

This is not f/r # 473.07734, written for the Cult on or about April 6, 1983, and being from me, Meg Stull, 54349 O'Keefe Rd., Dowagiac, MI., 49047. I can't really call this a fractional since I wrote to FR 473, and will probably write to FR 474. So it's a "not-f/r".

Ok. About the space opera...Hell, I'll blather about that later. Actually it's just my excuse for this not-f/r. You see, the local Catholic parish was getting rid of their mimeograph (an A.B. Dick 525) along with bunches of stencils, correcting fluid, funny pens, a writing plate, spare ink pads, cleaning fluid that doesn't work very well, and, of course, ink. So they let me have it for thirty five bucks...It's been raining for three days now, therefore I'm hiding upstairs anyway, escaping from the caged beast to whom I happen to be married. (Hi Ed. I'll make a paper airplane of a legible crud sheet and send it down to you. Are you out of your bad mood yet?) The mimeograph is just sitting there, waiting to be played with and most of the ink has worn off the assorted parts of my body from the last time I tried to use it. So I really want to play with the stupid machine again. Hopefully this time I won't end up swimming in ink. But what the hell - the room already needs repainting from my last episode with the machine. (I have cleaned some of the mess though - there is no longer paper splattered (and stuck to) the wall.) But this time I don't have anyplace I have to be in the next few days...Last time I played with the mimeograph was Saturday - and Ed and I had to be at my parents for Easter on Sunday...We ended up going to Easter with large indelible black splotches showing on hands and faces. (And there were several splotches that didn't show thanks to Candice's advice that one first attempt mimeoing in the nude.) Considering that Easter at my parents is A Big Deal and black splotches aren't in fashion - well, maybe in a year or two, if I'm very good, my step-mother will forgive me. Personally I think it rather livened up a very dull party.

Candice was here for a night and a day on her way to Minicon, then again for an hour on her way home. Tell me, is the ability for non-stop talking a general characteristic of fannish behavior? Does it require practice? I find that I lose my voice after four or five hours. I enjoy it though. Sometimes the silence around here is deafening. (Hi Ed. From the noises emanating from the lower reaches I gather you're doing dishes. Thank you.)

Oh yes, Candice was supposed to call before she left Chicago on her way home to give me an ETA. She delegated the phone call to Smtih (who finally got around to calling about ten minutes before Candice got here - so she had to eat cold chicken salad instead of chicken and dumplings.) Anyhow, Smtih mentioned that the postcard which he sent to Smokey (which was subsequently lost) said he (Smtih)

WILL BE RE-TYPING ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO FR 474 ON STENCIL

instead of thermofaxing or E-stenciling as usual. (I'll believe it when I see it since re-typing takes endless time and he didn't say anything about late pub...Anyone want to place bets?) Anyhow, I didn't mention that I would be not-f/r-ing, so I don't really know if he wanted that bit of blather passed on or not, but I assume he did. (Smtih?)

Another bit of gossip - MICKY DUPREE DOES EXIST! I was wrong; DuPree is NOT White's hoax. We talked on the phone for over three hours (how's your phone bill Micky?) which in and of itself does not conclusively

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prove anything - but when combined with a xeroxed driver's license, xeroxed bank receipts, etc...Well, I'm forced to conclude that DuPree is not a hoax. Besides, unless White is dictating long letters over the phone (improbable, but not impossible) it's just not possible for DuPree to answer letters as rapidly as this - and they (the letters) are all postmarked Cambridge.

(A return paper airplane just flew up the stairs. It says, in large ornate letters, "NO but dishes are done and what do you want out of the freezer for dinner."...We may have discovered a new form of communication - the crude sheet express. Incidentally, I do realize there is still too much ink everywhere - but how do I get rid of it? I've already cleaned the rollers and I'll be damned if I drain the drum again...)

Anyhow, about the Space Opera. (After all, that is why I'm not-f/r-ing.) I hadn't lifted the hiatus because I had hoped to get some feedback on the suggested rules. But obviously patience is NOT a virtue practiced by the Emperor, Queen to the Dorks. It STILL would be nice to know if the general consensus is for a round-robin type game or something else...But since everyone has remained silent I'll assume the rules I proposed have been accepted. In which case Warren - well, I'll blather at you later...

