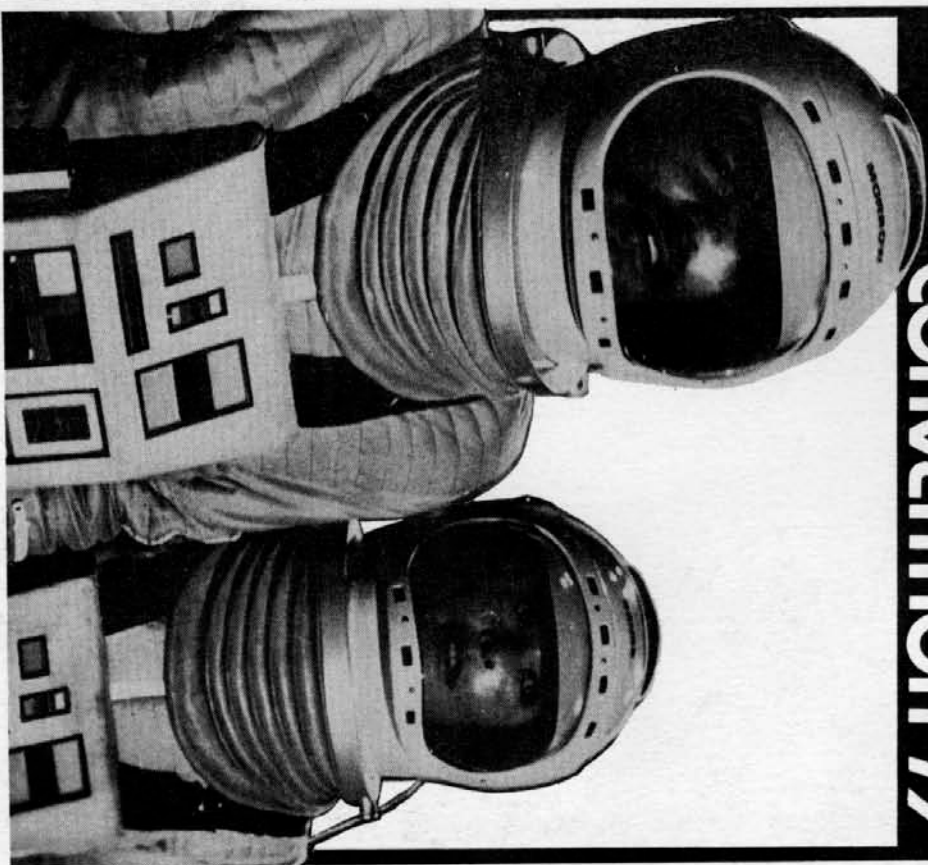


SPACE: 1999 CONVENTION '79





The National Save:1999 Alliance
Dedicates this Book to

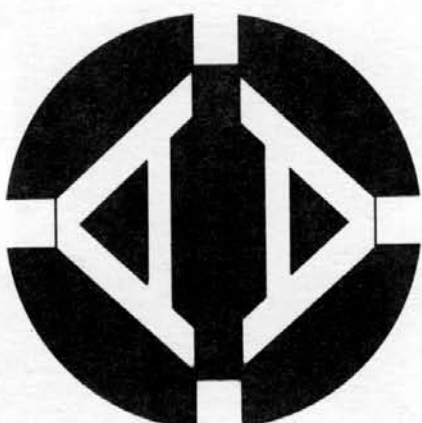
GERRY ANDERSON

*"To everything that was...
to everything that will be."*

GERRY ANDERSON has had a long and respected career in television and films. After the popular puppet series, Gerry went on to do several feature films, and then the live-action TV series *U.F.O.*, *The Protectors*, and of course *SPACE:1999*.

Gerry is currently beginning production on a new \$12 million feature film entitled *Five Star Five* with his new partner Sydney Rose. Described as *Where Eagles Dare* in space, the film will feature a major international cast. Gerry co-wrote the script with his longtime friend Tony Barwick (*Thunderbirds*, *Captain Scarlet*, *U.F.O.*, *SPACE:1999*). Principal photography gets under way this October at Pinewood Studios; release is scheduled for Christmas 1980.

The Alliance offers its full support and good wishes to Gerry in this new project. We know it will be the best "Anderson" yet.



SPACE:1999 CONVENTION '79

Sponsored by the National Save:1999 Alliance
William Penn Hotel * Pittsburgh, PA
July 27-29, 1979

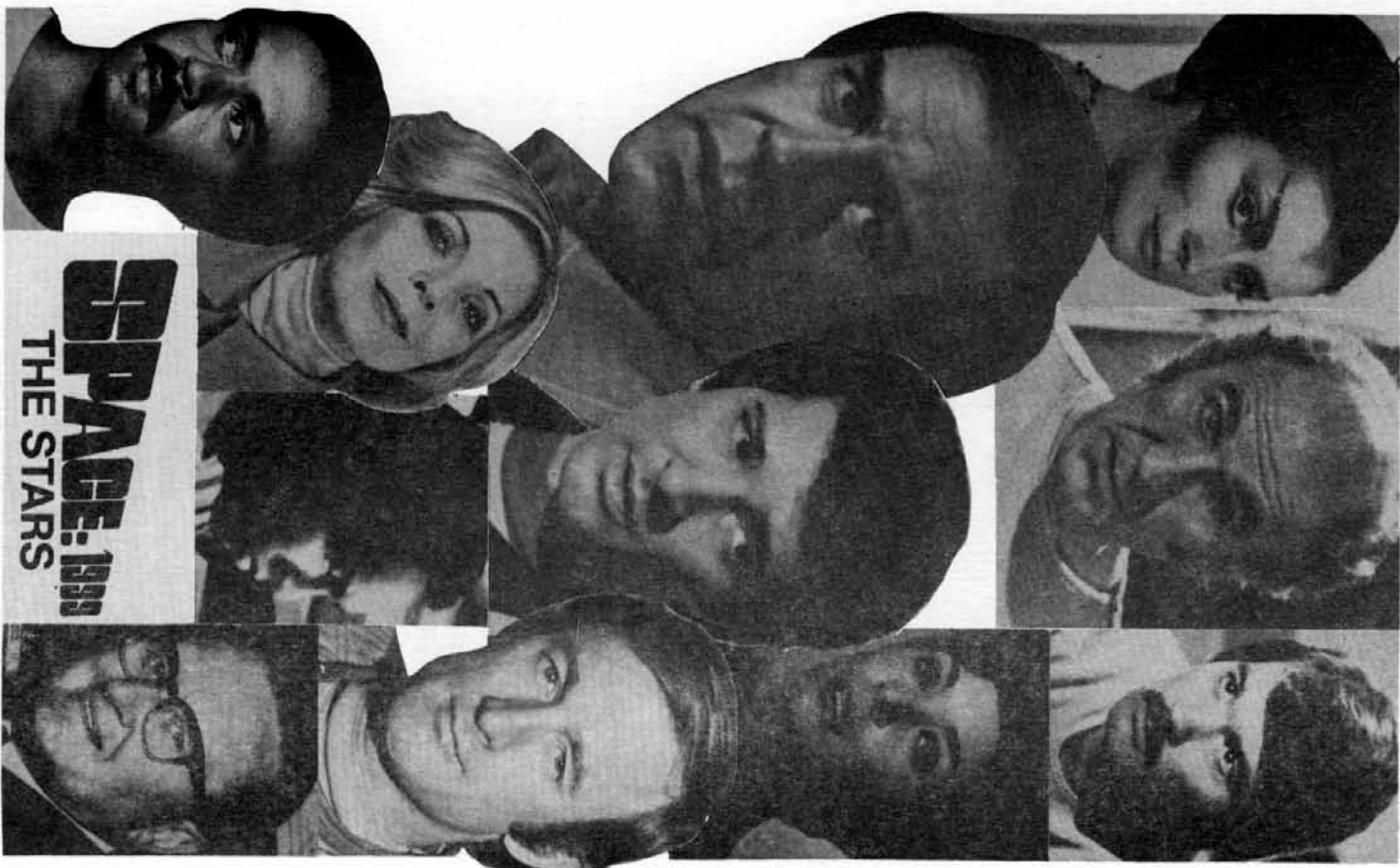
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Convention '79 Program Book is produced by the National Save:1999 Alliance, a non-profit service organization and a SPACE:1999 licensee.

Layout & Design by Mare Ganea Fitzgerald (Fawn Graphics)

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It's becoming a tradition to have the final guest list at SPACE Cons a surprise up to the last minute. This year we've heard from many of the stars and, as of the middle of July, we're 99.99% sure that Gerry Anderson, Barry Gray and Anton Phillips will be arriving.

With the stars' busy schedules, it is often next to impossible for them to be certain of their availability at any given time. We're sad to say we've received cancellations recently from two of the stars and, though we feel badly we won't be able to meet them, we are very happy that it is work that keeps them away. Zienia Merton is now working in a play and Barry Morse has to be in London for several weeks.

