



Beyond the Fringefan [#445]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN notes nostalgically that it was 40 years ago this month that APA-NYU was established in its original paper form by Mayor Richard Friedman and the late SEK3, and we used typewriters and mimeos and dittos and we collated by hand with real staples, and we **LIKED** it that way! This younger generation has it **EASY**! Get off my lawn!—er, sorry about that...and it was 10 years ago this month that the final dead-tree edition was collated. And in spite of it being done electronically now, it's been about five years since a collation came out on time. So sue him. You can deliver the summons to 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** #445, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #4 (e-APA-NYU #120) and other no longer ink-stained wretches, published April 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Close to Home* by John McPherson, 18 November 2012. All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

WHEN ALL IS SUM AND SUM IS ALL: Spring being a time of new beginnings, He Who Carries Half My Chromosomes has just begun a new paying gig, at a start-up called SumAll, located in lower Manhattan just a couple of blocks from his previous employer. The company's business is described as "analytics," which these days seems to mean software that aggregates Big Data from the 'Net and then slices and dices it to create statistical results that can then be used to justify business decisions. For example, by monitoring Facebook "likes" and Twitter mentions of a company, analytics can pass judgment on the efficacy of a marketing campaign. (I was going to say it sounds more than a bit like voodoo to me, but I guess it's the creation of the campaign, not the analytic part, that reminds me of casting auguries and reading entrails. Besides, I understand that voodoo is often very effective on people who believe in it.)

He became interested in SumAll when he found that a couple of friends from a few years back were working there. There were some doubts about the old employer's continued viability (it doesn't seem to be catching up to competing start-ups that got started a bit sooner), which also helped nudge him in that direction. He's now working on a project described as "deepening Twitter"—improving the

metrics with per-post as well as per-account data—working in Java, Javascript and CSS (not his favorites, he says, but he can deal). The place, he remarked, is “very engineer-centric, which is kind of interesting, but mostly I’m figuring this place is going to be a learning experience.”

Meanwhile, Donna’s been taking a break from dental reconstruction this past month, and instead taking some sessions of physical therapy in the hope of reducing her pain and improving her stamina and gait (she and the therapists are reporting moderate but perceptible improvement). As if in some bi-



(Rubes by Leigh Rubin, 21 September 2008)

zarrre manifestation of a Law of Conservation of Dental Work, one of my upper right molars recently decided to die, is now undergoing root-canal surgery, and will probably get crowned when that’s done. I think I still have almost a dozen teeth that haven’t been root-canalled and crowned, but the number continues to drop. I hope the last few decades’ improvements in dental technology will spare the next generation much of this distress.

Deb Wunder will no doubt put in a few words of her own this month about her recent encounter with open-heart surgery (septal myectomy, to be precise), but for those who are seeing this zine outside the apa, suffice it to say that she came through it phenomenally well, and is now recovering at home in relative comfort and painlessness. We look forward to her resumption of full activity; she intends to carry out her planned duties as security officer at Contata. Speaking of which...

WHO EDITS THE EDITOR?: I ended lastish with a plug for Contata 7, the 24th Annual Northeast Filk Music Convention; I hope no one reserved the date, as I managed to give the wrong month. It will be Friday through Monday, 20–22 *June* 2014, at the Hyatt Morristown in New Jersey. (Anyone who visited the Web site at www.contata.org, however, would have gotten the correct date there. Measure twice, make hotel reservations once.)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #2 (e-APA-NYU #118)

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

As I recall, Yakov Smirnoff had a bit part in *Moscow on the Hudson*. I wondered why he didn’t get to play the lead role (though of course Robin Williams was and is a bigger and more bankable name). /*/ (¢Cinī) “It’s astonishing to realize that Nina Bogin is 60. She looks so young in her self-portraits.” I haven’t seen a new self-portrait of her in a decade, so it’s hard to say. I’ve been using, as a profile picture on Facebook and LiveJournal, a sketch of me that she did 24 years ago; I don’t know how old people think it makes me look. /*/ (¢me) Boycotts, like any other “weapon,” evoke differing responses depending on whether one is on the same side as the object of the boycott, and also on whether it seems to be having any effect. /*/ “The term ‘people of color’ strikes me as unfortunately close to ‘colored people.’” This reminded me of Jules Feiffer’s late 1960s cartoon in which a dark-skinned gentleman declared: “As a matter of

