



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN notes with some smugness that it's a lot harder to burn electronic publications than to paper ones (though he supposes that one good strong electromagnetic pulse would have the same destructive effect). Come to think of it, what were the Amazon marketing folk really thinking when they named their e-book readers Kindle? (Bradbury himself was opposed to e-readers, and refused to allow any electronic versions of his books, until his publishing contracts came up for renewal in 2011, and the publishers refused to renew unless he included e-book rights.) He'll sit back and let that thought cook for a while; meanwhile, any heated remarks concerning the content of this month's edition can be fired off to him 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)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #451, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #11 (e-APA-NYU #126) and other flamers, published

November 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **HIGAMAJIG**. Image at left altered from cover of Ballantine Bal-Hi #70002, published 1967 (reprinting a novel originally published in 1953). All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

EYE GUESS: Our optometrist recently suggested that Donna see an ophthalmologist whom he recommended, for evaluation regarding cataracts. The upshot: yes, she's got 'em. We've got surgery scheduled for her left eye just after Pearl Harbor Day; if all goes well, the other eye will get done closer to New Year's.

AND I SAID, DANKS GOD FOR DA BLUE CROSS, BUT I WISH WE HAD DA MEDICARE: I wrote at length last month about JPM's reconfiguring of medical benefits for Medicare-eligible retirees and their spouses, and the tribulations we were experiencing dealing with OneExchange, the company that was supposed to find us a new plan for Donna. Rather than bore everyone even more with a similar amount of bureaucratic detail this time, suffice it to say that (after about eight more hours of struggles with the Web site and phone conversations with plan advisors who were sometimes almost helpful) Donna is now signed up with Emblem Health for the new year, in a plan which will cost us nearly \$3000 less per year in premiums—but between \$4000 and \$6000 more in drugs and practitioners that the old plan covered and the new plan doesn't. And there'll be more layers of bureaucracy and forms to fill out,

because this plan is an HMO and because we'll have to get a number of out-of-pocket expenses reimbursed out of an HRA. It would be hard to overstate the enthusiasm with which I'm anticipating going through this process again in my own name when I hit Medicare eligibility two and a half years hence.

Donna's had her CPAP machine now for about a month. She's reporting feeling better rested, but no more energetic than before. Her follow-up appointment with the pulmonologist is upcoming.

Oh, in good news, after sending our second brick of paper (mostly bills and receipts) in to the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance, we finally received notification that the full amount of medical deductions we claimed on our 2013 state income tax, and hence the full tax refund we'd claimed, had been restored. (I was going to remark here about having been presumed guilty until I proved my innocence; but in light of recent news stories of persons who were presumed guilty by cops and who never got the opportunity to prove their innocence before getting shot, I guess I'll count my blessings in having never faced anything worse than monetary penalties.)

And work has gotten very busy lately and promises to remain very busy until at least mid-January, for reasons which I'm not yet at liberty to write about here. This cruel demand on my bosses' part that I actually work for my pay has cut seriously into the time I'd ordinarily have for side projects and zines (what? He's making excuses? Who'd'a' thought?), but I can console myself that it's only a passing phase.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 12 April 2014)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #10 (e-APA-NYU #126)

HARDCOPY COVER: I hope Vijay is laughing somewhere about the irony of the timing of her presence on this cover.

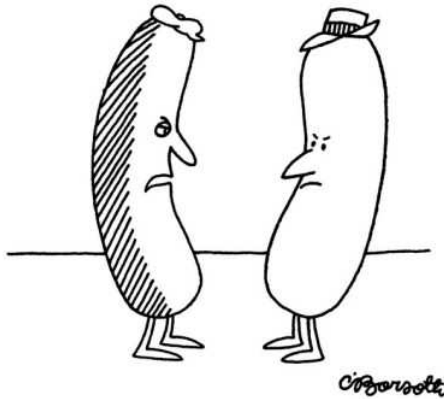
HERE'S HOPING 5775 IS BETTER THAN 5774 WAS (Deb Wunder): Well, it began with Vijay's death, so that's not a promising omen. /*/ I listened to the recording you mentioned, but it still sounds like a Pointless Remake to me. Recordings where each line is sung by someone different tend to sound incoherent and unfocused to me. /*/ (cBlackman) "Er, don't forget the 83 or so verses [of 'Real Old-Time Religion'] we compiled (and Abby and I noted down in relative order) over the course of one BeyondtheCon." Unless I'm remembering wrong, the 83 or so verses we compiled at a BeyondtheCon weren't to "Real Old-Time Religion" but to "My God, How the Money Rolls In." And what is relative order? My relatives are pretty chaotic. /*/ "My Ashkenazic parents taught it to me as 'Throat Warbler Mangrove.'" Funny thing about that: I always thought it was "Throatwarbler Mangrove" (perhaps a variation of "mangrove warbler," a

real avian species), but I just checked an authoritative source (*The Complete Monty Python's Flying Circus: All the Words Volume One*) and found that the pronunciation is indeed given as "Throatwobbler Mangrove." I guess the Sephardim have taken over.

