ALPHA LOG

ISSUE TEN EDITOR: CHRIS LANDRY

EDITORIAL

I am happy to report that this issue of ALPHA LOG marks the beginning of our third year as a SPACE: 1999 fan club. At this time, I would like to thank all of you who have made the organization what it is today. May I also point out that with continued spirit and enthusiasm, Year Three will be "BIGGER, BETTER, MORE EXCITING THAN EVER!"

Now, to the business at hand. Many of you have written and asked about what the small "R" was doing in the corner of some of your newsletters. It means that your particular copy was a reprinted issue, not one of the original series from the printers. This was due to the great number of new members as a direct result of the STARLOG advertisement. But be assured, the contents of your issue were the same as the original ones.

Finally, let me thank those members who sent in their holiday greetings last month. And now, on to "The Springfield SPACE: 1999 Club"- Year Three.

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"SPACE: 1999" CONVENTION '79

The second anual SPACE: 1999 convention has been scheduled for July 27-29, 1979. It is to be held at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Gerry Anderson and Berry Gray have confirmed that they will be attending the convention. Clifton Jones is arranging to be there as well, and the other stars have been invited too. Activities will include several lectures, a costume party, an art show, a dealers' room, a banquet, and a second big auction. Episodes will be shown on large video projectors and many films are being collected for further enjoyment.

For further information and order forms, write to: "The National Save: 1999 Alliance"; 123 Fawn Valley Drive; McMurray, PA; 15317.

NEW EXCHANGE PROGRAMS

During the past couple of months, I have been in contact with four more SPACE: 1999 fan clubs. I've made arrangements to exchange copies of "The Springfield SPACE: 1999 Club"'s newsletter, ALPHA LOG, for copies of each of the respective club's own newsletters.

"Moon Buggy" (President: Paul Bens) and "Alpha News Service" (President: Dick DiPirro) are two of the new exchange clubs. Both have newsletters containing excellent writing and alot of fine artwork. These are both bi-monthly publications.

The third exchange club is the well-known "National Save: 1999 Alliance" (President: Mare Fitzgerald). Having recently established their newsletter, MAIN COMPUTER, they have agreed to conduct an exchange. Strictly a newsletter (no stories or art), MAIN COMPUTER's information is probably the most up-to-date in SPACE: 1999 fandom.

Last, but certainly not least, I am exchanging newsletters with "Hawk" (President: Allen McClearnen), a SPACE: 1999 club based in New York. I am proud to say that your editor has been appointed as Production Advisor of the "Hawk" newsletter. "Hawk" has many entertaining stories and interviews.

All of these four clubs are well worth looking into. The addresses for these any many other SPACE: 1999 fan clubs are included in this issue.



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SPACE: 1979

Over the past few weeks, a local establishment called "The Denim Door" has been using Barry Gray's first season SPACE: 1999 music for it's radio advertisements. Several dramatic pieces, as well as the title theme are featured.

The enjoyment of the music is somewhat dulled by the announcer's TWILIGHT ZONE-esque voice declaring a sale on Levis, but it's a pleasant break in the loud rock lineup.

ASIMOV SPEAKS

Isaac Asimov is perhaps the greatest science fiction writer of our time. As many of you will remember, ALPHA LOG 8 carried an interview between Dr. Asimov and myself. It was very well received among the entire club. Since you all enjoyed it so much, I decided to print a question asked from the audience at one of Dr. Asimov's recent lectures that I attended. I found this particular portion to be both interesting and humorous. The question was: Do you believe in extraterrestrials ?

What, visiting us ? I'm writing a book right this minute, I'm on page 105 of the first draft. The title of which is...uh... Extraterrestrial Intelligence. Now, you carefully analyze the situation. There are so many stars in the universe. So many of them have planetary systems; so many of them are stars that are sufficiently sun-like, that they may have a planet that is sufficiently Earth-like. So that there are so many planets that are sufficiently Earth-like in the universe, and on so many of them life will begin. There are so many of these life-bearing, Earth-like planets that intelligence will develop.