racial pride we want to be called ‘blacks.’ Which has replaced the term ‘Afro-American.’ Which replaced ‘Negroes.’ Which replaced ‘colored people.’ Which replaced ‘darkies.’ Which replaced ‘blacks.’” You can’t tell when the politically correct term (or other euphemism) will take on the connotations of the one it replaced and require yet another replacement—or by what. (HEEB Magazine, anyone?) /*/ (¢Nelson) “Little Odessa reaches north of my building.” By whose definition? The Slavic population is undeniably spreading out from Brighton Beach, but by the time it reaches your latitude, it’s mixed with other ethnicities; there are stores on Kings Highway where the signage and package labels are mostly in Cyrillic, but not whole blocks. (And since Odessa is in Ukraine, not Russia, and Russia and Ukraine seem to be a bit on the outs lately, “Little Odessa” seems a misnomer. Lately I’ve been hearing it called “Little Russia,” a bit less picturesque but more accurate.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢APA-NEWS) You drank a lot of Shirley Temple movies? (I was rather partial to *Indiana Jones and the Shirley Temple of Doom*, in which Harrison Ford had to find and neutralize a glass of poisoned ginger ale.) /*/ (¢Blackman) “Does NYC still not have right turn on red?” As the default, yes. There are intersections here and there with signs reading AFTER STOP RIGHT TURN PERMITTED ON RED, but of course they’re the exceptions that



prove the rule. [A few days ago I passed one such sign, at Flatbush Avenue and Avenue K, and found that it now has the additional qualifier EXCEPT 8 AM–4 PM SCHOOL DAYS. That’s a lot to read on a street sign, although I guess if you’ve stopped for the traffic light, you have time.] /*/ “Without thinking, I poured the creamer into my cup and then added the coffee. I had just verified the communicative law of addition.” And what did you communicate? I think you mean the commutative law. I understand that in Britain, the order of operations in the analogous situation does communicate something, namely social status: pouring the tea first and then adding milk is seen as “U” [upperclass], while if you pour milk into the cup first and then add the tea, you’re marking yourself irrevocably as “non-U.” (There are those who claim the order makes a difference in the flavor of the resultant mixture; if so, I’m not enough of a tea connoisseur to be able to tell.) But then, I imagine upperclass ~~twits~~ Brits would be unlikely to stop at a convenience store to purchase hot beverages in the first place. /*/ And the French refer to their flag as “bleu, blanc et rouge” (blue, white and red).

DANCE* THROUGH LUNACON (Ariel Cinñ): I didn’t leave the filk room much during Lunacon,

other than for food and crashing purposes (and the obligatory visit to the huckster room). Being assigned to four events there was much of the reason (and thanks to filk head Marc Grossman for persuading me to accept the assignment, and thereby scoring me 1½ free memberships). I’m glad to know things were going on elsewhere at the con. /*/ “At the panel on alternatives to the bi-gendered society, I mentioned the third genders of several SF shows (including my own books).” Only three genders? Aren’t there 56 on Facebook now? /*/ “Urethral Stricture/Meatal Stenosis” is painful to say; I can’t imagine how much more painful it is to have. May you get it fixed soon by whatever means necessary. (And may your system for generating winning lottery numbers start producing soon enough to get you a way to pay for it all.) /*/ Do you see a connection, other than simultaneity, between the 116th Street gas-explosion disaster and the nightmare about a stolen car you were having at the time?

TWO STEPS FORWARD, ONE STEP BACK (Deb Wunder): Congratulations on surviving the surgery and, even more important, the subsequent six days in the hospital. I look forward to your being up and around and once more able to walk long distances. But will you ever be able to do anything wholeheartedly again?



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 15 March 2014)

I got my taxes in on time, thanks to Christine Quinones’ fine work, but I’m still way behind on sorting through the accumulated receipts and bills of last year and compressing them into one box for quasi-archival storage (to be further culled in seven years). As always, life is what happens while you’re trying to catch up on the paperwork. Enjoy spring now that it’s finally here, everyone! See you next month.

>Portions of the preceding remember it like it was just 40 years ago.<