

Command Center

MAY/JUNE 1981

Welcome, all and sundry, to the May/June issue of Command Center. This particular issue is being typed and laid out about a week and a half earlier than usual, since yours truly is taking off soon for a week's vacation in the sun. By the time you read this, I will already have returned from California, and will have (hopefully) a tan and a small fortune in photographs, not necessarily in that order.

Sigh As many of you may have noticed already, I've had to edit again. Come on, you guys, this isn't any fun at all. Members have written in with their suggestions on how to unstuck ourselves from this financial quagmire, but you will recall that last ish, I said that no decision would be made concerning revolutionary changes in club policy (such as raising dues, etc) unless I had a sample vote of over half the membership. So far, I have heard from fifteen members. This is a long, loooooog way short of half, fellas. However, if forced to judge from the sampling, the majority seem to be in favor of a hike in membership dues; but if the truth be told, I tend to agree with the minority, who express some reluctance at the prospect of being asked to part with more money, especially in a time of economic recession (wanna talk about the possibility of me paying 75¢ to go two stops on the subway to get to work? No? Just asking...) In simple words, I don't want to raise the membership dues and risk losing valuable members over something as trivial as money. (Trivial? Money? Who said that?!) And the vote seems to be almost unanimous against going quarterly. This still leaves me with the problem of a newsletter folder with nearly six or seven letters that couldn't find space in this issue. These letters will (hopefully) find a home in the next issue, but believe me, I can empathize with those of you who were expecting their letters to be published and didn't find them. So: Ahem, ahem--proclamation. As of this moment, the policy remains unchanged. The newsletter will stay monthly, five pages (ten sides) long, and the yearly membership fee will remain \$5.00 domestic, \$9.50 overseas. And I again extend my heartfelt plea for our members to edit their letters and give everyone a fair crack at it.

Thanks to all of you who wrote to commiserate about my absence from this year's 1999 convention. If there are others who find themselves in a similar bind, or just a financial one, be sure to look me up in the Art Show Room of the August Party convention. (That's the same weekend as the 1999 convention, in case you haven't already guessed. So much for prior commitments...) I'll be the one with the bald head (from tearing out my hair in frustration) and multiple bruises and contusions (from banging my head up against a wall). Convention committee always stand out in a crowd!

As for the rest of you, why haven't you sent in for your 1999 convention membership ticket yet? Yes, I'm talking to you. Oh, all right, you're okay; but what about you? Never mind you aren't going to be able to make it to the con itself, that's what supporting memberships are for! And planning on buying your ticket at the door is a big no-no. Why? Because the con committee needs your membership money up front in order to pay for little minor con expenses, like plane fare for the guest stars; paying for your ticket on Saturday when the guest star was supposed to arrive Friday is no help at all! Support, help--recognize those words? It's what we all pledged to do to make SPACE:1999 work, and the annual convention is most vital way you can show your support. Never mind people like me who are showing a bad example by not showing up at the convention because yours truly made a prior commitment and would be dead meat if she tried to back out--show what *you* can do!!

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, USA. 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. 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.

SOS! SOS! The Fan Fund is in a lotta trouble, boyoboy. When our overhead (such as printing, postage, etc.) went through the roof, our capital went out the window. In other words, the money the Fan Fund has raised so far is currently tied up in merchandise that people have not been ordering, and as of this moment, we haven't got enough money to send Kathi Lynn Higley any further south than New Jersey, and that's if she gets a lift from a friendly motorist on the Thruway. (Side note to all those who have waited patiently for scripts ordered from the Fan Fund that haven't as yet shown up. We appreciate your patience. Brother, do we appreciate your patience. We just cannot begin to tell you how much we appreciate your patience. In fact, we appreciate your patience so much that we are prepared to strain it even further. Our friendly neighborhood copy shop is dabbling in extortion, and the search for alternatives has thus far proved fruitless. Hang in there, guys; help is on the way. I hope. Help, are you out there? If you feel that your patience has been tested to the limit, however, just drop us a line, and a tear-stained refund check will be on its way to you chop.) For those of you who have been waiting for updates since the last list went out, there have been no updates since then, since we've had nothing to update. However, for those of you still interested in the paperback novelizations, or some truly wonderful photos, send for our list! All it takes is a self addressed stamped envelope, or a self-addressed envelope and 25¢ if you're in Canada, or a self-addressed envelope and four IRCs if you're overseas. Address to: The 1999 Fan Fund, c/o Mary D. Bloemker, 5 Lamson Street, East Boston, MA 02128 USA.

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SUSAN CHAIKIN, 20491 STRATHMOOR, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, 49235:

Hello, everyone. I've decided that since I've belonged to MMA for three years now, it's time I at least wrote a letter to Command Conference. I've enjoyed the Alpha bios so much that I decided to send in mine, so here goes:

I was a graduate student in botany when I was selected for a summer work-study program on Alpha. I was taking part in experiments on the effects of radiation of flowers and plants. I was supposed to leave for Earth on Sept 17, 1999. And everyone knows what happened on the 13th.

Fortunately, I wasn't badly hurt during breakaway, although I was black and blue in several places for weeks afterward. I was permanently assigned to horticulture, and spend my time tending the flower beds, with a little experimentation on the side.

Although I still wear a visitor uniform, I have been made a member of the Alphan family. I was pretty lonely at first, but I've made friends and generally found my niche. When I came to Alpha, I brought along my books on U.S. and European history, my classical music albums, and my stamp collection, so I am still able to enjoy my hobbies during my spare time. As for my encounters with Alpha's top brass:

Commander Koenig: I usually only see him when he's had a difference of opinion with Dr. Russell and comes looking for a rose to give her as a peace offering. Once, in desperation to have something new to add to my stamp collection, I suggested to him to establish an Alphan post office and issue stamps. He's been looking at me sideways ever since.

Dr. Russell: The last time I was due for my quarterly physical, I had to be dragged. She's an awfully nice lady, but when she descends on me with that professional look on her face, I panic.

Professor Bergman: He suggested the old trick of playing music to the flowers to help them grow. Fortunately, his taste extends beyond the Subatomic Particles. They seem to like Mozart the best.

Alan Carter: He's down here every other week looking for a bouquet for his latest girlfriend. If I don't harden my heart soon, he'll have the flower beds stripped bare.

Tony Verdeschi: The last time he came to me with a batch of his infamous brew, I suggested we find out what kind of fertilizer it would make. Now I think I'm on his blacklist.

Maya: I never know what she'll do next. Last week I tried to pick a particularly fine specimen of geranium. When I attempted to break it off by the stem, it shrieked and Maya materialized. I'm supposed to prune the rosebushes, but I'm afraid to start. I keep thinking I'll wind up pruning Maya.

Sandra Benes: She loves flowers. She spends an occasional off-hour watching me work and admiring the flora. She's always so delighted when I offer her one for her quarters.

Paul Morrow: We have a mutual love of classical music. He occasionally borrows some of my albums.

David Kano: I seldom see him. He seems to be totally engrossed with Computer.

TRACY (TARN) FRETWELL, 2701 E 88th APT 646, TULSA, OK 74136:

Anyone out there willing to welcome a new rookie into the ranks? I hope so, 'cause after reading my first issue of CC, I got kinda lonely. I especially loved the bios, in fact so much that I sat down and wrote my own. But first:

George Eichler: Remember me? Sorry I haven't written to you sooner. If this reaches you before a letter from me does, my humblest apologies.

