



Welcome, everyone to the new, improved, Jan/Feb 1981 issue of Command Center! (The last newsletter is making false and unsubstantiated claims to being the Jan/Feb issue. It was experiencing delusions of grandeur, and should be treated as the Nov/Dec 1980 issue that it rightfully is. If it protests, humor it best you can, won't you?) The new look of the newsletter is being brought to you by our brand-spanking-new typewriter, christened ORAC (I know at least two of you out there are snickering behind their hands--cut that out) for reasons too complicated to go into at any length and for reasons best known to those two people out there snickering behind their hands. ORAC here was just a gleam in my eye for years, but it was just recently that I decided that a gleam in my eyes may be rather attractive in portrait photos, but it wasn't getting any of my work done, and so here he is. I'm sure that all of you join myself and the N.E. Merchants Bank in welcoming ORAC into our midst.

The newest about *Alpha Log*: we have received very, very few advance orders for the journal. We need the advance orders in order to pay for printing. In other words, no advance orders, no *Alpha Log*. To order your copy today, send \$1.50 (\$2.75 overseas) and a self-addressed envelope (Canada and overseas, as above with the Fan Fund) to us today. The more advance orders and the earlier we receive them, the faster that we will be able to bring out the journal. Order today!

THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPACE:1999 CONVENTION: August 7-9, 1981, Atlanta, Georgia. Convention membership limited to 800. Invitations for this year's convention will be sent to stars of *Space:1999*, *Buck Rogers*, *Star Wars/The Empire Strikes Back*, *Superman*, *Time After Time*, *Alien* and other productions. For more information, write: *The International Space:1999 Alliance*, 86 First Street, New London, OH 44851. The IS:99A is a non-profit fan service organization, dedicated to *Space:1999*, the programs of Gerry Anderson and all worthwhile SF and fantasy productions. The Alliance holds a convention annually, with all proceeds going to a 'future-oriented charity, such as a children's hospital. Over its three year history, the Alliance has donated over \$15,000 to charities in Columbus, Ohio and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Among the events planned for the Fourth Annual *Space:1999* Convention will be guest and star speakers, a costume competition, a star banquet, art show and auction, fan club meetings, a war gaming room, dealer's room and charity auction.

This is the part where I usually say that I hope to meet all of you at the convention; unfortunately, this year that's going to be a little difficult, since I will not be able to attend the Atlanta convention. I have made a prior commitment to be the art show coordinator for the August Party convention, which is being held in Virginia the very same weekend as the '99 con; and this commitment was made about a year before we knew the dates of the Atlanta con. So, perhaps we will meet next year--in the mean time, you people get in your con memberships as soon as possible, so that the committee will have a working budget so that they can make this the best convention yet!

We are pleased to announce that the recipient of this year's *Space:1999* Fan Fund is none other than our own Kathi Lynn Higley. Kathi has been active in '99 fandom since the beginning of time; her poetry and excellent artwork have graced the pages of *Alpha Log*, and we don't have to tell you about her invaluable contributions to *Command Center*, do we? (Do we?) If I'm not mistaken, it's been over five years since Kathi was able to attend a convention, and, needless to say, that means that she has never had the opportunity of attending the annual *Space:1999* conventions. Well, the Fan Fund intends to rectify that. But we can't do it without your help. As of this moment, the Fund is far, far short of its goal, and we need the support of every '99 fan out there if we hope to be able to allow Kathi to wing her way to the convention in Atlanta, Georgia. All you have to do is to send a business sized self addressed envelope (Canada, self-addressed envelope and 20¢; overseas, four International Reply Coupons) and the Fan Fund will send to you a list of materials that we have for sale. Proceeds from these sales will then go towards getting Kathi on a plane headed in the right direction (all right, who said the Bermuda Triangle?!). The Fan Fund has photos, the novelizations (an ever-changing inventory, so if we didn't have the book you were looking for before, we may just have it now!), bubblegum cards, and all kinds of neat stuff. If you are a serious collector, the Fan Fund is for you! Gamble a stamp and an envelope--you just might find something you've been looking for--and maybe a few surprises!

One last thing before I turn this newsletter over to the regularly schedule programming. One more item has landed in the Casualty Ward of the Lost World. This time it is a three page typed (single-spaced) Command Conference submission, written on the back of Nolex Corporation stationery, with no name attached to it anywhere. I know all this smacks of disorganization on my part, but please bear in mind that all contents of letters received are filed immediately in the appropriate places to avoid them getting completely lost in the old filing system, and when ten letters a day come in, I don't always check to see if names are attached when I throw...er, place them in the file. So, if someone would like to come forward and claim this homeless contrib, we can happily place it in next issue.

SPOTTED: Michael Culver (Pete Irving, *Guardian of Piri*) and Karl Held (Jerry Travis, *Immunity Syndrome*) in the recent tele-movie presentation of *The Bunker*.

SPOTTED: Roy Dotrice (Commissioner Simmonds, *Breakaway* and *Earthbound*) in the PBS presentation *Mr. Lincoln*.

SPOTTED: Prentis Hancock (Paul Morrow, Year One) as Captain DP (?) in the third episode of the *Masterpiece Theater* presentation of *Danger UXB*.

SPOTTED: Ian McShane (Anton Zoref, *Force of Life*) on an episode of *Magnum P.I.* (info provided by Steven Reder)

SPACE:1999 - THE SPECIAL EFFECTS

by Carsten Andresen

Space:1999's SFX are usually praised for their realism, credibility and originality. Qualities that can be partly explained in the following words: great care for detail, ingenuity and a very practical approach to the SFX; no shots involving complex and time-consuming mattes, nothing too artistic. In fact, the more you scamp, the more realistic and life-like the FX will be.

This approach, combined with the ever-lasting lack of time, led to both ingenious and quick solutions. One of the most ingenious ideas was the extensive use of photographic cut-outs. As some of you know, depth of focus is greatly reduced when miniatures are filmed and focus is even more reduced when high-speed filming is employed, due to the further opening of the shutter to let in sufficient light for a well-lit picture. But with a two-dimensional enlarged photo of a three-dimensional model, a cut-out, placed behind some Alphan buildings or a launch pad, there's no focus problem. A cut-out is easy and quick to set up, easy to light and there's no storage problem. You can practically hang your lunar mountains on the wall. Cut-outs were combined with almost anything: buildings, cruising Eagle fleets; alien ships (e.g. *Dorzak*, where the model was raised in front of a photo of the base) or 3D sets to add further depth to the shot, e.g. *Journey To Where*, Alpha's research buildings. Cut-outs of Eagles were used as background craft in evacuation shots, as craft flying away from/towards the camera via zoom (lack of changing perspective usually reveals the cut-out) or as impressive background in *Breakaway* and *Earthbound*, where the underground hangar appears to be filled with 3D models. Cut-outs were used in multi-exposures to combine live action and models; in *Voyager's Return*, combining astronauts in front windows with front view of Eagle, stars and another model; or in *Another Time, Another Place*, where a landing party

walks away from the Eagle into the set. As large photos of the model base, other elements were superimposed on them; planets or spaceships hanging above Alpha or light phenomena passing the base (e.g. Helena's transportation sphere in *Ring Around the Moon*). Often a slow zoom onto the photos was used, bringing us 'into' the base. With small pieces of highly reflective transflex, the material used for front projection screens, stuck onto the photos, the base appears to be internally lit. This effect was also used on the large *Daria* model (*Mission of the Darians*), and on the two models of the blue sphere ship in *Earthbound*. Other examples are the computer probes in *AB Chrysalis* and Anton Zoref's luminous eyes in *Force of Life*. An ingenious use (actually a "cut-in") is the scene in *The Dorcons* where the entire base is seen and on the launch pad in the front, a Lab Eagle rises. For this effect, a hole, out-lining the circular surface and the building of the pad, was cut in the photo of the base and then placed in front of the camera, ensuring that the 3D model was positioned correctly behind it and lit in accordance with the light on the photo (direction and intensity).

Eagles taking off and landing were usually made with the largest model, the 44" version, because it was the only Eagle model equipped with spring legs and a propulsion system and for close shots there would be focus problems with the smaller 22" version. The latter was used in longer shots of launch pads, e.g. the crash in *Space Brain*. The 44" Eagle is extremely heavy, built to withstand crash landings, explosive charges, etc., and so its nosecone was made from fiberglass, its girderwork from moulded copper piping, the pods from perspex and its engines from aluminum. When the model was launched, it was suspended on two very fine, monofilament tungsten metal wires, one in each end of its superstructure (see photo in Tech Notebook, p. 7001). These wires are very strong, very expensive and excellent conductors of electricity. When the model was lifted, the gas jets inside it, freon gas canisters (= air brush propellants), were triggered down the wires to electric solenoids which opened the valves to the canisters, this raising a dustcloud. As moon dust, common talcum powder was used. Inverted cans of freon gas were always used for exhaust trails, boiling and vaporizing on contact with the air (e.g. *Voyager's Return*). The model went straight up; the scene didn't last more than a few seconds, but because of the high-speed filming, at 120 frames per second, the Eagle raised slowly above the slowed-down dust, and jerks, if any, wouldn't be noticeable. The wires were sprayed with a non-reflective paint or simply colored with a felt-tip pen; usually black or blue (most planet shots) but also more unusual colors, matching the background of the shot (e.g. red). By carefully directing the light, the SFX could also eliminate the wires, but when the wires could be seen clearly, as in *Testament of Arkadia*, *Guardian of Piri* or *The Metamorph*, this was often due to the lighter gradings from the processing labs. The wires might not be visible on the 'rushes', the footage shot the previous day, but if the labs make the release print a few points lighter, then the wires become visible.

In Year Two, a lot of footage from Year One was used: travel tubes speeding through tunnels (a cylindrical model, 11" in diameter, pulled on ball-bearings in top and bottom through a plastic drain pipe, lit from the outside through small holes drilled along each side), Eagle flying away from crescent shaped moon in background, Eagles lifting off or landing, Eagles raised or lowered on platforms, boarding tubes extending or retracting, Eagles fanning out above the base or simply shots of Eagles resting on launch pads. The exterior of the pad shows whether it's a Y1 or Y2 shot; in Y1, the largest pad had vertical sides with long, thin panels and dark quadrangles, the same pattern used inside the pad shaft. The two other types had curved sides and thicker panels, whereas the Y2 pads had long, slightly curved sides with long panels and much detail (domes, pipes, etc.) and a green pad shaft with lit areas and similar detail. The other type was the cross-shaped pad, seen in *The Exiles*, *Brian the Brain* and *AB Chrysalis*. This re-employment was a great advantage, as the SFX team could now devote itself to the more characteristic and complex shots.

120 frames per second was also used for filming explosive charges, with plastic bits added as wreckage and with steel or copper filings to create sparks, in this way making the explosion on the screen five times as slow as in actual time. To make the explosion radiate in all directions, they were shot from below, with the camera pointing vertically upwards. While on the subject of explosions, it's necessary also to describe laser beams. A fairly simple technique, compared to the other SFX, a beam was created by animating a blue or yellow line of reflective material on a black card from the gun to the target. These two end points were found by projecting the live action/model shot onto a piece of paper after processing, marking the correct position of the beam. One piece of film now contained the beam, the other the actor reacting to it, falling over; or if it was a door panel that was hit, an explosive charge in the panel was detonated. The two pieces of film were spliced together and combined in an optical printer, and the laser sound complete the effect. The same technique was also used for the atomic lightning in *Breakaway*, the rock's fusion in *All That Glisters*, the blue lightning arcs in *AB Chrysalis*, the expanding force fields in *War Games*, and many other examples.

Besides transflex and small bulbs for stars (see *The Making of SPACE:1999*), star clusters, galaxies, etc., were also made with white and/or color paints, painted with airbrushes to make them look hazy, and superimposed on shots of Eagles in flight, etc. This method was used for creating the impressive orange dust belt in *Seance Spectre* and the white radiation layers in *Collision Course*. To make a 3D moving effect of stars speeding past the camera, several slow zoom shots onto stars were superimposed on a stationary galaxy shot, as used in *Space Warp* and *Rules of Luton*. Planets were airbrushed paintings, photographed and superimposed as transparencies, or superimposed as cut-outs, e.g. the "Earth" in *Bringer of Wonder*. Also, for some planets, color transparencies of interacting chemical substances were photographed. Just as cloud patterns and similar detail could be made with airbrushes, atmospheres were made with oblique/curved, hazy lines on glass plates, placed between the camera and the planet. These atmosphere lines were usually blue, but also all sorts of colors for the more exotic planets; green in *AB Chrysalis*, pink in *Guardian of Piri*, yellow in *Ring Around the Moon*, etc.

The last subject I'd like to describe is smoke. Dry ice (liquid nitrogen) was used for producing a low-hanging mist on both miniatures and live action sets. Some examples are the atmosphere gas in *Last Sunset*, mist on miniature forests or valleys as in *Full Circle* and *The Metamorph*, cloud layers in *All That Glisters* and *Immunity Syndrome*, or (on live action sets) the ethereal world of Zenno in *Missing Link* or the misty caves in *New Adam*, *New Eve* and *Seed of Destruction*. LN rises in accordance with the temperature of the water and this effect seems to have been used in *Catacombs of the Moon*, where an Eagle (22" version) penetrates orange smoke masses surrounding the heat cloud. Smoke bombs (flash powder, also used by magicians) and oil smoke, generated by dropping machine oil onto red-glowing heating disks or onto tablets used for burning incense, were also widely used, e.g. as the chlorine gas in the communication chamber in *AB Chrysalis*, the atmosphere of Planet D in *Brian the Brain* or the aliens' control center in *War Games* in its spectacular ending. The poisonous and extremely corrosive titanium tetrachloride (TTC) differs from LN in that it rises while evaporating on contact with the air. It was used mostly on miniatures, to give the impression of smouldering wreckage. The heat-damaged launch pads in *Catacombs of the Moon*, smouldering buildings in *War Games*, nuclear domes in *Bringers of Wonder* or the fuming Eagle nosecone in *Devil's Planet*--all these effects were made with TTC. An unusual method of creating smoke was employed in *Beta Cloud*, where condensed milk was injected in a water tank and filmed from below, for the scenes where the cloud beings respond to Alpha's lasers by generating further smoke whirls.

So much about the SFX of *Space:1999*; I have written only superficially about the purely optical effects, transportation halos, light discharges, etc., for the simple reason that I don't know enough about them and a lot of guesswork would do you no good. Regarding landscape and ship model, they are such an extensive subject that it would require a complete, separate article. I can only refer to the excellent articles and photos in *Starlog* 29, 30 & 40 and to *The Making of Space:1999*. I hope you have enjoyed reading this article--I have enjoyed writing it, scrutinizing lots of photos and gathering information from many sources, some of it published before (yet unknown to many) but a great deal of it data from a penpal, who knows some of the people who worked on the 1999 SFX team. It was my intention to entertain, to inform, to amaze, to disillusion (unintentionally; it's inevitable, as all SFX shots work best when you know as little about them as possible) and hopefully to inspire you to do something yourself.

