



Beyond the Fringefan

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN may be jumping the equinoctial gun a bit, but is looking forward to autumnal weather (however brief a time it seems to last in the New York area) even as he feels apprehensive about the freezes and S.A.D. that will follow. The 'shrooms were good in salads, though. If you think the humor in this zine isn't dry enough, feel free to tell the author so 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** #459, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 13, #8 (e-APA-NYU #135) and other people who think mycology has something to do with a comic-book character from the fifth dimension, published September 2015 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Frank and Ernest* by Thaves, 25 October 2014. All uncredited material copyright ©2015 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

FOLLOW-UPS: I contacted Ace, our ISP and now also our VoIP provider. The nice people there are willing to block numbers on the VoIP lines at our request, so I e-mailed them a list of ten numbers that have been identified by caller ID as sources of spam calls. Of course, that's the tiniest drop in the ocean of junk callers, so I'll be sending them more lists of phone numbers as time goes on...probably until I get tired of the futility of the exercise. (I hear that the better-organized junk callers are already using equipment that "spoofs" the originating telephone number so that the receiving phone displays some random number, so blocking the numbers I see displayed won't stop them.) Already, more often than not, I just refuse to pick up the phone unless the caller ID shows someone I actually know. If anything causes the disappearance of residential landlines, junk callers will be it.

I may have severed our connection with Verizon, but I am once again connected to AT&T as a result of that company's recent merger with DirecTV, whose satellite services we've been using for about three years now. Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in; I guess you never really get away from Ma Bell.

I still haven't been able to log on to the city department of finance Web site—phone calls and e-mails to the alleged technical support lines have gone unanswered—but I was able to send an application by mail to have them turn off the auto-pay that I'd never asked for. I've received a confirmation that it's been turned off, so I'll have to take it on faith until next July that all is in order.

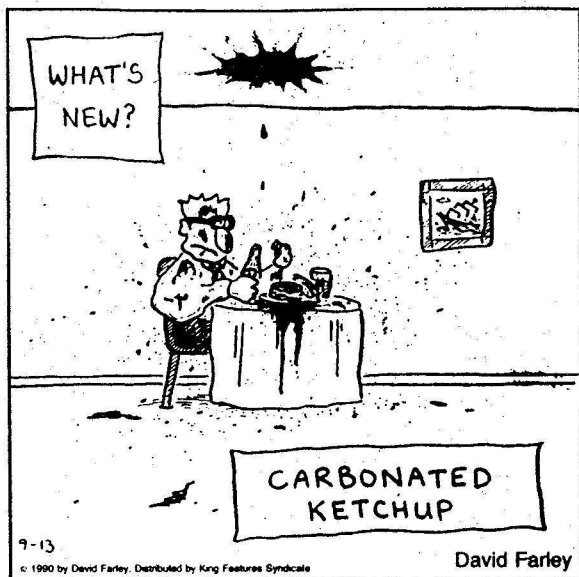
Mark Blackman and Josh Kronengold seem to be alive and recovered or recovering from their medical ordeals of the spring and summer. Sad to say, however, Toni Lay passed away at the end of August, having never regained consciousness since June. Fandom (and costuming in particular) will miss her.

The Kid got drunk at a friend's party in late July and managed to do himself a nasty, jumping to the sidewalk from a six-foot-high ramp and landing on his butt rather than his feet. He sustained a broken vertebra just above his tailbone, and has been walking around in a back brace for the past several weeks. His doctors report that he's healing well, and have just given him permission to resume bicycling, so a full recovery appears to be in the cards. At 31, he's a bit too old to spank or ground, but I hope the public embarrassment will help motivate him not to do such a thing to himself again.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 13, #7 (e-APA-NYU #134)

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

I trust you are continuing to heal. /*/ "...a couple of us got together for a ~BPLF~ meeting at a Midwood tavern (they make their own ketchup)."



(David Farley for *The New Breed*, 13 September 1990)

Sold by the stein or the pitcher? /*/ Where were those recently recovered Troughton-era *Doctor Who* serials being shown? /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “NOTE: Held over because of Mark Blackman's unexpected hospitalization’ being all that was said in the APA-NEWS on skipping the June issue makes it sound like it was all my fault.” Only to the extent that your hospitalization was all your fault, I think (how dare you choose that week to require a quadruple bypass!); but I guess I could have added “among other things” or something similar. I’ll try to remember that if (ghods forbid) it should happen again. /*/ (¢me) “My white blood cell count was ‘trending’ in my media.” Oh? Could I have followed it on Veinbook? /*/ “But, going by the characters in the Russian novels I’ve read (in English), maybe your doctor doesn’t have a name, only an initial.”