Elenore Claassen: The only person I remember on the *Cetacean* is Jean Marie Hun (who used to play Ruth on *Ark II*) and I believe she was a radio operator. Now, I believe you wanted to know my favorite characters. On ST, my fav characters were Scotty, followed by Uhura and Doc McCoy. On *Battlestar Galactica*: Starbuck, Boomer, and Adama. *Galactica 1980*: Dillon, Troy, Adama. *Buck Rogers*: HAWK!!, Buck Rogers. *Fantastic Journey*: Varian, Fred, Jonathan, Scott, Liana. *Logan's Run*: Rem. And of course, *SPACE:1999*: Alan Carter, Sahn Benes, Bob Mathias, Koenig, Helena Russell, Prof. Bergman. And my fav season is the first, 'cause I haven't seen the second.

Karla Von Huben: I agree with you completely. Now, I am planning to go to the con this year, and to tell the truth, I'm going to see Alphans. Sure, I'd give my left arm (No, not my right, I may need that one) to meet Thom Christopher, but first I would like to meet the people who made *SPACE:1999* possible. That's basically why I'm going!

Now for a try at an Alphan bio: I was assigned to Moonbase Alpha under protest (no, not mine!). Three days before Breakaway (I keep wondering if someone was trying to tell me something). The Commander put me in Recon under an old friend of mine, Alan Carter. (All right, so he started growling when he saw me! Can I help it if he hasn't forgotten that knife I threw at him?) In fact, sometime after Breakaway, Alan stopped me and asked if I still have my throwing knife. I still did, so I said yes, and he said I should check again. I promptly tackled him (Kathi Lynn, you think being tackled by him is fun? Suggest you try tackling him. He's ticklish!) searched him, and sure enough, found my knife in his boot. After we got back on our feet, Alan suggested a permanent truce and I agreed. Except for the fact that I found my bed short-sheeted that night, we've gotten along fine.

Randy Senefeld: So that's where the extra copy of *Robinson Crusoe on Mars* came from! Sorry. By the way, I was on the Medical clean-up crew after Breakaway, too, and I seem to recall seeing your medical file intact and all the members of the clean-up crew had their ID bracelets on and intact. Now I wonder...

Kathi Lynn Higley: So you think the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, hm? Well, dearies, let me give some advice on Alan's tastebuds. Some years before Breakaway, I was traveling across Australia on horseback. Well, it just so happens that I stopped at the Carter family's ranch looking for a job. Since their cook wanted a vacation and I was a halfway decent cook, they took me on for a week. At this time, Alan was home for a visit. Also during this time, I whipped two old-time war recipes called bologna, potatoes, and peas and salmon, potatoes, and peas. As I recalled, he loved one and hated the other. (Why, I don't know. The only difference is the main ingredient.) In fact, the reason I threw that knife at him was because he insulted that one recipe. Believe me, he hasn't insulted my cooking since! The problem is that I don't remember which one's which. But I can almost guarantee that if you cook the right recipe up, you'll have that Australian's stomach for life! (Note the almost, please) However, just in case, would you like three quick lessons in how to use a throwing knife? And, of course, use of said knife for a night?

Amelia Rodgers: Four white mice, uh? In that case, I don't suppose you want a cat, do you? Yes, fellow Alphans, you read it right. C-A-T. As in four-legged Earth species that purrs. To be more exact, seal-point Siamese cat. There are about seventeen scattered around Alpha. Some friends and I smuggled up about six. Some of those six had kittens, so now we have seventeen. Does the commander know? Not yet he doesn't, but he almost found out at his birthday party. One of the cats had managed to sneak out of its owner's room and proceeded to join the party. Luckily, the party was almost over (the only people remaining were a few diehards with a deathwish around the punch bowl) so we could search in peace. We were halfway through this frantic search when my commlock beeped and who should it be but Alan Carter, looking a lot less drunk than he should considering how much he had of Tony's brew. He asked me if I had lost something and lowered his commlock to show the cat lying across his arm. I let out an "Eckk!" and then whirled to slap the guy behind me. (Sorry for the slap, George, I needed some excuse for the scream. On second thought, did you even notice? If my memory serves, you were one of the diehards at the punch bowl!) I asked Alan if he wanted the cat and he said sure. (You're going to regret it!) The owner didn't mind him keeping it, since the owner was me and I had two more cats in my room. Do me a favor, will ya? Check your mice and make sure they're all there. One of the cats has been looking very contented lately.

Anyone: wanted or having a Siamese cat, please contact me. Those who already have a Siamese cat and wish to send hate mail to the person who brought the first Siamese cat aboard Alpha, please do so via above address.

Hopefully, I will see you all in Atlanta. Until next time...

WAYNE WALLS, 123 JERSEY LANE, OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE, 37830:

Well, gang, the event that you all dreaded most is here. Yes, it is the return of Wayne Walls and his sidekick, Lt. L'Laws. A fate worse than death. I must apologize for not getting any letters in sooner, but I have been FORCED AWAY FROM IT ALL (Fandom) for a while and just now have I had time to get back into it. For those who were writing to me and realized I wasn't answering, please forgive me. After four moves in one year, a divorce (not mine), and nearly flunking out of school, I just had to quit for a while. As I am writing this letter, I have realized that many may not remember me, so I am about to reintroduce myself for safety's sake.

Hi, I'm Wayne, fly me to Alpha! No, let's get serious. I have been a fan of SPACE for a long time and been active in this club for about two years. I have all kinds of interests, including acting, music and collecting comics, records, video tapes, SF books and related things, and I am trying to be a writer. I have a bio worked up and if any of you people hear about Lt. L'Laws, he is a character I made up (well, sort of) when I made up my bio. He will show up in this letter later. Whether I like it or not. I assume no responsibility for his actions. The guy is not all here. He has this funny idea that all of the stun guns and the commlocks are all his personal property. You see, he is the guy that repairs and keeps the maintenance on the equipment. But enough about him, he will be here later.

Personal opinion time: I have a suggestion. I would like to see more members use their Alpha Bios more. Example, telling about the latest gossip or a section report like I used to do. I would rather read those than a VTTBOTS or *Star Trek* bio. I am not trying to tell anyone what to do, just putting in my two cents worth.

Movies, and such, I liked *Flash Gordon*. It was a lot of fun. Silly, but fun. I had a bad case of hormone overload when I first saw Princess Aura. I am of course fully recovered now. What is the choice for best movie of 1980? My vote goes to *The Saint Man*. If you do not see any other movie, see this one. It will blow your mind. *Altered States* is also a very good movie. I hope everyone gets to see both of these movies.

For those of you that have radios, get on the stick and listen to the *Star Wars* radio show. It is fantastic. I have enjoyed this show so much. While only Hamill and Daniels (C-3PO) could do this 13 part adaptation, it has not lost any quality. The new people doing the Princess Leia and the Han Solo parts are doing a very good job. Before all of you start sending me letter bombs, the new persons in the radio show have been doing their own versions of the characters of Leia and Han and the finished product is very good. Turn off the tube and find your local public radio station (the one that plays classical music).

Also on your local Public Radio Station is *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*. It is based on the book of the same name by Douglas Adams. (Ednote: Uh...sorry, Wayne--it's the other way 'round. MaryB) The story is about two people who are writing the Guide and their misadventures across the universe. If you like Monty Python type humor, you will enjoy this show. And for some strange reason, everytime this show is on, my stereo tape snaps on and records both of these shows. I guess this means that copies of this are available if you send me the tapes (about eight 60 minute cassettes). By the way, the *Star Wars* show has been putting in a lot of background info and situations that were not in the regular movies. Neat stuff, folks.

