

COMMAND CENTER

Welcome once again, to the November/December 1979 issue of Command Center. We hope that all of you have a very merry holiday, and season's greetings go out to each and every one of you from all of us here at MAIN MISSION ALPHA!

Alpha Log #4 is now in the process of being typed and laid-out. We would like to thank all of you who contributed to this year's journal, and although we will not be able to use all of your wonderful material this time around because of space limitations, rest assured that we hope to use all submitted material in future MMA publications.

Now then--you might have noticed that something nasty has been happening to the price of oil lately. What you may not be aware of is that printing ink is a petroleum product. Ah--you've guessed it! Printing costs just took a twenty-percent hike. We're still holding the line on the membership dues, but not without some belt-tightening. Some of these changes we've already put forward in recent past issues of Command Center--for example, the newsletter will no longer be printed on colored paper, as the cost of color paper is 25% higher. So, we're stuck with dull old white newsletters from now on, folks. The membership roster will no longer be printed--there is no money in the budget to cover printing costs and it was not proving to be a very popular item, anyway. The Fan Fund Merchandise List will take over for the MMA Sales and Merchandise list.

Postage rates are due to take another jump in 1981. When it comes, we are not going to be able to hold out any longer--the membership dues will have to be raised. But we have all of 1980 to sweat it out, and all members will be informed of the change when it becomes inevitable. (The hike will only affect those members up for renewal and all renewals after that time--we're not doing anything retroactively, rest assured)

The last boring item. While we're on the subject of oil, I might mention that our apartment is heated by the stuff. In other words, the squeeze is on--I can no longer afford to foot the bill for the club's postage. The Helena Fund ran dry a while ago--I can only assume by that that all members bought all the items listed for the Helena Fund that they wanted. That time has come for an irreversible ultimatum: with all inquiries and contributions to MMA, the Journal, or whatever, please include a self-addressed stamped envelope (overseas, a self-addressed envelope and two IRCs). This is no longer a request, it's obligatory.

MEMORY BOOKS: We've had a few volunteers for the Memory Books, for which we thank you. The volunteers who will be handling the respective books are listed below. Please address all contributions to the memory books to these people and be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope when writing.

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

MARTIN LANDAU: Charlene Scott, 3632 Linden Lane, Mobile, AL 36608

ANTON PHILLIPS: George Eichler, 1088 East 43rd Street, Brooklyn, NY 11210

We need more volunteers, so write today to get your bid in. Remember, these memory books are our way of expressing our admiration and appreciation for the fine work that the actors and actresses have done on SPACE:1999, so we want to make them the best we possibly can. And that means with your contribution! If you're not sure what you can contribute, write to the organizers and they will be able to help you out with ideas and hints.

THE SPACE:1999 FAN FUND: We've had a very encouraging response from our membership and the promise of more support once the Christmas rush has died down. We are now ready to take nominations for the name of a deserving fan to be brought to the 1980 SPACE:1999 Convention using the Fan Fund. All members are eligible to nominate under the following conditions: 1) you cannot nominate yourself; 2) you must make your nomination by letter, addressed to the Fan Fund in care of Main Mission Alpha, 5 Lamson St, East Boston, MA 02128; 3) you must state your reasons for nominating the person you chose for the Fan Fund; 4) you are responsible for notifying the person that you are nominating them for the Fan Fund; 5) and we must receive written acceptance from your nominee that he or she will be able to attend the convention should the Fan Fund be awarded to them. The basic criteria we will be judging possible candidates for the Fan Fund are that the person so nominated must have made some significant contributions to SPACE:1999 fandom and that they would not otherwise have been able to attend the convention because of financial considerations. Significant contributions can be defined as editing or contributing to a zine or other 1999 publication, membership in 1999 organizations, or even just the fact that he/she is an active SPACE:1999 fan. Write today! And support the Fan Fund!

SPOTTED: Brian Blessed (Dr. Cabot Rowland, DEATH'S OTHER DOMINION; Mentor, THE METAMORPH) in the PBS presentation THE JOY OF BACH.

SPOTTED: Barbara Bain in the CBS Late Movie SUMMER WITHOUT BOYS.

LOOK FOR: 1999 stars and guest stars in various episodes of THE RETURN OF THE SAINT, now showing on CBS late Friday night

SPOTTED: Catherine Schell in the TV movie LOOK BACK IN DARKNESS, costarring Bradford Billman (Larry McIrvin)

JOURNEY TO WHERE?

by Sue Ginter, Judy Moore & Barbara Meisenheimer

Texas City Complex? That's close, but move a little westward, like California--more specific, DISNEYLAND!

Back in Pittsburgh, at the SPACE:1999 Convention, a question was asked of Nick Tate, that of: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO DISNEYLAND DURING YOUR VISIT TO CALIFORNIA?

His reply was, "Yes"... (if it could be arranged). Now, can you imagine what thoughts rolled through our minds as we talked to Nick and the idea of going became more plausible! Plans were semi-confirmed at the con and we hoped for the best.

The convention over, our extra few days in Chicago passed, we arrived home in California on Thursday. No sooner had we set our luggage down, we were on the phone with Nick Tate! We finalized our plans and the Disney trip was set for the next day. We were to drive and pick up Nick at 10:00 am, Friday, August 3, 1979.

Friday morning was beautiful, not only because we were going to spend the day with Nick, but because the weather was gorgeous as well. The freeway jaunt to the marina, where Nick was staying, wasn't complicated. We parked our car, a tank, rather, found the gate, walked down the plank and were greeted by Nick from atop a white yacht! (gorgeous!!) He waved and yelled out, "I knew you'd come early!" We boarded the 41-foot catch and waited for Nick to get ready. We gave him tips on what to bring for the day ahead: sunglasses, good walking shoes and a sweater.

Back at the car, he remarked how large it was. We told him it was an air-conditioned and roomy Buick and that we were going in style, first class! On the freeway, heading back to Anaheim, we missed an off-ramp, got lost and had to go twenty minutes out of our way. We apologized to Nick, informing him we never get lost on the freeways. (Well, almost never!)