When you make your reasonable guesses and your reasonable assumptions and your reasonable estimates, you end up as I do. You're suggesting that there may be as many as fifty million different intelligent beings in our own galaxy alone. Now, the question is, how long does a civilization last ? If it lasts for a long time, then almost all of these fifty million civilizations are more advanced than we are, because we're just in the beginning stages of our civilization. From the beginning of the invention of writing, our civilization is ten thousand years old, and look how far it's come. If a civilization is eleven thousand years old, it may be one thousand years in advance of our own. At the rate we're going, a thousand years in advance is terrific. So we may argue that there's fifty million advanced civilizations over our own in existance. Why haven't they visited us ? There's a number of reasons:

1). The whole analysis is wrong. There aren't any.

2). They're there all right, but they don't exist any more. Maybe a civilization is a self-eliminating device. In other words, you have a civilization, you last a few thousand years, you destroy yourself. Usually just about the time you're capable of interplanetary travel, you kill yourself. If that's so, there aren't any out there except those who are in the same state as we are: just beginning and just about to go. And in a little while, we won't be here either.

3). Oh, they're there, and they last a long time, but there's no way of traveling between the stars. So we're all forever isolated. Suppose that's not so...

4). Yeah, they can travel around. They just haven't come across us yet. Doesn't seem likely, so...

5). Sure, they've come across us, but they're not interested. They took one look and said, "SCUM !" Made a little mark in their navigation charts, y'know, "Don't bother," and went away. Or, what am I up to now, six ?

6). They found us. They've found us interesting, but not yet sufficiently developed. Put up a big sign out there by the orbit of Pluto saying, "Interstellar Wildlife Refuge. Civilization in process of development. DO NOT DISTURB." Or...

8). (What happened to seven ? -Ed.) If they haven't done this, they're visiting us. That's what the flying saucers are. I don't believe number eight, so I'll have to make do with the first seven.

Why don't I believe eight ? Because I don't think that they, at one and the same time, find us interesting enough to visit and yet not interesting enough to say "Hello" in a real, honest to god way. What's all this business of coming down in swamps and kidnapping farmers and things like that ? Stopping automobiles on the highway and fooling around with their ignition ? I mean Halloween tricks by skylarking motorcycle gangs, yes, but not with people from other worlds who are intelligent enough to come and visit us. I figure they'd know enough to come down and visit the Kremlin or the White House or something like that. If they're not smart enough to do that, they're not smart enough to reach us. So I don't accept that.

Besides, what evidence have we got of the UFOs ? Only one kind, eyewitness evidence. People say they've seen spaceships, they've been on spaceships, they've seen things in the sky, and all that sort of stuff. All we know is what people say. And not only what people say, but what people say they've seen ! Eyewitness evidence is the worst kind of evidence in the world. I mean, any guy who has to rely on eyewitness evidence to prove that he didn't commit murder is in trouble. His life would be sworn away by any number of people who will honestly think that what they say is correct. What I want is not eyewitness evidence, I want a thing. I want something that is not of Earthly manufacture. All those people who have been on extraterrestrial spaceships, not one has been able to snatch a button of a uniform. Not one of them has been able to get a piece of paper from a drawer, nothing ! They come out with only eyewitness

evidence. The best kind of evidence, of course, is the space-ship. I don't mean a great huge liner. I mean a one man... a one human being... a one person... a one entity runabout is sufficient. So I'll wait, I'll wait.

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ANIMATED REVIEWS

As usual, I bring to you a review of another episode in Charlton Magazine's animated SPACE: 1999 series. I hope that you will enjoy it. This issue's episode is titled "Spores." Next issue, one of my personal favorites: "Dawn of Extinction."

SPORES (Episode 9; March 1976)
Written by Mike Pellowski
Animated by Adolfo Buyella

A long-deserved rest for the personel of Moonbase Alpha is interrupted by a huge meteor, speeding towards the moon. Eagle laser fire easily intercepts and destroys the oncoming threat. However, as the Eagles are returning to the base, Alan Carter notices that the meteor was only a giant hollow pod and its tiny spores are raining on Alpha. Professor Bergman asks the Commander for permission to get a sample of the spores to test. An unthinking pilot calmly plucks one of the spores found stuck to his ship for the Professor. No sooner does he touch the spore, when it begins to crawl up his arm, sucking the vital minerals out of the man's body. The spore engulfs the entire pilot and proceeds to move slowly through the base, increasing in size and dividing into many larger spores. Nothing can be found to stop them. Then, Professor Bergman comes up with the idea that they might be baited into an evacuated area with mineral water. Sure enough, the spores are lured into the area and, as a result of the water, become like huge sponges, and as hungry as ever. A heat laser is devised to create a thermo-nuclear reaction in the spores bodies. Now Commander Koenig must confront the spores on his own. As he is sealed in the evacuated area, the spores close in for the final battle.



