



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

[#545]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN hasn't even reached his next birthday (that comes next month), but lately finds himself commemorating events of half a century ago. Can dotage be far behind? If anyone could find a lawn under the weeds in front of 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)), you could find him there telling kids to get off it. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #545, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 22, #4 (e-APA-NYU #221) and other grandmas who sit in chairs and reminisce, published April 2024 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **HIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Non Sequitur* by Wiley Miller, 2 March 2024. All uncredited material copyright ©2024 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

REMEMBRANCE OF FANAC PAST: This month marks the 50th anniversary of the first paper collation of APA-NYU, and the 20th anniversary of the final one (Volume 1, Number 347). I had contributions in both of those. Next month will mark the 20th anniversary of the first electronic collation of APA-NYU (Volume 2, Number 1). February a couple of months back also marked the 50th anniversary of my first SF convention (the third Star Trek Lives con, at the Americana) and my first NYUSFS meeting. Labor Day weekend later this year will mark the 50th anniversary of my first Worldcon (DisCon II). I believe this officially makes me an Old Fan and Tired, and consequently I will be doing absolutely nothing to celebrate these momentous occasions, other than pubbing this paragraph.

(I may also be Old and Tired of waiting on hold to reach doctors' offices (we had technical difficulties logging on to telehealth appointments this month), radiology centers (which claimed to offer "walk-in chest x-rays" but somehow always had signs reading "no x-rays today" when we got there), and corporate service departments (to get problems resolved with the dryer and the satellite TV, to get a landscaping company to come by and trim some dead wood from the trees in front and back of the house, and to schedule routine visits from the exterminators and the oil company). Not to mention awaiting a resolution to the ongoing bedbug saga. Speaking of which...)

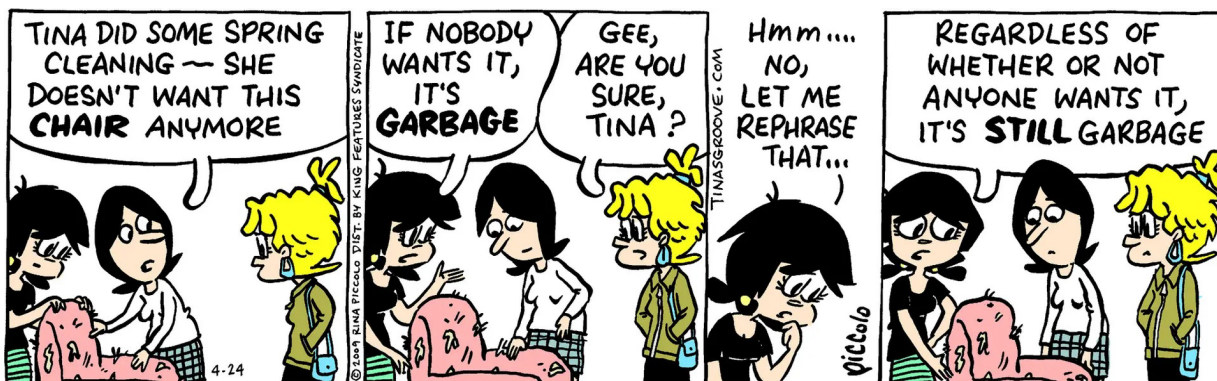
BUGGIE WUGGIE BUGGLE BOYS: Early in the month, Ethan communicated with Rick from Dr. Sniff about the discrepancy between his dog Goosey's positive reading about bedbugs, and the negative

reading provided by Mika and her handler Herbie, from MMPC (the exterminators), the same week. All our visual inspections of the mattresses, box springs, and bed boards had failed to turn up any signs of further infestation. What to do?

Rick conceded that it was just possible that Goosey had detected the scent of a dying or recently deceased bug, in which case we were in the clear. Meanwhile, MMPC graciously offered to do one more canine inspection, gratis, just to be sure.