Our luxurious ride over, we arrived at Disneyland's gates at 11:00 am. A few phone calls here and there and we had free admission into the park. Once inside, ride tickets were purchased backstage, as it is called. Nick insisted on paying for part of the tickets, but we flatly refused. After all, we were treating him. He then decided we all needed coca-colas for reimbursements, so we accepted, and walked down Main Street. We stopped at the guest information center where Disney visitors from everywhere in the world can register. From the volume of books, we were given the International book for Nick to sign while we signed the California book. Nick registered like this:

NICK TATE: ALAN CARTER
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA: LUNAR SURFACE, MOONBASE ALPHA
AUGUST 3, 1979

When these books are full of names and addresses they are in turn categorized and filed away up in the Disney University Archives.

Now for our colas! Well, they turned out to be frozen chocolate covered bananas. For Nick it was a new taste and he enjoyed it. While munching away on the banana, a Disney character parade caught Nick's attention. We watched for a while and told him of a better parade to be run that night.

Our first land to visit was TOMORROWLAND. The first ride-attraction we boarded was called ADVENTURE THROUGH INNER-SPACE; in other words, we shrunk down to molecular size and investigated a flurry of snowflakes under a microscope. By the end, we increased back to normal size and were let off in the Character Shop. We strolled over to SPACE MOUNTAIN, one of the park's newest attractions, and what better ride to take Nick on. It's probably the closest he'll come to flying an Eagle. It's basically an indoor rollercoaster in the dark (Scary!). We went through meteor showers, space warps and actually recovered! Didn't see Maya anywhere...

We took some photos in front of SPACE MOUNTAIN, then jogged over to MISSION TO MARS. There we boarded a spaceship and launched! Watching a viewscreen, we saw Earth become a tiny speck as we got closer to Mars. Alan Carter's old stompin' grounds. We eventually landed back on Earth and trotted over to the revolving theater show call AMERICA SINGS, which uses audio-animatronic characters to play music, sing songs and lyrics from American folk history to present day rock 'n' roll. We clapped and sang along with an American eagle and an owl (Maya, was that you??) The tune was Yankee Doodle Dandy, and yes, folks, Nick did sing with us! (Not bad, either!)

By then, it was 2:00pm and none of us had eaten all day except for the bananas. Nick was the first to speak up and wanted a sit-down meal. We forgot that the English custom was to have their largest meal at midday, whereas our main meal is at nighttime. Maybe we could eat hearty at lunch and dinner so we could gain back some of the weight we lost in Pittsburgh. Anyway, our California proverb goes like this:

HE WHO SPEAKS UP FIRST, BUYS FOR ALL...

...and that's just what Nick did! (Hey! Just kiddin' about ye old proverb, some dummy made it up!) We girls had to break our hot dog and hamburger syndrome that afternoon and eat real food. (There's always dinner...) Well, we made the Plaza Inn Restaurant our target and stood in line quite some time. The cash register on our side broke down and it had to be replaced. Meanwhile, we did some thumb wrestling, also new to Nick. Did you all know that Nick adores Cherries? Loves watermelon? Has hay fever? Doesn't know how to thumb wrestle? Is impatient? And when you say "Give me ten..." Nick gives you more like 'twenty'? (He does it hard, too!)...Ahem. Back to the report. Anyway, he bought a whole bowl of cherries and ate them in line along with a watermelon slice. The Plaza Inn is also where Judy's sister works, and naturally she was home that day, just recovering from a day in the hospital. We later learned that a young girl working at the Inn adores Nick and she didn't even know he came through the food line! Poor kid. (Nick? You'll just have to come back!)

After Paul Tomorrowland, we passed in...Hey! Did I just type Paul Tomorrowland? Gee, pardon me, I must have something else on my mind. Let's try again...After TOMORROWLAND, we passed in front of Sleeping Beauty's

Castle, and decided to take a group shot. In order for the four of us to be in the picture, we needed a fifth person to take the photo. Nick ran over and grabbed this guy walking by and the bewildered man took the picture for us! It turned out great, we might add.

We wandered over to ADVENTURELAND, FRONTIERLAND and NEW ORLEANS area and headed to the Pirates of the Caribbean. This ride had the longest line so far, but we were lucky enough to be partly shaded. The charm of this ride is that it is totally inside a building underground, yet an appearance is given of nighttime with star overhead, and swampy bayou scenery all around. Once in the tour boats we were transported back in time to the days of pirates and treasures. Nick was pleased the most with this attraction because of the authenticity of the buildings and the life-like characters, somewhat like the Maya-robot in THE TAYBOR episode of SPACE:1999. We don't know for sure if Nick liked the two very unannounced waterfalls we went over.

The Pirate ride at an end, we walked through an arbor to the exit door. Nick was curious about the fireflies that bobbed up and down in the apparent night time sky, so he stopped to study them. They were actually pin points of light hung from a wire at the ceiling to give the illusion of fireflies for atmosphere in the bayou area. About now, we all desperately needed restrooms and took a breather...

Our next stop was NEW ORLEANS' Haunted Mansion. Nick had never seen so many ghosts in his life. There were graveyards, spirits, crystal balls, goblins, tombstones, a scared caretaker and worst of all, hitchhiking ghosts. We picked one up on the way out (Couldn't shake the bloke no matter where we went). Turns out he was one of Nick's ancestors...

Back in ADVENTURELAND, Nick bought cool Sunkist lemonades for everyone--it was a warm day! He soon told us he had to make a couple of private phone calls, but his address book was back in the car. It was 4:30pm and he had to call before 5:00pm. We all got our hands stamped and made a quick dash for the car. He made his calls outside the Park, but had no luck, so we went back in. We took a look at the walk-in Disney exhibit which displayed future plans for the Park, one of which was "Thunder Mesa", a runaway mine train in FRONTIERLAND, which has since opened and is a blast to ride! There will also be a sea port in honor of 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA and Liberty Square like the one at Disneyworld and a restaurant built in a hot air balloon from the Disney film ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD. It was here we tested our memories to see how many of Snow White's Seven Dwarves we could name. We got all but Bashful!

