

COMMAND CENTER

July/August 1981



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Welcome, gentlebeings, to the July/August 1981 issue of Command Center. This issue should see every rested up after their respective vacationing/conventioning, *mais non?* We've been getting varying reports from those *lucky stiffs* members who attended the '99 con in Atlanta, and it sounds like a fine time was had by all. From my perspective, August Party was fun (as long as one stayed in the hotel out of the heat), as was Panopticon West the next weekend (double ditto on the heat); but for all the excitement of attending two conventions in two weekends (and finally getting to see the final Tom Baker episode of *Doctor Who!*), I still missed all you guys. Well, there's next year, right?

As many of you know, I've been waffling on the subject of the dues/newsletter length/postage/ad infinitum for a fair number of issues now. Well, I've finally come to a decision, but I'm sure it's not the one you've expected. After much soul-searching, I decided that it's time for me to hang up my typewriter and resign as president of MMA. The September/October issue will be the last issue of Command Center. There are many reasons for this decision, none of which really have to be gone into at any length at this point. But I do want to make it clear that I have not lost my regard for SPACE:1999, nor for the many and wonderful friendships I've made over the years through MMA and the '99 conventions. As much as I love the club and publishing the newsletter, the time has come for other things to take precedence, and so MAIN MISSION ALPHA, with great reluctance, is closing its doors.

Before you ask/suggest, I will not consider handing over MMA to another person to carry on. This isn't unmitigated conceit on my part, only simple economics. The club treasury has been drained to the dregs by inflation, i.e., postage increases, skyrocketing printing costs, etc. This, in simple terms, means that I have nothing to hand over to a prospective successor for working capital. The second reason is admittedly conjecture on my part, but it is my firm belief that our old friend inflation has made it difficult to run an effective fan club, at least along the policy lines that MMA was run, and it can only worsen in the future. New policies have to be drawn up in order to streamline the club to fit the economic situation (keeping in mind that your public would have to pay more and has less to part with in the first place); therefore, in the long run, it would be much more intelligent for the prospective club president to start their own club afresh, rather than try to streamline a dinosaur like MMA.

Now to the niggling details. Many of you joined in recent months, and have only received a few of the newsletters due to you as a paid MMA member. In this regard, I would like to tender a suggestion. In lieu of a refund of the percentage portion of your MMA membership left unused, I propose that the last issue (September/October) be a Blow-Out issue. That is, I will take whatever material I have left in the folder, any new material that comes in (in the form of Command Conference letters, con reports, articles, whatever), and print *everything*. No matter how many pages it comes out to or how much postage it costs to mail. For those of you who prefer a refund of whatever percentage of their membership was unused, write to me and your check will be mailed out to you cheerfully. (If you do opt for a refund, however, you will *not* receive the final issue of Command Center unless you choose to pay for it separately.) If I do not hear from you, I will then assume that you are amenable to the idea of the Blow-Out final issue in lieu of a refund of your membership fees. In this way, we will not only clean out the newsletter files in grand style, we'll also close out the club treasury at the same time.

For those of you for whom this is the final issue of your membership, there will be a red check mark on the outside of this issue of Command Center. If you wish to receive the final issue of Command Center, send along a S.A.S.E. (that's self-addressed stamped envelope for you domestic members, self-addressed envelope and 25¢ for you Canadians, and a self-addressed envelope and two International Reply Coupons for everybody else) and I will drop you a note when I determine how big the issue will be and how much it will cost to purchase separately. (And if you're cheap about it--and who isn't these days?--I can make do with a self-addressed stamped postcard, too.)

This is your chance, one and all, to get everything off your chest. Put it down on paper (no restrictions on length this time, gang, but I would like to inject a personal note to maybe take it easy on your poor old ed, huh? Please? Let's not get *too* carried away?) and I will print it. This is your final chance to say what you've been meaning to say all along. This is *your* chance to be heard!

The Fan Fund and Alpha Log Journal, however, will still remain active. That means that I am still soliciting contributions from everybody, short stories, artwork, poetry, whatever you have to submit for Alpha Log Journal. The Fan Fund has been, as was mentioned in the last issue, temporarily sidetracked because of the curve thrown it by the postal increase and the printing price increase. Noting the word temporary; however, we hope that it will only be a matter of time before personal finances stabilize enough so that we can provide the Fan Fund a firm capital base on which to build it anew. S.A.S.E.s sent in for the Fan Fund listing are being held until the new listing is prepared, hopefully within the next few weeks, and regular mailings will commence again after that. Anybody who is desirous of receiving the new Fan Fund list and/or updates is invited to send in their S.A.S.E. to join the queue.

As you may have guessed, the Fan Fund was not strong enough to realize its goal of getting Kathi Lynn Higley to the '99 convention in Atlanta. We've targeted next year, however, and Kathi Lynn remains the chosen candidate (all right, Kathi, sic 'em!) For those of you who would like to remain posted on the convention (such as when, where, how much, etc.) for next year, send a S.A.S.E. to those friendly folks at the International SPACE:1999 Alliance, 86 First Street, New London, OH 44851, U.S.A. With any kind of luck (it's been a rough year, folks) Alpha Log Journal and the Fan Fund will be keeping touch with you in the pages of the IS:99A newsletter--see you there!

Again, thank you one and all for five and a half wonderful years. SPACE:1999 was a vision, a concept, a dream; you've helped make it legend. You've given part of yourselves to make MMA the success that it is, and it is with no little regret that I find myself forced to close the doors at the height of its success. But I'll spare you the goodbye speech until next issue--in the meantime, on with the show:

COMMAND CONFERENCE:

EVELYN BAKER, 30 SNOWCREST AVE., WILLOWDALE, ONT., CANADA M2K 2K7:

Hi, Alpha. This is almost another one of my letters full of complaints! Mind you, it is one of the things I like to do best. I'll be going to MediaWestCon this May. It'll be my second American convention. Is anyone from Main Mission going? If you are, let me know.

I saw *Invasion:UFO*. It's a two hour version of Gerry Anderson's show, and it is lousy. I haven't seen the show in a long time, and I don't know exactly how he did the SPACE:1999 movies, but he really wrecked something that could have been really good. Usually when a TV show is made into a movie, two episodes are combined or a two parter is put together, but in *Invasion:UFO*, they

put about fifteen minutes out of four of five episodes together and tried to form a plot. Needless to say, it didn't work. There was no plot at all, there was no character development. Just a bunch of people chasing UFOs. Sort of like ST-TMP. The editors really botched up. Let's hope Anderson doesn't do that again. (I've just heard word that he is doing a *THUNDERBIRDS* movie just like it.)

About which year on *SPACE:1999* was better. I believe that plots and ideas on Year One were better, but for entertainment and character development, Year Two was much better. I think Fred Freiberger went too far on this. The music was much too strong and placed at very inappropriate places (the sound track, not the theme music) and the love interests were quite over-stressed. It was quite the opposite of Year One. I'm sure if there had been a Year Three, it would have been better.

