

COMMAND CENTER

Jul/aug
1980

Welcome, all, to the July/August 1980 issue of Command Center! I've long suspected that my various excuses were what some people found to be the most entertaining parts of the newsletter. Well, I'm not about to disappoint those of you who feel that way, so here goes: my sister was up for a week's vacation, followed by Phyl Proctor & Eileen Skidmore, who came to visit with us here in Boston before we all headed out for the 1999 convention in Columbus, Ohio; after the con, I went to sleep for a week, then it was apartment hunting time for Gail Paradis and her roommate Terri Rogers. Yes, you guessed it, Gail Paradis now has a brand-new address (wow, deja vu!). She can now be contacted at: 87 Leyden, East Boston, MA 02128 (what makes you think I had anything to do with finding them this apartment?).

All of this brings us, inexorably, to The Bad News. Printing prices have gone up, as in a 100% price increase since last September. You may have noticed that last month's newsletter was larger than usual and bluer than usual. This was because I was able to use the mimeo machine at work in exchange for minor ~~slave~~ labor extra work. Well, I no longer have that job, which means that we are now back with our regular ~~freed~~ printers, and that means the Time Has Come. Raising the membership dues? Not quite. We've hit upon an idea that has been adopted by other clubs who have found themselves in the same financial bind. As of September 1, 1980, the Alpha Log Journal will be separate from the regular membership package; members will be given the opportunity to purchase the journal separately, but the price to members will be lower than what we will be offering it to non-members for. In this way, we will not only solve the financial situation without making a terrible dent in your pocket, but hopefully, the extra revenue from Alpha Log sales to non-members will ease some of the postage problems MMA perennially faces.

In short, for \$5.00, each member and/or renewal member will receive two membership photos, one membership card and six bi-monthly newsletters each year (expanded versions, we hope!). At the beginning of each year, when we print the Alpha Log Journal, we will also print ordering information (please note, though, that all contributors to Alpha Log will receive their copies free). The cover price will be determined by how large the Journal is. We hope that all members will agree that this is a fair deal. Now, about those Alpha Log Journal submissions:

We need short stories. Note the key word: short. No more than fifty pages double-spaced, single side paper. All submissions must be typed, and we prefer that you send us only the xerox copy, not the original. That way we don't feel so bad if we drip coffee on it during our late-night typing sessions. We also need poetry (typed!), articles (typed!), etc (typed!). Artwork: desperately needed. NO PENCIL DRAWINGS. Pencil does not repro well enough to do anybody's artwork justice. All artwork must be done in black ink (blue ink doesn't repro, either) on white paper. If you have access to a good, and I mean good xerox copy machine we prefer that you send us only the xerox copy. However, if no such animal exists, or is otherwise unavailable to you, then please use cardboard to protect your work when you send it to us. PLEASE NOTE: If you wish your work returned to you after use, you must include postage sufficient for return.

All contributions to Alpha Log Journal are for consideration only. We cannot possibly print everything we receive, so we will make the final decision as to what will appear in the journal; others will either be returned or held for use in a future journal. And remember, if you contribute and we print your submission, you will receive a copy of the journal in which your contribution(s) appear (don't get greedy, though--even if we print three of your contributions in the journal, you only get one copy!).

As for the convention in Columbus, Ohio, we're going to rely on member con reports this time, since I didn't really see enough of the con itself to properly comment. That's a hint, people. I do want to thank all those who showed up for the Fan Club/Fan Editors meeting (both of you); and to everyone who attended the MMA/Alpha Newsletter meeting.

The First Annual SPACE:1999 Fan Award was voted to Phyl Proctor and Eileen Skidmore, co-presidents of the British Nick Tate Fan Club. Although the voting turnout was not exactly what we would call heavy (what's up, fellas, couldn't scrounge up a ten-cent postcard?), Eileen and Phyl won an impressive majority of the votes that did come in, proving that many people appreciate the hard work and devotion both women put into making the BNTC the great club that it is. Congratulations, Phyl & Eileen--you truly deserve this vote of confidence and the thanks of your fellow fans!

The Memory Books: To put it bluntly, folks, the number of Memory Book contributions from our members was the pits. One memory book organizer reported receiving only two contributions. We find this especially disappointing in view of the fact that it was you, the club membership, who wanted to continue the idea of the Memory Books. We received more letters in favor of the Memory Books than were received total for all of the Memory Books--not only do we think that's a little strange, we also think that it's a good reason to say that the Memory Books will be discontinued. We can't continue to sponsor something that depends on the support of the membership if the membership won't support it, and we don't want to give one of the stars of SPACE:1999 a Memory Book with only two contributions in it.

FANDERSON 81, March 27-29, 1981, Dragonara Hotel, Leeds, England. Guest of Honor: Gerry Anderson. Registration rates: (U.K.) E6 attending, E3 supporting, E3.50 one day attending; (U.S.A.) \$15 attending, \$7.50 supporting, \$8 one day attending (after December 31, 1980, registration rates will rise by 50% Registration for FANDERSON 81 entitles member to all Progress Reports as they appear, the Convention Book, two Convention badges, plus entry into one of the two FREE raffles (one for attending and one for non-attending members). Attractions will include guest stars, films and TV episodes, a dealers room, auction, competitions for stories, artwork and fancy dress and a disco. For more information, send S.A.E. (U.K.) or two International Reply Coupons (overseas) to: Pamela Barnes, 88A Thornton Avenue, Chiswick, London W4 1QQ, England. Cheques, Postal Orders and Dollar Drafts must be made out to FANDERSON 81.

THE SPACE:1999 MOVIES: MOVIE REVIEW

by Tom Rose

DESTINATION MOONBASE ALPHA: "Destination Moonbase Alpha" is the first SPACE:1999 movie. The movie is made up of the two part episode THE BRINGERS OF WONDER. There was no additional footage filmed for this movie. The movie is the solid two hour episode which everyone has probably seen by now. The only new thing is the beginning and ending themes. Many people I've asked think that SPACE:1999 is the first series to take two episodes and make them into a feature film. Actually, other series such as THE SAINT, THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN, THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., BATTLESTAR GALACTICA have done this in the past. The movie has been shown in theaters across Europe. In North America thus far, it has been confined to television. It was shown up here in Canada in early February. A summary of the movie is not needed; everyone has seen it. **RATING ****

ALIEN ATTACK: "Alien Attack" is the second and best SPACE:1999 movie to date. The movie is made up of the episodes BREAKAWAY and WAR GAMES. There was some new footage shot for this movie, but none of the primary cast took part. All the additional footage was done on Earth before and after the accident. There was no special effects done, only acting (bad) and all took place in a small conference room. The new footage did answer some questions, but not all. They explain the disappearance of Commissioner Simmonds--the injuries he sustained when the Moon left Earth's orbit were far more serious than expected; he died. The thing that amazes me is that they didn't separate the episodes, they ran them together. Like I said, this movie is far better than its predecessor "Destination Moonbase Alpha". **RATING ******

The two movies don't conform to the most important point--the year of the accident. At the beginning of the movie, we hear the narrator say "The year is 2100". Can you believe that they actually changed the year of the accident from 1999 to 2100?

THE ULTIMATE SPACE:1999 TRIVIA QUIZ

by Kathi Lynn Higley

- 1) What is Commander John Koenig's rank?
- 2) What wandering former asteroid of Earth is Moonbase Alpha located on?
- 3) What kind of accent does the Australian Eagle pilot speak with?
- 4) What is the Psychon science officer's home planet called?
- 5) What nationality is the Italian Security Chief and second-in-command?
- 6) How many people does a 14-man Eagle carry?
- 7) Who lives in Helena Russell's quarters?
- 8) What was Year One's Main Mission area called?
- 9) What was Year Two's Command Center area called?
- 10) What are Eagles called?
- 11) What is Helena Russell's first name?
- 12) What is John R. Koenig's middle initial?

HOW YOU SCORED: Give yourself one point for each correct answer and score yourself accordingly:

All 12 correct: Alpha Security guard material

10 correct: Free lobotomy from Doctor Helena Russell

9-5 correct: A free spacewalk on the moon's surface (sans spacesuit)

4 or less: You are obviously a Trekkie spy and only fit to be an hors d'oeuvre for the monster from DRAGON'S DOMAIN.

Command Conference

Eileen Skidmore & Phyl Proctor, The British Nick Tate Fan Club, 69 Francis Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 6LT, England;

We'd like to thank each and every one of you for making it possible for us to attend the SPACE:1999 convention this year in Columbus. It had always been a dream of ours that one day we'd make it over to America. So far there hasn't been a 1999 convention in Britain and we'd felt a bit isolated at the STAR TREK cons we've been to...but cons in America would be too expensive, we thought glumly. Then Mary started the Fan Fund and some kind people nominated us. Mary let us know and it was the inspiration that made up our minds to go. And even though the Fan Fund couldn't pay all of our expenses, it helped a lot. So our deepest gratitude is extended to all of you who contributed to it. We had a truly marvelous time and met so many of you who were so good to us and we know that we have some very special friends over there. Everyone we encountered, without exception, was warm, friendly and generous to us, it was touching. Also thanks for voting for us in the Fan Awards, this really was a surprise. It makes all the hard work of running a club and printing zines, etc, worthwhile. This whole thing will always be remembered by us. Thanks.

