

COMMAND CENTER

First, the good news: we have our Vice-President back! As of the first of August, Gail Paradis has moved back from Pennsylvania to Providence, Rhode Island, and will once again wield a mean stapler with the rest of us. Welcome back, Gail.

Now the bad news: The response to the Memory Books was, to say the least, a bit disappointing. One Memory Book organizer received only five contributions from our members. To their credit, the organizers of these books put forth a special effort, filling the books with much of their own material, and all the recipients at the convention, Nick Tate, Prentis Hancock and Anton Phillips were genuinely pleased and touched to receive such tangible evidence of 1999 fans' loyalty. Unfortunately circumstances prevented Prentis and Anton from being present at the MMA meeting where the books were to be presented to them, but Nick was able to attend for part of the meeting so that the MMA members in attendance were able to share in the presentation of his memory book. We've been asked to convey to everyone who contributed who could not be there Anton, Prentis and Nick's warmest thanks and appreciation.

Down to business. The merger that was discussed at the joint MMA/Alpha Newsletter/Eagle:1 meeting is still being discussed. Right now, the problems still outweigh the advantages, and since it is you, the 1999 fan and club member/newsletter subscriber that will be affected, we're asking you to help us make the decision. For those members who were not able to attend the meeting/convention, the subject of combining Main Mission Alpha, Alpha Newsletter and Eagle:1 was brought up, but no definite decision was made. To help us, please fill out the enclosed questionnaire and return to us by the end of September. Feel free to accompany this form with a separate sheet if you have any comments or opinions that you feel need clarifying and explanation. Remember, you are the club, so let us hear from you today!

The following is an open letter from Mare Fitzgerald, chairman of the 1979 Pittsburgh SPACE:1999 Convention:

Dear SPACE:1999 Fan Club Members:

Con '79 is over and I'm wondering what the 'reviews' will be. I'm not certain of the final reaction, so before I hear all of you, I'd like to tell you my own feelings.

From a financial standpoint, Con '79 was a success. The amount of profit can't be given until the hotel bill comes in, but we will, I'm almost positive, be clear. From the Charity Auction alone, we raised \$5200 for Pittsburgh Children's Hospital.

Now, has the con done any good for fandom? It was a small convention and we didn't have national news people pounding at the door. We did have some excellent local coverage including a front page story in the major Monday morning paper, but it will take more than centralized coverage to get the recognition we ultimately need. You can all help by notifying your local papers, etc., of our con, and telling them about our achievements. This is as important now as it was before the con.

As for con activities, we had 1999 episodes on film, several other Anderson series and movies and plenty of things to buy from a well-stocked dealers' room. The artshow was fantastic, to say the least. Chuck Raue did a super job gathering items for the auction. One of my few disappointments was that our guest stars didn't get to do their second lectures on Sunday, but they were all terrific about playing auctioneer. The costume call was breathtaking with the spotlights taking a turn on each expertly detailed entry and the 1999 theme music playing softly in the background. Our stars labored over their final choices the way I've seldom seen anyone before make a decision.

For the stars I must say a special word. Yes, we were all disappointed at some last minute cancellations. (Gerry Anderson's new film kept him away; Zienia Merton and Barry Morse had work preventing their attendance. We never received direct word from Tony Anholt and though I called the Landau's agent many times, could not get a final word from them.) But our attending stars, Nick Tate, Prentis Hancock, Anton Phillips and Barry Gray were each so special there was no lack of enthusiasm from the fans. Most of us met Nick and Barry last year and it was like a reunion with old friends. Because of the deplorable amount of publicity they're been given by ITC, we knew very little about Prentis and Anton. I wish the PR people from 1999 had had the good sense to let us get to know these two wonderful people while the series was in production. Both are similar to the characters they played, yet there is much more besides. Anton is warm and friendly and enthusiastic, and his caring and honesty are particularly striking. Anton's only request was to go shopping for some genuine American sneakers! Prentis is quiet and reserved at first, yet his gentleness and thoughtfulness are always apparent. You haven't lived until you've heard him tell you he's from Glasgow! And watch closely or you'll miss the most delightful sense of humor accompanied by an impish twinkle in his eyes. I hope everyone got a chance to see Prentis' honest-to-goodness-for-real-official commlock which he had used in the series.

Remembering these things now makes me sad for all who missed Con '79 for whatever reasons. I know there are some who simply could not afford the trip or who are too young to come alone and I wish, how I wish, I could have brought you all there.

