

# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** bids farewell to HeiferCat a/k/a MooFace, who was a part of life 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)) for nearly two decades. Come to think of it, considering the floorboards in the corners of the living and dining room that have been permanently warped by feline [🐾🐾🐾🐾] urine, she'll remain part of the Cadre for years to come. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #471, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 14, #9 (e-APA-NYU #146) and other persons who care about cats, published October 2016 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**™. Cartoon above from *Speed Bump* by Dave Coverly, 12 October 2016. All uncredited material copyright ©2016 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



**THREE TO GET READY, NOW GO, CAT, GO:** Ethan borrowed the vehicle the last week of September to take HeiferCat to the vets; he said she'd been making crying noises in the middle of the night, though being gently picked up and held seemed to calm her down.

The vets found that Heifer was constipated and might have a tapeworm, and also showed signs of fusion of some neck vertebrae. They suspected irritable bowel syndrome or megacolon (something I'd never heard of) and suggested more surgery might be in store. Ethan left her for them to take blood samples for further testing; she'd already gone through enough surgery in this life for nine lives, and he hoped to avoid any more. (He figured to try to manage her condition with fiber and laxatives.)

[It might be worth mentioning here that Heifer had developed a severe antipathy toward veterinarians over the years, probably not surprisingly given all she'd been through, and would yowl and scratch and try to bite any vet who approached her; hence she had to be sedated before anyone would attempt to get a blood sample.]

The next thing any of us knew, the vets had called Ethan to inform him that Heifer had died of apparent respiratory failure in the process of having blood drawn. The blood workup revealed that she had been diabetic and was close to renal failure. Considering the vets had previously said that Heifer was likely nearly blind and deaf, I think this constitutes a case of what Donna once said nurses referred to as TBF—total body failure.

Twenty is a pretty advanced age for a cat, and I believe that Heifer had long been ready to go. I'm more concerned with the thought that she'd been in pain for much of the past few years and was unable to communicate it to us, than with the thought of her death, which seems like a merciful relief. This leaves

our household (if you include Ethan and Rita's place as an extension) feline free for the first time in at least 30 years, going back beyond the foundation of the Cadre to the waning years of One, Two, Three, Many. The situation is likely to continue indefinitely, since Donna's no longer able to take care of any additional life-forms, I have no desire to (never did, actually), and Ethan and Rita are feeling disinclined to at the moment.

**OOPS, I DID IT AGAIN:** Yeah, I screwed up again and didn't get a zine together throughout September (and half of October). Given the scarcity of content in these pages lately, I wasn't sure anyone would notice the absence of a collation. Somehow I don't seem to be coordinating my commitments as well these days, and the obligations of my paying gigs keep pushing apa work to the back burner. I guess I really have become an Old Fan and Tired.

**YOU DIDN'T EVEN THINK OF ME AS SOMEONE WITH A NAME:** The new used Honda Odyssey is functioning well so far (and has managed a couple of round trips to Baltimore) but is still anonymous. No name has presented itself that seems particularly apt, and I'm loath to latch on to one I don't like simply for the sake of having a name—I'm OK with calling it "the vehicle" for an indefinite period of time. Donna spent some time a few weeks ago analyzing its exterior color, described as "mocha" on the listing we saw and as "gold" by Dan the car salesman. She thought "taupe" was a better description, which reminded me of a remark by Dave Barry that no one actually knows what taupe is. (I certainly don't, but my colorblindness is well known by now.) Playing off that, I thought we might use "Topper," but on further reflection, I suspect naming a car after a middle-aged guy plagued by mischievous ghosts would be as inauspicious as naming a 2001 Odyssey "Hal."



(Rhymes with Orange by Hilary B. Price, 12 February 2012)

I called Dan the car salesman in regard to the missing headrest on the left middle-row seat (first noticed five days after I brought the vehicle home). I got his voice mail, and remembered that he'd mentioned he'd be taking a vacation shortly. After a couple of weeks of leaving voice mail, I tried the dealership's main number and was told that Dan wasn't working there anymore. Not a good sign. Eventually I got handed off to Steve the service manager, who said they'd replace the headrest, but it would have to be ordered from Honda, and then I'd have to drive to Levittown to have them install it—though that was a 30-second job involving inserting the posts of the headrest into the holes on the seat top. Why couldn't they just mail it to me and let me install it myself? He said he'd investigate whether it was possible. Three weeks later I got a call from a service rep named Donna, who said the headrest had arrived and I had to make an appointment to have them install it. So I bit the bullet and drove there on a rainy Saturday, waited 30 seconds while they did the job, and drove home—to discover a message on the answering machine from Steve the service manager saying that the headrest had arrived and they could mail it to me if I'd prefer that. Why did he not call till a week after Donna did? I may never know.

**SHE LIT A BURNER ON THE STOVE AND OFFERED ME A PIPE:** We've seldom done a lot of elaborate cooking at the Cadre (and even less with Donna's decreased mobility), so the fact that the

THEY SAY A  
WATCHED POT  
NEVER BOILS.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT  
THAT WAS ONE OF  
THOSE SILLY OLD  
SAINGS.

BUT THIS ONE  
WON'T BOIL, SO  
MAYBE IT'S  
TRUE.

OR MAYBE YOU  
FORGOT TO  
TURN ON THE  
STOVE.