We headed back to the Jungle Cruise (where we left off), boarded the boat and drifted deep into the Disneyland Jungle. We were lucky to come out alive after facing such dangers as gorillas, hippos, spiders, snakes, lions, elephants, and wise-cracking headhunters (who at the time were having a two-for-one sale on shrunken heads--one of yours for two of theirs!). We made a speedy trip back to civilization!

In FRONTIERLAND, Nick tried calling his friends again and got through. Afterwards, Nick and Judy had a shootout at a firing range. Judy shot seven out of ten ducks. Nick wouldn't disclose his score.

FANTASYLAND was next on our agenda. Nick made a quick visit to Disneyland years ago and he remembered he didn't like FANTASYLAND or "It's a Small World" ride. Knowing this information, we went there anyway, but steered clear of the ride. We instead took him to a caricature or cartoon booth, so the artist could try his hand at drawing Nick. We had three caricatures done of Nick as an astronaut and one each of us girls. To our dismay, Nick bought all six drawings (You weren't supposed to, Nick!!). The artist drew Nick on a flying saucer (including tea cup), on a rocket, and in a spacesuit standing on the moon! Nick couldn't figure out how the man knew to draw him as an astronaut. We'll never tell!

As the sketches dried, we walked over to the Matterhorn Mountain ride. Nick wasn't too fond of this roller coaster type ride because of the low rocky ceiling and the car's jerkiness. We girls thought it was great only because we knew what to expect, having been on it many times before. Poor Nick! After that mountain experience, Nick needs something to drink. So, back in TOMORROWLAND, we did some shopping before getting drinks. First we stopped at the Character Shop where only items of Disney characters are sold. There we bought Nick a Mickey T-shirt (he liked them tight-fitting) and Nick bought a small squeaky Pluto dog for Paddington. Second, we stopped at the Mod Hatter and bought Mickey Mouse ears. Then we took more photos beneath the setting sun. We really had to coax Nick to wear those mouse ears! Finally, we parked ourselves at the Coke Terrace, at which a live band appeared on the SPACE STAGE and played in the background for a while. It was here that two young men from Australia recognized Nick, even though he was incognito wearing sunglasses and big, black ears. They talked for a while, then Nick excused himself saying he had three friends who were looking after him very nicely.

Well, by now the sun was low, so we decided to sit down and wait for the Electrical Parade to start at 9:00 pm. We walked to Main Street and found a spot on a curb that would be perfect for viewing the parade; by previous experience, we girls knew when to sit down. We had an hour and a half wait, so we talked for a while.

The best time to be at Disneyland is in the summer after dark. That's when the park really comes alive; with dancing, live bands, parades, fireworks and relief from the day's heat.

More and more people lined up along the parade route as warm-up floats drove by. The Electrical Parade is a theme parade of character floats that are made of millions of tiny colored lights and the accompanying music is truly magical!

The Main Street lights were turned off, the music flared up and we could see the start of the parade. Nick was fascinated, to say the least, and he was glad that we had waited so long for a good viewing spot. Actually, Nick stood so a couple of kids could sit on the curb.

After the parade, fireworks would be set off over the castle. We dashed through the crowd up to the end of Main Street playing "crack-the-ship" as we went. We stopped and all stood close to each other as we watched "Fantasy in the Sky" overhead. The fireworks were beautiful and also had accompanying music and we sang again. As Nick would say, "It was a real knock-out!"

As the crowd dispersed, we headed for FRONTIERLAND and Nick bought us our hamburgers and hot dogs (at last). As we ate, Nick commented on the cleanliness of the park as a man in white expertly swept up the cigarette

butts, squished popcorn and fallen leaves. A person could literally eat off the ground. He was also impressed with the energy expended and overall enthusiasm generated by American youth.

After dinner, we boarded the Mark Twain Steamboat and travelled around Tom Sawyer's Island on the Mississippi-like River. The showboat had banjo music softly playing and the decks were lit up with rows of lights. We had a lot of fun taking pictures in the barroom, where Nick 'kicked' open a little door in the bar, went inside, came up and played bartender while we took photos. To get out, he swung himself up and over the bar top. The river boat had a nice calming effect on us all, so that we felt very tired and finally realized just what we'd been through in one day.

By now, it was 11:00 pm and we had only enough tickets left for one ride and that was to be the Disneyland Railroad cars that encircled the park. We could be left off at the end of Main Street near the gates to go home. Nick deciphered some Morse Code at the Disney train depot (Hey, Nick! Can you read smoke signals too? How about tea leaves?) The train was also calming and at one point Nick dozed off. We had to wake him up when we disembarked. One has to remember that we had all been going non-stop for nearly two weeks.

Now, out of Disney's gates and parking lot, we drove Nick to Judy's house (ten minutes away) so her mother could have a chance to meet him. Mrs. Moore had helped so much with the costumes for the SPACE:1999 convention, we thought she deserved to meet Nick. She was delighted and very impressed. The family talked for a bit before we left for the marina to take Nick home. We truly wondered whether any of us would get home alive, we were so tired and Nick wanted to make us tea. We were forced to sing along with the radio to keep awake while driving and Nick sang too. (We should have entitled this 'Sing along with Nick!') Nick eventually drifted off again (were we that bad?). He was jarred awake by Sue and Judy singing that little ditty Nick sang in the beginning of MARK OF ARACHANON. Nick listened and said, "Wait a minute, wait a minute, what dummy sang that???" We dropped that subject quickly.

Back on the yacht, Nick offered us tea. Barb and Judy didn't want any, so they had orange juice and a peach, and after some difficulty, Sue and Nick had their cup of tea. We talked of movies and Nick's new play WINTER JOURNEY. He asked us to read for him, so he could catch our American accents, for use in rehearsing his American character. We've never been so tongue-tied. When Nick started getting into his part, acting and all, he scared us half to death, it was so real!!

Well, we knew it was time to go when we all fell silent. Nick took us up to the public restrooms before leaving and in the mirrors we saw just how awful we looked.