Zienia writes: *Please give all the fans my very best and warmest wishes and I'm sure it will be an even greater success than last year.*

From Barry Morse comes: *I hope the convention will be the huge success that you wish for---and deserve! The enthusiasm and dedication of your members is quite admirable. Please convey to all those present in Pittsburgh---friends old and new, known and unknown---my loving good wishes.*

BARRY GRAY, over a "nearly" 20 year period from 1956, has composed, arranged and directed the music for 12 television series and several feature movies for Gerry Anderson. Recently Barry has been asked to provide the scores of several of his compositions (*Thunderbirds*, *SPACE:1999*, *Journey to Far Side of Sun*) for performance at a major Film Charity Concert at Royal Albert Hall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The concert, called "Filmharmonic '79", is scheduled for this October. Barry composed 1999's first season music.

ANTON PHILLIPS was born in Jamaica, moved to Washington D.C. as a teenager. After studying radio announcing, directing and DJing at the RCA Institute, a return to Jamaica to work in advertising and a brief stay in New York, Anton went to England in 1964. He met his wife Judy there at the Rose Buford College of Speech and Drama; they have two little girls, Marissa and Jessica, and a "pugilistic Bull Terrier called Spartacus". Anton concludes his biography "My hobbies include reading SF, theatre and TV, preventing dog fights, patching up my house, and dreaming of warm, dry summers." Anton played the popular Dr. Bob Mathias in *SPACE:1999*.

NICK TATE, at Con '78, made us realize that all the nice things said about him are true. Our "Alan" is not only even more handsome in person, but extra considerate and attentive to his fans and as much fun to be around as we'd imagined. We all have been waiting anxiously to see Nick again this year, and the Alliance extends all its good wishes to Nick and his wife Hazel who expect their first child at the end of this year.

CLIFTON JONES, known to many con-goers as "Dad", was seen recently in the television production "Ike". Clifton was born in Jamaica, has lived in England since he was 16. After numerous stage roles and British television appearances, Clifton gained the part of David Kano, Alpha's Computer Controller.

TONY ANHOLT has a background as varied as any we've seen. Born in Singapore, Tony comes from French, Dutch, Swedish and Irish ancestry. He's been a tea-taster, toy salesman, a Latin and English teacher, and has worked in a travel agency and insurance office. Mix all of this up and you get Alpha's Italian Security Chief, Tony Verdeschi!

MARTIN LANDAU (Commander Koenig) will soon be seen in the major film *Meteor*, and we understand he has several other projects going. BARBARA BAIN (Dr. Russell) has been writing a novel which we are all looking forward to. We've seen PRENTIS HANCOCK (Paul Morrow) in *The New Avengers*, and he will be seen this fall in *Return of the Saint* on CBS. CATHERINE SCHELL (Maya) can be seen in *Prisoner of Zenda*, the latest Peter Sellers film.

We welcome all of our special guests this year, and hope their visit will be as enjoyable for them as it is for us. To those who couldn't be here for Con '79 ...maybe next year?

---GUEST SPEAKERS---

DAVID HIRSCH is well-known to the Alliance for his association with both of our cons. Dave is on the staff of *STARLOG Magazine* for which he produced the popular *Alpha Tech Notebook* and currently edits the "Gerry Anderson Space Report" column. Recently, Dave

has worked on *STARLOG's Science Fiction Weapons* and *Hollywood Musclemen* publications, and he created the background story for the new *Star cruiser 1* model kit.

DR. DOTTY SCHUMM, Associate Professor of Physiological Chemistry at Ohio State University, will be speaking to us again this year. Doty's lectures will focus on Future Man, with discussions on clones, cyborgs, DNA, and other related topics.

BERNIE WODZINSKI is a cinematographer, videographer and editor for ABC affiliate WTAE-TV Action News. Bernie is also a freelance filmmaker, currently producing *Hexagons*, a short film about war gaming.

JOE KENNEDY, a long-time Alliance member, is now a member of the Special Effects Union, and is looking forward to some very exciting work this fall. Joe has been signed to do some matte work for the new *Buck Rogers* series, and then he's off to work with Ray Harryhausen on a major film. Looks like the beginning of a long and productive career.

The NATIONAL SAVE:1999 ALLIANCE wishes to thank the following for all their contributions and help in making Con '79 and the Charity Auction a success:

Keith Shackleton & Julie Watts
(Gerry Anderson Marketing Ltd.)

Rose Marie Badgett & Paul Bens Jr.

Michael Butterworth

Wayne Callan (Cinemette Corporation)

Barry Gray

Gary Johnson & Grace Tumey
(Hanna-Barbera Enterprises)

David Hirsch

Sherry Gerber (ITC Entertainment)

Robert Mandell (ITC--New York)

Movie Poster Palace (Lansdown, PA)

George Heinemann (NBC-TV)

Phillip Rae

Majel Barrett Roddenberry

Jim Rondaean *STARLOG Magazine*

Judy Shevlowitz Still Things (Sylmar, CA)

James Smith Gene Zombolas

NATIONAL 1999 ALLIANCE

The Alliance year will draw to a close very soon. We've changed quite a bit in these past months, for the better, it is hoped.

For those of you new to the Alliance, here is a very brief history. Back in 1977, when word came that SPACE:1999 would cease production, Jeff Jones, along with several other 1999 fans, started the Alliance. The first year was spent almost entirely on gaining recognition and putting together the first convention. That con, in Columbus, Ohio, was a great success, and the general feeling was "to do it again next year".

After some delays and confusion, the second year of the Alliance got under way. The organization was revamped and Section Representatives were assigned specific geographic areas. To better communicate with our members, the bi-monthly MAIN COMPUTER newsletter was born. Licensing rights were obtained from Hanna-Barbera and this opened the door for Alliance merchandising. An original 1999 calendar for 1979 went to press and was well-received. A large group of series photos was offered and, because of the great response, a second group was made available.

From the beginning, the focal point of the Alliance was to draw all fans of SPACE:1999 together to possibly convince ITC to continue the series. Our movement has had at least some small part in the decision to release two feature length films. The first, DESTINATION:MOON-BASE ALPHA, is the two-part episode "Bringers of Wonder" from the second season. The other film will be a combination of the first season's "Breakaway" and "War Games" episodes. Both are for European theaters and American television releases.

As far as getting any new episodes, this has not yet happened, and to be very honest, is not very likely to happen. To expect Gerry Anderson and the stars and

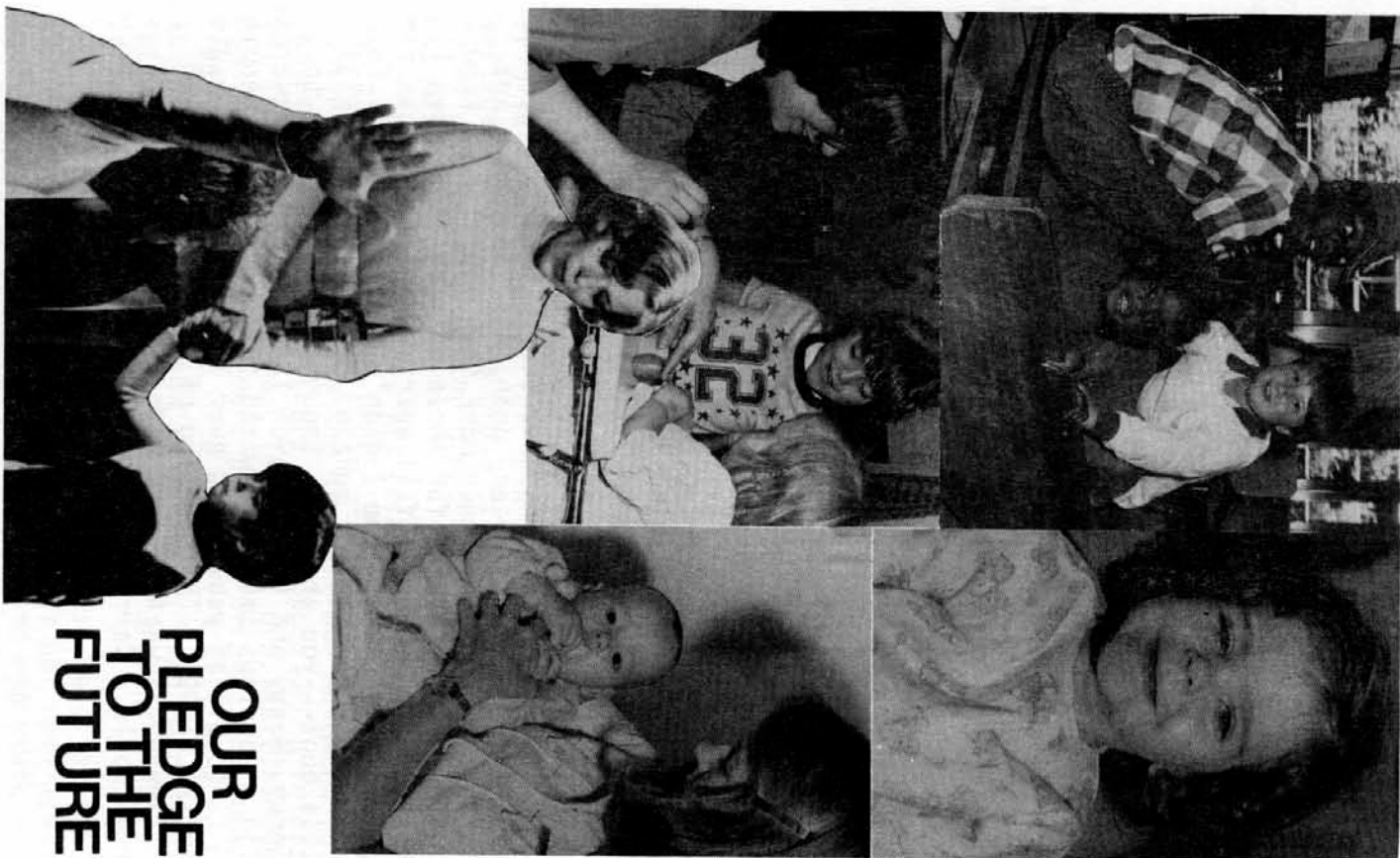
technical people of 1999 to sit around waiting for the return is both unrealistic and unfair. All are extremely talented and have much to offer in their careers. Even if ITC would give the green light, chances are very good that most of the cast and production staff would be busy with other projects.