With appreciation & love, Eileen Skidmore & Phyl Proctor, The British Nick Tate Fan Club

Kevin Peterson, 305 Condon, Manistee, MI 49660:

I want to introduce myself. My name is Kevin Peterson, and I'm a new member--in fact, I just receive my membership package today. After reading through the Command Center, I just had to write. Well, people, this is the greatest thing that's happened to me since the vending I quite by accident stumbled onto the premiere of SPACE:1999. I'd heard nothing about it, and since I always have enjoyed SF and related tangents, I settled down to watch a show I instantly fell in love with. Unfortunately, it didn't even run the whole

first year before it was cancelled, so I'm quite unfamiliar with a lot of the actors' names as well as episode titles, for I was just barely starting seventh grade. I was crushed at first, for I seemed to be the only one in the whole world who'd loved that show, as everyone I talked to either didn't like it or had never heard of it. Then I discovered and launched enthusiastically into the Charlton comic, both sizes, but DURN it all; they too were cancelled. It began to seem as if cancellation was a dirty word and SPACE 1999's only lot in life. At around that point, I felt like giving a horrendous ululation, but when I started high school in Saginaw (kinda like boarding school) I'd stepped out of my backwater hick town into a whole new world which appreciated the SF media. SPACE:1999 lived, for me, again, as well as being introduce to a whole lot more.

It began again to seem a bit futile as SPACE:1999 started to withdraw itself from my world once again--I'd acquired a SPACE:1999 novel from a friend as a Christmas gift (#7, Year One) the series of which I also had never known existed. I frantically searched bookstores everywhere, but to no avail whatsoever.

But--Heavens To Betsy--STARLOG sashayed its way in and showed me the Classifieds, thereupon MMA nearly biting me. So now I'm part of an exciting, but a somewhat confusing world of which I fully intend to be involved in for a loooong time. Here's to good times and fruitful endeavors in the future.

Now for a couple of comments on the Command Center: These bios are a fantabulous idea! HOWEVER, I need to know tons more about SPACE:1999 before I should try to work one up--educate me, people. Please!

To Mary B.: I want you to know of my thanks...I just thought you should be the one, since so many people love ya, with good reason, and because it was you, really, who inspired me to contribute as much as I can to this club, as well as this next gal: To Anne Smith: I agree with you totally! And you bet your buns I saw EMPIRE! The special effects were breathtaking as ever (17 people fainted from lack of oxygen--too bad, because air is good for them!), the characterizations better than ever, and Han Solo remains more than ever, my absolutely favorite character! And I must say I admire Evelyn Baker, Kathi H, Karla Von Huben and Wayne Walls.

I'll be proud to be a full-blooded Alpha (as soon as I get my bio in, that is). I have wonderful visions of future happenings through MMA, like will there ever be an all-new top budget silver screen spectacular, aided on to world acclaim by breakthroughs in technology that Alpha scientists have finally worked out? Hopefully, but rather phantasmal and quite bleary a prospect, as I see it.

One last thing: What kind of plans would you (by that I mean anybody in fandom) like to see, for all SPACE:1999 fans to observe, on that as yet far-off day of September 13, 1999? I myself have no ideas, but it'd have to be grand! Until then, don't forget that's nothing short of Magnificence Maculates Alpha!

Steven Rader, 11507 Preble Co. Line Rd., Brookville, OH, 45309:

Listening to some tapes of a few episodes of SPACE:1999 (sound only), I came upon a line from the episode THE BETA CLOUD which seems to sum up the feeling I'm sure all fans have for this beloved series. The voice from the cloud asks Tony to give up their life support system and die peacefully. Tony then says, "We don't die on request." This statement sums up the feeling we have for this series.

Jennifer Crsi, 2068 A Poinsettia Ave., Clearwater, FL 33515:

Reading Anne Smith's letter in the last issue of CC really struck a nerve. I read it and said to myself, "That's me." I wrote some letters upon SPACE's cancellation, subscribed to all the fan clubs and fan publications and sat back and said, "Well, I'm doing my part." But when I realized that I wasn't, what did I do about it? Nothing. Why? Oh, I had a whole list of cop-outs: nobody cares, my letters will sound stupid (which this probably does--anyone who knows me will tell you I have a terrific case of paranoia) and all the other excuses. But I finally realized that it wasn't fair to let people like Mary B., John & Kathy and the Alliance and everybody else who really works for fandom do it for all of us. And while this letter is no monumental contribution to fandom, it's a start. For me, anyway. I think that that's what all these people are writing letters about. I don't think people like Mare and Tod expect us to give our lives for fandom, just to make an effort. We don't need guilt and excuses, just a little effort and response. Okay? Okay.

Now, having gotten this far in getting over my case of paranoia (ha), I might as well go on. I know I'm months late (well, nobody ever said I was punctual); here's my Alpha bio:

I was assigned to Alpha in 1998 in the Research section. My field is the social sciences specializing in Anthropology and linguistics. I really like my job because I usually get to go on landing party detail to gather information about any alien cultures we might find. About the people I work with:

John Koenig: As much as I know the Commander, I find him very nice. He's a quiet man, but he does find time to show interest in my field. That is, when he's not telling Jeff Barber he's an illusion.

Doc Russell is a kind lady, but somewhat shy and reserved. Since our fields are somewhat related, I'd like to get to know her better. But I don't like needles.

Victor Bergman is the head of my section and a sweet and interesting man. He's really helped me out a lot since I've been here and is a joy to work for.

Maya (now this is strange) is one of my best friends (which I am at a loss to understand because I LOVE TONY VERDESCHI!!) Anyway, we can talk four hours on end, Maya telling me about Psychon and me telling her about the cultures on Earth. She is really fascinating, but I do think she is beginning to suspect my feelings about HIM.

Oh, yes, Tony...(sigh)...I think he's marvelous. I'd do anything to get him to notice me. I even drink his beer! It's not so bad once you get used to it. I keep telling people that, but all I get are these strange looks. Oh, well, all in the name of love. It gains me his respect, so I don't mind the side effects. Much. Maya's a lucky girl.

Alan Carter: a fine guy and a good pilot. I always try to get assigned to his Eagle. Nice landings.

About the con: it was great!! Nice to see the stars again, but even better was meeting new friends (and

seeing old ones). Hi, Chris, Rosie, Paul, Jeff, Anne, Tod, Karen, George and Jim and everybody!

Well, I did it! I wrote this letter, and if I can, so can everyone else! It really isn't hard, honest!

Gathy Conrad, 320 Hartwell St., Royston, GA 30662:

At last, I am able to see Series Two of SPACE:1999. I hope I don't earn any catcalls from MMA members if you print this letter in Command Center, but it seems to me that Series Two has too much of the humor and "humaness" that producer Frieberger had said he would incorporate. But can you believe, it's been three years since 1999 has been cancelled, and I'm just now seeing who Verdeschi and Maya are? It proves that science fiction in this corner of the world is just not appreciated. It was out of chance that I ever saw the first season at all, but I'm glad I did.

I'm intrigued with your idea of the Alphan biographies. You're logical about it, too: every member of MMA starts out as a lieutenant under Alan Carter, because just about everyone on Alpha in SPACE:1999 knows how to fly an Eagle. Some of the biographies in the May/June Command Center are serious, some wild, and I think it's a way of familiarizing Alpha. I still would like an explanation of it, if I could. My "character" has a bone to pick, however...the first week on the job, and I'm given a faulty stun gun...

Tom Rose, 185 Sarah St, Apt #1, Milton, Ontario, Canada, L9T 1H3:

I have an idea that will need the participation of club members: why don't you start up a third year episode guide with suggestions from the members of the club? (Ed.: Mostly because every other 1999 club has already come up with the same idea. However, if MMA members would like to try their hand at it, let's see what you all can come up with, hm? Mary B.)

Many of my friends say that if you are a fan of one show, you can't be a fan of another one. I disagree with this. I am a devoted fan of SPACE:1999, but I also like BUCK ROGERS, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, GALACTICA 1980 and STAR TREK. I find that many people disagree with me. What is your opinion?

Steen Pederson, Kaergardsvej 51, DK-8355 Ny Solbjerg, Denmark:

Hello, everybody over there--how are you? Here you have another one of those passive 1999 fans who has been sitting and reading what you all have to say but now I finally got out of the chair and here you have my Alpha bio:

I was assigned to Alpha for the first (and last!) time in July of 1999, as the dentist of Moonbase Alpha. Originally, I was assigned by Commissioner Simmonds, who had complaints from the Alphans that Commander Gorsky never smiled or laughed and I was sent up there to have a look at his teeth, which could have been the reason why. Well, since then I have made sure that your heroes' teeth have always been white and shining when you see them on the screen. It is not always easy, you know, and some of them are anything else than heroes when they visit me on duty. For example:

John Koenig: He may be able to face aliens, disasters and much more, but just look at his face when I announce that it is about time I had a look at his teeth. Suddenly, he has a headache, heartache, and all the other kinds of aches that exist--but NOT toothache! Usually he face his fate proudly--mostly because he doesn't want Dr. Russell to shout "Coward!" after him!