For those of you who haven't been following the Space Opera with baited breath, White first proposed it in FR 463. Solomon immediately declared himself the Evil Emperor of the Seven Galaxies, with this one as a troublesome province which needs to be taught obedience. He can read minds, and has but one weakness - an as yet undiscovered substance found in the saliva of teenage girls. In the same FR Gilpatrick said he'd "give it a go", Court declared himself Richard the Fourth, itinerate actor and thief, and I declared that I would be Gimalkin.

In FR 465 MJW threatened us all, "If we do go through with it some of you are in real trouble, especially the so-called Emperor, the fallen one. Every group has it's black sheep; the Grand Thirteen has the renegade known to one and all as The Black Pigeon." Gerri declared herself to be Charon, a character that we know nothing about. Suzi said she was the "poor but tricky witch of the Earth Goddess" with her "faithful and magical clone, Dorthee." They live with their pet, Jona, an ankle biter from the Forests of Joy. Cadence allowed the the Emperor might know her thought before she did, "HOWSOME EVER -- you (the emperor) could misinterpret said thought thereby leaving yourself open as it were to attack. I can be devious if need be...Typical lawyer, all talk and no action." (Thus poor Cadence volunteered for her fate.) Grimalkin offered his/her/it's services to the Emperor, claiming "the ancient rights of all cats" and declaring that she/he/it had "no thoughts" but rather strong emotions.

The action picked up a bit in 466. The emperor shot Grimalkin on sight, singing the cat's hide rather severely. He captured Cadence, created the Conion clones which seem to comprise most of his army. He placed Cadence above a great pit filled with Dorks, and declared that at the banquet that night she would be thrown to the Dorks as the evening's entertainment. (This proved to be Too Much for most of the male Cultics that know the person called Cadence. Cadence herself never responded to the Emperor's abduction of her person, but White, Gilpatrick, and to some extent, Peter Rowe, all "rescued" her in the next FR.) Anyway, also in 466, Weinstein to be a

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Anyway Weinstein declared himself to be "the bad guy", Longworth A. Gadfly XII - and Longworth impounded "the hero's" (who is a hero in this thing Weinstein?) space craft for failure to pay back taxes. Dian declared that she is Cartak, the grumpy wizard who lives in a small dark place far away from everyone and prefers not to get involved - unless provoked, of course. And Richard the fourth stated that he was available for a fee, and stated the actor's code under which he lives/works.... Oh yes, and Micky DuPree claimed to be the first casualty of war.

Then we come to FR 467. Remember Cadence who was to be thrown to the Dorks? There is some confusion about what happened exactly. Grimalkin created a bit of unsettling gossip in Warren's capital city, but it doesn't seem to have affected anything. Obviously Cadence had been to see Peter Rowe at some time earlier in her career. (Peter is a creator of many useful, ornamental, or erotic items - in this case it was a phial of pheromone which caused Our Emperor to smell of a female Dork in heat.) Just as Cadence was falling into the pit, she threw the phial on the Emperor, who was immediately attacked by the Dorks. Except one Dork that happened to be our beloved OA in a Dork suit. Gilpatrick and Cadence escaped through the tunnels which surround Warren's stronghold...As of this issue, however, Warren has prevented their escape by re-routing their tunnel. He has captured Gilpatrick, and recaptured Cadence. And he has declared that he is heading for the Ring (around the Collar) World. Unfortunately, while he has stated that he expects to find Joyce, Gerri, Nancy Kress, and myself somewhere in that area he can't be sure any of us are there.

Ok people, it's anyone's move but Solomon's. Remember you can only move your OWN character, and if no one answers Solomon in Smith's FR Solomon can do as he damn well pleases in the Scither/Weinstein FR. It would be nice to know where some of the assorted characters can be found in this fictional world...And I certainly hope someone will stop the idiot Emperor. Grimalkin, unfortunately, is severely wounded for the duration of my role as Gamemaster. So it's up to somebody else. Gilpatrick, you are captured - Warren can leave you in that tunnel as long as he chooses, so there isn't much you can do. Cadence is also captured. But everybody else is free to move. If anyone wants to form an alliance, confirm it with your fellow allies BEFORE you write it up and send it in to Smith's FR to avoid the confusion found in Joyce's FR...Ok?

Enough. The latest paper airplane to arrive upstairs informed me that Ed's foul-weather mood has passed, even though it's still raining, and would I care to go for a walk in the rain? So,

Go gently all, and go with God,

Megret.
Megret.

P.S. Candice, you never told me that Yale has a sexy voice. Not much to say, but a sexy voice.