I hope to see all of you at the con this year. It is close enough that it won't take an act of congress to get me there. I'll be the guy with the hillbilly accent, which is different from a basic deep southern accent like Catherine's.

I can't hold him off any longer, here is L'Laws: Here I am again, trying to survive on a base that has been built and populated with people intent on driving me out of my mind. I just can't understand why you are doing this to me. I am not a bad person--I just try to do my job. I can't help if most of you couldn't take care of a block of steel without major structural damage. And I am to trust the personnel with my commlocks and stun guns! To prove my above statements, let me tell my version of some of the events of the past few days on Moonbase Alpha.

It started off when Sandy Doyle complained that her stun gun (it's my gun, sweetie) blew up on her and it's my fault. What she forgot to mention is that Ten Thumbs Carter tried to adjust it for her. He forgot to reset the heat reduction circuit and it overloaded. I do have to admit, ever since I met Sandra Sprecker, I have been acting strangely. I even told Carter his character is improving. I even have had a good thought about Jeff Barber and Kevin Peterson. And I was ready to kill these two. Barber is still bucking for the Commander's chair, and Peterson just tries to get on my nerves. His idea of a joke is to bring in damaged commlocks and betting me I can't fix them. Of course, I trusted him enough not to booby trap them. I was wrong. I got about 100,000 volts through me. I got even. His commlock now will not open any of the restrooms on Alpha. Of course, if any of you other techs are thinking about fixing it for him, don't. I don't try to fly the Eagles or program the computers, so don't touch my guns.

If you're thinking these two are bad, wait till I tell you about Kathi Lynn. I have to admit, she is my equal at getting even. We have been at a prank war ever since breakaway, and the score is dead even at 20-20. She even takes care of her gun, although she makes me pay for every time I work on it and the other weapons and security stuff on her Eagle. The last time I gave Eagle 12 a checkup I found that she had rigged up speakers to play Tiny Tim records at about fifty decibels, about the sound level of two jets about three feet away from your ears. Of course, I put jello in her shower, but really. The best one she pulled was when she got Maya to transform into Sandra Sprecker and run through the Weapons Lab wearing only a stun gun belt and a commlock. (All strategically placed--don't ask me how). Well, I thought this was a pretty open invitation. My thoughts were confirmed when Maya/Sandra called me up and invited me over. Most of the base must have been in on this since everyone was helping me out. Lis Therikidsen baked a cake for me shaped like a stun gun. It was quite pretty and very tasty. Vernon Wells loaned some cologne he had saved ever since breakaway. Even Tony V. gave me some tips on what to say to her and gave me some wine to give her. (I later used the wine to clean the commlocks with). Catherine Conrad gave me some flowers to give Sandra, and Karla Von Huben made sure my dress uniform was pressed and clean. I figured I was all set. Tod Ellsworth personally conducted the travel tube over to the section where Sandra's cabin was located. Meanwhile, a general alarm was sent throughout the post that I had gone nuts and was armed and to shoot on sight. Kathi had give Sandra a rocket launcher to use on me if I bothered her. Well, I got to her cabin and used my commlock to let myself in as she told me to do. Sandra had just come out of the shower and was only wearing a towel when I walked in. There was a slight pause, then she reached for the launcher and fired. I had just enough time to duck. I also landed on the cake. The rocket went through the open cabin door and exploded in the hallway. At the time, with male hormones working and not being too bright, I asked her if she was just playing hard to get. Sandra immediately hit me on the head with the launcher. In extreme pain, I wondered what I had done to deserve this. Then Commander Koenig and three security boys came in and promptly arrested me for "acts of extreme stupidity". When I told my story, I got two days in the med lab for telling the worst excuse of all time. I was the first in the looong annual physical exams. Dr. Russell had some new test she wanted to try out before she used them on anybody else. And, of course, everyone denied knowledge of anything that happened.

Things went from bad to worse. I was finally cleared of all charges, but what little dance I had with Sandra has now disappeared. She won't even return my calls. When the annual bash was held, I was the butt of every joke. I couldn't even face Becky Eisenhuth when she asked me to be in her play. I hope she knows I will do anything she wants me to. I can act, sing a little, and play a mean jazz saxophone. I was kicked off of both male beauty contests. For any one that's interested, I'm six foot one, 190 pounds, green eyes, brown hair and light skin. I'm not Sam J. Jones, but I'm not that bad. I have also overheard at the party that I was making passes at all the girls that came through the lab. It is not true. Conrad is just trying to make me look bad. Sure, I flirted, but it wasn't the fling-her-in-the-bed kind of stuff. I was just kidding around. Conrad, if I offended you, I am sorry. I thought you knew I was kidding. You were flirting some too, so don't be so innocent about it.

Hey, gang, can we call a truce? I don't think I can stand this stuff anymore. How about it, Kathi?

Well, gang, I hope most of you enjoyed my letter. Feel free to use L'Loos if you need him. Just don't abuse him. Be good, gang, and I will want to meet every one of you ding-dongs at the con. May all of you find Joy, or maybe her sister, or her brother, or ...

SHERRI WASHBURN, 11717 MCGALLION, HOUSTON, TX 77076:

First off, I wish to say how sorry I am that the con is out for me this year. The money I had saved went to help my brother who thought it would be great fun (just kidding, Frank) to let another car hit him head-on. You can count on me coming next year, come hell or high water.

To Vernon Wells: After going over my enormous bookshelf over and over, I have narrowed my favorite books down to a few dozen. Here goes: *Shakespeare's Planet*, Clifford D. Simak (this was my introduction of SF); *Childhood's End*, Arthur C. Clarke; *Road to Corlay*, Richard Cowper (an excellent combination of science fiction and fantasy); *Dragonriders of Pern* and *Dragonriders of Pern*, Anne McCaffrey. Shall I go on? All right: *The White Hart*; *The Silver Sun*; *The Sable Moon*, by Nancy Springer and anything by Ray Bradbury and Isaac Asimov.

To Kathi Lynn Higley: Your Male Alpha Buns Revue sounds great. There's a certain dark-haired Doctor that I would like to...well, we won't go into that in public. Keep us informed on its progress. To Catherine Conrad: Is there any space left for judges? I am very honest and play no favorites. Aw, come on. Think about it, okay? To Elenore Claassen: Here are my favorites--*Star Trek*: Captain Kirk (because of his patience), Chekov (because he is just the opposite, and someday, I think, might become a great captain) *SPACE:1999*: Alan Carter (also impatient), Victor (I'd like to sit and talk to this man for hours on end). *Battlestar Galactica*: Adama (he's the father image to almost everyone), Starbuck (he can almost beat me in liar's poker), Apollo (the straight guy). *Buck Rogers*: Hawk (the only thing I can say is, what a hunk!).

Well, that's it for now. Maybe next time I'll write a longer letter. Oh, by the way, anyone who wants to write me, please do. I love to read letters, and what's more, I love to write back even more. Live long with happiness...

PATRICIA MUNSON-SITER, PSC BOX 2527, APO NY, 09109:

To Don Palermo: If you're such a big *UFO* fan, why haven't you ordered *Currents* 2 (\$4.00) from me? It's our *UFO* issue. I know Mary advertised it several times, and I still have about 25 issues left...