Having to say goodbye was an awkward moment for all of us. Somehow we couldn't believe the day was at an end. The old cliché was true--"Time does fly when you're having fun"! We each got a hug and a kiss from Nick and we waved goodbye as our car pulled away, leaving him to stand alone on the dock.

The following Monday, Nick flew back to London and we dragged ourselves back to work. With fondness, we will always remember our trip to the Magic Kingdom and remember that Nick Tate (with or without mouse ears) is one hell of a guy!

What marvelous things happen when you wish upon a star!!!

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SPACE:1999 Episode Title Changes

By Carsten Andresen

As you may know, titles of TV shows are changed when they're shown in different countries. Also, the title SPACE:1999 was changed. First, the series itself was called MOONBASE ALPHA in Denmark, Sweden and Germany (In the latter country, they also added "One"--"M A 1"). Second, the title changes were made--not many in Denmark and Sweden. They mostly stuck to translating the original titles, but in Germany, great changes were made, some beyond recognition. What about KOENIG: 2 instead of MISSING LINK? Or THE STONE AGE TRAP instead of FULL CIRCLE? I'll begin with the Danish and Swedish title changes:

<u>Original Title:</u>	<u>Danish:</u>	<u>Swedish:</u>
BREAKAWAY	BREAKAWAY	DISASTER
MATTER OF LIFE & DEATH	-	ANTIMATTER
GUARDIAN OF PIRI	-	THE PARADISE
VOYAGER'S RETURN	-	THE TRAVELLER
ALPHA CHILD	A SPACE CHILD	-
THE INFERNAL MACHINE	-	MACHINE OR MAN

Note: more episodes than the ones indicated were shown (Denmark 8 and Sweden 14). The Swedish TV station didn't show any episodes from Year Two, whereas the Danish showed six episodes. Those are:

<u>Original Title:</u>	<u>Danish</u>
THE METAMORPH	METAMORPHOSIS
THE EXILES	EXILE
ALL THAT GLISTERS	DANGEROUS MINERAL
AB CHRYSALIS	THE CHRYSALISES
IMMUNITY SYNDROME	ZORAN'S FATE
A MATTER OF BALANCE	BALANCE

Then I come to the German titles-- these are the most interesting. I'll list the thirty episodes which were shown:

<u>Original Title</u>	<u>German TV2 station/title</u>
BREAKAWAY	
BREAKAWAY	THE DISASTER
THE INFERNAL MACHINE	THE INFERNAL MACHINE

THE LAST ENEMY
COLLISION COURSE
SPACE BRAIN
WAR GAMES
FULL CIRCLE
VOYAGER'S RETURN
THE LAST SUNSET
FORCE OF LIFE
MISSING LINK
GUARDIAN OF PIRI
ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH
EARTHBOUND
RING AROUND THE MOON
THE BLACK SUN
THE METAMORPH
THE EXILES
ALL THAT GLISTERS
JOURNEY TO WHERE
A MATTER OF BALANCE
RULES OF LUTON
BETA CLOUD
SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION
SEANCE SPECTRE
THE CATACOMBS OF THE MOON
AB CHRYSALIS
SPACE WARP
IMMUNITY SYNDROME

BETWEEN TWO PLANETS
ON DANGEROUS COURSE
WHO PROGRAMS KELLY?
ATTACK FROM SPACE
THE STONE AGE TRAP
THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS NAME
THE CHANGE
THE BLUE LIGHT
KOENIG: 2
HAPPINESS OF THE DREAMING
ALMOST BACK AGAIN
RETURN OF THE DEAD
CAPTAIN ZANTOR
A RING OF LIGHT
THE BLACK SUN
THE METAMORPHOSIS
THE OUTCASTS
THE DECISIVE MATERIAL
SCOTCH STORIES
THE OTHER SIDE
DON'T TOUCH THE PLANT!
THE FIRE CLOUD
THE MIRROR WONDER
THE MUTINY
AGAINST TIME
PLANET OF WAITING
THE WICKED SORCERY
ZORAN'S FATE

So far, so good. The German titles are obviously more literal than the original ones, most of them very good, a few of them maybe even better than the 'real' titles: BETWEEN TWO PLANETS, ALMOST BACK AGAIN (though ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE is a fascinating, "poetic" title), THE OTHER SIDE. A few comments: the "t" in Zantor is no typing mistake; in the German language it's difficult to pronounce the 'soft' Zantor, thus justifying the change of his name. The translation of ALL THAT GLISTERS is a bit questionable; the German adjective "entscheidend" means both something that determines/decides and something that is important to someone. A title I've never understood is THE WICKED SORCERY. There's nothing 'magic' in this episode as far as I can see, but maybe the title is referring to Maya's illness and all her molecular transformations? You're free to guess! Rarely, names in episodes were changed: e.g., Voyager One was turned into Galixiscope One (where did they dig that one up?) and in IMMUNITY SYNDROME 'Joe Lustig' became 'Joe Lancing' which has a much more English sound--and besides, the reason for the change is obvious and natural, almost necessary when you consider the name. As some of you know, 'lustig' means 'merry' and 'jolly'!