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MARTIN LANDAU STARS

American International Pictures is getting ready for the release of its multi-million dollar science fact/fiction movie titled METEOR. Martin Landau stars in the film, being his first appearance since SPACE: 1999. More details in ALPHA LOG #11.

THE ADAPTOIDS

by Ed Finneran

"Commander, scanners show an unidentified life form approaching Moonbase Alpha. It's exact location cannot be determined for some reason, but it is extremely large...and close!" shouted Sahn.

"See if you can locate it on the viewscreen," ordered Koenig.

The viewscreen flickered to life, scanning across a broad area of space. A fine dust seemed to obscure the camera. "There's no trace of life, only that dust cloud."

Then, before their eyes, the dust seemed to coagulate, clumping together into small balls of a protoplasmic substance. One by one, the forms touched down on the moon and slowly changed form into small spidery figures. As they oriented themselves, they began to march en masse towards Moonbase Alpha.

"Computer, evacuate and decompress all non-essential surface installations," ordered Koenig as he watched them close in. One group of the blobs was obstructed in its march by a massive wall of rock. They seemingly merged until they were large enough to climb over, then split again. In another area, they were blocked by a spare guirder from the construction of Alpha. They changed into a mist-like acid and ate right through it.

"Alan, alert security! Station the guards in full suits around the perimeter of Alpha where those creatures are closest. If they get too close, see what effect our lasers have on them," stated Koenig.

As the guards took up their positions, a ghostly voice permeated the entire base, "Do not try to stop me/us. I/We am/are the Adaptoid/s. I/We am/are the perfect form of life to exist on this planetoid. You are not perfect, therefore you must be eliminated!"

They approached the line of security guards and several lasers flashed out. Momentarily stunned, they regrouped and merged. Slowly, their outer covering turned shiny. The second laser barrage bounced off them, pulverizing a nearby group of rocks, and nearly hitting the guards.

"Pull back!" ordered Alan, "Lasers can't hurt them!" Suddenly, he noticed a single security guard being surrounded by some of the creatures. "Steve, look out! They're cornering you in."

"There's no way out, Alan! These things just won't die!"

8

As Steve Kelliher felt the rock against the back of his space suit, he panicked. He ran forward, trying to crush the Adaptoids that were approaching him. One Adaptoid seemed to fade away into a mist, then floated toward him. As the harmless looking mist reached him, it passed through him, sending the guard into screams of agony. First his suit, then his body dissolved into a pile of dust.

"Good God!" muttered Alan. He realized that the Adaptoids were still relentlessly advancing. "Let's get back to Alpha before we all get snuffed."

Back in Main Mission, Commander Koenig was getting worried. "Do you have any ideas, Victor? So far, they seem to be able to instantly adapt to any situation. Laser fire, metal, rock, nothing can stop them!"

"I must admit I'm stumped, John," replied Professor Bergman. "No- wait a minute..."

"You've got something?" inquired Koenig.

"I think so. As of now, the creatures have evaded our laser fire by reflecting it. If we try my experimental tachyon beam, it might work!" speculated the Professor.

"Tachyons: faster than light particles?" questioned the Commander.

"Yes. In order to reflect tachyons, the Adaptoids must increase their vibratory rate to faster than the speed of light, which is impossible," responded Bergman.

"It's worth a try."

"Alan," he called as the pilot walked in, returning from his efforts outside, "get Eagle Five ready. Have Victor's tachyon beam mounted below."

"Right, Commander," Alan replied.

Koenig suited up and helped to install the tachyon beam under the utility pod of the Eagle. "Okay Alan, it's ready. Prepare for lift-off," called Koenig.