So, if seeing a return of 1999 is so impossible, what are we all doing here? Most importantly, we are showing that we care. We are telling these wonderful guests that they are appreciated and we are offering our support for their future work. We are enjoying each other, learning new things, being creative, and through our charity contributions, helping others. This is what the Alliance is today. What the Alliance will become tomorrow is up to our new Board of Directors and our membership. Do we want more conventions? Should the newsletter change? Could we be doing more? The Board can't direct the Alliance without feedback from members.

I am resigning as president of the Alliance as of August 31, 1979. The Alliance has been my life during the past year, and I've loved taking care of it, even with all the lost sleep, frustrations and moments of wondering "why am I doing this to myself?" Though I must go on to other things now, I will still be here as an advisor if I am needed. I ask all of you to give your new president the same acceptance, support and friendship you've given me.

Some thanks are in order here. First, to our Section Reps, Gail, Kathy and John, Ann, Sue, Mary and Donna, you've helped much more than you'll ever know. To Chuck, many thanks for those calming calls when I was sure it would all fall apart. To Jeff, thanks for believing in me; I hope I didn't disappoint you. To all the others I can't mention by name---they'd fill this book---you are in my thoughts. And finally to Gerry, Barry and the stars of 1999, thank you for creating a wondrous imaginary world filled with real people. To all of you, don't ever lose that special magic of SPACE:1999. That feeling of hope and caring and believing is what we need more than anything in our real world. Carry it into our 'fantastic future'.

1999 Lives!
Mare Fitzgerald
President, NS:1999A



OUR PLEDGE TO THE FUTURE

In keeping with a tradition begun by Jeff Jones last year*, the NS:1999A will donate all profits from the 1978-79 membership year to Pittsburgh Children's Hospital. The donation will include all money remaining in our general fund, all profits from Con '79, and all proceeds from our Charity Auction.

With so many good organizations, it is sometimes very difficult to decide which are most worthy of contributions. Children's hospitals are a perfect choice for fans of SPACE:1999. These hospitals are today helping the Koenigs, Russells and Carters of tomorrow, the children who will continue our dreams with new visions of their own. We salute the children's hospitals for caring about our future: our kids.

PITTSBURGH CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Pittsburgh Children's Hospital admits children from birth to 18 years of age. While this hospital primarily serves children from Pennsylvania, many patients come from across the U.S. and from other countries.

No child is ever turned away from PCH because his parents cannot afford the cost of medical care. A General Need Fund (our donation has been pledged to this fund) insures that quality care will be available for every child.

PCH offers health care in a wide range of areas. Whether a child comes to the emergency room for outpatient treatment or is admitted for a long period, each receives the same individual care and attention. Many of the services are highly specialized, dealing with specific childhood illnesses or problems. These include diabetes, cystic fibrosis, muscular dystrophy, leukemia/tumors, allergies, arthritis, sickle cell, and behavioral sciences such as psychiatry, psychology and speech. The hospital offers fine departments specializing in neurology, cardiology, amputees, immunology, nutrition, dental care, and numerous other fields. With its fine staff and modern technical methods, Pittsburgh Children's Hospital is one of the very finest in the country.

*After Con '78, the NS:1999A donated over \$6500.00 to the Columbus, Ohio Children's Hospital.

CHARITY AUCTION

Judging from early donations, this year's Charity Auction could well be more successful than the first. A great mixture of items in every price range have been brought together from many sources, and every collector should find something of interest. The following is a partial listing.

PRESS KITS & PROMO BOOKS

The Prisoner (press kit)
 Capricorn One (promo book)
 Boys from Brazil (promo book)
 Destination: Moonbase Alpha (6 promo books)
 SPACE: 1999 Year One (promo book)
 SPACE: 1999 Year Two (8 promo books)
 Spy Who Loved Me (press kit)

SCRIPTS

Capricorn One (original)
 Star Trek (13 live & animated--original)
 Spectre (Roddenberry pilot film--original)
 Outer Limits (Bolerio Shield/M. Landau--copy)
 Star Trek (2 unshot scripts--copies)
 Lost in Space (Reluctant Stowaway pilot--copy)
 Fantastic Journey (2 copies)
 Battlestar: Galactica (several copies & originals)
 SPACE: 1999 (11 first season, 5 second season--orig.)

MOVIE POSTERS

Journey to the Far Side of the Sun
 Spy Who Loved Me
 Star Wars (by Tom Jung) Alien (pre-release poster)
 Star Wars (English poster by Chantrell)
 Superman: The Movie Battlestar: Galactica
 Wizards Lord of the Rings
 Buck Rogers Dawn of the Dead
 Rocky Horror Picture Show

LARGE SPECIAL DISPLAY POSTERS

Battlestar: Galactica (3) & Alien (on heavy board)

LOBBY CARDS

Battlestar: Galactica Superman: The Movie
 Thunderbird 6 Spy Who Loved Me
 Rollerball

SLIDE SETS

Battlestar: Galactica (100) Buck Rogers (100)
 2001 (50) Wizards (40)
 SPACE: 1999 (16) 1999 filmclips (6)
 SPACE: 1999 (5 Eagle, 5 Hawk)

POSTER BOOKS

Close Encounters Star Trek (#1-17)
 Star Wars (#1-16) Battlestar: Galactica (#1-3)

MAGAZINES & COMICS

Original Barbarella Superman Specials
 Star Wars (#1-26) Star Wars Special Comics
 Starlog Magazine (#1-7) Supercar Comic
 Starburst (English magazine) with G. Anderson interview
 "Look-In" TV annuals (British) w/Anderson & 1999 feat.

GUM CARDS

SPACE: 1999 (2 full sheets first season cards)
 Close Encounters Star Trek Jaws II

MISCELLANEOUS

Original Blueprint Nostromo leg (used in production)
 'Caution' stickers used in Alien (authentic)
 SPACE: 1999 Eagle color print poster
 Supercar print (16mm) SPACE: 1999 soundtracks (5)
 Star Wars glasses SPACE: 1999 dolls (Mattel)
 SPACE: 1999 color post cards (set of 4, autographed)
 Eagle blueprints (2) drawn from 22" model (accurate)
 Original autographs from ITC promo photo set
 SPACE: 1999 cardboard instrument panel (used in series)
 SPACE: 1999 alien devices (used in 'Last Sunset')
 Complete set Springfield SP: 1999 Club fanzines
 Starcruiser poster kit Mystery box

Minimum bids will be \$5.00. (A few smaller items may have lower minimum bids, to be announced during the auction.) The auction has been planned to give everyone a chance to bid and buy. Remember: all proceeds go to the Pittsburgh Children's Hospital.

Please stay for the Art Auction immediately following the Charity Auction. Don't forget to mark your bid on the Control Sheets with each art entry. Only those pieces marked will go into the auction. Minimum bids are determined by individual artists. 10% of all art auction sales goes to Pittsburgh Children's Hospital.

THE SECOND SEASON

PATCHES

Written & Illustrated by
MARE GANEA FITZGERALD

The following is a review of some of the more common patches seen in SPACE:1999. Patches were used more frequently in the second season, though several were seen in the first year as well. The explanations given are of their general use, and exceptions will be noted throughout the series.

The wearing of patches was encouraged by Commander Koenig, at the suggestion of Dr. Russell, to promote higher morale and a greater sense of belonging and achievement. After Breakaway, few new emblems were dispatched, and this made them all the more valued by the Alphan community.

Patches were made of several materials, most commonly a synthetic fabric blend of acrylic and the newly developed santel. Occasionally pure silk was used. The finer details were hand-sewn with threads similar to our embroidery floss, and some special patches are known to have had precious metals incorporated into the thread. A few patches, including the Eagle identity patch for space suits, have a plasticized coating for durability.

An appealing simplicity is apparent in the patch designs. Prominent artists of the early 1990's, such as Toshan Micci of Japan, Mbot Swamen of Kenya and Fritz Eduard of the United States, were commissioned by the various departments and committees to make the patches not only functional but pleasing to the eye.