Also, what happened to the rest of *UFO* fandom? I sent \$7 to USCC (Calif) about a year ago to renew my membership, got my check back cancelled, and have received blank. Anyone out there know what happened to Evelyn? Guess I'll have to write the one advertised in *MMA* again; I sent a SASE to them and nothing. Maybe the Black Hole of the Atlantic struck again!

OK, *UFO* ids--most of my 'alter egos' also are in my fiction, so you may recognize her--Storm N'Lexina, head of Straker's brand-new psi squad. Telepath, teleporter. She's an outstanding pilot, but something finds getting along with people difficult. She and Straker are very much in love. Her opinion of her fellow officers?

Straker: Control superb, mind like a steel trap. He had developed an aversion to close relationships which has crippled him somewhat. He's still a suspicious bastard, though.

Freeman: Freeman has been Straker's natural second since they met. Their teamwork is hand-in-glove. Although he has a rep for being a man with the ladies, deep down he's very chivalrous. He isn't very ambitious, but if you give him a job, you can be sure he'll accomplish it. Dependability you can count on.

Foster: Smart-alecky, he has a high opinion of himself. Unfortunately, his abilities often live up to his own conceited opinion which doesn't help in deflating his ego any. And he has no sense in chasing his women; he's so handsome he's indiscriminate and hasn't seen fit to change that habit since joining SHADO. It's hurt him several times.

Weasel-Face Jackson: Even people who don't know him refer to him as "The Weasel". He's a damn good psychologist, though. I sometimes feel he tends to view people as machines to be fixed rather than personalities.

Virginia Lake: Smart, graceful, stylish--Ginny reminds me of a Persian cat. She's a definite asset to SHADO. She's still hurting from her soured relationships, first with Col. Collins and then Paul Foster. Right now she's a prickly pear emotionally.

All for moment! Good luck to all--

JENNIFER ORSI, 2068 A POINSETTIA AVE, CLEARWATER, FL 33515:

Hi all! To Elenore Claassen: My favorites in *SPACE:1999* are Tony Verdeschi (as if everyone who reads this newsletter doesn't know by now), Maya, John Koenig, Victor Bergman, and Bill Fraser. *Star Trek*: Spock, Bones, Scotty, and occasionally Chekov. All thought I like the show, everyone else tended to get on my nerves, especially Kirk. I tend to suspect that that's because of my dislike of William Shatner, but it could be because of the way the character was written. *Battlestar Galactica*: Serina, Apollo, Starbuck, Cassiopeia and Adama.

I'd like to report to everybody who was kind enough to ask, that my ulcer is much better and although Dr. Russell advises against it, I'm planning on sampling Tony's latest batch tomorrow.

Catherine Conrad: Thank you for getting Tony to come and visit me in Medical Center while I was sick. It really brightened up my day. I've been drinking this artificial milk till it's coming out of my ears, and whether Doc Russell likes it or not, I'm not going to give up drinking Tony's beer. At least not until I can think of something else to do to make him notice me. Anybody out there got any suggestions? I'd love to hear from you. My stomach would, too. (Ah, keep it clean). And while on the subject of beer...

Vernon Wells: DON'T YOU DARE!! is all that I have to say about your latest discovery. C'mon, Vernon, have a little sympathy for the lovelorn. If you start giving everybody samples of your beer, what's that going to do to Tony's business, not to mention my lovelife? If you've got some compassion, help me out and keep quiet about your Ambrosia. I mean, we Alphans have been living without real beer since Breakaway, we can survive! You know as well as anyone that Tony's beer is the only line that I have with him, don't spoil it, please? Now, Vernon, I've asked you nicely, so be forewarned. If you do decide to make public the Ambrosia, then I suggest that you join Karla Von Huben and Kathi Lynn Higley in their ever-famous quarters (you remember those, don't you? They're the ones that can't be gotten to without causing structural damage to Alpha) because when I'm on the warpath, watch it! Honest, I'm not a violent person, but where love is concerned, I may not be able to control myself.

To Sandy Doyle: You know, I just realized that I've got some very fine Neanderthal skull specimens in my lab and I was wondering if Rachael would like to come down and visit sometime. Being one of the few skulls on Alpha, I thought that she might like some company. And while on the subject of skulls (or should I say numbskulls), I'd like to talk about a certain janitor that we all know and hate...

Mark Robertson: Well, I had my first run-in with your PAL, Jerry, the other day. What a disaster that was! Do you know what he did? I was sitting at my desk, trying to piece together an animal skeleton which we'd found on our last planet expedition and guess who comes in to see if he could tidy up? Before I could stop him, he'd totally wrecked ten months' work! And I swear I saw a grenade in his belt! I don't know about everybody else, but I say we should lock him up! He's a menace! He's more than a menace, he's a lunatic! Mark, if you're still offering the complete Jerry-proof policy, sign me up! I'm taking no more risks.

Becky Eisenhuth: Having any luck with the play? Personally, I think that it's a great idea, and I'd love to be in it. If you have any part that you think would be suitable for a paranoid anthropologist, count me in. And I promise, I won't show up for rehearsals with Tony's beer on my breath.

On a more serious and happy note, I trust that everyone was able to see the space shuttle take off and return safely. Although I don't live that far away from the launch site, I wasn't able to see it in person as I wished to. But at least it's finally happened and now we can only hope that it isn't abandoned. This is the first step, and all I can say is that I hope it's not the last.

About the new *Buck Rogers*. It has a lot of promise, much better than last season. The only weak point is in the writing department. I assume everyone has noticed that the writers tend to 'borrow' a lot. However, recent episodes have been improving and I think that the show has good potential. That is, if the ratings don't kill it. Let's hope not.

CARSTEN ANDRESEN, AASUMVEJ 685, 5240 ODENSE NOE, DENMARK:

MaryB: I sympathize with your difficulties. I'd prefer an increase in membership fee. It would be too long between ish, if you went quarterly and cutting out/editing letters is definitely not desirable. Please continue the trivia quizzes, puzzlers, etc., if possible. Keep up the good work.

Joan Enright: Nice, moving letter. To me, SPACE:1999 is a very special combination of concept, story, actors, music and sfx--but as you describe it, it's especially the basic psychology that gets to you; the identity problem and the continued quest, which we're all in, some way or another.

Catherine Conrad: Sorry if I offended "us bio writers"! Let me elaborate a bit on my previous letter. I wanted to point out that there's been too much emphasis on the bios in the last ish of CC and that there should be room for all kinds of interest, as you put it yourself; "such 'strange' and diverse notions", without having to offer a really humorous bio (almost) every two months. Take into account that it's not all members who feel that they can stand up to this standard, and thereby may feel discouraged from contributing. (This is known as "clearly making your point", huh?) (By the way, it's still the same address if you want to send a letterbomb...you have obtained that recipe, then??)

Lori Nelson: My, your reaction to *All That Glisters* (an all-time favorite) is nothing compared to mine, if I get to see ATG again. As opposed to the rock, I'd probably secrete water, at least in the opening scenes...

Kathi Lynn Higley: (yet another who got your name right) Thanks a lot for the welcome, *merci bien, Madame*. I don't ignore the positive aspects of the bios, the communication and the friendship; my opinion is that communication is the key word in fandom. Otherwise, see above paragraph. Glad you liked my article! I agree about the *Doctor Who*-fuzz; why get so irritated about Tom Baker's remarks? He was right about the lack of silliness in SPACE.