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command conference

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

Ya know, it ain't easy to type while you're frothing at the mouth with rage. Why as I frothing at the mouth with rage? Certainly not because I bit a dog who hadn't had his rabies shots, that's for sure. I am frothing over the unrealistic attitude expressed by Tod Ellsworth in his letter last issue. To quote from it: "...No time. Not enough money for postage or renewals...no use to it all. HOW LONG CAN YOU HIDE BEHIND THESE EXCUSES? THEY ARE USED AS COP-OUTS. A PSYCHOLOGICAL SOP FOR YOUR FEELINGS..." (capitals supplied by yours truly). Listen, Tod, I don't know about you, but I was not one of the beneficiaries in a Howard Hughes will. I have barely enough money to buy food (and if you suggest I get my necessary nutrients and proteins from licking postage stamps, I sincerely hope all your passports are in order 'cause I'll follow you to the ends of the earth to exact vengeance!), let alone purchase postage stamps for what has become, for me, a useless experiment in futility. I've hunched over my trusty 1932 vintage Royal portable typer soooo many times, typing letters of appeal to the various stations in my area for the return of '99, I'm constantly being mistaken for Quasimodo's mother! And for what? So those self-same stations can send me a misspelled, poorly typed excuse of a letter in response (no doubt typed by the station manager's five-year-old daughter in visiting daddy for the day--or at least that's the impression I get.) telling me how sorry they are that they can't accomodate me? I joined the Alliance, too. I was even the Connecticut state representative (to paraphrase Shakespeare: An empty title signifying nothing). In the year that I served in that post there were seven other Nutmeggers (nickname for a native of Connecticut) who joined the Alliance. I wrote intro letters to each one. Only one person responded and they informed me they had no questions and no urgent needs to answer. My section head (Gail Paradis--now VP of MMA) sent me a grand total of three letters of inquiry that she received from other states in her section. All in all, I felt absolutely useless. I even attempted to start a SPACE:1999 penpal list. Most folks who have been reading their MMA newsletters on a regular basis know what happened to that venture. Right down the tubes. Because it took me TWO years to get enough names to make a first edition of the list worthwhile (a grand total of 30 people, believe it or not). And I hardly got a thing to justify a second edition, so I delivered the coup de grace to the poor thing and put it out of its misery. All of which sounds like "Bring out the Violins and let's play 'My Heart Bleeds For You'", but what I'm trying to say is this: Let us knock off these guilt trip lectures. I think nearly anyone who's a fan of the show has done their duty by it and gotten nothing in return for the money and time they've put into it. Some keep trying. Hurrah for them. All the more power to them. But when I say I have no more time, no more money and feel there's no use to the whole she-bang, I'm NOT copping out. Nor am I hiding behind excuses. I am proud of what I have attempted to do in the past to further the interests of my fellow-fans and the show, but I don't "get off" on butting me head against stone wall. I did the best I could and I suggest, if your heart's really in it, that you continue to do yours, but stop trying to get blood out of turnips. All you'll get out of 'em are cramped hands and turnip stains.

To Karla Von Huben: My heartiest congratulations, my dear! A very well-written "sounding off" in the last ish. You said a lot of things that I've said myself. Only I kept them to myself where they did the least good. No doubt you were "thrilled" to find your letter followed by another guilt trip extravaganza by Mr. Ellsworth, but you can't fault him for trying (although, as you can see from the above, I did!) Your best point was about Mare Fitzgerald's totally unreal thinking. A year is not enough time to save the money to go to a con. Especially when you have to travel half-way across the country for it. And there's another point you might've made: How many people can just take off from a job to attend a con? How many employers would view going to a con as an adequate excuse for missing, say, a day of work? The last con I went to (a ST con in N.Y. city in '76) I nearly lost my job. I only missed a half-day of work to do so, but I received a lot of flak from my bosses anyway. And, unfortunately, having a guaranteed source of income during the year sadly outweighs the opportunity of going to a con for a lot of people. At least for me, that is. But a hearty pat on the back for your excellent letter. I gratified me to find at least someone else who gets irked by this blame-laying and guilt-burdening that everyone seems to be doing of late.

To Our Illustrious Imperious Leader (i.e., Mary B.): To show you that I took YOUR command for contributions to heart, may I make a suggestion ala Judy Moore's of two ish's ago? Simply this: Let us write bios on who we'd be if we were in the Cattlestar Galactica colonial fleet. How we'd get along with the other major characters, etc., etc. And to show you just what a good guy I am, I'm not just making this suggestion. And running for cover like Judy did. Here is my BSG bio:

As a pilot in the ~~Yr/Anns~~ famous Purple Squadron, I do my part to defend the fleet from those "%"/%\$ (I picked up my colorful language from Commander Cain when he was aboard) Cylons. Admittedly it's not much. I generally get stuck helping our fearless leader, Lt. Boomer, pick the lint out of the 44 pairs of purple socks he got for his last birthday (A dirty job, as the Lieutenant always assures me, but somebody's got to do it.) Actually, I find that our being a secret from the Galactica high command hampers our activities somewhat. Lord help you if you even whisper the word 'purple' anywhere in the vicinity of Colonel Tigh. The man is of a decidedly suspicious nature (but working closely with Starbuck, can you blame him?) One poor soul just mentioned that he saw a lady in a really low-cut purple dress in the Rising Star lounge once that he'd like to get better acquainted with, and Tigh had him hung from a scanner disc. OUTSIDE the Galactica! He was going to deny him the use of a space suit, but the Commander managed to talk him into being lenient. So we tend to keep our activities very hush-hush. In fact, my work is so secret even I don't know what I do (except for the lint-picking detail, that is). *Ahem*...And now for my impressions of the Galactica High Command:

Adama: A fatherly soul. Just loves to give us girls an affectionate pinch on the cheek...when he catches us bending over, that is.

Tigh: As I've said, a very suspicious man. Likes to keep the Galactica clean and efficiently run. I think he IS a bit fanatical about it, though. I mean, soaping down the outer hull and waxing it DOES seem a bit much, if you ask me. Who's going to see it?

Apollo: *Sigh* One of these days I'm going to take a lesson from Boxey and stow away on his viper when he goes out on a patrol sometimes. He'll probably eject me, but I'll wear a space suit just in case.

Starbuck: Don't play cards with this guy. Don't lend him any money. Don't introduce him to your best girl. And don't sign anything he presents to you. Particularly IOU's with fine print! If there's a way to buck the system (no pun intended) he'll find it. Is it any wonder Tigh's going gray?

Sheba: Gee, for a warrior, she sure gets the weeps a lot. The Colonial Kleenex Corp. must have lost its best customer when she (and the Pegasus) got lost in that last major battle before the Colonies got destroyed.

Athena: Just don't get her mad at you. She controls too much on the bridge to risk it.

Cassie: I might be naive, but what's a socialator? Whatever it is, they've trained her well. You should see the Cancerian hammerlock she throws on the warriors when they balk during their quarterly physical shots.

