

Command Center

MARCH/APRIL 1981

Welcome, one and all, to the March/April 1981 issue of Command Center. You all know what I'm going to say, don't you? *SIGH* Well, it's time, folks. Not to be outdone by the federal government and our own local, best-loved Proposition 2½ (let's hear a rousing Bronx cheer for Prop 2½, guys!), we here at MMA are forced to announce our own cutback program. What else do we have to cut back, I hear you cry? The newsletter. You see, not only has the Post Office upped the postage rate, they've also made it impossible for MMA to save postage by sending out the newsletters third class by eliminating third class rates for anything that weighs less than four ounces. Creeps. Added to that is the fact that we're back to the regular printers--the free use of the Gestetner machine is now nothing more than a messy, pleasant memory. All this boils down to one thing--we can afford to run MMA at the current membership rates by cutting the newsletter down to five pages. Tops. This has been done this issue by cutting out nearly half of the submissions received for Command Conference. All those that fell victim to the editing, my apologies, and my assurances that they will be fitted in best they can next ish. I know that those of you who are disappointed that their letter did not appear this issue probably think my editing policy is callous and cruel, but I'm not kidding when I tell you that cutting out letters--any letters--hurt me more than it hurt you. But it is the *only* way that we can stay within our hastily recalculated budgetary restrictions, without being forced to go quarterly.

This means that from now on, I have to beg, plead and cajole you sweet, understanding people into keeping your Command Conference submissions short. If not, I'll be forced to either edit your letter or kick someone else's letter out, neither of which is very nice. All submissions should be no more than five pages handwritten or two pages typewritten (four pages if you double space) single-side paper.

There are, of course, two other alternatives. We can increase the membership fees to cover the increased cost of postage and printing. Or we can issue Command Center four times a year, instead of the six times a year we currently publish CC. It's only democratic that we put this to a vote, of course, but warning: Unless more than half (that's *half*, as in majority, fifty-percent, greatest number, heaviest proportion thereof) of the current membership votes for one or the other of the above options, our current policy of restricting Command Conference submissions will stand. Until otherwise noted, Command Center is a bi-monthly five page newsletter, no matter what we may have to do to keep it that way!

THE FOURTH ANNUAL SPACE:1999 CONVENTION: August 7-9, 1981, Atlanta, Georgia. For information on membership, hotel, convention activities, guests, and more, write: The International SPACE:1999 Alliance, 86 First Street, New London, OH 44851. The IS:99A is a non-profit fan service organization, dedicated to SPACE:1999, the programs of Gerry Anderson and all worthwhile SF productions. The Alliance holds a convention annually, with all proceeds going to a 'future-oriented' charity, such as a children's hospital. Over its three year history, the Alliance has donated over \$15,000 to charities in Columbus, Ohio, and Pittsburgh, PA. Among the events planned for the Fourth Annual SPACE:1999 Convention will be guest and star speakers, a costume competition, a star banquet, art show and auction, fan club meetings, a war-gaming room, dealer's room and charity auction.

Now, for my next speech, I will paraphrase the same speech I gave around this time last year. Attention, all you people who are going to this year's convention (and those of you who aren't going, listen up anyway, I have something to say to you, too). If you have procrastinated about sending in your membership fee, do not, I repeat, *do not* delay any longer! You see, the convention has an extensive list of guest invitations, but it's the convention membership fee money that they depend on in order to pay the convention guests' travel expenses. Now, really, would you like it if Martin Landau accepted the convention's invitation to appear at the convention as a guest, and the committee actually had to turn him down just because you didn't send your membership in time for them to be able to make a travel commitment (yes, indeed, airlines do like to be paid in advance!)??? It could happen!! So, if you're going, don't wait any longer, for heaven's sake. Send your membership fee in *today*. And those of you who aren't going, those supporting memberships are just as vital as attending memberships, you know. If you support SPACE:1999 like a true fan, support the biggest SPACE:1999 event of the year!

--COMMAND CONFERENCE--

JOAN ENRIGHT, 560 W. CHANNEL IS. BLVD., APT 12., OXNARD CA 93033:

It has been three years since *Testament of Arkadia* was last shown. I have just seen it again (thank you, KTLA!) It is 1:00 am. I cannot even think of sleep. Was it the mystical, haunting music? Was it the ancient tale that our race began on another world? Was it the caring of one Alpha for another? Or was it Koenig sitting silent and alone writing in his journal about the fulfilling of a destiny? What was it--*is* it about SPACE:1999, in particular the first season? There are many science fiction series and films all around us now. Special effects to blow our minds, handsome actors, beautiful actresses, slick, professional scripts. Will all these new sci-fi thrills to get excited about, why am I sitting here, held captive by a series that failed (commercially) was cancelled, certainly not understood by most viewers and critics?

Let me examine one episode, maybe my questions will be answered. *Testament of Arkadia* was about people. People who believe in a dream that had died, but not quite. They were compelled to bring back that dream by a force that *would* not, *could* not die. And of the Alphas, struggling with themselves, so vulnerable and alone. Tossed about in a universe they are not in control of. They are struggling with the basic questions that all humans have always struggled with: "Who are we?", "Why are we here?" "Where do we come from?" "Where are we going?" "Do we have a meaning?" And they are all helping and supporting each other.

SPACE:1999 makes me think, pumps adrenaline; makes me cry and smile; give hope and compassion, asks questions. And that is why I cannot sleep, just yet.

CHARLIE MCEVOY, 184 GIBSON ST., FREDERICTON, N.B., CANADA E3A 4E3:

Remember when SPACE:1999 first came out, we all wrote to our favorite fanzines and told all the other fans what we liked and disliked. Now it seems that you can't even pick up a pro SPACEzine without reading apologies, congratulations, name-calling and all in all, general B.S. Why can't we all just talk of SPACE without bringing up such things as I can't come up with at this moment? There are still things that can be said for SPACE. It seems as if we are all concerned with ourselves and not the group! I've heard of Sir John A. MacDonald having better hangers that couldn't even compare with the crap I read in Command Conference. Let's try to keep it all on the right track, not veer off the start our own little wars. If you don't have anything good to say, don't say a thing!

I know I will get a lot of "Who the hell is this guy, trying to tell us what to write!" I'm not trying to tell what to write, but just trying to get you to write more of what we all want to see. What is THAT, you say? SPACE:1999.

P.S. Anyone over in England could tell me how much a halfway decent rugby ball costs? I'd like to buy one.

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

To Mary Bloemker: Let me be the first to welcome ORAC into our midst. *snicker, snicker*

To Charmain Chester: You have my welcome to MIA, even if you're one of those *ahem* Year Two fans. Seriously, your letter was intelligently written. Keep writing them.

To Kevin Peterson: Awww, shucks. Do you really think I'm a 'puppchen'? This guy sure knows how to butter up a girl. You other Beauty Contest entrants could take a lesson from him. But seriously, you asked about my novel--when it comes out, it'll be in my real name of Catherine Conrad. My, aren't you the one with the big mouth? You just had to go on and tell the whole base about my chemical inhibitor for Maya! She almost found out about it. But it worked, and *heh,heh* it was funny. She was in the rec room one day playing her little game of 'musical metamorph' when she got stuck in one form--Alan Carter's. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't turn back into herself. She took it in good spirit, though, and decided to play a joke on Kathi Lynn Higley. (She suspected the inhibitor was Kathi's idea.) She turned on the charm and I swear, Kathi's teeth nearly dropped out! But just as Kathi was taking the bait, however, the inhibitor wore off and she transformed back into Maya. I hear Kathi isn't speaking to her anymore. Or Lis and Tod E., whom I ~~threw~~ persuaded to slip the inhibitor in her drink.

To Amelia Rodgers: I have only a few words for you. Get that stupid mouse you stole from the Med Center out of my quarters!

To Bobbie Smith: *Thank you* for your kind words about my Alphan bios. It's appreciated very much. And I'm glad that you're not as sensitive about your Alphan character as some of us are...