I must address a part of fandom now which, I am sorry to say, seems to be growing. I refer to those who expect the Alliance and/or 1999 fan clubs to do everything for them. I've heard every excuse imaginable about why people couldn't get to Pittsburgh. Some said it was too far, some said the hotel was too expensive, some said they didn't think Pittsburgh was a good con location (talk about pre-judging!). All Alliance members were informed of the con location and costs last October. That was more than sufficient time to start saving up. The con registration rates were purposely kept the same as last year to help offset all the other costs rising with inflation. We've had some complaints about no rooming service. Several MAIN COMPUTERS ago, we asked those who needed rides or wanted to share rooms to write to their Section

Reps. At most, the Reps received around five inquiries on these subjects. Our newsletters do no good if you don't read them. This is all a part of an apathy spreading in 1999 fandom. Has it come down to our all needing to be taken by the hand and led? What has become of the "we can do anything" spirit of 1999? I wonder sometimes if all the frustration and aggravation are worth it. Then I put on a video cassette of 1999 and, believe me, it is worth it! I've said before that I don't honestly believe we will see a third season. But that doesn't hurt as much as knowing that people once so dedicated to the ideals of 1999 could now care less. At Con '79, a core group of 1999 fans came together and I believe this group can become a strong framework for many important future attitudes. I'm not talking strictly of 1999 now; I'm also referring to the state of our world in general. I'm asking you all to join us and give a damn! When it comes right down to the bottom line, SPACE:1999 isn't all that important. What is important is that people who once cared so deeply for good and worthy ideals are slipping into mindless apathy. Maybe I misunderstand. Has it all simply come down to 1999's magic fading away? Shall we let Alpha die gracefully now? And what about the actors of 1999? If you want to see more of them you've going to have to start letting people know. If you see them in a series or a movie, write to the producers and tell them you enjoyed them and want to see more. All of the actors have so much more to offer; let's not let them down.

Jeff, Kathy, John and I and several others will be putting our views on the table and getting the new year rolling. We care about the Alliance and we'll give 200% of ourselves to make the new year better and more productive. But we can't do anything significant without all of you. We either all pull together or we forget the whole thing, it's that simple. I'd like each of you to take another look at 1999. Do you believe in it? Is it worthwhile to you? If you can feel the magic, then please tell us and help us. If you don't care, tell us why.

I don't want to sound pessimistic in this letter because Con '79 was anything but that. We shared love and friendship and dreams and ideas and laughter and tears. We all grew and learned and I, for one, will never forget it. Many thanks to all of you who were there and those who supported it. Now let's get to work again!

As of September 1, Kathy and John Von Kamp are presidents of the Alliance. All general inquiries should be addressed to them at 86 First St., New London, OH 44851. Renewal announcements will be mailed around the end of August. Please do not send any dues payments until you receive your notice. New members may send a SASE for full details.

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NEWS SHORTS:
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Martin Landau in ABC-TV film AMUSEMENT PARK, filmed in Norfolk, VA, with Mike Connors; filming THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER. Nick Tate currently on tour with "Winter's Journey", a play by Clifford Odets. Prentis Hancock filming a new 13-week series COP. Anton Phillips hosting a children's program YOU & ME on the BBC. Zienia Merton just finished a BBC documentary, currently filming in Germany. Tony Anholt currently appearing in London in the highly acclaimed "Bedroom Farce". Clifton Jones filming in Scotland the beginning of September. Gerry Anderson currently at work on his newest and biggest project yet, a feature film called FIVE STAR FIVE.

(Thanks to Anne Smith and Steve Eramo for the above information)

PITTCON I
(or, "Show Me the Way to the Con!")
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by Deb Walsh

It was a dark and stormy night. (How many a great tale had begun that way?) Yup, it was definitely dark (I forgot my Wookiee bear!), and as lightning knifed through the fog-bound sky, I knew for a fact that it definitely stormy. Boston was lost in the swirling mists that threatened to envelope the very winged chariot I was--uh, well, my imagination seems to be getting the better of me, even if I'm not getting the better of it. Yeah, it was definitely dark and stormy that night.

Needless to say, my journey to Pittsburgh in July, 1979 did not start out well, and things were destined to go downhill. Not only was my plane grounded due to fog, but when we finally did arrive in Pitt International there were no porters in sight, the cabs and busses wouldn't come into the airport, and I had 200 pounds of fanzines to carry the three blocks to the next available bus. What seemed like two hours later, I made it. to the bus, and was soon on my way to the William Penn Hotel, sporting arm muscles strangely similar to Lou Ferrigno's. It was going to be a great weekend.

By the time I reached the hotel, I felt I must look terribly like Maya's hag in THE TAYBOR, and much to my chagrin, those waiting for me picked me right out. My ego was on a downward slump. Patiently, Sue Ginter guided me to the desk, where a senile, doddering old desk clerk told me I couldn't register because I didn't have proper ID--I'd only lived in the Boston area for a year and a half. What did he expect--blood? Finally, we convinced him that I was indeed who I said I was (not the only mistaken identification that weekend), and, key in hand, we struggled up to the fifteenth floor.

