr. Bob Mathias and Nurse Karrie Ford wheeled a stretcher containing the unconscious body of John Koenig to one of the diagnostic beds. "What happened?" asked Helena.

Mathias and Karrie lifted Koenig onto the bed. "Don't know." said Mathias. "He was in Command Center and fine. One moment later - unconscious."

Helena ran a medical scanner over Koenig's body; she frowned at the readings. She mentioned to Nurse Ford as she attached monitors to Koenig's forehead and chest, "Well?" she asked.

Karrie ran her hand over the key board, "Heart - pulse - blood rate, all normal."

"What is it?" asked Mathias.

"He seems to be in some sort of deep induced sleep." answered Helena. "It could be some sort of virus but I can't be sure until we make some further tests."

Command Center was in its usual flurry of activity. Tony Verdeschi initialed the last of the security reports and leaned back in his chair. "I wonder how John is, Maya?"

Maya turned from her own work, "The last I heard from Helena was that he was still in a coma."

"Damn." said Verdeschi, turning back to his work.

Maya turned and walked over to the computer boards. As she rose a wave of dizziness came over her. She shook her head and the feeling cleared. She began to activate the computer and the feeling returned. Suddenly all went black around her and she fell to the floor, "Maya!" exclaimed Verdeschi.

Helena saw Verdeschi standing in the doorway, holding the unconscious form of Maya. "Bring her over here."

Verdeschi carefully laid Maya on the bed and moved back for Helena to examine her. Helena ran the medical scanner over Maya's body. "Well?" asked Verdeschi, impatiently.

"Same as John. Coma."

"Coma? Is there any way to bring her out of it?"

"There is no virus in either of their systems. It seems a natural state and until they bring themselves out of it there's nothing I can do." said Helena.

"Helena, please....."

"Don't worry, Tony." said Helena. "I'll do everything possible for her. She'll.... she'll be alright."

Verdeschi bent down and kissed Maya on the cheek, "Don't leave me." he whispered.

"Moonbase Alpha Status Report, addition entry. Commander John Koenig and Science Officer Maya have both fallen ill with a mysterious ailment. Medical computers can offer no help in finding a cure for them."

Melena switched off the computer and walked over to the sleeping bodies of John Koenig and Maya. She checked them both again with the medical scanner but the answer was the same, "Comatose," she said to herself.

She heard the medical center door slide back but was afraid to turn. When she did she saw the unconscious body of Tony Verdeschi being supported by Weapons Officer Petrov and his assistant Dan Carlsson. "Not Tony too?" she said, despairingly.

"He collapsed in the Rec Room," said Carlsson as they lowered him onto a bed. "We can't seem to revive him."

"I'm not surprised," said Melena. She automatically picked up a medical scanner and ran it over Verdeschi. She threw the scanner on the nightstand. "What good are these things! He's the same as John and Maya!"

"Take it easy, Dr. Russell," said Petrov, "Things will work out, just you wait and see."

She smiled at Petrov and Carlsson and watched as they left the medical center and the doors slid shut behind them.

Alan Carter placed a cup of coffee on a tray along with his lunch and walked over to the table where Bill Fraser and Sandra Benes were sitting. "Glad to see a couple of people still on their feet," said Carter.

"After we eat I be sure," answered Sandra.

"Any news on the Commander and the others?" asked Bill.

"They're the same," said Carter, "No change in their systems at all." Carter picked up his coffee cup and took a sip. He held the cup in his hands for a moment and looked down at it. The image seemed to blur in and out as he tried to focus his eyes. A wave of nausea came over him. The cup fell out of his hands and smashed to the floor. "Hey, Alan?" asked Fraser. "You okay?"

Carter turned to answer but he never got the chance. He started falling to one side of the chair. Fraser reached out and grabbed Carter's arm, supporting him in the chair. "Alan! Sahn, call Medical."

Sandra got up and ran to the Communications Screen. As she activated it a sharp pain burned inside her head. She fell against the post and went limp. Bill turned and saw her falling to the ground, "Sahn!"

He went forward and caught her just before she fell. He support her against himself and punched the call button on the post again. Bob Mathias's face appeared on the screen, "Bob, you and Melena better get down here now. Alan and Sandra are unconscious."

"So's Melena," answered Mathias. "Karrie and I will be right down, Bill."

Janis and Civita congratulated each other, "Terrific!" exclaimed Janis.

"This is better than any old party!"

"It seems a rather cruel experiment, but it's fun!" exclaimed Civita, "Let's see who they put in place of the regular command staff."

"Moonbase Alpha Status Report, supplemental. Dr. Bob Mathias recording in the absence of Dr. Melena Russell. All senior officers including Commander Koenig, Maya, Tony Verdeschi, Alan Carter, Sandra Benes and Melena Russell have been mysteriously incapacitated by a comatose illness. Nurse Karrie Ford and I are searching for a cure but as of yet, have found none.

Inside Command Center all officers have kept Moonbase Alpha functioning despite the temporary loss of command personnel. Security Officer Uri Petrov is in temporary command while Bill Fraser, Kate Matthews, Dan Carlson and Yasko Nugami are supporting personnel. Further reports will be made at intervals."

"This seems slightly out of character," said Petrov, "After all, the Commanders' chair."

"I know what you mean," answered Fraser. "But I think we've handled the situation pretty well so far."

"Thank God," said Petrov, "At least we've had training for emergencies but I never thought we'd all need it at once."

Civita smiled at the screen, "Well, at least we've their replacements to observe now."

"It's all too controlled," said Janis. "We have them all in a normal replacement situation. Needs some excitement."

"Well," said Civita, running her hand over the console, "We can change that quick enough."

Inside Command Center Technician Kate Matthews frowned at the readings her scanner was giving her. "Petrov, I have scanner contact. Powered alien object approaching Alpha."

Petrov crossed over to Kate's console, "Put it up on the screen."

The main screen lit up to reveal a large spacecraft coming toward the base; the craft was unlike any they had encountered before. Petrov turned to Carlsson, "Dan....."

Carlsson nodded. "Red Alert."

Red alert klaxons sounded throughout the entire base. Over the loud speaker system Security Officer Carlsson's voice broke through the noise. "Red Alert. Spacecraft approaching Alpha on intercept course. Rescue, medical, security and decontamination units to positions. Evacuate all surface installations. Damage control units to all sections."

