

# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN [#465]



**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** recently flew on an airplane for the first time since 2002, and was reminded of all the reasons why he hadn't flown on an airplane since 2002. He's back home now at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧↔️ nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com; 🌐http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)), thinking that 14 years between flights isn't a bad idea. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #465, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 14, #3 (e-APA-NYU #141) and other excess baggage, published March 2016 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Dilbert* by Scott Adams, 14 January 2004. All uncredited material copyright ©2016 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**BUSY BUSY BUSY:** I seem to still be falling behind on Stuff, as evidenced by another barely-in-time submission. If I'm looking for excuses, this time around I can blame the unusual amount of travel I did in late February and early March.

My trip to Chicago for the American Association of Dental Editors and Journalists' Dental Editors University 2016 (they hold it every two years) was fairly uneventful except that it almost didn't happen. At 9 or so on the night before I was to fly out there, JetBlue notified me that my afternoon flight had been "suspended" because of a predicted blizzard in Chicago, and I'd been automatically rescheduled for the same flight a day later. As this would have caused me to miss 2/3 of the sessions, I made some frantic calls (JetBlue's Web site wasn't letting me in for some reason), and around 10:30 pm was able to snag the last remaining seat on the earlier flight that Dr. G. and his wife were on. All I had to do then was have supper, pack, try to get a couple of hours' nap, and get to JFK by 7 am.

I made it in time to be the last to board the plane; turned out my seat was right behind Dr. and Mrs. G. After we deplaned at O'Hare and shared a taxi to our hotel, I slept the rest of the afternoon and felt conscious enough to go to dinner with them (at one of the few kosher restaurants near downtown Chicago, Milt's Barbeque for the Perplexed on North Broadway Street). Oh, and the predicted blizzard slammed Chicago's eastern suburbs, extending into Indiana, but downtown only saw flurries.

The sessions themselves were interesting, though I don't think I really learned an awful lot that was new. There was a lot of discussion, both days, of the extent to which younger dentists are doing their reading online rather than on paper, and the importance of using all the social media to reach out to them; while I don't doubt it, our journal's budget is unlikely to allow anything beyond maintaining an archive of articles at its Web site for the foreseeable future.

I did get to ask one question that had been bothering me since I started editing for AACO three years ago: what style manual should a dental journal follow? I'd guessed at the time that the *AMA Manual of Style* would be the best fit for reporting dental research, and we've been using that, with a few tweaks, ever since. Turns out that the editors of dental journals across the land have no consensus on the matter; of the ones at the meeting, there were a few who used the AMA stylebook, a couple who used the American Psychological Association's, several who fell back on that old academic standby the *Chicago Manual of Style*, and even some who used the *Associated Press Stylebook*! (To be fair, those were publishing association newsletters with emphasis on news, rather than on case studies and research reports.)

One fringe benefit of my attendance was my instant acquisition of an advanced degree. ➔

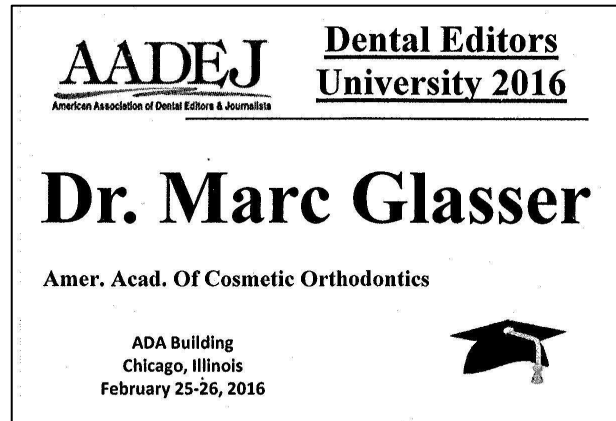
Owing to time commitments, I didn't get to stay in town and do any touring; Friday afternoon, I headed back to O'Hare on the Chicago subway, which goes right out there from midtown, and made it home a mere 64 hours after I'd left.

The following weekend, Donna and I went up to Albany for Albacon, which we hadn't attended in over a decade. It was a smallish con, with maybe 120 attendees, and no filking this year (Roberta Rogow had planned to be in charge of it but had suddenly been required to put her energy into salvaging Lunacon's filk track instead), but relaxing and pleasant enough. The hotel, on Wolf Road, was kind enough to provide not just coffee and pastries but a full breakfast included in the room rate, so we found ourselves getting up earlier than accustomed. We paid our presupport for New Orleans in 2018 (the ghods know how we'll get ourselves down there if the bid wins, but I'll be on Social Security by then and can probably afford to take a couple of weeks off work). We had dinner with Joel and Joanne Nelson, who demonstrated to us why it's better to dine at a chain restaurant in Schenectady than at the Albany branch of the same chain: no waiting for a table even on a Saturday night! After the con, we stayed an extra day to hang out with Donna's sister Jeanie in Scotia, two towns away—actually, that was half of Donna's reason for wanting to attend a con in Albany in the first place.