The Eagle blasted off and hovered over the mass of creatures just as they reached the outer rim of Moonbase Alpha. As Koenig turned on the tachyon beam, the Adaptoids stopped. Their outer covering turned shiny again, trying to reflect the invisible tachyons.

"No! I/we am/are the perfect life form! I/we must survive!" the voice screamed.

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The forms slowly grew brighter and brighter as they absorbed the tachyons. Finally they exploded into a fine dust. The force of the explosion carried the dust upward and away from Alpha, just as it had come. It scattered slowly through space until its prescence was undetectable.

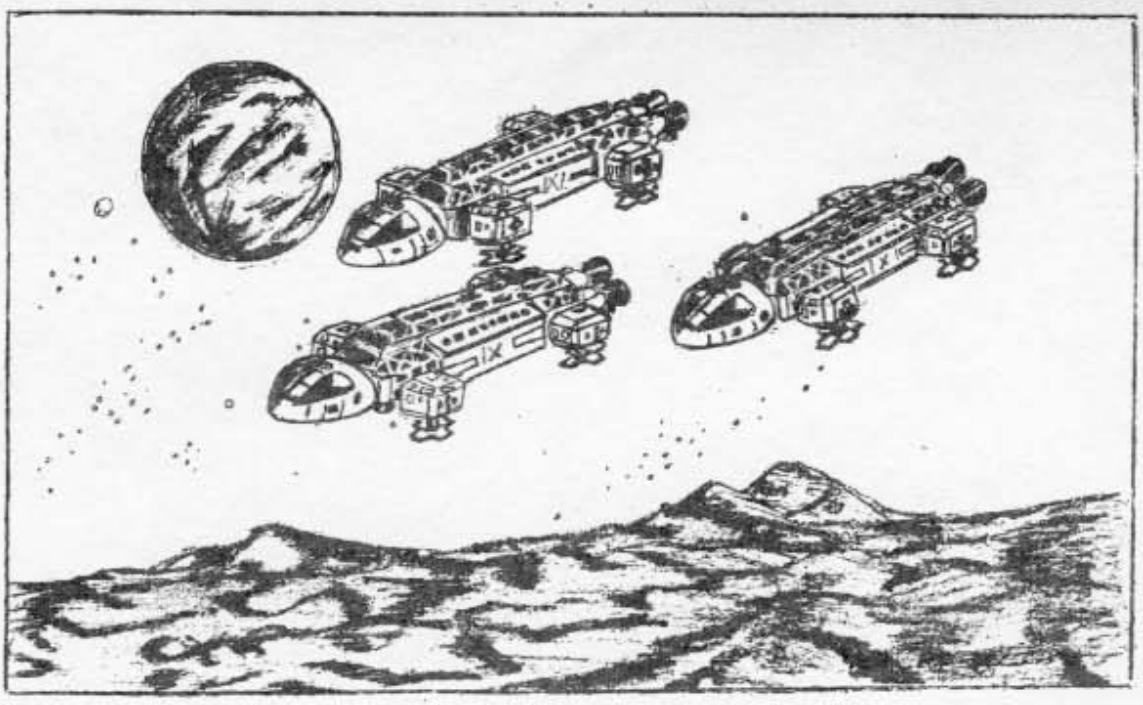
As the Eagle landed, John and Alan were greeted by Professor Bergman and Helena Russell.

"John, if that was a corporate life form, composed of an infinite number of sub-units, it may regroup and return," stated Helena.

"I don't think so, Helena. When it first arrived on the moon, it was just drifting through space with the moon moving toward it. I don't believe it has any means of propultion in deep space," explained Koenig.

"Definitely right, John," said Victor. "Scanners show that the dust is still alive and intelligent, but it's scattering to fast to ever regroup. We've seen the last of the Adaptoids."

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GERRY ANDERSON PHOTO ALBUM

As I have already mentioned, Gerry Anderson will be attending the SPACE: 1999 Convention '79 this summer. At this time, I would like to present him with a "memory" photograph album. A what ?

This proposed album would be a collection made by the membership of "The Springfield SPACE: 1999 Club." It could contain messages, opinions by and photographs of you, the members. The messages might be comments on SPACE: 1999 or just your best wishes to Gerry. Photographs can be color or black and white and any size is acceptable. Once the contributions are organized the album will be given to Gerry at the convention.