Although there hasn't been any great science fiction show this season, I'm not all that disappointed. I thought *Cosmos* was terrific. I have come across quite a negative view about Carl Sagan's methods of presentation, but it didn't bother me one bit. I quite enjoyed it. It was, after all, supposed to be a 'personal journey'. The last episodes were especially well done. It was the most watched TV show PBS ever had. It's a shame Ronald Reagan doesn't consider PBS worthwhile. It's the best network the States has, and I'm glad I can get it here. I wish our public channels were so good.

The most recent science fiction movie I have seen is *Flash Gordon*. I am surprised there was only one comment on it, because it has got to be one of the funniest 'sci fi' (and in this case, the term is appropriate) movies around. The costumes were great. No classic, but a very funny movie.

Kathi Lynn Higley: I agree with your comments on the '99 Society's demise. It is terrible when bad-mouthing a group can cause the downfall of one. I know what it's like to be a victim. My zine is smeared in Toronto. It has gotten to the point where I dread going to Toronto cons because I know what will happen. If it hadn't been for American media fan support, we would have gone out of business long ago. I find this type of behavior childish and it is getting worse. In my case, the smearing backfired because people wanted to see what the fuss was about, but I'm sure in most cases, it doesn't happen like that. Disgusting behavior like that is disappointing. Especially within a specific fandom that has to be unified to survive.

Kevin Peterson: Do I detect a Tanith Lee fan? I haven't read *Sabella* yet, but I've just finished the *Birth Grave* trilogy. I'm surprised I haven't heard very much mention of science fiction and fantasy authors. As for your comment on me, I'll take it as a compliment, so I hope that's the way it was meant.

Vernon Wells: Well, I just mentioned my favorite author. I hope it starts off another round of comments. My favorite book by her is *Night's Master*. It's 'adult' fantasy, not science fiction, but it's great.

Lynn Mims: I enjoyed your *UFO* bio very much. It tied things up from "Critical Mass" in *Currents 2*.

Becky Eisenhuth: Well, here it is. You asked for it. I have had a terrible time writing this bio, so I hope it's all right. Without further ado (do I hear a little fanfare? No? Oh, well.) Here it is:

I was never assigned to Alpha. It was more of a temporary visit to do a film documentary. (I bet you can guess which studio I worked for. How's that for tying things up, Don P.?) Everything was going well, but something had to go wrong. And it did. What an introduction to the perils of space. I thought I might have a few problems adjusting, but I soon found a niche and Cmdr. Koenig found me a job - in reconnaissance. I have never flown before except as a passenger, so they wouldn't let me fly and it's a good thing, too, because I am deathly afraid of heights. Not that it matters in space, but I had a tough time getting accepted. The first time I went up, it was to see what happened to the other side of the moon. If I see one more crater, I'll go berserk. Anyways, Alan decided to let me try and fly an Eagle. What a mistake that was. I almost crashed it into some mountains. I didn't know it wasn't like driving a car. So much for my flying career. They wouldn't let me go near an Eagle for a week. And when I applied for pilot training...well, that's another story.

Being incorporated into Alpha was no easy business, either. Meeting L'Lo's was quite an experience. Honest, Wayne, I don't know which end of a stun gun is up. My commlocks don't last very long, either. I didn't know that they short out when they get wet. Well, look at it this way--at least I keep you in business.

It took a while but now I feel accepted on Alpha. Here's my comments on various people:

Cmdr. Koenig: Our gracious leader. He's more than once saved us from Tony's brew.

Helena Russell: If I hadn't gone through one of her medicals, I wouldn't have ever known she was a doctor. And now that I've gone through many--I still don't.

Tony: He has a great sense of humor, especially when it comes to practical jokes, but he's not so quick to forgive when he's the victim. Maya loves this, so he is a victim quite often, much to his distaste and most of Alpha's laughter.

I love beer. Tony found this out and has used me as his guinea pig quite often. Unfortunately, I have taste buds, but if this keeps up, I won't for long.

Maya: A wonderful person. Even though she has adapted to Alpha well on the outside, I feel that deep down, she still misses Psychon and perhaps feels she is an outsider here. In time, I think this will disappear.

Alan: What can I say? The old girl-chaser hasn't approached me yet. Unfortunately? Great pilot with a lot of courage. I've heard quite a few conversations among jealous Alphan males which I find very amusing. Perhaps one day he'll let them in on the secret of his success.

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

Catherine: asking me for an Alpha Bio may be cause for regret...

August 3, 1998: Arrival at Moonbase Alpha. I discover that my fossil collection had been jettisoned in transit in order to correct an imbalance on the Eagle. Upon arrival at my quarters, I am presented with a flask of brownish-green fluid by Tony Verdeschi, who stomps off in a huff when I use it to clean my boots. Later, I learn that I was supposed to *drink* it.

August 17, 1998: I am assigned to translate several German technical studies for Victor Bergman. Verdeschi slips an unmarked edition of Kafka's *The Castle* in with them. I spend two weeks under therapy in Medical, trying to separate future perfects from passive voices and indirect discourses...I finally end up watching the *Guten Tag* series in reverse.

September 13, 1998: Big commotion going on in Geology Section. A small meteor shower, which had dropped mostly on the roof of Main Mission, is recovered and turns out to be my long-lost fossil collection. Alpha News Service announces 'fantastic finding of fossil-bearing fragments'--entire Geology Section greatly nonplussed when I explain. I overhear whisperings of revenge; I make firm resolution to avoid geologists.

December 10, 1998: I return to Earth for holidays. While I am gone, someone replaces my classical music cassettes with rock music and rewires my commlock.

January 31, 1999: Return to Alpha. Undergo treatment for minor ear damage after attempting to listen to Bach's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor*, which turned out to be Devo dubbed over Queen. While in Medical, my commlock broadcasts a shrill BEEEEEP over Dr. Russell's stethophones. Dr. Russell is not amused. Neither is Commander Gorski, who assigns me to lavatory maintenance. I discover some rather bizarre graffiti, including the classic "Those who read these words of wit..." I use Verdeschi's brew to wash it off.

March 21, 1999: Celebrate Bach's birthday by locating my Beethoven tapes under a seat cushion in a travel tube car. I meander down to Geology sections and switch labels on the sections. In my quarters, I am visited by several female Alphans who want to "see the Egress". I tell them that Verdeschi is full of hops and explain about P.T. Barnum.

July 4, 1999: Am assigned to Paleontology team for future planetary research. A curious job, considering that no future planetary research is being planned, but I do well enough in swapping Eocene fish stories.

August 3, 1999: First year on Alpha. Victor Bergman finds more German technical studies. I feign illiteracy, but am caught using an extended construction. *Es gibt keine Gerechtigkeit!* Various rock specimens begin to appear in uncomfortable places in my quarters. I open a Pet Rock concession, sell most of them to the women who were looking for the Egress.

September 13, 1999: Am suddenly and briefly convinced of the correctness of the Big Bang Theory. Commissioner Simmonds is temporarily quartered in my room, and I am forced to sleep in a geology lab. I awake several mornings under a pile of rock fragments.

October 31, 1999: I get my old quarters back--Commissioner Simmonds has bought a one way ticket. Thirty technical studies are delivered for translation back to German. I am halfway through the first one when Alpha is attacked by a BIG, HUMONGOUS...