Command Center was a flurry of activity as Moonbase Alpha became fully operational for battle. "Combat Eagles to Launch Pads and prepare for lift off," ordered Bill Fraser.

Petrov, satisfied with the procedures turned to Yasko, "Any contact from that thing?"

"None. I've tried repeated contacts but recieved no response."

Petrov sighed. "Anything, Kate?"

"Computer reports craft powered by ion propulsion with light speed capabilities. Some form of life is indicated but computer can't be specific."

Bill got up and walked beside Petrov. "Eagles prepared. Laser batteries armed and ready. Entire base is security."

"Good, Bill."

"Do we wait for them to make the first move?" asked Carlsson.

"I think they already have," said Yasko. "Look!!"

All personnel turned to the main screen. The nose cone of the ship glowed bright red. Without warning a red lance of energy struck part of Alpha. Command Center shook violently as the beam made contact. "Fire lasers!" yelled Petrov.

The huge laser batteries swung toward their target and fired back at the vessel. The laser beam struck the ship but was deflected back on to the Moon's surface. The alien ship fired on the base again, destroying more and more of Alpha.

Inside Command Center reports flooded the consoles. "Damage control units report observation decks three, four and seven destroyed," reported Fraser. "Storage area three also gone."

"Medical reports fifteen injured," added Yasko.

Petrov moved to his console, "Launch Eagles!"

The massive attack vessels lifted off from their individual launch pads. The Eagles headed toward the alien vessel, each lined up parts of the ship and fired upon it. The alien ship deflected the beams back to the Eagles. "Evasive action!" ordered Fraser.

The deflected laser beams made contact with one of the craft. The ship exploded in a brilliant burst of light. "Alpha this is Garrick on Eagle Seven. We just lost Jenson! That ship's shielded! We can't get at it!"

Petrov bit his lower lip. He activated the viewscreen. "Back off, Garrick! Return to base!"

The Eagles turned and headed back toward the base. On the main screen Command Center personnel watched as the ship moved in and hovered above Alpha - silently. "What next?" asked Carlsson.

"I'm sure they'll let us know," said Petrov.

"Audio transmission coming in on Channel F," reported Yasko.

"Let's hear it," ordered Petrov.

A burst of static came over the loud speaker, then a voice, a cold, harsh mechanical like voice. "Moonbase Alpha. Prepare to be terminated."

"This is Weapons Officer Petrov. Temporary commander. Identify yourself."

"You will be terminated only after we take what we need from your base. One of our warriors will be transported to your base to take what is of any worth to us."

"And you expect us to cooperate?" asked Fraser.

"You will cooperate or die sooner." The transmission ended and Petrov turned to Fraser and Carlsson. "I wonder what the command orders say about this?"

"Petrov," interrupted Kate. "Alien activity reported in Corridor Nine."

"On the screen."

The main screen lit up to reveal an Alpha corridor, however, it was glowing brightly. The glow was replaced by a large, humanoid form - glistening in silver armour. It carried no weapon, only its size. "What the hell is that?" asked Fraser.

"Excellent illusions!" Janis said as he congratulated Civita.

"Of course no one on the base will be harmed as this is only an experiment," said Civita.

"About the pilot of their spacecraft. The one we destroyed."

"Pilot Lee Jenson is sleeping soundly in his quarters and will awaken after we're through," answered Civita.

"Let's get on with it!"

"All personnel remain in underground bunkers until further notice. All security teams report to strategic points on Alpha as per Security Officer Carllson's orders. Report any contacts." Petrov switched off the screen. "How about it, Kate? What's it done so far?"

"Sections report minor damages. It seems more curious than destructive."

"I have it on visual," reported Yasko.

The main screen showed the enormous creature stalking the Medical Center section. It stopped for a moment and turned. The thing pushed aside the doors marked DIAGNOSTIC SECTION and entered. "Dan! Bill!" exclaimed Petrov as he ran out of Command Center.

"Bob! Look out!" screamed Karrie Ford.

The creature walked slowly into the Medical Section. Bob and Karrie watched as he walked past them and stared at the senior personnel. It walked over to Tony Verdeschi's cot and raised its massive arm toward the medical monitors above his head. "You fool! Get away!" yelled Mathias as he lunged for the thing.

The being turned and delivered a crushing blow to the side of Mathias' neck. The doctor collapsed on the floor, unconscious. The creature turned and went toward Karrie. "Stay back!" she exclaimed.

Karrie Ford backed away as the creature advanced toward her. She grabbed a glass specimen container and threw it at the creature. The glass shattered against the thing's chest but left it unharmed. It turned away from the woman and headed out into the corridor.

Petrov, Fraser and Carllson arrived in Medical in time to see Karrie bandaging the head of the unconscious Mathias. "What happened?" asked Petrov.

"It was that thing. Bob tried to stop him from killing Tony. Help me get him on a cot." Fraser and Carllson lifted Mathias up on to a medical cot.

"You okay?" asked Carllson.

"I'm fine, thanks. Just a bit shaken."

"Hold down the fort, Karrie. Come on, we'd better find that creature before anything else happens," said Petrov.

The three men ran down the corridor in search of their alien "visitor". After several minutes they cornered it at the end of a hallway. "Is this luck?" asked Fraser.

The alien stood its ground for a moment, studying its enemies. Without warning it launched its huge form at the three Alphan men. The creature knocked Fraser and Carllson aside and searched for a way out.

Petrov drew his laser pistol and fired at the back of the creature. The beams were deflected and hit the sides of the corridor. Petrov continued firing until in a fit of anger the alien turned and lashed out. Petrov was thrown across the corridor, hitting the wall behind him.

Fraser and Carllson regained consciousness quickly. Carllson lunged at the creature but was swatted away like a fly. Fraser tried a frontal assault. The alien threw Bill to the ground and closed its hands around Fraser's throat. "Bill!" exclaimed Carllson.

Dan grabbed the creature's arm in a desperate attempt to release its grip on Fraser's throat. The alien's grip only tightened and Fraser began gasping for breath. Suddenly, Fraser's struggling stopped and Carllson's arms no longer held anything. The thing had disappeared.

Carllson helped Fraser up and supported the man against himself. "Hey, buddy. You okay."

Fraser's breathing steadied. "Yeah....thanks. What the hell happened to that creature?!"

