

SPACE: 1999
BREAKAWAY
THE CONVENTION

POST CON REPORT

**A JOURNAL OF THE EVENTS AT OUR
GATHERING OF SEPTEMBER 9-13, 1999**

**AND MEMORIES FROM
REUNIONS PAST**

dedicated to the memory of

SYDNEY
STURGESS
&
CHARLES
CRICHTON

friends lost too soon

Breakaway Con Status Report...

128 days since leaving
con orbit, convention
committee reporting.

Well, things have settled down a bit, and all of us Alphans have had to return to the rigors of normal life. Our Breakaway adventure lingers with each of us, and as the effects of post-con depression are fading, we can not help but look back upon the events of September 9-13, 1999 with much joy. This convention was a labor of love for all involved – from each committee member, to each attendee, to all of our guests. There were many wonderful moments, but what was most amazing was the generosity and comradery of everyone there. While not everything ran as smoothly as we would have liked, the 311 pre-registered attendees (yes, 311, including supporting members), the “walk-ins”, and our gracious guests helped to make Breakaway the most successful 1999 con ever! And so, it is with gratitude and much respect that we send our thanks to each and every one of you who made Breakaway possible and help to keep the spirit of 1999 alive. You have proven that the future is fantastic! With the understanding that memory and experience are personal and subjective and that, collectively, all Breakaway attendees have countless personal and individual high points, below are some general highlights from the convention:

Opening Ceremonies

With the crash of the horns and cymbals from the Year One theme the eight double doors from the Radisson swung open in unison and Alphans began streaming into the Grand Ballroom, many with their mouths open in surprise and delight from the 16' x 36' Command Center set in front of them. After the Year Two theme and opening music from Breakaway came a welcoming speech, introductions of the committee and guest stars, and a star Q&A. Zienia admitted to being overwhelmed; Nick bounded to the stage and joked about his hairline; Prentis officially opened the con with his original commlock; Barry took pictures of us and told us, tearfully, of Sydney's condition; Anton was delighted to be back at a Space con, and Johnny commented that he would be in a daze for the next four days.

September 13, 1999

The morning began quietly, with attendees filtering down, groggy and sleepy eyed from the night before. Prentis Hancock auctioned off his original, somewhat battered commlock with all the wonderful sights and sounds of that time contained and buried within. It went for one thousand, nine hundred, ninety nine dollars. 1999. Then, in the foyer, a spontaneous sort of “it's-the-last-day-of-school, won't-you-sign-my-yearbook” mentality went through the waiting crowd as people started signing John Muir books, souvenir programs, collectables... There was a relaxed, happy, friendly atmosphere. People seemed to have bonded and have realized that they had shared something really special. There were jokes. Groups of friends. Mixing. Socializing. And then all of us very hungry people were herded into the ballroom to what was a rather not-badly organized breakfast. Food was fine, wait wasn't too long. Lots of chatter and socializing. Autographs (from everybody). The Year Two Fanderson CD was introduced and played to everyone's complete enjoyment. After 20 minutes or so of wonderfully evocative sounds and further socializing Johnny Byrne introduced The Metamorph which was a wonderful segue to:

Fred Freiburger

Wow. It was wonderful to see Mr. Freiburger so well received. I mean, the guy has been so controversial for so long that we didn't know what to expect. What a relief that people were respectful, dignified, and warm. What a relief that Freiburger actually commented, jovially, that we needn't censor our feeling or restrict our topics. It was a greatly gratifying thing for all of the committee to have had contributed toward the healing of divisions and the understanding of past disappointments and failures. Whatever your prior or current opinion of this central figure in the Space drama, his appearance at the Breakaway con helped the future of Space fandom by uniting disparate groups and previously un web-connected fans. He stayed for signatures at the foyer corner piano, his line extending into the main area.

the tune of \$2500, all going to charity. Added with the proceeds from the marathon auction, the raised over \$18,000.00 for the two charities of Parkinson's and BookPALS.

Sandra's message concluded with the mysterious unknown Meta Signal from Breakaway, which was, mysteriously, the next item on the agenda for the Breakaway Convention - something that was planned without knowing anything about the Meta Signal connection. Mysterious unknown force? Margaret?

The set came down, it was the last sunset at the Radisson, and people scattered. It was a little melancholy but contented. Nick took home the Alliance floral arrangement, goodbys were said, things put away. There will never be another Breakaway. The date, the spontenelty, the collective experience, the newness. The end that turned into a beginning. We hope that whatever happens in the future, that Breakaway be always remembered as a bunch of people who got together and said, let's put on a show, and the result was a spontaneous mixture of the right time, the right place, the right people, the right vibe - all happy and unexpected coincidences. It was a joyous celebration of cool and our very different respective childhoods - a celebration of the past and the possibilities. To the future and everything that might have been, was, can and will be.

Love Letters

Thanks to the hard work of Tony Wynn & Bob Wood we all got to see Barbara and Barry together again, for the first time, on stage. What an experience! Touching, absorbing, tragic, comic... it was a delight to see. They both looked simply smashing and were the cosmate professionals. While it was unfortunate that Barbara could not stay afterwards, we were all still pleased to see her; Breakaway wouldn't have been the same without her.

The Dance

A giddy, joyous, unbelievably happy experience. Alphans of all ages came dressed in costumes, danced all evening, and partied together like it was 1999.... Nick Tate led a conga line; Catherine Bujold and Jerry Scott surprised everyone by becoming engaged; dances with the stars were auctioned off for charity (at \$100 a pop!); 70's music kept people going; Piri bubbles wafted over the crowd; clips from every episode were played on the Big Screen while a liquid projector kept the set alive with color and a slide show flashed astronomical, Space, and previous con shots. Groups gathered on the terrace, looking at the moon, while still others participated in an affectionately humorous round of Mystery Science 1999. At midnight the countdown reached New Year's Eve proportions, the twin themes were played and the string for the balloon drop.... broke! Using Alphan ingenuity, however, a ladder was found and just as Prince started, the balloons fell into the outstretched and cheering hands. By the end of the evening, as the DJ played Last Dance the attendees were dazed with the magic and specialness of it all. Then the house lights came on, Gene Autry sang Happy Trails To You, and a circle was formed on the dance floor. Fans and stars joined in, singing “.. until we meet again...” The wordless understanding and exchanged glances that buzzed through everyone at that moment was indescribable.

Closing Ceremonies

Thank yous and acknowledgments all around and then the announcement to turnoff all videotaping and set aside cameras. A very special guest was thanked and suddenly the house lights went out and the Command Center lights went out and the AC went out and the mike went dead and... Margaret? The Big Screen flickered to life and a signal was received that cleared into a shot of Sandra Benes, in her original uniform, with an original desk, in front of an exact replica of Main Mission computers. You realize that you are looking at Message from Moonbase Alpha: a tying up of loose ends story that points to a possible future. The audience was stunned, many crying, some hysterically. Gasps went up when the story ended and the credits confirmed that yes, this was, in fact, a short, new episode in this 25 year old cult phenomenon; a 49th episode.

Zienia and Johnny and Tim came up to cheers and ovations and the original script was subsequently auctioned off during an electrifying moment to the dance, Prentis' touching gift and Love Letters the Breakaway Convention