After collapsing under the weight of the zines, Judy Moore, Sue and the rest of the gang nearly carried me to the party in progress down the hall. Not very much to my surprise, only Steve Eramo recognized me. Travelling incognito (I'd lost 80 pounds since my last con), I had to introduce myself to some of my best friends, all of whom I'd met before. Hmm. Then there were the "You're not Debbie Walsh, she's not coming," lines, deteriorating into "So you're Debbie Walsh," and "Where's my zine?" chants. At that moment, I knew I was going to be a long weekend, and I waited nervously for the tar and feathers to be hauled out.

They never showed. But nearly everyone else I'd met through the zine did, and during the next few days, I got to meet and get to know a lot of them.

I think the highlight of the con was the many parties I somehow found myself at. At nearly each one of

them, my friends waited anxiously for me to pounce on Prentis Hancock. Forcing myself to keep my tongue in my mouth (and off the floor--very unsanitary!), and my hands to myself, I got through the weekend with little embarrassment to me, or my 'heartthrob'. For the benefit of Steve, I did stage a rather bizarre little number as Prentis and Anton rounded a corner, but it was all in fun, and I knew if I didn't do something strange, the con just wouldn't be complete for Steve. (Right, Stefan?) But, it was really a thrill to finally talk to Mr. Hancock, and I was pleased that my yoga training paid off so well in my extreme self-control.

As usual, I never made it to any of the speeches or films, although I did sit in on the MMA/Alpha Newsletter/Eagle:1 get-together. It was disappointing to see how few people showed up, not only at the meeting, but at the con in general. I'd heard about the massive crowds the year before, and I was expecting standing room only. Where was everybody? Nick was necessarily forceful during his talk on the survival of clubs in the U.S., and several good ideas were generated during the session. During various friendly get-togethers (read: passing in the night), some other good ideas came to light, like the '99 Fan Fund we're planning (you all will contribute, won't you? And we're all going to work together to make next year's con a real success, aren't we?)

Actually, the '79 '99 con ranks up among my top four, August Party '76 (Nick's first con), T'Con '78, and Creation Con, Feb '79. Like those cons, the art show was beautifully done, although the level of creativity seemed much higher. I can honestly say I'd never seen such a collection of pure talent in one room (where were you all when I needed art for Moonbeam #5/6?). One of the nicest things, following the announcement of the art show winners at the costume call, was the super reaction we got from the desk clerks on duty that evening (not the same ones from Friday!) When we went down to get the keys to the art room, the clerks were so excited about the art we were holding, one of the men came back up with us, and spent the next 30-45 minutes carefully examining the entries, and oohing and ahing over each one. In contrast to the generally crummy treatment by the hotel in general, he was absolutely gracious, and there wasn't one word about us all being weird. (About time!)

I missed the banquet, due to extreme poverty beyond my control. I think we were all getting a little edgy by the time the costume call finally got underway, and I hope next year there will be some more time between the two events. Perhaps the banquet can be held Friday night, instead, so everyone has time to change for the costume call without delaying everyone's evening. Anyway, the costume call is one that should go down in history. Not a single Captain Kirk in sight! The costumes were extraordinary, beautifully crafted, and carefully done. Especially one of the Servants of the Guardian. When someone said Marilea was being taped into her costume, I didn't realize just how literally they meant it! The real high point of the call was the California Delegation (Plus 1) and especially Judy Moore's Maya. Ron Butler's environmental suit won best costume overall, and he richly deserved it. But everyone had obviously put a lot of time and care into their costumes, and I wouldn't have wanted to be the judges for anything. No wonder they took so long!

Of course, I'd forgotten my camera, so I was running around asking people to take pictures for me. I'm going to go broke when everyone gets their pictures back...One more comment on the costume call. I hope next year's is run a little more quickly, and the emcee reads his cues beforehand. Some of the mess-ups were cute, but the overall length of the call was a bit much. (Maybe someone should have awakened Jeff beforehand? He looked kind of tired--weren't we all?)

For those who were at the con, you've probably heard about my experiences at the Charity Auction. You'll excuse me if I don't expound on it here, but suffice it to say, it was fun, and I'll probably do the same thing next year--with my own money, this time (has Sue recovered yet?). And especially if ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE goes up for bid. Be forewarned, fellow fans--I want that script! And next year, I'll definitely prove to Nick Tate that I am indeed certifiable!

As always, the last day of the convention was devastating. I didn't want to leave, and seriously considered calling in sick for Monday so I could stick around. Everyone's at the weirdest on Sunday (no sleep), and it's the best time to be at a con. Unfortunately, bankruptcy and wanting to keep my job forced me to leave, so I ran around for an hour trying to say goodbye to everyone. After hugs, kisses, promises of "Yes, I'll write," and threats of people coming to get me if I drop out again, I finally made it to the bus.