After some discussion, we decided that if there really had been any bugs that Mika had somehow failed to find on 1 March, they'd have had time in the subsequent weeks to thrive and breed, and could not fail to be detected in a reinspection in mid-April. So Glen the handler and Matcha the dog showed up on 18 April and did a detailed tour (including taking the beds completely apart, one more time). Verdict: there was nothing Matcha could smell, and nothing Glen could see—aside from a few bits and pieces of carapace that he said were brittle enough to be months old. As far as humanly and caninely detectable, we are now once more bug free.

This will of course not make us any less paranoid; twice bitten, forever shy. And of course any person who enters the house might bring something in. And of course any of us who goes out anywhere might pick something up. But we're now finally ready to go forward with unloading and trying to put away the contents of the hundred or so boxes of Stuff that have been on hold, occupying the basement and the office and the living room and the dining room since November. Who knows what long-lost treasures we'll uncover?



(Tina's Groove by Rina Piccolo, circa 2009)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #3 (e-APA-NYU #220)

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

As I mentioned the other day, if “the road rise up to meet you” and “the wind be at your back,” you’re falling on your face. That may account for the present-day scarcity of Irish bards. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) DS9 didn’t have a holodeck. Quark’s bar had holosuites. /*/ “Human Tashen”? You have those for dessert after dinner at a Chinese restaurant that serves Human cuisine (a typo I’ve seen more than once). /*/ (¢Nelson) “Volupdies” was a neologism Joel and I came up with back in our ’Tute days, for “voluptuous ladies”—the kind we fantasized would take an interest in us knurds and help relieve us of our

memberships in V&S (Virgins and Sickofit). (It didn’t happen, not during our undergraduate years.)

ZERO DEGREES OF SEPARATION vs. ONE DEGREE OF SEPARATION (Chas Belov): (¢self) I didn’t recognize the misplaced apostrophe in “panda’s”; I read it as a singular possessive and wondered which panda your sister was so concerned about. If you pronounce “apostrophe” with three syllables, is that ä-pə-strōph, with accent on the final syllable? I’ve been known to say “catastrophe” analogously in a mock French accent (not that I know how the

French pronounce “catastrophe”). “Mon Dieu! C’est un catastrophe!” */ (¢Blackman) “You’ll be happy to know there’s one more COVID jab recommended now. I’ve seen suggestions to get it early so that it will be four months between that

and the updated version expected to be available this fall.” I had one last September. Inspired by your comment, I just signed up for another on May Day. Couldn’t hurt (except for a briefly bruised biceps), if Medicare will pay for it.

MARC AT POLL-O: Poll work on New York presidential primary day, 2 April, was about as uneventful as expected. The polling site covered eight election districts, but I doubt we got more than 300 voters there throughout the day. As I noted last month, there may not have been much motivation for folk to vote, given that nothing they did at that point could affect the candidate selection; and the fact that it began pouring rain shortly after I got there at 5 am and didn’t stop until late that night certainly couldn’t have helped. (It didn’t help my mood much either, since I’d committed to biking home to check on Donna during my two meal breaks; fortunately it was less than a mile each way. My enthusiasm and my head were dampened, but I don’t think I caught a cold.) I took the information clerk post as usual, looking voters’ addresses up and directing them to the proper table. My co-worker at the table, a lady who hadn’t done the job before, seemed to pick it up pretty fast, and she laughed at my jokes, so the day went smoothly. We only had to send people to another polling place about five times, and it was only two blocks away. Next stop, statewide primary day on 25 June; I’ve declared my availability for six of the nine early voting days as well, but have no idea whether they’ll assign me for any of them.



(Shoe by Ben Lansing and Susie MacNelly, 24 March 2024)

My attendance or nonattendance at HELIOSphere this year will be a last-minute decision for several reasons, so if I don’t make it there, my best to everyone who does. Have a splendid May Day (or Beltane if you prefer) and a magnifico cinco de Mayo, and may we see a settlement before Memorial Day to the far too many conflicts that are generating more and more names to be memorialized.

>Portions of the preceding are almost old enough to run for president this year.<