Steen Pederson: Oh, you were one of the "two of you out there" who knew about ORAC? Guess there must be quite a few, actually! Should you happen to know also if Mary's printer is called ZEN? (Ednote: That information is not available. Please state course and speed...MaryB)

Charmain Chester: You're searching for articles about this series...what is it now...Cosmo? No...I have it right here...hmm... it really must be an antique, huh? Well, your letter definitely sounded as though SPACE:1999 was something in-the-past-only! Seriously, though, I understand your attitude about public reception of the series, but I think it was more question of the lack of regular, nationwide airing (as you're all too aware, it was turned down by the networks in both the USA and England) and, what I think is very important, the fact that SPACE arrived just before the powerful renaissance that *Star Wars* gave science fiction. It arrived in the wake of *Star Trek*, which provided the only yardstick for judging the show--it wasn't judged on its own merits. Add to this its unusual concept and imaginative stories, the (too?) subtle characterizations and the dazzling sfx (but sfx along cannot intrigue viewers) and you have, in my humble opinion, the reason why SPACE was cancelled. Note that it's second season which has survived the best, probably because of its less philosophical, more tactile concept. Last remark: of course, this is just one of many explanations, as many as there are viewers, and none can be said to be more correct than the others. So, I don't think it's a question of "getting" SPACE to the public--they've already got it, along with all the other SF shows available these days. Anyway, glad you also liked my article. I've seen *Star Maidens*, but it's a rather long time ago and I really don't remember the similarity in sfx. I can recall some pretty bad explosions in a futuristic city, and a lot of saucers, but that's about all.

Tom Rose: Thanks for making this poll, it was interesting to see the results, even if I hadn't contributed (shame on me). But I cannot possibly understand why a terrific episode like *Seed of Destruction* had no (zero, or, 0, absolutely none, almost--etc.) favorite votes?? (If I'd contributed, it would have had at least one) And where are *Earthbound*, *Collision Course*, *The Last Sunset*, *The Infernal Machine*, *Dragon's Domain*, *All That Glisters*, *AB Chrysalis*, *Space Warp*, *Immunity Syndrome* and *The Dorcons*? They obviously didn't make it. I think you'd need many more votes to provide a fair representation of what SPACE fans like or dislike, though your results definitely provide a pointer. How about a similar poll in connection with this year's con?

Okay, closing words--response to my article hasn't exactly been overwhelming (I don't expect it to be), but unless I receive further response, I don't know if readers' interest justifies further articles on the subject. So start pounding your typewriter, folks! (If you haven't got one, handwriting's still available, in many types and sizes...)

Hope you'll have a nice con, those who attend! We're green with envy back here in Denmark, but maybe next year...Until next ish, SPACE:1999--JEG ELSKER DIG!! (this habit is contagious...)

JANET ELLICOTT, 43 BROOKSBANK HOUSE, RETREAT PLACE, MORNING LANE, HACKNEY, LONDON, E9, ENGLAND:

After having been a member of MMA for goodness knows how long (3-4 years, I think) I thought it was finally time to put pen (or typewriter) to paper and write some kind of submission. I've been absolutely fascinated by the Alpha bios. I have five friends who all claim to be Corellians (like Han Solo, in case you don't know) and have invented similar bios for themselves. I thought I

was immune from such lunacy until *Battlestar Galactica* grabbed me by the neck. I'm now Captain Orion in charge of warrior training on the *Galactica*, so don't anybody cross me or you'll end up checking the older ships for solium leaks (Apollo was very glad to hand that job over to me).

Elenore Claassen: Favourite characters. Right. SPACE: Series 1--Alan and Victor, with Paul a close second or third. SPACE: Series 2--Tony and Maya, with Alan a close second or third (I'm fickle!) (My real excuse here is that I'd seen Tony before SPACE and fell for him before I even knew he was going to be in the second series--TV advertising is so fantastic here that I discovered he was in it the night before *Metamorph* was shown, in a trailer!) *Star Trek*: Chekov and Scotty--I think it's the accents that get me. *Battlestar Galactica*: Omega and Boomer, with Apollo and Starbuck not far behind them. (And don't anyone dare ask me who Omega is. I can't help it if I prefer the people who don't get star billing. It happens every time. My favorite *Starsky & Hutch* episode is "Captain Dobey, You're Dead" and try explaining that one!)

Kathi Lynn Higley: I love your explanation of what happened to Victor, Paul and David. Personally, I think Paul and David are helping Victor with his research. He's discovered how to make whisky out of moon dust, you see, and it tastes *much* better than a certain security chief's beer. (I can't name him, or I'll be checking the *Eagles* for solium leaks).

You'd get on with someone I know. Not so long ago, some foolhardy soul said something along the lines of "You can't fancy Richard Basehart; he's old." Carol's reply was, "No, he's not: he's only 65." It was no surprise to anyone that she fell for Obi Wan in *Star Wars*. I haven't heard what she thought of ESB but my money's on Yoda!

There isn't any mud on Alpha, huh? Well, you know how to make it, don't you? Save your water ration for a few days (or get extra by saying your hair needs washing twice a day instead of once), collect some moon dust and bingo! Instant mud.

Just about everyone: Peter Davison is a fantastic "Doctor Who" and I've only seen a few seconds at the end of *Logopolis*. I think he'll be the best ever. For one thing, he's a fan and is likely to spot all the continuity errors that no one else has spotted. On a recent interview, viewers had been asked to send in drawings of what they thought the new Doctor ought to wear. The interviewer thought a kilt was a pretty silly idea, until Peter pointed out that Patrick Troughton did actually have a companion who wore a kilt. One squashed interviewer. Personally, I always thought no one could be as good as William Hartnell, but Peter Davison may prove me wrong.

All you ORAC fans out there: bad news, I'm afraid. We ate him at the Teal-Vandor Convention. (Paul's birthday cake was in the shape of ORAC and was enjoyed by all) (Ednote: And so begins ORAC's career as an empty space, eh? MaryB)

Lastly, any *Battlestar Galactica* fans out there want to write to me? I can't guarantee a quick reply, but you will get one eventually. (Mary isn't the only one who's trying to run a club and be involved with 1001 different fandoms).

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

Hi, y'all! Well, I've just renewed my membership in this establishment, so I'm back for another year. (Don't all cheer at once!) To Mary Bloemker: I hope you appreciate this. Just for you, I'll restrain my creative genius and make this letter short. Aren't you happy now, Mary darling? (Ednote: Well...I dunno. ORAC, what do you think? MaryB...)