THIS EPISODE



starring
Barbara
Bain



starring
Barry
Morse



starring
Prentis
Hancock



starring
Zienia
Merton



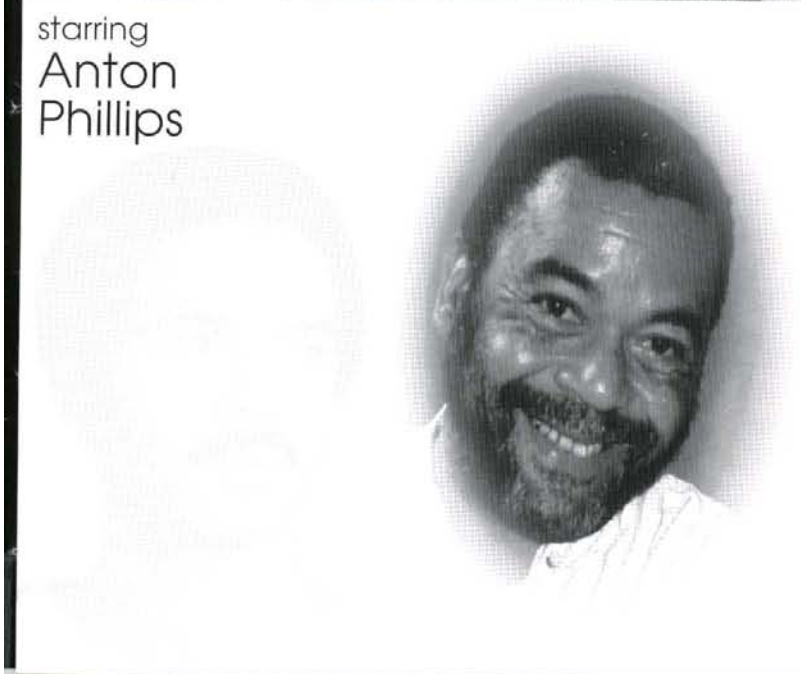
THIS EPISODE



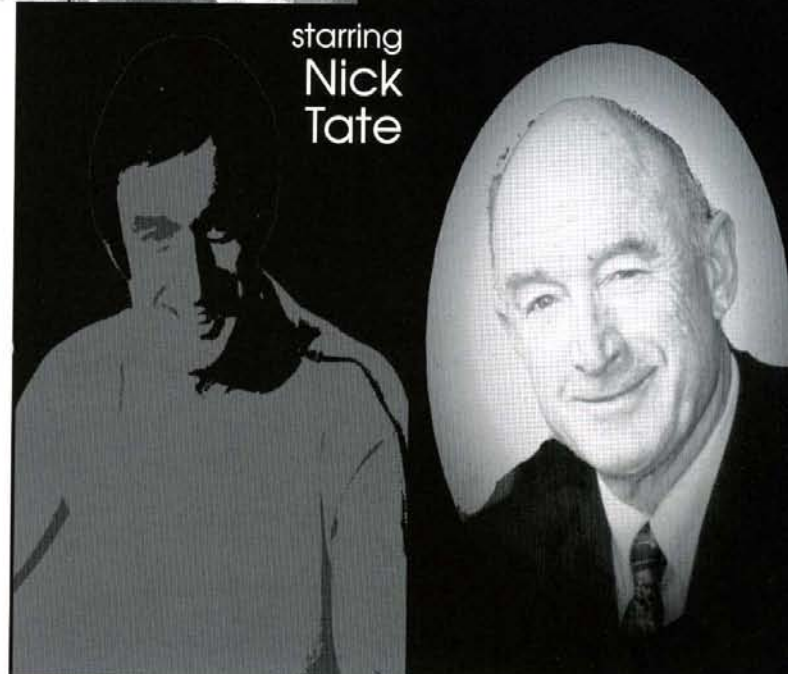


THIS EPISODE

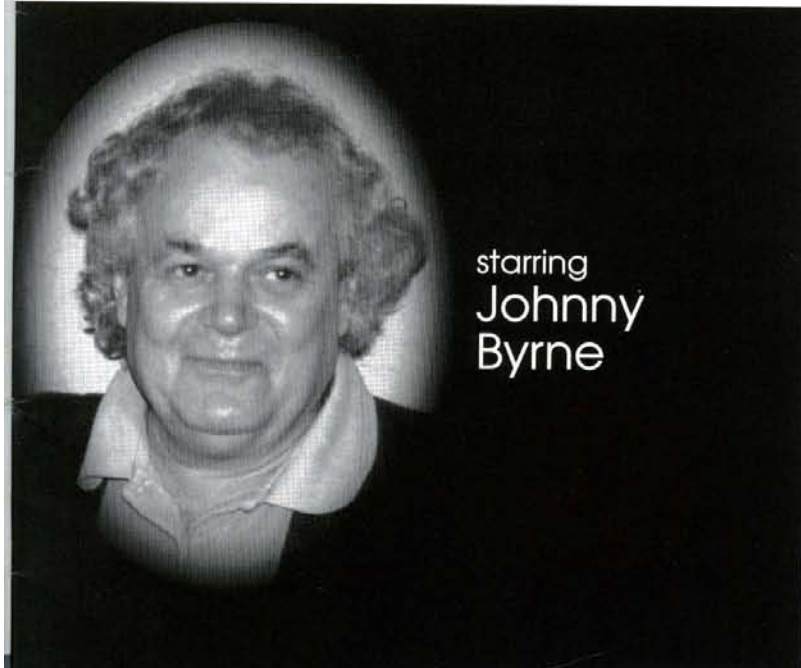
starring
Anton
Phillips



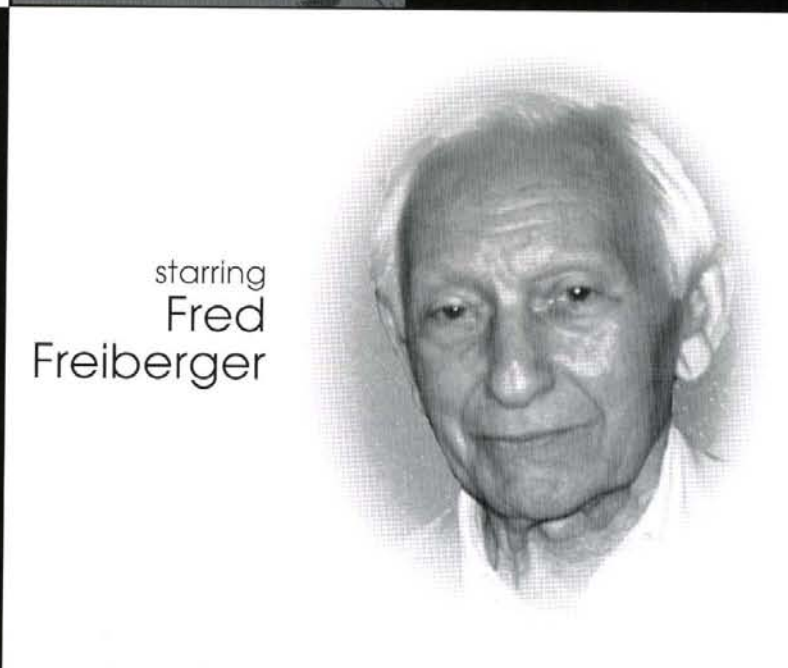
starring
Nick
Tate



starring
Johnny
Byrne



starring
Fred
Freiberger



THIS EPISODE

THIS EPISODE



guest artist
John
Muir

guest artist
Fanderson



guest artist
Jasper
Byrne

special guest artist
Margaret



THIS EPISODE



Since 1995 this con has been a large part of life. I can honestly say that when I went to the first convention in 1978 I never dreamed that I would organize an event of this magnitude in 1999 for Space: 1999. It was an experience that I am so happy I was a part of. It reunited me with friends that I hadn't seen in 15 years. No matter what happens in the future Breakaway will always be a part of my life.

Rosie Badgett

This was an incredible experience! Not only were we able to greet and meet so many old friends but were introduced new chums as well. My only regret is I was unable, as a committee member, to devote more time and speak with each and "every" Space: 1999 fan at Breakaway: The Convention! What a wonderful group of people! I'd like to personally thank one and all for coming into the art room. Many of you took the time to introduce yourselves and hung about for a chat. I learned so much, just by listening and observing! So, my next question

Rebecca "Becky" Reinhardt

is ... When will September 13, 1999 roll around again? "wink"

"We are now living in the time that was the future in the past but is now the present. Once this year is over the show that was always about the future will become the past. Like 1984 before it and 2001 yet to come Space: 1999's moment in the sun has arrived. Let's enjoy it, together, and celebrate ALL of Space:1999. We are the generation that was projected to be on the moon by 1999. We are for the most part the ages of the characters on Moonbase Alpha. We are, in essence, the Alphans..."

With these words, and the approximately 311 men and women in attendance, the Breakaway Convention began. It was a heady and hectic time for the committee and an amazingly international, surreal, cathartic, communal and joyful experience for all. For me it was a personal dream to celebrate what had always been a private holiday with hundreds of my fellow Alphans. It was probably the best weekend of my life.

Joan

Putting on the con was a lot of hard work. The single thing that made it all worthwhile was the positive reaction of the fans. I was thrilled that everyone seemed to have such a good time and that many people told us so. For instance, it was a kick to go to the Alpha Cinema at 3:30 AM on Tues. morning (we had to be out of the conference space by 6 AM Tues.) and find people still playing MST: 1999!

Karen Chubb

Speaking as one of the newest members to Space fandom on the committee I had the greatest time. This was the best con experience I've ever had (even though I didn't get to see much!!). Seeing all the happy faces made my near-nervous breakdowns well worth it!