I have already contacted some of you on the subject of organizing such a book and the reactions have been mixed. Therefore, I must place the stipulation that if less than half of our total membership does not respond, the project will be terminated and materials returned. I'd also like to invite exchange club Presidents to send in their contributions. If you have any questions or suggestions, please write.

Now let's get those contributions in soon !



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SPOTTED

I recently spotted two former SPACE: 1999 stars on the first episode of the new SHAKESPEARE PLAYS series. The episode was "Julius Caesar" and Sam Dastor (second season's Dr. Edward Spencer) played the murdering Cassca while John Laurimore (Smitty of "The Black Sun") acted as Flavius.

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS can be seen on the United States' PBS network and on England's BBC network.

SPANISH "SPACE: 1999"

Recently, I found that ITC's SPACE: 1999 Year Two Episode Synopsis Book had each of the episodes printed in Spanish, as well as English. I had the titles translated and found some amazing differences from those we all know so well. I've decided to print a few examples for your enjoyment.

"The Metamorph" is titled simply "Metamorphosis" in the Spanish-speaking countries.

"All That Glisters" is easily translated into "All That Shines." This eliminates that annoying glisters/glitters conflict.

"Journey to Where" is unrecognizably titled "Voyage Toward the Unknown" and "The Taybor" is much clearer in the Spanish version's "Taybor, The Mysterious Traveler."

Minor changes are seen in "One Moment of Humanity" (retitled as "A Moment of Humanity"), "The Rules of Luton" (seen by the Spanish as "The Laws of Luton"), "The Mark of Archanon" (titled as "The Sign of Archanon"), "The A-B Chrysalis" (revised into "The A-B Chrystalites"), "Dorzak" (spelled different in "Dorzac"), "The Lambda Factor" (seen as "The Labba Element"), "Devil's Planet" (the Spanish is titled "Planet of the Devil"), "A Matter of Balance" (known as "A Question of Balance"), and "Space Warp" (seen as "Space Detour").



"Brian the Brain" makes no mention of the robot in it's Spanish counterpart, "The Electronic Brain."

"Spirit Session" is not quite as mysterious as the English "Seance Spectre" and the Spanish version of the two-part "The Bringers of Wonder" is renamed as "The Bearers of Mystery."

Finally, the episode "The Dorcons" (also shown as "Return of the Dorcons") goes under the name of "The Power of the Dorcons," a much more dramatic title that the English version.

MORE "SPACE: 1999" CLUBS

As I have done in previous issues, I am printing the list of all known SPACE: 1999 fan clubs and publications. Those clubs marked with an asterisk are participating in exchange programs with "The Springfield SPACE: 1999 Club" and are recommended by the editor. When writing to any of these groups, be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope or an International Reply Coupon.

*ALPHA INTERNATIONAL. c/o Karen Robinson; 15 Rockledge Plaza; Cedar Grove, NJ; 07009. Publishes a semi-regular newsletter.

ALPHA MOONBASE. c/o Dan Bromley; 781 West 118th Avenue; Northglenn, CO; 80234. Publishes a SPACE: 1999 fanzine.

*ALPHA NEWS SERVICE. c/o Dick DiPirro; 160 West Foster Street; Melrose, MA; 02176. Publishes a bi-monthly newsletter.

*ALPHA: 1999. c/o David Lacey; 69 Nangor Street; Waramanga, ACT; 2611; Australia. Publishes a semi-regular newsletter.

*ALPHA NEWSLETTER. c/o Steve Eramo; 5 Kimball Drive; Stoneham, MA; 02180. Publishes a bi-monthly newsletter.

ALPHANS CLUB. c/o Diana Sue Majesty; 216 Gifford Way; Sacramento, CA; 95825. Publishes a SPACE: 1999 fanzine.

*THE ALPHA SOCIETY. c/o David Jackson; 13321 South-West Morgan Road; Sherwood, OR; 97140. Temporarily shut down.

*THE BRITISH NICK TATE CLUB. c/o Phyl Proctor and Eileen Skidmore; 69 Francis Road; Acocks Green, Birmingham; B27 6LT; England. Publishes a semi-regular newsletter.

