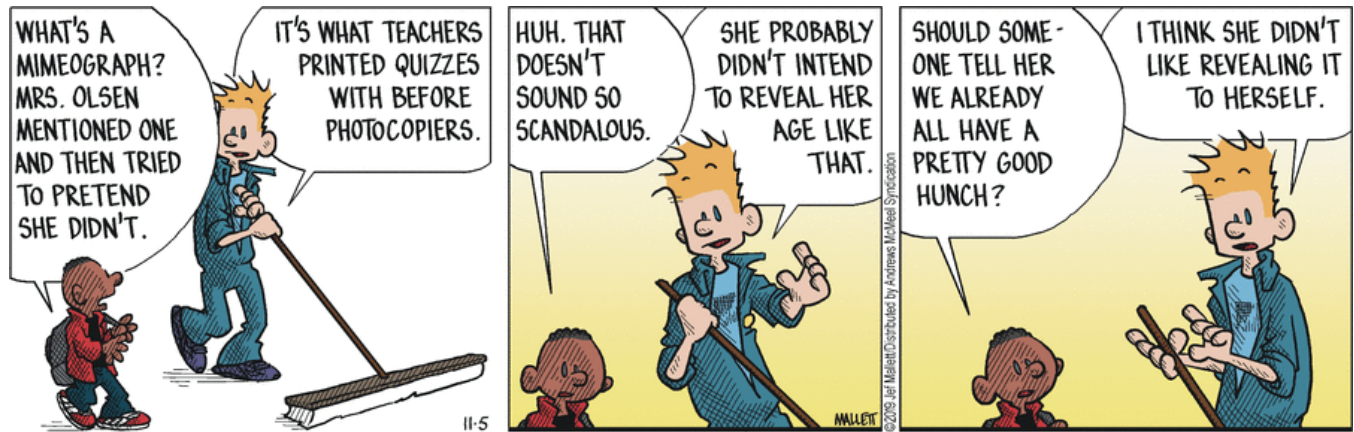


Beyond the Fringefan

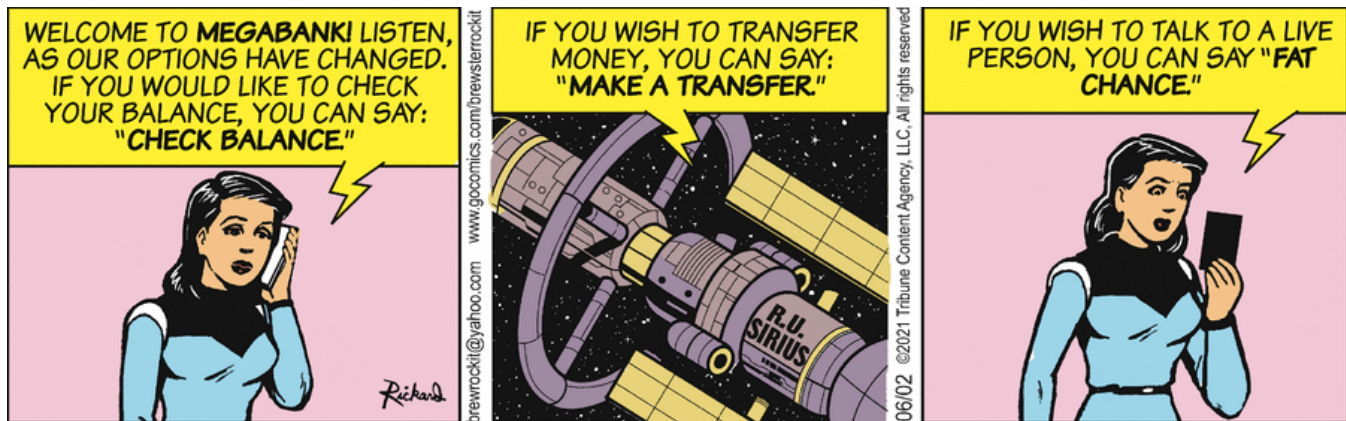
[# 546]