Command Conference

CHARMAIN CHESTER, 3108 ACTON ROAD, BALTIMORE, MD 21234:

Hi, all! As a new member of MMA, I thoroughly enjoyed my first issue of Command Center (Nov/Dec). I especially loved the bios they were interesting, and they made me laugh. And I love a good laugh, especially since one comes along not very often.

I, too, was appalled to hear of the demise of the Society. I had been informed as to the circumstances which led to the appearance of the Society, and had read material which was printed both by the Society and about the Society (some of which was downright mean and more than often objectionable). I think that I was more appalled by the circumstances of the demise than I was by the demise itself. The real reasons behind the demise were only too apparent. I just hope that this doesn't happen again, and that in the future we realize that we are, or should be, united under the same cause.

Catherine Conrad: I, too, got hold of a book in the meanings of names, and to add to your list, "Helena" is Roman (?could be Greek, it's been awhile since I had the book), meaning "a light of a torch"(or something to that effect, it was that long ago!)

Elenore Claassen: In reply to your request in the last ish...my favorite characters in *Space:1999*, *Star Trek*, *Battlestar Galactica* respectively are: *Space:1999*--Helena Russell (could it be because I want to be a doctor?), John Koenig (I admire the ability of leadership in him), Maya (very mischievous, loved it!), Tony Verdeschi (for obvious reasons), Victor Bergman (there goes my philosophical side), Alan Carter (I loved his accent), Sahn Benes, and Paul Morrow (nothing against these two--they just weren't my favorites). *Star Trek*--James T. Kirk (he also had the air of leadership about him), Doc McCoy (again the surgeon in me *cough, cough*), Mr. Spock, Mr. Scott (he had an even better accent than Alan Carter), Nurse Christine Chapel. *BSG*--Starbuck (I loved the way that he wheeled and dealt), Apollo, Cassiopea, Muffit (if I didn't have two cats that have fits whenever I bring another 'animal' into the house, I'd get a mechanized daggit), Serina, Boxey and Adama.

Jenny Orsi: 453?!? You have much more courage than I will ever have! Oh, well, I guess Alphans can't be choosers. Karen Domain says "Hi!". You can imagine my jealousy when her sister showed me snapshots of them lying out in the sun at the same time that I was freezing my buns off in windchills of -42 degrees F!!

Don Palermo: I didn't read your controversial (that's putting it lightly!) letter in the Sept/Oct issue of CC, but I did read enough about it in the Nov/Dec issue. There were many things that would not have agreed with, I'm sure (such as the so-called "BNFs"). I think that what they are doing is great! They put a lot of effort into the things that they do for fandom, however, I do agree with your definition of the true '99 fan as being "...everyone in the world who gives a damn about 1999.: I have been quoted as saying "Fandom is measured, not by possessions, but by sincerity." Not putting down, that is, anyone who does have, as you call it, "...\$50,000 worth of 1999 memorabilia". If they are sincere in their love for 1999, more power to 'um!

Mark Robertson: Do you, by chance have any policies that cover any possible threats to my life, limb or happiness at 20,000 feet? I plan to (hope to) attend Con '81 this summer, and it will be the first time that I have flown, so up until now I really had no need for insurance. If Jerry is coming to the con, make that a complete Jerry-proof policy, also! Warn me ahead of time if he is planning to fly there. I'll make sure not to set foot on the same plane as him! Airport '81 is something that I do not wish to have any part in! Thanks for the flyer that you sent to Karen's for me. I appreciate the thought.

Anyone: I would love to hear from you. I was amazed at the number of people Karen Domain writes to, and I feel guilty when I look at my lonely typewriter. Write to me at the above address.

To add to the Year One vs. Year Two discussion. Year One was very philosophical, there is no doubt about that. However, the doubting starts when we get as far as the part that says "Which series of episodes was the better?" I would have to say that I liked (enjoyed) Year Two much more than Year One. I couldn't make any sense of the "Mysterious Unknown Force", as I was ten years old at the time when I first began to watch *Space*. When I first saw a Year Two episode, I was amazed at the changes, and at how much better the actors pulled it off. To me it seemed that everyone was walking around half drunk on Tony's as-yet-undiscovered beer during Year One. I mean, how long can the shock of breakaway last? There were some very fine scenes in Year One, but there were just as many in Year Two. The general philosophic mood of Year One (that is classic of *Space*) was toned down considerably in Year Two. We found out that people do indeed know how to laugh in 1999 (remember, I love a good laugh). However, the toning down of the obfuscation (which was classic of Year One) more than made up for the loss of the *constant* philosophies. I think there were (as one ever nameless person said), "...quiet, wonderfully human moments..." in Year Two. Granted, there were a lot of them in Year One, but there is a fine line in between 'quiet, wonderfully human' and 'boring'.

By any means, I don't mean to attack Year One and call it useless (there is enough of that going around for both Year One, and Year Two). I am just expressing my opinion. Also, I don't mean to sound close-minded. As I said earlier on in this letter, I was ten years to maybe twelve years old when I saw the Year One shows, maybe if I got to see some of them again, I could understand them more, and just maybe get to like them more. I am open to opinions and suggestions.

Well, I'd be happy if my local television stations would show '99 at all! Year Two or Year One. Who was it that said "Alphans can't be choosers."??

Now that I have done what I didn't set out to do (make enemies of Year One fans), I think that I had better be going... 'bye, all!

KEVIN PETERSON, 305 CONDON, MANISTEE, MI 49660:

Greetings, *effendi!* I'd like to thank those who sent a Christmas card. It's nice getting to know you all better, Tod, Kathi, Catherine, Becky, et al.

I don't suppose I can expect to be going to the con this August since I'll most likely (hopefully) be working, possible at Madinac Island--there's no work around here, that's for sure--but you can bet that I'll jump at the slightest chance to go! (wouldn't we all?)

To Mare Fitzgerald: I saw *Flash Gordon*, yes. It was, in my opinion, a job very well done in the department of acting, costuming, and Certain Select Scenes, e.g., the ones taking place in Arborea. The SFX, and *especially* the setting were really rather horrible. Flash in the *present*, if you can imagine that--and a football star, at that! ??? With Hollywood at the helm, well, it figgers. Look what they did to massacre the novels *War of the Worlds* (H.G. Wells) and *When Worlds Collide* (Edwin Balmer & Philip

Wyllie). I think Jeff Wayne's musical *War of the Worlds* is tops on that score. Speaking of music, that certainly helped *Flash Gordon's* quality--with Queen, how can you miss? Far as the bad points go, they don't do too much to dampen the movie fun, in that, as you say, it never claimed to be anything further than what it actually was--simply a story about a man trying to save his home planet. All in all, it was a movie I could sit back, relax, and enjoy; where *Star Wars* was something that had me totally oblivious to everything save what was on the silver screen. I was so completely absorbed in it. FG was not so intense as to demand all my attention, therefore giving me time to munch on something if I wanted. While not being a great movie, nor will it ever be a truly great movie, it was one worth seeing.

To Vernon Wells: I'm with you--getting rid of the newsletter is out of the question. I'll pay the extra, if need be, but it should stay. It's the mainstay of MMA member-to-member communications here and invaluable. My fave SF books, hm? Here goes--*The Day of Their Return*, Poul Anderson; *The Currents of Space*, Isaac Asimov; *The Stars Are Too High*, Agnew H. Bahnson, Jr; *When Worlds Collide*, Edwin Balmer & Philip Wyllie; *After Worlds Collide*, Edwin Balmer & Philip Wyllie; *The Demolished Man* and *The Stars*, My Destination, Alfred Bester; *Ubik*, Philip K. Dick; *Children of Shiny Mountain*, David Dvorkin; *Sunburst*, Phyllis Gottlieb; *Deathworld Trilogy*, Harry Harrison; *A For Andromeda* and *The Andromeda Breathrough*, Fred Hoyle & John Elliot; *Bolo* and *Earthblood* and *Timetrap*, Keith Laumer; *The Timespace Trilogy* (*A Wrinkle In Time*, *The Wind in the Door*, *A Swiftly Tilting Planet*), Madeleine L'Engle; *A World Out of Time*, Larry Niven; *Gateway* and *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon*, Frederick Pohl; *Invaders from Rigel*, Fletcher Pratt; *Sentinels of Space*, Eric Frank Russell; *Cemetery World*, Mastodon, *Shakespeare's Planet* and *Time Is The Simplest Thing*, Clifford D. Simak; *More Than Human*, Theodore Sturgeon; *Stranger From The Depths*, Gerry Turner; *War of the Worlds*, H.G. Wells; *The Crystal Ship*, Joan D. Vinge. Any you yourself have read here? Speaking of books, does anyone know where I can get a copy of *The Venus Factor*? (I don't know the author, but it came out just after 1999 did, in '75 or '76).

To Andrea Gualco: Welcome aboard! As you may have guessed from the last CC, Catherine (Conrad) and myself are relatively new here, and as one wookiee--er, rookie to another at MMA, you've got to watch it, or you'll find yourself so swamped with well-wishers that you won't know what to do with 'em all! (I could add a little innuendo here, but since my mind can be devious in more constructive ways--har, har--I won't. Such innocence is inherent within...obviously, so is sarcasm, but that's beside the point.)

To Catherine Conrad: This next goes for you and all the rest of you who are writing--I would prefer that any correspondence is sent to my school address until around mid-May, when I'll graduate. Then revert to my home address. The school address is: 2128 Court, Box 56, Saginaw, MI 48602. About your writing, Cathy, is it in your name or a pen name, this novel of yours? Oh, and hey, Cath, thanks a lot for the send from TK Graphics. It made my day! (*Sie ist eine Liebste Puppchen, nicht wahr?*)

Bio update, Feb 10: To Becky Eisenhuth *BEEP* This is a recording. If you can possibly forgive me for shorting out the power, primarily in your room (and you thought George was such a spiteful creature) then (what am I talking to you for? Probably the whole base will be after me for that one before long) I'd like to audition for whichever stage show you're putting on. (Aha! So that's it, I was buttering you up for the clincher, eh? You must've known something was up when I of all people come up with this unprecedented Rhapsody in Remorse stuff). I sing tenor, play piano, and trombone as well as act a little besides. I go well in things like the chorus, but not in leading roles, believe me. Incidentally, if you or anyone else is interested, since this stage show idea is a very good one, being anti-boredom and all, I would like to see us have a crack at making one of our own. I wouldn't be the only one who could and would offer their effort, time and talents toward that end. We'd need stage hands, set crew, cosmeticians, choreographers, lighting, writers, actors, composers, the whole works! End of recording *BEEP*

Well, I finally got to meet Elly Claassen. Since our schedules hardly ever coincide, it was just happenstance anyway, but we got to talking, I finding out that she didn't know we have pianos here on the base! "Look," I said, "Now I don't know where you've been, kiddo, but there are TWO--count 'em--two in each of the Recreation complexes, surface and down here below. Tut, tut. Before you say anything, I'll tell you--I'm not going to be so helpful as to tell you just where. That'd take all the fun out of it! Aren't I nice! I'll let you hunt of 'em--but I will give you a hint: they're covered (so they won't get dusty) and in a place you won't expect them to be. There, nice and vague for you. I only stumbled onto them myself after Breakaway, so I can see how you might not have known about them. Happy hunting! Let me know how you do, all right?"

As I left her, Tod Ellsworth latched onto my trail for a sec to say, "C'mon, aren't you giving her a hard time?" "Yes...isn't it fun?"

Speaking of Tod, the man is positively, hopelessly delinquent. Oh, nothing serious, I assure you, but I became very unsure of that the other night when I saw Lis and him stirring something into the stew we had, laughing evilly. At the time I thought they were laughing over some incidental joke, but as I think back about it, it was suspicious the way the stew was giving off clouds of some brackish-looking vapor. And to think I went ahead and at that stuff? Blecch! It seems to have had no effect whatsoever though. It could be that that stuff was Catherine's chemical inhibitor for use on Maya, I suppose, although if Catherine is involved, I don't know how Lis was persuaded to help. Waitaminit...oooooh, I'm getting the picture. I'll bet Tod offered to be Cathy's go-between as a ~~brilliant~~ favor in his bid for special attention paid during the A.M.B.C. (I trust no one has to ask what that means?) Look at me, I can't believe I'm actually kind of nervous about the contest. I can't wait to see who makes it all the way to the finalist category. I don't have any great hopes of making it there myself. In fact, I don't think Tod has much chance, either, not with tough competition like Steen. I may be nervous about this, but I'm almost scared of Kathi Lynn Higley's Alpha Male Buns Revue! (Sheesh!) End of update.

To Tom Rose: I was a little disappointed with the lack of response to your suggestion of making a Year 3 Episode Guide, so I decided to throw in my feelings on the subject, for whatever they're worth. (And it's about time--I was one who didn't answer promptly) I say, so what if other clubs have done it already? For that matter, we could just make a Year 4 episode guide that will not conflict with theirs, but instead compliment theirs. That might be even more fun. Before we do anything, we have to know 1) how many episodes we want, 2) if we do a Year 4 guide, are there any major changes those other clubs' guides made that we should know about? 3) do we want to incorporate some of our own Alpha musings into this (such as the fanzine novels, bios, etc) or make it all-new? If and when we do this, aim for the stars, people! If you've got an idea for it, any idea at all, sit down and work it out. If you're having problems doing just that, get yourself into a really good frame of mind before sitting down to work at it, or ask someone to help. Don't be shy, most of us would be delighted to help. I know I would. I realize that not everybody (maybe) can contribute, at least not right away. Even occasionally helps. Remember, every thought you have has unbelievable creative potential for one thing or another. If you have more than one idea, try to connect them in some way. You could end up surprised at what you've created. Or appalled, depending on how you do it, but at least try for something beyond the scope of just one of the ideas. We can yet show that we are the best damn club this side of the galaxy for teamwork and invention, if nothing else. MMA hasn't done too bad in the past. For instance, you did come up with the Memory Books via Tod Ellsworth, who is a fan, right? Correctomundo! That goes to show how just one fan's idea can have far-reaching effects. And with the way this club is becoming closer and closer of late, I'm expecting good things. If we keep on, we'll soon stand out because of our member participation, not necessarily because of anything we've accomplished.

AMELIA RODGERS, 22284 MISSION BLVD APT 7, HAYWARD, CA 94541:

I've been transferred back and forth, doing everything from being official gopher to replacing micro circuits, and finally I wind up assigned to Sandra. Which I like very much, for it gives me the opportunity to work in Command Center. I still am in awe of our

Commander Koenig, and doing my very best to admire our number one pilot from afar. It's gotten to where it isn't his advances I'm leery of; actually it's my limited capacity to resist him. I realize this isn't the Victorian age and the human morality code has been softened up a bit. It's just that I have a fond dream of wedding bells. I'm hanging in there, and the only thing I sleep with so far is a pillow and a blanket. But if that Australian smiles that way again, I may just--

Now to my intrepid colleagues---Lt. Peterson: No, there is no relation to Richard Rodgers or even Mr. Hammerstein, but *Carousel* has always been my favorite musical. I better add here that there is no relation to A. Earhart, and I couldn't pilot to save my life.