To Kathi Lynn Higley: Well, well, well. So you're coming down here to the South for the con. So am I. I hope I'll see you there. ##Evil, mysterious laugh##

Gee, thanks a lot, Kathi! For your information, honey, Jerry Redden *did* believe your story that I'm Cathy Lee Crosby. Unfortunately. You're not going to believe what he did: Okay, it's late at night, and I'm going to bed. I didn't believe that Redden would try anything, so I didn't bother to search my quarters. I turned off the light and the minute my head hit the pillow, this guy comes at me from out of the darkness yelling, "Remember the Alamo!" Then he pounced on me. I guess he was so excited he forgot that that phrase was from another war. Anyway, then I heard a timid voice say, "Hey, what's going on out there?" I pushed Redden away, turned on the lights, and opened my closet with my commlock. Kevin Peterson was hiding in there. He grinned sheepishly and actually had the nerve to say, "Hi, how are ya?" I got angry and started to show him the door. That's when I found out why he was there: when I looked at the other side of the room, I saw a huge, dark thing. He was hiding one of his damned pianos from Elly Claassen in my quarters. Then the door flew open and Elenore walks in. She saw the piano and said, "Aha! I thought you two had something going on!" She started arguing with a red-faced Kevin. Jerry just stood there, stricken dumb. Then--what else could happen?--Tony buzzed to come in. I said, "Sure, why not? Join the party." He stumbled in in his pajamas and carried a heavy duty laser rifle. He took one look at Elly and Kevin bickering and said, "Uh...I'd rather not." He must've thought there was a brawl going on, with Elly and Kevin yammering at each other at the top of their lungs.

Sigh What a life. Oh--I've got good news, Kathi. No, Alan isn't going to propose. You see, I got conscience-stricken when you told me about all those hussies like Mary, Susann and Becky who're trying to steal your beloved Alan away. From now on, I won't chase Alan--I'll even help ya lasso him. Seriously, Kathi Lynn, why are you wasting time on an art career? With some polish, you'd make a fine humor writer!

To Carsten Andresen: Good heavens. *Another* Scandinavian? Look, Carsten, I think I understand your opinion about us bio writers--but I'll continue to write my bios, thank you. Most of us, I believe, still enjoy the bios, and I doubt if anyone else--not Kathi, Kevin, Becky, etc--will stop doing theirs, either. Now, here's some more bio material: Lieutenant Daniel J. Pallotta recently had his first full working day in the Eagle Pilot Training Section. I warned y'all that Daniel might not be up to the shenanigans that usually go on around here but it looks like someone already pulled a fast one on the boy. Last time I saw him, his eyes were as big as saucers and he kept muttering, "I can't believe this happened to me...to me...to me..."

****Attention All Male Beauty Contest Entrants**** The event you've all been waiting for has come to a climactic end! Here are the winners of the Male Alphan Beauty Contest: MR. ALPHA--Alan Carter! First Runner-Up: Tony Verdeschi! Second Runner-Up: John Koenig (I told you he'd have to win *something*). Third Runner-Up: My stars--it's a tie! A three way tie, in face. Vernon Wells, Kevin Peterson and Mark Robertson! Of the individual categories, there was *no* winner in the Talent Composition (what'd you expect?); Kevin Peterson won the Most Photogenic; Vernon Wells won the swimsuit competition (he looks nice from the rear, Kathi, you could use him in your contest); Mark Robertson won the evening wear competitions with a lovely kelly-green tuxedo; and the congeniality award was killed when it was found that none of the contestants knew what the word "congeniality" meant.

The prizes? Yep, I finally came up with some. No all-expenses paid trips to Las Vegas, but they're pretty good. Mr. Alpha, Alan Carter, gets to be Grand Guest of Honor at a 'beach' party held in the solarium. Maya will act as hostess in the form of Bo Derek. The first runner-up, Tony Verdeschi, gets to spend one fun-filled but quiet weekend alone with his lady-love in the Security Researching Center, blocked off from the rest of the base. The second runner-up, John Koenig, will receive one full week of peace from naggers and freedom from Jeff Barber's petitions to overthrow him. The third runners-up will receive perhaps the nicest prize of all. A date with me! Yes, that's right, you lucky guys, on whatever night you specify, you'll get to eat a paid dinner in a romantic corner of the cafeteria with me. But mind you, no funny business.

Sigh Well, it's all over for this year. But, cheer up guys! You can be in it again next year.

To Becky Eisenhuth: All right, what did you mean by saying that I'm the head 'conspirator' of the Beauty Contest? This is a very cultural event, y'know. Oh, and I think you also misunderstood me. I want thirty percent, not a measly ten, of the profits from your plays. A girl's gotta make a living. And *heavy sigh* I'm bored now that my contest is over, so I'd like to be in one of your plays. Could I be Scarlett O'Hara if you might pr'aps put on *Gone With The Wind*?

To Karla "Toots" Von Huben: I agree with you on the new *Buck Rogers* to a point. It has improved, but the stories are leaning too far to the gnomes-elves-and-fairies route. Ridiculous! I agree with you also on the new uniforms for the women. Impractical and besides, the blue trim on white makes them look like something from the Good Ship Lollipop.

To Vernon Wells: Sorry, kid, but I couldn't get the prize you wanted for the Beauty Contest. I told Maya your idea to become Bo Derek and greet the winners in a hot tub and she thought it's be great fun. But Tony gave me a look that made me think he was gonna ram his commlock down my throat. He also asked who the kinky person was who suggested that. Oh, well--at least she'll be Bo Derek at that solarium party.

To everyone: I'm looking for correspondents--penpals, whatever. Please write!

I recently met the Georgia Delegation from the Alliance. I have never met a friendlier bunch. They put me right at east from the start. I hope most of the con-goers are like them--they're doing most of the workload for the con in Atlanta, and doing an excellent job.

To ~~My~~ Ron Butler: If you do happen to get some UFO videotapes for the film room at the convention, please put them on. The suspense is killing me to see UFO after all this hoopla caused by Don Palermo (is he still alive?!).

I hope I'll see all of you Alphans at the con in Atlanta. I know the midsummer Georgia heat has been exaggerated by a person (who shall remain nameless) who'd bitter that the con won't be held in Columbus, Ohio for the THIRD time. Three's enough! Give some other cities a chance!! The Georgia heat rarely gets above the mid-80's at the highest, and by all indications, we're going to have a mild summer this year. (You'd think the Civil War is still going on by that guy!) Y'all come!

Okay, y'all. I'm writing to Charmain Chester now, who says I'm the only person who responded to her plea to have correspondents. She's a very nice, very friendly, interesting person. (She must be pretty from the way she described herself, fellas, so take notice!) Write to her!

Did anyone read the editorial in *StarLog* #46? It concerned some fans of sci-fi who feel a great sense of shame and freakishness about their love of it. And that the raucous humor found in some fans and fan clubs (in MMA, perhaps?) was a coverup for that shame. Do any of you feel that way? I think feeling ashamed is all wrong. Fortunately, I was blessed with open-minded parents who encouraged my interest in sci-fi when I first found it at 11. If we didn't have such 'strange' and diverse notions, this would be a much less interesting world.

Which brings me to the subject of the Alphan bios. Does anyone else out there beside Carsten 'The Dastardly Dane' Andresen think that the bios are too much? Boring?! I admit we go off the deep end on the humor sometimes, but is it too much?

Well, I'll sign off. But you haven't gotten rid of me yet! (Okay, okay, stop that groaning!) SPACE:1999, *je t'aime!*

LORI NELSON, 9901 COLUMBUS S., BLOOMINGTON, MINNESOTA 55420:

Howdy, all!!! From one of the "nags so outspoken" crowd, I have news to spread I can't keep inside. Saturday, March 28, 1981, 3:30 am I got home from work at 2:15 am, and at 3:30, after deciding I'd go to bed, I was about to turn off the television when I saw on the bottom of the screen *All That Glitters*. SHOCK!! I continued to watch the screen and saw the names Nick Tate and Tony Anholt. I thought I was dreaming. For the first 15 minutes of the program I didn't move, speak or barely breath. I couldn't believe I was finally seeing SPACE:1999 after 4 1/2 years of not seeing it. The episode was as familiar as if I saw it yesterday. The characters hadn't changed. John, Helena, Tony, Maya, Alan and Dave Reilly were there, looking exactly the same as when I last saw them. Now, back to rational thinking. The facts: SPACE wasn't show on regular TV out here, it was seen on our cable system, WGN Chicago. According to the listings, it's part of Chicago's all night programming. ...I must be dreaming. Something that good couldn't have happened to me, my luck has been so bad lately. I watched every move on the screen that the characters made, I didn't want to miss anything. For those who haven't had my luck (to think I wanted to go to bed?) you can't imagine how it feels to see SPACE again. It's a dream come true. I hope all 1999 fans have the luck I had this morning.