All right, I didn't want to bring this up, but it looks like I've have to. We have some discipline problems on Alpha. So what else is new, you ask? This is different. I'm talking specifically about the general conduct at my recent beauty contest. You probably won't get in trouble, 'cause Koenig drank so much of Bergmans' brandy before the contest to 'loosen up' he doesn't remember a thing that happened. But I'm still mad! Now, then, I'll start off with Charmain Chester. Honey, I was shocked at you! You *seemed* so nice! She drank ten gallons of Tony's beer and got very drunk--but that's just the tip of the iceberg. When Tony came out to do a--perfectly modest--striptease, Charmain stood up in her chair and sang, "God Bless America". She even saluted him! His face grew as red as the tomato sauce on his pasta. Mare Fitzgerald, bless the poor soul, tried to get her to sit down, but got a mug of cold beer in her face for all her efforts. And Amelia Rodgers even misbehaved. She sat down with *ten* of her precious mice in her lap. One of 'em got away and went up on the stage. Kevin Peterson was modelling his bikini for the Swimsuit Competition when it scurried by. He squealed in fright and tripped over Vernon Wells' cleverly outstretched foot. Then he fell into the orchestra pit, right on top of Victor "Maestro" Bergman. I'm not even going to say what Kathi Lynn Higley did when Alan Carter came out in his swim trunks--oh, they were the cutest little white things with little blue fishies on the--*Ahem* Well, it'll suffice to say she did something horrible. And Mary Bloemker--I can't believe you! She had taken in twice as much beer as Kathi&Charmain combined. When the fellas came out for the Evening Wear Competition, she burst into a raucous rendition of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" that dangerously rattled windows all over the base and was loud enough to give the Boston Opera a run for their money. (Ednote: Moi?? Sorry, kid, I was in my quarters with the flu at the time. Musta been Maya. MaryB) I hope every one of you will apologize!

To Kathi Lynn Higley: Okay, okay, okay! Shut up already. Why did you have to blab all over the base that I was once a world-champion mud-wrestler? I thought for sure that no one would speak to me. But girls have got to 'sow their wild oats', too, y'know! And the most curious thing happened. I sashayed into the rec complex one day and a crowd of people surrounded a small pen on the floor. Then some techs came in with a container of moon dust and some water. They poured it in and mixed it around, laughing evilly. Instant Alphan mud! And you thought there wasn't any mud on Alpha. Never underestimate the lascivious imagination of an Alphan, dearie! Then Tod Ellsworth handed me a pair of short-pants and a tanktop and told me to 'suit up'. I asked him why. Then he giggled and said he'd be my partner in the First Weekly Alpha Mud Wrestling Match. *Sigh* And then you had the audacity to send Maya on me as an alligator to see if I really *could* wrestle with one! And if it wasn't you that messed up my office a few weeks ago, who did? Tell me, or I'll rip your life-size photo of Alan to shreds! Oh, well...I guess I shouldn't chastise you so much for all your nefarious deeds. After all, you *did* let me hide in your invincible shower cubicle with Palermo after word got out that I had told Charmain she should write to CC more often.

I just went out on a date with Steen Pederson, our resident dentist. I want to warn you girls about him. What they say about European men doesn't necessarily follow with Steen. After we ate a candlelit dinner, he leaned toward me and I thought he was going to kiss me. Instead, he pulled my lips back and said, "You've got the most beautiful bicuspid I've ever seen!" *Sigh* And then later, when he showed me to the door, he said, "I hope I can see you and your lovely molars again sometime." *Heavy sigh*

Hey, now, just so I don't get anymore lusty invitations to 'help me clean out Doc Russell's linen closet', I want y'all to know that I'm a nice girl. (The Med Center doesn't even have a linen closet!) I don't know where all these rumors pop up about my *ahem* activities, but they just ain't so. Don't listen to Kathi Lynn's gossip, whatever she says!

I've got good news! SPACE:1999 is back on the air in Atlanta! It's on at 4:30 am on Sunday mornings, the last show on before sign-off. *Sigh**Yawn* I wrote the program director and I think he finally decided to indulge me. I guess the threat to fire-bomb the wife and kids worked! Anyway, the first episode that was on was *Voyager's Return*.

Here's some more, equally good news. July 5 is my birthday! Now, my age is a secret known only to God, my parents and the guy who delivered me at a hospital in Florida, but all cards, gifts and/or letters will be warmly appreciated. (Just kidding, folks... no need to get out your stun guns...)

Well, next time I'll write my new bio (I've changed sections) amongst other things. I'd better split before I think up some more brilliant things for this letter but can't include 'cause it'd give Mary an ulcer...Ciao! (ORACNOTE: S'AWRIGHT, ORAC)

AMELIA L. RODGERS, 22284 MISSION BLVD #7, HAYWARD, CA 94541:

Joan: One of the things I liked best about 1999 was its apparent quality of beauty...its visual and intellectual delights. Like you pointed out, it makes you think besides being just entertainment. But, Joan...get some sleep!

Charlie: You brought to my attention that in CC we are caught up in the fantasy we've created through the bios. But you seem to think that some of what you've read is--to use your word--crap. I call it poetic license. It's very clever creativity going on. We are creating--and the wars are mostly in the spirit of fun. Sure, some of what goes on is pretty far removed from SPACE:1999, but then you figure that the series just lives in cons, reruns, and a lot of special memories. The bios and remarks flying back and forth help to preserve SPACE:1999. And more importantly, the ideas, the controversy behind the series itself. Maybe we all can comment on what idea appealed to us. To start off the top of my head, the episode where they all agree to create the rain necessary for the rock entity to survive after it threatened them. That act of preservation of a species was what the men and women (and Psychon) of Alpha were all about.

Catherine: That mouse you referred to as stupid was not one of my mice. That was *Maya*. She wanted to ask you why did she have to turn into Bo Derek when Maya as Maya would rate a hell of a lot more than 10. Now she's not too happy with you. Psychons are dangerous when they're unhappy with someone. Just ask Tony. The last row they had, he was wearing his beer.

Kathi Lynn Juicy Fruit (I didn't call you Wrigley!): Now, now, mon ami, you ought to know that you're going to have rivals when it comes to keeping Alan, not that I'll steal Alan away. I'll give up my delusions if I can have Alan on weekends. And if you continue to provide my mice with shelter, I'll share my jelly beans with you. I just have to think up a way to get Helena to give up using laboratory mice. Or at least to provide them with tiny blindfolds and the right to a lawyer. By the way, that poor lab tech you mangled is *still* a patient in ICU. I told you to use your feminine wiles on the poor guy, and you make him a casualty. Oh, well, maybe it's best the way it worked out. You have a point there. But as for physical contact with Alan, only yesterday I was trying to get him to hide a mouse in the Eagle, and suddenly Helena turned a corner and started walking in our direction. Quickly Alan shoved the mouse under his shirt. Helena went past, and then I got to search under Alan's shirt for the mouse. It took me all day. I searched very carefully and very s...l...o...w...l...y. Wanna borrow a mouse? Works every time. No war. I'm a pacifist. (That's a big word meaning chicken). And Prof. Bergman *is* dead. That person riding in tube 14 is some nut called Lt. Gerard searching for Dr. Kimble.

Okay, I'll try to be fair about *Doctor Who*. I always liked Roger Daltrey.

Poor, deprived baby, not seeing *UFO*. I'd love to have you judge Straker. I *hated* Straker when I first watched *UFO*. Talk about a tough guy to work for. Makes Koenig look like a saint. But Straker slowly got to be a likable person. He actually was vulnerable. It they have any *UFO* tapes showing at the con, treat yourself to seeing one. Actually, you don't get the full picture by seeing only one. By the way, I want to belong to a *UFO* club. Anybody out there got an address? Help! I'm also open to trading or buying *UFO* material. Are you listening, Mary B? (INFORMATION NOT CURRENTLY AVAILABLE IN DATA STORAGE BANKS, ORAC)

Bobbie: The last time I saw Richard Basehart was on a *VEGA* episode. He played a first class meanie. I enjoy him, too. Please do another of your reports for MMA. I miss them.