"Don't know. Damn - Petrov!" Both men crossed over to the unconscious man. Fraser shook him slightly. Petrov groaned and his eyes flicked open. "Petrov, you okay?"

The man's eyes opened slowly and focused on the forms of Fraser and Carllson. "What hit me?"

"That thing," answered Fraser. "It's gone now."

"Come on. Let's get to Command Center. I think we all deserve some answers."

"Contact established," reported Yasko.

Petrov, Fraser and Carllson walked into Command Center in time to see the main screen come to life. "What is it?" asked Petrov. "I can't handle anymore surprises today."

"Alien transmissions of some sort," answered Kate. "On the screen."

The Alphans witheld a figure of a young man, in his twenties, with black hair and wearing a uniform of sorts. Another young man along with a girl stood beside him. "Moonbase Alpha?"

"This is Moonbase Alpha. Weapons Officer Petrov speaking."

"I am Malan of the planet Loros? I must apologize for the trouble we have

caused you."

"You caused?" asked Fraser.

"Yes. Your entire base, particularly yourself Uri Petrov, Bill Fraser, Dan Carlsson, Yasko Nugami, Karrie Ford, Kate Matthews and Bob Mathias have been subjects of a textbook experiment."

"Experiment?! Like guinea pigs!" exclaimed Petrov.

"Unfortunately. You see, our species is one that ages very slowly. Childhood on Loros lasts for several decades instead of your fourteen to eighteen years. You and your base were victims of a children's game."

"Nice of you to tell us," said Kate.

"I only now found out that Janis and Civita were tampering with your life forms," explained Malan.

"About our senior officers," asked Petrov.

"They will be up in a few moments. Please accept my apologies."

"We do. Just make sure your two friends don't try that stunt again."

"Be assured. Janis and Civita will be properly punished. Thank you and good bye." The main screen faded out.

"I can't believe it!" exclaimed Fraser. "Two kids incapacitate six senior officers, stage a battle, send a creature down to Alpha and then stop and say sorry."

"Some kids," answered Carlsson.

"Come on. Let's get down to Medical and see how our boss's are doing. Kate, you and Yasko mind the store."

Petrov, Fraser and Carlsson walked into Medical Center in time to see all six officers awake and apparently well. "I heard the transmission in Medical."

"It's about time you woke up," said Petrov, jokingly.

"Nice to be back," answered Koenig. "How's Alpha doing? Anything mindshattering happen while we were out?"

"Alpha's doing fine, Commander," Petrov rubbed his chin. "As for what happened, that's a whole other story."

"It'll have to wait, Petrov," interrupted Karrie. "Ben and I have to check everyone just to be on the safe side."

"I feel fine, Karrie," said Alan Carter. "As a matter of fact I have to....."

"Stay right there." Karrie placed a gentle restraining hand on Carter's chest.

"We can handle things for awhile longer. Taking charge was difficult but not that bad. After all, it was only a minor conspiracy."

THE END

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VERDESCHI V.S. TINDLE

by
Phyl Proctor

When Steve asked me to write this article, my heart sank. After all, it's not easy to assess "Milo Tindle's" character in SLEUTH because he changes so completely after the fake murder. Then I have to compare it with Tony. Well, I've kicked it about a bit and I think it will be easier than I expected.

Upbringing and background play a large part in character, so I think it deserves a mention at this point. According to Immunity Syndrome, Tony Verdeschi was born and educated in Italy, except for a post graduate course in Cambridge, England. This means that the Italian in his background is more pronounced than Tindle's, and in any case, Tony is entirely Italian. While Milo is only $\frac{1}{2}$. Milo was educated in England, at a school he describes as a "second rate public school" which for the newcomers, who don't know, is fee paying. This English influence makes Milo a calmer and more controlled person than the volatile Tony Verdeschi.

Their feelings toward their families differ quite a bit. In Bringers of Wonder, Tony asks after his parents and seems close to them. There is even a hint of an exceptionally close relationship between Tony and his father, who pined after Breakaway. Milo mentions his mother briefly and sounds sympathetic to his father, who spent every minute "crouched over his watches like an old gnome" to raise the school fees for Milo. Milo sends him money whenever he can spare it and visits with him, but beyond this there seems to be no special link.

There are a couple of similarities. Both men are arrogant and Milo remains that way, even after the trauma. Both men are fun-loving. This is made obvious by Tony's happy, optimistic nature. Milo shows it by being willing and happy to dress up in the clown costume and enjoys fooling around in it.

SAVOY THEATRE
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Michael White and Ray Cooney
present



PATRICK CARGILL
TONY ANHOLT
in
SLEUTH

The World Famous Thriller by Anthony Shaffer

The two men have an almost opposite attitude to love. Milo openly adores Marguerite, saying "It's a great pain for us to be apart" and scoffing because "it's practically a national pastime in Britain, sneering at Love." Tony, on the other hand, is far more casual. He makes advances toward Maya, but apart from a couple of chaste kisses and a few suggestive remarks. He shows no outward sign of loving her until it looks like their last hour has arrived during Beta Cloud. Even then, when the danger has passed he goes back to his casualness and passes what he said off as panic.

Courage is not Milo Tindle's strong points. In fact, Wyke is quite right to call him a bush baby. He has no aggression in him and Wyke has to tell him what to do and goad him into doing it - before he will do anything at all. We all can think of hundreds of examples of Tony Verdeschi's courage. It seems superfluous to list them.

Although Tony is a little brash, he never flaunts his youth or virility about. Of course, this is probably because he is surrounded by virile young men. Milo, on the other hand, confronts only Wyke during the play and so he takes every opportunity to remind Wyke that Marguerite loves Milo. This allows to include Wyke's mistress during the second half, after Milo finds that Wyke is impotent.

Dress sense is impossible to compare. We know that Milo dresses well - in well cut suits and monogrammed shirts. We never see Tony out of uniform except in Catacombs of the Moon and in that he wears a tank top. From the fact that he always wears a jacket I imagine he is a neat dresser.

I may be wrong, but I cannot recall Tony Verdeschi being vengeful. At the end of Lambda Factor Koenig actually says Tony has forgiven her. Milo on the other hand is determined to get his revenge on Wyke for the humiliation and degradation of the fake murder. This revenge is the only thing which drives him in the second act. Because of it, he becomes tenacious, not a natural trait in him. Tony, as we all know, is very tenacious. The way he sticks to his beer making proves that. In his normal state Milo Tindle has no tenacity whatever. He would gladly give up the burglary if only Wyke would let him. His statement

of "If at first you don't succeed.....give up!" is further proof.