The part I liked the best, other than all of it, was to see Nick Tate again in the role I remember him best in. I didn't have to look at pictures and imagine the way it was before when SPACE was on. He was acting as Alan Carter, piloting an Eagle, walking and talking.

Maybe my luck is changing for the better. At least it's off to a *fantastic* start! As I said before, I hope all 1999 fans have my luck--it's a dream come true. 1999 lives forever in the hearts and minds of those who believe in dreams. Ciao!

LYNN MIMS, 1511 GRAND AVE., ASBURY PARK, NJ 07712:

All right, people, who has the twisted sense of humor? Don't everyone answer at once. Who wired Rachael for sound?

Really. There I was, on my way back from the Robert A. Heinlein Memorial Blood Drive. (Yes, I know, the Grand Old Man was working on another novel at Breakaway--he'll probably meet us when we get back). I was nursing a sore arm and not really thinking about just where I was going, when I went through the rec room where Rachael and Alex hang out. Quite naturally, I said, "Hello, Rachael," as I went by. And this voice comes out: "Hi, kiddo. Aren't you going to say hello to Alex?"

I don't think it was funny. I'll be Commander Koenig doesn't either, since Kathi Lynn and Sandy had to peel me off his chest. He *would* happen to be walking into the rec room just then. It's one way to get to know someone, but I don't recommend it. When I found out who wired Rachael...

Becky Eisenhuth: Like the idea of a play. I'd vote for *M*A*S*H*, but the others sound nice too. I'm an alto, can sing mostly in tune and read music. Whether I can act is another question. But just let me know when you're holding auditions and I'll be there. It sounds like fun. Or we could do *Kluge*. How about the Commander as the Wazir, Doc Russell as Lalume, Alan as the Caliph, Maya as Marsinah? Koenig would make such a lovely villain. That's it for now. Take care...

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

Howdy! While reading the last Command Conference, I was quite surprised! Couldn't believe it to see my name mentioned so often! First of all, I would like to thank Chuck Raue for making available to the fans all those scripts! Wonder where he gets them all? Many thanks to those fans for helping me out on my fan poll, but I still need more votes to make a clear picture of it. So for those fans who do not know of it, here it is again. The poll is: Who are your favorite characters from the following shows: SPACE:1999, *Star Trek* and *Battlestar Galactica*. Before I answer some fellow fans' questions, I would like to know if there are any fellow Canadians going to his year's con, 'cause I myself am planning to go.

To Kevin Peterson: Who gave you the idea that I have a nickname? By the way, I spell it this way--Ellie. Also, do you come from a German background like me? OK, Kevin, you asked for it--I did some looking with the help of Sam, who is in our trio along with Paul and his guitar. I took your advice and started to think about it. Well, you're right--it's obvious! I decided to try the stoarge room just for simply trying to look. Am I right?!

To Kathi Lynn Higley: What can I say? Once I find another person who's also a sports fan, I could get him talking for hours! I have some pleasant memories from sports, especially from the year 1971, 1972, 1976 and 1980! Plus I got to watch live on TV the Olympics from Lake Placid last year and in particular the hockey games. Of all the games shown, all were live from Lake Placid, no matter what the time of the day. American hockey fans living near the Canadian border can back me up if they can pick up one of our networks. Some people say that my sci-fi collection is as big or even bigger than my sports collection!

In closing, I have an interesting idea at this time. Try combining two sci-fi shows into one story, or should I say episode. Another idea I have is putting certain characters from one sci-fi show into positions from another show. Well, that's it for now. Till next ish, signing off...

KATHI LYNN HIGLEY, 1082-4 WHITNEY AVE., 3rd FLOOR, HAMDEN, CT 06517:

First of all, to Mar B: I am presently typing this from a busstop. Why? Because my Nov/Dec CC has kicked me out of my apartment, that's why! So much for your advice to humor its claims to being the Jan/Feb ish! Admittedly I doubtless went overboard on the humoring bit: breakfast in bed, massages, candlelit dinners for two, (honestly, Alan never had it so good); all so the poor thing wouldn't develop a complex, and this is the thanks I get! How you *you* like to come home from school to find all your worldly belongings tossed in a haphazard heap outside *your* apartment and an "8X11" newsletter (salmon pink, no less--so much for the shrinks claiming pink is a passive color), toting a sawed off shotgun, telling you to "git"? Oh, well, one consolation: Is my snoopy landlady in for a treat when she blithely unlocks my apartment door for her routine inspection of my underwear drawer!

And my sabotage of Tony's beer gave you a nice home perm, huh? Oh, well, I tried. Hmmm, you wouldn't consider a partnership, would you? You steal some more of Tony's ~~beer~~ beer and I'll do whatever it was I did to that last batch and we can mass-market a home perm kit. 'Course, the obvious choice for a name, Tony's Home Perm, is out. There was a home perm kit by that name (but with a different spelling) back on earth--or so Jenny Orsi--or was it Bobbie Smith--informed me. Admittedly, we'd have no copyright problems, but I'd like our kit to have an original name...any ideas? (Ednote: How about "Beer Bomb"? MaryB)

Anyhoo, thanks, tweet-heart, for the news of my nomination to the MMA Fan Fund award! That really brightened my day, believe me! To say I'm flabbergasted is the understatement of the century! I can hardly wait to get there...that is *if* I can get there; seeing as my traveling expenses are dependent solely on the generosity of my fellow MMA members--which brings us to the second part of this letter...

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY FELLOW ALPHANS: OK, you tightwads, listen up! Now, I'm willing to get to Georgia by fair means or foul. I'll hitch a ride in the sidecar of a moped, or hop a southbound cattle car, but I draw the line at walking, hitch-hiking, skateboarding, rollerskating (can't anyway, weak ankles), biking or driving (especially with my sense of direction--it would be time for the next con by the time I found my way to Georgia) there. I will, however, take a train, provided that I am armed with either a screwdriver or the blueprints on train lavatory construction. The last time I 'train'ed it, I couldn't figure out the gizmo for opening the bathroom door and literally spent two hours sweating it out until I reached my destination. Whereupon I had to fumble in my hadbag for the 20¢ requisite for using the john at the station there (10¢ to get through the turnstile, 10¢ to get in the door of the stall--those suckers really know how to hit ya where ya live, don't they?). So, I will either figure out said bathroom door gizmo via those blueprints, or take the hinges off the door with my trusty screwdriver.

I am also willing to fly, but only in a plane; so please let us not have any suggestions that I ride on the wind of a DC-10, or worse still, that I wing my way with any southbound (and obviously addled, considering the time of year the con is being held) birds; especially as I shall be loaded with baggage and other assorted ~~stuff~~ stuff and won't be able to flap my arms anyway. So it's up to you folks to ~~contribute~~ contribute the moola that will enable *me* to get to the con and meet all you wonderfully sensitive generous, big-hearted people (of course, if you fail to get me there, you're still a bunch of tightwads!). By the way, Mar B is keeping tabs on all those who send in their contributions, so if you *don't* contribute, beware! You're likely to be the recipient of a rather large, burly individual (and if Don Palermo isn't available I'll get Dave Prowse) who'll arrive on your door step and forthwith hike you up by your ankles and shake any loose change (gold fillings also accepted--I'm not choosy) outa ya, so don't say you haven't been warned!

Ahem And with that out of the way--Charmain Chester: Glad to have you aboard our Moonbase, bunkie. And if you ever need any help, advice, jellybabies, or pesos, feel free to rap on the door to the quarters of yours truly any time. How will you recognize said door? Ya can't miss it, really, seeing as it's the only door on Alpha bearing the inscriptions: "These quarters can't be breached without structural damage to Alpha", and "Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Enter Here". Admittedly, once inside, you might have difficulty getting my attention since I tend to spend a lot of time adhered to the wall that holds my life-size, full color photo of Alan, but if all else fails, my roommates will be glad to help ya. That is, if Sandy Doyle isn't deep in an esoteric debate with Alex, my pig embryo, or her human skull, Rachael. And if you can find Karla Von Huben under all the ceiling plaster (Our quarters can't be breached without causing structural damage to Alpha, but a few foolhardy souls have attempted it) and empty jellybaby bags, you'll have to convince her to remove the cotton from her ears (done to escape my so-called incessant dialogue about Alan--which is untrue. I *can* talk about other things besides Alan. For instance there's...oh, well, and then there's... hmmm) before you can talk to her. Of course, if all else fails, Don Palermo is alive and well and living in our shower cubicle and is always happy to help newcomers to Alpha. And don't let first impressions fool you, we're really a very stable (?), normal (?), group of Alphans--what was that, Charmain? "When's the next earthbound Eagle leaving?" heh-heh-heh-heh-heh (sinister crackle)...