Andrea: *benvenuto*. As a zoologist, perhaps you would consider giving protection to my mice. You know how important it is to care for zoo specimens, and perhaps the last specimens of mammal rodent from Earth. If we find a planet suitable enough to be our home, we ought to have a zoo, which would be the extension of your zoology project. The last of a species should merit your attention. What do you think?

Steen: Is there any truth to the rumor that Lis entered Kathi's male buns contest using a recipe for biscuits? After all, biscuits are buns. Oh, and after eating her pastries, I think I've developed a cavity. Do you have any N₂O (nitrous oxide laughing gas)?

Charmain: That *UFO* episode you referred to with Michael Billington as Col. Paul Foster) was the first time that I remember showing an alien as being friendly. Paul was in trouble and at the end it was a matter of personal and professional regret that his rescue party assumed the alien was hostile and killed it. Paul's boss Straker (Ed Bishop) always acted on shoot first, ask questions later basis when it came to the aliens. The aliens have never before been anything but hostile. They kidnapped humans, took their internal organs to help wounded aliens, controlled them telepathically, and threatened their lives and property. They were indirectly responsible for the breakup of Straker's marriage and the death of his son. Paul had a conscience about the death of the alien who had befriended him, but Straker had no qualms about killing them. That episode was *Survival*. I have from *Starlog* #5 an *UFO* episode guide which is incomplete. *UFO* had 26 episodes and Straker served as the head of SHADO throughout. SHADO was short for Supreme Headquarters Alien Defence Organization. I didn't see all the episodes, but I remember *Survival*. If you are interested, or any MMAer interested, I'll send you a copy of the info on the show. I don't have much, but anybody is welcome to it. Just send a SASE. Hope this helps, Charmain. Since both you and Kathi have risen to the defense of Baker, I may watch *Doctor Who*. Advice gladly taken.

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

Kathi Lynn Higley: You'll get no arguments from me on the fact that a star is considered a sun; and I'm all for poetic license. As long as it's restricted to poetry or lyrical prose. My point of contention was not that the episode itself was entitled *The Black Sun*, it's that highly trained scientists, crack professionals, stood there and quite plainly labeled the phenomena a black sun. No-no. Not only would scientists not refer to it as a sun, some are even reluctant to refer to it as a star since at the point at which the star, in its death throes, reaches that point, it bears little resemblance to a star at all. The correct term (well, the one currently in favor, that is) is 'collapsar', and as astrophysicists, that is how Bergman, Koenig, *et al*, should have referred to the phenomena. In purely scientific terms, to have them call it a 'black sun' severely stretched their credibility as scientists, but as you noted, they could have illustrious careers as poets ahead of them!!

I do have an explanation for why Tom Baker specifically dragged SPACE:1999 into his interview, and not *Star Wars* or *Star Trek*, which might have come more readily to mind. Both DW and 1999 are British-born efforts; most of you probably aren't aware that SPACE was scheduled directly opposite *Doctor Who* in most areas in England. The competition is bound to be the one TV show that's going to be uppermost in Tom Baker's mind, especially since he was relatively new as the Doctor at the time, and hadn't established the hold on the character that he has now (and has just relinquished to Peter Davison, the 'new kid on the block'). And the reason Baker may have seemed to be gloating is the fact that *Doctor Who* decimated 1999 in the time slot (or so I've heard from sources admittedly biased). But, you have to admit that any TV show that's held on to the same time slot for eighteen (nineteen?) years is going to be pretty hard to beat! Well, anyway, that could be his reason for taking such vicious glee in dissecting 1999, and while we vehemently disagree with him on all points concerning 1999, he's still entitled to his opinions (strange though they may be) and we still enjoy watching *Doctor Who*. Having just recently renewed my acquaintance with the Jon Pertwee era of

Doctor Who just reinforced my opinion that there is more to the show than just the actor playing the Doctor, although he is admittedly 95% of the enjoyment. There is still the character itself and the premise (as wild and unlikely as ever you'll encounter this side of *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*) and the wonderful, wonderful plots. What other show can convince me that stunt men in funny rubber suits are going to conquer the universe and make me love every minute of it? I ask you!!

I have seen one episode of a British series called *Blake's 7*, and I am hooked. (Ednote: Another convert to the ranks! MaryB) I don't want to have to wait until the next convention I go to to see more of them, so after antagonizing all of you wonderful people, I'm going to turn around and beg on my hands and knees. A recent issue of *Starlog* detailed the current situation with the new package of DW episodes, and with *Blake's 7*. Basically, Time-Life has the rights to both packages, but is having trouble selling them in syndication. With the federal cutbacks in the funding for PBS, it's going to take a lot of convincing on our part to get your local stations to fork up the money for either or both packages. As a fellow SF fan, I beg you--write to your local stations and ask them to get in contact with Time-Life concerning the new DW series and the *Blake's 7* series! I wish I could extol the virtues of B7 in order to pique your interest, but one episode hardly qualifies me as an expert. Are there any British fen in MMA willing to take up pen and explain this series in Command Conference? You'd be doing me a huge favor as well!!

KAREN DOMAIN, 209 PITSTON CIRCLE, OWINGS MILLS, MD 21117:

Greetings from Mars, everyone! Olympus Mons Research Station, to be more exact. I guess you're all wondering why I'm sending this spacegram. Well, I've got all this extra money in my recreation allotment and since the two facilities I currently belong to are going into the garbage disposal, I decided to join a new one rather than be overcome with boredom waiting for my turn at the Olympus Reflector. Besides, after reading the videotapes Charmain gives me, I couldn't resist any longer. If any of you have any threatening objections to this action, I suggest that you merely pray for an eruption because that would most definitely send me to that big telescope in the sky!

Joan Enright: Touching, truly touching, but could you write such things in your diary from now on? Painful memories of that wonderful, euphoric time in my life when SPACE:1999 was still shown here resurfaced. My tears since its cancellation would rust the telescope. Now a few more have been added.

Catherine Conrad: Bad news--I'm another one of those *ahem* Year 2 fans. Your assumption concerning Charmain's looks is relatively accurate--to say more than that would put me in an awkward position, most clearly defined as six feet under the ground! About your question of "shame in SPACE": I've never had any and I discovered SF at 7 with no parental encouragement whatsoever, but I thank fate eternally that I am one of those few fortunate strange and diverse people because I enjoy every minute of it. Shame? Never!!

Lori Nelson: I *dream* of having your luck. So many nights I've discovered SPACE:1999 on some remote channel only to wake up to the reality that it isn't so. My advice to you is, "Enjoy every moment."

Elenore Claassen: Favourite characters; Tony, Maya, Bill; Kirk, Chekov, Scotty; Starbuck, Cassiopeia, Muffit. Concerning your idea of combining shows--I've already done so, twice, but yoursuggestion is better late than never!

Kathi Lynn Higley: I hate people who end their names with "i"; it totally messes me up! I have a good friend, Toni, and she doesn't speak to me when I goof and write "Tony" but does she consider my frustration when I find myself writing "Toni" instead of "Tony" in my SPACE:1999 stories? Is there something seriously wrong with me? Did I lose any of you on that?

Halt the axe! I've bought six pics from the Fan Fund and plan on buying more if I ever get another update (forgot to send SASE, perhaps?) (Ednote: More like nothing to update yet. MaryB) I know that's not much, but I want to make it to Con '81, too! By the way, perhaps you should point out that you can't very well take over the MMA meeting if you aren't there!