MOONBASE ALPHA CREST:

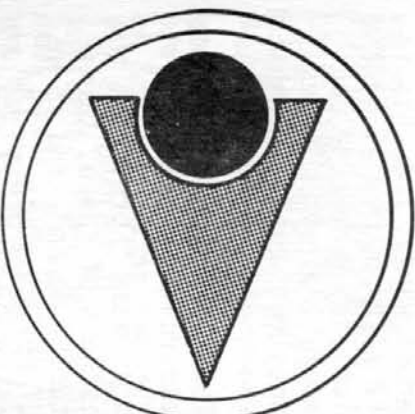
The official Moonbase symbol. Used to identify all Alpha craft; also seen on clothing such as jackets, space suits and recreational playsuits. This patch may be used by all Alpha personnel and is kept with great pride by those who have finished their tours of duty on the Moonbase.

DISPATCHED BY: Main Mission Command

REPRESENTATIONS: The trapezoid shape is a key Alpha symbol. (Note that storage boxes on Eagles are fashioned from this shape to identify their origin.)

COLORS: White background with navy letters. The center has a dark blue background, black and white Moon and Earth, and orange and yellow orbit patterns.

DIMENSIONS: Horizontal 2" at narrowest, 3" at widest, vertical 2".



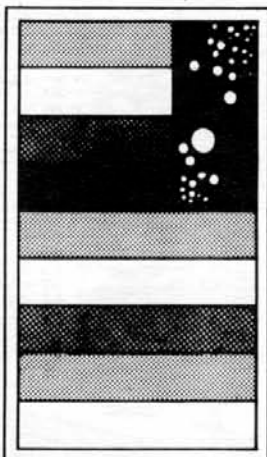
ASTRONAUT'S CREST: Worn on Earth as well as Alpha. Presented to graduates in basic space flight training and often worn throughout space career as a kind of "good luck charm".

DISPATCHED BY: Various space training centers on Earth

REPRESENTATIONS: The round shape represents the universe; the small circle is Earth. The triangle depicts the outward direction leading into space and is also suggestive of the shape of early jets.

COLORS: White background ringed with red. Black Earth, red triangle.

DIMENSIONS: 2½" diameter.



INTERSPACE RESEARCH COMMISSION PATCH:

Identifying patch for property of the IRC. Seen on space suits and moonbuggies.

DISPATCHED BY: No personal distribution.

REPRESENTATIONS: Upper left block represents galaxies known and unknown. Rainbow of colors signifies the Commission's wide spectrum of interests and research.

COLORS: White stars on black background. Multi-color stripes. Entire patch rimmed with white band.

DIMENSIONS: 3x5½"

(Note: Lee Russell wore this patch on his flight suit.)



UNIVERSE PATCH: A symbol of the Interspace Research Commission. Several different versions of this patch were issued with different words, but this is the most popular among the Alphans. A more or less decorative patch, though sometimes worn by technical personnel for regulation.

DISPATCHED BY: Interspace Research Commission

REPRESENTATIONS: The Latin words mean "Forever on the Threshold". Because of the vastness of space, learning from it has no limit, virtually no end, and so we are forever at the beginning of new knowledge. The graphics illustrate our sun (solar system) and our reaching out to other suns.

COLORS: Dark blue letters on a white background. Dark blue background, yellow sun and stars, white corona and spokes.

DIMENSIONS: 2½" diameter.



MEDICAL I.D.: Worn by those with intermediate space first aid training. While all Alpha personnel receive basic first aid training, the intermediates are comparable to the 1970's paramedics and are qualified to begin medical procedures until a doctor can be reached. Worn on regulation uniforms, this patch symbolizes a nurse or a Medical Center technician. When worn sideways on jackets, etc. the patch refers to those with the training but not primarily involved with medicine.

DISPATCHED BY: Alpha Medical Center

REPRESENTATIONS: Severely stylized representation of the human face.

COLORS: Dark blue background ringed with pale blue. Red "face" with yellow detail.

DIMENSIONS: 2½" diameter.



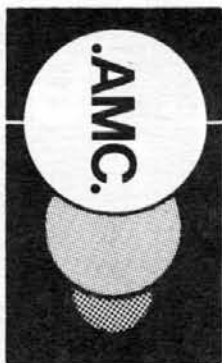
V.J.C. PATCH: The letters stand for Verbinski-Jacobsen Celestia. Dr. Joseph Verbinski and Dr. Blair Jacobsen were among the

earliest planners of the Moonbase and her programs of operation. They had worked as a team for many years on Earth studying the relationship between space travel and changes in human behavior, especially sleep patterns. Their ultimate goal was to see man go into deep space, hence Celestia. The patch is worn by those who had volunteered to help in various aspects of the studies, and is also seen on Medical Center regulation clothing as a tribute to the two doctors.

DISPATCHED BY: Interspace Research Commission

COLORS: White letters on a red background

DIMENSIONS: 3/4" x 2"



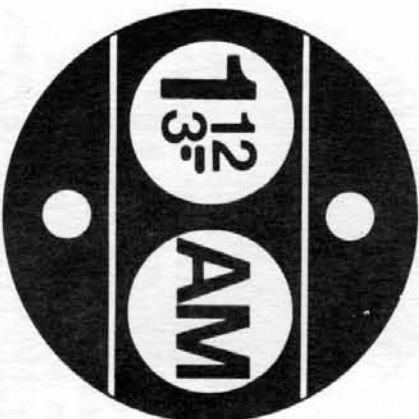
DEEP SPACE PATCH: The letters stand for Alpha Moonbase Courier. Worn by many of Alpha's best pilots; occasionally worn by other key personnel trained for deep space missions which would have sometimes worn on regulation uniforms by those primarily involved with deep space missions.

DISPATCHED BY: Alpha Exploration Section

REPRESENTATIONS: Largest circle is the Moon. Continuing circles symbolize distant planets, the ultimate destination of Alpha's "couriers".

COLORS: Left background is dark blue; right background is medium blue. Largest circle is yellow, followed by one orange and one red circle. Black letters.

DIMENSIONS: $1\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ "



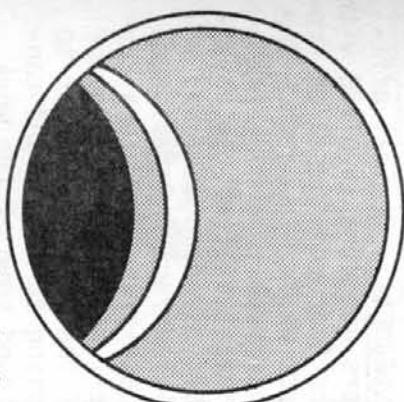
AM TECHNICAL PATCH: Worn by technical personnel in research sciences such as mineralogy, geology, archaeology (Yes, Alpha actually had several people covering the possibility of past life on the moon. These people were eventually to have been sent to distant planets to survey new finds.), engineering, etc.

DISPATCHED BY: Alpha Technical Section (Exploration)

REPRESENTATIONS: The numbers vary depending on the person's field of specialty. The "1" represents technical rank; "12" is the section number; "3" is the specific Alpha department. AM is Alpha Moonbase.

COLORS: Red background, black letters/numbers, white detail.

DIMENSIONS: $2\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter.



ORIGINAL EAGLE PATCH: Presented to astronauts who flew supplies during the earliest years of Alpha, after the Eagle transporter replaced the Falcon shuttle.

DISPATCHED BY: International Lunar Finance Commission

REPRESENTATIONS: Moon rising behind Earth

COLORS: Light blue outer circle, medium blue background. Circle in foreground is black, followed by red/orange and yellow circles.

DIMENSIONS: $2\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter.



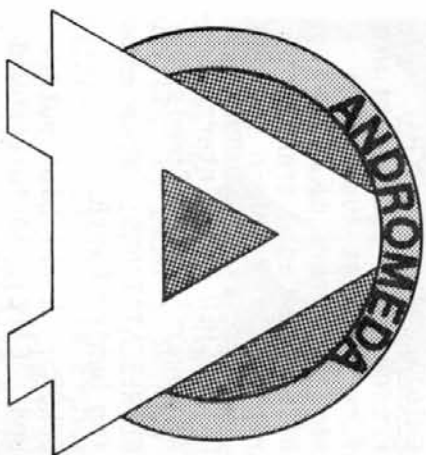
LSRO: Lunar Space Research Organization, the technical branch of Alpha. Patch is worn by those directly involved with laboratory research, communications and experimentation in the space sciences. Generally worn just below the identification tag on standard uniforms, occasionally on jackets, etc. by those not primarily involved with research.

DISPATCHED BY: Alpha Technical Section (Laboratory)

REPRESENTATIONS: The initials of one of Alpha's largest sections. The circle shape is the most frequently used shape for patches, representing 'wholeness' and the spirit of working together.

COLORS: White background ringed with red. Solid red upper hemisphere, red-rimmed lower hemisphere. Black letters.

DIMENSIONS: $2\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter.