Seriously, welcome to MMA, Charmain. And I don't think you've made any enemies by stating your preference for Year Two over Year One. Command Conference is a very free and open letter column. I know our hopping aboard Don Palermo in the last ish of CC might lead you to the conclusion that we use the slightest pretext to haul out the tar and feathers, but it isn't what ya say in CC so much as how ya say it that can cause more commotion in our ranks than a weasel in a henhouse. So don't be afraid to say what ya feel; so long as it's not done in a callous, abusive way, nobody will hop on your case, believe me. So keep writing!

To Kevin Peterson: Now really, me dear, was that a nice thing to do to Elenore Claassen? She was last sighted peering into a garbage disposal unit (to heartless cries of "You're getting warmer", from a group of rowdies who will remain nameless) in Rec complex six, muttering, "They've got to be around here somewhere. Now, don't you feel ashamed? And remind me never to ask you the whereabouts of something I'm in dire need of (by the way, was that *you* I asked direction to the nearest ladies' room from when I first arrived on Alpha?)!

By the way, thanks to you the mad piano-wire snipper has struck again. This time with Superglue; the key case on the piano in Rec complex ~~*mumble*mumble*~~ (sorry, Elenore, but if I had to spend six months finding a ladies room, you can do the same in your piano search...besides, think of what great shape you'll be in for the annual Halloween scavenger hunt, and Bergman's Easter egg hunt!) has been glued shut. ~~Be~~ us music lovers a favor, will ya? Either increase your repertoire or take up noseplaying!

Oh, come now, Kev, my little old buns revue is nothing to be scared of. I know my standards are strict, but I'm sure you could win *something*; why, maybe even the talent division. I've heard that after a couple of plateful of Lis's baked beans, you've been known to be a regular virtuoso; anything has to be an improvement over your piano playing! So you'd be a shoo-in for a win in that category. Anyway, what harm can it do to at least show up for the preliminary viewing in my quarters (at 1700 hours tonight--sorry, all bodyguards have to be left at the door)? To paraphrase FDR: You have nothing to fear but fear itself (admittedly, *he* never had to compete in one of my buns revues, but it's still sage advice.) So whattya got to lose?

On a serious note: I think yours and Tom Rose's suggestion of an episode guide is excellent. However, not being of a literary bend of mind, (and we all know in just what direction my mind *does* bend) all I can offer (*tsk*tsk* but you've a dirty mind) is my artistic ability; such as it is. I'd be happy to help out in the illoing department if you'll have me. Fact, if you'd like, I'll send ya some xeroxes of some of my SPACE art done back in '78/'79 so you can judge for yourself if you'd like me to do an illo or two. I just wish ya were going to the con (by the way, are ya definite on the not going?) it would be great if we could

all meet and discuss the episode guide face-to-face. Hmmm, for that matter, with Mar B., gonna be absent, what's gonna happen to the MMA meeting that usually occurs during the cons? Any thoughts on that one, Mar? (Ednote: You're such a sweetheart to volunteer to take over the meeting for me, Kath! MaryB)

To Amelia Rodgers: Arrraaggggghh! Not another rival! And with delusions of marriage, no less. Listen, Kid, Rodgers & Hammerstein may have a nice ring, But Rodgers-Carter? A bathtub has a better ring! Sheesh. And if you think I'm gonna tie myself down babysitting your mice while you stalk my sweetie, you've got another think coming! Some thanks this is for aiding and abetting you in ~~stalking~~ freeing those "#\$% mice in the first place by distracting that med tech (OK, OK, so drop-tackling him onto the lab floor wasn't your idea of great distracting, but it worked, didn't it? Besides, I learned that tactic from Alan himself--which is more physical contact than you'll ever have with him!). By the way, you realize of course, that this means war?

OK, concerning your comments on Tom Baker's view on '99 in that interview Daniel Pallotta read. I admit I haven't read that interview myself, but a friend informed me that Baker's comments were focused on the humor in '99 (probably the seeming lack of same in Year One, and the heavy-handed stab at it in Year Two--that would be my guess 'cause it's my own complaint with the humor in SPACE) not the show, *per se*. Frankly, without reading the interview, I can't give a judgement on what and how he said what he said, but I do know that I try not to confuse the role an actor has with the actor himself. I really feel that boycotting *Doctor Who* because of Baker's remarks would be an injustice to the show. What Baker does or says off the soundstage of *Doctor Who* isn't the opinion of the character he plays (In fact, I'd like to see some inventive soul write a story having the Doctor show up on Alpha--he'd have Koenig ga-ga within five minutes. How's about it, Mar B.?) (Ednote: Who blabbed?!?! MaryB) So please don't condemn *Doctor Who* for the remarks of only one of the actors who have portrayed the good Doctor since the series came on.

And I see by your comments concerning the presence of Straker (god, you people describing *UFO* have me wishing I could see it to judge it for myself--OK, Don, you can stop rubbing your hands in glee; besides, it does terrible things to your skin) on Alpha that you, like so many other heartless people, have killed off Victor Bergman. Well, that's not my rationale for Victor's noticeability (to me, anyway--I loved that character) absence on Year II. Seeing as he loves research so much, I would think he would welcome the presence of Maya on Alpha and use it as the perfect excuse to crawl into his lab and devote himself to his experimentations. Besides, I hear he, Paul and Kano are alive and well and existing in Travel Tube 14; they just keep shuttling around the base, trying to avoid the Commander. And their work assignments. But mum's the word on that, Amelia, the Professor would never speak to me again if he found out I blabbed his whereabouts.

To Bobbie M. Smith: So you like the Admiral on *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, huh? So did I until Irwin Allen and Co. destroyed the plausibility of a very believable character by having him change into werewolves and do other nutso things. For that matter, all the other characters received the same treatment before the demise of the show, so I'm not picking on the good Admiral. I saw Richard Basehart, by the way, on a Mel Torme Christmas special a couple of Christmases ago, and boy, did he look gorgeous! But all the same, I have a policy about dating anyone who has to wear a tleacollar when there's a full moon.

To Randy Senefel: Aha, at last I've found a real live maintenance person! When are you guys gonna come and clean out my quarters, huh? The last janitor--oops--maintenance person who poked their nose in burst into tears and left. Can't say I blame him as it was in the aftermath of a colossal food fight, but we could sure use some help digging Karla Von Huben out of that pile of ceiling plaster and empty jellybaby bags.

By the way, I not only enjoyed your bio, but I really liked that closing thought of yours. If you can ever get your hands on some of the albums of Cat Stevens or the Moody Blues, they have some songs that could apply to SPACE, too (especially the Cat's "Home in the Sky").

To Carsten Andresen: I believe a welcome to our ranks is in order for you, *monsieur*. I can't recollect ever seeing a letter of yours in previous issues of CC, but you've definitely made up for lost time. So welcome, and I'm sorry if our bios are beginning to wear thin on you. Frankly, I feel very close to the other folks in the MMA now that our bios have broken the ice and brought so many people ~~from under their rocks~~ out of their closets. I think we need to have this touch of silliness to enliven the seriousness. And, besides, it encouraged you to submit some 'fresh new stuff' to the pages of MMA's newsletter, so it can't be all bad. Anyway, I enjoyed your SFX article very much. And I wasn't too disillusioned by discovering the ~~cheap tricks~~ way in which all the effects on the show were achieved.

To Kitty Jo Davis: And hurray for you for your fine defense of *Doctor Who*! However, I have to say something in defense of the Year One SPACE episode *The Black Sun*. Firstly, I'm no science major; I took an introductory physics course in high school and I understand that the ceiling in the lab is still blackened from my inept handling of a bunsen burner (fortunately, my eyebrows have grown back nicely, thank you), so I'm no expert on the subject. But I have read and heard explanations (no doubt simplified) of black holes (which is what *Black Sun* was about after all) that claim a black hole is caused by the death throes of a star and its subsequent contraction upon itself. Now, isn't a star considered a sun? For that matter, isn't our own sun a star? So I don't think SPACE's script writers were that far off base in entitling that episode *The Black Sun*. It was just poetic license.