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN doesn't care to whom it is revealed that he just turned 72, and used more than one mimeograph (the late great Murphy and Finagle) to pub his apazines (hail FooFoo!) for several years in the dim past. Age and infirmity have their uses, such as justifying not doing anything strenuous and instead vegging out 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))—and then at the last minute slapping together **Beyond the Fringefan** #546, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 22, #5 (e-APA-NYU #222) and other relics of a bygone age, published May 2024 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Frazz* by Jef Mallett, 5 November 2019. All uncredited material copyright ©2024 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

Not really a birthday present, but something I could definitely use, was a couple of Billy bookcases from Ikea that The Kid ordered and we assembled in the basement in mid-month. These replaced a couple of other bookcases that had been down there for a few decades and whose bottoms had gotten water damaged in one or another of the past floods in the basement. We didn't realize the damage until the bookcases got moved out of the basement in the latest bedbug treatment last November, and when they got moved back in, they wouldn't stand up straight. With new cases in place, I'm emptying a few more of the hundred or so boxes remaining from the pack-move-and-fumigate operation, and also selecting more books to give away by way of decluttering. I bring a couple of dozen in the s-f and mystery genres to dump in the freebie box at FISTFA each month, and I'm accumulating a few boxfuls that don't seem of fannish interest, which I'll drive out to Valley Stream or Lawrence (just over the city line in Nassau County) some time this summer and drop off at the Better World Books collection boxes.

I'd written a lengthy screed to run here about our recent problems attempting to get our Sears Kenmore dryer repaired by Sears under the terms of our prepaid service agreement, but I decided that most readers really didn't want all the details. (If anyone does, I'll send the verbiage I excised, on request.) Suffice it to say that I spent far more hours than I care to count in April and May on the phone, on hold, and waiting for service techs who didn't show up for scheduled appointments. Sears is now dead to me. (The company filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy in 2018, after having been bought out by Kmart in 2005, so in



(Brewster Rockit, Space Guy! by Tim Rickard, 2 June 2021)

many ways, the company founded by Mr. Sears and Mr. Roebuck has been dead for almost 20 years, but various retail enterprises continue under the old name.) I'm now working on finding a local appliance repair person I can trust to show up and do the job right.

The dryer has become increasingly important to us because Donna's increasing state of incontinence has necessitated that we do a load of laundry pretty much every day of the week (and two or three more on weekends). It's a manageable pain in the posterior when we have a working washer and dryer. With a non-functional dryer, the workarounds start to take over my life.

In fact, it feels as though my life has been taken over by a whole raft of workarounds in the past several months, certainly going back as far as the discovery of the second bedbug infestation in October, and probably going back to Donna's neck-breaking fall in January 2023. I keep waiting for things to settle back down to an even keel which may not ever come. Maybe by my 73rd birthday...?

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #4 (e-APA-NYU #221)

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

The sky did get dark here during the eclipse, or maybe "dim." Looking out the front door but not directly up, I decided it looked like the change in the light that heralds an oncoming rainstorm. /*/ Allan Sherman filked "Molly Malone," describing her as "cock-eyed and mussel-bound." Years later, Garrison Keillor wrote some lyrics for a *Prairie Home Companion* touring show in Dublin; in his version, all the townspeople were annoyed by the never-ending cries of "Cockles and mussels, alive alive-o!" and were relieved at her death, as it meant they'd finally get some peace. They buried her in her wheelbarrow. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) My general rule has been to use parens for simple first-name diminutives or initialisms by which someone is popularly known, and quote marks for nicknames that aren't obvious; thus Gerald Wayne (Jerry) Grote, but Carl Daniel "Oisk" Erskine. I've screwed it up a few times, but that's what I'm aiming for. (This is my own idiosyncratic style choice, and