ANDROMEDA: Medical officers who were involved with the Andromeda Research Project wear this patch. The Andromeda team did extensive studies of the physical, psychological and social effects of prolonged space travel. Helena Russell worked as a director of the team just prior to coming to Alpha, and continued some of the work at the Moonbase.

DISPATCHED BY: Interspace Research Commission

REPRESENTATIONS: The triangle represents the three basic areas of study and is incorporated into the "A" symbol.

COLORS: Blue background ringed with red. Gold letters. White "A".



ANTI-CONTAMINATION: Identifies specific protection clothing which is safe in all known biological atmospheres.

DISPATCHED BY: No personal distribution.

COLORS: Black letters on white. Solid black center.

DIMENSIONS: 2½" diameter.

EAGLE: Worn on space suit shoulder. Identifies the suit as standard equipment from a specific craft.

DISPATCHED BY: No personal distribution.

COLORS: Black letters on white. Center is black with white number.

DIMENSIONS: 2½" diameter.

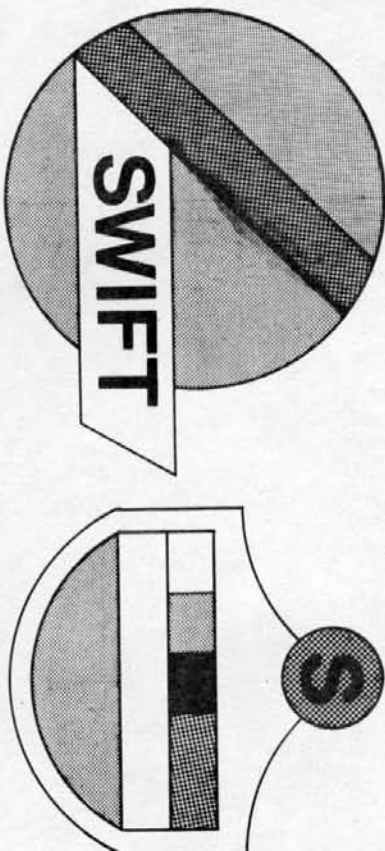


SECURITY: Security personnel with clearance to carry the Model 2 stun gun (equipped with stun/kill setting) within Alpha wear this patch.

DISPATCHED BY: Chief of Security (Weapons Section)

COLORS: Purple letters on white background. Center is purple with white "S".

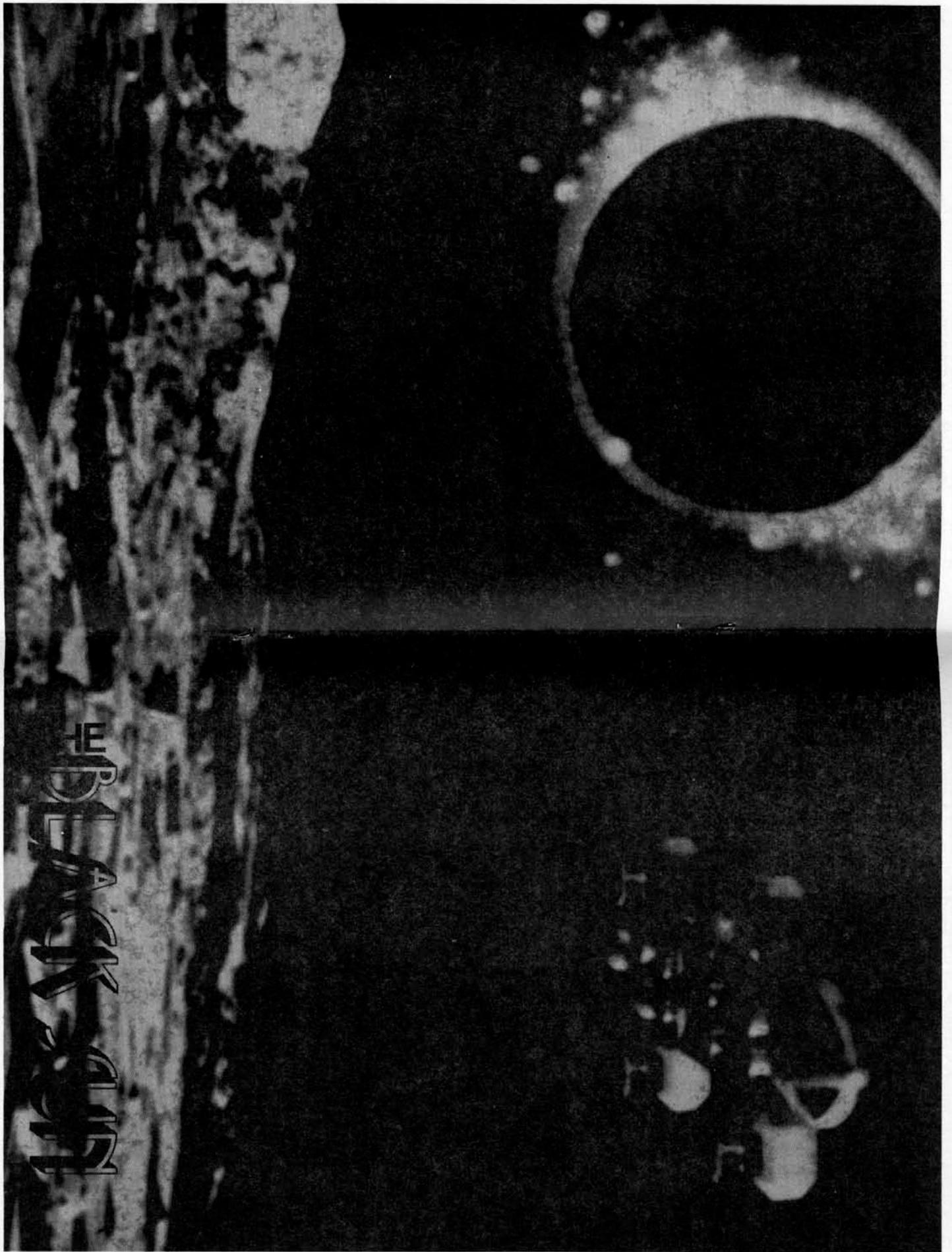
DIMENSIONS: 2½" diameter.



THE 'SWIFT' PATCHES: Since the Superswifts were only on the drawing board when the moon blasted out of orbit, these patches were never actually issued. They were a part of the illusion brought on by the creatures, drawn from the imaginations of the Alphan community.

COLORS: (left) Orange background, blue diagonal stripe, black letters on white background. (right) Red circle with black "S", white background and stripe, blue semi-circle, multi-color bar.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Non-profit CAROLINE MUNRO Fan Club and non-profit Battlestar:Galactica Fan Club info plus list of color photos: SASE to Silver Unicorn Graphics/607 S.P.C.H./Redondo Beach, CA 90277



THE
BLACK SUN

The following is a condensed version of the original first draft script for BLACK SUN as written by David Weir in November of 1973. At last year's convention, there were a number of discussions about the changes made in the episode when, due to pressure from the series backers, several scenes were reshot. This presentation is as faithful to the original script as space limitations allow, and we feel you will be able to get enough of an idea of the differences between the original and the script finally aired.

Please note that this script was written during the time when the series was still in pre-production (shooting started later in November), so there are some changes in character (Catani: Carter; Sabatini: Benes) and generic (MTU: Eagle; IDX: Commlock) names. We hope you will enjoy this second peek* into the development of SPACE:1999.

*Last year's convention book presented the very first pilot script story ZERO G, when SPACE:1999 was to be a half-hour program.

THE BLACK SUN

by David Weir

Condensed for Con '79 Program Book
by David Hirsch

The rogue Moon in space; where the stars seem relatively thin, clustered only in one small area. It came from that cluster. Fast. It was much larger than Earth's moon, and its close pass would cause damage to the tiny, fragile construction that kept the 311 men and women alive. John Koenig, commander of Moonbase Alpha, watched the asteroid on Main Mission's Big Screen as it approached. He turned to Prof. Bergman...

KOENIG: Why didn't we detect it earlier?

BERGMAN: Because it's not on a straight-line course.

Look...you can just see. It's already moving away from us.

SANDRA: Central Computer gave an intercept danger alarm, sir.

KOENIG: What's out there with gravitation enough to pull it off course?

SANDRA: Nothing, sir. With respect to Professor Bergman, it's...not possible, sir. It'd have to be huge to move that asteroid. A giant star. And sensors show nothing in space within parsecs of it.

But despite Sandra's objections, the asteroid does indeed suddenly pull off its predicted course and accelerate toward something powerful, something unseen in the void. Then it flares, elongates, stretches as the enormous force takes hold. A comet-like tail forms. At first the light is brilliant, then it becomes transparent. The asteroid disintegrates, explodes forward only. Then, one by one, the fragments race forward to blink out of existence, to disappear from view. Only a ghostly after-image remains.

SANDRA: A star...that huge...right ahead of us...You'd see it with your naked eyes...What in heaven's name is out there?

KOENIG: Whatever it is, we're headed straight for it.