Helena Russell: What a charming lady! And what a beautiful set of teeth she has. She admires my ability to understand what people I am treating talk about when they have their mouths filled with my tools. But it's not very difficult. All you need is a lot of imagination--but not too much, otherwise you can get into a lot of embarrassing situations!

Maya: She's a lady with a strange kind of humor. I remember the second time I was going to do a check on her teeth. I said that I would take a close look at her eye teeth. "All right, sweetheart," she said, and immediately turned herself into that terrible black creature she had turned into when she was fighting the Beta Cloud robot. WOAH! She took three years off my life that day. I must admit though, I have a secret love for her--something I'm afraid that the 'dear' Mr. Verdeschi has found out about, because he always hunts me down the corridors with new samples of his terrible beer.

Tony Verdeschi: He is the one who visits me most often. Mostly because of the loose teeth as a result of all those fights he gets himself into. But also because his teeth are beginning to rot as a result of tasting his own beer. I keep telling him that but he's very stubborn and refuses to stop making that stuff he calls beer. He keeps on bringing samples with him when he comes and I often have to defend myself with my drill.

Alan Carter: I'm sorry, girls, but I really don't see what is so adorable about that guy. Oh, he's jealous, you will say--no, I'm not, but everytime he comes to get a checkup, he tells me the same old jokes and that I should make his teeth shiny white because he is dating a new girl tonight. In fact, I think he's dated almost every girl on Alpha by now. Once I couldn't stand the thought of hearing those same old jokes once again, so I let my young assistant take care of him. When I came to see if she was finished, I saw that she was taking care of him in more ways than one. I will spare you the boring details...

Sandra Benes: She is the cheapest of them all. When she needs treatment, I just tell her that I'm afraid that I have to pull one of her teeth out. She faints immediately, and I can go ahead without using any kind of anaesthetics. I have a problem with her, though. When she was assigned before breakaway, she succeeded in smuggling a suitcase filled with bubble gum up here, and even though I try to keep her away from the stuff, you can always see her in Recreation Center chewing away as though it were a matter of life and death.

Well, that's it, folks--I will end this letter by saying that I really wish I could attend the con. It sounds like a lot of fun. But unfortunately, Denmark is a bit too far away. (Yes, Denmark is a country and not that fly-spot it looks like on the map) And, remember, if any of you need a dental treatment, just look in. Hi, and take care, everybody!

Elenore Claassen, 1740-47 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2T 2S2:

Howdy! For those who do not know, as of this writing, the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede is on right now, till the 13th of July. With that aside, now back to business. After reading the latest Command Center issue, I found out that Kathi Lynn Higley would like some STAR TREK bios. I've already done my SPACE:1999 and

GALACTICA bios, so here goes my TREK bio:

I am Lt. Elenore Claassen, who has been with the Enterprise only after three years of service. My first assignment after graduation from the Academy was as an official secretary to the Commander of Space Station K-7. Actually, my specialty is being a helmsman. One day after going through my work, I found out that Captain Kirk was looking for a secretary since Yeoman Rand had been promoted to Engineering. I then immediately applied for the position. I've always had good marks, so I'd figured I had a good chance for the position. About a week later, my commanding officer, who as it happens is the Commander of the base, was very surprised when he found out. During our conversation, the Commander also said that the Enterprise was due in a couple of days. He then said that he would forward my application to the Captain. When the day arrived I was prepared for a verdict either way. Later in the day, the Commander called me into his office and told me the good news. He also expressed his good wishes and good luck to me and that I was to report in two hours to the transporter room to be transported to the Enterprise--my new home. I was surprised to be the lone person being transported, so naturally, I was nervous. Upon arriving aboard the Enterprise, I found two people to greet me: Lt. Janice Rand and Chief Kyle. After introductions, I found that Lt. Rand would show me around and introduce me to everyone and after doing that, she would begin her new duties as I would mine. When I was shown my new quarters that I was put in between Lt. Sulu and Lt. Uhura. After a few days on the Enterprise, I found time to evaluate my new crewmates:

Captain Kirk: Boy! Was I nervous when I was told to report to him. When at the Space Station I heard nothing but honored reports about the Captain. He was a little surprised to find out that I was also a helmsman. So the Captain immediately put me on a first alternate relief of Lt. Sulu. It was another nervous time for me when I first stepped onto the bridge for my first shift.

Mr. Spock: I give total respect when working with this man. He's all business. There's no fooling around when he's on the bridge.

Dr. McCoy: I guess there's a trend of nervousness everytime you meet a new person. I didn't know what to expect from the Doctor. But he made me feel right at home. He also told me--after finding out who I was--to come to him if I had any problems with the Captain. A very friendly doctor.

Mr. Scott: Very out-going person and easy to know. Made a point with me to show the Engineering section to me the first time our schedules permitted. He's also a very helpful person.

Lt. Uhura: Lovely lady, and charming person. We share an interest--singing. We're getting to be close, sharing each other's thoughts and we both enjoy swimming. Man--do the men turn their heads at us!

Mr. Sulu: Boy, was he surprised to see who his new relief was. Also an easy fellow to know. Was surprised to learn that I also enjoy hobbies. He was surprised at my large book collection.

Mr. Chekov: Sometimes a little crazy. A real party-goer. I also got an eye from him as I took my seat at the helm.

Nurse Chapel: Becoming one of my new-found friends. A friend indeed when there's a crisis. She also puts me at ease when talking to officers--a task I'm still nervous at.

Lt. Rand: My closest friend--whom I give my upmost secrets and to whom I chum around a lot.

I guess many of you have seen the Trek jacket and T-shirt being advertised by STARLOG. Well, I received mine and it's just fantastic! Fits almost perfectly. Hope STARLOG comes out with a SPACE:1999 jacket since they have one for Trek and GALACTICA! Still haven't been getting any response to my survey. I am wondering as to what are fellow Alphans' choice for fave characters from the following shows: SPACE:1999, STAR TREK and BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. As far as THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK--it's fantastic! Have already seen it three times! As in other cities, Calgary has long lines for the movie. Did other members have questions at the end of the movie like I did? Hopefully they all will be answered in the next sequel, REVENGE OF THE JEDI.

I wonder if anyone out there knows if someone is making Alpha uniforms, jackets, commlocks and stunguns. Also, I would like to become friends with any members in Western Canada or even Eastern Canada, too, who like SPACE, Trek and GALACTICA.

Kathi Lynn Higley, c/o Hartford Region YWCA, 135 Broad St., #716, Hartford, CT 06105:

Well, here I am. Back once again (guess it's true what Alan says of me: I'm part boomerang--throw me away and I just keep coming back--and he should know *lecherous giggle*...)

By the way, many thanks, Mar. B., for that excellent review of the Mos' Eastly con! Made me wish fervently that I'd been among those costumed conventioners who played "Freak out the Mundanes" at the midnight showing of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK in NYC. Alas, my first viewing of the movie was totally uneventful save for getting myself locked into the one-and-only-remaining-functional john in the theater's ladies room. I only just managed to slither my Incredible Bulk out from under the opening in the bottom of the door (where's Obi-wan and his lightsaber--or even the Force--when you need him?) in time for the movie. I also had to contend with an inquisitive six-year-old Darth Vader rooster in the form of my nephew, who continuously asked dumb questions throughout most of the movie. Not that I minded the question, but why did he have to ask them during every crucial dialogue scene? Every time Leia, Han, Yoda, or ANYONE opened their mouth on the screen, my nephew's voice came out. *Sigh* And the first viewing of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK is definitely NOT the time for that sort of thing. As it is, I gotta go back just to hear what I missed! But thank you, Mar, for that enlightening look at Mos' Eastly con--just wish I'd been there! Freaking out the mundanes (mostly unintentionally, I should add) has been my life's work since I learned to walk...

