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[#472]

⊗ Fringefan

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN, now that the election is over, is watching the changes in progress and hoping to see the president-elect come up with at least a few noncontroversial choices for his cabinet. But he keeps hearing voices in his head saying, “How’s that hopey changey thing working out for you?” He (the Fringefan, not the president-elect) will spend the next few months mostly hiding out 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)) and praying that this is one elected official who’ll break a buttload of campaign promises. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #472, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 14, #10 (e-APA-NYU #147) and other electoral college dropouts, published November 2016 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Dan Piraro, 6 September 2000. All uncredited material copyright ©2016 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



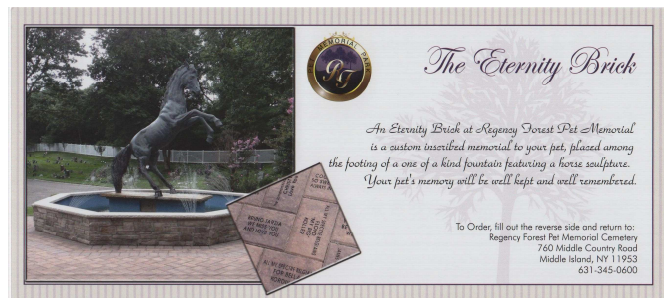
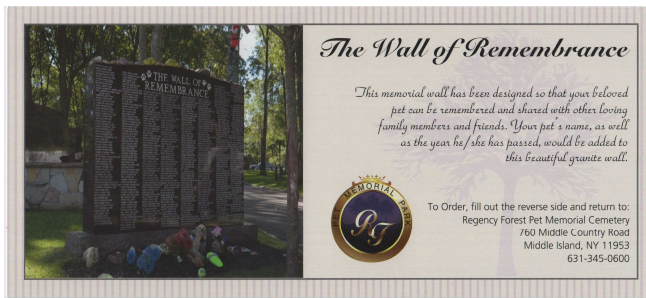
I'D KINDA' LIKE TO BE THE PRESIDENT, SO I COULD SHOW YOU HOW YOUR MONEY'S SPENT: Well, what we all thought was a joke a year ago has reached its punch line, and no one I know is laughing. Cleverer folk than I have engaged in copious analysis of the event over the past couple of weeks, and I doubt I can add much to the discussion. As a middle-aged white male, ~~I'm all right, Jack~~ I'll probably be among those suffering the least as the new order settles into place, but I hope that won't lull me into a false sense of security. As has been remarked, we must honor the nation's tradition of peaceful transfer of power, but for the next quadrennium, keep our eyes, ears, and noses open: scream long and loud about any abuses, let our elected representatives know that we're not getting fooled, and put discretionary income into supporting those who've been short-changed by the new regime. (And maybe we can push a little harder this time for a constitutional amendment doing away with the Electoral College?)

GHODS, NOT ANOTHER ONE: We got up to Amenias (about two hours north of The City) one Sunday in mid-October for a last visit with Dave Goldberg, who was in the terminal stages of pancreatic cancer. We'd met Dave after his daughter Liz got to know Ethan via a BBS called Keyboard Palace in the 1990s; later, Dave and Liz and her twin brother Josh became regulars at the Cadre's games nights. (Still later, Josh became a Lunarian; he's since moved to the Netherlands and become engaged to a lady there.) Dave was a lawyer who didn't get rich, because he was continually defending clients who were unemployed or otherwise unable to pay huge legal bills. He was also an amateur proofreader who once

lent me his father's copy of the *Daily News* stylebook. He managed to raise a couple of teenagers singlehandedly, while maintaining his legal practice, after the tragic death of his wife Debbie. He had stories and bad jokes for every occasion, and was in every respect a Mensch. His memorial service was on Halloween.

STILL ALIVE AND LIVING IN NEW AMSTERDAM: Meanwhile, best wishes for improved health to Deb Wunder (see *cher* below), Naomi Moslow, Paul Jordan, and FISTFA co-host and chef Tom Byro.

NOBODY'S MOGGY NOW: [Come on, this is probably my last chance to use that in my zine.] We were pleasantly surprised to receive a condolence card from the vets concerning HeiferCat's demise; it was a mass-produced card, but still a nice gesture, with a little patch of pulp fiber enclosed, embedded with wildflower seeds, that we could plant in a garden or pot as a memorial to the beast. We were also surprised to receive an official certificate of cremation a few days later from the Regency Forest Pet Memorial Sematary Cemetery, with offers conveniently enclosed to have the Dear Departed's name engraved on the mausoleum's Wall of Remembrance (only \$100 plus tax) or on a memorial paving brick (only \$145 plus tax). Death remains a growth industry in this country.



Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 14, #9 (e-APA-NYU #147)

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL MAY BE AN APPROACHING TRAIN (Deb Wunder): Congratulations on the success of your spinal surgery, and on not needing to go back into rehab hell afterward. I hope to see you leading Friday dinner missions again soon.

LIFE* WITH THE REAL HAIR (I Abra Cinī): The real hair looked good on you when I saw it. May it continue to do so. /*/ Looks as though you and Mr. Blackman have been selected as the beta testers for the newest round of acceleration of the planned-obsolescence schedule of all things technological. My condolences to both of you. /*/ Congratulations on 25 years of continuous homefulness.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): "Curiously, some in the audience & even of the readers never saw [*Star Trek*] in its original run and watched it only in reruns on Channel 11 or a local station." Actually, that would include me. I have a vague recollection of turning on the first episode in 1966 and finding it less interesting than a jigsaw puzzle I was working on. It wasn't until late freshman year at RPI (spring 1970) that

I picked up a copy of *The Making of Star Trek* in someone's dorm room, found it fascinating, and decided to give the show another try. It wasn't hard; half the student body was watching it nightly on an Albany station, so by the time I got home for summer break, I'd seen half the episodes, and I saw the rest on channel 11 by September. /*/ I haven't made the last couple of Brooklyn Book Festivals, and haven't really missed them; somehow that bothers me a bit. Perhaps my essentially anti-social nature is reasserting itself as I age, after having gotten sidetracked for three or four decades by my entry into fandom. /*/ "LOSERS, IN OTHER WORDS> What did Alex Trebek call "nerdcore rappers" into sf on *_JEOPARDY!_*?" And half a dozen nerdcore rappers put out screeds about it, which practically no one outside of the nerdcore rap community heard. (I heard one on Devo Spice's *Manic Mondays* podcast. Devo (formerly of the band Sudden Death) is a comedy rapper but not explicitly a nerdcore rapper.) /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) I'm careful to spell the World Health Organization's acronym with the periods included, lest someone misinterpret which

Doctors I'm writing about. /*/ (çme) "Facebook seems to be filling the ecological niche that apas used to." Social media in general seem to be, but new ones keep popping up. I remember seeing friends drop one apa for another and then another, back in the '70s and '80s, and now it seems as though people have been shifting from Usenet groups to MySpace to LiveJournal to Facebook to Twitter and Pinterest. I don't care to put in the effort to follow people around. /*/ I'd have recognized RAH, HPL, ERB, JRRT, and probably MZB and GRRM; the other initials (CSL, REH, GBS, JKR, DAK, ACD) only if it were already unmistakable from context that the topic was authors. (People who write about the *Hitchhiker's Guide* series sometimes confuse their audience by praising DNA.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): "September started off with a rage. The night of the first I went to

Trick Shot to support my friend's band, Winter's Burden." Trick Shot appears to be a bar in Clifton Park, so I trust that it was a pleasing kind of rage and not the kind that leads to bludgeonings or shootings on the highway. (I was momentarily excited to see that Trick Shot's Web site has references to "APA players," but it turns out to be some sort of billiards league.) /*/ "I watched a YouTube video about how to replace [a brake] light, including using a paper towel to avoid getting hand oil on the new bulb. Then, on Labor Day, I ... replaced the brake light. As my brake light testing assistant I used my twenty-pound back pack to hold down the brake pedal." I'm beginning to think that how-to videos can actually be useful and instructive (apologies to both Rich Friedman and Lewis Carroll). On Thanksgiving, I watched a video at the *New York Times* Web site on how to carve a turkey



(Brewster Rockit, *Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 22 November 2012)

<<http://www.nytimes.com/video/dining/100000002542844/how-to-carve-a-turkey.html>>; later that day, I followed the techniques I'd learned and found that they actually worked! (Nice low-tech tweak for the testing assistant, by the way.)

17 November 2016: Heard the first "Jingle Bell Rock" of the season, thanks to a boom box next to a Salvation Army kettle on 53rd Street. Couldn't they at least have waited until after Thanksgiving? I have now officially heard more "Jingle Bell Rock" than I want to for the rest of this year.

So I guess some things haven't changed yet. I wish everyone a bright, happy and safe holiday season, whatever you may celebrate. As my totem Bert Lahr might say, "Courage!"

>Portions of the preceding are afraid the election was copyedited with too many Red pens.<