Kathi Lynn: I hate to disillusion you, but you are stuck with your last name. A certain Australian has excellent vision. Obviously he's going to choose me over you. Besides, the name Rodgers-Carter has a certain ring to it. A wedding ring, I hope. However, since you are my loyal comrade, you will undoubtedly help me hide four mice. No, they have perfect vision. The cheese-eating, squeaky, furry, whiskered kind of mouse. I stole them, no, correction, I rescued them from certain peril at the hands of some heartless medical tech who had them in the lab. I used to have pet mice back on Earth, and I am determined to adopt these Alphan mice. After all, the big issue here is survival, right? I've always been pro-animal. Now, you're my friend, right? (Nod your head). Good. If you can dream up a Male Buns Revue (dear God, the flaky compatriots I share this base with) then you can help my little friends. Shelter these fugitives: Anybody who had pets back on Earth, I plea to you. Besides, they're four little female mice. I think. If they aren't, then, well, there may be a rodent population explosion. Naw--that could ~~never~~ happen.

Now to some of the comments in Command Conference. I agree with Daniel Pallotta that mention and discussion of any other subject should be linked with *Space:1999*. I enjoy other SF, but this is fandom for 1999 and it should support 1999. I am going to follow this and discuss a series which is directly linked with *Space:1999*. That is *UFO*.

In the Space Report in the March 1980 issue of *Starlog* this was clearly pointed out. It clearly says that SHADO is now part of Moonbase Alpha. The SHADO Interceptors were the prototype of the Mark IX Hawk (a Moonbase attack craft) which was heavily armed. Its successor was the Moonbase Alpha Eagles.

Regardless of the general acceptance that the aliens' attack on Earth (which SHADO was created to deal with) had come to an unexplained end, leaving the Global Defense Command to pretty much scrap SHADO, I feel that SHADO Commander Straker would never accept the signals from Meta as anything but a threat to Earth. He'd try to make this clear to Gorski who had just settled in as head of Moonbase Alpha. He could never accept that ten years of his life sacrificed to command SHADO had come to an end. Suddenly he was a misfit, and useless. No way would he simply back out. He'd stay on Gorski's back and when Gorski was dismissed, he'd continue to present the situation when the Moonbase astronauts started dying and John Koenig took command. Straker would stress that the reason the aliens had dropped off the UFO attacks was to form an ultimate and deadly attack on Earth. Koenig would say the priority issue was the magnetic energy claiming lives and when that was taken care of, he'd gladly give Straker's fears whatever attention they merited. Straker wouldn't have much choice, so he'd temporarily accede. He'd be on Alpha when breakaway occurred. And he'd survive, and adjust.

I can imagine that that adjustment would be hell for him. A personal hell. If you are acquainted with *UFO* you remember that Straker's marriage ended in divorce because of his top-secret association with SHADO, and he lost his young son as well. SHADO was run as a military organization, and it took a big piece of Ed Straker's personal life. SHADO cut him off from a normal life. He was totally involved with the job.

For *UFO* fans who have the paperback *UFO-1 Flesh Hunters* by Robert Miall, check out page 63, last paragraph.

I'm pretty vague about where Straker would be assigned on Alpha. But my guess would be Sciences, I doubt he'd even get anything near a command. He is an Air Force pilot, rank colonel with a degree in astrophysics and two years lunar research at M.I.T. So that would maybe place him in sciences. What I'm getting at is can you imagine when Prof. Bergman died and eventually Maya joined Alpha) he found out that an alien, a Psychon female would be his CO? Straker hated aliens. Can you imagine his resentment of Maya? (Ednote: By the way, you might check out a Main Mission technician hovering in the background during the episode BREAKAWAY and several other episodes--his hair is an interesting shade of white...MaryB)

Also for a reference to *UFO* being linked with *Space:1999*, *Starlog* #5 (date unknown) has an Episode Guide to *UFO*, which is helpful for people who only saw a few episodes of the series, or none at all. The link is clear, the assumptions about Edward Straker being on Alpha are mine, because I enjoyed *UFO* and was intrigued by Straker. I can easily imagine him on Alpha. I welcome comments from people who are into the series and those who aren't into it.

If there is general agreement that SHADO-*UFO* are related, I have a *UFO* bio (for my own character working for SHADO) which I'll prepare. These various bios are really neat, even though I still think we should draw the line somewhere. A note to Daniel Pallotta: I read that commentary by Tom Baker (*Doctor Who*) and because of it I find it hard to even give his series a chance. I find it strange that he should critique *Space:1999*. He didn't have any word on either *Star Wars* or *Star Trek*, which command the greatest interest from SF fans. *Space:1999* may have a minority of fans, but I am proud to be among them. Anyway, I don't care for people who get into "this series is inferior to this series, etc. etc." Baker is narrow-minded, and certainly not a spokesperson for SF fans. SF is for people to enjoy, a matter of individual choice and taste. I may not put down *Doctor Who*, but I doubt I'll even watch it.

Well, I certainly would welcome any and all response from my fellow Alphans--MMA's and I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year. Peace to all of you. I imagine you share in the thanksgiving and happiness over the safe return of our American hostages from captivity in Iran. I certainly do. Goodbye for now. Hope is better than despair. Creation is better than destruction. Loyalty is better than logic. Koenig's words are a shining example of a code to live by.

ELENORE CLAASSEN, 1740-47 AVE. SW, CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA T2T 2S2:

Howdy, folks! Since some fans are beginning to list their sci-fi fav shows, I'll do the same at this time. They are: *Space:1999*, *Star Trek*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *Buck Rogers*, *Wonder Woman*, *Man From Atlantis*, *The Six Million Dollar Man & Bionic Woman*. I also like *The Return of the Saint* and *The New Avengers* plus most of the Gerry Anderson puppet shows, which my favorite was the *Thunderbirds*. Speaking of bios, I'll do two at this time cause they both have a small cast. The first being *Buck Rogers Year One* because I still am not too familiar with the current new season. I myself am an Earth Defense Directorate pilot. I'm currently a lieutenant who frequently goes on patrols. I currently live in New Chicago. I've been included in a few mission with Colonel Deering and Buck Rogers, so from a distance I was able to make some interesting observations. They are:

Doctor Huer: A very distinguished and distant person with a sly sense of humor. Hard to tell if he has any outside interests. A person to whom another person has to be on her/his toes all the time.

Colonel Wilma Deering: Well, she's some lady, I'll tell you. What she goes through sometimes takes some courage and most of the time I don't even have half of that. The Colonel is also very charming and intelligent with a good sense of humor. She can also be very strict with the troops when it comes to inspection. It was only by chance that I heard that she's very interested in history. I have a slight hunch that in the very near future that she and Buck will get married.

Buck Rogers: Well, he's some kind of guy--I mean, person. It isn't hard to fall in love with him. He's what you might call The All-American Hero. Buck is carefree and easy going with an ear to adventure. I was sitting in the recreation center when the captain came by. I was reading an old sports magazine from my huge collection of sports magazines from the 21st Century. He asked me where I got it and I told him. He then asked me when it was OK with me to have him take a look at it. If I remember, he was really fascinated by the collection and even asked to borrow some when my room communications buzzed for attention. I went to answer it. I was shocked to find out who was at the other end then--Dr. Huer. I was momentarily stunned, then motioned for Buck to answer the call. Before Buck left, he asked if he could have some copies and I said that I'll send some over to his room. When Buck left I was in a dream state for the rest of the day. I had to get myself together later on cause I had to get back to duty.

Now, I think that nobody has done a bio on *Man From Atlantis* so I'll start it off. When I applied for the job as executive secretary, I had a slight interest in oceanography. Plus I love to swim. Being executive secretary lets me meet interesting people. I see most of the personnel on a daily basis, so I can give a reasonable analysis:

Dr. Elizabeth Merrill: A very outgoing yet serious person. I feel that she can be a person who can be easy to get to know. Her and I sometimes do a little gossiping when we see each other.

Mark Harris: A very unique person who I find very curious. His curiosity is aroused with every new thing he sees. I remember that he was intrigued with my typewriter and tape recorder. On a later occasion, he invited me aboard the *Cetacean* for one trip and I found it very enjoyable.

Well, that's all on my bios; now a little bit from everywhere. First I didn't think too highly of the *Flash Gordon* movie. It didn't impress me. I had the feeling that they're gonna make the movie the same way as *Star Wars*. I have another question for you and for those people who did watch the show *Man From Atlantis*. Who were the members of the *Cetacean* and who played each person? In closing, I'm still asking members for their favs on *Star Trek* and *Battlestar Galactica*--someone else is doing one on *Space:1999*. I would also like to make a tally on which season they like best, Year One or Year Two. I myself like Year Two the best cause in one way it introduced me to the show.

BOBBIE M. SMITH, 8273 HARCOURT RD 233C, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 46260:

Vernon Wells: some of my favorite SF books are: *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, Robert A. Heinlein; *Time for the Stars*, Robert A. Heinlein; *Persistence of Vision*, John Varley; *The People, No Different Flesh*, Zenna Henderson; anything by Heinlein; *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon*, Fred Pohl; *The Deep Range*, Arthur C. Clarke; *A Fall of Moondust*, Arthur C. Clarke; *The Martian Chronicles*, Ray Bradbury. There are so many more, I can't list them here, but some of my other favorite authors are: Asimov, George R.R. Martin, Ellison, Hal Clement, Jo Clayton, Jean Lorrain, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Joan Vinge (try *The Snow Queen*). Moorcock's *Gloriana*; I had better stop here. This is my favorite subject, and I could go on for hours.

Kathi Higley: I like *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* very much, too. But my favorite character is Admiral Nelson. I think Richard Basehart was the first actor I ever fell in love with when I was a child. Still love him. He is an excellent actor, and an unusual and interesting man. Sure wish *Starlog*, or some zine would run an article about him.

Catherine Conrad: What do you mean, the 'infamous' Bobbie Smith? I haven't really gotten a good start on my infamous career yet, but watch out for this year. I really enjoyed your letter. I can't possible match it in length; keep it up, very entertaining.

Kevin Peterson: Thanks for the kind words; I do try to keep everyone amused with the contents of the newspaper, but then I have such funny people to study on Alpha.

Also for Catherine Conrad: If you want more information about Alphan names, please see my article in *Command Center* for Mar/Apr 79

Elenore Claassen: My favorite characters are: *Star Trek*--Spock, Scotty, Sulu, Dr. McCoy, Uhura, Captain Kirk, and Chekov. *Space: 1999*--Alan Carter, Paul Morrow, Dr. Russell, Kano, Victor Bergman should have been second, Koenig, Maya, Sandra and Tony. I haven't seen *Galactica* and have only seen *Buck Rogers* once, so I have no favorites for these shows.

I hope to see everyone in Atlanta. I may actually get to attend the con this year. Last year was so awful. I had attended the first two cons, and had to miss the third, due to far too much unexpected work to get away at that time. Sure looking forward to Atlanta; I would like to meet some of the newer members who write such interesting letters.

TOM ROSE, 185 SARAH ST., APT #1, MILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA, L9T 1H3:

I would like to thank everyone who returned their ballots very quickly. I've decided to set a deadline for ballot return...the day is March 1, 1981. I've decided on that date because the other club taking part has not sent the ballots out (as of January 29) If any of you that receive another ballot, you do not need to send in another. Hope to see you all in Atlanta.

On Saturday, January 24, there was a television show which presented 'bloopers' from both movies and TV shows. The show was called *It'll Be All Right Till The Night*. It was a London Weekend Production. It was put together over in England. Lo and behold there was an 'outtake' from *Space:1999*. It was from the episode *Bringers of Wonder* and/or *Destination: Moonbase Alpha* and here is what happened:

Location: Medical Center after Koenig was returned by Tony and Doctor Shaw. Maya (Catherine Schell) slowly opened the drawer located on the supply rack. She withdrew the laser very slowly as to not arouse suspicion. She spun around and in the same motion fired the pistol, stunning the guard positioned at the door. Dr. Shaw (Patrick Westwood) walks across the room, not watching where he was going. He tripped over the stunned guard on the floor. In the final print, Doctor Shaw was not present in the Medical Center. There were only four people in the room, the guard on the floor, Helena, Maya and a comatose Koenig.

RANDY SENEFIELD, 1836 KENORA DRIVE, ESCONDIDO, CA 92027:

It looks like that I am not the only person that takes a long time to write something. My thanks to Sandy Doyle, you really got me motivated. I am also a Boba Fett fan. There's a scene in TESB that has Boba against the background of clouds of Bespin and I think it would make a perfect poster. Any opinions? Well, here is my bio:

I was assigned to Alpha on January 1, 1999 as a jack-of-all-trades (official title is maintenance) and I was starting off on the wrong foot. The reason why is the pilot had a terrible hangover (so did I). I was the only passenger, and he wanted to sleep it off before we landed. Well, he didn't wake up and I missed the landing pad by a hundred feet. It was starting out to be a very bad year. In my off hours I like to read, sew, and pursue my two favorite hobbies, which are geology and rock-climbing. Climbing on the moon has its advantages and disadvantages. One of the good points is that the moon has .6 normal gravity, and the other is that there is unlimited vision. There is the slight disadvantage of no air. This means using a spacesuit made for climbing (my own invention) and becoming very paranoid about sharp objects and running out of air. Here is my opinion of the people I am supposed to take orders from:

Commander Koenig: I real nice man and a father figure to all. If you every get on his wrong side, watch out. When the Commander found out that I was going rock-climbing (he thinks it's dangerous) it was too late. He ordered a full scale search, much to my embarrassment because I had just locked myself in the geo. lab to study a rock specimen I had found. After a few hours, I was walking to the dining hall by way of the Command Center, and guess who I just happened to bump into? You guessed it. I never knew that the Commander knew such words. He called off the search and called together a meeting of the section heads to discuss my fate. (Gulp) Well, they decided that no official action could be taken against me that would fit my crime. I was to go back to work the next work period. Three hundred people do not forget as easily as I thought they would. There is no punishment worse than embarrassment. I am still getting even with all the people that let me have it.

Doctor Russell: An all-around beautiful woman with a warm heart, but cold hands. I am proud to say that I am the only person on all of Alpha that has escaped her check-ups. The only time that I have had to have one was when I first arrived, but in the condition I was in, I did not even remember it. When I woke up two days later, I remember having this weird dream. I was back in medieval Europe being tortured on the rack. But that was only a dream. The next physical I had was back on Earth, so that does not count. It happened during Breakaway, when I was put on one of the cleanup crews that I found the medical files. About one fourth of which were destroyed by fire, and mine just happened to be one of them. My ID bracelet was smashed when a beam fell on it, and the computer logged me as dead. So now I just stay out of Dr. Russell's way, and I know that this won't last for long.