To Elenore Claassen: Yes, I've heard of the cancellation of GALACTICA:1980 and it was one of the few times I actually cheered a network for cancelling a sci-fi show! I got to view GALACTICA '80 a grand total of once and then for only approximately fifteen minutes before coming to the conclusion that Larson has a helluva nerve foisting that mess off on the fans of the original show. It was a lost cause from start to finish. And I think Larson musta hired his casting director from the Tatooine Home for the Bewildered--who in their right mind woulda picked Kent McCord (whose acting credentials include a certificate from Jack

Webb's Just-The-Facts-Ma'am Mailorder School of Acting: he played a cop on Webb's mundane ADAM-12 series for cons--and for his performance on G:80, he shoulda been arrested!) to play the grown-up Boxy? His buddy, Dillon, looked more my idea of Boxy grown-up than McGord did. At any rate, any tears I shed over the demise of GALACTICA:1980 were purely of the crocodile variety, believe me. And, I can't vouch for the other '99 fans here in the States, but I've never even heard of the '99 movie, ALIEN ATTACK. I'd read in STARLOG once that plans were being made to tie BRINGERS OF WONDER, Parts I and II together and release it theatrically. That was over two years ago (I believe) and not a peep have I heard since. But ALIEN ATTACK sounds interesting. I woulda thought combining BREAKAWAY and EARTHBOUND woulda been a better choice than throwing BREAKAWAY with WAR GAMES (talk about strange bedfellows!), but you sounded impressed with that dubious mating and I only hope I get a chance to see ALIEN ATTACK if it ever hits the States...

Evelyn Baker: You mean after all the revolutionary advances in media sci-fi that have taken place over the past ten years, the hard-core sci-fi fans are still looking down their noses at those of us who enjoy viewing as well as reading sci-fi? It makes me ashamed to consider myself a sci-fi fan. And you also mean to tell me these people have never read one of the many popular sci-fi books on the market and never said to themselves, "Wow, what a movie this would make?" They must be blind in one eye and can't see out of the other. I only hope I never run across such bigots in my lifetime or the resulting explosion will make World War III look like a Fourth of July firecracker. I'd almost dare to suggest that we media-fans leave the dyed-in-the-wool purists to stew in their own juices except that one never knows if, by putting up with the abuse they ladle out and giving good sound arguments to refute it, one might not win some converts from their ranks. Look what happened with the STAR TREK vs '99 feud. When I attended my one and only ST con in February of '76 in NYC, I was appalled to hear '99 booed and hissed and run-into-the-ground by fans and guest speakers alike. Since then I've heard that only a few die-hard ST fans still persist in their prejudice toward '99. If we media fans just hand in there, perhaps we'll affect a similar victory over the sci-fi purists? You never know. And YOU don't need to defend the media-based zine to us, Evelyn. Quite a lot of us are grateful (myself in particular) to the media-based zines for helping us to gain a knowledge of ourselves and the world of publishing through them (I'm going to become a commercial illustrator myself because I got a taste of story illustrating through the fanzines I contributed to in the past--a career that had never even entered my mind until I began drawing for fanzines after a lapse from art for almost four years). Best to just keep your defense of the media-based zines and clubs as ammo for the next bunch of pure sci-fi bimbos you run across--sounds like it could come in handy.

To Bobbie Marie Smith: Your Alpha bio wasn't available to me for inclusion in my comments about my fellow Alphans last ish. I hope to remedy that oversight with the following:

Bobbie Marie Smith: Is Alpha's resident Rona Barrett. She's dug up so much dirt (no pun intended--even though she IS Alpha's Chief Archaeologist) there's even been talk of confiscating that omnipresent pad and pen of hers. And between her and Tom Chafin my secret romance with Alan has become not-so-secret--so much so that Alan's gone into hiding and no one can find him! Well, like they say here on the 'base, if you want to know something, just tell a phone, telegraph, or tell Bobbie or Tom...

Oh, and Bobbie, if my above comments have irked you, be warned: I've just moved into Karla Von Huben's quarters and, as she mentioned in her letter last ish, you can't get at her or me without causing structural damage to Alpha (and the last person who did THAT was shot out an airlock in their underwear by the commander, so watch it!)

By the way, I've given your comments about heroes some considerable thought and have come up with a heroine.. My mom. She hasn't treaded the surface of the moon or written a novel, but she's still one heckuva human being. If I can only become as serene and tranquil in the face of adversity as she has become, then I'll consider myself luck. An additional heroine: my older sister, Susan. Not as serene and tranquil as my mom, but she's borne herself well in the face of what life has so unfairly dealt out. She spends three days a week hooking my brother-in-law up to a kidney machine in our home and attempting to keep a roof over my family's head and raise two children the rest of the time while fully aware of the fact that my brother-in-law's illness will eventually kill him in the very near future, leaving her alone to face the troubles in life and try to cope. And I would have to say that my brother-in-law is also a hero. It isn't easy spending three days a week, six hours a day on an artificial kidney machine, but he still manages to smile and keep plugging away at his job despite everything. So those three are the heroes in my life...Who are your heroes and heroines, people?

To Don Palermo: I terrible at dates. Could you tell me if anything important happened on Alpha on October 1st (my birthday)? I do know that a cousin of mine was born (I believe) on September 13th--which is a date all of us know very well.

To Wayne Walls: The Alan Carter School of Harassment, huh? And, by the way, many thanks for the lead on how my passenger pod got left behind on my last recon run. You'll be hearing from the Commander in the very near future (especially since he was one of the passengers in said pod!) Hoo, boy, are YOU in trouble now, KID! And you have my permission, for what it's worth, to use me in your story about all us loonies on Moonbase Alpha. I look forward to reading it! And as far as the 'kid' remarks go: At the advanced age of 25 going on 26, I naturally assumed the other members of MMA were younger than myself, hence, my referring to you as a 'kid'. If you're the same age or older than myself, I will naturally stop referring to you as a 'kid', but I doubt you'll care for the alternative manner in which I will address you if that proves to be!

And to carry our current bio business to the limit...here's MY Star Wars bio (Oh, nooooo, to quote Mr. Bill)

I am an X-wing mechanic just doing my bit for the Rebellion. Admittedly, due to my lack of mechanical aptitude, accusations have been leveled against me for being an Imperial spy, but I don't let that worry me. I just keep plugging along at my dirty, low-paying (what's money?) We haven't been paid in so long, I forget what it looks like!), dangerous (only if the pilot whose X-wing I've worked on comes back to base in one piece looking for me) job and hoping to see the end of the Empire. I very nearly got a chance to be the one to do just that not too long ago. My C.O. volunteered me to infiltrate Vader's star destroyer with the aim of having me become Vader's personal mechanic. Everyone knew that if I couldn't kill him off (unintentionally, of course), nobody could. But the Princess vetoed that plan through compassion--for Vader. She may hate him, she was heard to say, but nobody deserved being saddled with me. Oh, well, there went my chance to be a heroine. *sigh*

My Impressions of my fellow Rebels?

Princess Leia: A lot of people think she's hard-nosed without even an iota of womanly feelings, but they're wrong. Why, only last month she saved me from being lynched by a delegation of X-wing fighter pilots and my fellow mechanics when somebody put it about that I was a spy for the Empire and a known saboteur. Admittedly only last week she kicked me in the butt when three of the ships I'd worked on crash-landed soon after take-off, but, still, I think a lot of people misread her. She's really a very warm, compassionate person. Look how sorry she felt for Vader when my C.O. suggested I be sent to be his personal mechanic?

Luke Skywalker: Always has a nice word for me ('bantaa-brain' IS nice compared to what everybody else calls me). Although he's let it be known that if her ever finds out I worked on a ship of his, he'll shishkabob me with his light saber. He's changed a lot, though from the simple 'golly gee' Tatooine farmboy he once was. Now he's a simple 'golly gee' leader of the Rebellion.

Han Solo: Hubba-hubba. I know he's a known smuggler and murderer (in fact, he shot at me only the other day for just walking by the Millennium Falcon), but he can put his blaster under my bed anytime. I just wish I coulda gone with Lando Calrissian and Chewie to go searching for him. Can't you imagine how grateful he'd be if I was the one to defrost him? Why, he probably would even stop using me for target practice!

Chewbacca: Needs a flea collar, but otherwise he's OK, even if you can't understand a word he says. Although he's made himself crystal clear about how he feels about me--I'm still receiving rabies shots from the last time he bit me for passing too close to the Falcon.

C3PO: Found out I was to give him his monthly inspection and oil change and went around begging someone to shoot him. But I don't hold it against him. He's one of the few people I know who's still taking to me--even if it is only 'hello'.

R2D2: Has a nasty temper. You should have heard the language he used on me just yesterday...and all because I screwed his head on backwards when I finished inspecting his innards and used an oil with a high alcohol content on him. He hiccups. *sigh*

Lando Calrissian: Don't know him that well, but he was very pleasant to me...that is, until I saw Chewie whispering to him as I passed by just before they blasted off in the Falcon to hunt for Solo. Whereupon Mr. Calrissian pulled out his blaster and wanged a couple of rounds after me.

And that's about it, folks (aren't you glad?). By the way, a word of advice about the novel on THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. Don't read it. Not before or even after you've seen the movie. The book is extremely dry reading and its author, Donald Glut, hasn't any feel whatsoever for the characters. What is an exciting movie makes dull reading. So, avoid it at all costs. I just wish Brian Daley (author of HAN SOLO AT STAR'S END and HAN SOLO'S REVENGE--which I highly recommend to any Solo fan) had written the novel of the movie. It woulda been a better book. Oh, and for all you folks who made the '99 con--lucky stiffs!!! And I hope you enjoyed yourselves! 'See' ya!

