



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN [#448]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN has run head-on into a number of money (and time) sucks lately, underscoring that he'd best not think about retiring any time soon. Some of them have to do with the physical plant 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)), while others pertain to the human and automotive residents of that venerable home, including the present author, who wouldn't dream of using them as excuses for the absurd lateness of this issue of **Beyond the Fringefan**. In case anyone is counting, that's #448, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #7 (e-APA-NYU #123) and other real-estate brokers and broke real-estate owners, published July 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **HIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Frank and Ernest* by Thaves, 3 May 2010. All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

It's being a rather costly summer so far. When I took Daisy the minivan in for state inspection, she turned out to need some work on her brakes and suspension that added up to close to a thousand bucks; around the same time, we were noticing that her air conditioning had lost its effectiveness, and that turned out to be the fault of a leaky compressor that cost a few hundred more to replace. (Oh, yes, my bicycle needed some maintenance and upkeep too, but that was a paltry sum by comparison.)

Meanwhile, at the Cadre, we got Andre the plumber and carpenter to replace the ancient front door, repaint the stairs and the adjacent wall, replace and stain the banister, put a small radiator in Donna's room, and replace some badly cracked plaster with sheetrock. Somewhere along the way, both the HEPA air purifier and the air conditioner in Donna's room died and needed replacement; and then a piece of flashing just below the roof line came off in a heavy storm, exposing some wood that was rotted with age and also needed replacement. (Well, the Cadre *is* about a century old. At least Terminix came by and assured us that the wood rot was not caused by termites.) We were out a few thousand by the time all that work was done. (Remember, "homeowner" is pronounced with emphasis on the "moan.")

And the newest installment of the ongoing work on Donna's mouth is coming due, as she finally gets crowns on the three implants that were put in around the turn of the year. The not completely unexpected replacement of one of my own crowns added another thousand to the bill. (It had broken last September and been "temporarily" patched by Dr. G.; the patching lasted 10 months, which I figure is pretty good for temporary.) I guess it's a good thing we don't have any major travel planned for the summer (other than a weekend drive upstate to visit Donna's sister).

SING, SING, SING: Contata went well, though (as usual for a filk con) there was more music going on than I could get to and still eat and sleep and that sort of thing. Guests of Honor Amy McNally (fiddler) and David Perry (guitarist and country rocker), Interfilk guest Peter Alway (player of dulcimer, ukulele, banjo and the ghods know what else), and Toastmasters T.J. and Mitchell Burnside Clapp (guitarists) accompanied one another as called for throughout the weekend, and I was even able to make out most of the words. (Oh, and Listener Guest Sheryl Ehrlich listened well and looked good doing it.) I showed my age, during an open jam in a space that the hotel named the Headquarters Room, by playing a Monkees song from the *Headquarters* album (1967). I was nominally on security detail, but nothing that required intervention happened while I was awake. The hotel was well situated for both public and private transportation, the personnel were pleasant and cooperative throughout the weekend (other than the lack of late checkout arrangements), and for a change we actually had more space than we needed. It will be nice if we get to hold the next Contata (2017) in the same place.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 21 October 2013)

...ROCK ME ON THE WATER: The Ferry Meeting was a bit small this year, but, given the torrential rains that were predicted (and had visited us the previous night), I can't blame anyone for choosing to stay home. Eleven hardy souls showed up and made the round trip (though one, through a miscommunication, came back one boat later than the other ten); one more was delayed and met us for dinner afterward. We got some lovely views of lightning strikes in the harbor during the return trip, and owing to wetness, we truncated the walk through Chinatown and dined at Dim Sum Go Go, a place I'd never tried before. (It was a touch pricey, but it's nice to find a place that does dim sum in the evening, and everyone thought the food delicious.) I'll hope for drier weather next year.

This seems like a good place to wish a full and speedy recovery to Tom Byro, co-host and chef de cuisine of FIStFA for the past decade or so, who's in hospital to have a growth removed from his pancreas.