Tony Verdeschi: Tony is a real fine person, and I really respect him and his position. He is a pretty good challenge with a foil, but I prefer a sabre. While he considers himself a master brewer, take it from a pro--I have tasted better rocket fuel, compared to his beer. A single sip of his brew caused me to make my own, and I must say that I have hit upon the right mixture. I take some fuel from the reaction stabilizers on an Eagle, mix it with on-fourth moon buggy fuel, and a dash of hydraulic fluid from the launch pad lifters and let it ag. While having a great beer is just fine (to me, at least), you have to have a good wholesome name like--Old Eagle Scout. Now if Tony has a name for that mompropellant he calls beer, I will eat my commlock.

Maya: This woman is a real genius when it comes to computers, but all I can say is, where did she get her sense of humor? When Doc Russell was giving her routing physical exams, I was playing how-to-melt-into-the-nearest-bulkhead. There I was, sitting down, messing around with the bottom of a communications post, looking like I was very, when I heard some footsteps coming my way. I didn't pay any attention to the, until they stopped right behind me. So, I slowly looked up and I saw Doc Russell standing right next to me. Needless to say, I was shocked, but when she said, "Time for your physical", I was halfway down the corridor before I stood up to run to my hiding place (the superstructure of the hangar bay). I found out later that Maya had been up to one of her favorite pranks. I am still thinking up a good way to get even.

Alan Carter: Now, we all know what a great pilot Alan is, and how valuable he is to Alpha. I always thought that Alan was a bit slow upstairs, even though he can take an Eagle apart and put it back together. I never dreamed that he knew enough about moon buggies to reverse the controls. I was out on the surface with the commander, doing a routine inspection tour of the building one work period, when he told me to get a buggy. The next thing I knew, I'm flying through space, about to land at the commander's feet. You see, Alan was the pilot I didn't wake up when I first landed on Alpha. I got back at Alan, though. I put whoopie cushions on every seat in his Eagle.

Paul Morrow: This guy is all business when working wherever that is. I never have been able to undrestand Paul. I mean, if you can do your job and still find time to be mentally unstable at the same time, then you have the main ingredient of life. If I ever did pull a fast one on Paul, I would've probably been sent to see how deep the nuclear waste pits are. If Paul does have a sense of humor (just a rumor) I have never seen it.

Sandra Benes: This cute little thing is always the first to faint and the first to be helped up. I do feel sorry for her, especially when somebody makes her faint and then tries mouth-to-mouth.

I can honestly say that Alpha's First Annual Movie Marathon lasted forty hours. I decided, after I could not focus my eyes any longer, that I might as well call it quits. It sure was one fine party, because I woke up in the bathroom, and I had never done before. I do have one complaint--somebody stole my copy of *Robinson Crusoe on Mars* and I want it back!

On to other matters. I would like to know what you think of David Gerrold's comments about *Empire* in *Starlog* 38. For once, he makes sense in a way.

Recently I had this thought and I think that it belongs to *Space*:

You cannot live forever in one place. You must explore your surroundings. Seek out the mysteries around you and understand them and gain the ever-expanding gift of knowledge, and move on. If you do not, the mind will grow restless, unproductive, and will stagnate. You must move on, live for adventure. It is human nature.

KATHI LYNN HIGLEY, 1082-4 WHITNEY AVE., HAMDEN, CT 06517:

Well, 'ello dere, bunkies. Hope everyone had a good Christmas and a Happy New Year. And whilst on the subject: thanks to both Kevin Peterson and Tod Ellsworth for their Christmas cards to yours truly. They were muchly appreciated and I hope you guys got the cards I sent ya in time for the holidays. And now that all the niceties are outa the way...

To Don Palermo: Oh, my, what a can of worms you opened, kiddo! Short of Tod's letter several ishs back, about us fans getting our buns in gear and doing something for the fandom cause, I haven't seen such a response in many an ish of CC. And I bet you're wishing that second letter you wrote to replace the one in the Sept/Oct ish got to Mar B. in time. As it is I'm very tempted to send you my Freddy Frierberger-endorsed plexi-glas vegetable shield/bullet-proof vest, but I think your letter in the Nov/Dec ish of CC will make amends for all the tootsies you stepped on. I know I am no longer intending to send a Dalek C.O.D. to your doorstep for the purpose of mangling your face. Not after your explanation of that business betwixt Susann Molnar and yourself a couple of ishs ago about the letters of *moi*. Altho' I'm not exactly thrilled that you consider me a big mouth, but still it's better than being though a hypocrite. But I'm just hoping, when I type these massive entries for the CC, that I tickle a funnybone here and there and maybe activate an idea or two from my fellow MMAers. If not, then I've worn my fingers to the first knuckle for nothing. But your apology is accepted, Donald, and you're welcome to join Karla Von Huben and myself in her quarters (which can't be breached without causing structural damage to Alpha, remember?) for the duration. Either that, or I'll be happy to send you my portable, folding shovel so you can dig a hidey-hole. Let me know.

To Vernon Wells: Well, I'm glad my dropping of Dave Hirsch's name helped ya out, big fella. And I hope you can save SPACE REPORT. It's nice to know there's still a few Don Quixote-types out there still willing to have a go-around with the windmills; in this case, *STARLOG*. I wish you mucho luck. And since you asked for a list of favorite SF books, here's mine (all of which were obtained from the Science Fiction Book Club, 501 Franklin Ave, Garden City, New York, 11530--next time you see their ad in a magazine for four books for 10¢, go for it, Vernon. They give you new hardcover editions for the price of paperbacks at the drugstore--and a fairly decent selection of books as well):

The Faded Sun Trilogy by C.J. Cherryh: *Kesrith*; *Shon'Jir*; *Kutath*
Brothers of Earth, C.J. Cherryh
Serpent's Reach, C.J. Cherryh

The Left Hand of Darkness, Ursula K. LeGuin

Earthsea Trilogy, Ursula K. LeGuin

The Magic Labyrinth, Philip Jose Farmer

The Lathe of Heaven, Ursula K. LeGuin

Starchild Trilogy, Frederick Pohl & Jack Williamson

The Dragon & The George (can't remember the author)

The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant, the Unbeliever, Stephen Donaldson: *Lord Foul's Bane*; *Illearth War*; *The Power That Prevails* (or something like that)

Anything by Clifford Simak (That's not a title of a book--I'll read just about anything Simak has written)

And any of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy by J.R.R. Tolkien (which is fantasy). Also any of Brian Daley's adventures of Han Solo books--they're deliciously good. My list is a lot longer than this, Vernon, but I thought I'd take pity on Mary B. (who has to type all this up, remember) and just give you my favorite favorites; the ones that I'll never part with because I read them over and over again. And, by the way, Vernon, I'm now taking entries for the First Annual Alpha Male Buns Revue--ya interested? No moles or birthmarks (unless they're interesting, like one shaped like the Liberty Bell, complete with crack "heh*heh") allowed. And, like Cathy Conrad, I'm willing to be bribed (Heck, not only willing, but able and waiting!). Oops, clean forgot! You asked if anyone had read *Nightmare*. I have. In fact, I reviewed it for Chuck Raue's COMLoC letter-zine (if you've never heard of it, don't feel bad. I think either it or its editor has croaked--I haven't seen an ish of it since the summer of '79). If I remember correctly, *Nightmare* concerned Alan Carter remembering and experiencing the total destruction of the moonbase, then having everything go back to normal and no one believing his warnings. The entire situation was caused by a slightly demented master computer and its equally demented creator, both of whom could manipulate time and space, etc., etc. Anyway, it was pretty decent. Is it close to your own storyline? And, no, you're not alone in thinking that television has gone from bad to worse lately. Not that I've got one, but I do watch it when I get home for holidays and stuff. And I find I prefer to watch old movies on our local cable TV stations than watch the crap--er, garbage on the major networks. I prefer Charlie Chan mysteries to *Charlie's Angels* any day. Oh, and Happy Birthday!

Kevin Peterson: You asked what Karla and I eat whilst we hole up in her quarters. Why, jellybabies, of course. Is there anything else? By the by, how's your derriere? Not flabby, I hope (especially after that description you gave Catherine Conrad in your last letter). 'Cause when you're bounced from the Alpha Male Beauty Contest, bunkie, I'm taking entries for the Alpha Male Buns Revue. And, please, when you bribe me, let's make it something more titillating than Buster Brown buttons or a janitorial post on the Alpha News Service, huh? And I thank you for your kindly suggestions for bio material. I might try a *Buck Rogers* one (at least I've seen that show), we'll just have to wait and see. Oh, yes, and hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba... And thanks again for the Xmas card! And I'm just thankful that I haven't encountered you in the Eagle hangar. When that happens I think Computer will automatically begin program EXODUS--the moonbase definitely will not be safe if two off-the-wall clumsies like ourselves should collide. Hmmm, come to think of it...could that be why Alan's so attentive to me? He never lets me out of his sight now. In fact, he drop-tackled me outside of the Tool Req. area just the other day--you musta been in there. Hmmm, do ya think you could give me an itinerary of your travels in Recon so I could just sorta pop up in your general area? Admittedly being drop-tackled isn't my idea of fun (ordinarily, anyway) but at this point I'll take any kind of physical contact from you-know-who!

Mark Robertson: In your description of Jerry, dearie, you forgot to mention the WW II bombardier's jacket and white silk scarf--oh, yes, and the leather aviator's helmet complete with goggles. At least that's what he was wearing (and little else) when I found him under my bunk last night. Gads, that scared the *censored* out of me. His excuse was that he wanted me to do some preliminary judgement on his posterior as he was thinking of entering my Buns Revue contest--I gave him a 1½. He didn't seem very happy about that, so I've asked L'aws for a bomb detector--just to be on the safe side. And I also took the time to attempt to explain that I'm not Cathy Lee Crosby from the old *That's Incredible!* show. That boy definitely needs those goofy black plastic glasses changed! I did tell him that Catherine Conrad is Cathy Lee, and although he seemed dubious at first, I think I just might have convinced him. Let us hope so. Any more scares like that, and my hair'll be white--or I'll end up with an ulcer like Jenny Orsi. Good thing I looked under my bunk to check on the condition of Alan's stun gun, or who knows what might've happened when the light went out. Oh, well, at least he didn't jump out of my closet screaming "Bonsai!" I have a weak heart.

Jenny Orsi: Since I was just on the subject of you and your ulcer--how are you both doing? Good, I hope. By the way, fetch your Sept/Oct CC outs mothballs and re-read my letter. I gave you the solution to how to catch a Tony there. Cook 'im up some homemade (soybean) pasta, put a little opera on the recorder and let nature take its course. Guaranteed not to fail. 'Course I'm not having much luck following my own advice as it pertains to a certain Aussie Eagle pilot. Lis tells me she's tried, but she just can't get the food generators to turn out a reasonable facsimile of kangaroo rump (I hear it's a delicacy) so I've been forced (as Becky Eisenhuth noted) to use such mundane substitutes as pot roast, meatloaf, etc., etc. *Sigh*

Andrea Gualco: Forgive me for not welcoming you to our ranks before this. A rather sizable oversight on my part (oh, well, what do you expect! Like Mark's friend Jerry, I need my glasses changed). Anyway, when will we be getting a bio from you about who you are on Alpha? Soon, I hope. Altho' I don't need to know who you are or what you do to tell ya that walking between you and Tony when you're both talking a mile a minute is darn dangerous. It's worse than running a Mohawk Indian "Gauntlet" (to explain: they used to torture their prisoners by making them run down a path formed by two teams of Mohawks on either side and they'd jab, punck, trip and poke their prisoners all the way. Prisoners rarely make it alive to the end of the path, believe it or not). So please could you guys do you rap sessions in some out-of-the-way spot instead of the middle of the corridors where you endanger all and sundry?

Catherine Conrad: Has Jerry been in to see you yet? Since his derriere didn't measure up to my strict requirements, he told me he's gonna try for the beauty contest. So check your closet and under your bunk before going nighty-nite, kiddo! Better to find him with the lights on than off! And thanks for the advice about Carter, my friend. I know, I know. He's shameless, but what can I do? I'm in love with the %\$#@*. Besides I have my own way to contend with shameless hussies like Mary. I know you, Sandy, and Doc Russell have been messing with Tony's brew, but since you told me about Mar appropriating some of it for shampoo, so have I. Next batch she borrows, is she gonna be surprised. I've rigged that stuff so it'll literally snatch her bald-headed (a first for that crap stuff--the last time I got stuck taste-testing it, I swear my tonsils sprouted a coat of fur!). (Ednote: Nice try, Kath. But thanks for the dandy home permanent!! MaryB) Oh, by the way, you asked for favorite actors who portrayed Dracula. Mine was Jack Palance. His Dracula was on as an NBC nightly movie donkey years ago and it was the best portrayal of that ultimately tragic count and the best adaptation of Stoker's book that I've ever seen. If you ever see it listed in your TV Guide, catch it. *Ahem* By the way, the oddest thing happened the other day when I announced that, as first prize, the winner of my Buns Revue gets a date with you--withdrawal after withdrawal. Hmmm. Must be that psychic wavelength again. Actually, I'm as stymied for a prize for my contest as you are for yours. I'm seriously thinking of giving the winner of the Buns Revue a rhinestone encrusted jock strap (which, by the way, is all the contestants can wear during the judging--after all, those uniform pants can hide a lot of deficiencies--altho', for the shy ones, I'll accept tight designer jeans). By the way, if you thought Koenig looked good wearing green potatoes au gratin, you should have seen the time he got a custard pie in the puss when he was inspecting the food generators after some screwball screwed up the wiring in them. Last time Koenig did the inspection on 'em, he pushed Professor Bergman in front of the opening, but, fortunately, the error had been corrected by then. (And I'm not gonna name the screwball who miswired the generators, so your secret's safe with me, Kevin...oops!)

Tod Ellsworth: Thank you for welcoming me to my new home, dear. And thank you (again) for your Christmas card! I loved it.

Becky Eisenhuth: Sure Alan was looking for the dark roots, dearie! I think I believe the "...something in Becky's eye" is more credible. And sure he was talking about our dinner date. God knows he didn't talk during it except to complain. He found the meatloaf (as you pointed out) salty and underdone, thought my mashed potatoes were rice pudding with raisins, and used his fork to flick the peas at poor Alex and Rachael (thank God, Sandy had the good sense to vacate the premises, 'cause he cracked Alex's jar and fractured one of Rachael's teeth) when I wasn't looking. And there was not need for him to complain to you about the salty state of the meatloaf. He not only complained about it to me but gaped plenty of Tony's beer. Unfortunately, not enough to get plastered (as I'd hoped), altho' at one point I thought he was befuddled enough for me to make my move; which consisted of attempting to unzip his (no, you bunch of dirty-minded perverts, not what you're thinking) sleeve zipper. The look he gave me caused me to pretend I was only flicking dandruff off his shoulder. What a disaster!