Vernon Walls, Route 1, Box 150, Union Level, VA 23973:

Okay, Alphans, it's time for us to start another letter-writing campaign. My goals are to get STARLOG to print the supplement to the Alpha Tech Manual and to get FANTASTIC FILMS to give SPACE 1999 the coverage it deserves. Here are a few suggestions for the content of your letters: Compliment STARLOG on its magazines (Future, Fangoria, posterbooks, Cinemagic) and on its photoguidebooks. Ask them to take some time from these great endeavors and apply it to the supplement. Remind them that the Notebook said in the introduction, "In the coming months we will be developing and releasing additional Notebook sections..." Since it has definitely been a few months since 1977, I'm sure they will take the hint. You could also make suggestions for the supplement, like blueprints of Eagle and Command Center consoles. Write your letters to: STARLOG Communications, 475 Park Avenue South, 8th Floor Suite, New York, NY 10016. Remember, if enough of us write, they will surely start work on it! Also, I would like everyone to write a letter to FANTASTIC FILMS. Compliment them on their great articles and excellent photos. Then tell them why you think the show deserves their attention. You might want to mention that if they can do articles on Godzilla and robots no one ever heard of, they can surely cover 1999. Write: FANTASTIC FILMS Letters, 2701 W. Howard St., Chicago, Ill, 60645. Remember, if true Alphans don't write, who will? So please take five minutes to write these magazines a letter. You'll be glad you did!

Lynn Mims, 2905 Hood Rd S.W., Apt 21, Huntsville, AL 35805:

Bobbie Marie Smith: My heroes? Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, Michael Collins...and everyone who helped put them on the moon. Everyone. Also Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson...and anyone who has risked ridicule or worse for something they really believed in.

Wayne Walls: I don't care if you use me in your story; I'm curious. However, the biography I sent in was one drawn up for a character in my own stories, so when I use her in my stuff there may be a bit of confusion. It probably doesn't matter. Do your thing.

Got to go. Tomorrow I leave for Lubbock, Texas, for two weeks. The things I do for my country. Take care, people. I'll be seeing you.

Becky Eisenhuth, 9873 Palmetto, Bloomington, CA 92316:

If there is one thing I love, it's a nice, twisted Alpha bio! So, in the tradition of the honorable Kathi Lynn Higley and Thomas Chafin, here is something twisted for you people:

Meta Campbell: I like her. I wasn't too sure about her at first because Tony Verdeschi kept telling me gruesome things about Hematology (her job) and vampires.

Lis Therkildsen: She has a harder job working in the kitchen than Cmdr. Koenig has in Command Center. Do you know what it's like facing 300 starved Alphans every night at 6:00?

George Eichler: Goerge is a very interesting guy. We use to get along really super great until he blew out the life support systems all throughout Alpha. I'm convinced that he did it to get back at me (the life support in my quarters was the first to go!), because when he was giving an emergency medical course, I refused to let him give me mouth-to-mouth.

Vernon Wells: Believe it or not, I have never met Vernon. You would think after being on Alpha for as long as we have, I'd know everybody, but Mr. Wells and I have never had a chance to talk. Of course, he's been the shy type ever since I made an all-sections report that he helped design Alpha. In other words...if it wasn't for an effort on his part, we may not be on Alpha. (I found this out of some history reports). Gee, I wonder why he won't speak to me?

Tom Chafin: Tom is warm, tender, sweet, loving, smart, handsome, brilliant, humorous and all-around fantastic. Too bad we don't have anything to talk about.

Sheri Crowell: Unfortunately, I don't get down to the labs much and whenever she sees me she turns the other way. Do you think she has heard of my reputation?

Amelia Rodgers: She's a nice, lovely young woman and we get along well. Mostly because we both had a difficult time adjusting to life on Alpha. But, with time, we both made it. Only, while she spends her time sketching, I spend most of my time creating havoc!

Jeff Barber: He used to be the one and only man in my life. We got along famously because I can be as strange as he is when I'm in the mood. But one day our relationship was completely wrecked when I had to make a choice between him and Alan Carter. Jeff asked me to go to his place to listen to "Subatomic Particles" (whatever the hell that is!) and Alan asked me to go on an Eagle flight. Can you guess which one I picked *sob*? I think the last straw was when I wouldn't sign his petition so he could be the new Commander of Alpha. Maybe next year, Jeff.

Susann Molnar: After I left Jeff to go with Alan, Alan introduced me to his NEW GIRLFRIEND, Susann! (sigh) What a day...

Kathi Lynn Higley: Honest, Kathi! I swear that there isn't anything going on between me and Alan. I really don't see why you are so jealous, everybody knows that ever since he dumped Sue, you have been the 'apple of his eye' (I think I'm going to be sick). Why, just yesterday I heard him say, "She's a real cobbler". Now, don't you feel foolish?

Wayne Walls: Ever since I dropped my stun gun in a pail of dirty water, he won't speak to me. Boy, you should have seen the sparks fly...and I'm not talking about the gun.

Bobbie Marie Smith: She's pretty nice, but I'll never understand how she and her colleagues run the base paper. In one issue of the paper, the headline read: ALPHANS DON'T FRY. This was right after we traveled through the black sun! What a morbid sense of humor!

Okay, so that's it for my twisted Alpha bio. Now, for the more serious stuff:

To Sue, Barb & Judy: Thank you for telling us your experiences at the '79 con in Pittsburgh. I'm always interested in hearing about that sort of stuff and your two part story was great. I can hardly wait to hear what you guys have to say about the '80 Con!

To Evelyn Baker: Are those people in Toronto living in the dark ages? As far as I know, clubs, news zines and a general love for your favorite SF movie or TV show is what fandom is all about! What idiot made up the rules to becoming a fan? I have no vast knowledge of SF but does that mean I can't be considered a fan if I love a particular aspect of it? I'm just glad those 'purist' approached you co-editor and not me. As it stand now, I'm on the verge of blowing a fuse!

To Wayne W: I'm just as happy as you about the bios and it's all right with me if you want to use me in your bio story. Just remember, I bruise easily.

Until next time...MAY AN EAGLE LAND ON YOUR LAUNCH PAD!

Don Palermo, 708 King's Row, Denton, TX 76201:

Karla Von Huben: Your Sept/Oct CC letter discussed fan sincerity proportional, directly or inversely, to con attendance in two places, and (are you ready for this?) I think you have them mixed up. Your first paragraph is a one-eighty degree fishtail spinout from your fourth paragraph. I wasn't attacking your fourth paragraph, which you're talking about in the May/June CC--hell, I love that paragraph. I'd like to cut that fourth paragraph out of my issue, have it bronzed, and send it to Tod Ellsworth (no maliciousness intended, Tod--looks like you've become 1999 fandom's scapegoat.) My letter was directed at something you said, or implied, in your first paragraph. The last sentence in that first part of your letter very much, if unintentionally and unconsciously, seems to say that the 400 or so people you saw at both 1999 cons, i.e., regular 1999 con goers, are the people "really dedicated to the show." My Mar/Apr letters said, "She (You, Karla) seems to have shown how unfair it is to say someone's insincere because they can't give every bit of themselves, while saying that people who didn't go to the cons are insincere." The first part of that sentence by yours truly refers to your first paragraph, which, doubtlessly unintentionally but nevertheless does, seem to imply that the 400 people you saw at both cons are the only pure "solid core of...(those) who are really dedicated to the show." (These regular 1999-con attenders being the BNFs of SPACE:1999 fandom, those who do, at least figuratively, "edit a fanzine, run a club, have a membership in the Con Committee, and own \$50,000 worth of 1999 memorabilia...") What, referring to all of 1999 fandom, necessarily (remember that word) makes them more devout 99ers than some lonely sot who subscribes to only one 1999 fanzine, and has trouble earning enough money to keep up just that bit of participation? (Just subscribing to Command Center, for instance, is participation in 1999 fandom and MMA; you don't have to write a single sentence in any issue of CC ever printed, to still be a fan of 1999 and a member of MMA. Simple subscription, sans blatant activity, i.e., massive correspondence every issue, nevertheless denotes fan activity.) Essentially, what I and Karla (despite her first paragraph) are saying is don't assume the BNFs of 1999, like Mare Fitzgerald, Mary Bloemker and Steve Eramo, et al, are necessarily so much more devout than little Zeke Squambash, very fictitious citizen of Denton, who has trouble affording two zine subs per year.

About Jerry Goldsmith's new opening theme for ST-TMP, I still would have preferred the old TV theme, with some slight revision. The first few seconds of the opening credits of each TREK episode, with Shatner's narration and the beautiful slowly rising then majestically opening notes just before the logo STAR TREK

appears, are what I really love about TREK's theme music. I can live without the "flowing" music after the title appears; but the early, slowly growing music personifies TREK's spirit in a way, and that's what I sure miss.