Joan Chubb

I remember thinking Tuesday September 14th, and mentioning it to Rosie and Becky, that we really need to get shirts made up that say on the front: I SURVIVED SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1999! and on the back say: IT WENT MUCH BETTER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD! That sums up much about that weekend for me personally and how it seemed to go for the Con goers...the reason why we do all this! For me the weekend was a lovely reminder of why I got involved in all this fandom stuff 20 years ago - and why I stay..."

Sandra Sprecker



My only regret is that I spent so much time behind the scenes and not out with everyone else. My compensation, however, has been knowing that the attendees had a really wonderful time. That is really gratifying.

Emmi Staal

Euphorically Catatonic. That's the way that I, and perhaps the rest of the con committee, came away from the most amazing weekend of our lives: Breakaway The Convention.

Like the other committee members, I was so busy that I didn't have as much time to attend various convention activities as I would have liked, but that didn't change the fact that I could not have spent that weekend of September 13, 1999 anywhere else, or with anyone other than my Alphan friends and family. I'm happy to have been part of such a wonderful experience. The memories will be with me always.

Jeff S. Benson



I attended my first convention back in 1978. Unfortunately, I had audio but no visual. I only got part of the wonderful experience. At Breakaway, I yet again got only part of the experience; not because I didn't have visual, but because I had to leave early! That is my one and only regret. The time I had, however, was filled with many hugs, laughs, and conversations that have become the stability of my life. I will be forever thankful for having a family of almost 500 people. Being on the committee made me realize just how old I really am, and made me appreciate those who were so influential in the direction of my life. I

Heather Von Kamp

thank everyone on the committee for the opportunity. I hope to see all of you in the near future.

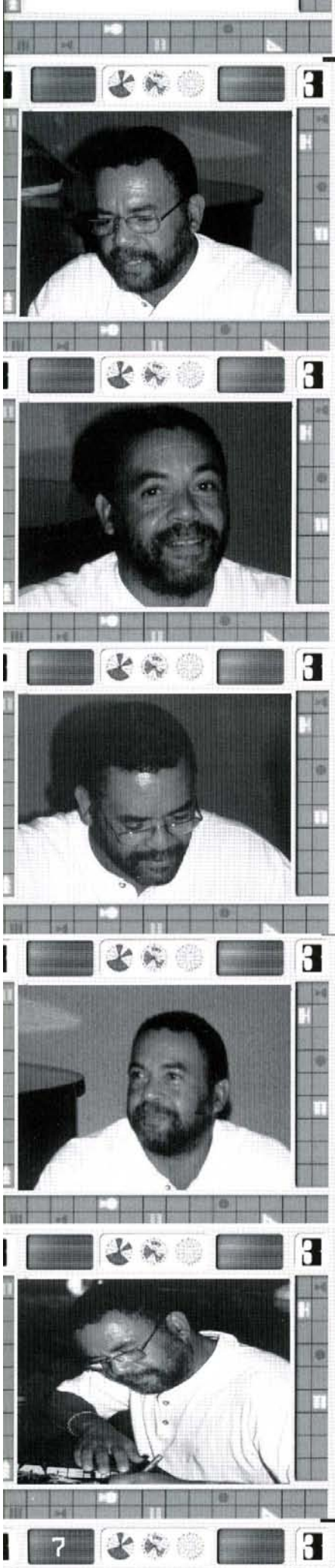
Breakaway was the best Space:1999 convention in 25 years...It's funny how day to day life can get in a rut. You're happy and everything is going fine, but you don't realize, until something comes along to remind you that there was a good reason you got involved in fandom in the first place...I came away with a renewed spirit. Breakaway may be equaled but I doubt if it will ever be surpassed.

John Von Kamp

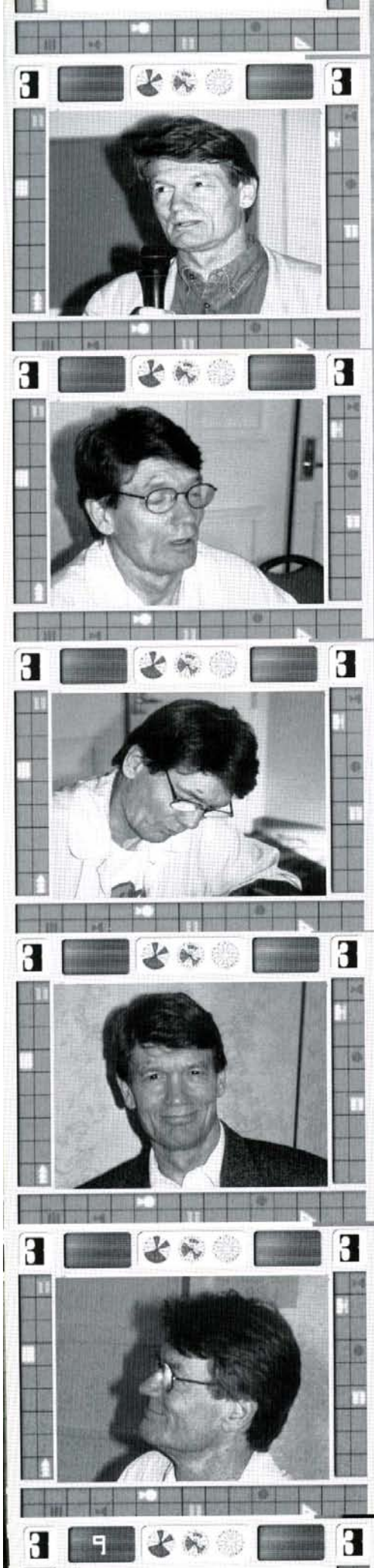
It was wonderful to find a gathering of both old and new fans still so enthusiastic about the show and exhibiting such joy in just being together. The credit goes to you, the fans, for making this possible in the first place. A con committee can do all the planning and inviting, but without your generous support and generous support of the cast's charities this all would not have been possible over the years. Instead of a finale, this may be a new beginning for 1999 fan gatherings.