I’m not sure why I started using initials; it did seem a bit literary, both from Russian novels and from Kafka, but it could just have easily been inspired by Dr. “A.” the author of *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man*. /*/ I think the American Pharaohs were Sam the Sham’s backup band in the 1960s. /*/ “Calling repairs that reroute lines & delay riders ‘Fastrack’ is shameless.” Any repairs in a system that runs 24/7 will necessarily reroute lines and delay riders. If the Fastrack program actually makes those repairs happen faster than under the old system, it’s justified. But so much of the work is unprecedented—effectively rebuilding both tunnels and rails damaged by Sandy—that it’s hard to find previous projects to compare it to. /*/ Incidentally, regarding transit fares, in the final chapter of *The Routes Not Taken: A Trip Through New York City’s Unbuilt Subway System*, Joseph Raskin notes that the five-cent fare, which allowed the IRT to make a profit running the first subway line in 1904, was already inadequate by the 1920s to pay for operating costs, debt service, maintenance and improvement. The IRT and BMT were prohibited from raising fares without regulatory approval, and no politician dared touch the third rail of a fare increase; so the practice of “deferred maintenance” began before the system was a quarter-century old (and before Robert Moses). Raskin asserts that the system has been playing catch-up, with only partial success, ever since the fare was finally raised to a dime in 1948. [And that’s where all the money from the bond issues that were supposed to pay for the Second Avenue subway went...] /*/ The Chas Clones had to do with Charlie [Chas] Hamilton of HOPSFA in the 1980s, but I have no clear recollection beyond that. /*/ (¢self) “Direwolves are a mythical breed” Not mythical, just MIA for 10,000 years: “a large extinct wolflike mammal (*Canis dirus*)

known from Pleistocene deposits of North America” per Merriam-Webster.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): “For a fortyyear I have lived within a mile of two pizzerias.” A fortnight is two weeks—from a contraction of “fourteen nights.” But with no “n” in “year,” I question whether a fortyyear would properly be defined as 14 years, as you seem to be using it here, or 40 years, as would make sense from the overlap of the “y.” /*/ It’s good to try a different supplier of fast food (pizza, Chinese take-out) every so often; else you’ll never know it if the place you’ve relied on for years has deteriorated so gradually you never noticed, or if some other place has opened up that’s just better.

SEX* WITHOUT ANY INTERESTING PICTURES (Ariel Cinī): “Tell me, what is the plural of series?” Sheep. /*/ I’d planned to attend the Paleozoic this summer, but was scared off by the afternoon’s torrential rains and the predictions of more in the evening. I wouldn’t want to be in that apartment with that many people when the roof was being

deluged! For the sake of those who pressed ahead bravely in spite of the forecast, I’m glad it didn’t come true. I’ll try again next year. /*/ May your goddaughter learn to drive better than the stereotypical Jersey driver (not that the stereotypical Noo Yawk driver’s much of a role model either). “I also told her to keep a Crisis Generator sub-routine running at all times whenever she’s behind the wheel. This assumes something disastrous will occur on the road ahead every couple of minutes at random and the Player has to correct the situation on the spot.” Um, doesn’t that just add more distractions to the actual crises the driver already has to contend with? /*/ “...but when I checked the playlist for the [iPod Touch], the box would show the album [*Nixon in China*] was checked, though it wouldn’t show up at all on the Playlist. Could it be the name? Could the software designers have revealed some kind of prejudice?” Against Nixon? Or against China? (I’m not an iThings user, so I can’t offer any technical help on that.)

We made it up to Donna’s 50th anniversary high school reunion and back, squeezing in visits with both her brother Kenny (they were remarkably civil to each other) and her sister Jeanie, not to mention dinner with Joel Nelson. We were back in Brooklyn when Donna discovered she’d left a pouch full of prescriptions at the motel in Schenectady. This led to a couple of days of drama trying to arrange a FedEx pickup and delivery, but the drugs did finally get returned to her at the Cadre.

[A sign of the times: the New York State Thruway now has signs at intervals announcing upcoming parking areas as “text stops.” I successfully resisted the temptation to take a picture of the sign while I was driving, and instead found one to download.]

We were disappointed to learn that Worldcon in 2017 will be in Helsinki and not DC, as this rather drastically reduces our likelihood of driving there. Barring the availability of an incredibly cheap and convenient New York-to-Finland cruise two years hence, I guess that’s one more we won’t get to.

A healthy and happy New Year to them as celebrates it, a pleasant Equinox to them as celebrates it, and I’ll see youse all in a month or so.



**>Portions of the preceding completely forgot to make any allusions to 5775
being a palindromic year. Someone please remind them in 5885.<**