Gullibility is not one of Tony's weaknesses. He is, after all, the first to spot the imposter Koenig in *Seed of Destruction*. Alright, so he really believed that "blob" was Guido, but then so did everyone else. Milo is very gullible? Anyone who believes that their mistress' husband is going to give him valuable jewelry. Even if he does say he can claim the insurance, he must be very gullible indeed.

Of course, after the fake murder Milo has learned his lesson. In fact, in the second half he is nothing more than a seething mass of vengeance. His every word and action is intended to get revenge on Wyke, either directly, by dressing up as Inspector Dopler and arresting him, by pretending to have murdered and framed Wyke, or indirectly by attacking Wyke's manhood and accentuating Wyke's impotency. He has no sense of humor in this part, except a cruel sense of pleasure in Wyke's torment. I am quite sure that if his job as head of security demanded it, Verdeschi would be very like Milo in the second half - but so far it never had.

So you see, Verdeschi and the normal Tindle are not really very alike at all. In fact, there are far more differences than likenesses. For this reason it is to Tony Anholt's credit as a fine actor that he portrays both men equally believable and equally well.

METEOR

To the earliest and most primitive civilizations, meteors were mysterious celestial bodies, a source of awe and even religious devotion as they streaked through the vast heavens.

Today the sophisticated technology that has made man a knowledgeable traveler in the universe brings into focus the mind - boggling power and violence which could be wrought by these unpredictable space particles.....METEOR is a frightening reality.

In the film METEOR, a five mile wide chunk of metal and iron is sent on a deadly collision course with Earth, when the solar system is disrupted by a series of explosions. A meteor is earthbound, traveling at a velocity of 20 miles per second.....60 times faster than a rifle shot.

With the potential impact power of thousands of H-bombs, several smaller splinters of the meteor hurtle on ahead on the same terrifying trajectory of doom.

Substantiated scientific possibilities provide the basis for the suspense filled, science-fact spectacle that is METEOR. Science has affirmed this could happen..... METEOR is the story of the impending cataclysm that unites the nations and peoples of the world in a single desperate mission to save our planet from total destruction. In a secret Command Center burrowed beneath Manhattan's subway system a US and Russian alliance work to divert the catastrophe.

As the two teams begin to plan their defensive, meteor splinters begin to warn of the impending disaster. An earth jarring impact is first felt in Siberia, laying waste to an area the size of Europe. A cluster of meteors streak past Italy's leaning Tower of Pisa, but disintegrate and are consumed in the atmosphere in a spectacle of fireballs and shootingstars.

Yet another splinter reeks havoc landing in the Pacific Ocean creating a 100 foot tidal wave which engulfs and destroys Hong Kong; and finally a deadly chunk of meteorite as tracked in descent towards the east coast of the United States, making the Command Center itself its target. With only hours to divert disaster, it's a tense race to launch the missiles at the precise moment for their life-and-death rendezvous with the meteor.

The breathtaking climax in a crushed and crippled New York subway tunnel is one of the most exciting moments in modern movie history!

Among the stars in this action packed film is Martin Landau. A versatile and inventive actor, Martin plays General Adlon, military head of Project Hercules, who is dismayed to see Soviet scientists enter his top secret Command Center.

Along with Martin Landau, other stars of METEOR are: Sean Connery, Natalie Wood, Karl Malden, Brian Keith, Joseph Campanella, Trevor Howard and Henry Fonda. Remember: IT WILL STRIKE IN JUNE OF 1979 AT LEADING THEATERS NATIONWIDE. DON'T MISS IT!

**A special thanks must go to Linda Werra at Columbia Pictures for providing several pieces of information on METEOR and numerous photos from the film; including the one of Martin Landau that appears in this issue. Thank you again very much Miss Werra!

All information and photos on METEOR are copyright of Columbia Pictures and are not intended to infringe on the rights of Columbia Pictures. ALL the above information and the photo following are meant to advertise Mr. Landau's performance in METEOR and nothing more.



ME 28K-9 Martin Landau in "METEOR," released by American International Pictures
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THE QUESTION OF ALPHA

Were we picked for this holocaust?
To be forever lost.
On Alpha our life will continue,
until we can start anew.
But will it be the same?
Will surviving be just a game?
But we must believe and trust,
that God had a meaning for us.

Paul Bens

BREAKAWAY

NOT JUST ANOTHER EPISODE!

by

Sally Syrjala

Every so often it is interesting to view a familiar object from a different viewpoint. There are times we get so used to a particular item we fail to look into all the aspects it presents for our imaginations.

"Breakaway" could be labelled an action/adventure episode. We have spectacular special effects. Explosions that heralded those of the demise of the Death Star are present. The vacuum of space was neglected when the explosions were heard, but what of the vacuum of space when we heard the engines of the X-Wing fighters in STAR WARS? Seems to me this was the same sort of faux pas made to create more excitement for the audience in both instances. True, it might have been as spectacular, maybe even more so, to see the tremendous light of the explosions in complete silence. Would have been awe inspiring, but mass media audiences have gotten used to participating with more than one sense; therefore, producers seem to think audio effects must accompany visual ones.

We can see this episode as an argument against bureaucracy and the manipulating way this type of red tape works. If Koenig's bosses hadn't been so eager to cover the facts and go ahead with their mission at all costs, perhaps a disaster could have been averted. Sometimes adverse public reaction to a situation is better than the events that could transpire if warning signs are ignored. "Breakaway" gives a good example of this.

It also showed us that man's technology is not perfect. We can safeguard ourselves from that which we know, but what of that which remains a mystery to us? Because a particular form of radiation was not being detected, it was felt that all was well. However, a form of radiation not yet understood made some work for the special effects people. It lets us see mankind as not yet knowing or understanding all as we sometimes feel we have accomplished. Shows there are still a good many things in this universe that are just beginning to make their presence known to us.

Then we have Earth not wishing to contaminate her surface further with waste material that will take many many lifetimes to be safe for people to approach. Therefore, it is decided Terra should transport all unwanted items to the Moon. After all, what harm can they do there?? It is rather like putting prisons and mental institutions away from sight so society can forget about the problems it has created.