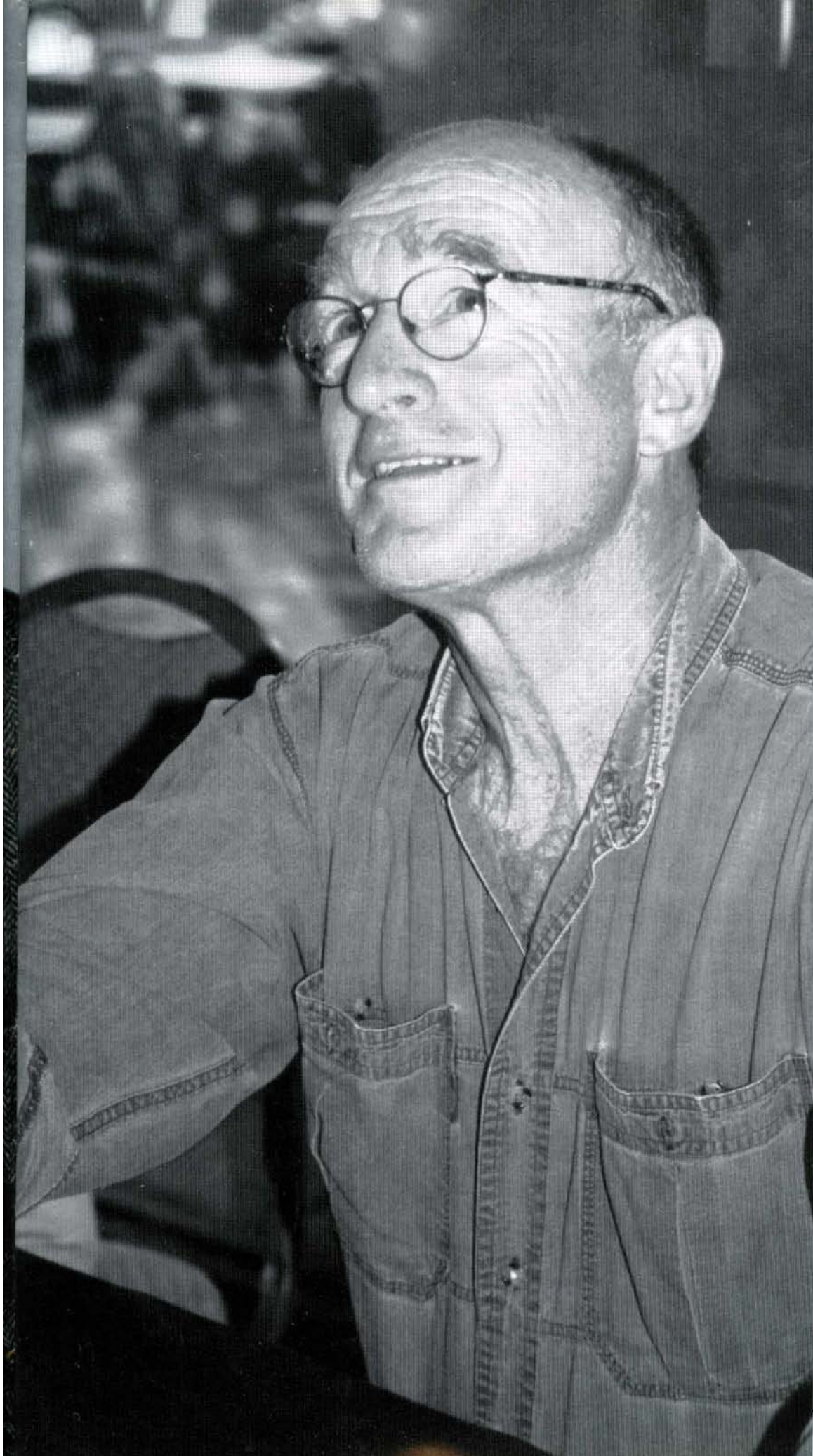
Kathy Von Kamp



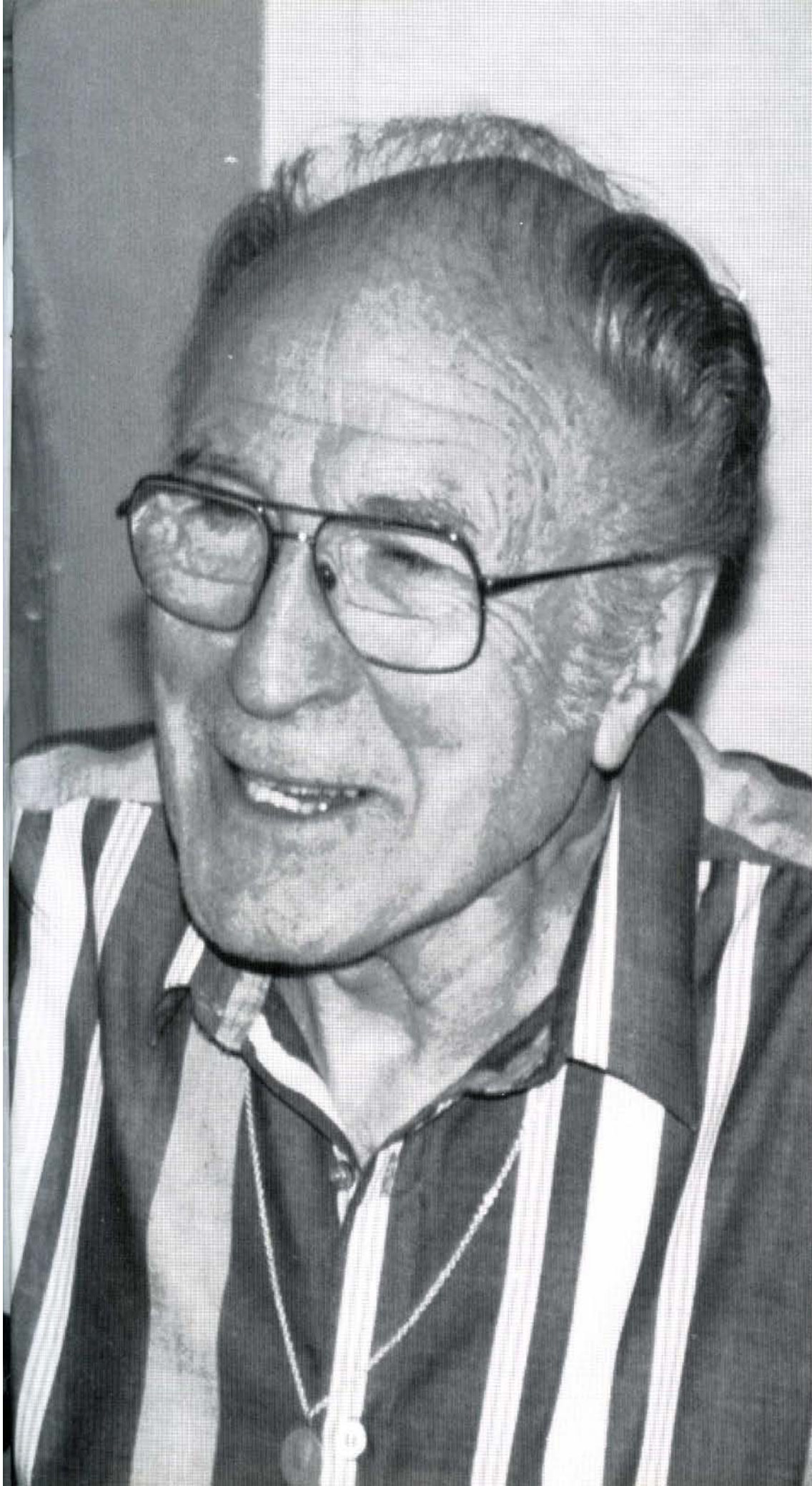


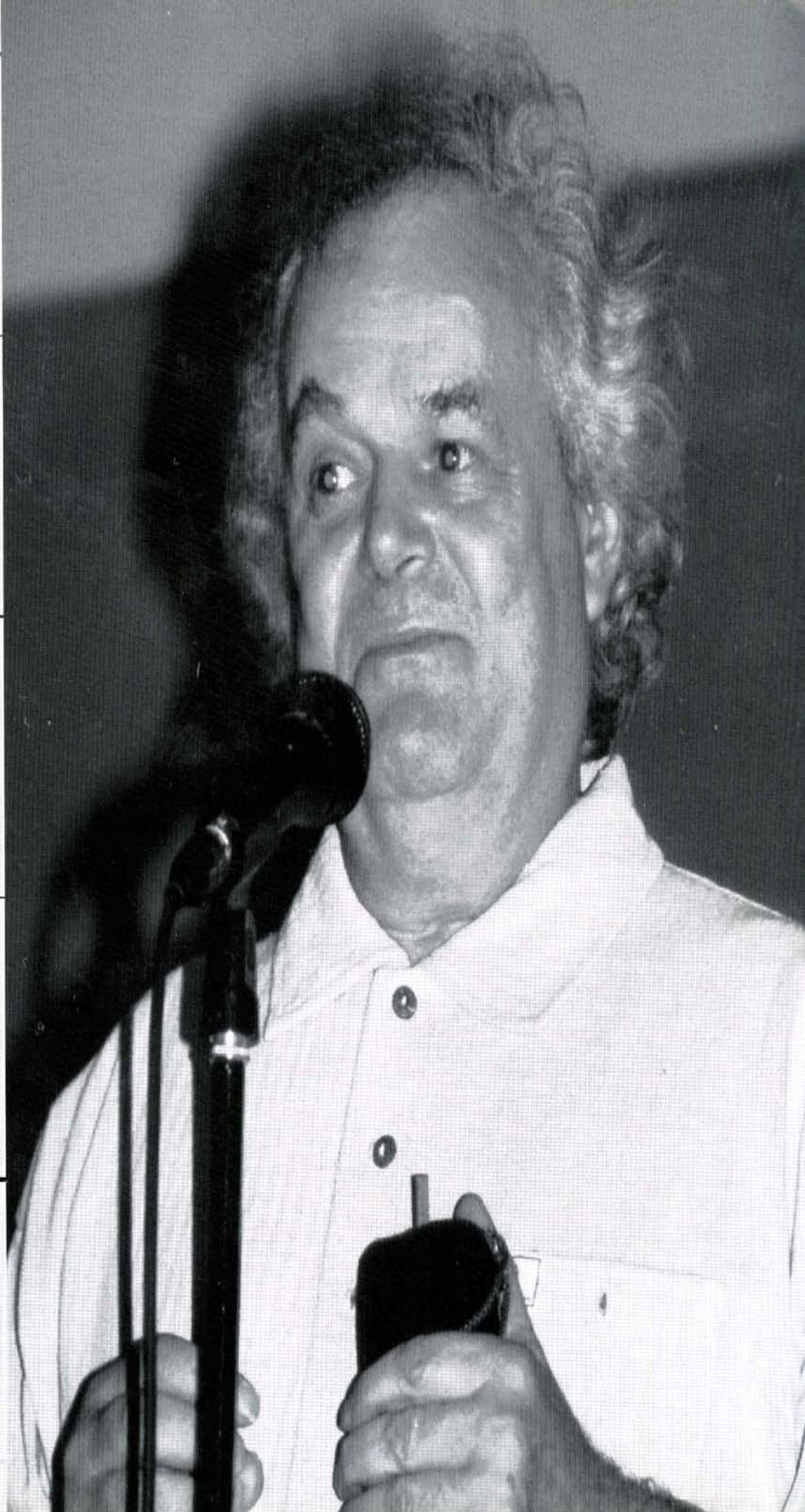
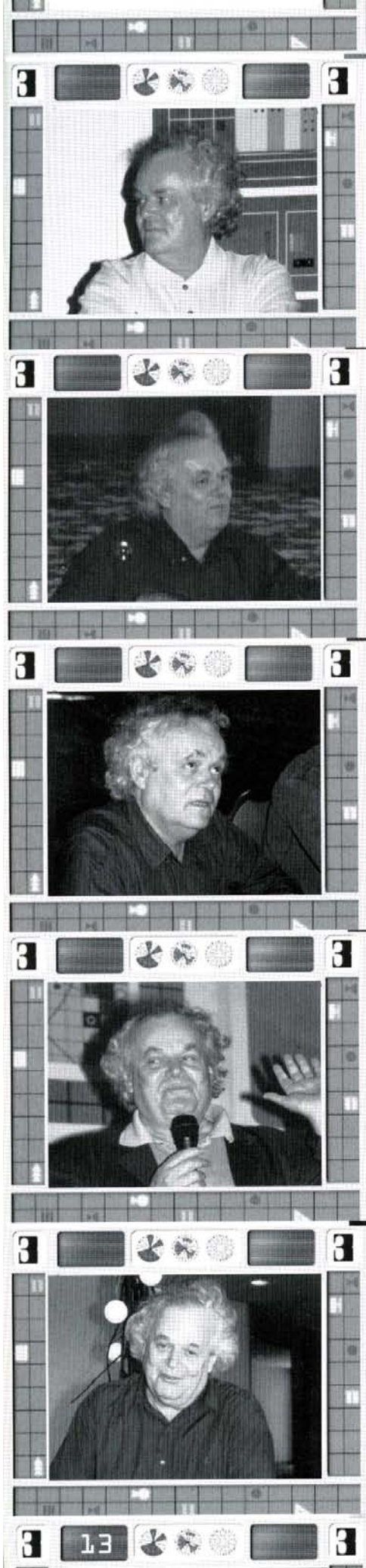