*COMLOC. c/o Chuck Raue; 804 Rowell Street; Mobile, AL; 36606. Publishes a semi-regular fanzine.

COSMOCONNECTION. c/o Mona Delitsky; Department of Chemestry; University of Michigan; Ann Arbor, MI; 48109. Publishes a large semi-regular fanzine.

*EAGLE ONE. c/o Curt Duckworth; 17 Glencove Drive; Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; Canada. Publishes a semi-regular newsletter.

*HAWK. c/o Allen McClearnen; 2 Panorama Drive; Patterson, NY; 10011. Publishes a bi-monthly newsletter.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE: 1999 PEN PAL SERVICE. c/o Jeff Myers; Route #1; Marshall, MO; 02128. Gets you in touch with another fan whose interests are similar to your own.

THE LUNAR BULLETIN BOARD. c/o Kathi Lynn Higley; 354 Hewitt Road; Mystic, CT; 06355. Publishes a semi-regular pen pal catalog.

*MAIN MISSION ALPHA. c/o Mary Bloemker; 5 Lamson Street; East Boston, MA; 02128. Publishes a bi-monthly newsletter and a yearly journal.

THE MARTIN AND BARBARA (BAIN) LANDAU ASSOCIATION OF FANS. 48 Clark Street; Lynn, MA; 01920. Publishes a large fanzine.

MOONBEAM. c/o Debbie Walsh; DurEco Corporation; 240 Commercial Street; Boston, MA; 02109. Publishes a large SPACE: 1999 fanzine.

*MOON BUGGY. c/o Paul Bens; 2328½ Dixie Highway, Fort Mitchell, KT; 41017. Publishes a semi-regular newsletter.

*MORSE CODE. c/o Vivian Stanley; Box 1572; Jasper, Alberta; Canada; T0E 1E0. Publishes a semi-regular fanzine.

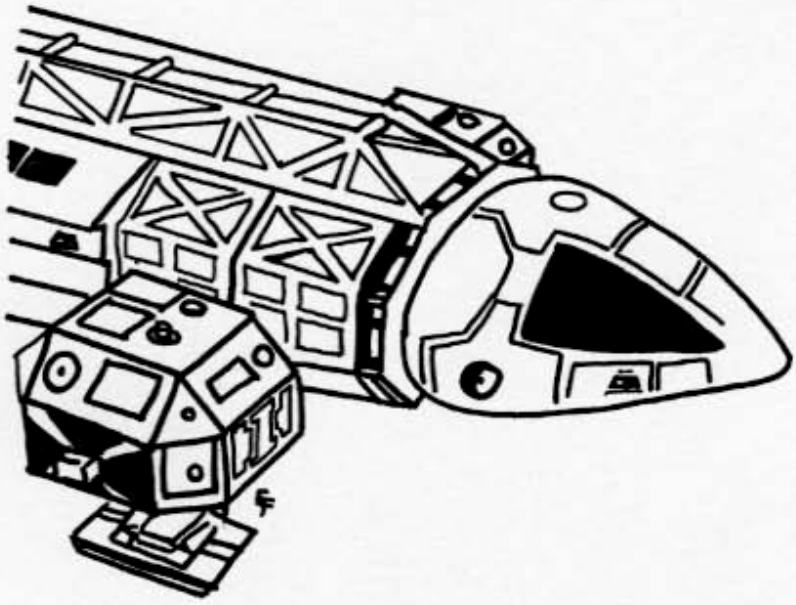
*THE NATIONAL SAVE: 1999 ALLIANCE. c/o Mare Fitzgerald; 123 Fawn Valley Drive; McMurray, PA; 15317. Publishes a bi-monthly newsletter. Write to this group for information on the con.

PHOTO FIENDS. c/o Timothy Paxton; 257 Morgan Street; Oberlin, OH; 44074. Publishes an offset fanzine.

*THE SPRINGFIELD SPACE: 1999 CLUB. c/o Chris Landry; 12 Maplewood Terrace; Springfield, MA; 01108. Publishes a really great, fantastic, super, bi-monthly newsletter. Need I say more ?

