



Issue #3, for FLAP mailing #15 dated April 1982 and begun just four prior to Planetary Alignment Day, or Astronomical Syzygy Day, if having all the planets in virtually the same quadrant of the ecliptic doesn't quite fit the image of "alignment". Make that "four days prior so," as this zine is being composed first-draft. It occurs to me to tell you that my name is Dave Locke, and if I get lost I should be returned home to 2109 Harrison Avenue #9, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. Sooner or later I will distribute a few copies outside the apa; probably later, as it would only be sooner if the Post Office issued me a credit card. I guess that's everything legitimate that can be displayed in a colophon. Except to say that us colophons resent the accusation that we should be called mastheads, instead. One of the things the Lexicon Webster says we can be is "a publisher's device as used on a title page," so as a colophon I say unto you "masthead" fans: kiss my border.

Si, Señors, Señoras, and Señorita. We are across ze border. Poncho will take you to ze saloon. We will all have margaritas, and then siesta when we fall off our stools.

One or two or ten things have happened since the last time we crossed the border, but I would have no interesting perspective to add to what Jackie has already mentioned in her zine this mailing. And, since I already know this, you get spared a retelling. I tell you, this is your lucky day.

How can you be so lucky?

Just lucky, I guess.

It's one in a recent series of Cincinnati days which are bleah and at best uninspiring. Forty to fifty degree temperature, the ground bare, and a heavy overcast which probably extends back to Mercury. The Cincinnati weather forecasters (a local joke, all of them; the nature of Cincinnati makes the weather virtually unforecastable) are predicting a change of pace to snap us out of the doldrums. They have the answer, which they say will appear tonight in the shape of snow. However, as they have forecasted eight out of the last two snows, I really don't pay any attention to them. But if it does snow tonight, I will mourn for the bleah days.



Pauline Palmer lives up near that volcano that keeps belching, and a while back she put glassine bags of Mt. St. Helens ash through the apa. She publishes a very interesting and offbeat genzine, and used to write raunchy articles under an obscene pseudonym.

Mike Shoemaker likes life in the fast lane. He's into running. Also likes hiking to otherwise inaccessible areas where he feels and pinches the ground to try and determine if anyone ever lived there before. Talks about literature a lot, and likes all-night card games.

Suzi Stefl. You know Suzi like I know Suzi. Conservative woman. Refused to go out with me in a canoe and screw while standing up.

Remember Becky, and her husband Kent who sleeps in cat litter? Kent is the brother of Judy Stevens, who lives way down at the southern border of Texas in La Feria. Judy, or Jutz, now has her own ceramics shop and likes to fashion obscene things in clay. Makes a mean Boob Cup. Kent says she really gets off on Dean Grennell's homemade sangria. Draws cartoons about an androgynous character who lives in the future, and rumors have it that she is threatening to cure the eccentricities of her new ditto by baking it in the kiln.

You know Joni. Makes jams and jellies. Tends a garden. Hooks rugs. Writes travel pieces. Sedate woman. Plays a mean game of hearts, especially if she's sitting in your lap.

Roy Tackett is 156 years old and lost his fingers in a geisha house in Japan. Types by striking the typewriter with his foot. Actually, Harlan Ellison is right: Roy looks like a Kansas City hitman. Created the expression "Ed Cox Doodle Here," and actually has the personality that Buck Coulson carries around as a shtick. Lives on a sand dune near Albuquerque, and says arresting things.

Dave Wixon I think you might know. He plays Archie Goodwin to Gordy Dickson's Nero Wolfe. Is so behind on doing mailing comments and dedicated to catching up that he spends pages addressing people who aren't in FLAP anymore. Lives in Minneapolis and talks about snow a lot.

Mike Horvat joined the mailing before you did. He's heavy into amateur press and makes his living with his own printing business. Dropped out of fandom for a few years because starting your own business isn't an 8:00 to 5:00 job. Feuds with the Post Office a lot, and steam comes out of his ears when he talks about it.

Dave Langford lives over in the mother country and also joined FLAP with the last mailing. Dave is tall, talks fast, and joins Dean Grennell and I as representing Deaf Fandom within this apa. Does strange things while drinking, and then writes about them before anyone else can. Earns his living as a freelance writer so he can write-off his convention expenses and flirt with publishers' assistants. What he says about other U.S. fans isn't true, but should be.

Okay, that's the crew. I'd introduce myself, but I note from your zine that you've already met my backhand drop shots on the tennis court. "There's no possible way I can respect a man who drop-shots as often as he does." I don't blame you. I've long felt the same way about your second serve. And the way you run into the backboard when I lob over your head.

For someone who hates phones, you sure love doing shticks on your answering machine.



