produced by
Fred Freiberger

ANOTHER TIME

'Space' Revisited

Science Fiction Fanatics Rehash Highlights Of Favorite TV Show

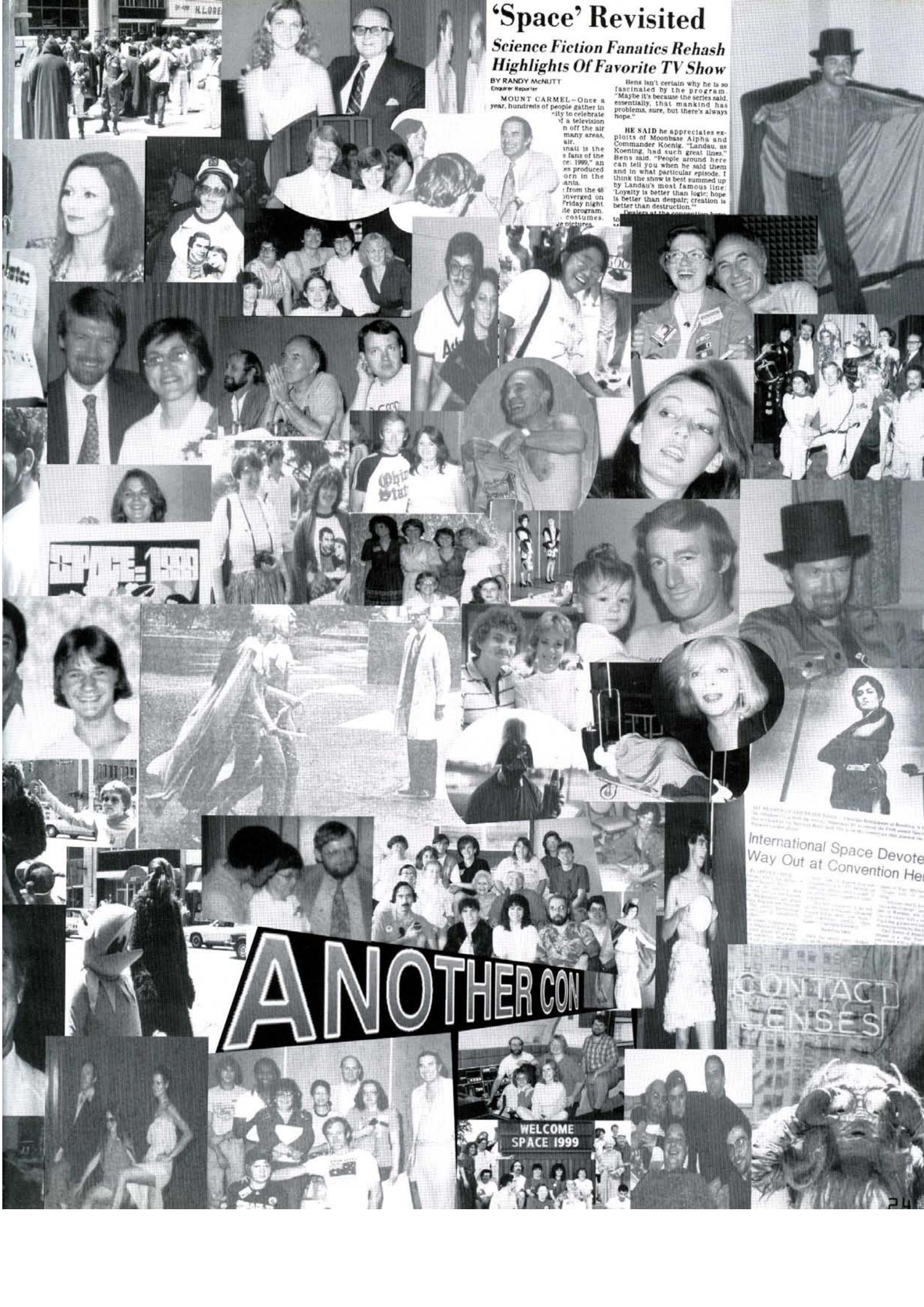
BY RANDY McNUTT
Enquirer Reporter

MOUNT CARMEL—Once a year, hundreds of people gather in the city to celebrate the anniversary of a television series that has become a cult classic. The fans of the show "Star Trek: The Motion Picture" gathered in the city to celebrate the anniversary of the show's debut. The fans of the show "Star Trek: The Motion Picture" gathered in the city to celebrate the anniversary of the show's debut.

Bens isn't certain why he is so fascinated by the program. "Maybe it's because the series said, essentially, that mankind has problems, sure, but there's always hope."

HE SAID he appreciates exploits of Moonbase Alpha and Commander Koenig. "Landau, as Koenig, had such great lines," Bens said. "People around here can tell you when he said them and in what particular episode. I think the show is best summed up by Landau's most famous line: 'Loyalty is better than logic; hope is better than despair; creation is better than destruction.'"

Finalists at the convention...