Becky Eisenhuth: Thanks especially for your support in the last CC. Your last sentences increased my hat size a hundredfold. I've got to admire someone who has their own regular column in Dick's ALPHA NEWS SERVICE! Seriously, though, folks, I contribute what little I do for the same reasons you do. I love 1999, too, and it gives me that familiar warm feeling every time I do something that I know has helped 1999 live. And, I've got to say seeing my name up in lights in a fanzine does indeed help.

Susann Molnar: Talking about letters in recent CCs, see Kathi Higley's in the May/June CC. I agree. (Nothing vicious intended, Kathi.) And see mine this issue. Hypocrisy reigns!

The 1999 Fan Award: Oh, God, what an awful idea. The FA is not intended to be a popularity contest, but people will very often accept it as one, and nominate and vote for close friends rather than known acquaintances, regardless of quality and quantity of contribution to 1999, if unconsciously. And I'm afraid that some people will compete for nomination and the award by sending in half-assed contributions before it's polished or complete. That's why I didn't nominate or vote this year, and why I never intent to. (Had the Fan Award seemed like an honorable idea to me, I would have nominated and voted for our own Mary Bloemker, for her incredible work in MMA, and the Psychon 100 Society, the Fan Fund and more. How come nobody else did?) (Ed.: As one of the sponsors of the Fan Award, I had my name withdrawn from the nomination ballot. But thanks, Don--you're sweet! MaryB.) C'mon, MMA, let's have your opinions on this.

One last thing, if any of you out there would like to do a very good deed for the year, how's about voting to have a future 1999 con in Dallas or Fort Worth? Reunion Arena or the Tarrant Co. Con Center would be perfect. Please?! Incidentally, LONG LIVE SPACE:1999!

Sandy Doyle, 7155 Marsden St., Philadelphia, PA 19135:

Hello, fellow Alphans. I have a few things to say before you read my Alpha bio: 1) Who owns the camera with which Prantis Hancock took a 'sneaky' shot of me on Friday night in Mark Gonzaga's room? I want a copy of the picture! 2) Margot, don't forget to get me those Shir-a-kins (Shir-kins, throwing stars, whatever) Write to me. 3) Jayne, where are you? I forgot to get your address again! 4) Hello, to all the new friends I made at the con, Mark & Brent Spalding, Leslie, and of course Boba Fett, and you too, Sally.

OK, now, most of you don't know me and after you read my bio you may wish that you'd never heard of me. The first and last time I wrote for the MMA was a con report on the '78 SPACE Con. After that I never had the time or energy for anything else. I have been wanting to write something, but I'm not very good at writing so I never bothered. But I finally tried anyway; it took me about three months to do this, so I hope you all appreciate it.

Hello, Kathi Lynn Higley; I like your letters in CC, we share the same views (on MCP's). I hope we can meet someday. I loved your last bio, so much so that I used some of it as reference on mine. I wanted to do more of you in my bio, but time did not allow. I had to get them done in time for the con. I would like to make our characters bunk mates--what do you say? I'm a photographer and can make you all the Alan Carter dart boards you need. To everyone who is in my bio, "I was only kidding!" (Boy, am I glad there are no tar and feathers on Alpha) I will be expecting feedback from you, can hardly wait to see what you do to Lt. Straker. By the way, I've really been enjoying everyone's bios, they're great! I'd like to see more from other people who haven't done them yet, and 'no talent' isn't an excuse. If I could do a ten-pager, anybody can do a few lines. You do all have brains, don't you? And I'd like to see other bios besides ones on SPACE, Trek and BSG. What about you UFO fans? And how about M*A*S*H, BUCK ROGERS, anyone? FANTASTIC JOURNEY, VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SAE, THE INCREDIBLE HULK--there's lots of shows, you could even do them on your favorite books, SF or not. There's always movies, too. Are you a rebel with the Alliance, or do you work for the Empire? Personally, I'm a friend of Boba Fett (didn't think he had any, did'ya?) I think I'd better finish this letter before Mary runs out of room. I'll try and get my con report done for the next newsletter. 'Nuf said, on with the story...

At the time the moon was torn out of Earth's orbit, I was busy working in the Research Lab. I'd been going at it for twelve hours and was simply exhausted. Micro-photography isn't as easy as it looks. When your subject matter refuses to cooperate, it's enough to make a normal person climb the walls. I couldn't get a decent shot all day. Finally I set up an ideal shot, perfect! It would make all the louse-ups worth the trouble, right? Guess again. Just as my finger hit the shutter, an explosion rocked the joint. Next thing I knew, I was crushed against the floor, everything was on top of me. Even cabinets from across the room came flying over to land on me! This just was NOT my day. (I found out later that it wasn't anybody else's day on Alpha, either) Medical personnel finally dug me out of that just heap after what seemed hours. "Does anything seem broken?" "Yeah, my tripod, in three places." "We're talking about you, lieutenant." "Never mind me, ya dope--help me find my camera!"

I stood looking out of the lab window transfixed, the Earth was getting smaller! I was afraid to turn away, for some strange reason I felt that if I just kept staring, kept willing it to stay there, then it would. So much for positive thinking. Since I obtained only a few minor cuts and bruises, the medics left after dragging me out from under the junk; there were other people who needed their attention. I remained in the lab, continuing my vigil long after Earth had become just another point of light in the sky. Finally I turned away, still stunned over the events that had taken place. I sat cross-legged on the floor and stared across the room at the door. I was there for a long time, just staring. I didn't want to get up and couldn't think of a good reason why. Then the lab door opened, revealing the worried features of Prof. Bergman. On seeing me, he sighed in relief. He approached slowly, taking great care in stepping over debris while at the same time examining the overall condition of the lab. Eventually he sat down beside me and leaned back against the wall. I continued to stare at the door. Victor remained silent for a few moments. I guess, like me, he was depressed at the thought of having to clean all this mess up. "Well, Jess," he said finally, "What did you blow up this time?" I cracked up.

On Alpha, there isn't much for a photographer to do, but because of my experience in working with microscopic specimens, they've been shuttling me between Research and the Medical Center to Horticulture. I don't mind it, though, the variety helps keep me from getting bored. In Horticulture, I play around with the DNA molecules of food bearing plants, breaking them down and rearranging them. That's entertainment! So far the only thing I've come up with to help better the lives of my fellow Alphans was a garlic type plant which

tastes like garlic but without the smell. It's eliminated a lot of bad breath around here, and in these close quarters that's a true blessing.

My pet project, though, is one which involves Tony Verdeschi and a plant called hops. Tony has been growing various hybrids to try and improve his homemade beer. I have a concoction which when brushed onto the flowers of the hops plant, after they have been picked and dried, nullifies the natural process of the cells, thus making it good for nothing, including beer. Tony can't figure out what he's doing wrong. He keeps growing new hybrids and I keep mixing up new neutralizer. I know I'm living dangerously, but that's half the fun of it. Besides, you won't see anyone investigating the reason why Tony can't make a decent brew, so I figure the gag is good for at least another two decades, or until I'm caught, whichever comes first.

Things often get slow here (in between alien attacks) so to keep from getting bored (my favorite pastime, avoiding boredom) I've dedicated my leisure hours to the noble project of feaking people out. Actually, I like to refer to it as "keeping Alpha personnel on their toes." It has taken them long enough but they've gotten used to expecting unusual things from me. Case in point: I once brought Rachael to the rec room with me (since Rachael had never been there before, she was very excited about the whole thing). We were discussing how nice the weather had been lately when we were joined by Bob Mathias and Jeff Barber. The conversation picked up, and so too did the number of gawking viewers. Honestly, you'd think that they had never seen three people having a perfectly normal conversation with a human skull before! Jeff stated that he was glad to finally have met Rachael after I'd told him so much about her. He asked her to sign his petition for making him the new Commander, but Rachael ignored his request. To tell the truth, I think the old girl's rather fond of Koenig. At that moment Tony entered with a bottle of his new brew asking for volunteers. The room was soon deserted.

If it weren't for my vast collection of unusual objects, I don't know what I'd do to have fun around here. I've got things that date back to the early 19th century, but Rachael, now, she's the gem. I treat her with a lot of respect, after all--she used to be a person. Tony went wild over my sword cane, he loved it. He even offered to give me instruction in fencing. Maybe if I beat him at it, I'll let up on sabotaging the hops...maybe.

Maya had been fascinated by my unicorn collection (Maya tends to get excited about most of my collections--a history nut, you know). She couldn't get over the simple beauty of the animal. No one on Alpha had ever mentioned such a creature to her before. I asked her to transform into a unicorn for me, and the idea seemed to delight her as well. Before my eyes, where Maya had once stood was a magnificent white horse. Not a unicorn. "Not quite, Maya, no horn." She changed back. "I was sure I had it. Are you positive I had no horn?" "Absolutely." "What about the cloven hooves?" "Nope, didn't have them either. Why don't you give it another shot, concentrate more on the horn?" "All right, here goes." Maya was not one to give up easily. The beautiful white horse reappeared. "Still not it, kid." Maya returned. Her expression showed much irritation. "I don't understand why I can't do it. This has never happened before!" "That's strange, I wonder what could be wrong." I thought for a few moments, then dug through my books and handed one to Maya. "Maybe you can find the answer in here. It's the most informative book I have on unicorns. Let me know what you come up with, if anything. This is a very intriguing mystery!" Maya, still completely puzzled, took the book and walked out of the room slowly. "What could possibly have gone wrong? I don't understand this."