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RUSSEL  
MYERS  
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I was surprised to see that though the oven had a self-cleaning feature—I don't think any of us has ever cleaned an oven—it didn't have a broiler. Instead it has a separate burner inside at the top, and you broil steaks (or whatever) by using that burner and putting them on the top oven shelf. I've been told by someone with experience using such a stove that it does the job at least as well as a separate broiler does, so we went for it. The new stove arrived on 8 October (Sears installers seem much better at keeping their appointments than Sears repair techs) and is working fine so far—though we haven't tried broiling in it yet.

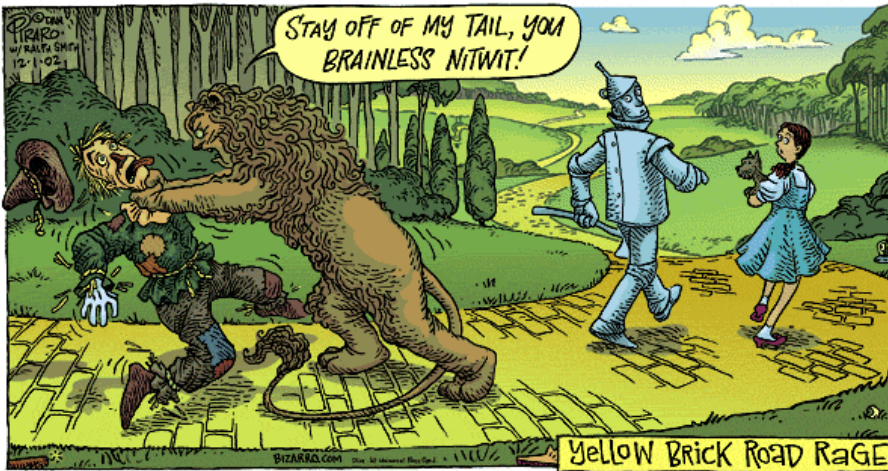
BEYOND THE FRINGE (me): I got to see a Mets game—well, most of one—at Citi Field on my employer’s generosity, as mentioned last issue. I was handed my game ticket, a round-trip MetroCard, and a chit good for a hot dog or hamburger and French fries, plus unlimited beer or soda (which had to be indulged in very judiciously in view of the two-hour subway trip home). The Mets and the Phillies passed the lead back and forth at least four times in eight innings. Unfortunately, at the end of the eighth, the Mets were losing, 6-4; and it was a quarter past ten, there was the aforementioned two-hour subway trip home, and I had to work the next day. And literally never in their history had the Mets won a game after being behind at the end of the eighth. So I gave up and headed for the subway. And naturally ~~he’s on first~~, the Mets tied the score in the bottom of the ninth, and ultimately won the game, 9-8, in the bottom of the 11th, probably

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):  
(çme) Oh, I never said *The Guns of the South* was alternate history; it ceases to be that and transforms into sf/fantasy on page three of chapter one, when the 30-shooting rifle and its bearer are introduced, even before the gun is identified as an AK-47. My military knowledge has not even been brought down to the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, so that aspect didn't matter to me as much as the question of whether, following a Confederate victory, the historical versions of



the principal characters would so readily have come to the conclusion that emancipation was what the South needed. /\*/ I pronounce BPL “bipple” but NYPL “nye-ple” to avoid confusion. /\*/ “Dorothy to Toto: ‘Bad dog!’” Just one dog couldn’t turn the whole Brick Road yellow that way that fast unless one of the wicked witches had put a spell on his kidneys. Or maybe the

Lollipop Guild gave him enough samples to turn him diabetic. /\*/ Actually, I’ve been following *Fox Trot* for a couple of years now, but it only runs once a week, so I guess I haven’t really gotten to know the characters. If the older brother hadn’t been in a baseball cap in that strip, I’d probably have noticed that he wasn’t bald like the father.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 1 December 2002)

BACOVER [hard-copy edition]: Interesting that when that cover first ran, Garrison Keillor had just left *A Prairie Home Companion* for the first time. (He shut down the show to move to Denmark to be with his second wife. He was back in the States a year later, back on the air a year after that, and divorced again a year after that.) This time he’s handed the show off to a new host, who’s much more of a musician and much less of a storyteller; we’ll see who listens.

It was sad to hear of folk musician Oscar Brand’s death, although, since he was 96, I couldn’t call it totally unexpected. Born in Winnipeg but raised in Brooklyn (a graduate of Erasmus Hall and Brooklyn College!), Brand performed and recorded music for kids, for adults only (the Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads series), and for general audiences (I’m fond of his *American Dreamer*). He also ran what became the world’s longest-running radio show with one continuing host, *Folksong Festival* on WNYC “under the light of yon municipal moon”—not to mention being part of the original group that developed *Sesame Street* (and allegedly the inspiration for Oscar the Grouch). Considering that Fred Hellerman, last surviving member of the Weavers, also died this month, this may leave Ramblin’ Jack Elliott (born Elliot Adnopoz in Brooklyn, 1931) as our last surviving link to Woody Guthrie and his era.

24-September-2016: Seen on a church sign in Baltimore:

JESUS IS COMING  
 HOPEFULLY, BEFORE THE ELECTION

And by the next time I write, this country’s fate for the next four years will have been determined; may it be the least of all the available evils. (I haven’t bought transportation to any other country yet, but I’ve checked to see that my passport is still good.) Be well, and be sure to vote!

>Portions of the preceding, by a supreme effort of will, won’t make any “pussy” jokes here.<