ANOTHER CON

International Space Devotee
Way Out at Convention Here

CONTACT LENSES

WELCOME
SPACE 1999



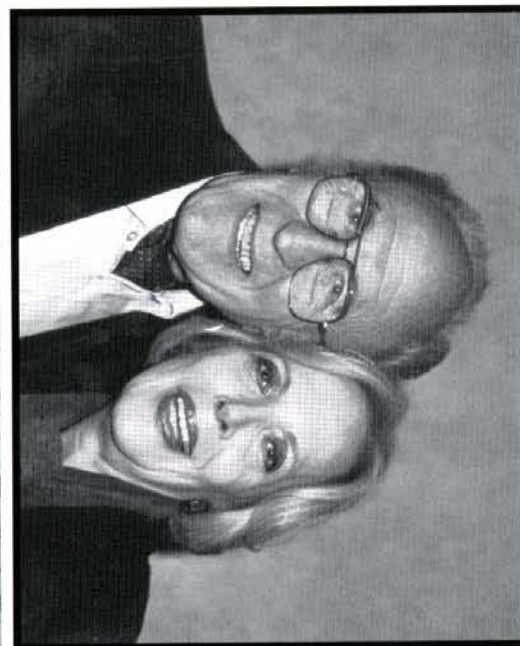
BOOKPALS
Performing Artists
for Literacy in Schools

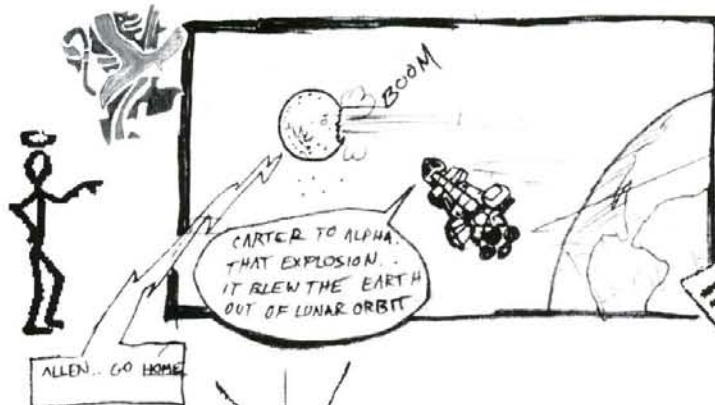


*Benefiting Parkinson's Disease
Research and Treatment*

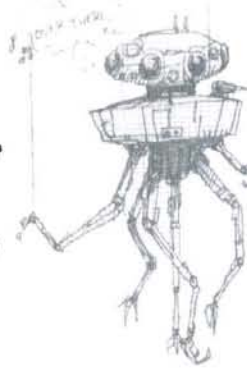






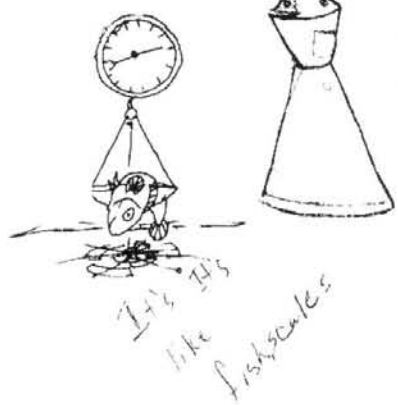


EE EAAHHH!"
 - Helena Russell
 MATING CALL
 FROM Full Circle

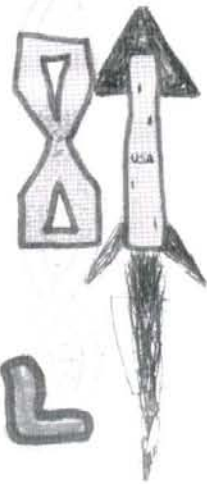


Dear Moon People
 We have decided to give your moon an atmosphere
 just like on Earth. We have noticed that your
 people seem to like the air in a area called
 Los Angeles. We will arrange a suitable substitute.
 Thank you.

Who the Devil
 is Laura?!!



CON=



EARTH...?
 Planet Earth?
 Who would name
 A planet
 "Dirt"?



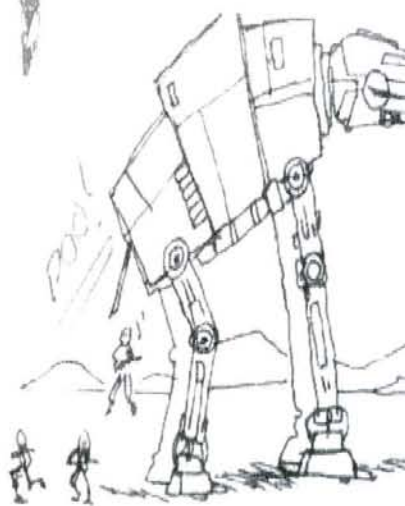
VICTOR, THIS
 DOESN'T SEEM TO
 DO ANYTHING

WALL

ANTON ZOROF DEL



THANK YOU
 FOR NOT SMOKING



Alan
 That was terrific
 it was the big G



WOT IS THAT MUSIC
 GUY HERE AGAIN?

Danny Gray

My God
 Look at the size
 of it!

ABSENT FRIENDS

Throughout the years, we have made many friends from the 1999 production world. Some, unfortunately have passed away, while others were unable to be with us, or we were unable to locate. But they were with us in spirit. And we thank them for their unique contributions to our world.

Dear 1999 Fans:

I was very kindly invited to the convention and it is to my everlasting regret that I am unable to be present. I wish you all a memorable weekend. I shall be with you in spirit.

Apart from everything else, it was my greatest wish to meet Barbara and Martin in person as I never had the privilege during the making of the series as my work came under the general heading of 'Post Production.'

Nonetheless, I still treasure the inscribed '1999' alarm clock that Martin and Barbara thoughtfully gave to all the crew as farewell gifts, even though my kids quickly rendered it unworkable!

I know for sure that when the breakaway comes I want my destiny to be in the hands of John Koenig and Dr Helena Russell. I know that I would be safe, and that my honour and dignity would be preserved intact in their loving care!

At this time too, I want to thank all those who have kindly been in touch to express their appreciation of my musical contributions to the series.

I was extremely lucky. At the time I did the music, I imagined that it would go on air a week or two later and, with a little luck, might possibly enjoy a later repeat. There was no concept that it might still be showing actually in 1999! Had I known this, I might have preserved the record of the whereabouts of the tapes more carefully.

Thankfully, all is not lost and, with the generous intervention of 'Fanderson' the Gerry Anderson Fan Club, my music has now been rediscovered, baked in an oven (Truly!) and will shortly be available on disc for all who care about it.

I am a science-fiction fan. We are dreamers who sometimes get a bad press. Scientists are the ones who seek the answers, I like to think that sci-fi fans are amongst the ones who seek the questions.

Thank God for imagination.

Love to you all.
Derek Wadsworth

Best wishes
Suzanne Rye

Best wishes

Danny Gray

Frank Douglas

Gerry Lichner

Wart in Candan

Bower

Chilton Jones

Gray Morrow

On September 13, 1999, Johnny Byrne, Zienia Merton, and Fanderson presented the spectacular filmed presentation, **Message From Moonbase Alpha**. It was a phenomenal event. But Breakaway Con was not the only convention to feature an innovative production. In 1980, the musical extravaganza **What's It All About Alpha** had its one and only presentation for Space:1999 Fans. Rumour has it that Mr. Byrne, Ms. Merton, and Fanderson managed to get ahold of the rare script, and used the tome for inspiration for MFMA. Now, for the first time, Breakaway: The Convention Post Con Report presents, the unfortunately un-edited, original script.



A Play in one act by: Alice M. Newsom

Lyrics by: Alice M. Newsom, Ron Butler, Ann Hester, Marilea Mercer

Cast of Characters:

John Koenig, Commander Moonbase Alpha.....	Mike Wright
Dr. Helena Russell, Chief of Medicine.....	Rosie Badgett
Paul Morrow, Base Controller.....	Chet Schwerman
Sandra Benes, Communications Officer.....	Mare Fitzgerald
Annette Frasier, Command Center worker.....	Marty Siegrist
Tony Verdeschi, New Chief of Security.....	Paul Bens
Alan Carter, Chief Eagle Pilot.....	Tod Ellsworth
Victor Bergman, All around Genius.....	Ron Butler
Maya, Psychon in Residence.....	Marilea Mercer
Two Security Guards.....	Alice Newsom and John Von Kamp
Eagle Pilots.....	Chuck Raue, Linda Lanzi, Kurt Giger
Medical Technicians.....	George Eichler, Chris Hantzopolous

SCENE: Command Center / Main Mission
PRESENT ARE: John Koenig, Paul Morrow, Sandra Benes, & Annette Frasier. All but John are seated at their desks. John is standing center stage.

VOICE FROM
OFF-STAGE: Moonbase Alpha Status Report; Doctor Helena Russell recording, 39,457 days after leaving earth's orbit.

(Security Guard wanders across stage strewing calendar leaves. Helena enters from stage right and sits in chair at empty desk.)

JOHN: Anything on forward cameras?
ANNETTE: No, Commander.
JOHN: Rear cameras?
PAUL: No, Commander.
JOHN: Nothing?
EVERYONE: NOTHING!
JOHN: Oh, well.