The Moon doesn't like having her surface destroyed by man so she decides to give the Earth a slap in the face for so desecrating her sphere. She does this quite effectively by taking off for friendlier climes where man cannot scar her further.

So we can look at this one episode through many different eyes --- as that of an action/adventure yarn; as that of a maverick commander trying to shake off the chains

of a bureaucratic command system and that of an anti-nuclear stance with the dangers of nuclear waste storage making itself known with one great flash of light in the sky. Considering the last item, wonder if New Hampshire will one day censor this episode from its airwaves? Trek has its "banned" episodes. Space: 1999 has the raw material for such fare also.

JACKIE

by
Diana Winslow

"Alan; you ready to go back to Alpha?" asked Commander John Koenig as he and Helena Russell joined the pilot near the Eagle.

"What went on here, Commander? Were those people actually androids?"

"Alan, I'd rather not think about them again," answered Helena. "The people, the real people of Vega, are wonderful, and they're human, just like us. Thank Heaven they can now return to a life of their own, a life out from under the control of the androids."

Alan turned to the Commander. "As I came in I saw that this is a pretty gruesome planet on the surface, but down here it's beautiful. It would be a great place to call home."

"But it's already taken, Alan. In an underground world there's no room to add a small city of newcomers like the Alphans. We'll just have to keep looking for a planet of our own."

Alan was thoughtful for a long moment. "Maybe not all of us can come here, but I wonder if they'd consider allowing two of us to come."

"Who are you talking about? Alan, if you're planning to leave Alpha, I will have to say no. We need you--"

"No, Commander. Not me."

"Then who?" asked Helena curiously.

"I was thinking that now that the androids are gone, this would be a beautiful place for a kid to grow up."

"Jackie Crawford?"

"Yeah, Jackie. What do you think, Commander? Will these people allow a mother and her son to move in?"

"I don't know, Alan. The people of this planet have a lot of work ahead of them re-establishing themselves as controllers of their own world, but I'll talk to their council about it. If they agree, I'll discuss it with Cynthia as soon as we return to Alpha."

Later that afternoon, Alan was called to the Commander's office. As he entered he saw Cynthia Crawford seated in a chair before the Commander's desk. Alan strode quickly toward them. He stopped near Cynthia and waited for Koenig to speak.

"Alan, I've talked over your idea with Cynthia, and she says she's willing to give it a try."

Cynthia laughed softly. "Actually, what I said Captain Carter, was that I do want to find a safe home for my child, a place with other children for him to play with, but I'm scared to death to go there alone."

"I can understand that. Talk about being the new kids on the block, the two of you will be the new kids on the planet."

"Alan, since this was your idea, I'd like you to accompany Cynthia and Jackie to the planet. Help her to see as much as possible of the world and its people." He turned to Cynthia. "Will it be alright if Captain Carter goes with you?"

"Oh, yes. I'd greatly appreciate it if you would do that, Captain."

"I'd be glad to. In fact, I was about to ask if I could do just that, especially since it was my idea. I want to be sure that I'm not getting you into something that could be dangerous or turn out to be unsatisfactory for you."

"Thank you, Captain."

Alan smiled and nodded. "How soon can you be ready to go? I can have an Eagle ready in about an hour."

"An hour?"

"Well, we'll only be in range of Vega for a few days."

"I see. Well, if I'm going to go, it would probably be best to get Jackie ready, pack our clothes and go. If I have too long to think about it, I may change my mind, or lose my nerve."

"That's right. We'll never know about this planet until we give it a go. So, I'll see you at Launch Pad Four in an hour, okay?"

"Well --" said Cynthia hesitantly. She smiled. "All right, Captain. In an hour."

Alan glanced at Koenig to see if he had any further orders or instructions. "Go ahead, Alan. Cynthia will be with you soon."

Carter nodded to the Commander. He grinned at Cynthia. "Don't worry. Everything will be fine. I'll see you in an hour."

Cynthia's eyes followed the pilot as he moved to the door. As the door sliced shut behind him, Cynthia's eyes returned to the Commander. "Cynthia, maybe I should have talked it over with you before I asked Carter to go. You may have wanted someone else, like Mark Tyson. Mark heard about this visit to the planet. He asked if he might accompany you and Jackie. I told him I'd talk to you."

Cynthia frowned. "Commander. I'd rather Mark not come with us."

"That's totally up to you, Cynthia."

"I'd rather he not come. Mark doesn't really love me, and Jackie seems to be afraid of him. If I decide to make the move to the planet, I'll do it for Jackie's sake, so if a man goes with us, he must be able to love Jackie like his own son." Her gaze returned to the closed door.

"A man like Alan Carter, maybe?"

"Captain Carter cares for Jackie and Jackie obviously loves the Captain in return. Did you know that he visits Jackie in the nursery quite often?"

"What about you, Cynthia?"

"I didn't know Captain Carter very well before Jackie was born, but since then, I've come to admire the man very much. He's so sincere in wanting to help Jackie and me." She paused thoughtfully, her gaze again returning to the door through which he had passed moments before. "Yes, I could easily love Alan Carter." Koenig did not respond. Cynthia glanced at him and saw the worried expression on his face. She smiled. "I'm sure any woman could easily fall in love with a man like Alan Carter. So, the real question is, can Alan love me?"

"Cynthia. Alan --"

"Yes, Commander. I know about Kali. Alan loved her very much. I know that no other woman has been able to take her place in Alan's life."

"But, you're going to try?"

"Yes. For Jackie's sake -- and for mine."

The flight to the planet was a short one. Soon the people had welcomed them to Vega, had shown them to their rooms, and began to make plans for their entertainment. In less than an hour after their arrival, Alan, dressed in blue swim trunks, was splashing in a large natural spring pool under the high domed ceiling of the cavern. With him was fourteen month old Jackie Crawford. Soon, a group of Vegans had gathered around the boy. Alan quietly slipped away from the group. He returned to the bank and pulled himself up and sat down on the edge to watch.

Cynthia Crawford, wearing a white bikini her long dark brown hair waving softly over her shoulders, approached Alan from behind. She called his name. He turned and smiled a greeting. His eyes were quick to take in the fact that Cynthia was indeed a very lovely woman. He motioned to a place beside him on the rock bank.