Boxey: A real pest. He's everywhere on that ship but where he's supposed to be. And he has the uncanny ability to show up where he's not wanted. The women warriors' shower room, for one. If he stows away with his father again, I hope the man has the good sense to leave him behind wherever they land.

Vuffitt: And I wish the kid would papertrain that thing. I slipped on one of the batteries it left in the officer's club once and darn near broke my neck!

Jolly: Is just that. He laughs a lot. Which can be inconvenient when you're trying to hide from the Cylons and he gets struck with a case of the giggles. The only thing that shuts him up is a fistful of knuckles or a handful of mushies, whichever you happen to have at hand at the moment.

Well, let's hear it from you other BSGers!

Bob Lia, 27096 Eward Dr. Agoura, CA 91301:

My occupation on Moonbase Alpha is presently in Launch Control, working under Paul Morrow, but I am expecting a December transfer to Command Adjutant where I will be working with Commander Koenig. Since joining the space program in 1989, I have worked on various probes, mainly getting them launched to their destination. I have worked on the Centauri Spacedock from 1989-93, and Moonbase Alpha 1993-2020. I was due to be transferred back to the Centauri on October 4, but the nuclear accident ended that. Presently in Launch Control, we have had less and less activity, so the Commander thought that I should work in Main Mission.

How do I get along with the other Alpha personnel?

Commander Koenig: I think he is pretty nice; we get along real well.

Dr. Russell: She is a nice person to know except when it is time for my check-up--then she turns into a real Dr. Hyde!

Professor Bergman: Victor has been a friend ever since I entered the program in 1989. He fascinates me with some of the things he invents.

Paul Morrow: He is also a good friend and gave me a real vote of confidence after I accidentally shorted out the slave-control station.

David Kano: Another buddy. He is always telling me that when I handle a launch, there is never a problem in the computer banks.

Alan Carter: A very understanding person, who didn't overreact when I shorted out the slave-control station considering that he was in the Eagle in lunar orbit at the time.

Sandra Benes: We get along very well, considering that we both enjoy occasionally turning out the lights and staring at the stars from the Main Mission balcony.

Bob Mathias: He's okay, considering when he assists Dr. Russell, he turns into Frankenstein's monster.

Ben Vincent: Never see Ben very much, but we get along when we do.

Yasko: Also a very sweet person. She even gave me a Japanese birch tree for my birthday.

Tony Verdeschi: The resident brewmaster on Alpha, Tony's a cool guy, but once he caught me in corridor and insisted that I try Verdeschi Brew 250. Fortunately, the commander called and I got away.

Maya: A very offbeat person. Since her arrival, you can never know what you will run into next...

So what does everybody think of the trick that ABC pulled with BATTLESTAR GALACTICA? Personally, I hope that Glen Larson makes a new movie.

George Eichler, 1088 East 43rd St, Brooklyn, NY 11210:

Hello again! I'll bet a lot of you thought that I was gone, but I'm not, I'm back again. To Jolinda Mattison: How are you? Where are you? To the best vice-president anyone could ever have--Hi, Rosie! To Bob Ricci: Thanks for the kind words last time on the PJFA. To Tod Ellsworth: Well, Tod, you and I ought to sit down one time and talk for about 300 hours (or should I say argue?) about SPACE. It might be interesting. In response to your comments about 1999 fandom, sorry, I just do not agree. Maybe you do have enough money to do all you can for fandom, but I simply do not. I do what I can with what I have, but after not having a job for close to two years, it was very hard for me to attend Con '99. I did try, though. It is not a cop-out! Maybe not having time or money is a cop-out for some, but it is not for me! To Karla Von Huben: You know how I feel. Thanks for your supportive words in the last issue of Command Center. I get kind of tired of being dumped on for not giving my ALL. I give all I can; if it is not enough, I'm sorry.

To all the FANTASTIC JOURNEY fans out there, the FANTASTIC JOURNEY Fan Alliance is planning a get-together at the upcoming STAR TREK Space Expo in New York City this coming February 16, 17 & 18. If you would like to attend and meet other FJ fans, send a SASE to: 1088 East 43rd St, Brooklyn, NY 11210, and I will send you complete information on the con. Come and show your support for one of the greatest SF shows ever! Finally, does anyone have the address of Grea Stalnaker? If you do, I would be forever in your debt if you would send it to me. See you next time and in July and remember--1999 LIVES!

Sandra Sprecker, Box 111, Battleford, Sask, S0M 0Z0 Canada:

I feel that Karla Von Huben has hit some real doses in the world of SF. How about trying to see if each of us can bring one more person or get one more person to at least get a non-attending membership. That is a start! And then the shape of the economy both Canadian and American is no laughing matter. I too have been trying to save, but there are other things to get at your money. Let's keep trying--we will make it! If John Koenig can put up with Tony's beer, Alan's flying, Maya's tendencies to change into assorted creatures and Helena's physicals--we should be able to make it!

Tod Ellsworth is right, of course, all we have to do is try and who knows what would happen?! Wayne Walls, I love your Alpha bio! Yours too, Tom Chafin. I wish everyone reading MMA would try just once more to write to your station or even sit down and go back over some old copies of MMA to see again that the SPACE: 1999 fandom is far from dying...it just need a booster shot, RIGHT?!

Wayne Walls, R2 Box 210, Wartburg, TN 37887:

I hope that most of you are doing all right, and that you are looking forward to your Christmas holidays. Well, let's see--what does everyone think about the new STAR TREK movie? I have read the novel based on the movie and I believe it will be very good. If only they would spend 40 million on SPACE:1999. And bring back GALACTICA.

I finally got to see METEOR. I really enjoyed it. It was not the usual 'disaster' movie. It had a good plot and some good acting. I was also glad to see Martin in a movie, too. I noticed in the last newsletter that some people are doing their Alpha bios. I was sure glad to see that I wasn't the only one to do it. I hope more of the members will send in their bios.