Back to the real world. I have noted the various comments about the demise of The SPACE:1999 Society, and there appear to be some misconceptions floating about. Since I was one of the Society's directors, I'd like to clarify a couple of things, without trying to revive old hostilities. One: there was never any great division of fandom over the much-misunderstood dispute. The original disagreements and the subsequent 'cold war' involved only the *leadership* of the two groups, not the memberships. In fact, the majority of Society members were also members of the Alliance. Two: the direct cause of the Society's closing was a 75% loss of membership from 1979/1980. Continued operation was financially impractical and, in view of the general attitude of fandom *as we perceived it*, very likely futile. Three: the issues involved in the dispute, as we saw them, were issues of ethics rather than pride. The issue about the names used by either group developed after the split occurred. Four: finally, the Society was never represented as being anything other than what we considered it to be. All we *ever* did was to maintain our point of view and to stand our ground. If, in so doing, we confused or offended people, then I apologize. The SPACE:1999 Society may not have been the greatest fan club in history, but it *was* an honest effort. The organization and our convention plans may not have amounted to very much, but we were here and we *tried*, and I'm proud to have been a part of it.

Terry Shewmaker, 310A NW Second Ave., Visalia, CA 93291:

Now I *really* wish you could've been in Atlanta with all of us last weekend! Your artwork was marvelous! (Did pretty well at auction, too!) I can't believe a week has gone by. I had a fantastic time, PATCO problems and all. I met so many people, both new friends and those I already "know" on paper. At least six of us made it there from California...including Jay Hoff from Carmichael (Sacramento area). It was wonderful meeting *another* Central Valley SPACE:1999 fan! (yes we *do* exist--you just have to look for us!) So, a big umbrella THANK YOU to one and all for making my first-ever Con very special. Until next year!

(For those who might not remember me, I was the one fretting all weekend over the color of my Year Two visitor uniform--the only cream in a sea of tan! *Sigh*--and with my trusty FROM VISALIA WITH LOVE stickie on my con badge. Yep, *that* one...)

Now, on to the latest installment of the (gulp) bio: I've noticed a rather curious thing happening. No, I haven't washed out of the flight course (yet!). It's just that a lot of the gals seem to take a bit of good-natured ribbing re their swooning (and other such inclinations) toward Alan. I'm starting to get some of the same ribbing--for exactly the opposite reason! I mean, there are those people in life it's simply impossible *not* to like (and won't we all agree, Alan is one of them?): but it *is* possible to like the guy without swooning over him. (Isn't it?) Yes, Charmain, this means you!--I simply couldn't function over here otherwise. As stated, I'm *not* completely immune. Besides, my sights are set elsewhere. (*That* ought to keep you guys buzzing for the next two months!)

Susie Chaikin (the only other visitor uniform at the con!): I sent you one of my watch-mousies, in aid of the defense of your flowerbeds. How's he working out? I'm thinking of starting a service. He's also a dandy attack-mousie, too, but will sic 'em only on command. (A mousie a day helps keep Maya away, too!)

Tracy Fretwell (met you briefly--elevator, I think): Thanks for the pussy-gata. I'm a cat person, and kinda missed having them underfoot out here. Besides, she does wonders keeping my mousie ranks flying right!

George Eichler (writers meet, dealers room, etc.): Dear George, you are wonderfully crazy. And I mean that in the very nicest way. I think I can just about forgive you for that STARLOG letter of yours way back re Maya's being a sexual asset. At the time it made me see red--we all agree Maya's brilliant with a capital B; why should it matter that she also happens to be gorgeous? "It's still ME, inside!" Anyway, good luck on *Perapetetic*; I got a look at one of my roomie's copies. Liked it.

Wayne Walls (Sheraton parking lot!): I understand perfectly re acts of Congress--it almost took one, the end of public-service CETA, to keep me *away* from Atlanta (almost, BUT NOT QUITE, Ronnie!) The Atomic City, meet the Gateway to the Sequoias! As I write this, one of my (in)famous mousies is curled up, sound asleep, on your stun gun. A perfectly contented ball of fluff. Except when disturbed, of course. Keep L' Laws flying--he keeps the rest of us (at the very least) on our toes!

Pat Munson-Siter: Yes, some of us UFO peeps are still out here! I'm still kicking myself for missing the episodes they showed at the con--even at a somewhat smaller con. I can still be in only *one* place at one time! I remember Mary Tchir mentioning a SHADO group somewhere out here. How refreshing to see that it is possible (just) to describe Straker without using the word "ice" (even though it *does* fit). I don't know if I'd go so far as to describe Jackson as a weasel, but the fact remains I couldn't stay in a room with him inside of five seconds. I have a deeply-ingrained defense against people who try to fit me into little boxes!

Jenny Orsi: Happy to hear your ulcer is better. Did you get the water I sent you? Genuine Sierra runoff, best water there is. Brought some to remind me of home. Hopefully it'll help you in your little campaign. Let me know.

Cathy Conrad: My only regret is that I didn't get to see a little more of Georgia. About the only Georgia scenery I did get to see was the countryside along the runway as we were taxiing out to take off for LA! (C did all my scouting reports--the hotel, Georgia weather, etc.) God only knows when, but there *will* be a next time. I liked your folks, too. Happy you liked the transcontinental jelly-donut. *Told* you my mousies would have you out of that shower cubicle in two shakes of a tail! I suppose now I'll have to stay clear of Palermo for a while...

(Note: C. and I have a running joke re jelly-donuts--KLH knows, too!--so, there's this little bakery near my house that makes fantastic jelly-donuts, especially raspberry; I had them wrap one, took it on the plane, and presented it to C at the hotel! She said it's her favorite flavor.)

Amelia R: Sorry, but that IS Victor. Ask Susie Chaikin, she'll agree with me. Karen Domain and I got straightened out on that, too (she was one of my Con roomies!) Didn't anyone from the Bay Area come? If they did, I didn't see 'em, and I was on the lookout for Californians all weekend. I'm with you re what we're caught up in here. I'm still guarding against landing back in the so-called real world with too loud a THUMP. I want the Glow to last as long as possible. Re UFO: See my earlier remarks here. You and Pat and I seem to be in the same boat. I haven't seen the series since at least '74 and am dying to again. Am happy to see you and KLH are, shall we say, working something out? I'm always available to referee, but I'm already catching flack re my own feeling in the matter...

Tod Ellsworth (he of Scrod fame; briefly in the dealers room): I still haven't given up on my effort to write a *short* SPACE story (e.g., under 100 pages!). Were you at the writers' meeting? Also, thanks for the keys to the VIPs cache! Have already put to use in the Final Exam (umbrella title for my various 1999 writings). Stay tuned to see if I can do it...!

Alas, the end of the page looms. Kudos to Atlanta's SPACE station, Channel 11, for getting me up at 4:30 Sunday morning for SPACE (Cathy C wasn't joking!); and for coming over to film us for the news that night. I saw myself on TV! My roommate and I started jumping up and down and squealing like a couple of crazy people. I may be something of any island here in the Valley, but for a moment that weekend, I was an Atlanta Media Star. Fame is indeed fleeting...