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #6 (e-APA-NYU #122)

DANCE* WITH THE PLASTIC LIZARD (Ariel Cinī):
Congratulations on getting through yet another surgery. May it indeed be the last. /*/ The draught cover for *A Dance in White Time* looks good with the black background/frame. It may just be my attention span shortening as I ease into senility, but I'm enjoying the excerpts you've published here more than the full novels. What's the likelihood of your publishing any short stories set on your world? (Or are they just not commercially viable at the moment?) /*/ iThings are hot enough items these days that about any imaginable accessory for them is being made and

sold. A quick Web search on "iPod stand" yields dozens of products, in varying degrees of elaborateness, and at varying prices (from \$1.98 up to almost \$40); but you get Maker points for creating one custom-suited to your needs out of materials at hand.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
“(Pretend that there's an upside-down rubber-stamp illo of Groucho wearing a bowtie.)”
You're welcome. /*/ Are the upside-down logo illos (February and June) meant as distress signals? /*/ I think I forgot to resend your e-mail

after the fourth, or fifth, mysterious Juno erasure. Shall I do so now, or wait for the sixth loss? /*/ “My remaining ~KITCHEN LIGHT~ blew and the fluorescent bulb is wired in, impossible for me to remove.” Any clue who wired it in and why? (Your wonderful landlord, I’m guessing, and because the fixture was dysfunctional and wasn’t holding the bulb in properly. How many landlords does it take to screw up a light bulb?) /*/ “Topics chatted about included...that C is not C+++.” Um, if a C+++ exists, it’s noncanonical and little known. There’s C, there’s C++, and there’s C# (pronounced as C sharp, where the sharp sign represents four plus signs in a two-by-two grid). C-family programmers only use even numbers of plus signs. (Insert your own joke about where the missing oddness can be found.)



“Well, here’s your problem. You’re running applications written in C# on a B server.”
(The 5th Wave by Rich Tennant, 14 March 2010)

And I haven’t programmed in any of them, so I can’t tell you much more. /*/ “henotheistic” was a new word on me (“hen·o·the·ism *noun*: the worship of one god without denying the existence of other gods — called also monolatry”—Merriam-Webster online). Thanks. /*/ Your review of the book about Mussolini is one sentence that’s 320 words long, with nine pairs of internal parens and brackets, 13

ampersands, two dashes, two semicolons, and an ellipsis...plus a two-sentence footnote. Have you considered a career writing contracts? /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) Zimbalist, or his father, inspired a bad Peter Schickele pun (is there any other kind?) involving medieval shepherds attaching tuned percussion instruments to their sheep (the way cowherds attached bells to their cows). One of P.D.Q. Bach’s pieces, therefore, had a part for an F ram cymbalist. /*/ (¢me) “228 years after the Declaration of Independence, we still use British currency in sayings: ‘pennywise and pound foolish’, ‘in for a penny, in for a pound’ (though I have heard ‘in for a dime, in for a dollar’). And we may say ‘haven’t got a sou’, a coin the French dropped it even as a nickname (for the 5-centime) post-war (though the Québécois still use it, for the Canadian cent/penny). Expressions with ‘shekel’ owe the Bible.” Don’t forget the Spanish real, 1/8 of a Spanish dollar or peso, sometimes called a “bit”—half the musical price of a shave and a haircut.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢me) “Is Lescol a brand name of simvastatin?” No, it’s fluvastatin, a close relative. And now Dr. B. has put me on Welchol, which is not a statin but is generically named colesevelam. It seems to be recommended for diabetics (which I am not) and people who’ve had their gallbladders removed (which I am). /*/ “My favorite baseball teams are not impressing at present” Mine neither; the Mets are, typically, staying a game or two out of the basement. Down in the minors, the Cyclones are doing a bit better, with a 15-12 record as I type, second out of four in their division, and a game ahead of the (hisssss!) Staten Island Yankees. /*/ “This year the NFL now has the right to switch the teams between the Sunday night game and an early or late afternoon game that same day as early as week 5 if the teams originally scheduled for the night game turn out to be ‘not ready for prime time.’” If the NFL uses this newfound power, are fans who bought tickets for an evening game but who can’t get there for an afternoon game just out of luck (and out the money they paid for the tickets)? This could lead to riots.

Have a good rest of the summer, everyone, and Keep Watching the Skies. Or at least the weather forecasts.

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