Elenore Claassen: Sure, Alan was surprised at the size of your collection (*snort*snort*chortle*chortle*)--I'll bet it was the size of your *collection* he was admiring! God, what chance have I got with all you "smooth operators" entrapping Alan with your spearmint shampoo, dark root hunts, and sports collections!

And I guess that covers my remarks (crude or otherwise) this letter. I thought I'd try Kevin's advice and do a *Buck Rogers* bio, but I've forgotten the name of the elderly doctor that was on it. (whose real name I can't remember all that well, either) and, having seen it only twice, I really can't do one with any great confidence. So I'm bio-less once more. Alas. So I think I'll bid you all a fond adp...May all your Cylons be rusty ones...

CARSTEN ANDRESEN, AASUNVEJ 685, 5240 ODENSE NØE, DENMARK:

Greetings, all fellow Alphans! First off, I'd like to take off my hat to Mary for your efforts of running one of the best, craziest, and most fascinating fan magazines! The bulk of recent issues has increased steadily and the look has improved--if possible, please use more illustrations, they provide welcome resting places/variations for the eyes.

I wrote the SFX article you've read some pages back to supply some 'fresh new stuff' and because I believe there *are* some SFX fans among CC's readers. How many of you haven't taken pictures of Eagle kits placed on lawns, in snow, among gravel heaps, or suspended them on all-too-visible threads? Maybe you've done more than that, but no matter how active you've been, an exchange of ideas, results and advice is *vital*, if you interest is to survive for a longer period. Getting my intention? Even if you haven't constructed your own 3'6" intergalactic battlecruiser (I haven't done that much myself) I'd like to hear from all of you who make experiments in your backyard, who went into a trance over *War Games* and who have been great SFX/model fans ever since.

You won't get my *Alphan* bio and no 'twisted bio' either, because I think both ideas were very good in the beginning, and always provided enjoyable, funny reading, but now it begins to get a little worn out. Also, there must be other ways to ensure continual mention in CCs--this letter, for example? (Letterbombs may be sent to the above address...anybody in need of a recipe for an explosive charge?) Evil tongues would say that I'm not able to write an *Alphan* bio, except in the form of blueprints, but I do have favorites; Helena Russell, a charming, warm and sensitive lady, and Victor Bergman. I should be the first to declare that SFX, no matter how dazzling, can *never* stand on their own; human conflict and action is always the heart of the whole thing.

Onto other subjects: I hope as many of you as possible write to *Starlog* in response to Mr. Freiburger's and Mr. Anderson's statements to show that we care. And at the same time request the much-needed supplements, on which they'll hopefully start working now that the Space Report has been cancelled. My favorite is the first season because of its visual impact, human conflict, imaginative scripts and (of course) spectacular SFX. But I also very much like second season, in spite of the many changes that were made.

What's happening *re* SF in our corner of the world? Well, *Space:1999* hasn't been shown on either Danish, Swedish or German TV for more than two years, but Lis Therkildsen and I have access to video tapes occasionally, thanks to Steen Pederson (Yes, we form the exclusive little core of true *Space:1999* fandom in Denmark!) and that helps a great deal. *Star Trek* was shown over a year ago on the German ZDF station and promised to return sometime in '81, and it's 'not thoroughly impossible' (ZDF) that *Space* will return, also. A few *Doctor Who* episodes have been shown some time ago, Danish TV has shown eight episodes of *Blake's 7* by us called *Mutiny in Space*), we've had a Norwegian mini-series in three episodes called *Stowaway* last autumn which was quite good and another German TV station has just started on a series of sixteen SF films during 1981, beginning with *Battlestar Galactica*--so, I guess we're not doing that bad after all. And we have all the great SF movies, of course; *The Empire Strikes Back*, *The Black Hole*, *The Final Countdown* and most recently *Flash Gordon*, which didn't last very long, however. I agree with Mare Fitzgerald and Lynn Mims that it's great FUN, colorful and entertaining chewing gum for mind and eyes. We've also had the advantage of being able to see *Destination: Moonbase Alpha*. I saw it, eh, four times, but unfortunately, the film wasn't as successful that the distributor will import *Alien Attack* as well. Pity, that he didn't show AA as the first one.

Lastly, I'm most interested in trading/buying 1999 paraphernalia; the large 22" Eagle, episode trailer from *War Games* in Super 8, small moonbuggies and 6" Kaldor ships (and others), TV photos and video episodes on VHS or VCR system. On my part I can offer lots of good TV photos, a few rare Italian 400 card series from Year One and Year Two (Y1: first half of the season, ending with *Last Sunset*; Y2: selection of eleven eps: M, NA-NE, AEC, SW, BOW, AMOB, D, DP, IS and TDO) in fantastic colors and quality, second-hand British paperbacks nos. 1-8 and 10, a few badges and photobutons and lots of color photos from Blackpool's SPACE CITY Exhibition. Write and state your interests and offers.

Okay, so much from Denmark this time. Take care, everybody and DON'T GET LOST IN THE CATACOMBS OF THE MOON...

KITTY JO DAVIS, 1110 FIDLER LANE #601, SILVER SPRING, MD 20910:

As a *Doctor Who* fan of rather long standing, you might say that I took exception to Daniel J. Pallotta's assertion that "...1999's worst Year Two episode puts it (*Doctor Who*) to shame." And, no, I don't think that you qualified that statement sufficiently by adding "...the two shows reflect a different philosophy of television production, and thus cannot be judged on the same criteria." Dan. It would be a very good idea for you to go back and watch a complete (by complete, I mean an entire four or six part story) episode without trying to compare it to anything. If your statement was meant to vilify the special effects of DW only, well, there you got me. The effects are, in a word, rotten; although if you knew what kind of budget that effects team was working on, I guarantee that you'd admire them for coming up with the quality that they have. However, if your statement also took in the quality of the script, the plots and/or the acting--take another look. Take a good, *long* look. One episode (four or six part episode, that is) represents more research and care on the part of the script writer than any three episodes of 1999. Someone actually bothered to bone up on their Egyptian mythology for *Pyramids of Mars*, the Renaissance era for *The Masque of Mandragora*, and you'll find that most of the science is *authentic*. The genuine article (although for the grey areas, they do tend to indulge in a bit of doubletalk, but if you bother to listen to some of it, it's hilarious!), you might say. I don't mean to categorically put down 1999, but ask any astrophysicist about a black sun, and see if he/she will stop laughing long enough to tell you that a 'black sun' is a contradiction in terms. I love *Space:1999*, but I deplore the accuracy of their science. Their scientific accuracy was, in words of one syllable, the *pits*. If it weren't for the fact that I enjoy the characters and the character relationships of 1999 enough to overlook the gaping plot holes (I could tell you a story about the incongruities of *Beta Cloud* and *Bringers of Wonder* that would curl your hair), I'd probably be doing needlepoint instead of blowing off steam in a letter to Comman Conference. Even if you couldn't care less about scientific accuracy, then try watching DW for a good laugh. Believe me,

there is humor aplenty, that subtle, devastating kind so characteristic of the British. The kind that takes you three seconds to react to. And if I recall the *StarLog* interview correctly, humor was the reason that Tom Baker dragged *Space:1999* into the conversation. And as I recall, the lack of humor (I note that he didn't specify either season--I must assume that he didn't bother to watch Year Two if he didn't get along with Year One) is what he decried most about 1999. I do have to agree with him on that point, even if I don't agree with the *intensity* with which he decried it (in other words, I certainly don't think he had call to be so vicious about it). Year One was rather devoid of humor, a light touch. Assuming as I do that he didn't bother to watch Year Two, I wonder if his opinion would be altered if he saw the element of humor that was introduced with Year Two

As for this business of one TV show being favored over another TV show and more emphasis being placed on this than that--Hey, people, I can certainly appreciate your irritation, but do you really think that you can *order* people to like what you like? (No nasty cracks in light of my previous paragraph, guys--I know it sounded as though I was handing down the eleventh commandment ("Watch Doctor Who, or I'll deck you") up there, but there *is* a difference between giving something a chance *before* deciding that it's not your cup of tea, and making up your mind on circumstantial evidence) Myself, I'd dearly love it if we got into a discussion about the 'fish-out-of-water' syndrome characteristic of such classics as *Space:1999*, *Time Tunnel*, *Lost In Space*, *Land of the Giants*, et al, but I guarantee you that I'd be lucky to find three people who could name the lead characters in any one or two of the series (Other than *Space:1999*, of course) mentioned above. If you think that your favorites are being ignored, for heaven's sake, don't *yell* about it. While I'm on the subject, I might add, I do agree with Daniel Pallotta (see, I'm not picking on you, Daniel!) that this is a *Space:1999* club, and discussion of other TV shows and movies should always, *always* take back seat to our show. If someone wants to talk about BSG and BSG only, they should find themselves a good BSG club; and if I want to talk about DW, I should find...well, I've already found a good DW club, several in fact, so I'll take my DW business there in the future except for one final word: I know that Tom Baker antagonized every '99 fan in existence with his remarks, but, please, don't pick on DW because of it! For one thing, it's not fair, and for another thing, you'll only get me going again.

Parting words: anybody *wanna* talk about the fish-out-of-water syndrome? By that I mean the situations arising out of ordinary human beings being plucked out of their environment and into strange, new, most times alien environments; how each of the SF shows and movies that dealt with this syndrome thought that ordinary human beings would handle the new experiences, etc. And the answer to the above sarcastic remark is: TT--Tony Newman, Doug Phillips, Dr. Ann Whatsername, General Kirk. Dr. Whoever, umm...LIS--Maureen, Penny, Will, Judy Robinson, Dr. Smith, Robot, ah...those two guys, umm...LOTG: You got me. There was the pilot and the co-pilot and the stewardess and some spoiled rich girl and some mean dastardly villain and a cute kid and a cuter dog...and a lot of very tall people.

And for all you people fighting it out over Alan Carter, if you've wondered about the man: he's not really that dumb, he's just playing it cool. It may not look as though he's aware of what's going on, but believe me, he knows. He's got it all figured out, you see--he's going to let you all fight it out among yourselves while he remains totally uninvolved and innocent; when the dust clears, he just steps in and claims the ~~winner~~ winner. You see--no dummy, he. Remember--clean fight, three minutes, come out at the sound of the bell fighting. On your marks...get set...

CATHERINE CONRAD, 320 HARTWELL ST., ROYSTON, GA 30662:

Here ye, here ye, here ye, from the depths of our Glorious State of Georgia, I have have risen again. Aren't you glad?

The first order of business on my agenda is to concede that I misjudged Mary Bloemker when I chided her on being a Yankee. Well, now that I know she's a native of the South, I just wanted to say that I knew all along that only a Confedrut could put together such a nice newsletter. *smirk*

To Vernon Wells: So you finally decided to join my Male Alpha Beauty Contest. But what did you mean when you said that 'bribing' a whole panel of judges would be more fun than just bribing me? You obviously haven't seen me at work, honey...er, getting too personal there. It's only supposed to be a PG-rated newsletter. By the way, I like your idea of holding a Beauty Contest at the con, but it'd run the risk of turning out to be too "cute", though. And in response to your question about whether my stories are as good as my bios, well, I certainly hope so! Thanks for the compliment. Incidentally, I *did* send in a *Space:1999* short story for Alpha Log #5, but the Oracle hasn't sent me any work yet as to whether she'd publish it or not. The Oracle also hasn't sent me a couple photos I ordered or the Fan Fund listing I sent a SASE for. I guess I'll just have to wait until she gets her super-efficient *cough,cough* filing system back in shape. (Ednote: Quoth the Oracle: No comment. MaryB) I've got a little advice for you on your proposed *Space:1999* sotry: Write it! Even if your title is the same as another person's, it doesn't mean that your story content is the same. I'd really like to see what you write.

In you letter you also asked we Alphas what our favorite sci-fi books are. Well, my absolute favorites are the first season books from *Space*. The next are the Year Two books, and other than those, Ray Bradbury's books are the best. Especially the original version of *The Martian Chronicles*.

To Don Palermo: You have my nomination to be Alpha's Official Scapegoat. In your letter last ish you apologized all over the place for your comments in the previous ish, but in the same issue just about everyone attacked you for your opinions. I hope you fell ashamed, all you people that picked on this poor Texan to be the one to unload your gripes on. I'm glad I didn't deride you. *smothered giggle* Seriously, though, it was a very thoughtful gesture to apologize and correct your misgivings about the Big Name Fans and so forth. You can at least be consoled that your letter probably brought in the largest amount of responses Mary has ever gotten--the November/December issue (truly a slap-dash affair!) was the thickest one I've gotten yet. I doubt if anyone's going to stay angry at you--I met Kathi Lym Higley in Eagle Maintenance the other day, and she says she wants to kiss and make up...

I totally agree with you on the hypothesis (fact?) that Fred Frierberger's perception of sci-fi seems to be limited to the standard simple-minded Bug-Eyed Monster type of story. Gheez, if my books are ever made into television Series he definitely ain't gonna be the producer.

I'll be seeing you at Convention 1981. I'll be the one that looks like a cross between Lynda Carter and Catherine Bach (so much for Great Southern Modesty). Oh, and you have my nomination to be a contestant in my Male Alpha Beauty Contest. Just tell me your age, coloring (by this I mean your eyes and hair), and, naturally, your bribe. Bye!

To Andrea Gualco: Let me wish you a somewhat belated welcome to Main Mission Alpha! It's nice to know we have a member in our dear Mr. Tony Verdeschi's homeland. Can you make beer as well as he can?

To Jenny Orsi: It pains me to write this to you...to tell you the truth, I feel a little guilty for making you sick. Honest, when I poison Tony's beer, it's to make *him* sick, not you! I hope you've gotten over your ulcer. Tony promised to come see you in the Med Center, by the way. I wish you could find some other way to get 'ol Spaghetti-Brains to notice you besides drinking his ~~beer~~ beer. And, please don't be envious of Tony's singing Italian opera to me. For one thing, I didn't like his coming to my quarters so late, and for another--he ain't no Luciano Pavrotti!

If it makes you feel any better, Jenny, I had one hell of a close call last week where sabotaging Tony's beer is concerned. Y'see, Helena Russell and I snuck into his quarters one afternoon while he was checking on the Security Research Center. We had the most

marvelous, rottenest-tasting mess you've ever seen to put in his beer! Well, soon Sandy Doyle sashayed her way in to neutralize some more hops and we got into an argument over whose sabotage made the beer taste the worst. Evidently we lost track of time, 'cause Tony came in! Needless to say, he was perplexed, and demanded to know why we snuck into his room. We were stunned for a moment before Doc Russell said brightly: "Oh, Tony, your brew was so good last time we just *had* to get some more, even if we had to sneak in to get it!" He got even more perplexed. But he brightened up and quickly poured us some beer (already sabotaged) and told us to drink up. YECHE! That was almost enough to make me quit sabotaging his beer for good. The worst part was having to appear that I love it. You should've seen Sandy's face when he gave her seconds! I don't know whether to kill Russell for making us drink that slime, or to kiss her for making up a plausible excuse.