I'm always happy to hear from anybody who'd like to write. To Moonbase Alpha, From Visalia With Love!

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

Howdy. Well, I guess I owe a lot of people a big explanation as to why I wasn't at the con this year. The reason why I wasn't there is because of the Air Traffic Controller's Strike (*Ednote: Brief pause for prolonged Raspberry. MaryB*). If I had a direct flight, I would've been there, but I didn't want to risk getting stranded. Any of you had the same problems? I was really disappointed in not going, but I'm promising you right now that if there's no strikes next year that you'll be seeing me at next year's con! I PROMISE!! Any votes of it being held in Canada next year? In staying home, I had something to cheer me up. At midnight, a local station showed the movie *Alien Attack* that combined SPACE:1999 episodes *Breakaway* and *War Games*. It was the second time I've seen it. I wish that I get a chance to see the movie *Bringers of Wonder* soon! Just six hours later I woke up to see *Lost Planet of the Gods*. What a short night, but what a wonderful one! At this time, I would like to tell all my friends that the mail strike up here in Canada is now over. I am really glad. You can't believe how bored I was in not getting mail every day. I missed it! Also since my last writing I've seen two great movies--*Superman II* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. In fact I've seen *Raiders* twice now! I also plan on seeing it again soon! Do people realize that most of *Superman II* was filmed here in Canada? Some of it here in Alberta! Well, that's it for now, but I'd still like some more answers to my poll, please! Til next time.

Mare Fitzgerald, 123 Fawn Valley Drive, McMurray, PA, 15317:

To Joan Enright: What an excellent letter! I agree--it's very hard to corner exactly what it is about *Testament of Arkadia*, but that episode, more than any other, haunts me. The music certainly had much to do with it, but even more was that 'marching to a different drum' feeling, the individual choice of Luke and Anna and knowing--without really knowing *why*--they had to do something. In one episode, Victor said, "Perhaps knowledge isn't the answer after all." Maybe we all need to follow our instincts more and allow life to flow more freely. Thanks, Joan, for reminding me about 1999's special gifts.

To Charlie McEvoy: I agree with you to a great extent. We've often gotten off the track. Yet, as with any relationship, there are times when misunderstandings arise and anger--either deserved or unfounded--should be rented. Can we really separate our thoughts about 1999 from our thoughts about each others? We can all learn about ourselves and each other by listening and trying to see the other guy's point of view.

Yes, there is a lot more to be said about SPACE:1999. For instance, one thing has been driving me nuts for months now. Does anyone know what Helen's *maiden* name is? Russell is her married name. The Tech manual lists her as Helena Susan Russell, but I doubt that Susan was meant to be a surname. Maybe we could adopt a maiden name for her--any suggestions? Since MMA is one of the prime 1999 clubs, perhaps we could have name nominations and then have a vote to make one 'official'.

To Catherine Conrad: You poor girl...at the mercy of the Georgia Delegation and still sane enough to write about it! Seriously, the G.D. is one swell bunch of crazies. All of fandom owes them a lot.

To Kathi Lynn Higley: Who said Paul Morrow's in travel Tube 14 with Kano and Victor? Wow, did you get the wrong info, but that's ok, 'cause nobody will go snooping around and find out where I've got him stashed away. I'm glad Sandra B. is all mooney over Peter whatshisface now. I must say I'm rather pleased about the absence of Paul from the Beauty Contest and the Buns Review. Not that I don't think he's the winner beyond a shadow of a doubt--but really, Mr Morrow is much too sophisticated for such things. Besides, you guys ain't even putting his best talents into the competition!

To Elenore Claassen: My favorite characters...SPACE:1999--Paul Morrow (brains, gentleness, good looks--yummy!), Alan Carter (a doll to visit, but not for long-term commitments), Sandra Benes (so much potential never allowed to develop); *Trek*--Scotty (because he "canna stand the strain"); *Gaia*--Apollo (sensitive eyes).

To everyone: I think CC is proof that we all have lots to say and that 1999 is far from past. This September will be--what--six years since 1999 premiered? Think about how your lives and the way you think about things have changed in that time. Especially the influence 1999 has had upon you. I'd say it's pretty powerful stuff.

Karla Von Huben, 3036 Hawthorn #18, San Diego, CA 921:

Greetings, Alphan! Re-reading the last couple of issues makes me realize how much you all mean to me. This is a super organization, do you all realize that? I'd love to answer all the comments, but as our harassed editor has asked us to keep things short, that's just what I'll do. But I can't let my bunkie, Kathi Lynn Higley, get by without a comment or two!

Kathi Lynn: It's been fun sharing quarters with you and Sandy and Rachael, but we've got to get that idiot out of the shower! Are you sure he's still alive? Since we lose security guards left and right, there *must* be space to put him in other quarters; I suggest we do so. I'm tired of showering in the Emergency Decontamination Station in the hangar bay. You, Sandy, Rachael, OK, but Palermo has got to go. When the rest of the base isn't mad at me, they're mad at HIM, and the damage continues...speaking of which, thanks for digging me out of the pile of rubbish. BUT, as you know very well, I do not eat jellybabies, so the empty wrappers are not mine. (I have a rather...specialized...taste in "food", as you know. But don't worry, dears, you're not my type).

Moving along to comments in a different vein...

Did you all notice that of the episodes listed as "Least Favorites", Nick Tate *did not* appear in at least four of them, while he *did* appear in all the "Favorites". (I'm not certain of the episodes *End of Eternity* and *A Matter of Balance*--I mean I don't remember them, so I'm not sure if Carter was in them). Are you sure Martin is everybody's favorite male regular?

Elizabeth Springer, 80 Van Cortlandt Park South, D-43, Bronx, NY 10463:

Hello, everyone! I've been a member of MMA for three years this month, and I figured it's about time for me to send in my bio. I came to Alpha in 1996 to reorganize the library. The last librarian knew more about science than library science, and the place was a shambles. I was just getting the place into shape when Breakaway came. Bam! A lot of three years work down the drain. I've been able to restore most of it since then, and am busy on other projects. Since no new books come in, I am busily collecting all available books and microfilming them, and copying microfilms (by the way, any and all contributions will be met with gratitude, if not anything more substantial) I also compile research bibliographies. Good as Computer is, it (David would make me say she) can't get all the information some of our scientists need for projects onto a printout. So I use a terminal to compile lists of available materials. I also provide a service Computer can't: translations. I do several languages and know where people to do the others are. Often I have to rewrite their translations. Translating from another language to English can be easy if you're bilingual, but getting it into clear working's another story. That's something I'm good at, so I do it.

All in all, my job keeps me busy. I may complain about that, but I really love it. Alpha is a small community, and that's a nice place to have my sort of job. I get to meet a lot of people and I've gotten to know the Command Center people pretty well. I've been in there a lot recently, since I'm part of the Data section and Sandra's teaching me to use her equipment. Here are some of my impressions:

Commander Koenig: We're fellow New Yorkers and fellow science fiction fans--we're both hooked on Heinlein and he's also another history buff. We share a New York style sense of humor, though he gets mad when I tease him about being from Brooklyn!