Lunacon was, as Donna put it, “a mitigated disaster,” though as always, our experience of it was far more the result of personal and interpersonal stuff than of anything the concom did or didn't do. I had a mostly good, though stressful, time. We arrived before 11 pm for once—about 7 in fact—then discovered that some crucial supplies hadn't made it into the car, necessitating a run back to Brooklyn.

Roberta Rogow had once again stepped up to run filk (just when she thought she was out...) after the previous year's filk head's sudden late-in-the-game resignation, and did her usual capable job. In addition to my supporting role for Kathy's concert set, Roberta put me on two panels, which I wouldn't have volunteered for but which turned out to be quite painless. Typically, I saw little of what was happening outside the filk room and our hotel room. The con seemed a bit smaller than I recalled, but not grossly so; nonetheless, the ongoing rumors were flying about the con's balance sheet and whether there would be a next time.

Back at the Cadre, boxes of Stuff that used to be in our basement remain piled in the living and dining rooms, not to mention the garage, because all our gallivanting left us little time and energy to work on getting things organized any further (and Ethan was also out of the country for most of February). I'm still bringing books and old prozines to FISTFA and looking forward to dropping more books off at the library's drive in May. I also have a box or two of old con program books that I may try to palm off on the librarian at the University of Maryland who's maintaining a fandom archive there.



**Fringe Reception:** Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 14, #2 (e-APA-NYU #140)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (çme) “‘seven or eight issues of a campus humor magazine’ *The Bachelor*?” No, I never got to work on the *Bachelor*, which folded at the start of our sophomore year. I was involved in the startup of the *Unicorn* during junior year, worked on at least four issues, and picked up a few more on return visits. (The Tute’s Archives Web site mentions that the *Unicorn* lasted until 1983; apparently there hasn’t been a campus humor magazine there since.) /\*/ “‘It’s been two decades since the acronym POTUS came into common use’ That far back? I only remember hearing it in this decade.” I started hearing it during the Clinton administration—perhaps I should start saying the Bill Clinton administration, in case we have a different Clinton administration next year—along with “FLOTUS,” meaning First Lady of the United States. But per WorldWideWords.com, POTUS and SCOTUS have been around as acronyms since 1895, when a journalist and telegraph operator developed a set of abbreviations of terms that were common in news stories to speed their reporting. (FLOTUS was first used nearly a century later. And the musical satirist Roy Zimmerman wrote a song a couple of years ago about the Hobby Lobby ruling and other encroachments into private morality by the Supreme Court Republicans of the United States, or SCROTUS.) /\*/ “Fear has a cost. I am not talking about (unjustifiable) phobia here but (justifiable) fear.” The cost of justifiable fear is usually called insurance. I actually had two extra transponder keys made for Daisy the minivan, for a total of three, to allow for multiple drivers: each of two drivers could keep a spare in a pocket while the primary one was presumably in the ignition. Transponder keys seem to cost half again as much here as in your area, but amortized over the more than a decade Daisy has been serving us, it still seemed a worthwhile insurance premium. /\*/ “That’s why God prefers adultery to fear, four don’ts to fifty.” Is that the number of references to those topics in the Old plus New Testaments?

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): (çAPA-NEWS) Alan Rickman also appeared on Mike Oldfield’s *Tubular Bells II* album in 1992, as Master of Ceremonies (what Viv Stanshall had done on the original). However, he was credited only as “A Strolling Player.” /\*/ (çme) And St. Mark’s Bookshop officially closed its doors on 28 February. Another one bites the dust. /\*/ (çWunder) “No, no, it was the LUMERIANS (empaths with forehead markings) who shot Picard (in ‘Man of the People’).” That’s not the episode she was referring to; it’s “Tapestry,” and the ones who shot Picard weren’t seen. Riker told Dr. Crusher, “The Lunarians attacked us outside the conference room.”—well, okay, the official transcripts spell it “Lenarians,” but we know about the vagaries of transliteration, especially as it applies to vowels. /\*/ I tend to think of “New York values” as the ones articulated by the New



“New York is a place of free spirits.”

(George Booth in *The New Yorker*, 23 January 1995)

Yorker Emma Lazarus and engraved on a plaque on the Statue of Liberty—so I find it ironic that the one “accused” of embodying New York values has so little use for the tired, poor, huddled masses and would prefer to treat them as wretched refuse.

I’m pretty traveled out now and suspect I won’t be leaving The City for the whole of the spring (well, maybe if there’s a housefirk real close by in Jersey...). Next anticipated con trip will be Conterpoint in Timonium, Maryland, the first weekend of July. See youse Real Soon Now...

>Portions of the preceding want to bid farewell to George Martin,

but don’t know how to arrange it.<