To Daniel J. Pallotta: Welcome to Main Mission Alpha! I was jolted by your letter regarding Tom Baker's thoughts on *Space:1999*, so I hastily looked up that article, and, sure enough, he did insult *Space*. To all you convention staff members: Whatever you do, *don't* invite Tom Baker to the con. He probably wouldn't come anyway, unless you agreed to pay him a mountain of money. Here I would like to pause and air a plea to get Martin Landau and Barbara Bain to the convention. I'm glad you brought that to light, Mr. Pallotta, and I hope that in your next letter to *Command Center* you'll cook up a fine Alpha bio as a fully-fledged member of MMA.

To Kevin Peterson: Despite your comments in the Nov/Dec issue, I still think *The Empire Strikes Back* could've been better written and acted. (Hate mail from Harrison Ford fans may be directed to the above address. Thank you!) The entire world of *Star Wars* isn't all that attractive to me, for the reason that it has an emphasis on the space *fantasy*, which just isn't my cup of tea.

To Lieutenant Kevin Peterson: I graciously accept your registration for my Male Alphan Beauty Contest. You sound like a real ~~WAAK~~ nice guy. But as for your offer of a collection of Buster Brown buttons for a bribe--kiss my grits! It wasn't exactly what I had in mind. Drop by my quarters some Saturday evening and we'll talk about it.

Sorry to hear that someone clipped the wires in your piano in the rec room. I guess I...uh, that is to say, someone just got tired of hearing *Chopsticks* over and over again. By the way, I wanted to apologize for tickling you when you were stuck in that ridiculous yoga position. Doctor Russell warned me that you might turn out to be a mental case if I don't stop it...really, it was all in fun! But if you don't start learning to fly an Eagle correctly, I'm gonna tell Alan Carter, and *then* you're gonna suffer. He might even make you go out on a date with Kathi Lynn! Speaking of the nerds that work in Command Center, that was *Maya*, not me, who pinched you on the you-know-what in the Recon Section the other day. I know she looked exactly like me, but, well, I just would never pinch a guy *there*.

To Mark Robertson: Thank you for entering my beauty contest. I've now got a grand total of six entrants: John Koenig, Alan Carter, Tony Verdeschi, Vernon Wells, "Plow-Brain" Peterson, and you. This is going to be a real toughie to judge. I just don't know about your bribes, though...I think I'll skip the land and flood insurance. And I'll just pretend I didn't hear that remark about a date to a Subatomic Particles concert. On the other hand, would you happen to have a policy to protect me from that group of looney-tunes? That's fine. I'm still making up my mind about your Jerry-Redden-proof policy, but the offer of repairing and recharging my stun gun sounds excellent. I haven't gone *near* L'Law's office ever since that fateful (fitful?) first time, and it'd really be a lifesaver if you could take care of my gun. By the way, please tell your friend Jerry that I wasn't amused by his trick of booby-trapping my Eagle's doors with cherry bombs. Luckily they went off before I went too far inside. If I had, it would have been curtains. For him, not me--I wouldn't killed him!

To Kathi Lynn Crosby...er, Higley: Just so there are no misunderstandings, I wanted to say that there was no deliberately insulting intent in the remarks I made about you in the Sept/Oct issue of CC. I hope you aren't holding anything against me. The 'Pigley' derivation of 'Higley' was not meant to chide you for being--as you eloquently put it--on the 'chunky' side. I've never seen you before, so how could I have known that? Secondly, I wasn't seriously putting down your abilities in art, either. Just say so if you don't like people to joke about it.

Let me say again that I think Kathi Lynn really is a good artist. I just loved the mural she painted above the bed in Alan Carter's quarters! And Kathi--you're all wrong about my wanting to go after Alan. To me, he's just the guy I work for. (Well...) Incidentally, I carefully considered letting you be a co-judge in my Beauty Contest, but there's a problem. I'm afraid you might not be objective enough since a certain Aussie pilot is one of the contestants. Do you think you could keep your amorous intentions for the guy at bay for the duration of the contest? Please let me know. However, I *am* interested in your Male Alpha Buns Revue. Sounds like a barrel of fun. But would the Commander approve of such a, well, pornographic activity? What's that? You say *he's* a contestant? What does Helena Russell think? No, don't tell me. She's going to be a judge. Speaking of these morale-boosting activities, I went in for my free lobotomy yesterday, but I couldn't get it. Seems like Russell's getting into the act, and is going to stage the First Annual Moonbase Alpha Medicine Show. The featured acts include polka-dancing and tangoing by she and Koenig; vaudeville comedy from the famed team of Carter & Verdeschi; and last but not least, a play by Maya. It's a revision of the famous Shakespeare play about threesome: "Ann, Tony and Cleopatra". Plus, as all medicine shows have, a pitch for you to but the latest wonder-drug. (Russell confided that the wonder drug will be a tonic to soothe the stomach after ingesting Tony's beer.)

Lastly, Kathi Lynn, I'm afraid your plan to get even with me sort of backfired. You see, while I was out of my office chewing out Kevin Peterson for his lousy Eagle piloting (he put it into reverse instead of forward, thus crashing into the Commander's Eagle) Kathi Lynn slipped in and destroyed it. When I came back, every immaculately kept file and paper was on the floor! Here's the point whereupon it backfired: Alan Carter saw it, felt sorry for me, and helped me clean up. After that he graciously bought me a drink at Bergman's Bar and walked me back to my quarters. Poor Kathi Lynn was crushed. *malicious, delighted giggle*

Incidentally, Kathi, I'm not all that spaced-out. Except for there letters I write. Even though some would disagree with that...

To Becky Eisenhuth: Huh. As you can see from my above comments, I did *not* think I was being 'mean' to dear, sweet Kathi Lynn in that letter. I suggest you re-read my comments and decide again whether or not they were offensive. Just for that, I'm not going to get you be a co-judge in my beauty contest. Unless you give me a juicy role in one of the plays you're planning. How about the role of "Hot-Lips" Houlihan in your Alphan version of M*A*S*H? Provided that you cast a real cutie in the role of Frank Burns, of course. Think about it!

To Lynn Mims: Hi! Thanks for your encouragement of the Male Beauty Contest. In answer to your question about the events: yes, there will be a swimsuit competitions (bikinis furnished by Frederick's of Alpha), a talent competition (for instance, Lt. L'Law's will show us his expertise at marbles), evening wear (tuxedos), and no, Maya can't enter as Harrison Ford. Unless there was a good bribe involved. You just might be a good co-judge, by the way--what's your vote? Gee, you know, it sure would make my decision a lot easier to make you a judge if I only could get my hands on some of that 'Bergman's Best' brandy you were talking about. A case, pr'aps? The other categories, by the way, are Mr. Congeniality and Most Photogenic. (Koenig will probably win one of them--he'd cancel the contest if he didn't win *something*.)

Now, to comment on the Alphans I overlooked in my last letter:

Paul Morrow: He's a really great guy, even if he's a little terse sometimes. He's got a wonderful sense of humor, too. Once he arrived at my quarters, his hair and mustache neatly clipped, and dressed in 19th century clothes. When I asked him what the

Commander would think if he saw him like that, he replied, "Cathy, my dear, I don't give a damn." Sahn's lucky.

David Kano: He, too, is nice, once you get below his professional exterior. He's a genius with all things mechanical, and he has a dry humor that pops up every now and again. Like the time he hot-wired Becky Eisenhower's moon buggy to travel at no less than 200 m.p.h. without brakes! Boy, was she ever angry when she had to crash the buggy on an outcropping of rock and walk five miles back to Alpha! Lucky for Kano, though, Koenig wouldn't believe Becky's story and didn't put him on report.

Professor Victor Bergman: He's my favorite of the top brass. Besides his talent for making brandy and playing chess, he's a whiz at infuriating Maya. Once when she took an Eagle up, he greased the throttle. It was so slippery she nearly crashed into Alpha, right on the Commander's quarters. She was very relieved to find out that Koenig had slept at Helena's that night.

Now for the incidentals. Kevin Peterson--that was an excellent bio you wrote! I hope to see you--and every other MMAlphan--at the con. I'm going, whether you like it or no!

Has anyone seen *Danger UXB*? It's an interesting series, even though the episodes I've seen thus far haven't featured the former *Space:1999* stars it's supposed to have. It's suspense-filled, and I'm glad that the filmmakers didn't put an accent on the gory--no blood or parts of a body lying around after a bomb goes off. There're far too many war dramas that leave out the exciting stuff and opt for the bloody scenes.

I hope you've all recovered from the holidays, with a minimum of post-Christmas depression. I have, even after having to lug that beast of a fake cedar out of Rec Room Three. Tony and I were supposed to do it, but I did all the lugging, and he just say there and 'supervised'.

I hope all the hullabaloo has calmed over the letters written by J.R. Ewing...that is, Don Palermo. "To err is human, to forgive, divine." That kind of disruption is all I need after a long day on Alpha when Alan chews me out for not getting my Eagle assignment sheets out on time, and the Peterson kid follows me around, saluting me and calling me "Sir" and "Mrs. Chief". *Sigh*

Adieu!

DANIEL J. PALLOTTA, P.O. BOX 11123, Cleveland, OH 44111:

Catherine Conrad: related to your listing of the meanings of *Space:1999* character names (and actors' names) are the multiple meanings of some of the place names in a few episodes. For instance, Ultima Thule (*Death's Other Dominion*) means "any far-off, unknown region" or "the farthest possible point or limit". The single word Thule was also used in ancient times, in reference to "the northernmost regions of the world", and it turns out that an Eskimo settlement on the northwest coast of Greenland is named Thule. I recall once reading a short reference to Ultima Thule as the name of a "frozen paradise" which appeared in the works of a classical author, whose name I can't remember.

Arkadia, or "Arcadia" as it appears in the *Webster's New World Dictionary*, is "any place of rural peace and simplicity" (that leaves Cleveland out) and is the name of an actual region in Greece, or ancient Greece, which is described as "pastoral". Arcadia is also the name of a suburb of Los Angeles.

Favorite Dracula players? Louis Jourdan is unquestionably the best. Although he didn't play Dracula, Barry Atwater turned in an excellent performance as Janos Skorzeny in *The Night Stalker*. I'm told that Jack Palance was pretty good in the Dan Curtis television version of *Dracula*, too. Pass the garlic.

Final Note: Your theory is 100% correct.

SHERI CROWELL, 3627 43rd STREET, APT 308, MOLINE, IL, 61265:

I noticed a tendency by some to write about negative views towards past cons, or fandom in general. So, I thought I'd be different. I love the cons--they're the highlight of my summers. But not because of the stars, or the films, or the dealer's room. They're all added bonuses to me. What I love is making new friends, or being reunited with friends from past cons. So, even if no stars came, and there were no films, etc., I'd still have a great time. I give my thanks to con presidents, past, present and future, for all the time and effort and thanks to Sheila, Mary, Suzie, Dee, Cathy, Grace, George, Larry, Chris, Jean, Paula, Judy, Ann, Pat, Carol, Jane, Steve and countless others for your friendship. I miss you all!

Also, I envy all of you lucky people who get *The New Avengers* and *The Return of the Saint* in your area. I've never seen a single episode of either show!

And, if there are any *White Shadow* fans out there, I'd really love to hear from you! Thanks! That's all for now--I'll see all of you in Atlanta, finances willing!

BECKY EISENHUTH, 9873 PALMETTO, BLOOMINGTON, CA 92316:

Oh, but the trials and tribulations of a person who is trying to put a simple stage play on in the quiet comfort of Moonbase Alpha...

After getting clearance from Commander Koenig, I decided to try to give Alpha morale a boost (because we all looked like we could use it). The only problem I seemed to be having was "Where do I start?" I knew what plays to consider and I had several ideas on stage design, etc. But, I need people to try out for parts and I needed musicians. What was I going to do first? How could I get people interested? I figured, if a-ybody, I should ask Cathy Conrad. After all, she was head conspirator of The Male Beauty Contest, and she's always ready to lend a helping hand. So, I sneaked over to her quarters one night and told her of my plans. I was scared to death that she might think I was trying to out-do her idea, but she was very helpful about the whole thing and I only had to promise her ten percent of the profits.

I found my visit with Cathy very informative. She told me to go to the party that was being held in the Commander's honor that night (he just turned 50. Happy Birthday, Commander!). So, I did just that.

The party was something to behold. The Commander was surprised and touched and it was the first time I ever saw him at a loss for words. Around evening I think he was becoming a little tipsy from Tony's brand of refreshment because when I asked him about suggestions on who to get as actors, he began this odd speech in an English accent...something from a very old *Cleopatra* movie and began to giggle hysterically. Dr. Russell, who had been standing right next to him, told me to check out The Three Musketeers and pointed behind her (it was Vernon Wells, Wayne Walls, and Tod Ellsworth who were by the punch bowl, obviously thinking about mutiny. One person I was surprised not to see by the punch bowl was Jenny Orsi. You know that anyone who can drink 453 batches of Tony's concoction isn't all there...) I have to admit that Helena Russell looked truly lovely. She was wearing that same dress she wore when the Vegans took us over, and she was getting a little more than just interested glances from the male natives. I was really jealous! It's not fair that someone twenty years older than me looks twenty times better than me...

Anyway, I finally got up my nerve and walked over to The Three Musketeers. They were all very gallant and offered me all sorts of food and drink (that was the moment I knew that they did something absolutely awful to the smorgasbord--I didn't dare take a bite). I politely passed it by and asked them if they would like to try out for a part in my play. All but Vernon made a 90 degree turn and I didn't see them for the rest of the night. Vern smiled and gave me one of those 'oh, you poor kid!' looks. Oh! I hate when he does that! Later I got a few notes from the guys saying "We'll meet you on the 'casting couch'." But I'm still waiting to hear what their abilities are...*acting abilities!!*

Much later I ran into Lis Therildsen in the Alpha Kitchen. She was catering this whole shindig and I asked her what she thought of my idea. Well, I got more positive reasons from her...she stuffed carrot sticks in my mouth and shook her head back and forth, mumbling, "Get out of my kitchen". On my way out of the kitchen, I saw Sandra, Maya and Kathi Lynn Higley. I sorta wanted to avoid Kathi, but I wanted to talk to the other two ladies all night, so I approached them. Maya was all in on the idea. She knew little about putting on a play, but she was truly interested. Sahn just laughed and said, "I'll be there with bells on. Why not?" *Success!!* I then turned to Kathi who was giving me a rather evil stare. What could I do? I merely smiled and said, "How's Alan?" (turning beet red in the process! Mark Robertson, I could kill you!) She smiled evilly and said, "About as good as Vernon, Wayne, Tony and (of all people) *Jerry Redden*...but of course, you should know all that." I could have died. Are there rumors flying around that I don't know about? Who started them?!? My reputation is on the line!