Helena Russell: I never got to know her until after Breakaway. I'm luckier than most people here in that my twin brother was here at the time of the Breakaway. Bob was up here at that time as an intern, and the disaster had a far more severe effect on him than on me. Helena helped get him through that, and that's when I saw her aloofness was no more than a protective shell. We've become friends now, and several of her drawings are in the library. A lovely lady.

Tony Verdeschi: My feuding friend. We were enemies before Breakaway--it had been mutual hate at first sight. We're wildly different--especially when it comes to "doing it by the book". It's almost sacrilege for a librarian to say this, but I'd like to burn that book! Now we don't have time to waste on fights, and it's become a friendly feud, except on the subject of his beer, which I am trying to abolish by sabotaging the still. It's easy for me to do it--I'm very inept mechanically--and whenever you see Tony sloshing out of Hydroponics looking--and smelling--like a drowned rat, you know who to blame.

Maya: she's the reason Tony will never catch me at the still--she helps! I think she's read more of the books in the library than I have, and she often asks me to explain things she doesn't understand. It's fascinating seeing Earth and humanity through her eyes.

Alan Carter: Terrible jokes... He keeps teasing me about when I'm going to show him if what they say about librarians is true. I just smile and ask him when he's going to bring in his book collection so I can create a pornography and erotic art section. He's easy to talk to, with a smile that no one could resist. I enjoy watching the females fight it out over him--I think he enjoys it too!

David Kano: a pain to work for. He's continually getting my help, but keeps insisting that Computer could do my job far more efficiently. I know he'd be a lot more conversational with her--he's very shy. Also very absentminded--his staff tends to take turns playing nursemaid and making sure he eats his meals and gets to sleep.

Paul Morrow: he tends to be a nit-picket, especially as I know only too well, about uniforms. My job is *not* sedentary, and I'd rather wear my own clothes, but not when he's around. Off duty, though, I like him. We both love music, and he sometimes drops by to listen to my folk music tapes.

Sandra Benes: Don't try arguing with her. You can't win, she's even more stubborn than Paul or Tony when she wants to be. We both love fantasy books, like Anne McCaffrey's and right before Breakaway she got me a unicorn poster I especially wanted for my birthday.

Some #7*18 (yes, librarians curse) from Technical wants her booklist *now*, so I've got to go. Have you returned your library books?

JUDY MOORE, 1812 REDWOOD AVE., ANAHEIM, CA 92805:

The Alpha Biography of Carolyn (Daniels) Davidson: One day, while watching the evening Alpha News Service with Pete and a couple of friends, there was a special report: *The Library Records Division of Alpha News Service requests all Alphans to write a personal account of how he/she came to be living on Moonbase Alpha. The reason? Current information stored in Medical files is impersonal and a first-hand account from each individual is vital to any future generations of Alpha.* I thought a little about the account I would write, then excused myself, went back to my quarters and began...

"Well, I'm the gullible sort, so here goes. Let me think back...as I remember without hesitation, the scope of the War of 1987 had been world-wide, and those families untouched by catastrophe were countable on one hand. As the world and its people came to an understanding, I was alive and well, and able to attend school again at the tender age of twelve. The years flew by as I grew up and I entered San Dimas University. After the Global War, San Dimas had remained intact, and the campus sprawled across acres of gently rolling California hills. I was able to complete architectural studies and training and surprised myself at doing well. So well in fact that my expertise in the drafting field led me to participate in a world-wide competition of skill in architecture. The need of skills in this area was in high demand at the time, and as an architect, I would be a designer in part of a new and fascinating world.

Competition was tough, but three students excelled and were chosen to represent one new wave of designers. I was among the chosen three and had placed second in position. First place was awarded to a gentleman named Hans Kajol, and third to a young man named Amiko Chu. Our prizes consisted of offices in well-established firms in each of our home countries, and supplies of up-to-date equipment whenever needed. The highlight of the competition, though, was a three month study tour on Moonbase Alpha, the epitome of Earth's architecture.

Eager at the beginning of our adventure, Hans, Amiko and I christened ourselves the Three Musketeers, and in the months to come, we would become close friends. We were trained for six months and learned to breath, walk and talk in spacesuits and we mastered the emergency operation of an Eagle spacecraft.

When the excited time came for us to be shuttled up to the moonbase on June 2, 1999, we bid eager farewells to our families and boarded an Eagle. With us was the pilot and co-pilot, two data technicians and a chief dietician who was to inspect nutrition balance on the base and host a seminar called LOW GRAVITY COOKING IN A HURRY. The cargo section held personal belongings of ours as well as memories from home other Alphans couldn't do without, one of which was an enormous green Schefflera tree.

The Eagle launch from Earth had been unbelievably terrific and as the craft pulled away from the forces we saw our huge globe become marble-like on the viewscreen. As the hours ticked away, Amiko weathered his spacesickness, we got to know a little bit more about Alpha from the technicians, and the moon grew closer.

Flying over the moon's surface reminded me of the dry lake beds of Earth, the craters and mountains were awesome. After landing on Launch Pad Three, the boarding tube extended and we entered the base for the first time and our voice and hand prints were verified. Vincent and Helena Russell examined the others and gave us all a clean bill of health. As a tour of the base is mandatory for new-comers, we were instructed to wait while a guide came for us and off we went. Towards the end of the tour, we met Commissioner Simmonds. (Maybe it wasn't the end, but the walk ended when we met him.) The day had been a long one, so we each went to our rooms for the night.

The next morning, a study schedule awaited us which included helping to design the Beta Complex, a proposed underground addition to Alpha. Day after day we studied, sketched floor plans, elevations, sections, revised existing drawings, made surveys and developed headaches. Headaches, but happy ones and how time flipped by unnoticed. In three months, we musketeers had made many friends and were sad at the prospect of having to leave for home. This was home, we felt a sense of belonging and so much work needed to be done. But, we had to leave and requests to stay were denied, always the same story, Alpha was filled to capacity and other people were coming soon to replace us. We started packing.

Two days before departure, Doctor Russell confronted Hans, Amiko and me together, with an explanation as to why we could not leave yet and hoped we wouldn't mind staying on a few weeks more. There was nothing we could do and she hoped we wouldn't mind the delay. The base was quarantined as of that day and no one could leave or enter, some sort of serious illness was going around. We listened happily but sensed a growing concern in the doctor's eyes. A dreadful thought occurred as we all looked at each other. The doctor assured us we were perfectly healthy and we all sighed deeply. Needless to say, we were delighted to stay on, and to our surprise, our families had already been informed. Hoping we wouldn't catch the strange disease, we set back to work on the Beta Complex.

No one knew at that time what lay ahead for Moonbase Alpha and its people. On that fateful day of September 13, 1999, the moon blasted away from the earth's orbit. Goodbye earth and all we knew! What a blow that was...

The rest is history, mostly chronicled by Doctor Russell in her medical tapes. Now, as I look back at all that has happened these past seven years, I feel sadness because three of my friends have died, including Amiko, but I also feel happiness because those of us alive share a closeness, one not quite achieved on earth until after the War of '87. There have been hard times on our little Alphan colony and more personal problems seem trivial when compared to our survival, but I sometimes do think about my family and friends back on earth and whatever happened to them and to my world.

