



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

{#435} **BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** has buried two pairs of headphones in the past two months, and will probably bury another pair before too long. (Memo to self: there's a reason those Maxell NB-201s were selling so cheap on the Web.) If that should be his worst problem this year, he'll be very pleased, though it may not make for very interesting writing in his monthly broadcasts. If you want to bend his ear about that, you can reach him at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧↔️ nycadre [at] alum [dot] rpi [dot] edu; 🌐http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #435, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 11, #6 (e-APA-NYU #110) and other good listeners, published June 2013 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above by Isabella Bannerman, from *6 Chix*, 20 May 2013. All uncredited material copyright ©2013 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

KEEPING CALM AND CARRYING ON: As I'd calculated and hoped, my work for the May/June issue of the Holocaust newsletter finished just as the work for the summer edition of the orthodontic journal began, and we had a rather slow end of May at AllianceBernstein, so for the moment (knock keyboard), my work life is on an even keel. I may even get the time to update the N.Y. Cadre Web pages a bit before the July onslaught begins (but I make no guarantees).

PEDAL PUSHERS: I've been hearing a lot of reportage and comment, pro and con, about the new bike-share system that was finally inaugurated this month (almost a year behind schedule). A lot of CitiBike racks have appeared along my way to work, but they are utterly nonexistent outside of the southern half of Manhattan and a swatch of Brooklyn from the Williamsburg Bridge to Atlantic Avenue—the nearest one to the Cadre is four miles away as the Schwinn pedals. Consequently, the system is pretty much irrelevant to me, except to the extent that it puts more cyclists on the streets—which would be a good thing for public acceptance of bikes as a form of urban transit, but a bad thing if the new riders act like jackasses. I don't understand why they aren't including helmets as part of the package; biking in The City without one is an invitation to disaster, yet how many people who don't want to invest in a bike are going to buy a helmet? So I'll keep riding the bike I bought 15 years ago, and watch and see whether the idiots ruin a good thing.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 11, #5 (e-APA-NYU #109)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (çme) “‘from a whole other area of the business, that previously were not proofread at all,’ Are you sure they can handle correct grammar and spelling, having never gotten a taste for it in the past?’ They're pretty resilient; it only took them a few days to

recover from the shock. /*/ Your list of “Top Nine Ways of Avoiding Dying of a Heart Attack or Cancer”—i.e., getting killed before you get old enough to suffer one of those fates—concludes with “1. Openly advertise belief in Jesus, working for Him, and what He commands and

teaches.” Do you have access to statistics on rates of violent death among evangelists? My suspicion is that most if not all such deaths are more the result of technique number 7 on your list: “Get in people’s faces.”

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

You report that Free Comic Book Day has been deteriorating year by year (“lines were longer, there were fewer free comics and those few went within 2 hours”); have you heard whether that’s true nationwide or only around here? The vastness of The City’s population has a way of killing by inundation any event with “free” in its name. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) I maintain a fondness for the Phil A. Delphia radio plays. I have (somewhere) one of the limited-edition cassettes of them that the Philly bid sold. [I’m pleased to see that Nick posted quite a few of them to YouTube, under his own name—and not totally surprised that some other guy (from Austria yet!) is now posting other, unrelated (non-fannish) silliness there using the name Phil A. Delphia.] /*/ Irrespective of who “had a right or cause to be” where, I maintain that being in a place that gets you killed or injured is, by definition, being in the wrong place at the wrong time. /*/ (¢self) “ANZAC = Australia-New Zealand Army Corps” Oh. And it was nearly ANZAC Day when



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 24 April 2007)

your April zine was collated. /*/ (¢me) I sit corrected regarding the Ides of April. *Et tu, IRS?* /*/ “Having taken up the tax, I presume now you’ll take up the carpet?” We took up the carpet in November, and had the upstairs hall floor refinished in March. /*/ “FRAZZ goes by me. The art, btw, reminds me of CALVIN & HOBBS.” It’s the spiky hair and the character’s being a clever underachiever. Mallett acknowledges Watterson’s influence (in one strip he had Frazz tell Caulfield, “I also used to be Bill Watterson’s personal assistant,” but in the context, Frazz may have been telling a tall tale) but denies that Frazz is Calvin at a more advanced age. /*/ (¢Wunder) “My oral surgeon noted that dental infections could injure the

heart.” I’m surprised not to have heard about that from any of Donna’s doctors. What they’ve mentioned is that dental infections can spread to her artificial joints, necessitating complete removal of the joint, weeks of intravenous antibiotics, and re-replacement (with all the attendant risks of two major surgeries). She now takes amoxicillin prior to any dental procedure more invasive than a cleaning.

LSD* DELAYED (Ariel Cinī): Whether a New York Fluorescent Free website would fly probably depends on how many photomyoclonic people there are in this town. The Wikipedia article on photosensitive epilepsy doesn’t say anything about what fraction of the population has it; if it’s less than, say, 0.1%, you’ll have a real hard time getting traction (even though 0.1% would mean 8,000 people in New York and 315,000 nationwide). If it isn’t too ghoulish to say so, what you need is a couple of high-visibility incidents to raise public awareness in America, like the ones in Japan in 1997 in which hundreds of people had seizures while watching the same TV show; then you start writing dramatic letters to the editors calling for the outlawing of fluorescent lights, and someone comes up with the NYFF website as a less extreme alternative. (If this had happened a few

years ago, you might have gotten Mayor Bloomberg’s attention; who knows what rules might have resulted then!) /*/ I can’t tell from the pictures whether your “laptop desk” is similar to the AirDesk I got Donna last year after Nick Simicich recommended it, but Donna’s been pretty happy with that. It

lets her use her laptop from a position sitting on one side of her bed, and it swings aside when she wants to get up. It’s all metal, except for the Plexiglas shelves, and ran \$150 or so. /*/ Um, your “Had-It List” gave me déjà vu all over again.

LAZING ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (with apologies to Queen) (Deb Wunder): Ah, my first thought was that you should apologize to Ray Davies; however, his song was set not on a Sunday but a Sunny Afternoon (though of course the likelihood is 1 in 7 that it could have been a Sunday). I hadn’t heard the Queen song before, so I found it on YouTube. /*/ I don’t think my

schedule is all *that* “oddly oscillating” lately; it switches back and forth between four and five workdays a week, and the workdays switch between 10 am–6 pm and 11 am–7 pm. It’s not as if I’m on graveyard shifts or doing 60-hour weeks (both of which I did a few times in the

preceding decade). /*/ (øme) “Yeah, the thing bout being a freelancer is it’s often feast or famine...” Indeed. Having worked both sides, I’ve now confirmed I much prefer having a steady gig. (Of course, what you prefer and what you get are different things.)



(Isabella Bannerman for *6 Chix*, 25 February 2013)

We didn’t make it to Balticon this year, but I’m aiming at Conterpoint, the Washington-area iteration of the Floating Northeast Filk Con, set for Gaithersburg, Maryland, 21–23 June. And remember, everyone: the NYUSFS Staten Island Ferry meeting is shifting, just for this year, to Thursday 11 July to avoid the twin perils of tourist crowds and security paranoia on the Fourth. I hope I’ll be seeing and hearing old friends at both.

**>Portions of the preceding fight a never-ending battle for truth, justice and the American way—
unless the stylebook favours U.K. spelling.<**