About Alpha apathy. Look, people, I really love all of you. There are some I know through letters I really love. And I think we should try as hard as we can to keep things going. I know that for some of you, TIME is a premium. I am a student in college and I just don't have time with 18 hours this quarter to do a few things. Sometimes, the little things are the most important. Think about it!

Enough of the mushy stuff. Does anyone out there have any UFO tapes? And is there anyone that can see UFO on their local TV stations? Be good, everyone, and remember--SPACE:1999 lives!

Lynn Mims, 2905 Hood Rd SW Apt 21, Huntsville, AL 35805:

Alpha bio: I'm what you call a jack-of-all-trades. I came up here originally as an 'information specialist' (read: 'junior programmer'), but it seems as though every time some new specialty opens up my name is at the top of the roster. This means that I know how to do many things, from tend my roommate's still to breadboarding communications circuitry, but I do none of them well enough to be called an expert.

I've been here...let's rephrase that. I had been here eighteen months when we began our involuntary tour of the universe. My mom (never knew my father, he was killed when I was three) worked for the Starwalker Group, a thinktank that many of her college friends had helped organize. So from the time I could walk all I heard was how the future of man lay in space. The Group foresaw the Mad Year in time to get us all to hidden camps before the bottom fell out; I spent that year in the middle of the Northwear Territory trying to keep up my studies and act as a part-time security guard. Mom took a bullet in the shoulder one night when she was watching a weird-looking ship in the sky instead of the hillside ahead of us, but she recovered. I always figured the ship was one of ours, but now I wonder sometimes...

When things settled down a bit, Mom took a job with the R&R (Reconstruction & Relocation) Department of the new world government and I entered the Space Academy prep school at the age of thirteen. By 1993 I'd earned an advanced degree in computer science...along with uppteen other people. I had to wait five years before an opening came up on Alpha.

What do I look like? Well, I'm 5'10" tall (or 175 centimeters, if you prefer), skinny, not beautiful and not ugly. I look a lot like my mom, except my hair is black and not dark brown and my face isn't quite so square. What am I like? Louder than I mean to be and a little awkward; I don't have many friends, but the ones I do have are warm and close. Since between us my roommate 'Laina and I have the biggest library on Alpha, we don't lack company if we want it.

And what do I think of my fellow Alphans?

The Commander: for the first year or so I thought he was weird, or possibly a robot. I realize now that during that first year we were all acting strangely; all in shock. Commander Koenig held up better than most and now that he's decided we're not going to die out (for a while, anyway) he's relaxed. I knew he was human when he borrowed 'Laina's copies of the Lensman series and told me he'd seen STAR WARS five times when it first came out in the '70's. I do wonder how that serial would have turned out if the Mad Year hadn't intervened. So does he. *Sigh*

Dr. Russell: Used to have a forbidding bedside manner, but with all she's seen in her Med section, I don't blame her a bit. I'd trust her with my life (luckily, I haven't had to yet; but if I ever did, she's the one I want working on me.) Maya and the Commander have loosened her up a bit--and she dances a mean tango.

Maya: An elf. She has no reason to like me: I asked her where the extra mass went when she changed into something smaller than she was and it took her a week to break down the mental block I set up. (Ever run into a 130-pound pink elephant? How about the same size canary?) But she didn't hold it against me. I think she's read every book we have by now but she still stops by now and then. A lot of fun.

Tony Verdeschi: don't see too much of him, as I'm seldom in Command Center. There's a bit of rivalry between him and 'Laina, with my roomie winning. Ever her worst concoction (fondly named Old Eagle Scout) is easier to take than Tony's beer. Now, if I can just avoid being assigned to Security the next time he calls for volunteers...

David Kano: When I first prepared to move up here an acquaintance of mine predicted I'd be 'intimately involved' with a tall, dark, handsome stranger. Sure enough, I got assigned to Kano. My friend got two right, anyway. Tall? Not really. Handsome? In his own way. Dark? Indubitably. Strange? You bet. Continually trying to convince me Computer is alive and intelligent. Alive maybe, but intelligent? No way. The things that machine has done...

Alan Carter: What can I say? My roomie is madly in love with him. So are about half the other women here, married and otherwise. Much good it does them. The kind of guy who flirts with women and admires women but not the same women. 'Laina and I fall into the second category. But at least it means he comes by a lot.

Who else can I--oh, drat, there goes the 'alert' buzzer again. Got to go. May the Great Bird of the Galaxy nest in your typewriter...

FORCON '79

(or, "Yes, Virginia, there is a hyperspace.")
by Tod Ellsworth

Entering the Ft. Pitt tunnel, Mike Albrecht and I encountered our first door into hyperspace as we emerged suddenly in Pittsburgh. We lugged our suitcases the seven blocks from the station to the William Penn to rendezvous with a very special young lady, Sandra Sprecker. Talking endlessly, the three of us journeyed on the 123 Fawn Vally, where we were met enroute by Mare's husband, Ed. I don't think he was quite prepared for what met him.

But Mare was. She took everything in stride--including a basement full of people. The Southern Delegation, Ann Hester, Chuck Raue, Alice Newsom, Ron Butler, Mike Wright and Marilea Mercer had all arrived. A long and fun night and day of collating followed.

Ann, Mike and I encountered our second space warp that afternoon as we went to meet Dee Winslow, Steve Eramo and Elizabeth Carleton at the airport. We were catapulted far from our previous position, but we finally made it. Dee was waiting, but Steve and Elizabeth had not arrived, so we exchanged them for a pleasant surprise--Karen Robinson. Laden with bags galore, we re-entered the warp to dispose of the bags and return to 123.

A timewarp caused our final caravan to make the twenty minute trip to the Penn in two hours. We spent one relaxful night before that big moment came.

And come it did. The next three days were filled with escorting, meetings, parties, lectures, talks and many adventures. Dee's Writer's Session was very interesting and full of wonderful ideas and goals. A lot will core of it. Our new guests, Anton and Prentis, were simply terrific and left me some very nice and fun memories. Anton had much to say, and one learned much by listening to him. No matter how tired he was, he was always smiling and anxious to talk. Prentis' accent I could listen to for days on end. His sincerity and concern over fandom and the people involved greatly impressed me. He was always ready to give advice and add to the conversations. They were both very receptive to fandom and the con. I sincerely hope they will return next year.