After Kathi left me totally upset and slightly dizzy, Kevin Peterson came over and said, "Hey, I know you. You're that *funny* person." Now, Kevin is about the sweetest person on Alpha, so when he calls you 'funny' I figured it was in the better sense. My eyes grew wide and I launched in on the idea about the play. At that point he began to look very uncomfortable and said he was already involved with The Male Beauty Contest. I just couldn't take anymore! I only had two positive shows (Maya & Sahn) and everyone else was a probable maybe. My eyes glazed over and I yelled, "You yoga head!" (when it comes to yoga, this guy's a klutz) and I stalked off. I felt bad about it later and apologized (now I have another probable maybe. *sigh*)

Around the end of the evening, I was frantic because I had yet to talk to Tony or Alan. I wanted to ask them if they liked the idea of doing that old play *M*A*S*H* and if I did do it--would they try out for Hawkeye and Trapper John. Unfortunately, they were both at the punch bowl completely zonked. The Commander might have been tipsy, but these two were absolutely smashed and didn't hear a word I said. But, when I saw Meta Campbell, I almost choked with sudden inspiration: Who better to play Hot Lips Houlihan but a Hematologist? Now, as you all know, Meta gets a lot of ribbing because of her job, but that was the last thing on my mind. I was sincere when I asked her to try out for the part. She told me to get another play.

At about 1:30 am everyone started to file out and the last people I saw were Tod Ellsworth, George Eichler, Andrea Gualco, Karla Von Huben and Jeff Barber. Like everyone else, they took their turns at the punch bowl, and were *very* happy. I began to walk over to the, but when Andrea began to mumble witchcraft words in Italian and Eichler began to giggle uproariously at the paper doilies (I think this guy has been in Medical for too long!), I reversed my step.

Depressed, and slightly down-hearted, I returned to my quarters. My roommate is a lady by the name of Bonnie Yoman. I suppose you could call her Alpha's resident *author* and all-around realist. When I entered our quarters, she was lying in her bed dreaming sweet dreams about radiation and atomic dispersal. Uh-huh, that type of fun person. Really, though, she keeps me on the ground when I need it the most. It's suppose to be a great secret, but I think she has something going with our resident dentist, Steen Pederson. Oh, well...

So, here I am sitting on my bed, clipboard in hand, waiting for some sort of response. Yes, I am still deciding on exactly what play I want to present but now it's narrowed down to *The Odd Couple*, *M*A*S*H* and *Jerry Redden: His Life Story*. I had my heart set on doing a good musical like *Hello, Dolly!* (I asked Dr. Russell if she would consider being Dolly and the dear lady said, "Are you kidding? I'm not a singer!") or *The Sound of Music* (Jackie Crawford would have ended up playing all the child parts, and Cynthia simply would not allow it) but I didn't find enough people who would play instruments. Remember, Alphans--you have until the next edition of Command Center to tell me why you should be in the up-and-coming play. Give me all the vital statistics and all the experience you've had in the acting field and we'll see what our play will turn out to be and who stars in what part. Come on and get involved! Become famous! Imagine the pride you'll feel when people walk up to you and say, "Gee whiz, you were sure wonderful in that play!"

Now is the time. You won't be sorry that you participated.

Now, in all seriousness...About a month ago I saw *Flash Gordon* and I had a wonderful time! The movie was so packed full of fun, life and (purposely) unbelievable actors that you just had to love it. Of course, the audience helped. When Ming the Merciless appeared for the first time, there were boos and hisses throughout the entire theater. When Dale appeared there were whistles and catcalls. Then, when Flash appeared, there were many female sighs and loud cheers. Whenever anything heroic was done, everyone clapped; when Ming did something rotten, we all grumbled and fumed. Now, I'm not saying that this movie should be up for an Academy Award (except maybe for costume design--the outfits were beautiful) but if you want to have fun, I recommend that you see it when (if) it gets to your area. By the way, Vultan (the prince of the Hawkmen) was my favorite character. Brian Blessed (Mentor, Dr. Cabot Rowland) was terrific. And the guy looked as if he was having a great time doing the part. Now, on the more dismal side, I saw Martin Landau's movie *Without Warning* (about aliens who come down to Earth so that they can find humans to eat) and although Martin was good, the movie was a gory mess. He played Sergeant Fred Dobbs, a retired military man who obviously got out on a Section 8. The guy was nuts! Loony! Just plain crackers! Anyway, it was nice seeing Martin again...even though I kept my eyes closed through the entire movie (Martin must really like to do frightening movies. As I pen this, I've just learned from a friend that he's doing another blood gusher flick called *Easter Sunday*. Any clues as to when it'll appear in the theaters?) The other day I managed to sneak an episode of *UFO* and it was amazing to see the similarity between it and *Space:1999*. The first thing that caught my attention was Barry Gray's theme music. The atmosphere came second. I half expected to see some of the 1999 regulars appear. It was interesting.

To Vernon Wells: Yes, I heard about the horrid demise of *Space Report* in *Starlog*, but remember, it wasn't *Starlog* that dropped Gerry Anderson's column...it was Gerry Anderson. He seemed too busy to keep it up and can anyone blame him? The man has responsibilities. But, I agree. I will miss it and, in all honesty, *Space Report* was the sole reason why I bought *Starlog*. Let's hope this doesn't have any effect on the Tech Notebook supplement. It's been too long as it is!

To Mark Robertson: You, among others, might be interested in knowing that again we here around the L.A. area are getting 1999 again. So far the episodes we've gotten are *One Moment of Humanity*, *Seance Spectre*, *Dorvak* and first season's *Infernal Machine*. Last year's treat of receiving *Space* was heart-breaking because after all the advertising for its return, we only got to see ten episodes, then it was cut from the schedule. I immediately wrote to KTLA and told them I was a little ticked off. I wrote and wrote until they must have finally gotten tired of me. We have it back for a time at least, and I'm happy.

To Elenore Claassen: Favorite characters...*Star Trek*: Spock, Kirk, Chekov, Bones, Scotty, Sulu, Uhura. *Battlestar: Galactica*: Apollo, Adama, Starbuck, Athena. *Space:1999*: John Koenig, Helena Russell, Atan Carter, Maya, Tony Verdeschi, Sahn, Paul Morrow, Dave Reilly, Bob Mathias, Bill Fraser, Yasko, David Kano, Ben Vincent. Hope it helped.

Until next time...(thank you, Andrea) *Space:1999* amo te!

KARLA VON HUBEN, 3036 HAWTHORN #18, SAN DIEGO, CA 92104:

Friends, Romans, countrypersons (Yuck!--Shakespeare's spinning, no doubt), lend me you sympathy and support. I come to explain why I haven't written and to correct the situation forthwith! I'm back in school again, and the second quarter is much more enjoyable than that first was. In addition, I will be on the lighting crew for the 'big' show of the quarter, which is coming up at the end of this month and the beginning of the next. And, in addition to school, I've gotten a part time job. So, put together school, rehearsals, work, the lighting, thrown in one weekend per month devoted to the Marines, and you'll find that I haven't been wasting my time, I just don't have much of it.

As you can see, I've been so busy I haven't had much time to write, but I've decided to come out again for several reasons: there have been comments made I'd like to answer. I have heard something I don't like; I wanted to brag--I'm getting *Space* again; and finally, I can't stand it in here with Kathi Lynn any longer--she talks about Alan all day. If that isn't enough, she moans his name through the night! Aaargh!! I have to work for the man, and I used to think he was pretty good myself. But now I *dread* seeing him. I'm so bored hearing how wonderful he is that I'm afraid I'm going to start sabotaging minor things (like the lock on the door to the head in the hangar--it's a long walk to the next one) just to watch him handle the crisis (or screw it up). He's not dumb, though, and I certainly don't want a bad Fitness Report, so I only did that once. Poor man, it's not his fault that he's so attractive to what seems like an overwhelming number of women on this base (I'm just tired of hearing it all the time!). *Maybe* I should put the lock on Kathi's mouth, instead. Though she's been a good roommate, and I have--sort of--enjoyed it. It is good to get out of here, though! (Next time, I hope I have a good-looking guy in here!)

Things certainly haven't changed much: the commander looks harassed, Dr. Russell does her best to keep us all functioning, especially him, Tony's still brewing that garbage and calling it beer, Maya's a model of efficiency--except when she gets the giggles and transforms into an endless succession of weird creatures 'just for fun'! In short, life's as normal as it can be on Alpha, and it's nice to be back.

To Don Palermo: Are we related? You're just like me--you feel strongly about something, rush to put it on paper, mail it off and only then realize that other people might not like what you've said. Where did you hide this time? Are you recovering? I may not agree with what you say, but life's certainly not dull with you here.

Oh, I *love* the ST-TMP music. The movie is a bit--ah--slow-moving, shall we say, in places, but I really enjoyed it in spite of that. Although I'd like to have seen Shatner let go a little more when he first saw the *Enterprise* again. Manly reserve and all that male macho B.S. really got in the way. I was crying--why did he feel so little? It's not my ship, after all.

To Sandy Doyle: Did Maya ever succeed in transforming into a unicorn? And give Rachael my love--tell her I hope to see her in Atlanta. After all, we creatures of the night must stick together. Speaking of which...

To Catherine Conrad: Listen, toots, *nobody* does *anything* better than Frank Langella! And that's all I've got to say on the subject, because when I get started on that man, I write books, not letters. I'll be happy to debate with you about him vs. anybody else, but you're gonna lose. He's IT, as far as I'm concerned. (Are you listening, Meta?) But given the fact that we don't have Frankie on Alpha--except for that almost worn out print of *Dracula*--I'll have to admit that your Male Beauty Contest has possibilities, and I'd love to help you judge it. Did you decide whether or not we're going to have a swimsuit contest? Talent--HA!--contest? Tuxedo competition? Ah, the mind boggles...

To Kevin Peterson: I *am* an all-around likeable girl. Intelligent, good-looking, a crack Eagle pilot and humble, too! Seriously, thanks for the compliment--I hope you'll be at the con, and I can put a face with the name.

To Elenore Claassen: Favorite characters? *Star Trek* belongs to Mr. Spock completely; BSG, I'm torn between Starbuck, Apollo, Tigh, and Boomer about equally. Starbuck has the edge, but as I see the show again, that may change. 1999: Morrow & Carter & Bergman--another split, with no resolution in sight. *Buck Rogers*: Last year Buck, now Hawk! (more on this later). *UFO*: Cmdr. Straker slightly ahead of Capt. Waterman, with Foster a close third. *Galactica 1980*: YUCK!! *Logan's Run*: Francis and Rem.

As I reread the above, it's obvious that the shows reflect some very fine ensemble acting. Each character/actor dominated at times, at other times someone else took over. It's really a credit to them that they could sustain such balance and interest during the shows. The only exceptions seem to be the aliens, and I think they fascinate me because they *are* aliens (or evil--Francis--or an android.)

To Ron Butler: Channel 9, LA, ran three episodes of *UFO* recently, even though one started about ten minutes into the story--basketball *had* to finish first, of course. I taped them on Beta I format, and I would be willing to lend them to you. So you can dupe them to run at the con, *if* 1) you promise me faithfully I'll get them back reasonably quickly, in good shape; and 2) you *can* dupe Beta I. Let me know how you'd like to handle it, then we can give Don his heart's desire, and maybe he'll leave us alone for an ish or two.

I've also got lots of tapes of *Space*, mostly from WGN Channel 9 Chicago, but some from KETV-6 San Diego, which took it off again, blast them; and KTLA Channel 5 Los Angeles, which hasn't, bless *them*. Of course, it's on midnight Monday, but it's on. And they're running both Year One and Year Two episodes, in no particular order. So perhaps I have one that you or someone else is missing. I'd like to have *Guardian of Piri* and *Full Circle*, so if anyone has them, please tell me. But remember, I'm clunking along on Beta I.

Wouldn't you love, just once, to see this on the tube: *WE WILL DELAY THE START OF THE FOOTBALL GAME IN ORDER THAT WE MAY FINISH THE SYMPHONY BROADCAST*.

To my fellow Alphans: *Buck* is back, and I, for one, think the show may finally live up to its potential. The best thing about it, of course, is Hawk. He's fascinating, mysterious, sexy, *glamorous*...a word not much used today. Anybody know anything about Thom Christopher? My bet is that he's come from the stage. He moves well, and he has a super speaking voice. He might save the show. I don't know how it's doing in the ratings, but I suspect he'll pick it up greatly. I also approve the other changes. I like Dr. Goodfellow very much, and the more mature relationship between Buck and Wilma is welcome. Twiki's voice is *much* better, and Admiral Asimov is very believable. In fact, I have only two negatives: I wish Creighton would blow a diode and I think putting the women in short skirts is a giant step backwards. If there's a more uncomfortable outfit than panty hose, mini-skirt and high heels, I have yet to discover it. This is surely NOT a practical solution to space travel (of course, it's in there to put a bit of jiggle into what is, essentially, a jiggle-less show). But on the whole, I like the show very much, and intend to write to NBC to tell them so. If you'd like to join me to support a show that's still on the air (for a change) try: NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY 10020. Attn: Programming Director. LET'S KEEP THIS ONE ONE, INSTEAD OF FIGHTING TO REVIVE IT AFTER IT'S CANCELLED!

And my final comment for this ish is the one that's probably going to cause a lot of trouble, but I'm getting used to that. Here goes: I hear rumors, rumblings, whatever--and please keep in mind that they are only rumors--that we should consider trying to

bring different guests to the cons, as if the people we love and invite over and over are somehow becoming 'old hat'. I disagree completely that we should go for stars from other shows, if in fact that is being considered. We say we are loyal to *Space* and its people. Have we ever considered the amazing amount of loyalty these same people have shown to us? We somehow have come to believe that because we don't see them any more, 'our' stars have suddenly quit the business and taken to growing flowers or something. Nothing could be further from the truth. Prentis Hancock, Nick Tate, Dave Prowse, Martin Landau, Anton Phillips, Clifton Jones--all our actors are busy and working. And Barry Gray is composing music for a number of projects, and is fairly regularly conducting concerts in London. He conducted one at which the Queen Mother was present! My point is that each and every one of these people is willing to put aside *their* projects to come to *our* con. Three of them--Prentis Hancock, Barry Gray and Dave Prowse, are especially anxious to be invited; further, both Mr. Hancock and Mr. Gray have said they *will not* take a job if it conflicts with the con, an unheard-of thing in this frequently lousy business. If they are willing to do that for us, can we do any less? Oh, sure, I'd like to get a chance to talk to Gil Gerard, Thom Christopher, Dirk Benedict, etc. But for heaven's sake, let's get our priorities straight. We've hurt some of these people badly--let's not do it again. And let's also *all* get our memberships in ASAP, so that we *don't* have a repeat of last year's disgrace, in which we had to send telegrams to two guests literally at the last minute to tell them we couldn't afford to bring them over. Both took it very hard. They were very hurt--wouldn't you be?--but (from what I hear) one is still willing to support the Alliance. We may have lost the other for good.