Of my Alpha life, I've managed to adapt well to my new environment and find the atmosphere quite pleasant. I married Pete Davidson a year and a half ago. He's a technical engineer for the Beta Complex which is near completion at this time and we're still reinforcing Alpha's structure, now that the moon is literally our ship in space. I've kept myself busy designing, and as a result Alpha now has an amphitheater built in the caverns. The acoustics are quite extraordinary and Alphans have enjoyed many fine performances there. My greatest achievement, however, is the feeling that I'm an integral part of Alpha, as is each and every one of us on the base and our part in the scheme of things demands that we work hard for life, a rule we colonists live by, simply because...we have to..."

WHEW!! Now to get this straight over to the Records Division.

Lori Nelson, 9901 Columbus, Bloomington, MN 55420:

Howdy all!!! Since I'm renewing my membership to MMA to start my fifth year, I've decided to take a crack at a bio.

As a graduate student in medicine, I was assigned on September 10th and was supposed to leave Alpha five months later. Well, I started off on the wrong foot, and things could only get worse. I arrived on Alpha wearing blue jeans, and a T-shirt which had "Born to Raise Hell" written on it. I walked out of the travel tube only to find that my first tour of duty was to go down to the catacombs to get rock specimens for the geo lab. Doctor Russell made a deal with the lab techs to help them out with their work and they would volunteer for some tests for hers. Nice arrangement, actually, sorry I couldn't miss it! Well, myself and three others (who I still don't know) went down and met the Chief of Security, Tony Verdeschi. We all found out that not only were we helping Doc Russell help the geo techs, but we were also "volunteering" to be tasters for Tony's latest beer. (That is beer, or is it just called that??) Anyhow, the four of us were taken back to the main stream of Alpha and we're waiting for our first physicals. All of you that are groaning or snickering out there, Doc Russell can't be that bad. I'm going to be working with her soon. Besides, she looks harmless. As for the other top brass:

Commander Koenig: I really respect him, but I wouldn't want his job. There's too many *crazy* people on Alpha.

Tony Verdeschi: It's time I start thinking of excuses why not to taste his beer. His last three batches looked like weak coffee with foam on it, but weak coffee tastes better. Well, I guess you can't blame the guy for trying, or can you??

Maya: Completely unpredictable. She thought it was funny to watch the four of us in the catacombs run wild when we saw her in the form of a full grown tiger. I'll get her back eventually, if she stays as Maya long enough.

Alan Carter: Alan has got to be the most talked about guy on Alpha. So, don't ask me how, but I haven't met him yet. I've seen him from a distance and he's got my curiosity up. Does anyone know when he's not working or with a girl, if there is such a time!!

Now, about my fellow officer --Tracy Fretwell: I will gladly take possession of a cat if you've still got one to spare. When it comes to ranking cats and the top brass, I'll pick the cats anytime. At least they don't talk back.

Carsten Andresen: I hope you can see SPACE again. It seems to be coming back on the air with a lot of stations. My all time favorite is *Doraak* and I sat in shock when I saw it recently. Which part was your favorite in ATG?

Karen Domain: After receiving a letter from Charmain a few weeks ago, I hear you're seeing SPACE. Congrats!! As for the con, I can't make it this year because of finances, but maybe next year with any luck. By the way, you and Charmain can fight over Tony for as long as you want as far as I'm concerned. Well, at least let me meet Alan before either of you let go of Tony. OK??

Mary Bloemker: I would like to be one of the other who congratulates you for putting out the *finest* SPACE newsletter. You're doing a damn good job and it's because of the newsletters that I'm rejoining and starting a fifth year with MMA. Keep up the fantastic work!!

Anyone seen *Superman II* yet?

Sherri Washburn, 11717 McGallion, Houston, TX 77076:

Hello friends and otherwise. Wayne Walls: I really think *Hitchhiker's Guide* is the best thing to come along since...since... since...no deposit, no return bottles. I love it. Especially Marvin. I could learn to love Marvin. The *Star Wars* saga was really well done also. By the way, Wayne, can you fix me up with L'Laws, he does sound very interesting. I can't figure out why everyone is down on him. Maybe I can find out.

Catherine Conrad: Shame because I'm an SF fan? Shame? *Moi?* Shame?! What is shame? Never heard the meaning of the word. I've been an SF fan for most of my 22 years. If anything, my parents tried to get me interested in other things. However, my mind was made up. *Dark Shadows*, *Twilight Zone*, *Outer Limits*, all were watched faithfully by myself. Only in the past five years have they decided to quit fighting my love. Shame? NEVER!

By the way, folks, I still live at the same address, why not write? I will answer. Charmain, you can expect longer replies starting next letter.

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

Hello, Alphans. I am writing this letter from the laundry because I am hiding from Maya, but that story comes later. First off, you people are a bunch of lazy slobs and my crew and I are getting sick and tired of cleaning up after you. I came to Alpha to help repair the delicate machinery that keep this base running, but all I am doing lately is cleaning up after you all. I've got half a mind to go find Jeff Barber and sign his new petition for Commander, and then when he is Commander, I might be able to get back to my original job. Because if you don't start cleaning up after yourselves and treating my men with a little respect, we will go on strike. If you wonder why I am angry, here's why. Compared to my almost routine of repair around the base, I have had a very busy last few months. To start off with was our Movie Marathon, it was a terrific party, but cleaning up after more than 250 people was a bit of a problem. It was nothing to vacuum up popcorn and chips, to to un-glue the cushions, but when it came to scraping the pizza and spaghetti off the ceiling, I complained to the Commander (we can take only so much). The Commander took it in stride, but I think he was pre-occupied. He was putting on a pair of suspenders and mumbling something about the hangar bay and Kathi Lynn Higley. It took a week to clean the rec room, and we suffered only one casualty, when one of my crew slipped in a puddle of Verdeschi's beer and suffered a broken pelvis. And now on to other matters:

To Kathi Lynn Higley: I am very happy that you requested those signs on your door a while back, because it was getting a little risky getting replacements for your door. I took them from the Eagles. I decided to clean your quarters on my off-period even though it is your job to clean your own room. I took one look and advanced toward the rear. I had to look at the nameplate to make sure I had not stumbled (or fallen, in my case) into the waste room. When I next entered your room, I was all prepared to go to work--decontaminationsuit, pick, shovel, two utility carts, and my own bag of tricks (1 quart of Old Eagle Scout and a few anti-personnel hand grenades for those hard-to-get-at spots). My hammer and chisel also came in handy to get that pizza off the wall. Wait a minute--where is the pizza coming from? Everything was going fine until I came upon this pile of plaster, so I used one of my spot removers. As to the whereabouts of Karla Von Huben, you might look in Medical Center. She's got a slight concussion. I hope she will forgive me. After the med techs took Karla away, I got back to work putting your room back together, and trying to think up a very good excuse to explain the other casualty. You see, Kathi *had* this life-sized poster of Alan (dingo-brains) Carter on her wall, it also had lipstick marks all over it. I thought it better to leave the pieces on the wall so that you won't think that I stole it. Sorry about the smell of cordite. (I think I'll cut down on the explosives.)