In his quarters, Bergman was too engulfed in his paperwork to notice the Multiple Transportation Unit lift off from pad four. He was busy punching his computations into the computer. There was a buzz and a message from Central Computer appeared on the video screen. He sighed...

BERGMAN: Voice, Computer. Or has the cat got your tongue?
COMPUTER: If your hypothesis is correct, it is your duty to report this danger to Alcom Koenig.

BERGMAN: Hypothesis? It's the wildest speculation. I'm not right.

COMPUTER: You have been working now for three days on this phenomenon. My computations are in agreement with...

BERGMAN: I can't be right. And if I were, you fancy adding machine, what's the point of telling anyone?

The MTU was well out of lunar orbit and on its way when Bergman reached the base restaurant. He ordered a coffeesub cup from the dispenser and grabbed a seat. He sat, sipping coffee, and ran the problem over and over in his brain until...

HELENA: May I?

The restaurant was near empty, but he knew he could not avoid the confrontation any longer.

BERGMAN: I imagine you don't care what you have. This is just an excuse to run into me casually, mm? Central Computer been telling tales again?

HELENA: I should have known better. However, you are three days overdue for a checkup, and with your physiological condition, you know that's not wise.

BERGMAN: I've just been busy, preoccupied with work.

It simply slipped my mind.

HELENA: Work which, according to Central Computer, is putting you under psychological stress. A man with a mechanical heart...resistant to stress.

BERGMAN: Nonsense.

HELENA: ...No.

BERGMAN: If I were under stress, you'd see immediately from my lens, wouldn't you?

HELENA: That even fooled the computer for a little while, yes. Now I know that you've gimmicked your lens and somehow shorted out the circuits supposed to monitor your psychosomatic condition. The only question is ...why?

BERGMAN: I'm...found out then. I'd better tell you the truth, eh?



A satellite camera had been dropped from MTU-1 halfway between the moon and its present position. The camera beamed its picture back to the Big Screen. Koenig watched as the MTU hovered over the position where the asteroid was first caught. The craft was under the command of Lt. Mike Meyer since recon leader Alfonso Catani had already been assigned to another mission. Meyer checked his scanners again and again in an attempt to figure out the strange figures that appeared on his monitors.

Meyer fired his vertical rockets. He watched the area ahead as MTU-1 lifted above his former position. He could see some odd effect in space before him. Suddenly, stars began to appear out of nowhere at the top of his direct vision port. More and more filled his view. There was once more light and color in space. There was indeed something out there. A disc, round, huge, and blacker than even space itself.

The staff in Main Mission, including Bergman, who had been alerted to the situation, watched as Meyer continued with his exploratory test. A laser beam, fired from the retractable cannon beneath the command module, disappeared upon contact with the black mass. His curiosity was even more aroused. Meyer requested permission to get in closer for further study. He argued with Koenig, then Koenig gave in; he also felt that they didn't have enough data to deal with the problem.

As Meyer's MTU converged on the black mass, his image on the monitor began to break up. Meyer saw it too on his screens as the image of his fiancée, Sandra Sabatini, dissolved into blue-white snow. He whispered softly to no one but himself...

MEYER: Ciao, Sandra.

They watched the MTU move in toward the black mass, lit only from the stars behind. Suddenly it began to pick up speed. Faster and faster and then...at first Koenig thought it was the transmission...no, there was no doubting it. The MTU began to stretch out. He cried out to Meyer, telling him to abort, pull away. There was no reply from the speakers, but the MTU rotated 180° and its rockets flared to life. So did the MTU.

The comet tail streaked out from the MTU toward the black mass. It was not the flare of the engines, Sandra knew that. She had monitored too many MTU exploration

flights to attempt to convince herself otherwise. The spacecraft became pencil thin. There was a flash of light and the MTU and its human cargo disintegrated into nothingness. They heard no explosion in Main Mission; just the scream of a young woman before shock mercifully pushed her into darkness.

It was time to face facts. All heads at the emergency meeting were turned toward him. Alcom Koenig, Medical Officer Russell, Technical Director Ouma, and Recon Chief Catani. Bergman had tried to ignore the facts and look for an alternative, but there wasn't any. The Earth's moon was being drawn into a black sun. Eons ago the star began to collapse upon itself, and its mass increased as it pulled more and more matter in. Soon the increased gravitational pull, resulting from the increase in mass, had begun to effect all other forms of matter around. The black sun grew bigger and bigger as it absorbed planets, asteroids and other suns. The gravitational pull increased. It doubled, tripled, until not even light itself could escape.

Alpha had only one slim hope of survival. Bergman believed he could construct an energy barrier by using the anti-gravity generators, that might save the moonbase from being crushed under the powerful forces of the black sun. The chance of the barrier screens really saving the base were, at best, a billion to one. Koenig believed that if anything could keep morale going on a positive level, it was this one small chance. If the screens held, the black sun's inability to compress the moonbase into tightly packed molecules might result in the moon passing through safely. He tried to explain it to Helena...

KOENIG: Apparently, forces inside a black sun may do strange things to the nature of space...bend space, even time. Turn space inside out or some such. So, if the screens do hold, we just might be squeezed like some cherry stone and...blip!...suddenly find ourselves on the other side of the universe.

It was quite obvious to Helena that Koenig didn't take all that much stock in that theory. He was just as uncertain about their survival as she was.

HELENA: Blip?
KOENIG: Blip.

Somehow they couldn't seem to react to the absurdity of it all.

Shut Central Computer down! Ouma couldn't believe Bergman was serious. However, the technical director knew that every bit of power had to be used for the energy barrier screens. But no computer? Ouma's inner thoughts battled each other. Indeed the power required by Computer was great and, unless they wanted to shut down life-support, where else would the power come from? Yet, wasn't Computer just as vital? Computer also recorded Bergman's statement since Ouma had activated the vocal pickup before Bergman had entered the computer room. While Ouma wrestled with the problem in his own mind, Computer came to a conclusion. Action was taken.

Koenig and Helena watched as the readout appeared on the screen...

```
SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL
TO ALCOM AND COM MED SEC
PROJECT ESCAPE LIFEBOAT...

MAXIMUM POSSIBLE NUMBER
CREW++++ 10 PERSONS 10 +++

NAMES SELECTED TO MAXIMIZE
STATED CRITERIA +++ 5 MALE 5 +++
5 FEMALE 5 +++ FOLLOWING +++

LAST POSSIBLE DEPARTURE ALPHA
OF ESCAPE LIFEBOAT MTU
+++ 1703 HOURS +++ DAY 294/10 +++

CREW TO COMPRISE...

MALE:          FEMALE:
ALCOM KOENIG  +++ H RUSSELL
A CATANI  +++ S SABATINI
G SMITH  +++ E HULLETT
E OSGOOD  +++ V TANGUY
A FILSON  +++ N VAN DER HOEM
```

Koenig sighed. He had given a direct order that he not be included on the list. He was about to request that

the list be remade when he heard a deep, thunderous knocking on his door. The computer readout was irritating enough, but this...

He unclipped the IDX from his belt and aimed it at the panel by the door. Nothing. He looked at the box for a second until the banging resumed. Koenig typed out his personal ID code on the panel keyboard to release the door panel. Both he and Helena were quite surprised when the manual override failed to respond. Koenig turned to his computer console.

KOENIG: Give me voice, Computer. What's happened to my door?

COMPUTER: Your door has been secured, Commander. Professor Bergman, Dr. Russell and Alcom Koenig will be confined to rooms 2 and 51 until further notice. Food will, of course, be provided. Alpha security dictates this action. It is regretted.

KOENIG: Open that door. Who authorized this?

COMPUTER: I have no authority. You are detained for your own good.

Bergman was deeply into the welter of papers that hid his desk when his monitor bleeped.

KOENIG: Can you hear me, Professor?

BERGMAN: Hm? What?

KOENIG: Professor, are you locked in too?

BERGMAN: What? Oh, yes. Stupid computer's got some bee in its bonnet. But John, the most extraordinary thing...something else, entirely...

KOENIG: Will it let you communicate with anyone else?

We can only get through to you apparently.

BERGMAN: It wants us incommunicado. Don't worry about it. But I've been working on some calculations, and I've got an incredible result.

KOENIG: Incommunicado? Why?

BERGMAN: It's obvious. See, I wanted analyses of previous dangers we've faced and come through. Bit of a long shot, but... Anyway, friend Computer pointed it out. A statistical impossibility.

KOENIG: What are you talking about?

BERGMAN: Probability statistics analysis.

KOENIG: Probability...? Will it get us out of here?

There's a thousand urgent matters to see to.

BERGMAN: Stuff and nonsense. There's nothing to do that

isn't being done. Listen to me. I fed programs to the computer for probability figures for every danger we've been through. Of course, the totals are cumulative. Well, the improbability of our having survived at all...never mind time after time...comes close to within a whisker of being infinite. Now, any improbability that close to infinity becomes, of course, impossible. Ergo, we can not have survived, we must all be long dead. Yet here we are. D'you see what I'm driving at, eh? Mm?

KOENIG: No, frankly.

BERGMAN: There must be another factor not taken into account. A factor the computer and I missed. But we can prove we missed nothing of that order. So that leaves only one possible answer...outside intervention.