(John moves over and leans on one of the desks & sings to the tune of: "Food, Glorious Food")

JOHN (sings): Is this what I'm living for
If I live 'til 84,
All I ever see's this moon

Every day I sit and stare
Hope for something to be there
Still I see the same Old Moon

Yet, not a star, not a planet can we find.
That we hope, one day soon to contact.
And there's nothing to keep us from falling asleep
As we sing a sad song of this tragic...

EVERYONE JOINS IN:

Moon, boring old Moon,
We're anxious to leave it.
It's never too soon,
You can believe it.

Just picture a home on land,
Beach front would be dandy.
A small town up the roadways,
Just like Cincinnati.

JOHN (sings): Moon boring old Moon,
You keep on a flyin'
While we've got this tune,
We'll keep on a tryin'

To just picture a home sweet home,
Hope we'll find one soon.
Oh moon, boring old Moon,
Tragic old Moon, boring old Moon.

(During end of song everyone falls asleep, one by one til only John is left awake and standing center stage.)

JOHN: Wake up!

(Everyone wakes up and Helena moves to center stage.)

JOHN (To Helena): We've got to do something to liven this place up.
HELENA: Like what?
JOHN: Well, we could stage a riot.
HELENA: It's been done.

(Suddenly a thunderous crash and a dying scream is heard from offstage left. John looks at his watch then glances off stage left.)

JOHN: Six o'clock Eagle is late again.

(Alan Carter lurches in from stage left. He utters a soundless scream and Falls to the floor dramatically. No one notices. Victor Bergman enters from stage right, looks at Carter, shakes his head and strolls over to John. Medic rushes in and drags Carter off stage right. no one pays any attention. Medic should have trouble moving body)

JOHN: Victor, how's the situation in Hydroponics?
VICTOR: Well, John...
SANDRA: Reports coming in from Hydroponics now,
Commander. It seems the dreaded maka-maka
plant has overrun its area.
PAUL: Something else, Commander. It seems that the
maka-maka planet has just eaten the Chief of
Security.
JOHN (annoyed): This calls for swift and decisive action. Paul,
consult Main Computer.

(Here Paul riffles through copies of the Main Computer newsletter, holding them up so the audience can see them. John looks at him severely without saying anything. Paul pushes buttons on console.)

PAUL: Working, sir.
JOHN: Question. Who is next in line for Chief of Security?
PAUL: I have it sir.

JOHN: Good, have him sent here immediately. If you want me, I'm in Blue Sector.

(John leaves off stage left. Helena walks him to the door and then goes and sits down at the empty console. Victor exits stage right looking purposeful. Security guards drag in the Chief of Security. They throw him center stage and stand by the exit at right so that he can't leave.)

TONY (sings): (Tune: "Yesterday")

Security, why'd I sign up with security?
I believed in immortality
Oh I am in security.

Suddenly, there's a monster hanging over me,
I'm not half the man I used to be.
Oh I am in security.

Why I had to go,
I don't know, they wouldn't say,
I did something wrong
I belong to security...
Security...

TONY (speaking): Now what do I do?

(No one offers any useful advice.)

TONY (to Paul): Send out Eagle One.
PAUL: Eagle One?
TONY: Are you questioning my orders?
PAUL: No, it's just that...
TONY: Well, spit in out man.
PAUL: We're up to eagle 247, and that's the second time around.

TONY: Well, then launch Eagle 247 and don't bother me with details.
(looks proud of himself)

Who's on the top of the duty roster?
SANDRA: Bill Frasier.

PAUL: Bill who?

TONY: Say, I used to know a guy named Bill Frasier right here on Alpha.

ANNETTE: So did I

(music begins. Annette stands by her desk and sings to the tune "Bill Bailey")

ANNETTE (sings): Won't you come home Bill Frasier,
Won't you come home.
You fly the whole night long.
I'll thaw the soybeans darlin'
I'll clean the vent.
I know that they were wrong.
I remember that awful evening,
They sent you out.
To fly in that meteor storm.
John Koenig's to blame,
Don't go down in flames.
Bill Frasier won't you please come home.

(She sits down as Carter runs in from stage right. Victor follows him in.)

ALAN: The maka-maka plant has taken over hydroponics and it's headed this way!
(to Tony)
Quick! This is our big chance to run all over the base like a couple of idiots trying to stop it.

TONY: Great idea, Alan! You go ahead, I'll catch up
(Carter exits stage right)

HELENA: I'm warning you, I won't be held responsible for the consequences
(She is ignored)

TONY: Sandra, consult the Main Computer. Question: How much weedkiller do we have in stock?

(Koenig returns from stage left, looks around.)

JOHN: You mean you haven't got this crisis solved yet?
You're supposed to have...

VICTOR: Well, John...

TONY: I sent out an Eagle.

JOHN: For heaven's sake, why? There's not a planet within a million miles of here.

TONY: That's what you always do.

VOICE

OFF STAGE: Yeah, we've been meaning to talk to you about that.

(Eagle pilots march in from stage right; they are all heavily bandaged and carrying picket signs that say "Koenig unfair to Eagle Pilots")

TONY: Who are you?

LEADER: Who are we? Hit it fellas!

(They all sing, a little dancing wouldn't hurt here either (Tune: "You've Got To Be a Football Hero"))

PILOTS (sing): We fly the Moonbase Alpha Eagles,
We are the best at what we do.
We are brave and we are skilled,
And if we're lucky, we all won't get killed.
Oh we are now approaching Alpha,
Looks like we're going to crash.
So give a great big cheer and get me out of here,
Before my poor body goes smash!

TONY: Oh!

ANNETTE: The maka-maka plant now controls levels 3 and 4, sir.

PAUL: It's spreading rapidly.

SANDRA: Security reports the weed killer ineffective sir.

(Suddenly Carter lurches in covered with vines from stage right. He staggers and falls. Sandra screams and faints. A med tech drags her off stage right. Helena goes over to Carter and kneels beside him, taking his pulse.)

HELENA: He's dead, John.

JOHN: Well, get him out of here.

(Med tech enters and drags Carter's body off stage.)

JOHN: And you! *(he gestures at the pilots)*
OUT!!! All of you.

(Eagle pilots leave disconsolately, exiting right.)

TONY: Well, what are we going to do about this mess?

JOHN: We'll do what we always do.

(Maya enters)

MAYA: Well, here I am Tony.

TONY: Maya, you've got to pull us through!

MAYA: Alright Tony, for you.

MAYA (sings): (Tune: "My Favorite Things")

Monsters on Alpha I don't let them scare me,
Slime covered oozes all icky and scarry.
When all is lost and the grim reaper rings,
I just turn in to my favorite things.

Cute little puppies, an owl or a flounder.
A tiger, a vulture, a Beta Cloud monster
A table, John's office, an Australian who sings,
I can turn into some horrible things.

When the ship lands,
When all hopes gone,

MAYA (sings): Nothing left to say.
I simply turn in to my favorite things,
And then I can save... the day!

(Maya dances off stage right.)

TONY: Well, that takes care of that.

JOHN: Now what do we do for excitement?

GUARD #1: Why don't we sing?

(Entire cast, including dead bodies entering, move to center stage to the Tune of "Hi Diddle Dee Dee" from "Pinocchio")

GUARD #1: Hi diddle dee dee,
Security's the life for me.
I'm the toughest man on the whole damned base
I'd spit right in to a Dorcon's face,
Oh can't you see that I'm a mental case?
A slurp's life is for me.

JOHN: Hi diddle dee dee,
A Commander's life for me.
I face decisions without a qualm,
While all are panicking, I stay quite calm.
Now they're all wondering what I'm on,
A Commander's life's for me.

HELENA: Hi diddle dee dee,
A Doctor's life for me.
I trace a life by flicking a dial,
I can diagnose us at nearly a mile,
And maybe someday I'll get to smile,
A Doctor's life's for me.

VICTOR: Hi diddle dee dee,
It's Victor's life for me.
I sit here smiling without a pain,
While the whole damned base is going insane,
Cause my tin heart's matched by my wind up brain,
It's Victor's life for me.

ALAN: Hi diddle dee dee,
A pilot's life for me.
The seats are cramped (though the view is grand)
The food is frozen, the air in canned,
But at least they don't bitch about how we land!
A pilot's life for me.

SANDRA: Hi diddle dee dee,
Communications is for me,
My role around here is really quaint,
When something happens I scream and faint,
Liberated is what I ain't,
This life here ain't for me.