Anyway, all things considered, I enjoyed your defense of *Doctor Who*. I feel the show has been maligned a great deal (particularly by those who are angry at Tom Baker for his comments on SPACE). OK, I admit it's not great sci-fi, but, damn, it's fun! And besides, Baker is only the third Doctor on the series and has already been replaced by another actor (correct me if I'm wrong, Mary...) (Ednote: All right. Tom Baker is the fourth actor to play the role of the Doctor, fifth if you want to count Peter Cushing in the two *WHO* movies, sixth if you want to count the *WHO* stage version. At the end of this current season, Baker was replaced by Peter Davison, best known as Tristan Farnon in *ALL CREATURES GREAT & SMALL*. Class dismissed. MaryB) But I wish people would stop condemning it. For heaven's sake, if you guys only know how much you sound just like the Trek fans when SPACE first came out, you'd throw yourselves in front of a transit bus!

And thanks for that insight into Alan's combat tactics. Now that I know what I'm up against, I'm gonna bone up on my judo and Karate (and a couple of other Japanese words I know--I hear "suzuki", "honda", and "sushi" are particularly deadly, especially if you yell 'em into your opponents' face--and also happen to have a bad case of morning breath). Thanks for the tip, Kitty!

To Catherine Conrad: Whoa, kiddo, I said I'd kiss and make up with Palermo? Musta had more of that party punch at the Commander's birthday celebration than I thought. I musta obviously been still snookered when we met in Eagle maintenance. Kiss and make up with Palermo? After he refused only this morning to vacate the shower when I wanted to use it? No way. You try living with that guy in *your* shower (although you sound as if you won't mind that fate, but we suspect he's the culprit in an epidemic of athlete's foot that's struck Sandy, Karla and myself--last time we shelter that long, tall Texan!) See if you can forgive him anything at the end of six weeks!

Aw, shoot, Catherine! Now that you've let the cat out of the bag, the Commander's been forced to withdraw from my Buns Revue (Which brings the number of contestants in it to a grand total of *zilch*). He's presently undergoing electro-shock therapy in Med Center; all cards and flowers can be sent to him there and will be duly appreciated.

Actually, the good doctor discovered me giving the Commander a preliminary bun revue in the hangar bay, and forthwith grabbed the Commander by his (now, now, Catherine, restrain your lascivious mind) earlobe and proceeded to drag him away; protesting all the way (he kept tripping over his pants--can't tell ya how hilarious he looked trying to shuffle away with his pants around his

ankles! Worse still, he had these funny little boxer shorts with a picture of Mickey Mouse on the seat that were just...well, I better quit while I'm ahead). So, needless to say, I've cherrfully accepted his withdrawal from the revue and--not so cheerfully--refunded his \$750 entry fee. Which as I've said brings the number of contestants in the revue down to none. Come on, you guys, let's start seeing some enthusiasm, hm? I mean, I was only joking about offering a date with Catherine as first prize. Besides, those rumors concerning her shady past as an alligator wrestler are completely false (although I do believe she *was* a world champion mud wrestler on Earth at one point in her checkered career), so even if I *do* give a date with her as a second prize say, you've got nothing to fear. (Besides, there's no mud on Alpha!) So let's see some entries here.

Whoops, our ignorance in basic art history is showing, Catherine. That mural over Alan's bed wan't done by *moi*--although I thank you for thinking so--it's a print of Titian's *Birth of Venus* (or *Venus on the Half-Shell*, as some coarse individuals refer to it), a real classic piece of art, me dear. Given to Alan in the hopes he'd see some resemblance in me (ever so slight) to the lovely Venus in it. *Watch* it didn't work, so I'm asking for it back.

And I'm really getting quite a rep as a nefarious doer of naughty deeds. Honest, Cath, that wasn't me who messed up your office. I'd tell ya who it was exactly, but I don't want to jeopardize his chances in the Beauty contest. Besides, I think I'm catching the Peterson disease of giving people a hard time. So I'm gonna let ya sweat out the saboteur's true identity. Good luck!

To Becky Eisenhuth: Honest, sweetheart, I'm sorry I gave ya such a hard time at the Commander's birthday party. Guest I'd paid to many visits to the notorious punch bowl that night and when I get a snootful, I tend to get morose and pick fights. Why, I was even emboldened to greet the Commander at one point with the comment: "Happy brithday, you old boofer (booker is Portugese for "fart", by the by--a little gem garnered from my dear half-Portugese mother)! And if you ever call me Wrigley again, you won't live to be 51!" Fortunately, Kevin Peterson put his hand over my mouth after I'd only uttered, "Happy Birthday!" or this would be coming to you from the nuke waste area! Anyway, I was definitely not myself that night (I'd like to say that was a clone of me but Mathias' cloning experiments have only advanced as far as successfully cloning cocktail olives, not people as yet), so may I make amends by belatedly offering to do some set designing for your proposed play?

To Karla Von Huben: And shall I disclose what *you* say whilst slumbering (an snoring in exact imitation of a chainsaw)? If I had only made tapes, my dear, they would've been better than the old tapes of *Saturday Night Live* in the reference library. Besides, I thought that cotton wadding was supposed to block out my nocturnal mutterings? Oh, yesh, and whilst on the subject of nasty habits: I'm sick and tired of waking up and having to wade through the empty jellybaby bags and the falling ceiling plaster doesn't thrill me either! (Especially when I awoke this morning, looked at the mirror in the bathorom and thought I'd gone gray overnight. And od you know how unnerving it is to hve a roomie who doesn't even cast a reflection in the mirror or a shadow on the wall? Really, I'm moving! And taking my poster of Frank Langella with me! You can grovel and beg all you want, but I've had it. And a lock on *my* mouth?! Ooooh, Sandy Doyle is welcome to you!

Seriously, it was good hearing from you again, Karla, and I hope I can make the con if only to present you with a pick of Frank Langella. But I have to say something concerning your disappointment in Shatner's performance upon seeing the *Enterprise* again in ST-TMP...Honey, although he wasn't sobbing, his eyes had tears in 'em throughout the scene and you most definitely could see his heart was in his throat (and eyes) when he first saw his 'lady'. He played that scene with just the right touch of restraint--because it was his *restraint* that made the person in the audience do his crying for him. Besides, it was Shatner's *non-macho* portrayal of Kirk (which was years ahead of its time when ST was first shown) that helped a lot of guys loosen up on that "men don't cry" myth in the first place. And I think he simply picked up on that characteristic of Kirk and carried it even one better in the movie. But Shatner *did* have Kirk showing emotion in that scene (and four viewings of the movie and I still felt right along with him, too!).

Anyway, if you couldn't tell that I'm a Kirk fan from *that* tirade...Well, I just hope we can meet at the con, Karla, roommates ought to know what they really look like, don't ya thing? So take care and hopefully I'll see ya there. And that's about it from the 'mouth that bored'. Stay healthy, people (but not wealthy--I wanna go to the con!). Tootles! P.S. To Vernon Wells: All is forgiven, please come home! "Mother".

ANDREA GUALCO, VIA CORSICA 9/15, 16128 GENOA, ITALY:

Hello, Alphans--a new letter from Italy! This time I have written part of my Alphan bio: I arrived on Alpha just a few days before the disaster. I will never forget that terrible, fantastic week. Never before that week had I been in the U.S., never before had I travelled in space, never before had I been on the Moon. All these events were much more than sufficient to strike my mind. I was on Alpha to pick up several specimens, egg and larvae of some species of insects bred in particular conditions. In fact, these spetimens were for the University of Genoa, where I was working as a zoologist. After a pleasant week, everybody knows what happened. A new, stronger emotion struck my mind, and I remain as a prisoner on Alpha. My first friend on Alpha was Vernon, a real guy. He was very patient with me and he acclimatized me and introduced me to all the others. Unfortunately (was it fated?) many of the few Italians living on Alpha went off (Cellini, Mateo, and my close friend Ferro). After Vernon, I knew Steen and we shortly became close friends. Now I'm quite acclimatized, and have made the acquaintance of Becky, Catherine and Kathi. On Alpha, zoology is really interesting. Everytime a landing part returns from the visit of a new planet, they deliver me specimens or photos of some of the species of animals living on the plnaet. (Do you remember, for instance, the parrots of Terra Nova?)