I guess I share the 'inventive soul' award with Mary since I've already written a Who:1999 story. You are completely accurate in your info on black holes. I plan to major in astronomy (take note, Sherri!) and I did a term paper on them last year. If you, or anyone else, has any further astrophysically related problems, feel free to consult me!

Becky Eisenhut: My only memorable experience on stage occurred when I was in second grade and portrayed Willie Wonka in (You guessed it!) "Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory"! I can also sing fairly well. After all, I had to memorize "The Candyman" ...and I'm not kidding!

Now we can move on to what you've *all* been waiting for...my Alpha bio! So I will proceed...

I arrived on Alpha Moonbase on March 15, 1999. My assignment was to assist Professor Bergman in monitoring Meta. I was looking forward to having a great tour of duty until a) I realized that, unlike on Earth, an astronomer's job can be done at any time of day, and b) it became apparant that working with the Professor *means* work! You don't know how happy I am that the old geezer croaked!

By the time September rolled around, I was more than anxious to get off this rock, especially with all that radiation sickness cropping up. On September 13 I had almost all of my stuff packed and was counting the hours until I would leave. Little did I know that the only place I'd be going was beyond the orbit of Pluto! I always wanted an adventurous life, but that's going too far! Miss Pussy liked it even less; she refused to come out from under my bed for two months, which worked to my favour, actually, since less than a week after Breakaway, I was given a roommate. Miss Pussy is my tortoise-shell Manx who also happens to be half-Persian. Do you know what you get when you cross a Manx with a Persian? A cat with half a tail, that's what! It's curled like a pig's, too. I was fortunate enough to get a roommate who absolutely adores cats. Unfortunately, she also adores fish, but it's worked out well. Whenever her tank becomes too overpopulated, we employ Miss Pussycat.

Charmain and I rarely have arguments. I'll just threaten to turn her fish in to Koenig, she threatens to turn Miss Pussy in, and it's all over! However, there is one thing that keeps us in constant conflict--Tony Verdeschi. Too bad we both had to go for the same guy. I mean, why couldn't she have picked Alan? He's crazy enough about her. In fact, she doesn't have many friends for that very reason. What she doesn't know is that Alan and I have this deal: I do my utmost to dispel Charmain's resentment toward him, and he sees to it that Tony has to come for my daily reports from the telescope!

An unfortunate accident occurred the other day, but Charmain insists I planned it. You see, we were having lunch and Charmain was eating one of her favourites--tacos. Well, Tony walked in the door just as she was taking a bite, and in my excitement, I jumped and dislodged it from her hand; it landed in her lap. I gave him my most alluring smile while she sat in embarrassed silence trying her very best not to cringe. I started laughing after he passed by, but the glare she gave me made it clear that I wouldn't live long if I kept it up.

Well, there's a lot more I'd like to say, but with the restrictions on length, you all have to wait until next ish. One further item: I'm in desperate need for roommates at Con '81. My arrival time is about 11:30 PM on August 6 and I'll be departing late Monday night. Anyone interested? If so, please write!

CLARE DEERE, 16 SANDYGATE CLOSE, MARLOW, BUCKS, ENGLAND:

Reading our local paper, skipping past the "What's On" page, I passed the paper to my mum. Who in turn pointed out a comedy play starring Tony Anholt. The play was being shown at the Windsor Royal Theatre. "What Are You Doing Tonight?" starring Tony Anholt. Immediately my mum booked the seats, as every good mum should do. Curtain up at 8 p.m. Tony, as, if not more, handsome as ever, walked on. The play is concerned with a married couple, Bob (Tony) and Liz (Paula Wilcox) and their neighbours Mary (Carol Cleveland) and Fred (Don Fellows). The trouble starts when Liz asks Bob who he would marry if she died. Reluctantly, he named Mary. From then on, Liz and Fred think (wrongly) that Bob and Mary are having an affair.

All four actors play their parts well. Tony speaks with an American accent so convincing that Martin Landau would be proud of him! I met Tony afterwards, and he is a really nice man. My admiration for him has increased considerably.

BECKY EISENHUTH, 9873 PALMETTO, BLOOMINGTON, CA 92316:

As was pointed out in the last issue of CC, Mary B. had to cut one or two of the letters in Mar/Apr. Before I read her explanation carefully, I juttred through the letter and was shocked to see that *mine* was nowhere in sight and immediately thought, like a child, "She hates me! *sob* I said something wrong so Mary hates me!!" Later, when I was smart enough to think about it I realized either my letter was too long (over two typed pages) or I just sent it in too late to put in the newsletter. Anyway, by now, I'm sure, it's been scrapped, but there really wasn't anything in it that "just had to be said" so it's no big problem. At any rate, I'll try to make this as short as possible.

To C. Conrad: Thirty percent!!? You expect me to give you 30% of all the profits from my play? Sorry, dear, but I hardly think your impersonation of a sick bullfrog is worth 30%. The final offer is ten percent. Take it or leave it. But, I will promise you a part in the play. You'll just have to wait and see what I do to you...ah, I mean, what part I give you.

Lynn Mims: I just *loved* your audition. It was the first time I ever heard anyone sing *all* the songs from *West Side Story* and *Oklahoma*, too. I'll keep you in mind.

Kathi Lynn...Higley! (see, I'm another one who knows your last name) I accept your apology for the way you jumped me at the Commander's birthday party. I would also like to thank you for helping me out at the play try-outs. You were the only one who could keep Alan in his seat. He kept wanting to jump up on stage with the rest of the performers. The man is *not* modest.

Steen Pederson: Steen! Steen! Steen! Really, I am not a blabbermouth. The only person(s) I told about you and Bonnie were my *closest* friends. Can I help it if I make friends easily (cough-cough)? Besides, only the lowest of lows date other people when they make a life long commitment to another person. I've already promised myself that I would never tell any of the other people on Alpha about your teddy bear or how you found out that a certain young woman with the initials 'CC' has a birthmark on her...ah...see, I said I wouldn't say anything!

Charmain Chester: I accept your bribe of fish and fish food. You have a part, but you may regret ever showing up for the try-outs... (heh heh heh...)

Before I close I just wanted to say that the next Command Center will have the results of the casting of *M*A*S*H*. Yes, I have chosen *M*A*S*H* as the official play of Alpha. I would like to thank everyone who tried out. I know that some of you were just too busy with watching the 63rd rerun of *The Harlem Globetrotters on Gilligan's Island* (may the Landaus forgive me for this line...) but I do understand J.J. and Olga look soooooo familiar....

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

Home in the Sky

*Come the morning
I'll be far from here*



*Slowly rising
In another sphere*

*Old world
Goodbye cause I'll be*

*Home in the sky
in the morning Bye Bye*



*Stars are crying
Over my old house
But I'm still breathing
Happy above the clouds*

*Home
Home at last because all
Of the bad times are past*

*Music is a lady
that I still love
Cause she gives me the air
that I breathe*

*Music is a lady
that I still need
Cause she brings me the food
that I eat*

*Come the morning
I'll be far from here*

*Slowly rising
In another sphere*

*Home, world, goodbye
Cause I'll be home
in the sky in the morning*

Bye Bye... Bye Bye.

-Cat Stevens, 1973



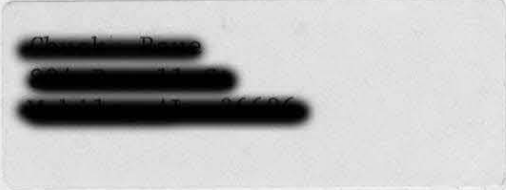
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