Cynthia watched Jackie as she moved nearer Alan. The boy was having a wonderful time playing with the Vegans. Alan's eyes had also returned to the boy. He heard a soft chuckle behind him. He turned toward Cynthia.

"You look out of your element, Captain."

"What do you mean? The water?"

"No. The water's perfect. It's the underground pool. You look as if you should be surrounded by sun, sand, sea and salt air. You also need a surfboard to make the picture complete."

Alan laughed. "I sure miss the beaches. I almost lived on a surfboard when I was a kid."

As Cynthia sat down beside Carter, little Jackie looked up. "Cap'n! Cap'n!" he called holding his chubby little arms toward Carter.

Alan grinned as he stood. He looked down and winked at Cynthia. "Translated, that means, Captain." Alan dove into the water and surfaced directly under Jackie's nose. Jackie squealed and laughed with delight as he threw his arms around Alan's neck. Alan took the boy into his arms and lifted him onto his shoulders. "What a ride, Cobber?"

"Yes!"

Alan shifted the boy's weight farther back on his shoulders. "Hold on!" He glided easily into a strong breast stroke. Jackie laughed happily. Alan playfully bounced a bit causing the water to rise higher and higher around the boy's middle. Jackie squealed and grabbed Alan's head. "Hey! I can't see with your hands over my eyes."

Jackie laughed and moved his arms, but held on to Alan's ears. "Fast!" shrieked Jackie. Alan glanced at Cynthia and grinned. He put a bit more effort into his stroke which carried them swiftly across the pool, trailing white water and Jackie's laughter behind them.

Cynthia smiled as she watched the boy and the strong but gentle man who obviously cared very deeply for her son. "Please, Alan," she whispered softly to herself, "Please stay with us."

Hours later, Alan carried the sleeping boy in his arms as he and Cynthia entered the building in which rooms had been assigned to them. They moved through the corridor and into Cynthia and Jackie's rooms. Alan carried the boy into the hastily prepared nursery and gently laid him in the crib. Cynthia followed closely. Together they pulled off the boy's soiled clothes.

"He needs a bath," said Cynthia. "Look at him. He's filthy."

"Let him sleep, Cindy. He's worn out. He's had quite a day."

Cynthia reached for a clean pair of pajamas and began to dress the sleeping child. Jackie was much too exhausted for his slumber to be disturbed by the gentle tugging as he was dressed. "He did have a wonderful time, didn't he?"

"He sure did," agreed Alan. "I was a little worried how he'd react when I swung across the cavern cliff with him on my shoulders, but he just laughed and shouted. 'Agin!'"

"And Alan, shame on you, you did go across again. I think my heart actually stopped when I saw how high the two of you were."

Alan laughed. "Jackie was fine; he loved it."

"It was an awfully high cliff. But I trust you, Alan. I know you wouldn't allow anything to happen to Jackie."

"I'm sure going to miss him," said Alan softly. Cynthia glanced up at him but said nothing.

They re-entered the lovely colorful living area of the suite of rooms given to Jackie and Cynthia. "This underground world is amazing!" exclaimed Carter. "Everything's coming back to normal since the computers we brought with us from Alpha were installed to replace the main computer that had controlled the androids." He turned to face Cynthia. "I think the people are great too. They've bent over backward to make us welcome. I watched their reaction to Jackie and his response to them. Now, I'm not trying to make any decisions for you, Cindy, but to me, it looks great. Jackie really seemed happy and comfortable with them."

"Yes, and it was so good to see him playing with children. I think he did quite well for his first time to ever see another child."

Alan laughed. "He learns pretty fast too. Remember when he tried to take that toy dog-like animal away from that little blonde kid? The kid knocked Jackie flat."

Cynthia laughed. "Yes. I nearly died. It was his first lesson in sharing." She again laughed softly. She stood quietly for a long moment. "You're right, Alan. I think Jackie was well accepted by these people."

Alan put his arm around Cynthia as he moved toward the door. "Jackie wasn't the only one of our little group who was noticed and obviously found quite acceptable. I saw quite a few eligible young bachelors who were watching you very closely." A teasing lop-sided grin spread across Carter's face. "And, are you sure you had enough help setting out that picnic lunch? Let's see, how many of them were helping you? Five? No, six, wasn't it six guys?"

Cynthia laughed. "No, only five. And they were so kind and helpful. They didn't learn at me or treat me the way so many widows are treated back on Earth. They were really wonderful."

"See," said Carter with a wide grin. "This place is looking good -- for both of you." Alan's hand was on the crystal doorknob. "I'm bushed. Keeping up with an active fourteen month old is harder than I thought."

Cynthia placed her hand on his arm. "Alan. I --" Her voice lowered. "Thank you so much for what you've done for Jackie and I."

Alan placed his hands on her shoulders and kissed her gently on the cheek. "No thanks needed. I'm happy to do it. I kinda like that little guy in there."

"Alan --" Her hand again caught his arm, but she paused then looked away.

"No. It's not important. You're tired and I'm keeping you from a deserved good night's sleep."

Alan studied Cynthia closely. "Cindy, are you okay? You don't have to go through with this if you don't want to. You can come back to Alpha with me. All of us want what is best for you and Jackie. We'll back you either way, you know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Alan. I know that."

For a moment there was an uncomfortable silence between them, then Alan opened the door. "Goodnight, Cindy. I'll see you in the morning."

"Goodnight, Alan. And thank you for everything."

Alan nodded, then crossed the corridor to his own rooms opposite Cindy's. He entered and switched on the globes that sent a soft golden glow around the spacious rooms which were simply but colorfully and tastefully decorated. Alan turned the lighting to a very low and soft glow. His mood had changed greatly and the bright colors grated on his nerves. He placed his commlock on the oval glass table beside the low round bed. He took off his belt and laid it across a curved bench at the foot of the bed. He pulled his shirt off over his head and tossed it beside the belt. He moved back to the table. He sat down on the bed, then lay back across the light fuscha covering.

"You're a bloody idiot," he growled at himself. "Talk about not being able to see the forest for the trees!" He raised himself on one elbow and arranged one of the hard pillows against the simple milky white headboard, then kicked off his shoes and swung his feet up on the bed and leaned back against the pillow. "Carter. You're a bone head."

