



Beyond the Fringefan [#436]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN keeps positively thinking that he's going to do his zine, but then doesn't get it done because other doo-doo he didn't think of keeps getting in his way. Maybe he's overthinking it and should (apologies to Nike and Dan Wieden) just do it? He'll think about that a bit more as the summer oozes by and the air conditioners work double-time 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** #436, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 11, #7 (e-APA-NYU #111) and other Philosophers, Sages, Luminaries and other Professional Thinking Persons, published July 2013 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Tina's Groove* by Rina Piccolo, 17 July 2013. All uncredited material copyright ©2013 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

ONLY SIXTY-ONE AND STILL LEARNING: I guess I need someone to remind me, as the first month of the quarter approaches, just how hectic it gets; it's far too easy to forget during the two off-months. It may be worse when the weather is nicer, because the commute does take me longer by bike than by subway. If I don't get home until almost 9 pm, then by the time I've fed the cat, the wife and the self, there just isn't much time to get anything else done. My apologies once more for the lateness of the apa.

IF I HAD A BOAT, I'D GO OUT ON THE OCEAN: The one-week-postponed Ferry meeting was a bit small—about 15 people—probably mostly because of the dire predictions of thunderstorms, none of which actually came true until much later that night. As far as I know, there was no one who missed the memo and erroneously showed up on the Fourth. My usual pizza supplier didn't answer its phone, so I ordered from another a block further away. One person who showed up in time wandered off to look for a friend and was not seen again for a few hours—we don't know if he got on the wrong boat, or got on the right one and somehow failed to find the rest of us. (Has it come to this, that we blend in so well with the mundane crowd? Oh, the humanity...) After the now-customary single round trip, we had the mandatory argument about where to go for dinner; news reports of an explosion that demolished a building in Chinatown that afternoon drove a bunch of us to seek Indian cuisine in the East Village instead. We went to a place of which several of us had fond memories, but it utterly failed to live up to them this time, in terms of either food or service. Next year will be the 41st Annual and the 40th anniversary of the first such boat ride; I hope for it to yield less, um, interesting memories.

THE HAIRY EYEBALL, AND ALL KINDS OF MEAN NASTY THINGS: The other week I noticed that my hair was getting in my eyes. This was annoying, since the need to keep sweeping it out of my eyes interfered with my concentration on the work I was proofreading. It was doubly annoying since I'd had my hair trimmed less than a month earlier. But after several sweeps with my hand, the hair was still in my eyes. A more detailed investigation was in order.

I got up, proceeded to the bathroom, and looked closely in the mirror—and realized the hair that was getting in my eyes was not growing from my scalp. It was from my eyebrows.

There are an amazing number of things about growing old that no one ever thinks to warn you about.



(The Argyle Sweater by Scott Hilburn, 30 July 2012)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 11, #6 (e-APA-NYU #110)

D'AL THYANN, AJRFEN OKO (Ariel Cinī): "So on a warm, dusty day when the Hyawfen'a seeds ride the tails of *Cinii the Wind*, one can accurately say that the sky is full of nothing." And the pollen count is in the tens?

MY VISIT TO AMERICA (Charles Belov): Good to hear you're alive and well and writing! /*/ Regrets that I couldn't make it to the staging. I hope it was well received. Keep in touch!

THIS HAS BEEN A REALLY WEIRD SPRING (Deb Wunder): "From there we were mostly okay until we got off the Henry Hutchinson Parkway in White Plains." F.y.i., there's the Henry Hudson Parkway (which is the West Side Highway and continues into the Bronx) and there's the Hutchinson River Parkway (which runs from the Whitestone Bridge to the Connecticut border near Rye Brook). Anne Hutchinson (1591–1643) would probably be upset to know that you'd changed her to a Henry. She was branded a heretic for, among other things, believing a woman could be a church leader and preach to men. She and her children moved to Nieuw Nederland from Massachusetts after her husband's death. The river was named for her, and the parkway was named for the river. /*/ (¢Blackman) "TWO LUMPS...is a web comic, about two cats, one actually intelligent, the other one not so much." One is a genius and the other's insane?

DANCE* WITH DISEASE (Ariel Cinī): I trust you've finally recovered from your post-Balticon cold. /*/ Any conditions that anyone agrees to

before bringing additional life forms into the dwelling should be put in writing, including specific remedial actions that may be taken by you should the other party fail to keep up hir end of the deal. I speak from experience. /*/ Sounds (from your nitpick) as though the showrunners for *Revolution* followed the *Star Trek/Doctor Who* model for both their science and their politics. Since I haven't been watching *Revolution*, I have no basis to say anything more. /*/ Thanks for the warning on Z-Biddy. ("What wasn't made clear at first was that each bid cost you something, and upon my joining, I was socked with a \$99 charge to buy bids. OW!") The advice "Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery" has never been truer than since the advent of the Web.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): "RECENT READING> Elizabeth George's I, RICHARD"—an author named for two English monarchs writes about a third? /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "Billie Sol Estes was immortalized in song by the Chad Mitchell Trio..." and by Allan Sherman (whom I quoted in the In Mem), and by Phil Ochs, and probably by others as well. He was such an outrageous con man, how could any topical songwriter resist? /*/ (¢Nelson) "FSL"? Vas ist? /*/ (¢me) "How old is Heifer in cat years?" Ralston Purina has a chart at its Web site that says a 17-year-old cat is about as old as an 84-year-old human. /*/ (¢Wunder) *Forgot to Send the Attachment* "wasn't included in the hard-copy edition" because it was just an empty e-mail to which Deb attached the Word doc file



(Reality Check by Dave Whamond, 21 September 2010)

of the zine that preceded it—which, duh, she'd forgotten to attach it to. If you care, we should talk about your inability to access the Apa-Nyu Private Archives—you need a password, which you either did or didn't set up when you joined the group (i.e., when it was founded in 2004).

I DON'T BELIEVE IN ZIMMERMAN: I can't honestly say I'm surprised at the recent verdict in Sanford, Florida; given the absurd criteria the jury was given on which to base its judgment, it would have been futile to hope for better. I don't yet understand, and I'm not sure I ever will, how the rules can require that a man be acquitted on murder (and manslaughter) charges on the grounds that he was afraid for his life (at the hands of an unarmed man!), when all the reasons why he might fear for his life were the direct results of his own willful actions of the preceding few minutes. I only wish I'd made plans to visit Florida in the near future so that I could cancel them.

>Portions of the preceding will not be able to listen to Tom Petty sing

“I will stand my ground” the same way ever again.<