KOENIG: You're grasping at straws.

BERGMAN: Someone...something...outside Alpha has taken notice of us, has taken a hand in our affairs, time after time, and bailed us out, saved us. Perhaps inside the black sun...

HELENA: Who?

BERGMAN: Well, the sheer physical powers involved show it's supra-human. Supra, not super, in the sense of not-human, beyond humanity, alien to...

HELENA: And why?

BERGMAN: Ah. Who knows why? Who can know? A being... beings...on that level, a cosmic intelligence, would have unimaginable reasons of its own.

KOENIG: Professor Bergman, I've heard some weird and wonderful ideas in my time, but...Alright, Professor, will you now apply your non-cosmic intelligence to the rather more urgent problems of why we are confined, and how we are to get out.

BERGMAN: You don't know? Oh. Well, the computer heard we shall have to turn it off. Although it has no will to live, this conflicts with its prime directive to keep Alpha safe at all costs. While it tries to resolve the unresolvable, it confined the people with authority enough to deactivate it. As to getting out...Oh, Ouma will see all this and arrange it.

The double doors of the computer room closed silently behind Ouma. He looked up at the small video camera that watched him.

OUMA: You know, Computer, sometimes I forget. I start to think you're intelligent, but you're not. You're a moron. All knowledge and wisdom. Stuffed full of facts, but no judgement. That's why you're stupid. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to shut you down myself.

He moved over toward the access panel at the rear of the room. Without warning, it slammed shut in his face. He couldn't help but laugh.

OUMA: Oh, you have a lot to learn, Computer. You have to learn your job. Nobody ever told you to shut doors on people. I can smash you from here, and I will.

He picked a long and heavy metal wrench from the tool locker and raised it above his head.

COMPUTER: It is a ninety-eight point two eight five percent probability that you are bluffing. You are logical. Too logical to destroy valuable and irreplaceable equipment. I can see that you...

Ouma suddenly turned and struck the video camera, smashing it.

OUMA: Now you can't see. I'm not bluffing because you have to learn this. Now open that access panel, and release the Alcom, the Professor and Dr. Russell.

COMPUTER: There is no program for this. I have a prime and over-riding directive to keep Alpha safe in all circumstances. Even against the errors of illogical men. Alpha is in danger of destruction now, and I cannot obey the directive if I have been deactivated.

OUMA: You can't obey if you're smashed either. Now open those doors.

COMPUTER: If that is an instruction, what order of priority does it carry?

OUMA: It's prime.

Ouma gently tapped the access panel with his wrench. A pause, then the doors opened.

OUMA: And the others.

COMPUTER: I have a paradox. Two conflicting primes. If men are my arms and legs...

OUMA: Wrong. Men are your brain. The point is, Computer, you obey orders and no more. If those orders

conflict, you report paradox. You do not act yourself. You report it. Now open those doors!

Ouma sighed with relief when a group of indicator lights came up on a monitor panel. The Alcom, Professor and Doctor were released from confinement.

COMPUTER: I see. Thank you.

OUMA: Thank you.

COMPUTER: Do I still retain the right to argue?

OUMA: Who could stop you?

As Alpha drew nearer and nearer to the black sun, the technicians of Maintenance and Service worked at breakneck pace to finish Bergman's force field in time. All was moving as near to the time schedule as humanly possible. After the episode with Computer, Koenig had hoped that all would go well, but he hadn't thought that there would be suspicion growing out of fear. Many Alphans began to ask who the lifeboat was for. Why, the Alcom and Dr. Russell, of course! Rats leaving a sinking ship.

With what appeared to be a mutiny brewing, Koenig decided it was time to inform the base of all the facts. He had wanted to wait until they were sure that the screens would indeed work, but now he had no choice. Koenig hooked himself into the base network.

KOENIG: Now hear this. This is Alpha Commander. We have an unpleasant fact to face now. Despite the Bergman screens presently over our heads, it is no more than a slim hope that Alpha will survive beyond the next few hours. Therefore, one MTU, a lifeboat, has been kept intact, and equipped with supplies to carry five male and five female persons. Perhaps, alone in the galaxy, these ten have no better chance than ours, but they will leave Alpha by 1703 hours. Central Computer, instructed to select people most likely to survive, and despite orders to the contrary, included me. I hardly need to say that my job is here, and I shall not go. For the rest, here are the ten names...

On screens throughout the base, the list of names appeared on monitor screens, just the same as before except that the name Lam Yang Ha replaced Koenig's. No one, except

Helena, disputed the list. She wanted to remain. Koenig told her she had no reason to stay.

HELENA: Let me give you a selfish reason then. You said it...alone in the galaxy. An alien galaxy, cut off from Alpha's technology, just ten people, certain that there's no possible landfall within scouting distance. The MTU doesn't have a whisper of a chance, and you know it.

Koenig didn't buy it. If Helena's reason for wanting to stay was really something else, she didn't express it.

Trouble. One force field pylon wavered. Very concerned, Bergman put on his spacesuit and climbed the pylon to inspect the generators. He reached up to touch the generator sphere. Instantly he was bathed in a blue fire, his body hurled into space. Had it not been for the moon's low gravity, the fall would have ruptured his spacesuit. The force collapsed, blown out. Inert, the crumpled figure of Professor Victor Bergman lay on the lunar surface near the pylon. With the force field gone, the terrifying image of the black sun was reflected in his visor.

The collapse of the force field left Alpha without power. Spacesuited figures moved slowly up and down ice covered corridors lit by the sketchiest emergency lighting.

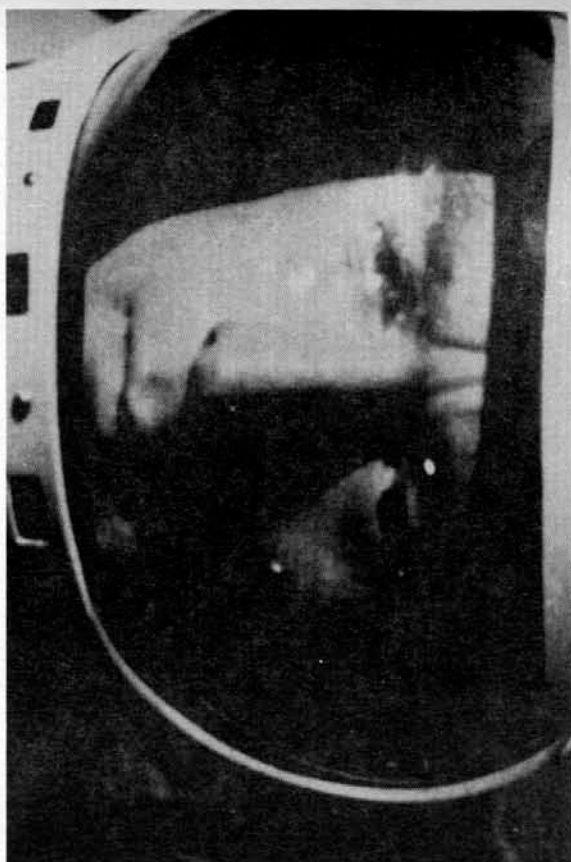
Koenig waited in Medical Center. He couldn't restore power without knowing if it would blow again. Helena finished her work on Bergman who was being kept warm by portable heaters. She had to recharge the batteries on Bergman's mechanical heart. The inexhaustible cells were somehow drained. Bergman began to move.

HELENA: He's stirring. He...may not talk sense.

BERGMAN: Help. Help us. Please help us. Please.

KOENIG: Victor? Can you hear me? Do you remember the accident? What made the screens blow? How do I turn them off? Can you understand me? Victor?

BERGMAN: I think I understand. Otherwise we could have not survived. I'm not a religious man. The only explanation. Perhaps...perhaps inside...we can make



some sort of contact. Intelligence of that order. Communicate...inside...the black sun.

HELENA: I'm sorry. You're getting his thoughts at the time of the accident. Why it happened isn't a memory.

KOENIG: Victor, hear me. This is important, listen. Can I risk restoring power?



BERGMAN: Inside the black sun...anything's possible. We have to go inside to...talk. I wonder...yes, I wonder.

Once more Bergman fell back into unconsciousness, leaving Koenig to turn to Computer for help. Together with Catani and Ouma, the three men chipped and melted the ice away from the computer panels. With the assistance of the electronic brain, Operation Lifeboat was put back into action, leaving seven minutes to final departure time. The crew of ten were ordered to the MTU. Liftoff. The MTU soared away from the moonbase, away from the black sun. Into...

Recovered, Bergman went out onto the lunar surface once more to inspect the force field towers. They were intact. The explosion, the fire, if it was that at all, didn't appear to have burned any of the components. After rewiring the tower that was out of phase (and caused a blow-out in the system), the force field was reactivated. There was nothing more to do than wait. And pray, thought Bergman.

Koenig made one final announcement to the other 300 left on the base. From that moment, they were on minimum life support. They were to all suit up for protection and until further notice, all duty and regulations were temporarily (he hoped) cancelled.

Alone in Main Mission, Koenig and Bergman sat sipping coffeesubs...