The bus. Ah, yes. There were about eight of us from the con on the bus, and we re-christened it the "Spacecon Express". Well, the Spacecon part was accurate, anyway. As we all babbled on about the week-ended's experiences, we mapped out our convergence on...Columbus? Is that true? Omigosh! Amid farewells, "I promise I'll write" (I'm going to be sued for breach of contract!) and "See you in Columbus!" we went our separate ways in Pitt International, each of us planning our attack on East Overshoe in 1980. And that's where I'll see you all, so til then, keep those Eagles flying!

command conference

Larry McIrvin, 51 Main Street, Oceanport, NJ 07757:

My bus arrived in Pittsburgh around 6:15 am Friday. I checked into my room around 7:00 and watched TV for about twenty minutes before deciding to go back down to the lobby to see if any other fans were checking in. I met quite a few. We talked for quite a while about everything from SPACE to beer! Around 10:00, we all went up to the 17th floor and ran into more fans--and Nick! He was presented with his "Captain Animal Carter" Muppet and I was sure to get some pictures of that!

When the con started noon Friday, I was everywhere! I was really pleased seeing all of the stars. They were all so friendly. Prentis was the first one I had the opportunity to talk with. I was talking to him about his part in THE NEW AVENGERS, and he told me he really enjoyed getting 'knocked out' by Joanna Lumley. (Who wouldn't?) Anton was great, and he never did get knocked out by Nick in MISSING LINK. He only grazed his chin! Stories sure get distorted coming over from England! And no, Anton doesn't mind playing doctors! Nick was a lot of fun. I really got a kick out of his "Keep Australia Beautiful--Don't Go Back" T-shirt. I told Nick that I had seen him in THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN, and he told me that most people never noticed him! Barry was a really friendly guy. It was great talking to him about his music, and everyone is hoping he'll score Gerry Anderson's new film, FIVE STAR FIVE.

The costume call was great. I came as Jor-El, Superman's father. I was hoping someone would come as my son! The stars (and the audience) really got a kick out of it when I used them as the Kryptonian villains. Barry really hammed it up. I'd talked with him before the contest and he really got into General Zod. I couldn't believe I'd won! I was a real idiot and took my costume off, but I ran back to my room and put it on again in five seconds flat! I won second in the skit category, and I came in third in the SF category. There sure were a lot of great costumes.

The auction was great, especially when Nick was the auctioneer. Just about all the bids were out of my league, but I was glad to hear we raised over \$5000 for the Children's Hospital.

I was sorry the con was over on Sunday evening. I said goodbye to the stars and all the people I'd met, and I can hardly wait until next year! 1999 Lives!

Kathy Lynn Higley, 354 Hewitt Rd, Mystic, CT 06355:

In response to Judy Moore's idea in last Command Conference, here's MY Alphan biography:

Althought to the unsuspecting eye I appear to be an evil-tempered, foul-mouthed, twenty-four year old female pipehanger at Electric Boat (they build the nation's submarines--I'm currently incarcerated in the bowels of a Trident sub, but only bodily; my mind is elsewhere, as the following shows...) in reality, I am a trusted member of Moonbase Alpha's reconnaissance section. As co-pilot of Eagle Twelve, I don't have a heckuva lot to do (as anyone who's watched the show knows--it's always Eagle One, Two, Three, Four, Six, or whatever that get to go out into the unknown. Just as well--let THEM get their tailfeathers shot off!) but I've become a heckuva darts player (No offense to you Alan fans, but we female pilots tend to use an 8X10 glossy of the M.C.P. for a target. Nice guy, but he tends to think a woman's place is anywhere but in an Eagle cockpit) and I'm a runner-up in the mumbley-peg finals. And why did I ask for assignment on Alpha? I wish the heck I knew. See, I'd just complete my pilot training course the night before our first official briefing/assignment session, so, natch, I and my fellow graduates went out and did a bit of *ahem* discreet celebrating. The next morning I awoke with a colossal hangover and a tatoo of a hula girl on a portion of my anatomy which I STILL can't figure out how I got...and so wasn't in the best of spirits at the briefing. In fact, at one point the need to visit the little girl's room overcame me to such an extreme I was forced to raise my hand to ask for permission to attend to my very urgent needs. Imagine my surprise when two-thirds of the rest of the room raised their hands at the same time! I remember blurrily thinking "Gee, an awful lot of people have to go at the same time," as I hurriedly left the room, but imagine my horror when several people came up to me in the restroom to congratulate me on my upcoming assignment to Moonbase Alpha! I was hoping to be stationed in Hawaii! Anyway, that's the story behind my being in the wrong place at the wrong time. And how do I get along with the senior officers of Alpha? I think I'll answer that by taking each officer one at a time and giving you my impressions of them...

Commander Koenig: Haven't had too many dealings with him. He's a bit on the abstracted side. Once saw him walk into a communications post and apologize to it. And HE'S in command of our Moonbase?

Dr. Russell: The way that woman gives a physical, she must have had a previous life as a torturer during the Spanish Inquisition. I've seen grown men weep because of her--and that's when they read the notice for quarterly physical exams!

Victor Bergman: A cutie. Plain and simple. Tends to blow the doors off his lab on a regular basis, but always brings flowers and candy to the poor souls who get caught in the blast as they're recuperating in Medical Center. Love him.