After the adventure on Psychon, I found in Maya a very interesting friend. Several times Maya has transformed herself into strange animals from other worlds for my research. So now I know many species of animals never seen on Earth, thanks to Maya. On the other hand, Maya learned a lot, thanks to me. Do you remember, for instance, the dog that on Luton saved John from the invisible alien? Yes, Maya that day remembered the photo of the dog that I had shown her some days before!

That's all for now, Alphans! Excuse my bad English, and...*Ciao, Ciao, SPALIO:1999, sempre il migliore!*

STEEN PEDERSON, KAERGAARDSVEJ 51, DK-8355 NY, SOLBJERG, DENMARK:

Help! This had got to be contagious! Now it's the second time I've written to Command Conference, and I thought I would need at least a year's holiday after the first one I wrote, but--here I am again! First of all, I'm so glad that some of all these people who write in give our ediotr a kind word on the way. I really think it's about time we all praise the work that she and other editors put in their various newsletters--after all, where would we all be if they stopped them? It would be like being struck deaf, dumb and blind at the same time. By the way, Mary, not a word about ORAC (could you hear me giggle all the way from Denmark?) (Ednote: Yes, I thought I heard a snicker with a Danish accent somewhere along the line...! MaryB) but I got me a hunch it's programmed with a certain chief pilot's voice--right??? (Ednote: If you had the choice between Ensor and you-know-who, who would you choose, eh? MaryB)

Catherine Conrad: Oh, I sure would like to hide a ~~falling~~ under your bed, but how would I be able to do that if you have sent me away in an Eagle? (You have a lot to explain to Alan. Tried to get it back by myself, but since I'm not very good at techniques ...). Me looking better than Carter??? Well, maybe Yoda would have been a better choice, but, anyway, we could still have a date. Let Lis make the food, listen to Jeff with his Subatomic Particles in the light of an explosion (made by Lis when she tries

to heat up the food with a laser gun--she hit the communications post instead!)

Vernon Wells: You don't have a taste for women. O'fall women: Bo Derek! No, I would surely enter they Alpha Male Beauty Contest if Maya would turn herself into Victoria Principal. Or another famous actress of the seventies and eighties: Catherine Schell! About favorite SF books: Oh, I'm sorry, I don't read much SF except novelizations of movies and TV series and there John Rankine and James Blish are right on top.

Lis Therkildsen: I'm her guniea pig number one when she's experimenting with new dinners, but right now we're not the best of friends. The other day, I was standing just behind her beloved commander--you-know-who--and she was so busy staring after him that she spilled sauce all over me. And she didn't even apologize. Helena also feels a bit threatened by her, so we're cooking up something evil for her!

Andrea Gualco: He makes--no, not beer--the best pasta on this side of the black sun. He made a mistake the other day, however, and after I had tasted it, I was speechless for the next two days (to some people's relief) mostly because it worked like glue in my mouth. Ever tried to give yourself a dentist treatment? But besides that, he's one of the best and reliable friends I have on Alpha. He, Vernon and I often get together for a pow-wow.

Randy Senefeld: What a nut. Tried to eat a commlock and broke two teeth in trying (see last issue to find out why). I really had a hard time fixing that. And now he has got that crazy idea to be the first man on the top of the highest lunar mountain. Not too crazy about my checkups either, huh? He persuaded Maya to take his place, but don't feel safe, Randy. I'll get you in the chair one day.

Becky Eisenhuth: I have a feeling you are one of those persons who will reveal every and any secret about anything. Because of what you said about Bonnie and me, I couldn't get that date with Cathy. That was not very nice of you. Anyone want to hear the latest rumors? Just turn your communications post into Becky's Secret Alpha News Service on Channel Alpha DX-7901 where you can get the latest news!

Kathi Lynn Higley: I have a feeling she doesn't like me. I don't know if it's because I say those nasty things about Alan, or because of that tape I played in Rec Center. Obviously, you didn't notice a certain Mary Bloemker aiming her stun gun at me in a corner of the room. She thought she could embarrass you in front of Alan and so she had to force me to do what I did--I'm truly sorry! (Ednote: Moi?!?! Sorry, kid--must've been Maya. I was nowhere near the joint! MaryB)

Elenore Claassen: (your surname sounds Scandinavian) My favorite characters: SPACE:1999--Maya, John Koenig, Helena Russell. Star Trek--Dr. McCoy, Uhura, Christine Chapel. Battlestar Galactica--Apollo, Serina, Athena. Blake's 7--Blake, Vila, Avon, Cally.

Don Palermo: If only I could understand you! But it's really beyond me that you write one letter to CC, suddenly change your mind, and write another excusing everything you said. Why write the first one at all? Are you suffering from some kind of dual personality?

I've noticed that there has been questions of favorite this and favorite that. What about space art? I'm just crazy about these beautiful paintings and my favorite artists are Don Dixon and David Hardy. They make paintings so real you almost feel you could walk right into them.

The other day I tried for fun to see who has contributed the most letters since I became a member, and guess who won? TA-TA-TAAA! Elenore Claassen and (you guessed it!) Kathi Lynn Higley. First prize: an evening with Alan Carter--but you have to catch him yourselves.

Okay, I think that is all for now. Maybe I will be able to save up money for the '82 con, so you folks make sure that there will be one by attending this year's con, ok? If there are some of you who can't wait that long to get to know me better (!) you can always write to the above address. I'm always interested in getting new penpals and maybe we can trade materials at the same time. Let me hear what you have to say. Until next time--HYG 3ER!!!

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

Well, well, well, looks like I just had to bug all of you again. Don't you just love me for it?

A few days ago, I dug up some issues of the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and looked up any articles that I could find about SPACE:1999. Since the 'Guide' doesn't contain any listings for *Starlog*, it wasn't all that profitable; however, I did find a feature on Martin Landau, Barbara Bain and SPACE in the March 1976 issue of *Seventeen* magazine. Reading the article almost made me want to cry, and believe me, I very seldom cry. SPACE was referred to as "...a surprise hit of the season..." and in an interview, Martin Landau made the comment that "...within five years, we're going to run through every variation there is...We're victims, something like pioneers, more identifiable as people..."

Sounds like he really did expect SPACE to go on a lot longer than it did. If only it had...oh, well, the problem as I see it, was not with SPACE itself. It was, in fact, with the average television viewers, who have had their minds drugged (numbed, in fact) with massive doses of those all too typical and repetitious storylines (if you can call the broken trains of thought storylines) that seem to have been written by a deranged third grader. Not all television is bad, but, by God, haven't we all seen enough of the girl with no brains and too much body, who fouls up everything she tries to do, but somehow, and for reasons not disclosed to the viewer (if there was any reason at all), manages to get herself kidnapped halfway through the show by a couple of hulks with sawed-off rifles in their hands. Of course, all is not lost, there is always the handsome man who manages to find out where they are holding her, break in, carry her out, shoot up her captors with an even bigger gun, and blow up everything within a mile. And usually, but not always, they end up at his place, where there are pictures of ten other girls in various sized frames scattered on every table and available wall.

Thank God all television is not like this, but half if not most of it is. When a show with the quality of SPACE:1999 finally arrived, most people watched it, thought about it, and decided that they didn't like it. In most cases, however, the truth was that they weren't ready for it! They watched it, thought about it, and decided that they didn't understand it (and couldn't if there wasn't a shootout every ten minutes), and therefore didn't give it a chance. Or they just didn't even want to begin to get their brains in gear to even start to think about it. The show was too thought provoking, and therefore threatened to make them use their minds. The problem was that they couldn't begin to comprehend anything except what I have previously described, and far be it for the human ego to allow most of us to admit that this is true of ourselves.

"Aha!" some of you are saying, "You yourself said that you didn't really understand the Year One shows yourself." Well, you're right. I did say that. I really wasn't old enough to fully comprehend them, but I still stuck with it and watched. Maybe that comes from the fact that I saw Year Two before I ever saw Year One, and it got my curiosity aroused, but that has nothing to do with this. I am talking about both Years when I say all this stuff (although I know of some people who would disagree with me there). Not just Year One, or Year Two. They are both SPACE, there are no two ways around that fact! (Sorry to disillusion all of you out there who think otherwise...Don P., are you listening?)