Whenever I'm assigned to work in the Research Lab, I get a little depressed. It was two whole months after Victor passed away before I could even bear to go in there at all. I loved Victor Bergman, he was the best friend I had on Alpha. We had known each other since my college days. We first met when he was a guest speaker at my school. At the time my major was photography, but I always had an interest in science. Victor's lecture whetted my appetite for science even more. After getting my degree in photo, I enrolled at the college where Victor taught and took a few of his courses. I've never regretted it. Even though I was never among his "best" students (I can't help it if I'm not a genius), I still say that I was Victor's favorite student. After all, he did get me this job on Alpha. Victor pulled off some of the best pranks at school, I'll never be able to top his stuff. The two of us had an agreement going with the Dean (we would refer to it as Extortion 101). We had some shots of him with his girlfriend that we were sure his wife would not enjoy seeing. Those zoom lenses do come in handy at times. That little understanding got us a lot of equipment that we otherwise wouldn't have gotten without going through a lot of red tape and lost time. Ah, Victor was a sly rascal. Few people knew of his mischievous nature and only two of those few are on Alpha. Perhaps that's why the Commander lets me get away with murder. He can see Victor's influence in my madness.

Unfortunately for me, Paul Morrow is not the Commander (or should I say it's fortunate for me that he's not the Commander?) That man is a Nazi Commandant! He absolutely will not tolerate any insubordination in his presence. Once he caught me wearing civvies while on duty. His face literally turned red as he ordered me to change into uniform. He even escorted me to my quarters and waited outside my door until I emerged wearing my work uniform. Of course I complained that the uniform was drab and terribly tacky, but that did not persuade him in the least. The man is weird! Except for his looks, I don't know what Sahn sees in this guy, no sense of humor. No, that's not fair. Actually, Paul's very strong-willed. Anyone who would try and cross him is a fool. I may be crazy, but I'm not a fool.

Ah, Sandra Benes, now there's a real human being. From the top of her little pixie head down to her little pixie toes, the woman is a regular giggle machine. She will laugh at anything. Any joke, even if it's lousy. "Hey, Sahn, did ya hear the one about the two amoeba that go out to a bar and get drunk?" By now Sahn is already giggling at the straight line. "Wait till the joke's finished, Sahn!" At our last Christmas party, Sahn was going to give a very lovely, very serious recital. She was nervous while waiting backstage, and since I too suffer from stage fright, I thought I'd give poor little Sahn some helpful advice. "Now remember Sahn no matter what does on in the audience, don't laugh or you'll blow the whole deal, OK? Don't laugh." "What? What do you mean?" Too late, there's her cue, it was time for her to go on. I headed for the audience. When I got around front, Sahn already had her hands over her mouth trying to hide the grin that suddenly appeared. Then she started laughing uncontrollably and couldn't stop. Sahn never got to do the recital--each time she stood near the stage, she would snicker. She's never forgiven me for that and has vowed to get even. Nowadays I check inside my shoes before I put them on. Sahn can be sneaky.

Due to the misfortune of being assigned to Medical Center last week, I was forced to succumb to Doc Russell's physical (I'll bet Sahn had something to do with this!) I tried my damndest to get out of it, but no excuse could save me. Doc wanted to make sure that I didn't get away again. The last time she ordered me down I told her that I was sick. She commented that "That was beside the point." Actually, it wasn't all that bad --I'm still alive. At least Doc says I'm still alive. After that going over, I'm not so sure. Bob Mathias did try to help me get through it. He offered me a bullet to bite on. (A bullet! Where'd he get that?) He also suggested that I close my eyes and keep telling myself that "It's just a movie." Huh, I wish. Later I overheard Doc Russell telling Bob that she was going to get all the physical done even if she had to resort

to making house calls! Talk about determined. Give it up, Alphans, no one is safe from this woman. There's no place on Alpha you can hide that she won't find you sooner or later. Better to surrender with honor than to get caught with your pants down. (No pun intended)

For a long time now, Becky Eisenhower has been trying to get transferred out of Eagle maintenance and into Command Center. There, she believed, was where all the action was. However, she recently withdrew her transfer request. She discovered that she was getting a lot more action working with Alan Carter than she would ever get in Command Center.

There is one person in this place who really bugs me. Tom Chafin. Every time I see him in the rec room reading one of his junky books I could scream! But rather than get myself upset about it, I simply grab his books and throw them in the sauna. I get chased through the halls while his books get soaked. It's months before he can read them again.

I've tried getting Tom to read something decent like "The Count of Monte Cristo" or "The Dune Trilogy". Now there's good reading! Even Bob Mathias was willing to lend him some of his books; he agreed with me that Tom was a special case. Bob doesn't hand out his books to just anybody. At least that copy of "War and Peace" we gave Tom will keep him occupied. At the moment he's doing a long stretch of guard duty (minus one space suit) at the nuclear waste dump for pulling that whoopee cushion gag on the Commander. We really should try to sneak him an oxygen tank, thought, his skin is starting to turn blue.

This morning I was working in the Research Lab, doing updates on some frozen specimens. Absorbed in my work, with nose buried in notes one moment, then peering down a microscope the next, I was oblivious to all the activity going on around me. "Paul!" shouted a joyful voice directly behind me. I must have jumped six feet. "What are you doing in this neck of the woods, mate?" I spun around and saw Alan Carter standing in front of Paul Morrow, who had just entered the lab. He was barring Paul's way not to mention blocking his sight. "Uh...I've just come to check on a few things," muttered Paul as he tried to get around Alan, to no avail. Alan must have noticed that I was in civvies again and he knew what Paul would do to me if I were caught. That shouted greeting had been for my benefit. I had to get out before Paul could get past Alan and see me. I escaped through a side door and hastened to my room (I now hold the moon's record for 'quick change artist' not counting Maya). I made it back to the lab, in uniform, in less than three minutes. And my quarters are not that close to the lab, either. Paul never missed me; in fact, he seemed surprised to see me in uniform. Alan was gone before I returned, so I couldn't thank him. It hadn't even occurred to me before to wonder why he was in the lab at that fateful moment. No doubt he was arranging a rendezvous with one of the other techs. In any case, the next time I see him he gets a great big hug. And I'll even stop making those 'late night' crank calls to his quarters, too.

Will somebody please, PLEASE, tell me why all of my equipment is falling apart at the same time, for no apparent reason? My commlock is jammed and is causing the door of my cabin to open and close at will. Which can get very annoying when you're trying to sleep (the proverbial dripping faucet). And now my stun gun is on the blitz! The damn thing went off in its holster! Thank God I wasn't wearing it. That idiot (by his own admission) Lt. L'Loes claims that he cleaned and checked it thoroughly on the last inspection (sure, and Jeff Barber is the new commander). This guy thinks he has problems with everyone ruining their guns, so I take care of mine and then HE destroys it! And me too, almost! What did I ever do to him? Maybe if he kept his mind on his work instead of on Sandra Sprecker, this might never have happened. If he doesn't shape up soon, I'm going to cut off his supply of Tony's (beer) cleaning fluid.

Things have been pretty slow lately. Not only can the tension be felt in the air, it's about as thick as peanut butter. "You mean pea soup." "Oh, you eat what you like and I'll eat what I like." Sorry, talking to myself again (yes, morale is that low). I would talk to Rachael but she won't speak to me anymore because she thinks I'm nuts. Can't imagine what gave her that idea. Anyway, to try and liven things up a few of the more adventurous among us beseeched Koenig's permission to set up a movie projector in one of the rec rooms. The go-ahead was given, and Alpha's First Annual Movie Marathon had begun! (But first, a word from our sponsor) It took us awhile to gather the movies together. Not because there were so little to be found, but because there were so many. Luckily, a good many Alphans are movie buffs. It would have been awful if we had to keep watching the same stuff over and over again. It would have made for a very short marathon, too.

Strange things happen to people at movie marathons when they are stuffed to the gills with popcorn, home-made booze (Old Eagle Scout, not Tony's), and bug-eyed from watching movies for twenty-four hours non-stop. David Kano challenged Alan Carter to see which of them could stay awake the longest. They ended up watching each other instead of the shows. And the audience was the show during "Rocky Horror's" run. We didn't bother to turn up the sound, at least ten or fifteen people knew all the words by heart. I can't remember how many popcorn fights there were. I stopped counting them at twenty, and those happened during the first two hours (doesn't say very much for the way Meta Campbell makes popcorn). Jeff Barber, realizing this was his golden opportunity, passed around his petition to the comatose Alphans. Just to get him off their backs they all signed it, even Koenig! Tony brought his latest batch of beer, number 1,798. No sooner had he stepped into the room when a beer fight broke out. Someone who was sitting by the door saw Tony coming and informed the others that "new ammo was on the way". It was the first time that anyone ever wanted Tony's beer, and he never knew what hit him (he mumbled something to the effect of "get the number of that truck").