Paul Morrow: Tends to delusions of grandeur. At our last Halloween party, he arrived clad as Alexander the Great, which speaks volumes.

Kano: Too wrapped up in his computer. He once said hello to me in binary. That's when I gave up.

Sandra Benes: Everybody loves Sahn. She's the life of any party. Especially when you make her put her hand into a box and there's two peeled grapes in there that you tell her are eyeballs. Faints every time and the guys fight over who's gonna give her 'mouth-to-mouth'.

Alan Carter: A hunk. But knows it. Tends to the M.C.P. view of women on the Moonbase. One of my friends is an Eagle Tech, and she was black & blue for weeks after working a spot-check on Eagle One with the Cap'n. But he does know Eagles and he's all business when he flies.

Tony Verdeschi: Tend to run the other way when I see him. Inevitably is carrying the newest sample of his poisonous brew and prowls the corridors of the base seeking victims to gafe the stuff. I wish he'd stick to making lasagne--now THAT he knowshow to make.

Maya: Hmmm. She's a bit hard to peg. I found her quite charming as a hedgehog once, but I rarely get an opportunity to talk to her in her true form. Definitely an Alice-in-Wonderland-type experience getting to know this lady.

And I guess that's it for my Alpha biography. To Elenore Claassen: My favorites on BSG are the following: Adama, Tigh, Boomer, Apollo, Starbuck, Muffit, Jolly and Cassiopea (I like her so much, I've named my cat after her!) On SPACE:1999, my favorites are: Maya, Alan, Koenig, Victor and Bill Fraser. As far as the major networks ignorance on the subject of sci-fi goes...that's just what it is, Elenore. Complete ignorance on the subject. They think sci-fi can be treated like a sit-com or cop & robber drama. They also think the average TV viewer's IQ is lower than a trained chimpanzee's. Which is why they shun sci-fi. They feel it's too cerebral for most viewers and thus won't be popular. Which is all they care about. The ratings. Until the execs in charge do a little homework on the subject and take some polls as well, I think they'd best leave sci-fi to the writers and movie directors (Especially when they get a person hooked on a program and then drag it out from under 'em as ABC did with BSG)

To Tom Chafin: Your efforts to keep us fans interested are appreciated, my dear, but I think you're fighting a losing battle. The attendance for the 1979 SPACE:CON in Pittsburgh wasn't anywhere what the

attendance was for the one last year and I have been hearing disturbing rumors of desertion in the ranks. Perhaps the fact that SPACE isn't being shown in as many places as it was has contributed to the general shrugging of shoulders taking place in fandom? I don't know. I DO know that I've given up my own '99 endeavor, the Lunar Bulletin Board, a SPACE:1999 penpal list, because of fan apathy (it took me two years to gather enough names to make the first edition of the list feasible--how's that for apathy?) And many other people providing fandom activities and merchandise have complained of the same thing. No, Tom, I think this apathy is a terminal condition that not even YOUR best efforts will cure. But you can still try, kid. Good luck.

Mike Jones, 9016 Carbondale Dr. E., Jacksonville, FL 32208:

To anybody: I have a question. As you may remember in DEVIL'S PLANET, John Koenig and Blake Maine were in Eagle One on a reconnaissance mission to two planets in the Moon's east quadrant which may be able to support life. Remember on TV is stated a 'reconnaissance mission'. Why then in such episode reviews as in the Alpha Tech Notebook and in issue #5 of STARLOG does it more or less state that John and Blake were responding to a distress signal. Where on television did it ever mention a distress signal!!! I would be interested in hearing your views...

Frank B. Rowder, 3530 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill 60657:

The cancellation of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA by ABC was a setback for science-fiction on television. I understand that this July, production will start on one back-up script that is supposed to end the series. It will be two hours long in which the Galactica and its rag-tag fleet find Earth. This wind-up episode will be seen in the fall. (Ed. note: This script and production, as of this writing, has been shelved and there are no plans to bring BSG back in any form next season)

I think that everybody should not put down Fred Frieberger for his effort in improving the scripts as story editor for Year Two. Sure, he may have hurt some areas of the series but overall, he did an excellent job. If a Year Three ever came about, let's have Ed Bishop be a part of Alpha in some position! I highly recommend MOONRAKER. The special effects are out-of-sight, especially the end!

Wesley Carr, 7201 15th Street North, St. Petersburg, FL 33702:

To whom it may concern: (I know that sounds grim, but seemed appropriate). I am an avid SPACE:1999 fan with an interest in design and special effects particularly, and several weeks ago a thought that had been nagging at the back of my mind came out. Over the past several months, several companies have formed to produce replicas of props and/or costumes of certain SF shows. Currently, there is Starfleet Fabrications (STAR TREK), Hyperspace Enterprises (STAR WARS, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA) and The 23rd Century Emporium (LOGAN'S RUN), and I was struck by the incredible lack of a similar company for we 1999 fans. With the release of the Starlog Moonbase Tech Manual, such a project has been long overdue. I am interested in contacting other Main Mission members who would like to bat this idea around, and I'd like to hear from you at Command Center, of course, and see what you think of my brainchild. I'm sure there are quite a few SPACE fans who would love to have a replica of a commlock or stun gun or whatever else could be (reasonably) made. I hope to hear from you soon to get some feedback.