Like I said, most people just weren't ready for a show like SPACE. The question is, "Are they ready now?", and if so, "How do we get it to them?" Any questions and comments may be sent to the above address. (Warning: I *will* be alert and ready along with the Alpha Moonbase Bomb Disposal Unit (Jerry Redden's counterparts), waiting for those letter bombs...)

Carsten Andresen: I enjoyed your article on SPACE:1999's special effects. It was interesting and informative, to say the least. I recently got to see a movie called *Star Maidens*, which was filmed at Bray Studios, and you would be surprised as to how similar the SFX were to those of SPACE. Especially the sound effect. In some cases, not as good, but quite similar. For all of you out there who are saying, "What is *Star Maidens*?", it was a British series of half hour episodes that starred Judy Geeson, among others. They took about five or six of the shows and combined them to make a movie. Thus I got to see it again. It used to be on channel 17 in Philadelphia, and thanks to my local cable company, I got to see it.

Amelia Rodgers: I remember seeing *UFO*, it came on Sunday afternoons at about 3:00. As I was 7 or 8 years old, I was really mystified by them. I liked the, though, and tried my best to understand them. I don't remember too much about them, but there are two or three that stand out in my mind (and bits and pieces of others that I can't make any sense out of). One that stands out most prominently in my mind is an episode in which someone from SHADO is hurt and dying on the moon's surface, enter alien in red spacesuit, also hurt. Helps unidentified SHADO person (Ednote: *Paul Foster, series regular. MaryB*) and they both help each other try to get to the base for help. A strong bond seems to develop between the two. Meanwhile, other SHADO personnel are looking for the lost man. Something happens to the alien and he can't go any further. Human goes on and just around the corner are his rescuers. He collapses, tries to tell his rescuers that there is a friendly alien who helped him and that he is hurt. All the rescuers can make out is the word 'alien'. They think he has hurt their comrade and say, "Don't worry, we'll get him." The amn says, "No, no", but only the viewer hears him. They run around the rocks in the direction of the alien, a gun shot is heard and I think that is all there was. Did you see this episode? If so, could you shed some light on the subject for me?

By the way, if you want my advice (what's that, you don't? Well, I was never one to keep my mouth shut, so here it is anyway!) Give *Doctor Who* a chance. I can't say much for Tom Baker's likes and his dislikes, but the show isn't all that bad. It takes some getting into, and the special effects aren't all that great, but it's not all that bad. Remember also that Tom Baker is not the original *Doctor Who*, and he probably won't be the last...

Randy Senefeld: Nice thought. Are you sure that under all that practical joking and revenger, there isn't a philosophical Randy Senefeld?

Kathi Lynn Higley: (At least I can get your name right.) As for your failing memory (at seems that a lot of people can't remember the doc's name on BR), it was Dr. Huer. Tim O'Connor played him. The last I saw of him was on a car commercial the other night. I read your poem in *Lodestar 2* and thought it was very good, although I still like the one in *Lodestar 1* very much.

Kitty Jo Davis: Well, whaddya know. Karen Domain and I aren't the only SPACE:1999 fans in Maryland. I was beginning to think that was the way it was, since I had not heard of anyone else from Maryland in fandom. It's nice to know that we're not alone. Also, in answer to your remark--LIS: Maureen Robinson-June Lockhart (whose daughter Anne Lockhart followed suit and became Sheba for a time on BSG). John Robinson-Guy Williams (I think??). Major Don West-Mark Goddard (if not, then you got me there). Penny Robinson-Angela Cartwright. Will Robinson-Billy Mumy. Dr. Zachary Smith-Jonathan Harris. Judy Robinson-Marta (?) something-or-other...As for LOTG: All I know is the name of two of the characters, Mark and Valerie (thanks, Karen).

Catherine Conrad: I think that you should kiss Helena for amking up a plausible excuse. After all, if you happened to get on Tony's bad side, he would get Maya after you, not a very pleasin' thought, eh? Also, what chance would you have with Alan then (yes, even I know about that), they are 'cobbers', ya know.

I really enjoyed talking to you. It's because of that talk that I decided to write this letter after all (don't you all just *love* her now?). Now that that fact is out, you're going to have to find out wherever it was that Don Palermo hid and escape all the people who I have gotten mad this issue. Good luck!

Becky Eisenhuth: If you did decide to do *Jerry Redden: His Life Story*, it should be interesting. A real *explosive* play, wouldn't you say? OK, here's my sales pitch: I should be in your play because I've had some acting experience (did I ever tell you about the time Maya caught Tony and me in a rather, well, shall we say, compromising situation? I quickly played the faint girl, and Tony was just *holding* me up. Actually, he was half-bombed on his beer, and I'm surprised he didn't give it all away. Maya believed it! Some acting, huh? Or so I thought. She told Helena about the little fainting incident, and I got an all-expense-apud trip to Medical Center. I still haven't figured out if she was just concerned about me, or if she figured out that I got Tony drunk on his beer deliberately so that I could take advantage...er, that is to say so that I could, uh...) I've had leading roles in such masterpieces as *Canary Sings the Blues*, and *The Life and Times of Grover the Cat*. (That cat and the canary got along rather well, actually.) I play the piano, flute and the guitar. I'll even offer you a bribe. How about 100 baby fish in assorted sizes, shapes, and colors as soon as they are born? I'll even throw in a 5lb. can of baby fish food. Think it over...

Karla Von Huben: Like you, I have had a lot of work to do lately, and therefore I'll be extremely surprised if anybody gets to read this letter in the March/April ish. If you and Don Palermo aren't related, then we must be. When I write a letter, it must get edited by me about 5 times. If it doesn't, I'm almost sure to offend *someone* (all of you who have been somehow offended thus far, please take into account, I only had time to edit this twice.) I agree with you about staying loyal to the stars from SPACE:1999, but, unfortunately, this cannot always be done. Don't we wish it could, though. By the way. G11 GERard appeared at the Baltimore Custom Car and Van Show in February. Just my luck I couldn't make it on the day he was there.

Vernon Wells: I, like you, haven't seen SPACE for awhile. Although with me, it's only been 2-3 years. During those couple of years, I knew nothing about fandom, had no tapes, pictures, etc., to keep me company, but still managed to keep lovin' SPACE. Since September, when I first discovered fandom (again, thanks goes to you, Karen!) I have felt an even more overwhelming sense of ...um...whatever it is, it feels great! Fandom definitely seems to be agreeing with me!

Yes, I saw (along with many others, I'm sure) the episode of BR you mentioned. If you thought *that* was bad, how about the Gold men episode? Talk about *stupid*! I'll help you with your 'tanking' project. Drop by my quarters one night with some of that 'ambrosia' you mentioned, and we'll talk about it.

On to other things. Did anyone see *Fugitive From The Empire*? It was more fantasy than anything, but the special effects were pretty good, and although there were quite a few battle scenes, there wasn't that much blood and gore at all. All in all, it was very nice to be able to sit back and relax with something that was intended for pure enjoyment.

I just saw the space shuttle *Columbia* land. It was really a terrific experience. If you're optimistic, you can look at this as one step closer to Moonbase Alpha. Better late than never...

So as not to overstay my welcom, I think that I better leave you all now. I hope that this letter hasn't been *too* long, and that somewhere along the line I made *someone* laugh. See you all next ish. Till then...SPACE:1999 *ich lieben dich!* *Look for bio next ish.*

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

The SPACE:1999 Poll results: In total, 127 ballots were returned and I feel this will give a fair representation of what the 1999 fans like and dislike. This is what the ballot showed: *Guardian of Piri* is one of the episodes which didn't get much reaction at all. *Piri* had eight votes for and one vote against. *Seed of Destruction* remained almost lifeless too, it attracted no one when it came to favorites, and had only two votes against it. Even *Journey to Where* wasn't perfect, there were six votes against it. It was just by chance that *The Beta Cloud* ended up in the same position on both lists. In other words, I didn't arrange it that way. It seemed almost unanimous when it came to listing your favorite Male regular. Martin Landau won it running away by capturing more than 40% of the votes. The remaining 60% was spread over the other actors. In the favorite Female category, Catherine Schell won, leaving Barbara Bain in second place with 21 less votes. And coming in a distant third is Zienia Merton. Getting two votes each, we find both Sarah Bullen and Suzanne Roquette in fourth.