So, please, do some hard thinking about the Alliance, the show and the con, and what they all mean to us. And then let's get together to show these people that they mean as much to us as we do to them.

That's it (thank God, they're all saying) for now. Keep well and remember, 1999 Lives!

P.S. to Mare Fitzgerald: I saw the Ron Ely *Doc Savage* movie and loved it! It was one of the few deliberately campy things I've seen that worked. Delightful.

VERNON WELLS, ROUTE 1, BOX 150, UNION LEVEL, VA 23973:

Mare Fitzgerald: I think I am one exception to your "out of sight, out of mind" rule. *Space:1999* hasn't recently been out of sight for me; I haven't seen an episode in over four years! I almost think it would take an act of Congress to get it in my receiving area, so I doubt if I will see one any time soon. But I haven't stopped liking it one bit. I have audio tapes of most of Year Two, but it really can't replace the real thing. Thanks to a generous pen pal (are you listening, Andrea?) I was able to get an excellent collection of Year One and Two photos. Anyway, my enthusiasm has not diminished very much, even if it has been 'out of sight'. I found *Star Wars* an interesting substitute, but, all things considered, it didn't quite measure up to *Space*. I won't even mention BSG and BR in comparison.

Speaking of BR, did anyone see its recent attempt at SF? I am referring to its attempt to rip off *Space's* *Bringers of Wonder*. It changed the story slightly; Buck is sick with a disease and he sees peace ambassadors as aliens. Of course, no one else does. These aliens had a goal of a most important military base and Buck saves the day. Sound familiar? The aliens looked like cheap versions of the Creature from the Black Lagoon. The idiotic all-knowing robot (cost - \$1.98) is a terrible attempt at humor, and it is in no way as good as the story in Asimov's *I, Robot*. I was ashamed of what this episode is doing to SF. The premiere episode may have been satisfactory, but this is too much--really! If anyone out there enjoyed the episode, I hope I haven't offended you. I am just voicing an opinion.

Kevin Peterson: I see you have been holding out on us. Well, you had better expect a visit from me very soon. Locking your quarters will do no good, because when I really want to get in, I won't mind removing an access panel to get to the circuitry! If you wouldn't mind, I will come ready to microfilm. Boy, you think you know a guy, and he turns out to 'suddenly' have a gold mine of books! I might help you with the Glideflight chamber's environmental controls, but I better not get any more surprises.

Kathi Lynn Higley: I'm sorry I played the 'blabbermouth', but I really could not resist this one. Besides, I was curious and I don't ask those kinds of questions. Usually, I am a rather quiet scientist, (are you listening, Becky?) but sometime I have lapses.

Catherine Conrad: I have a great idea for the grand prize! I am sure all my fellow entrants would love it. How about Maya turning into Bo Derek for about an hour and the winner gets to meet her in a hot tub. Head of Security, Tony, would overlook to keep the 'festivities' from getting too much out of hand. (I am sure we couldn't keep him away). That's if Tony doesn't win, of course. I suppose it is rather improbable, but oh, what potential!

I recently found a way to make a delicious version of Tony's beer. I may let him have a glass, but nothing more. I had been reviewing my chemistry and discovered a fairly complex way to take the poison out of his beer. After many attempts resulting in even worse beer (yes, it is possible), I was successful. I can control the alcohol content from 0% to about 15%, but I am not much of a drinker and I think it is tastier at about 1.8%. I have to call it "Ambrosia" because it is the nearest thing to it I've ever tasted. (Medically safe, too) I realize my announcing this will prove hazardous to my health, but I have to go to the research lab several kilometers away, anyway, so I and a friend won't be bothered with ~~but/why/K/~~ too many new friends. I may provide limited quantities for everyone, but it is very hard to make.

Becky Eisenhuth: I just couldn't safely ignore your accusations, so I am taking the bait. (If I do well, do I stand a better chance at Cathy's contest?) My constant switching from section to section naturally caused me to meet a lot of people; since I never was assigned for long, I learned to make friends fast. Don't you know scientists get lonely, too? Even morose--ever try to talk to a circuit? Also, how do you think I keep from becoming a mad scientist on my free time? I guess I am the shy type that sometimes forms relationships too quickly and maybe too intensely. Somehow I must've got your 'informant' mad at me in some way, but I can't recall how. I will be kind enough not to let Kathi know that roots and interior arrangement bull is not what Alan told me, but I won't blab what he said. I don't mind your friend spreading rumors about me because I know those who know me won't be influenced by them, but I would hate to have a false reputation. Had I taught Alan anything, it would not be how he operates. He has a few close girlfriends, but it appears to me that some persons (no names of course) seem to be swooning over him. But, funny, he does not seem to notice. In fact, he seems to have taken the attitude of ignoring some of them and hoping they will go away. I think that is terrible and now way to graciously end a relationship! A girl in every section!?! Hardly, but is it a crime to have close friends? You talk as if I were one of the *Bringers of Wonder*! Certainly not!!! That reminds me of a classic SF story by C.L. Moore, *Shambleau*. If you would like to read it, come by sometime with your bottle of Tony's beer and read it. And after I have disproved your friend's accusations, I may let you have some of my Ambrosia. (You can't blame me for trying, can you? Besides, I won't put up with slander!) Also, you have to watch us quiet ones--we're always thinking.

I'm looking for volunteers from medical section to help me with a project similar to "Tanking" of the early '80's. The low gravity should really enhance the effect of neutralization of senses and enhance the effect. Drop your names in my suggestion box, please. When I'm through, I may have the perfect way to keep morale up.

In the last five months, I have almost complete another project--a simulator of sports cars. I have it programmed for a Ferrari and it responds perfectly, from the roar of the engine to the movements of the simulator to simulate acceleration and turns. I have it ready for a race track or a winding country road. With a blower to simulate a breeze, it should be perfect. I will set it up in Rec. The visuals are so well done that they seem 3D. Have fun, everybody! I guess that's all for now. Ciao!

SPACE:1999 TRIVIA QUIZ

by Charlie McEvoy

- 1) What was the Eagle number in *All That Glisters*?
- 2) In *Breakaway*, what was the name of the new planet?
- 3) What powered Voyager?
- 4) In what quadrant was the Dorcon ship?
- 5) What was the computer's name in *The Metamorph*?
- 6) In which episode did Lon Satton star? Character's name?
- 7) When Alpha went through the space warp, how many light years did they travel?
- 8) Where was Balor found?
- 9) Who was the commander of the Darians?
- 10) Who discovered Ultra?
- 11) What was the speed and range of Captain Zantor's ship?
- 12) In *All That Glisters*, what color meant death?
- 13) How old was the brandy Bergman had in *Black Sun*? How long did he save it?
- 14) In *Death's Other Dominion*, how long did they have to travel west to get to the signal's origin?
- 15) What launch pad did Cellimetry to steal an Eagle from?
- 16) What was the "star" in *A Matter of Balance*?
- 17) In *Devil's Planet*, what was the first thing which gave out in Eagle 1?
- 18) In *Bringers of Wonder*, Pt. 1, what was the distance of the Super Swift?
- 19) In *Beta Cloud*, Helena sent who to Corridor B?
- 20) In *Seance Spectre*, Helena reduced surface exploration time to what?

~ advertisements ~

THE FAN FUND: The following is a new photo list from the Fan Fund, and is just a tiny example of what the Fan Fund has to offer. For a full Fan Fund listing, send a business sized self addressed stamped envelope (Canada, self-addressed envelope and 20¢; overseas, four International Reply Coupons) to: The 1999 Fan Fund, c/o Mary Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, MA 02128.

PHOTOS: Color 3X5 photos, 75¢ each plus 15¢ postage for orders of 1-6 photos, 50¢ postage for orders of six or more. (Please allow at least six weeks for delivery)

- A1) TONY, holding unconscious MAYA, Eagle set, posed publicity shot, medium closeup.
- A2) MAYA, half crouch in hatchway of burning Eagle cockpit, full length, posed publicity still.
- A3) MAYA, full face, distressed expression, bending over unconscious TONY on Eagle set, posed publicity shot.
- A4) MAYA, 3/4 profile, at Command Center station, med closeup.
- A5) TONY & ALAN holding onto either arm of hostile alien, 1/2 shot, posed publicity
- A6) MAYA, portrait shot from *The Metamorph*, 3/4 profile, full closeup.
- A7) MAYA, TONY, KATE & ALAN (seated) in Command Center from *Journey to Where*.
- A8) ALAN, w/laser rifle raised, nova background, medium closeup.
- A9) HELENA, ANNETTE FRASER (sitting up on medibed) and BOB MATHIAS (back to camera) in Medical Center from *The Metamorph*.
- A10) MAYA/SAHALA (*Jill Townsend*) holding laser gun on HELENA in Croton ship from *Dorzak*, full length.
- A11) KOENIG & HELENA on Swift, 3/4 shot from *Brian the Brain*.
- A12) PAUL MORROW, SANDRA BENES, HELENA RUSSELL, ALAN CARTER & JOHN KOENIG (Year One) standing in Eagle doorway, portrait shot.
- A13) HELENA RUSSELL crouched by orange pool, 3/4 profile (*A Matter of Life & Death*)
- A14) JOHN KOENIG & HELENA RUSSELL, bent over unconscious PAUL MORROW, med shot (*A Matter of Life & Death*)
- A15) JOHN KOENIG crashing through glass of Weapons Section (Year Two), posed publicity shot.

The Fan Fund also has the paperback novelizations of the first season books (with the exception of *The Phoenix of Megaron*) and the second season books *Planets of Peril* (#1) and *The Space Jackers* (#3) for \$1.25 plus 50¢ postage per title (overseas \$1.25 postage per title). Also available are the British editions of *Collision Course*, *Lunar Attack*, *Astral Quest*, *Planets of Peril*, *The Time Fighters*, *The Space Jackers*, *The Psychomorph* and *Mindbreaks of Space* for \$2.50 plus 50¢ postage per title (overseas \$1.25 postage per title) All books are in used and slightly worn condition.

WANTED: British paperbacks *Bionic Woman* "Double Identity"; *The Six Million Dollar Man* "Solid Gold Kidnapping", "Rescue of Athena One", "Secret of Bigfoot"; *Space:1999* Year One #2 and Year Two #6. Any and all of the Gerry Anderson annuals, including *Space:1999* *Star Wars* bubblegum sticker set, Canadian series #1 & 2 and American series #2 & 3. The complete Canadian edition set of cards and stickers for the first and second set of the *Empire* series. Paperbacks: "The Three Musketeers" by Alexandre Dumas, "Elizabeth R" by Rosemary Sisson and "Edward & Mrs. Simpson" For further information, write to: Ms. Elenore Claassen, 1740-47 Ave SW, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2T 2S2.

FOR SALE: Get your favorite *Space:1999* episodes on either cassette, 8-track, or even reel-to-reel. For a complete list, send a SASE to: Steven Reder, 11507 Preble Co. Line Rd., Brookville, OH 45309. KANO LIVES.

ALPHA QUARTERLY: A new, independent publication focusing on interpretation, analysis and discussion of the science fiction themes and dramatic aspects of *Space:1999*. For further information and a free copy of AQ number one, send SASE or equivalent to ALPHA QUARTERLY, c/o Daniel J. Pallotta, P.O. Box 11123, Cleveland OH 44111 U.S.A.

THE PRENTIS HANCOCK FAN CLUB: Membership includes card, quarterly *Communiqué* newsletter, club binder with full color insert, bio and credits sheet. \$5.00/U.S. & Canada, \$6.00 overseas (U.S. Funds only). For more info, send self-addressed stamped envelope to: 123 Fawn Valley Drive, McMurray, PA 15317.

THE BRITISH NICK TATE FAN CLUB: Official fan club for Nick Tate (Alan Carter). For more information, send S.A.E. (U.K.) or two International Reply Coupons to: 69 Francis Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 6LT, England.

THE SPRINGFIELD SPACE:1999 CLUB: Membership includes subscription to *Alpha Log* newsletter and more. For more info, send S.A.S.E. to: Chris Landry, 12 Maplewood Terrace, Springfield, MA 01108.

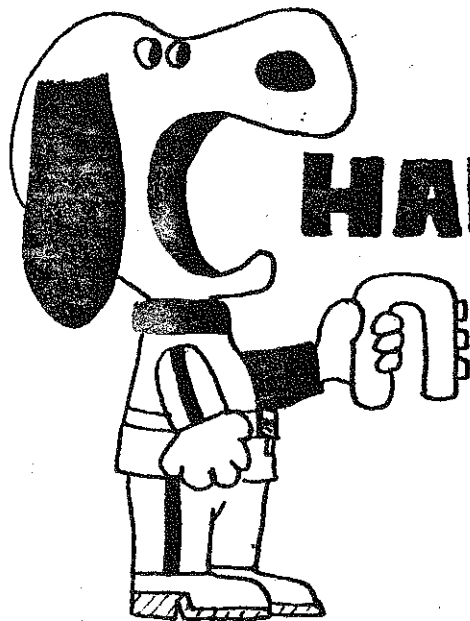
ALPHA NEWSLETTER: 1999 fandom's first and oldest newsletter. For more information, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Steve Eramo, 5 Kimball Dr., Stoneham, MA 02180.

ANSWERS: 1) Eagle 4; 2) Meta; 3) Queller Drive; 4) West; 5) Psyche; 6) *Breakaway*, Ben Ouma; 7) Five light years; 8) asteroid; 9) Neman; 10) Victor Bergman; 11) speed 3.72, range 4903; 12) red; 13) 60 years, 10 years; 14) twenty minutes; 15) Launch Pad 4; 16) 19 pentares; 17) main drive; 18) 90,210,000 miles; 19) Jerry, an orderly; 20) three weeks.

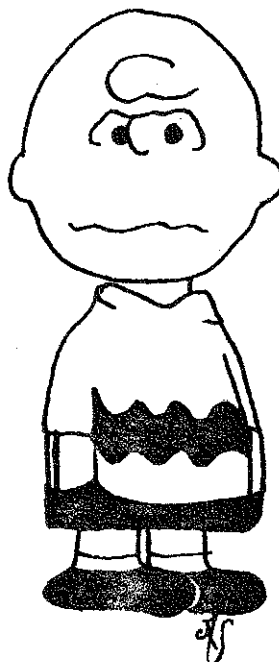
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HALT!



Good Grief!
Last week he
was Capt. Kirk.
What next?

Command Center
Jan/Feb '81

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