KOENIG: What happened to your cosmic intelligences who've gonna rescue us in the nick of time?

BERGMAN: We believe...what we want to believe. I sometimes think that's all reality is.

KOENIG: Wishful thinking?

BERGMAN: The boundaries...the boundaries between science and pure mysticism are paper-thin, and getting thinner. Sometimes, it makes me feel old.

Aboard the MTU, they watched helplessly as their view-screens showed Alpha entering what they assumed was the outer boundary of the black sun. The Moon has never appeared more beautiful, they thought---beauty and the beast. Alpha began to glow like a drop of oil caught in a sunbeam before it stretched out. A comet

of light formed before the Moon became nothing more than a spear of light. Then a ghost. Then, it snuffed out of existence.

CATANI: Mother of God...

To Koenig and Bergman, however, their reality appeared to become insubstantial. All around them their world was transparent as if it no longer existed in the real world they had known. They could hear the terrifying sounds of the screens grating, creaking under the tremendous pressure of the black sun. The sound set their teeth on edge, but the screens held.

There was a temperature drop and the room iced up. Then it suddenly became hot and the ice melted into steam. Then...normal?

Koenig and Bergman suddenly found that movement was an incredible effort. They felt old...so old.

Koenig saw his hands begin to shrivel, wrinkle. They looked a thousand years old.

Bergman didn't open his mouth; Koenig heard the voice in his head...

BERGMAN: I can hear your thoughts.

KOENIG: Yes.

BERGMAN: It's very beautiful.

KOENIG: I see the theory behind your force field.

BERGMAN: It's very obvious.

KOENIG: In fact, it ties up with a unified field theory.

BERGMAN: Does it? Yes, I see how.

KOENIG: So that everything is everything else.

BERGMAN: That's why I called it beautiful.

KOENIG: Of course your screens will fail.

BERGMAN: I suppose so.

KOENIG: Shall I fix them?

BERGMAN: If it gives you satisfaction.

One facet of the force field went black. Then it glowed with new life.

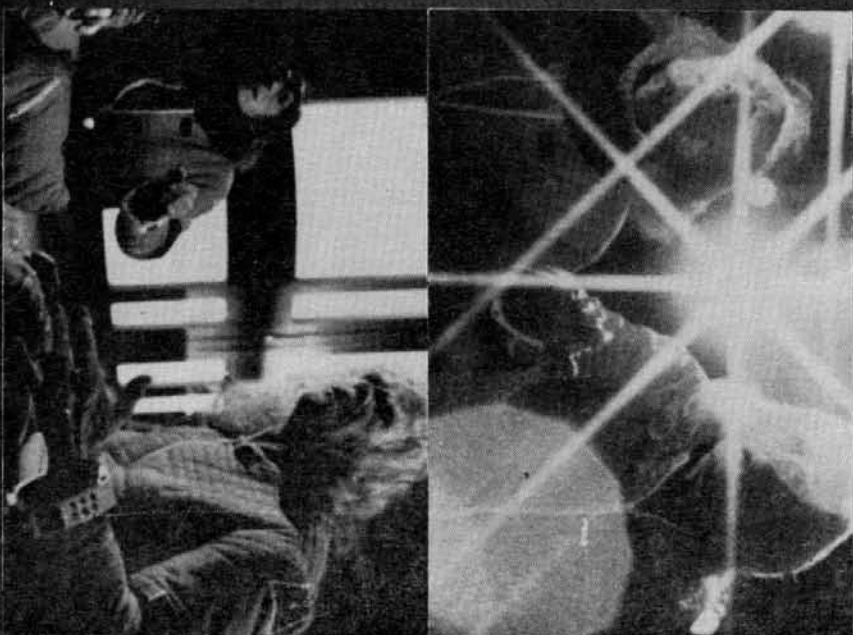
KOENIG: There. If everything is everything else, then the whole universe is living thought.

A VOICE: Who are you?

The newcomer baffles the two men.

BERGMAN: Who are you?

A VOICE: Come.



suddenly they were outside Alpha, receding from the black sun so fast that it was in moments only a memory. Stars blazed everywhere about them. Faster and faster they hurtled through space until the stars themselves resolved into one swirling galaxy..until the galaxy became one of many galaxies. Each galaxy became a star, a spot of light making up another galaxy among galaxies until...the whole universe became one speck of light.

A VOICE: That is who I am.

BERGMAN: Are you God?

A VOICE: I have a God. My God has Gods.

Koenig watched the speck of light, understanding...

KOENIG: Every star is just a cell in the brain of the universe.

A VOICE: That is a pretty way to understand it.

BERGMAN: Why have I never talked with you before?

A VOICE: Because of time. You...people...seem to think at what you call the speed of light. In eternity, I have no hurry. I think a thought perhaps in every thousand of your years. You are never there to hear it...it was good to have known you.

KOENIG: But...?

BERGMAN: She's gone.

KOENIG: And...maybe time that we did too?

BERGMAN: Yes.

Reality. They were back in Main Mission. There was heat, light. With the exception that they were alone in the control center, it all appeared normal. They raced for Sandra's console and activated the Big Screen.

Stars! What a wonderfully welcome sight.

BERGMAN: We're...through...

KOENIG: Your screens held.

BERGMAN: Somehow, we're on the other side of the universe.

Bergman hit a camera pointing in the direction from which they had come. There was brilliant, blinding light...a star gone nova.

BERGMAN: Fleeing from a nova.

KOENIG: Your screens held, Victor!

BERGMAN: I wonder how...

With the emergency over, all personnel returned to duty. In Main Mission, they scanned the stars without success for their lost comrades. Then suddenly the automatic warning systems came on. Alarm klaxons sounded throughout the base.

KOENIG: What is it?
COMM TECH: Aliens, Commander!

Koenig activated his screen.

KOENIG: No...it's the lifeboat...

After the initial greetings from all, Koenig and Bergman escorted Helena, Catani and Sandra back to the control center.

KOENIG: You must have followed us into the black sun.

CATANI: No.

HELENA: We ran from the black sun.

BERGMAN: You must have.

CATANI: I swear we didn't.

SANDRA: We saw you disappear.

KOENIG: This is...How? If you didn't come after us, how did you follow a million light years?

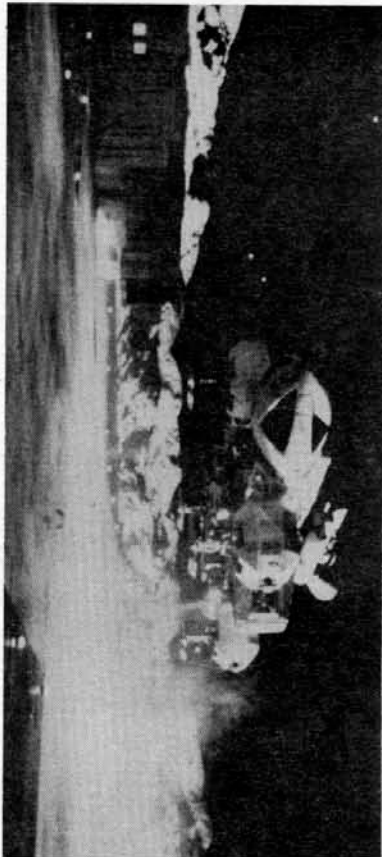
BERGMAN: Across the universe?

CATANI: I don't know.

HELENA: Something...I know this sounds crazy. Something took hold of us and moved us, just moved us...across the universe...as easily as...

At a loss to find a simile, Helena slipped off a ring from her finger and placed it on the other hand.

HELENA: ...if it were this ring.



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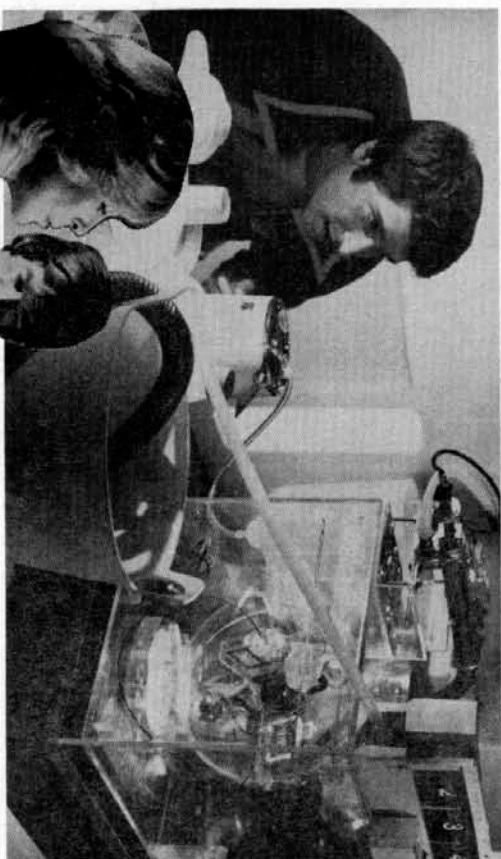
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TONY'S BEER

Helena tested it, and
Alan agreed: NOT FIT
FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION.
...but John just
wouldn't listen.