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Follow-up: As of 5 November, the Lunacon Web site was still promising, "Official notice of whether Lunacon will occur in 2015 will be posted by November 1st, so check back later for more!" I also note that the page declares that convention attendees "engage in a varietous social atmosphere by night." Ew. /*/ Further follow-up: on 11 November, the Web site was updated to read: "**Important Lunacon Update:** Lunacon is being postponed for 2015. The official dates for the next Lunacon are planned to be from March 18th to March 20th of 2016. This will allow time to prepare for a more organized and enjoyable convention. An official statement will be released shortly with more details."

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

“If a black cat crosses your path, it signifies that the animal is going somewhere.” And if you wake up with bullfrogs on your mind, that’s a sure sign you’ve got bullfrogs on your mind. /*/ “My brother & I got together again for dinner (he misses American diner fare), then, after grilling me, he came here to inspect.” I hope he seasoned you properly. Are you crunchy and good with



“They grilled me, Eddie, but I didn’t talk.”

(Charles Barsotti in *The New Yorker*, 30 January 1995)

ketchup? /*/ If the memories from Mike McInerney that you quote are true, then FIStFA was a Potluck of a different kind back in the ’60s. /*/ “the entero-virus (polio under another name?...)” Enteroviruses are a whole nasty family, which includes both polio and the common cold (rhinovirus). Enterovirus D68, the one involved in the current scare, is not polio—which of course doesn’t make it any less frightful, especially inasmuch as no vaccine against D68 has yet been developed. /*/ “At Lunacon ’94, where I ran Program, Michael Kandel (CAPTAIN JACK ZODIAC) came up to me and asked me to let his friend, Jonathan Lethem, who’d just had a book, *GUN, WITH OCCASIONAL MUSIC*, published, in & put him on Program. I did, and his career took off.” That’s the Blackman bump. Watch for the

lawyers who haven’t gotten the landlord off your back to get promotions soon. /*/ (çme) “(Sorry, Ivan, but Matematik sounds like a household appliance.)” Really? I only saw it as “mathematics,” transliterated into and out of Cyrillic. Great name for an s-f fan!

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): Public library book sales aren’t really much like the Brooklyn Book Festival (or the late lamented New York Is Book Country fair), unless the library’s events have authors doing lectures, readings, and panel discussions, and publishers exhibiting their newest releases. As it happened, the Brooklyn Public Library’s annual event was three weeks later, the same day as the Shikar. I was able to stop at the BPL on the way to the Shikar and drop off a couple of boxes of books that we’d cleaned out of the basement. (Clearing out books we’re never going to get around to reading (or rereading) is of greater urgency at the Cadre these days than acquiring more of them.) /*/ Verification is certainly a step that can improve any algorithm. In my decade as a professional proofreader/editor, I’ve learned to build it into my procedures in any way I can. The challenge is often finding a way to make the second look at a piece of work different from the first, so that one catches things one missed the first time. /*/ “Is there a container that can hold very hot liquid that is clean enough and empty enough where the coffee will arrive?” This step is complicated by a feature of the coffee/tea machines where I work, which is designed as a fail-safe to sense the presence or absence of the container. It took me months to realize that the reason it always balked when I was making iced tea in a tall tumbler, was that the sensing mechanism is an electric eye—and the transparent tumbler was failing to reflect the beam back, so the machine refused to brew tea because it thought there was no cup. Now I just wrap a napkin around the tumbler, and all is hunky-dory.

On Thanksgiving Day I mentioned “Alice’s Restaurant” to a 28-year-old of my acquaintance and was horrified to discover that not only had she never heard it or even of it, but she had no idea who Arlo Guthrie is, and only the vaguest idea who Woody Guthrie was. Fortunately I was prepared for the occasion and had the MP3 loaded on my phone; there was just enough time before we got to where we were driving for me to play all 18 minutes and 20 seconds of it. We, the Revered Elders, must do whatever is necessary to correct the gaps in the next generation’s cultural education.

>Portions of the preceding are gonna sing it the next time it comes around on the guitar.

With feeling.<