Jeff Barber, 16 Westbrook Ct., Clayton, CA 94517:

As you may have noticed, "Dear Psyche" has not appeared in the last couple of issues of COMMAND CENTER. Due to lack of reader response, we have been forced out of business. There are several factors which contributed to this, including the delay in printing the first and second installments (the blame for that goes to the Postal Service and myself respectively). However, Psyche and I are still willing to continue the column should sufficient interest be shown. That means we have to hear from you, the reader, in the form of questions. If you enjoyed "Dear Psyche" and would like to see it continue, then get those letters in the mail to me. Remember, the only restriction is that your question pertain to Things Alphan. If we don't hear from you, "Dear Psyche" will fade into oblivion. Psyche will move on to another part of the universe and I will move on to bigger and better (or should I say smaller and inferior) things. The choice is yours. While I'm here, I would like to thank all of you who did write and/or otherwise showed your support. The questions were terrific! and the support was much appreciated. Psyche and I hope we gave you an interesting and entertaining column and should you decide it, hope we will be able to do so in the future.

WANTED: Photos of the 1979 Pittsburgh SPACE:1999 Convention. Will pay--send list and/or description of what you have to: Pat Brimer, 22 Bowdoin St, Somerville, MA 02143.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: Photos of the Pittsburgh Con. Both instamatic and 35mm, many shots of Nick Tate, Anton Phillips and Prentis Hancock as well as the costumes and the fans. Prefer trade, but will copy for costs. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for list: Mary Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, 02128.

URGENTLY NEEDED! Contributions of every shape and size for Alpha Log #4. We need short stories, artwork (black pen only), poems, limericks, everything! Our deadline is December 31, 1979. Remember, Alpha Log exists on member contributions, so help us make #4 the best issue yet! Stories must be typed, double-spaced, no more than twenty pages in length. Please note: Enclose sufficient postage if you want your material returned to you after use.

Need information on BATTLESTAR GALACTICA! Also Poster, pictures, write-ups, buttons. Also drawing done by myself on GALACTICA, Vipers, Cylons, characters. Send requests in and I will see what my pen can do. Address to write: Tim Shaw, #125, 330 Cantabury Drive S.W., Calgary, Alta, T2W 1H6 Canada.

FOR SALE: Copies of the script LAST SUNSET, with copies of autographs of Nick Tate, Anton Phillips, Prentis Hancock and Barry Gray on the title page! Copying prices are on the rise, so be sure to get your copy now at this price! Each copy \$5.00, plus postage (add \$1.45 for first class, 95¢ for third class) Order from: Mary Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, MA 02128

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ALPHA LIFE CHRONICLES

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The Mail Bag

When Commander Koenig ordered a general inventory and clean-up of all non-essential storage areas, he was quite innocent of the emotional upheaval in store for everyone on Alpha. After all, how could an activity ordered as an antidote to boredom and a quest for possible useable material for survival be dangerous?

Cargo Storage Section C, in the Eagle off-loading area, was the last to be checked. The others had yielded some useful material, mostly entertainment tapes, clothing and housekeeping supplies awaiting transfer to permanent storage in the proper sections when space allowed. Section C was filled with now useless items of personal baggage and items too bulky to be stored in personal quarters. Tucked away in a corner under a pile of luggage, an unopened mail bag was discovered. The crew chief immediately took it to Cmdr. Koenig. After consultation with his Command staff, it was decided to distribute the contents, for damage potential was great, either way.

The crew was not notified of the reason for the general meeting in the auditorium. Nevertheless, word had spread and everyone not at an absolutely essential post attended. Facing a wall of almost palpable tension, the Commander made his announcement, then turned the proceedings over to Professor Bergman with relief. The bag had not been opened previously and when the seal was broken, proved to be the bag delivered just one day before Breakaway. In the clean-up after the disaster, it was tossed aside until later, lost and forgotten.

Alpha's personnel waited to hear their names called, fearful that they wouldn't be and wondering at the result if they should. Every name was called. Maya was the only exception. She was her usual calm self, and wished those around her happy news. No one apparently felt enough in control to open their letters or packages surrounded by others. The meeting soon broke up and people left to retire to their quarters or private places to endure their own personal agonies. Dr. Russell, Cmdr. Koenig, and Victor Bergman watched the exodus with dread, thinking of the potential damage to morale.

Naturally, a little of the mail was junk, and the recipients felt cheated, but strangely relieved. Some of it was more personal, but still of no great consequence, except to cause a heightened sense of loss. A large part of the mail carried more important news, happy and bad.