His tirade of self-demeaning adjectives was interrupted by a soft knock at his door. Before he could rise to answer it, the door opened slowly. Cynthia entered wearing a soft slimsy nightgown and matching dressing gown. Alan stood and moved toward her. He was very much aware of the very feminine nightgown and his own state of half-dress as he silently added a few more harsh adjectives to his self description. "Is something wrong, Cindy?" he asked, knowing that there wasn't.

"No. I just wanted to talk to you."

"Sit down." He guided her away from the bed to a narrow sofa. Cindy sat down and Alan pulled up a low bench and sat in front of her. He waited for her to begin.

"Alan, I really can't believe I'm here in your room like this, or that I'm actually going to say what I've come here to say."

"Cindy, Anything you say will go no farther than me. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course, Alan, but ---"

"Cindy. I think we need to talk -- now."

"All right. Alan, I am sincere when I say how much I appreciate what you've done for Jackie and I." Alan nodded but didn't speak. "I know how much you love Jackie." She glanced up at Carter's face as if suddenly she were not sure of her own words. "You do love him, don't you?" Before he could respond, Cindy answered her own question. "Of course you love him. You're not a man who could ever hurt a child in any way."

A look of pained discomfort came into Carter's eyes. He stood and crossed the room. For a long moment he didn't speak. "Yes. I do love Jackie and I'd never do anything to hurt him, at least, not deliberately."

"But you will hurt him; you know you will." Alan didn't answer. "When you leave him here, it will break his heart. He loves you too, Alan. He needs you. You've become the father he never had. Jack, my husband, would have been a wonderful father for Jackie, but he died before the boy was born ---"

"Cindy. I'm sorry. I never intended ---." He paused. "No, I guess I never really stopped to think this thing through. You know -- or at least I hope you know -- that I never intended to hurt Jackie or---" His voice was cut short. .

"--or me. Is that what you intended to say?" He didn't answer. "Then please, don't hurt us. Please stay with us here on Vega. Don't go back to Alpha."

Alan turned to face her. In the soft light, she looked so lovely and helpless and for a moment, he wanted to take her into his arms, but he turned his eyes away from her. "I can't stay here. It wouldn't work for any of us. No matter how determined I might be to make it work. I know myself well enough to know that in the long run I'd only make us all miserable."

"No, Alan. That wouldn't happen---"

"Cindy. My whole life centers around flying. But this planet has reached an advanced level of civilization without ever having gone out into space." His voice lowered. "Perhaps if you and Jackie return to Alpha. There we could be together and I could still fly."

"But Jackie would again be the only child in a totally adult world. Vega is perfect for him. Like any other little boy, he needs other children." She crossed the space between them and gently put her hands on Alan's bare shoulders, "Please stay with us." She slipped one hand up to the back of Alan's neck. "Don't hurt us. If you love Jackie---"

"I do love Jackie ---"

"---but you don't love me." Cindy finished softly.

"Cindy, I---"

"You still love Kali, don't you?" Alan didn't speak, but his eyes told her that everything she had feared the most was true. "You do still love her, and because you love her, you can't love me."

"Cindy, I'm sorry. I've been a bloody idiot. I never meant to hurt you."

"I understand, Alan. I know that under that tough Aussie facade, you're actually a very gentle and sensitive man -- and I love you, Alan Carter. Now don't look like that!" she said with a smile although her eyes were moist and her chin quivered a bit. "I love you for being the kind of man you are. I love you for caring so much. I was selfish. I wanted someone to stay with us and to be a father to Jackie. I wanted it so badly that I tried to place you in a position which would force you to become that man. I didn't love you then, but I do love you now. And because I love you, Alan, I want you to go back to Alpha."

"Go back? Without you and Jackie?"

"Yes. You don't love me, Alan. Deep inside, I've known that all along. You're a pilot and an astronaut. You need to fly."

"But what about you and Jackie?"

"We'll be fine. Jackie will miss you greatly at first, but he's too young for it to hurt him in a lasting psychological way. I'll keep your memory alive for him as he grows up. We'll always remember you and what you've done for us."

"What about you?"

She smiled. "It will take me a little longer than Jackie. After all, I'm not a fourteen month old child. But I'll be all right. The people here are wonderful. And the young men are kind and understanding. I feel sure that someday I'll meet a man who can love both me and my son. We'll be a family based on love, not a forced feeling of responsibility. I've made my decision. Jackie and I will stay here on Vega."

Alan studied her face for a long moment. He put his arms around her and held her close. "Cindy, you're fantastic. It'll work out here for you and Jackie. I'd never let you stay here -- I'd never leave you here -- if I didn't sincerely believe that. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I do. We'll be fine here."

Alan stepped back, then kissed her gently on the cheek. He smiled broadly as he gave her a big brotherly bear hug, then with his arm around her shoulders, he walked her back to her own door.

The next three days passed quickly. Cindy made many friends among the people of Vega. One of them, a man named Sae, now walked with them on the other side of Cindy. Alan glanced down and smiled as he saw that Cindy's hand was held in Sae's. Alan liked Sae. He seemed to be perfect for Cindy and Jackie was already crazy about him. They stopped beside the Eagle's hatch. Alan looked down at the little boy he held in his arms.

"Gotta go, Cobber. I'm afraid you can't help me fly this trip."

Jackie's arms tightened around Alan's neck. "Luv you," he said in his high childish voice.

Alan smiled. "Luv you, too." He nodded toward Sae. "Wanta go to Sae?" Jackie paused for a moment, then nodded and held his arms out toward Sae and moved willingly into the Vegan's arms. Alan held a small sack of sweet breads that a woman had given to Jackie to eat on the way to the ship. "Hey, Mate, don't forget your tucker." Jackie laughed as he took the bag from Alan's hand.

Alan put his arm around Cindy's shoulders and they stepped closer to the hatch. Sae moved back a step to allow them to be alone. "You okay? You sure this is what you want to do?"

"Yes, Alan. I'm sure." She glanced back at Sae. "I haven't known him long, but I think he may be just what the doctor ordered."

"For both of you?"

"Yes, for both of us." She smiled happily. "And if it works out the way we hope it will, we'll name Jackie's first little brother after you."

Alan grinned. "What if it's a girl?"

"How about Allene?"

Alan winced. "How about naming her Lucy after my little sister?"

"All right." She slipped her arms around his waist. "Thank you, Alan. Thank you for everything."

