



## Beyond the Fringefan [#440]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** will skip the usual puns about turkeys and just be thankful for his relative good physical and economic health at the moment, in comparison to that of so many of his kith and kin (and non-human dependents). He'll be spending his long weekend close to home 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.nycadre.org>)), not traveling over the river and through the woods. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #440, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 11, #11 (e-APA-NYU #115) and other humble pilgrims, published November 2013 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Peanuts* by Charles M. Schulz, November 1971 (?). All uncredited material copyright ©2013 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**SMALL BLESSINGS:** It's mostly been more of the same at the Cadre, which is kind of comfortable—or at least more comfortable than crisis times would be—but makes for dull reportage. I've been working at AllianceBernstein (five days a week in October, four days a week in November) on the usual array of documents, while in my copious free time helping Yefim get the Holocaust newsletter ironed out and helping Dr. G. get the orthodontic journal into shape. Donna's had more work done on her mouth (a "hemi extraction," a term I hadn't previously encountered, meaning that half of a tooth was removed, while the other half, which was supporting a bridge, was sealed off and left in place). HeiferCat continues to battle persistent urinary tract infections, which lead to various nasty puddles on the living-room floor, and for which we continue to administer various medications. We've had some minor work done in the house in preparation for the winter (e.g., replacement of a couple of leaky radiator valves that we somehow missed the last time we were doing such things two years ago). I've filled out and submitted passels of paperwork to various medical insurance carriers (this has nothing to do with the Affordable Care Act; just trying to get the reimbursements we're entitled to under the plans we already have). Ethan comes by every weekend to kick his parents' butts about doing a little of the cleanup and organizing that we know we need to do but have managed not to get around to in years. And every once in a while I try to get a zine done.

I've been slowly going through Terry Pratchett's Discworld series for several years (there are over 35 books in the series so far, and I don't want to glut myself by consuming them too fast). Many of the stories are set in the great city of Ankh-Morpork, and many of those focus on the city's police force, known as the City Watch. Under the able leadership of Sam Vimes, the City Watch has endeavored to open its ranks to individuals of all races, creeds, and states of viability; this is not without complications in a city whose residents include not only humans but also dwarves, trolls, werewolves, zombies, and vampires. One of the protagonists in this story arc inspired me to start a filk last year, but it was months before I got it into presentable form. Even now, I'm not sure there won't be further revisions, but I performed it at a *hausfilk* in late summer and at Philcon last week, so I guess it's Out There now.

## WEREWOLVES OF DISCWORLD

Lyric: Beyond the Fringefan a/k/ Marc S. Glasser

Music: Warren Zevon

I saw a werewolf with a Klatchian menu in her hand,  
Walkin' through the streets of Ankh-Morpork in the fog.  
She was looking for a place called Mundane Meals:  
Gonna get herself some vegetarian kabobs.  
Ow-oooo! Werewolves of Discworld...

She's out there fighting crimes and reporting back to Vimes,  
Keeping folks safe in our fair city,  
But she came from Überwald, where the tourists all get mauled;  
I guarantee it isn't pretty.  
Ow-oooo! Werewolves of Discworld...

I don't hold any rancor toward the witches out in Lancre  
Or the wizards taking meals at Unseen U.;  
But if you want to catch some crooks, you don't need no spell books;  
Four legs and a good sense of smell will do. (...if you're Loup-garou!)  
Ow-oooo! Werewolves of Discworld...

Now the duchy of Borogravia may always be at war,  
And the dwarves and trolls are fighting in their caves,  
But if you come to our town, you'd best put old hatreds down;  
The City Watch will show you how to behave.  
Ow-oooo! Werewolves of Discworld...

I saw Captain Carrot walking with Sergeant Angua,  
Doing the Werewolves of Discworld.  
I saw Captain Carrot Ironfoundersson walking with Sergeant Angua--  
I wonder if he's doing the Werewolves of Discworld!  
I saw a werewolf helping a dwarf with her makeup.  
Their hair was perfect...  
Ow-oooo! Werewolves of Discworld...

### **Fringe Reception:** Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 11, #10 (e-APA-NYU #114)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢Cinīī) A UN peacekeeping force with unlimited jurisdiction is “Something mentioned in several ‘last days’ books”—but then the person in charge is usually not Ellen DeGeneres but Auntie Christ. /\*/ (¢Wunder) “‘And fandom keeps getting smaller.’ Sad to hear. Hopefully it doesn't become extinct.” Fandom isn't getting smaller, just more diffuse; more people are constantly joining, though not necessarily participating with the degree of single-mindedness that led, decades ago, to the coinage of slogans like “It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan” and “Fandom is a way of life.” And many are staying in their particular fringefandom (gaming, filk, anime) and not interacting with those in the other sub-subcultures. That piece of fandom that we think of as “the old crowd,” though, will inevitably get smaller, since so far no one's found a way to achieve immortality through not dying.

(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 9 May 2000)



DANCE\* WITH A TOUCH OF GREY (Ariel Cinī): “on the way to Dinner for many @ a kosher veggie place w/ Middle East AND Japanese entrées near Bryant Pk. ... (Thankfully, they had ‘beef burger’ on the menu.)” Um, “beef burger” in a veggie place? What place was that? /\*/ Thanks for the link to the banned MGM cartoon of “Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.” I’d read the poem (as “Abdul Abulbul Ameer”) ages ago, but I can’t recall ever hearing it sung; however, I think Tom Paxton borrowed heavily from the tune when he wrote “One Million Lawyers.” /\*/ (çme) “Isn’t all this a little late? I thought you’d cancelled October’s APA-NYU.” I can’t recall cancelling any APA-NYU since shortly after appointing myself O.S.A.A.&C. sometime in the late 1970s—someone please correct me if I’ve forgotten something. What did I do, other than not put it out, to make you think I was cancelling it? I acknowledge repeatedly falling ‘way behind on the timing—but I’d rather not cancel a collation, for fear of a slippery slope. /\*/ I’ve never been able to receive WFUV well at the Cadre; I think the signal bounces off the ridge at Eastern Parkway. The station’s Internet



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 16 October 2012)

80. /\*/ (çselfçme) “Do my nephews being in the Israel Army count as Jews camping?” Probably not; implicit in the song was “by choice, for fun.”

**AND WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT? AND WHO DESERVES THE BLAME?:** Over the past year I’ve paid homage to the Beatles on the occasion of the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of their first recording, and to Allan Sherman on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of “Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh,” but I just realized I’ve been remiss in failing to observe an important 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary. The great Tom Lehrer self-published his first LP, *Songs by Tom Lehrer*, in early 1953, and the worlds of music, comedy, and mathematics teaching have scarcely been the same since. Lehrer is still alive, at the age of 85, though he hasn’t performed much publicly in decades. We thank him for all these decades of inspiration (as we follow his advice by plagiarizing researching at every possible opportunity).

Of course, this week is also the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of President Kennedy’s death and regeneration into William Hartnell. No... that can’t be right...

So as the days grow depressingly shorter and colder, a happy Thanksgivukkah to all, and I’ll see you... um... sometime in December.

>Portions of the preceding got it from Agnes.<