John Koenig had an invitation to the graduation ceremonies for his niece's oceanography class. Karen had written a personal note, saying how much she looked forward to seeing him again and asking him to visit her on her assignment in the new sea habitat near Bora Bora. Sighing as he put away his unexpected missive, he recalled Karen's big, dark eyes and the dimpled smile of his beloved sister, Sarah. She would have been so proud, had she lived to see the ceremony.

A tiny cassette film cartridge brought tears to Victor Bergman, a man abused in private by some crew members as having no feelings. The film was shot at the first birthday party of his granddaughter, Felicia. It showed her astonishment at the cake with lighted candles, and the mess she made of herself with the chocolate frosting. Victor laughed in delight at seeing her take her first steps, falling frequently on a plump bottom. But tears followed quickly as the film ended with his son Andrew, daughter-in-law Ruth and Felicia waving goodbye. How he longed to hug them all and hold Felicia's hand as she toddled beside him.

Tony Verdeschi had an enormous letter from his volatile mother, with numerous additions from other family members. Mama, of course, scolded him soundly for not writing or calling more often. She also included tidbits of gossip about family and friends, and worried about his health and possible lack of good food. Papa wrote briefly about local politics and his garden. His younger sisters and brother added a few lines about school and love affairs. All of it left a glow in Tony's heart. He could honestly tell Maya it only hurt a little.

Dr. Russell received several letters from friends and colleagues telling of their personal lives and professional triumphs or disappointments. She was able to read and enjoy them with only a surprising thought of how different her own life was now. Different, but perhaps more deeply appreciated because of the danger and uncertainty.

Sandra's expected grief from the letter of her far-away fiance did not quite transpire. His plans for their future and romantic words brought a mist to her eyes, but a smile at the thought of future happiness with Paul Morrow.

As for Paul himself, he had a prosaic letter from his brother and attorney, Timothy. He related his investment activities on Paul's behalf with the money left to him after their father's death two years before in an airliner crash. Since Paul had little interest in the money before, and none now, the news had little effect. Timothy included no news of his other family ties, so the letter was put aside as Paul went to Sandra in case she needed consolation.

Alan Carter had several letters from old flames, which he thoroughly enjoyed as he tried to recall faces to go with the words. The tape from his Aunt Edna claimed his interest and affection. Edna had taken him in after the deaths of his parents, and had taught him to enjoy the many wonders of his world. With her help, he had overcome the loss of his love three years ago. Her tales of life in Sydney and people and places he loved would help him to cheerfully face the future and someday a new love.

Kano was delighted to receive a batch of short letters from the orphanage in Jamaica he had helped to support with his money and love. He had lived sixteen years there, and always tried to make life more pleasant for the children who were in residence. Their notes were treasures, and caused him to pray for someone to take an interest in his absence.

Yesterday, at a Command staff conference, Dr. Russell happily reported to a relieved Cmdr. Koenig that the crew was holding up very well. The expected damage to morale was minimal. Even Lt. Myers was regaining composure. His beserk behavior after learning of his winning the Irish Sweepstakes was finally under control. All damage was repaired and he would soon be back on duty in Security. Maybe his addiction to gambling would even be cured.

With my best wishes,

Lt. Bobbie M. Smith
Reporter
Alpha Life Chronicles

THE 1999 FAN FUND: Announcing the start of a new tradition! Main Mission Alpha, Eagle-1, Alpha Newsletter, and Moonrise Press are asking for the support of all 1999 fan organizations and fans to make the First Annual 1999 Fan Fund a rousing success! Our goal is to raise enough money to bring a 1999 fan to the 1980 Space Con who otherwise would not be able to attend, and towards that end, various people have donated their services and time to be able to offer the following 1999 related merchandise:

SCRIPTS: Photocopies of original 1999 scripts, high-quality reproduction, \$6.45 for first class, \$5.95 third class. IMMUNITY SYNDROME, LAST SUNSET, THE EXILES, SPACE WARP, DORZAK, LAMBDA FACTOR, THE SEANCE SPECTER, MISSION OF THE DARIANS.

PHOTOS: Set of five 8X10 black and white photographs of Nick Tate at August Party 1976 (his first con). \$7.50, including postage.

CATCH THE FINAL SUNRISE!, a 1999 novella by D.M. Walsh. Illustrated. \$4.50, includes postage.

RAFFLE A complete set of Moonrise Press Publication! These include: CATCH THE FINAL SUNRISE!, THE LONER, MOONBEAM #1/2, 3, 4, 5/6, FELGERCARB #1, 2, 3 and 4/5. These zines have a combined value of \$28.00, if you could get them all (most are out of print). They represent the largest collection of '99 fan fiction and art to date. Raffle chances are two dollars each, and the deadline is October 31, 1979. Winner will be drawn and notified in November. (Please note: at least \$30 worth of chances must be sold, or the drawing will not take place. Unless otherwise specified, all money collected will then go into the Fan Fund as a contribution)

This is only the beginning! More raffles, more merchandise and much more will be offered through the efforts of 1999 clubs and publications, and we're counting on your support! Contributions are very welcome, and along with orders, should be addressed to: The 1999 Fan Fund, c/o Mary Bloemker, 5 Lamson St., East Boston, MA 02128. All checks should be made payable to either Main Mission Alpha or myself.