Alan's arms encircled her and he kissed her lips. He held her close. "Take care, you hear me? And take care of that little guy over there."

Cindy smiled. "I will. He won't be a pilot when he grows up, but he will be a fine man. I'm sure of that."

Alan stepped back and studied her face. "You'll be happy here. I know you will." He glanced at Sae. "Take care of her for me, okay?"

Sae smiled and moved closer to Cindy. He shook Alan's hand, then put his arm around Cindy's shoulder as Alan mounted the steps of the ramp.

At the hatch he turned and waved. He smiled and called to Jackie, "Take it easy, Cobber."

"Bye-bye, Cobba," called the boy.

Alan laughed and waved again, then he turned and hurried inside the ship. The hatch slid shut as he prepared the Eagle for lift off. "Eagle six to base."

Koenig's image appeared in the small screen of Alan's console. "Yes, Alan."

has Cindy decided to stay?"

"Yes, sir. She's going to do just fine down here. She's found a way to contribute to the reclamation of the planet. They need computer experts desperately down here, so that's right down her alley."

"That's wonderful, Alan," responded Koenig with a wide grin. "Bring it on home now and step on it or you'll soon be out of range."

Alan smiled. "On my way. ETA on Alpha, fifteen hours and thirty seven minutes." he said as he fired the ship's booster rockets. His skilled hands moved smoothly across the ship's instruments and controls as he set his course for Alpha. Home? Home wasn't a base fifteen flight hours away. It was right here. Home to Alan Carter is a darting Eagle carrying him and his foot loose free spirit through space.

GUEST STAR: MARILU HENNER

Marilyn Henner is easily recognizable in her role as "Elaine" on TAXI - she's the only female regular on the show! Marilyn's show business aspirations go back to her childhood days in Chicago where her dad was in the automobile business and her mother operated a school of dance. With five brothers and sisters, the competition for attention must have been tough and Marilyn began getting her share at an early age by singing and dancing.

She continued performing right on through high school and supported herself by teaching dancing. Her first on-stage acting experience came in the Chicago community theater, quite similar to off Broadway. Marilyn easily won a part in the first national touring company of GREASE, and, in 1972, was well on her way to winning acclaim as an actress.

On the road to TAXI Marilyn has done 25 commercials, three series pilots, and two feature films. "Elaine", the character she plays, is divorced, supporting a daughter by working at an art gallery, and is also a reflection of society's current model woman. Marilyn des-



-cribes her as "independent and bright.....a merger of intelligence and sexiness".

Stephen Eramo

ADS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, ETC.

Rates: Paragraph ads for members are free. Paragraph ads for non-members are 15¢ per seven (7) inch typed line. Full page ads for both members and non-members are \$3.50.

CENTAURI: The fanzine of science fiction. Issue #1 contains Space 1999, Star Wars & Battlestar Galactica. Issue #2 available at the time of this ad printing. Accepting material for consideration. Send all orders/contributions to: Larry McIrvin, 51 Main St., Oceanport, N.J. 07757. SASE for information.

WMS BIGLEY TRIBUNE: Fabulous new "Star Wars" fanzine! Fiction, artwork, trivia, reviews. 80 pages of excitement for \$3.50 1st Class or \$2.50 in person. (Issue #1). Send all orders, contributions & correspondence to: Janice Sidwell, P.O. Box 40937, Nashville, Tenn. 37204. SASE for information.

ALPHA 1999: New Space 1999 club just organized. For info send SASE (Australia only) or IRC for foreign inquiries to: David Lacey, 69 Mangor Str., Waramanga ACT, 2611 AUSTRALIA.

ALPHAS CLUB: Originally centered on Space 1999 with parts on Man From Atlantis and Star Trek now announces a science fiction newsletter, each 3 to 5 pages long. Life membership is \$1.00. Newsletter is 25¢ and SASE for members. 50¢ and SASE for non-members. SASE to: Diana Sue Majesty, P.O. Box 254541, Sacramento, California 95825.

FOR SALE: Music for Man From Atlantis arranged for the piano. This particular piece was used as background music during the end scene in the original movie. Intermediate advanced arrangement by Diana Sue Majesty from the music by Fred Karlin. SASE and 25¢ for information to address above.

MAIN MISSION ALPHA: Mary Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, MA. 02128. SASE for information.

WANTED: I'm trying to get out some sort of short newsletter that would bring together people who tape record TV programs so that any and all can obtain shows unobtainable to them. If interested please send SASE to: Joni Hurley, 112 Carriage Drive, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15237.

BRITISH NICK TATE FAN CLUB: An excellent club for an excellent actor!!! Send IRC for info to: Phyl Proctor or Eileen Skidmore, 69 Francis Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham B27 6LT ENGLAND.

THE AVENGERS/PATRICK McNEE FAN NETWORK: A highly informative club for fans of both the old and new Avengers. Send SASE to: Heather Firth, 1925 Terry #7, Longmont, Colorado 80501.

ALPHA NEWS SERVICE: Dick DiPirro, 160 West Foster St., Melrose, MA. 02176. Bi-monthly 1999 publication. \$1.00 an issue/check or money order. #2 now ready for mailing. 30 page Year II Special Issue. Episode guide, reviews, etc. SASE for information.

EAGLE ONE: Karen Robinson, 15 Rockledge Place, Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009. SASE for information.

BARLEY NORSE FAN CLUB: Vivian Stanley, Box 1572, Jasper, Alta, CANADA T0E 1E0. SAE and either 15¢ or IRC foreign inquiries. Canadian inquiries please include SASE.

JAMES DOUGHAN INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB: Anna Areha, 1519 N.W. 204th St., Seattle, Washington 98177. SASE for information. Highly recommended club by your editor!!

LOST IN SPACE FANS: Write Channel 56 and tell them that you want Lost in Space shown during the weekdays in the Winter and Spring months. It's been six years since Lost in Space was shown at this time, and the only way it's going to come on again is if we get a letter campaign going to Channel 56. Here is the proper address at which to write: Lucille Salhany WLVI-TV 56, P.O. Box 56, Boston, MA. 02101. (Info sent in by member Jeff Blair).

THE LUNAR BULLETIN BOARD: Space 1999 penpal service. Send SASE for info and form to: Kathi Lynn Higley, 354 Hewitt Rd., Mystic, CT. 06355.

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