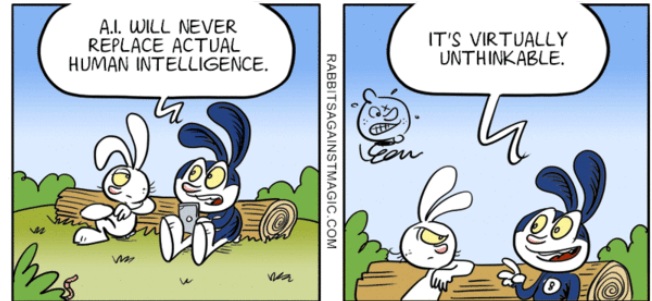
I'm not sure whence it evolved; it doesn't seem to match any of the popular style manuals.) /*/ (¢me) My recollection is that Gonick suggested "Yahoo-Wahoo" for the pronunciation of the Tetragrammaton. /*/ Each borough has a Broadway; other than the Manhattan one continuing into the Bronx (and quite a ways up into Westchester County), no two of them connect in any way. /*/ (¢Belov) "Shake and shake the catsup bottle. None will come, and then a lot'll" turns out to be an epigram from the late Richard Armour (author of such books as *It All Started with Columbus*).

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Follow-ups: I didn't get to HELIOSphere. /*/ I did get to Walgreens to get my extra COVID booster. Oddly, the pharmacist at that Walgreens said he couldn't give me the booster because they only had the Moderna there, and my previous booster had been the Pfizer (though my first four had all been Moderna). He claimed "the rules" said that any booster in this "annual cycle" had to be the

same formulation as the previous one. He sent me to a different Walgreens six blocks away where the pharmacist gave me the Pfizer shot but said she had no idea what rules the first pharmacist was talking about; she'd heard of no such restrictions. /*/ As of 28 May, the Board of Elections has not informed me of any assignments for poll work in the state primaries (25 June, but early voting starts 15 June), nor of any training required or even available prior to that. I have a nasty feeling I'll be getting another last-minute notification of a four-hour course I have to complete at home in three days before voting starts.

NYUSFS JOURNAL vs. FANFIC MONTHLY (Chas Below): ChatGPT seems to be able to talk a very good meeting. I look forward to it being able to write my life. /*/ Note that while it did describe Chas as "not a card-carrying member," it didn't explicitly say that the rest of the attendees *were* card-carrying members, so it was not erroneous there. And while "sci-fi" continues to make older generations of fans cringe, I've noticed that younger fans, such as the members of the NYU club that sprang up a decade after our departure, seem to have little or no problem with the term. (O tempura! O sushi!) /*/ I found the *NYUSFS Journal* article more inspiring, but

that may just be a matter of egoboo. /*/ Inspired by your examples, I tried the prompt, "Write a slash story in which Pinky and the Brain must sacrifice their objective of taking over the Earth in order to stay together." I got back "Brain's Plan for Pinky," a 26-paragraph (many of them one sentence long) vignette, quite G-rated, competently written but not terribly exciting. An



(*Rabbits Against Magic* by Jonathan Lemon, 27 December 2023)

interesting exercise. /*/ (cme) None of Donna's bones are electronic, as far as we know. Maybe we should have asked for electronic versions when she had her hips, shoulders, and knees replaced. (I know they make "e-legs" for paraplegics and amputees; I don't know if those require a separate stimulator. What Donna could use now is an e-neck, but I've never heard of one; it might be found in New Jersey, near Teaneck.)

We're still hoping to attend the NASFiC in Buffalo in July, but Donna's state of health could throw a monkey wrench into the works. Think positive thoughts and let's hope for the best. Meanwhile, get those air conditioners installed, and have a great Brooklyn-Queens Day, Kamehameha Day, Shavuot, Flag Day, Father's Day, Juneteenth, and summer solstice. Peace in Ukraine and the Middle East would be nice too, but let's not push our luck here.

>Portions of the preceding say "Once Seared, twice shy."<