

BEYOND THE FRINGE- FAN

[#497]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN and his wife are currently sheltered in place 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)), doing pretty much what they ordinarily do; they don't get out much at the best of times. You can keep in touch by the usual methods, or maybe even send in a zine for a change. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #497, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 18, #2 (e-APA-NYU #173) and other stay-at-homes, published March 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Dan Piraro, 21 November 2011. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



SOCIAL DISTANCING? HEY, I CAN DO THAT!: I've been remarkably little affected in any real sense by the pandemic that has turned the country and the world upside down over the past month. I'm allegedly in a high-risk group, being over 60 and somewhat asthmatic, and Donna's in a higher-risk group, being over 70 and asthmatic with a cardiac history; but neither of us is showing any sort of symptoms so far. (Ethan, living two miles away, is likewise doing OK physically.) A lady friend had to cancel a much-anticipated visit at the last minute, and I miss that; FISTFA in March and April and HelioSphere in April have likewise been cancelled, but those were about the only forms of amusement outside the house that I'd planned on over the next few months. There can be advantages to not having a life.

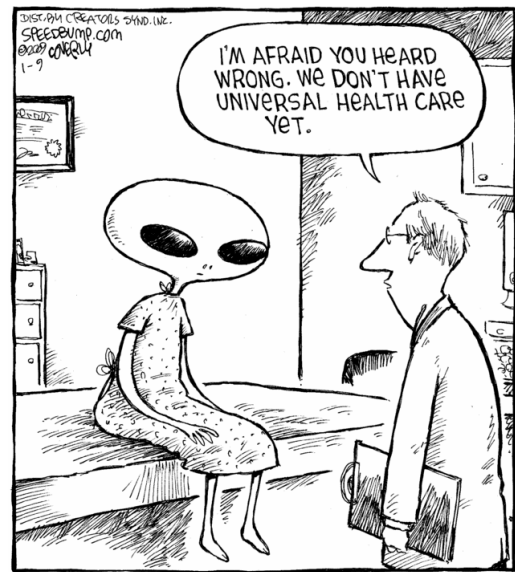
Donna finally had her cardiac ablation on 25 February; it went off without a hitch, though I guess we'll only know how effective it was when enough time goes by without any new episodes of arrhythmias. (Her blood pressure seems lower since then, which may necessitate adjusting one or two of her 15 or 20 prescription medications.) A week later, on 3 March, she got five new dental implants. All of this happened before COVID-19 began dominating everyone's planning, but now we haven't been able to schedule the desired follow-up visits to the practitioners. Everything seems to be healing properly, but Donna's bridge has fallen out again, and we don't know when we'll be able to visit a dentist to have it cemented back in. There may be a lot more oatmeal, pudding and mashed potatoes in her future.

I'm still employed, but have been working exclusively from home since 12 March and will continue to do so indefinitely (even though April is ordinarily the month when we're all at the office full-time). I have no complaints about the extra daily hour of sleep that affords me. As far as I know, I'll still terminate my assignment and officially retire at the end of May. I'm not worried that the economic situation will affect my Social Security or my JPMChase pension—yet.

UPTOWN ABBY: If Abby hadn't existed, I'm not sure any of us could have invented her. This was a person who won the top prize on *The \$10,000 Pyramid* and, asked by the emcee what the money would be used for, informed him that it would pay for her gender-reassignment surgery. [The exchange was cut from the show as broadcast.] Once she had the surgery several years later, she celebrated that date as her birthday and forsook the date (in 1953) when she'd been born into this life. Being born was nothing new to her, after all; if you asked, she'd be happy to tell you about her 43 previous lives, which planets they'd taken place on, and what occupation, race, and sex she'd belonged to in each.

Several of those lives, she said, had been on a planet whose accoutrements included flying islands and sapient dragons; she regarded that as her home planet, and spent much time in meditation to recover what she called lost memories of the life and language there. So she set many of her songs and most of her fiction on her homeworld, wrote at length about its dominant language (Yal Dawo), and even chose a name based on her title as an astronomer there: *I Abra Cinī*, she said, meant "watcher of the skies."

Finding Earth a definitely alien place to live, she had allergic responses to fluorescent lighting, which contributed to her difficulty keeping jobs (or as she called them, "obscurities"), so she was usually economically on the edge; still, she kept writing songs and stories and creating artwork. Maybe someday it would start to pay the bills, but meanwhile it was important to tell the stories one way or another.



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 9 January 2009)

One of Abby's early songs, an anthem from her homeworld (with an opening chorus in Yal Dawo), was titled "Unknown is Unending." I guess she's off to the Unknown now. Keep on droozlin' through the Cosmos, Abby, till you get to *thataway*. Give my regards to the dragons.

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #6 (e-APA-NYU #170)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
"yes, his famous choppers – the original George Washington bridge – were not wooden; they were his own that had fallen out + slaves'." Many sources say there were also animal teeth, and also "hippopotamus ivory," involved, along with brass and gold for the fittings and fasteners. Old George had at least four sets of dentures over his lifetime; he'd begun to lose his own teeth before he was 30, and only had one left by the time he was inaugurated at the age of 57. /*/ (cAPA-NEWS) I saw the Pythons at the City Center too.

I remember Innes singing not only "How Sweet to Be an Idiot" but also "I'm the Urban Spaceman"—dressed as Elton John, i.i.r.c. /*/ I think "prebanded for air play" didn't refer to the naughty bits being bleeped (an extra added courtesy to make it more radio-friendly) but to the sides of the LP being broken down into tracks (like most music LPs) so that DJs could easily locate specific shticks, whereas the version of the album sold to the general public had one continuous track on each side. /*/ "The padre in the film M*A*S*H was called Dago Red."

That's the nickname most of the characters used for him (a reference to sacramental wine), but



(Reality Check by Dave Whamond, 20 February 2001)

when he first appeared onscreen, Colonel Blake addressed him as Father Mulcahy. /*/ (øme) Some of the delays Donna experienced were bureaucratic, caused essentially by her PCP and cardiologist not being affiliated with the same hospital, but I still don't understand why the first electrophysiologist had a five-month wait for the initial consult. Considering what's happened in the interim, I thank the ghods we didn't agree to wait to see him. Dr. T. seemed to have the standard complement of fingers. /*/ I type corrected about "fakefan." As far as my alias/zine title is concerned, when I first showed up at NYUSFS in 1974, I remarked to SEK3 that my involvement in fandom was so slight that I wasn't sure I even qualified as a fringefan—and he replied, "Ah, you're Beyond the Fringefan!" And the rest is fanhistory. /*/ Yes, I believe the Marx Brothers were naked in the usual telling of that story.

The reported shortages of toilet paper and hand sanitizer keep reminding me that, per Douglas Adams, everyone on Earth today is descended from the passengers of the Golgafrincham Ark Fleet Ship B, comprising the telephone sanitizers, account executives, hairdressers, TV producers, insurance salesmen, personnel officers, security guards, public relations executives, and management consultants. (This explains a lot about the current population.) These seemingly useless individuals were sent away with tales of the planet's impending doom, while the people who actually got useful work done "stayed firmly at home and lived full, rich and happy lives, until they were all suddenly wiped out by a virulent disease contracted from a dirty telephone."

So as we continue to battle this virulent disease, don't just wash your hands; be sure to sanitize your telephone, too. Stay safe, everyone; I hope to pub again in another month, and that by that time, we'll all have a better idea where this is going and how fast.

>Portions of the preceding will refrain from putting in any sick humor here.<