The banquet was a huge success, and the news broadcast truly set the mood. Everyone enjoyed themselves. The following costume call was definitely one of the highlights. There was so much talent, the competition was fierce. I hate to imagine how tough it will be next year.

Chuck did a superb job of collecting for the auction and made it very interesting. The auction was an experience in itself. All too soon, the closing ceremony rolled around and sadly the wonderful experience came to an end.

The magic continued the next day as Mike and I spent a quiet day with Mare and Ed. By far the most relaxing time of the con. We had a slow, wholesome dinner for a change, which Mike and I prepared for the much deserving couple.

This year's con held my warmest memories and I thank everyone who made the con what it was for me. And to Mike, Mare, Ann, Sandra, Chuck and Dee--thanks for the help only you could give when I needed it during the course of the con. Let's all do it again next year!

The FANTASTIC JOURNEY Fan Alliance: 1088 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, NY 11210. The only recognized (by Bruce Lansbury Productions Ltd.) FJ club still in existence! Artwork, photos, stories! SASE for complete info!

Announcing the first M*A*S*H fanzine--"4077". First issue planned for June 1980. For full information, write to Terra Nova Foundation/Second Rate Press, 1088 East 43rd St., Brooklyn, NY 11210.

WANTED: THE EDGE OF THE INFINITE, 1999 penpals, cassette recordings, 1999 paraphernalia and most important, information on special effects on 1999 (also photos). Write: Carsten Andresen, Aasumvej 685, 5240 Odense NOE, DENMARK.

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

THE BRITISH NICK TATE FAN CLUB: Official fan club for Nick Tate (Captain Alan Carter). For more information, send two International Reply Coupons (IRCs) to: BNTFC, 69 Francis Road, Birmingham, B27 6LT England.

NEW ZINE in the works. Submissions of art, poetry, and stories needed. Anything SF not previously published based on any series, book or movie. SASE for submission guidelines, or write to express interest. Mary Tchir, 1101 SE 184th, Portland, OR 97233.

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF FANS FOR MARTIN LANTAU & BARBARA BAIN: Send self addressed stamped envelope for more information to: Debbie Phares, PO Box 267, Nederland, TX 77627.

BACK ISSUES: Alpha Log #2, journal publication of MMA. \$1.00 plus 50¢ postage. Includes stories, poetry, artwork, puzzles, more. Also, back issues of Command Center. Available: Mar/Apr '77, Jul/Aug '77, Christmas '77, Jan/Feb '78, Mar/Apr '78, May/June '78, Jul/Aug '78, Sept/Oct '78, Nov/Dec '78, Jan/Feb '79, Mar/Apr '79, May/June '79, Jul/Aug '79 & Sept/Oct '79. Each issue 60¢ plus 15¢ postage.

SPACE:1999 Quotes Quiz

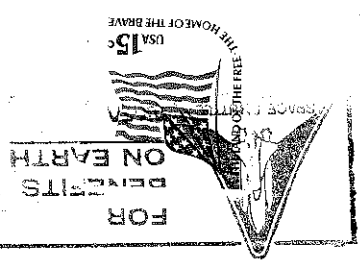
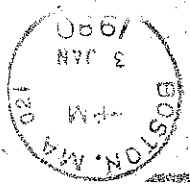
by George Eichler

Listed below are a number of quotations from certain SPACE:1999 episodes. Read each quotation and try to see if you can figure out who said it, to whom they were speaking and from what episode it is from.

- 1) "Would you believe a friendly alien?" *Tony to Alan, Space Warp*
- 2) "Haven't had so much fun since I burned grandra's wig." *John to people command center, B. of the P.I.*
- 3) "To begin the human race all over again...that's a nice thought, Paul." *Sandra to Paul - Last Sunset*
- 4) "I just know that we're not where we ought to be." *Koenig to*
- 5) "Facts, calculations...you're beginning to talk like a computer!" *Tony to Mary*
- 6) "This is just not my day." *Tony, to Helen & Mary, Correll*
- 7) "Our concern is with the present, and for the present, yes, we survive." *Koenig*
- 8) "What the hell's going on up there?" *Tony to John, B. of P.I.*

Each correct answer is 5 points (for a maximum of 15 points per question for correctly naming speaker, person to whom they were speaking and episode). The first person to get all answers right, or the person with the highest score will receive a prize of a SPACE:1999 jigsaw puzzle. So get your answers in right away!

MAIN MISSION ALPHA
 c/o Mary D. Bloemker
 5 Lamson Street
 East Boston, MA 02128



SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

December 24

- 1000 hrs: Chanukah service, chapel
- 1200 hrs: Nonsectarian Christmas service, chapel
- 1400 hrs: Christmas Party, Rec Area A+B

MARYA'S SCHEDULE:

Santa Claus	-	1400	to	1450 hrs
St Nicholas	-	1450	to	1500 hrs
Deaf mope3	-	1500	to	1550 hrs
Father Christmas	-	1550	to	1600 hrs
Kris Kringle	-	1600	to	1650 hrs
Special Requests	-	1650	to	1900 hrs

- 2000 hrs: Tree lighting ceremony, Rec Area A+B
 - 2100 hrs: Gift exchange, Rec Area A+B
 - 2200 hrs: Caroling, Rec Area A+B
 - 2400 hrs: Midnight service, chapel
- * Base-wide video will be provided for all on-duty personnel

BUON NATTALE!

—Tony Verdeschi
 Security

NEEDED- GUITAR MUSIC FOR NOT GUITAR HOME LEAD

NEED OF URGENT CONTACT ME AT HOME! - PLANC

WILL PROGRAM COMPUTER FOR MAXIMUM 10 CORDS. TRKING REQUESTS UNTIL 0900 HRS. - DAVID K.

WANTED- EYES FOR XMAS ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN - I DON'T DO REINDEER! - MARYA

NEEDED- CHRISTMAS CARDS CHARLIE STEINBERG