To Steen "The Stinger" Pederson: The only way you are going to get me into your chair is to apologize to me for bad-mouthing my brew. You had no right to criticize "Scout" as the most harmful liquid to teeth you have ever seen. Just because I came to you with two broken teeth doesn't mean that "Scout" caused it. I told you over and over that I tried to eat my commlock in a fit of anger (when I find you the person that gave Verdeschi's beer the name "Tony's Moon Made Elixir," you had better sleep in your spacesuit!) As to the small matter of Maya's substitution of me was a stroke of brilliance. I found Maya in the Rec Room and asked her to take my place in the chair. She said that she would on one condition, that I give her my secret formula for Old Eagle Scout (she's tired of drinking Tony's beer). I paused one moment, and told her that when she was done it would be in her computer console. When she got out, she all but ran to Command Center, but she was in for a surprise. That message I put in the computer was "If you can keep a secret, so can I." My spies told me that she just sat there looking straight ahead and mumbling in a strange language. One last thing, Steen, if you do not apologize to me very soon for cursing the good name of Old Eagle Scout (the finest brew on all of Alpha, if not the Moon!) I will just have to tell Tony that you were the one that put me up to it. I don't think that Tony and Maya will like that very much. Hee, hee, hee.

To Charmain Chester: What a beautiful name--Charmain. For one of such few years, you are very perceptive. You are right, there is another side to me, but I never get to share it with anybody. I also saw *Fugitive From The Empire* and I was thoroughly entertained. I thought it was one, if not the best, fantasy TV shows on to date. For a change, the characters had substance, the makeup was very well done as were the special effects. I did have one quailm, the main character's hair was right out of the 20th century. Talking about movies, how about *The Phoenix*?

To Vernon Wells: So you want to know what books I read? Well, listen up. Any Heinlein, Niven, Pournelle, or Clarke, along with other authors. To single them out: Heinlein--*Glory Road*, *Space Cadet*, *Tunnel in the Sky*, *Rocket Ship Galileo*, *The Rolling Stones*, *The Number of the Beast*. Niven: *The Known Space Series*, including *The Ringworld Engineers*. Pournelle: *The Mercenary*, *Janissaries*. Niven and Pournelle: *Lucifer's Hammer*, *Inferno*, *The Mote in God's Eye*. Clarke: *Reach for Tomorrow*, *Childhood's End*, *Rendezvous with Rama*. Now for other authors. Anne McCaffrey: *The Ship Who Sang*, *Dragonsong*, *Decision at Doona*. Zach Hughes: *Seed of the Gods*. Lee Correy: *Shuttle Down*. Alan Dean Foster: *Orphan Star*, *The End of the Matter*, *Icerigger*, *Midworld*, *With Friends Like These...* And although they are not sci-fi, I will read any Conan book.

Now comes the time to make all the people that are not in the Southern California area mad. How would you cold, unlucky people like turn on your TV sets and watch Saturday Morning 8:00 to 10:00, that is two hours of *UFO*; then at 11:00 listen to an hour of sci-fi on public radio, *Star Wars* and *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*; then at 12:00 noon, *Lost in Space*. Sunday at 12:00 noon, *Lost in Space*. Monday 7:00 pm, *Star Wars* and *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* for an hour; at midnight, *SPACE:1999 Year Two*. And then don't forget all of the sci-fi mags. I also have two sci-fi stores by me, so I am always surround by science fiction. I want to know how I do it, it's easy. I do not have a job. My first job was a fire fighter with the C.C.C. in which I broke an ankle and had a slight run-in with a barbed-wire fence. So after nine months and \$2000, I decided it was time to quit, before I was kicked out. If you are wondering what this broken down firefighter looks like, read page 40 of my favorite book, *Glory Road*. (I'm only 20).

Here is another thought: When you see someone who is of a different color or race, it is not they who are different, it is you.

P.S. If anybody feels like writing, please, go right ahead. P.P.S. Make it quick, Maya just came into the laundry.

Kathi Lynn Higley, 1802-4 Whitney Ave., 3rd Floor, Hamden, CT 06517:

Believe it or not, guys, this'll probably be a first for the annals of CC--a SHORT Contribution from the "mouth that bored". Will wonders never cease? Keep this up and I'll have you people believing in Santy Claus and the Easter Bunny again! But after having read Mar B's opening remarks in the March/April ish, and then reading my own letter--which took up a grand total of 2½ pages--I felt horrified that I was the cause of the loss of at least six to seven other people's contribs to CC. So I'm mending my ways. No more marathon 'mouthing off'! I promise....

To Catering Conrad: Hmmm, sounds as if you had a real night of it--what with Jerry Redden pouncing on you, Kev Peterson attempting to hide a piano in your quarters, Ellie Claassen prancing in and Tony meandering amidst the mania with a heavy-duty laser rifle (by the way, is there any sound, rational explanation for his possessing a laser rifle on entering your quarters or does he always arm himself to visit you?). Almost makes me ~~glad~~ sorry I told Redden that fib to get him out from under my bed!

And thank you kindly for your offer to help me "lasso" Alan... In order to ascertain a successful capture of my quarry, I shall paraphrase the instructions of my minister to myself and a friend when we embarked on a church tithe raising campaign in our neighborhood: I'll carry the gun, you carry the bullets--ho.k?

I was also gratified to learn that my "tweeie" won first prize in the Beauty Contest... Always knew the boy had it in 'im! I must say he looked positively 'hunky' in that puce tuxedo he sported for the evening wear competition, didn't he?

To Lori Nelson: Well, congrats, me dear, on finally getting SPACE on the local airways in your area! Of course, you didn't have to rub the faces of us Alan fans in the fact that YOU got to see 'im in the flesh, so to speak, but I can't blame you for inadvertently doing so. *sigh* You lucky dog, you!

To Lynn Mims: Sorry, luv, but Rachael isn't really wired for sound. I hear Steen Pederson was practicing the art of ventriloquism (which he'd great at, by the way, so good, in fact, that when he has ya in his infamous 'chair' he answers his own questions for you--sparing ya the discomfort of trying to mutter through all the wadding he stuffs ya with!) that day so he's the culprit! Unfortunately he's not a good person to get even with, Lynn, so I think you're gonna just hafta settle with just getting mad....

To Andrea Gualco: Ah ha! So you're the fiend! What am I talking about, you query? For your information, sir, the quarters of ~~mo?~~, Sandy Doyle and Karla Von Huben have become infested with cock-a-roaches. As you know very well such insects were practically nonexistent on Alpha--except in Zoology. Either someone with a diabolical sense of humor released said vermin into our quarters (how much did Conrad bribe ya, Randy?) or your charges have slipped your vigilant guard. Couldja ~~please~~ come and relieve us of these critters? (By the way, there's a truly fascinating specimen of same the size of a Great Dane abiding in our shower cubicle--oops, sorry Don....)