For Best Male Guest Star, Brian Blessed won it, leaving everyone else behind by a long shot. In total, 19 stars were nominated, everyone from Bernard Cribbins to Guy Rolfe. For Best Female Guest Star, Jill Townsend won it by one vote over Margaret Leighton. In this category, a total of 17 stars were nominated, everyone from Isla Blair to Young Girl/Maya from *Seance Spectre*.

As I look down the list of Favorite Guest Stars (both male and female) I see that approximately the same number came from each year. But if you look at the final statistics, you will find that the Year One females captured most of the votes and the Year Two males took the greatest percentage. Year Two surpassed Year One with 19 votes more. It seems that the character relationship and the humor attracted the people to Year Two. Year One was liked because of the script (story) development and the special effects mainly.

Many people were a little upset over me asking for the episodes they didn't like, so I apologize. You're right, it should've said "List your least favorite episodes." Some people became very emotional when I failed to list some names on the ballots (ie, John Hug, Tony Anholt) There were several copies typed up for the printing machine and some names weren't on every one. In closing, I would like to thank everyone who took part in this poll.

FAVORITE EPISODES (Top ten): *Journey to Where*, *Breakaway*, *The Metamorph*, *Black Sun*, *Another Time Another Place*, *The Beta Cloud*, *The Last Sunset*, *War Games*, *Full Circle*, *The Testament of Arkadia*.

LEAST FAVORITE EPISODES (Top ten): *The Taybor*, *Brian the Brain*, *Catacombs of the Moon*, *Troubled Spirit*, *The Beta Cloud*, *End of Eternity*, *Rules of Luton*, *A Matter of Balance*, *Seance Spectre*.

FAVORITE MALE REGULARS (Top five): Martin Landau (John Koenig), Nick Tate (Alan Carter), Tony Anholt (Tony Verdeschi), Barry Morse (Victor Bergman), Prentis Hancock (Paul Morrow).

FAVORITE FEMALE REGULARS (Top five): Catherine Schell (Maya), Barbara Bain (Helena Russell), Zienia Merton (Sandra Benes), Suzanne Roquette (Tanya), Sarah Bullen (Kate).

FAVORITE MALE GUEST STARS (Top five): Brian Blessed (Mentor/Cabot Rowland), Christopher Lee (Capt. Zantor), Stuart Damon (Parks/Guido Verdeschi), Dave Prowse (Beta Cloud Creature), Patrick Mower (Dave Reilly).

FAVORITE FEMALE GUEST STARS (Top five): Jill Townsend (Sahala), Margaret Leighton (Arra), Judy Geeson (Regina Kesslann), Joan Collins (Kara), Caroline Mortimer (Dione).

FAVORITE SEASON OF SPACE:1999: Year Two, with 18 more votes than Year One.

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My mom is, and has been for a very long time a fan of the late John Wayne "Duke". She wishes to correspond with other fans. She has an extensive collection on the Duke and may start a club for penpals in his memory. Write if interest. SASE: Betty Avillo, c/o Amelia Rodgers, 22284 Mission Blvd Apt. 7, Hayward, CA 94541. Duke fans, please write! Thank you.

ALPHA QUARTERLY: A new, independent publication focusing on interpretation, analysis and discussion of the science fiction themes and dramatic aspects of SPACE:1999. For further information, and a free copy of AQ #1, send SASE or equivalent to: ALPHA QUARTERLY, c/o Daniel Pallotta, P.O. Box 11123, Cleveland, OH 44111 U.S.A.

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

THE PRENTIS HANCOCK FAN CLUB: Official fan club for Prentis Hancock (Paul Morrow). Membership includes card, quarterly *Communiqué* newsletter, club binder with full color insert, bio and credits sheet. \$5.00/U.S. & Canada, \$6.00 overseas (U.S. funds only). For more info, send SASE to: 123 Fawn Valley Drive, McMurray, PA 15317.

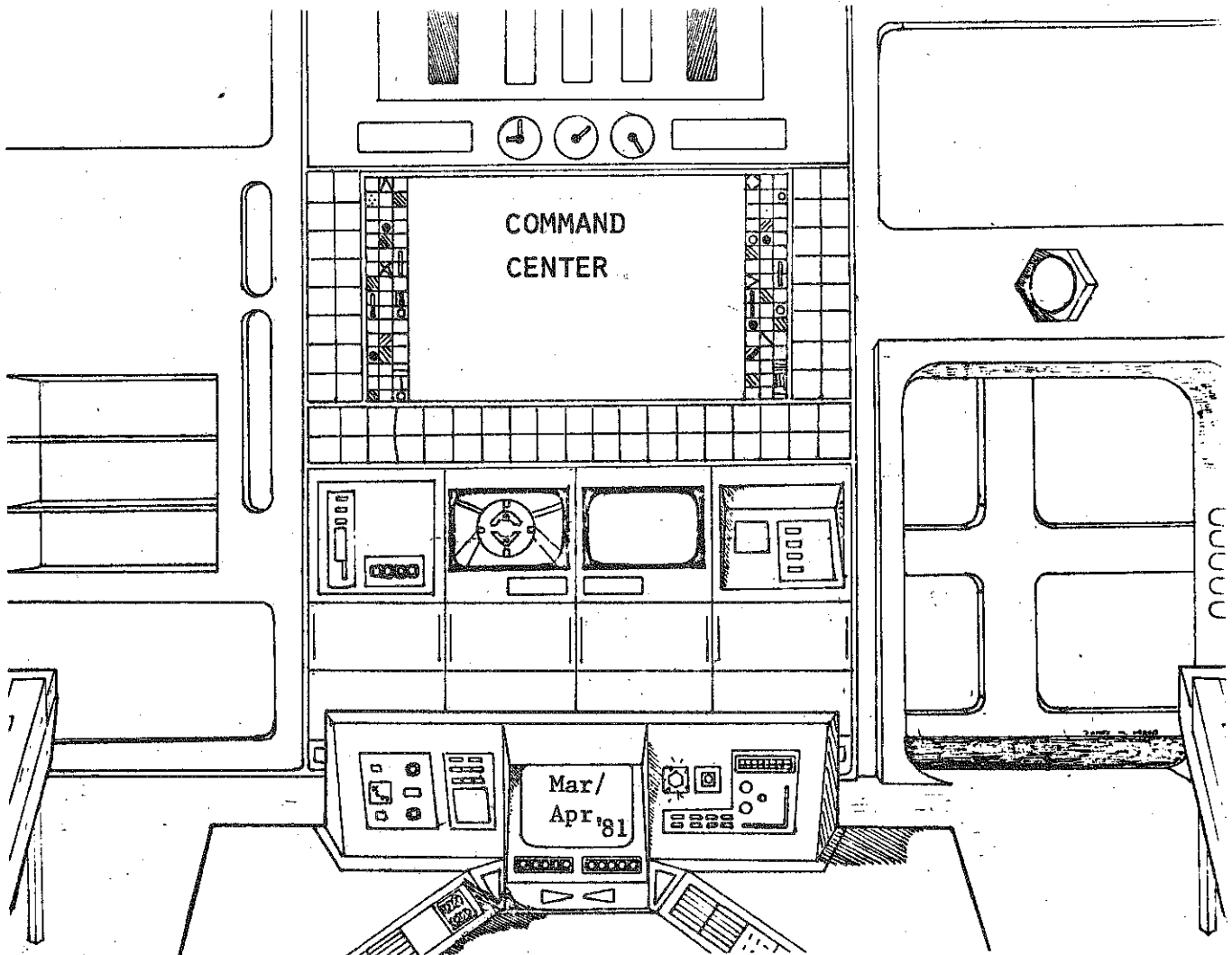
THE SPACE:1999 FAN FUND: This year's recipient of the Fan Fund is Kathi Lynn Higley, who will receive financial assistance from the Fan Fund in order to attend this year's convention in Atlanta, Georgia--but *only* if we have active support from every SPACE:1999 fan! We're not asking you outright for contributions, we're giving you something for your money!! If you would like a complete list of the materials that the Fan Fund has for sale, send a business-sized self-addressed stamped envelope (Canadian, send self-addressed envelope and 25¢; overseas send four International Reply Coupons) to: The 1999 Fan Fund, c/o Mary Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, MA 02128.

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