*THE LOGAN'S RUN ORGANIZATION OF FANS. c/o Fay Popejoy; 1399 Ninth Avenue; Apt. 718; San Diego, CA; 92101. Obviously not a SPACE: 1999 club, they publish a semi-regular newsletter on LOGAN'S RUN.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

At this time, I would like to thank the many members who have donated their time and efforts in contributing to ALPHA LOG #10:

Felix Amador for his SPACE: 1999 artwork.

David Douglas for his translations in the "Spanish SPACE: 1999" article.

Becky Eisenbuth for her SPACE: 1999 mural.

Ed Finneran for his story "The Adaptoids," the "Fan Club Wordsearch," and his Eagle art.

Mare Fitzgerald for her information in the "SPACE: 1999 Convention '79" article.

Jon Landry for his information in the "Space: 1979" article.

Lisa Mack for her SPACE: 1999 artwork.



"SPACE: 1999" FAN CLUB WORD SEARCH

Several of you have expressed interest in our past few word search puzzles. Many have even sent in their own puzzles for publication. This is one of those sent in. It seemed a little out of the ordinary, so I decided to print it. As in the past, I am assuming that most of you know how to solve a word search, so I'm not going to bother explaining it. This issue's word search is on SPACE: 1999 fan club leaders.

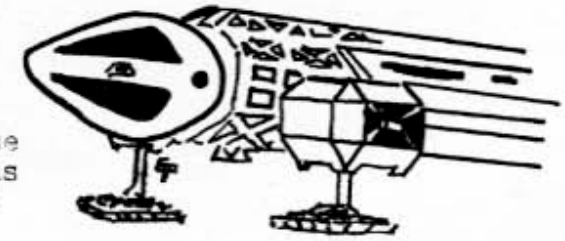
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D U C K W O R T H P C H N

1. Bens ("Moon Buggy")
2. Bloemker ("Main Mission Alpha")
3. Bromley ("Alpha Moonbase")
4. Delitsky ("Cosmoconnection")
5. DiPirro ("Alpha News Service")
6. Duckworth ("Eagle One")
7. Eramo ("Alpha Newsletter")
8. Higley ("The Lunar Bulletin Board")
9. Jackson ("The Alpha Society")
10. Lacey ("Alpha: 1999")
11. Landry ("The Springfield SPACE: 1999 Club")
12. Majesty ("Alphans Club")
13. Myers ("The International SPACE: 1999 Pen Pal Service")
14. Paxton ("Photo Fiends")
15. Popejoy ("The LOGAN'S RUN Organization of Fans")
16. Proctor ("The British Nick Tate Club")
17. Raue ("Comloc")
18. Robinson ("Alpha International")
19. Stanley ("Morse Code")
20. Walsh ("Moonbeam")

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SCIENCE FICTION HAPPENING 3

Local members who would like to work at the Quadrangle for the third SCIENCE FICTION HAPPENING please contact me soon. The SFH3 has been scheduled for the first weekend in March.



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THE ALPHA BOOK

It's here ! The book for all SPACE: 1999 fans.
A glossary- over 1100 SPACE: 1999 terms, featuring:

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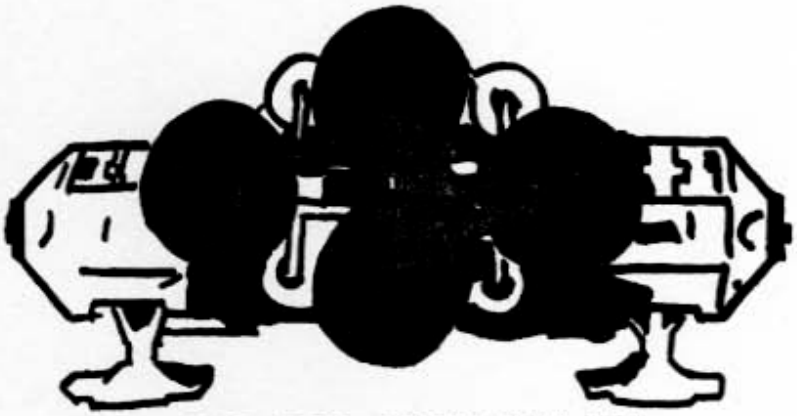
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SPRINGFIELD SPACE: 1999 CLUB



SO LONG FROM "ALPHA LOG" !!!!

president: chris landry; 12 maplewood terrace; springfield, ma