To Steen Pederson: Honest, Steen, I don't know why Lynn didn't catch onto your little ventriloquial trick with Rachael the other day--that Danish accent was a dead giveaway! As to my disliking you.... Awww, I got over my mad about the tape-recording long ago.... Besides your position on Alpha sorta prohibits a person staying mad at ya for long--if they wanna continue showing pearly whites when they smile, that is. I mean, there's only so long you can be avoided, ya know what I mean, jellybean? So all is forgiven, me dear, but I think (as I mentioned a couple of CCs ago) I'll thake my next root canal with novocain, thank you.

Hey, that's not fair! If I'd been able to catch Alan before this I wouldn't even need your first prize! But if you're really sincere about awarding that prize of an evening with Alan--for the greatest number of contribs to CC--then the least you can do is juice 'im up with laughing gas the next time you get 'im in your chair and then turn me (the heck with Elenore--she can catch 'im on her own) loose on 'im--that is, if you were any kind of friend *sniff*sniff*....

Favorite space art... By that do you mean artwork of planets and solar systems? If that's the classification that you meant there's one artist in that field that I think is pretty good. And he isn't even famous. He's a fellow student/friend of mine at Paier College of Art here in Hamden, his name is Kevin Robinson. Kev really has a feel for realistic space scenes, believe me. Unfortunately, due to illness, he may not be able to continue his education at Paier next semester--but I'm hoping and praying that he does, he's good. My own favorite art in the sci-fi/fantasy department is really sword/sorcery art. I'm really not into the "hardware" or space kind of art. I prefer representations of centaurs, satyrs, wizards, firelizards, dragons, witches and the like.... Well, whatya expect for a weird-o, anyway?

To Charmain Chester: I wish I could respond to your letter in a more personal way--namely a letter to you directly via your address--but the postage hike prohibits me from doing any extensive writing. As to you questions as to whether the mundanes are ready for another show like SPACE:1999, I would have to say 'yes'. *Star Wars*, despite what many critics--both professional and layman--might say, has opened the way for media sci-fi. Unfortunately the spx costs are prohibitive and suffer from the small screen of TV. Frankly, if '99 returned--or something on the same lines--it would have to be as a cinema production (i.e. Movie) so that the large screen can do justice to the spx and pay for the expenses of those same spx. So if '99 returned, Charmain, we'd have to "get it to them (the mundanes)" via a movie. Oh, and thanks for the nice words on my poems!

WANTED: *The Edge of the Infinite* (British); any and all of the Gerry Anderson annuals including SPACE:1999, *The New Avengers*, *The Return of the Saint* series. *The Three Musketeers* by Alexandre Dumas, *Elizabeth R* by Rosemary Sisson, *Star Wars* bubblegum sticker sets Canadian series 1&2 and American series 2&3, the complete Canadian edition of the *Empire Strikes Back* bubblegum cards and sticker sets 1&3. For further info, write to: Ms. Elenore Claassen, 170-47 Ave S.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2T 2S2.

ALPHA QUARTERLY: New 1999 letterzine. For more info and a free copy of AQ#1, send SASE (overseas, two IRCs) to: Alpha Quarterly, c/o Daniel Pallotta, P.O. Box 11123, Cleveland, OH 44111 U.S.A.

THE PRENTIS HANCOCK FAN FLUB: Official fan club for Prentis Hancock (Paul Morrow). 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 SASE (overseas, two IRCs) to: 123 Fawn Valley Drive, McMurray, PA 15317 U.S.A.

THE BRITISH NICK TATE FAN CLUB: Official fan club for Nick Tate (Alan Carter). For more information, send SAE (U.K. only) or two IRCs to: 69 Francis Road, Acocys Green, Birmingham, B27 6LT England.

ALPHA NEWSLETTER: 1999 fandom's first and oldest continually run newsletter. For more information, send a SASE to: Steven Eramo, 5 Kimball Drive, Stoneham, MA 02180 U.S.A.

ALPHA LOG: MMA's mini-zine. Issue #5 is now available for \$2.75 (inc. first class postage; overseas, \$4.50 air mail printed matter rate). Approx. 40pps offset printed, contains sotries, artwork, poetry, more. Issues #2, 3 & 4 are also available for \$1.75 each (inc. first class postage; \$3.25 overseas printed matter air rate) each approx 30pps offset printed. Checks/money orders payable to: Mary D. Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, MA 02128 U.S.A.

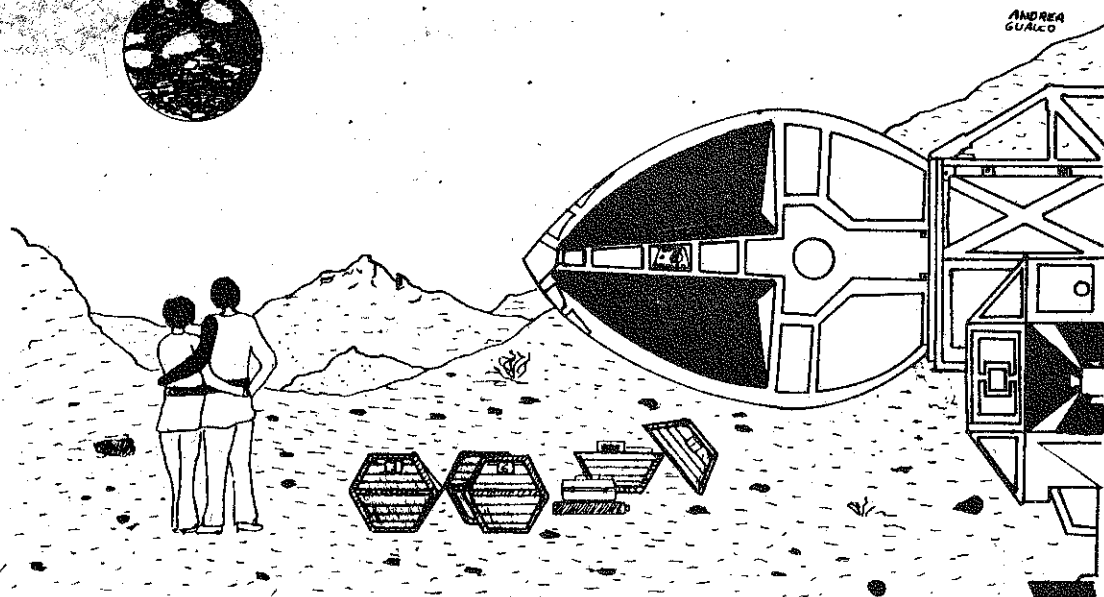
WANTED: Jon Pertwee *Doctor Who* stories; has (to trade): *Spearhead from Space*; *Ambassadors of Death*; *Terror of the Autons*; *The Daemons*; *The Three Doctors*; *Carnival of Monsters*; *Death to the Daleks*. *The Daemons* is in excellent condition. I also have *The Hammer House of Horror* series on video. Bob Lia, 27096 Eward Drive, Agoura, CA 91301 U.S.A.

THE ALPHA SOCIETY TWO: Quarterly newsletter *The Alpha Memo*, membership card, merchandise and photo list. \$6.00/U.S., \$7.00/Canada, \$8.00 Europe and overseas. THE ALPHA SOCIETY TWO, 2803 Belvoir Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78230 U.S.A.

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