

BURN BEFORE READING #1

The recent fad for keen neat secret organizations with uniforms and everything has had its effect, even on us mature, refined, serious and constructive type fans. The Little World of Mitch Evans, also known as the Institute for Temporal Research, is only one of the latest in such groups abounding in the Area. The ITR (which will be on every ApaLer's tongue if for no other reason than the obvious garbit for publicity which was made last disty) is more or less a military Coventry, where the game is to go out in public with badges, uniforms, odd machinery, and stranger actions; the main idea seems to be to attempt to make John Q. Public go home after an encounter with the ITR agents, wondering if they really are from the future. If you have seen the little band of intrepid ITR members in full regalia, you may agree that there is small future.

So, while us mature, refined, serious and constructive type fans were making deep inroads on Ron Ellik's brand new liquor supply at a house swarming for same, a great new secret organization was formed, right on the spot, more or less as one might form a giant Lens, or something. Overcome with a sense of wonder, laced with saki (or champagne, wine, beer, whiskey, ham sandwiches, root beer, soda pop, etc...depending...), a group of otherwise fairly sane MFS&CT fans formed (ready?) the:

OMNI*^{*}COSMIC WATCHERS UNLIMITED (small fanfare, there, boys!)

The asterisk is not a result of bad typing; we decided it looked a bit flashier than a mere hyphen (sorry, Walt). You know; a bit of pizzazz and all that there, like.

Naturally, we had to have officers, and appointed several right on the spot: Ron Ellik was chosen Almighty Dragon. He said he'd attend meetings in a Morsel suit. With forty feet of tail, inquired someone. With all the tail I can handle, answered Ron. Luise Petty was chosen unanimously as Games Mistress in charge of refreshments, which, Ron pointed out, could be interpreted any way she wished. Bert (the dark haired girl Paul Turner brings to parties) was appointed in charge of Orgies. Phil Castora was chosen Grand Marshall, and he gets to wear a long green beard. Bud Lavender was given the post of Assistant Grand Marshall, but his father, Roy, was drummed out of the club for pointing out that the club's name was a double superlative. Of course!

Steve Tolliver didn't want to join until we made him First Victim, to be killed off at the first Official Orgy, and therefore he wouldn't have to pay dues. You can't beat a deal like that, says Steve, moving a Go stone.

I am running for office, since the leader will be democratically elected, of course. So within the next few weeks, anyone who wishes to run for the post of Ultimate Dictator of the Entire Universe may file with the secret ballot counter of the club.

Don't settle for a mere Planetary President!

Don't accept just an old Guardian of a Galaxy!

Vote for *BJO* for Ultimate Dictator of the Entire Universe!

OF THE UNIVERSE

Save Tulan has just chosen himself to be Foreign Minister Plenipotentiary With Or Without Portfolio As The Case May Be. Next week we run a contest for uniform designs. Special games to be presented at meetings will be ping-pong, button-pushing, and other fanish sprts. Watch for special notices now and then (a yellow beam in the sky, with the figure of a Skylark in it) for meeting times and locations. Meanwhile, don't breath a word to anyone about this group!