FELGERCARB 4/5: For release in late September, early October. Contents include: "A Voice in the Dark", parts 1 and 2. A Star Wars story by Alex Potter, illustrated by various artists. Part 1 reprinted from Moonbeam #1/2. "No Gods Need Apply", a '99 story by Vicki F. Newton, illustrated by Mary Bloemker. "From the Far Side", a new fan column by Patti Cullen-Heyes. Guaranteed to be controversial! FELGERCARB #4/5 will be reduced to 74%, and will run about 40-50 pages. Contributions for future FELGERCARBs are welcome. All submission must be typed, double-spaced, and include return postage. Stories cannot exceed 25 pages. Artwork should be pen and ink, or pencil if extremely high quality (pencil drawings require special printing which is very expensive). All inquiries should be addressed to (please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope): Deborah M. Walsh, c/o DurEco Corporation, 240 Commercial Street, Boston, MA 02109.

MOONBEAM #5/6: Following the response to Moonbeam #5/6, we'll be printing up some more of the little devils. Actually, due to technical problems, only 170 copies were printed. Therefore, 30 additional copies will be available in early October, printed offset by Gnomons (quality of Command Center). Price per copy is \$6.50 by UPS, \$7.50 by first class mail. Foreign orders must inquire first, as overseas rates vary from country to country. Send a SAE and two IRCs for information. Deborah M. Walsh, c/o DurEco Corporation, 240 Commercial Street, Boston, MA 02109.

MOONBEAM #7: In the works. The scheduled release date is being discussed among those involved in the project, and the contents are being kept a loosely-guarded secret. Artists are needed for what looks to be a monster-sized zine. No stories are needed, nor will be considered. Artists interested in illustrating part of this zine should send a sample of your work, a note explaining your preferences in illustrating and SASE to: Deborah M. Walsh, C/o DurEco Corporation, 240 Commercial Street, Boston, MA 02109.

ALPHA NEWSLETTER: 1999 fandom's longest running fan publication, and still going strong! Send SASE for more information to: Steve Eramo, 5 Kimball Drive, Stoneham, MA 02180. Coming in November issue--special Pittsburgh Convention issue! Be sure to get your order in early!

THE BRITISH NICK TATE FAN CLUB: Official fan club for Nick Tate (Captain Alan Carter). For more information, send two International Reply Coupons (IRC) to: Phyl Proctor & Eileen Skidmore, 69 Francis Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 6LT England.

NIGHTMARE: SPACE:1999 novel by Diana Winslow, illustrated by Mary Bloemker. Did Alan Carter and Nikki Ferrell actually experience the devastating catastrophe as they claim? If so, will the moon be destroyed? His friends search for the answer although there appears to be no answer possible. Could Helena be right after all? Includes Year One and Year Two characters. \$3.75 including postage from: Diana Winslow, 7000 Valleyford Ct., Watauga, TX 76148.

THE HELENA FUND: Still going strong! This time:

BOOKS: American editions of BREAKAWAY (5 copies), THE SPACE GUARDIANS (3 copies), COLLISION COURSE (2), LUNAR ATTACK (4), ALIEN SEED (2), ANDROID PLANET (2), ROGUE PLANET (4), MINDBREAKS OF SPACE (1) and PLANETS OF PERIL (6). \$2.50 per title, includes postage. British editions of BREAKAWAY (3 copies), LUNAR ATTACK (2), and ASTRAL QUEST (3). \$3.00 each, includes postage.

BACK ISSUES: Alpha Log #2 available for \$1.50 per copy, includes postage. Also Command Center back issues Mar/Apr 77, July/Aug 77, Christmas '77, Jan/Feb 78, Mar/Apr 78, May/June 78, July/Aug 78, Sept/Oct 78, Nov/Dec 78, Jan/Feb 79, Mar/Apr 79 and May/June 79. 75¢ each, includes postage.

PHOTOS: Set of four prints from LICENSED TO LOVE & KILL, Nick Tate's new movie:

- 1K: Closeup of Jensen Fury (Nick Tate) filing steel nails
- 2K: Med shot Jensen Fury w/rifle
- 3K: Med to far shot of Jensen Fury in front of cottage, both guns drawn
- 4K: Med to far shot of Jensen Fury in parking lot, guns drawn

Color 3X5 prints are 75¢ each, or set of four for \$2.75

COMMUNITY CENTER



MAIN MISSION ALPHA
c/o Mary Bloemker
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