PAUL: Hi diddle dee dee,
A Controller's life for me.
I tell each eagle just when to land
I rule the base with an iron hand,
And 2nd season's when I get canned,
A Controller's life for me.

MAYA: Hi diddle dee dee,
A Psychon's life for me.
The bathroom mirror is e'er a thrill,
You don't what will come o'er the sill,
Elizabeth Taylor or Mr. Bill (Oh NO!)
A Psychon's life for me.

EVERYONE: Hi diddle dee dee,
It's Alphan life for me
You get up each morning at electric dawn
You work your jobs and carry on,
It could be worse, you could be at CON!
It's Alphan life for me!

YE END.

ART SHOW WINNERS

Three Dimensional

1. "The Bringers of Wonder Candle"—Mark Shaw
2. "Back Pack"—Ellen Lindow
3. "Command Doctor Bears"—Ellen Lindow

Space:1999 & Gerry Anderson Productions

1. "Breakaway: The Con Banner" — Lew Place
2. "Psychon"—John Stadter
3. "Alpha Moonbase"—Brian Boskin

Other

1. "Prisoner"—Andrew Kear
2. "Spock Kirk Menagery"—Andrew Kear

Best of Show

"Journey Thru the Black Sun"—John Stadter

Our thanks to all who entered the art show and to those who displayed parts of their private collections for fans to enjoy.

Breakaway: The Post Con Report

Thanks the following individuals without whom the PCR would not have been possible

Robert Baldassari

for the use of his big screen graphics.

Peter J. Barnosky

for the use of his beautiful Eagle artwork.

Johnny Byrne

for the use of Message from Moonbase Alpha script.

The Folks at

Fanderson & Kindred Productions

for the image from MFMBA.

Mayr and Ed Fitzgerald

for the use of their photos on the Another Time, Another Con page

Mike Griffith

for a selection of past con photos

John Muir

for his personal con photos

Lew Place

for the screen grab from *Breakaway*.

Chuck Raue

for the front & back cover design, the *What's It All About Alpha Script*, Con 81 graffiti wall pieces and for a selection of past con photos.

Brooke Rodriguez

for Breakaway: The Convention Photos

Mark Spalding

for providing audio/video tapes for the transcription excerpts.

PCR designed by

thumbless productions

Assorted Breakaway Highlights

- Robert Ruiz's last minute confirmation
- Preproduction Keith Wilson art from Bill Boyajian
- Watching Nick Tate watch *Testament of Arkadia* on Saturday night in the ballroom and Journey to Where in the film room on Sunday
- Watching Nick Tate watch an *Alpha Child* clip during the dance
- Listening to John Muir's fabulous lectures (with Johnny Byrne equally rapt)
- Getting reacquainted with old friends and making LOTS of new ones!
- Watching Space episodes in the hotel bar on Thursday night
- Ecstatic dealers who made more money over the weekend than they had at other cons the whole year.

Little Known

Breakaway Facts

The set was originally going to be placed against the front wall in the ballroom. As you entered through the double doors it would have been directly in front of you. Last minute hotel changes made it impossible. We didn't have access to the entire left side of the ballroom until 11:00 pm Thursday night, way too late for an hours-long set up.

Two live bands offered to play Space: 1999 music during the Friday night Recreation Room and we enthusiastically accepted. Due to logistical considerations, however, neither was able to come.

The David Letterman show called once and asked for a press kit, which we sent. We never heard back. They would have lampooned us anyway...

Black. Moments, then it suddenly fills with static. A voice is trying to break through. The signal strengthens some and we HEAR...

SANDRA (V/O)
(fading in and out)
...Moonbase Alpha calling Earth...
Moonbase Alpha calling Earth....

SANDRA's image flickering into view...

SANDRA
(stronger)
...This is Moonbase Alpha with
our last transmission to the
people of Earth...

Sandra's image strengthening

CLOSING IN...

SANDRA
...We cannot know you will receive
this message. Or if memory survives,
or ever existed in your time, of who
we were, what our purpose was and the
disaster which took us on our random
journey through the infinite reaches
of time and space...

SANDRA in front of a transmitter in Technical Section. She looks vulnerable and slightly apprehensive.

SANDRA
...We calculate it is twenty years
since we lost contact with you. For
us, it has been a time of dangers
overcome and knowledge revealed. Of
mysteries encountered, perceptions
altered, and the growing conviction
of a higher purpose in all we witnessed
and endured... These long years
stretched to the limit our will to
survive as individuals and as a
community. And overcoming our greatest
test - the struggle to hold true to a
unique birthright, the innate humanity
common to all of us from Earth... But
that is in the past...

SANDRA

(growing anxiety)

...Now a new... an even greater challenge awaits us. For some time, our life support systems have shown signs of increasing decay. Total failure, though not imminent, seems inevitable. Last week, however, we encountered an intense gravitational disturbance. It catapulted our moon into this... unknown solar system. Sensors indicated one planet was habitable, but it would be in range for only six short days...

(disturbed)

...Insufficient time to calculate the long term risks of leaving the base and settling there... So, the painful collective decision was taken to abandon Alpha. One that was greatly...

(painful memory)

...disputed! As I speak now...

EXT. EAGLES IN FLIGHT TO TERRA ALPHA. STOCK SFX

A cluster of eagles flying to the planet.

SANDRA (V/O)

... Operation Exodus has finally taken place. Commander Koenig and the others have begun to settle on our new world, Terra Alpha.

CUT TO: Eagle on launchpad warming up.

SANDRA (V/O)

One Eagle waits for me, for I am the last person to abandon the base. Soon the planet will be out of range and while...

CUT BACK TO:

SANDRA

...predictions indicate a slingshot effect will return the moon to the planet in 25 years, we cannot be certain. Nor can we base our actions on it occurring...

(sudden emotion)

However, one thing is certain, Moonbase Alpha is no more!

CUT TO: Abandoned, empty areas of Alpha moonbase...

SANDRA (V/O)

... For many of us, this was our most difficult decision. Though deserted and silent now, Alpha was our refuge...

INSERT - APPROPRIATE MONTAGE IMAGES.

SANDRA (V/O)

... We can never forget our life here the good and happy times, as well as our moments of despair and heartbreak...

INSERT - RELATIONSHIP MONTAGE, HELENA/KOENIG, MAYA/TONY/ALAN/PAUL/SANDRA.

SANDRA (V/O)

Here friendships flourished, and bonds were forged. It was Maya, the Psychon, who helped us to understand that we are all aliens until we get to know each other.

CUT BACK TO:

SANDRA

(beat, stronger)

The memory of what we shared here will forever remain part of the very fabric of this place, our home, Alpha...

(beat, with dignity)

I am making this transmission firstly, to inform those who know of our existence and who wonder what became of us. And to enlighten those on an Earth which may never have known us. People of the same world who are strangers, yet familiar to us though the mysterious effects of time and space... And finally, we want you all to know that we, the people of Moonbase Alpha, did exist. That our presence, the knowledge of Earth and her people, their strength and weakness, pride and arrogance, genius and insignificance, has made an imprint on this vast universe we share with so many other races and beings... And to state our belief, though our moon's progress was random our odyssey does have a purpose, one still in the act of revealing itself...

(commlock beeps)

It is time to end this brief transmission and face the uncertain life and great challenges on our new world... Computer's final task is to encode this message using a device designed by Maya.

SANDRA

She believes that it will enable our transmission to navigate the complexities of time and space and reach you on Earth... So, to Professor Bergman... Michael, dear Paul - to Luke and Anna on your new Arkadia - we can never forget you. And to Alpha, wherever you go on your onward journey, our hearts go with you, and hope of reunion in the future will never fade... Finally, to you, the people of planet Earth, we say goodbye and ask but one thing...

(emotional)

...Remember us!

SANDRA's voice elides into a signal and the screen fades to the familiar rotating sine wave. HOLDING on the signal a few moments and we recognise it as the signal from META. And the realisation that the META signal received in Breakaway was in reality the Alphans' message transmitted by Sandra.

SANDRA

(fading)

...Remember us.



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Anton Rings 9/9/99

~~Carroll~~ Sun

Paul Hancusky
LA Sept 13th 1999

Mark Tuck

SEPTEMBER 13, 1999...
META SIGNALS INCREASING...
YES, MAYBE THERE...

Best

Zenia Mats Best Wishes John Byrne

Handwritten scribble or signature.

Loving good wishes
D. Bannister