As for the rest of the marathon, well, I don't know what happened. I dozed off after thirty hours. I couldn't handle any more. I've been trying to find out from the others what went on after I passed out, but they were all too saturated to remember anything, either. There's been a rumor going around that someone did last through till the end. But nobody knows what that person is (the Shadow knows) and for that matter, we don't know exactly how long the marathon lasted! George Eichler claims that he was able to stay semi-conscious for about thirty-six hours before dropping off. And he remembers 'someone' was sitting beside him who was still awake. It must have been a guy, because if it had been a girl, George would have remembered her. She would have remembered him, too, in her report to the Commander. And by now he would be joining Chafin on spacesuit-less guard duty at the nuclear waste dump site. George joked that that would have been all right with him--he hasn't read "War & Peace" yet.

Lynn Kims is planning a tango contest for next week's distraction from boredom. She's having trouble finding a suitable prize, though, and is eagerly accepting suggestions. We were all sorry to hear the Kathi Lynn Higley's idea of an all expense paid weekend in Las Vegas was out of the question. Too bad, we all had high hopes for that one. Susann Molnar suggested for the winning female, one hour alone with Alan in Eagle One's cockpit. But Higley stated that Molnar's idea sounded more like a survival test than a prize. Lynn's thinking it over. By the way, the odds on Doc Russell winning are four to one--any takers?

- Ads -

LODESTAR: All-fiction fanzine printing material based on any SF book, movie or series. Taking orders for #2 - 90 pgs, \$4.72 (inc postage). Issue #1 still available - 111 pgs, \$5.68 (inc postage). Orders and submissions of art, fiction & poetry to: Gail Zener, 889 Maple Lane, Meadville, PA 16335.

THE SPACE:1999 SOCIETY: Membership dues \$3.50 per year, includes membership card and four regular issues of the ALPHA NEWS SERVICE newsletter. Send S.A.S.E. for more information to: THE SPACE:1999 SOCIETY, Box 11123, Cleveland, OH 44111.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE:1999 ALLIANCE: Keep up-to-date on the newest and latest on the 1981 SPACE:1999 convention. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for information on the '81 con/the Alliance to: The International SPACE:1999 Alliance, 86 First Street, New London, OH 44851.

TIME FOR CHANGES: Original SPACE:1999 novella, 60 pgs offset printed, written by Steven Eramo, with photo section. This novella is still available, but in limited supply only, so order today! \$4.50 (U.S. & Canada, postpaid); \$5.50 (Overseas, postpaid). Order from: Steve Eramo, 5 Kimball Drive, Stoneham, MA 02180.

FELGERCARE #7: SPACE:1999, DOCTOR WHO, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA stories, artwork, puzzles, more. For more info on how to order this zine, now available, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Deborah M. Walsh, 1 Tufts St #6, Malden, MA 02148.

BACK ISSUES: Command Center back issues available for 75¢ each (postpaid). Available: Mar/Apr 77, Jul/Aug '77 (Barbara Bain special); Nov/Dec 77; Jan/Feb 78 (Martin Landau special); Mar/Apr 78; May/June 78 (Con 78 preview issue); Jul/Aug 78 (Con 78 Special); Sept/Oct 78 (Barbara Bain cover); Nov/Dec 78 (Maya & Tony Xmas cover); Jan/Feb 79 (STAR TREK Expo 79 issue); Mar/Apr 79; May/June 79 (Con 79 Preview); Jul/Aug 79 (Con '79 issue); Sept/Oct 79; Nov/Dec 79 (Nick Tate at Disneyland Report); Jan/Feb 80; Mar/Apr 80; May/June 80. Also available: ALPHA LOG #2 and ALPHA LOG #3, \$1.50 each (includes postage) Overseas orders, please include sufficient postage for overseas mail, or else the order will be sent surface mail, which will take from six to eight weeks.

WANTED: To buy or trade for LOST IN SPACE and VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA Viewmaster reels. Have for trade: SPACE:1999 lunchbox and Viewmaster packet. For sale: Complete set of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA cards and stickers along with original Topps box, price: \$9.25. Send list of what you have or want to: Tony Laker 611 Western Avenue, Batesville, Indiana, 47006.

WANTED: British paperbacks BIONIC WOMAN: DOUBLE IDENTITY; THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN; SOLID GOLD KIDNAPPING and RESCUE OF ATHENA ONE; SPACE:1999 Year One #2, 7 & 8; and Year Two #1, 5 & 6. Any and all of Gerry Anderson's annuals including SPACE:1999. STAR WARS stickers sets Canadian #1 & 2 and American #2 & 3. For further info, write to: Ms. Elenore Claassen, 1740-47 Ave. S.W. Calgary Alberta, Canada T2T 2S2.

WANTED: Any merchandise on SPACE:1999. Send price and condition to: Tom Rose, 185 Sarah St., Apt #1, Milton, Ontario, Canada, L9T 1H3.

THE GREEN DOME, a magazine for enthusiasts of Patrick McGoonan and his SF classic THE PRISONER. LoC column, synopses, artwork, contests, fan fiction, fandom info, photos, etc. Published quarterly; one year, \$7 U.S., \$10 foreign; single issue \$2 U.S., \$3 foreign. Check or m/o to: Florence Hatcher, 824 West 176th Street, New York, NY 10033. "Be Seeing You!"

PRENTIS HANCOCK FAN CLUB: Membership includes card, quarterly Communique 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 (overseas) to: 69 Francis Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 2LT, England.

ALPHA NEWSLETTER: 1999's first and best fan publication. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for more information to: Steve Eramo, 5 Kimball Drive, Stoneham, MA 02180.

THE SPACE:1999 FAN FUND: Fresh from our triumphant first year, the Fan Fund is back, and offering you the unusual and the hard-to-find! We have all, yes, you heard us right, folks, we have all the SPACE:1999 paperback book titles, including those scarce Year Two titles! You say you want photos? We have photos, yes sirree, we have photos from the first Columbus con, we have photos from last year's Pittsburgh con, we have photos from this year's Columbus con! We have photos of Koenig, of Maya, of Alan Carter, of Tony Verdeschi, of Helena Russell, we even have photos from MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE and UFO! We have bubblegum cards coming out of our ears, we have comic books--you want a BUCK ROGERS poster? We got that, too! Even if you just got the new Fan Fund list, you haven't got the latest update (because it's being published next week, that's why), so send that SASE in today before somebody beats you to all of this stuff. Everything is in very limited supply, so it's first come first served. Help a deserving fan come to next year's 1999 convention!

WANTED: All first season episode titles on film showing scenes from the episode and foreign items (to the U.S.) on SPACE:1999. Send price lists to: Steven Rader, 11507 Preble Co. Line Rd., Brookville, OH 45309.

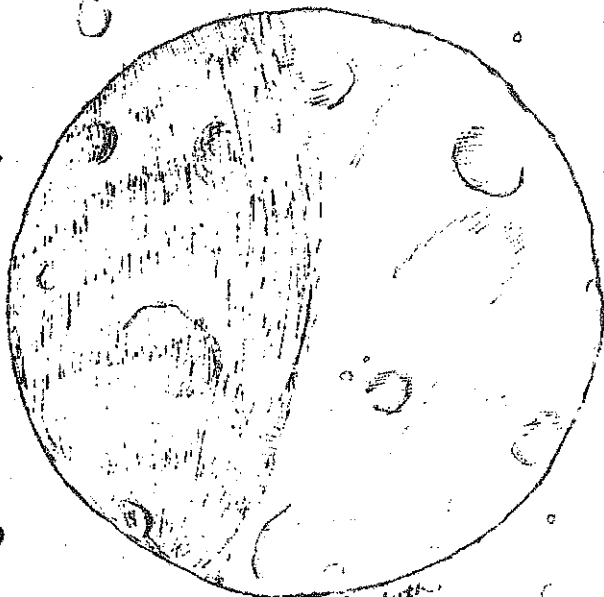
Can somebody help me? I'm looking for the Alpha Moonbase model kit, stungun, TV photos of SPACE:1999 and from newspapers and magazines, cassette tapes of SPACE:1999 and if someone is able to copy Alpha episodes on VCR or VHS videotapes, I'm very interested. Steen Pederson, Kaergaardsvej 51, DK-8355 Ny Solbjerg, Denmark.

ALPHAN ANTICS: Fandom's funniest. I need contributions of SPACE:1999 or any sci-fi (DOCTOR WHO, GALACTICA, STAR TREK, etc) jokes, riddles, cartoons, funny stories or quotes, etc, so send them in! This zine features all of the above, ads and best of all, a listing of every place known that sells 1999 items. All this for the low price of \$1.50 postpaid. Make check or money order payable to: Allen Osborne, 455 E. Woodrow, Columbus, OH 43207. Advertising rates also available, send for details.

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