



Beyond the FringeFan

[#560]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN rode a boat to an exotic island this month, as part of an expedition far too thin to clog any arteries but still capable of raising blood pressure. (It was just about a three-hour tour.) He's now considering whether repeat expeditions

are still what the doctor ordered. You can find him healing 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)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #560, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 23, #7 (e-APA-NYU #236) and others who are safe and effective, published July 2025 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *The Argyle Sweater* by Scott Hilburn, 2 July 2025. All uncredited material copyright ©2025 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

I DO BELIEVE IN FERRIES, I DO, I DO: But it's not looking as though many other NYUSFans do any more. Of course, sad to say, with each new Fourth of July there are fewer NYUSFans left to believe; two who used to show up regularly have left this world over the past year alone. At least one surviving member just wasn't mobile enough to manage the subway plus the ferry terminals, and a couple indicated that the heat was keeping them in their homes. (And there was a thunderstorm that provided interesting views when we were on the boat, but could have gotten us thoroughly soaked had the timing been just a bit different.) Whatever the reasons, the total attendance at this year's ferry meeting was—wait for it—four. I'd ordered two pizzas, and ended up bringing half the slices home. (Leftover pizza never goes to waste if you have a freezer and a microwave.)

I waved to Lady Liberty as we passed her island, thought of the Big Awful Bill that had been re-passed earlier that day, and mouthed "I'm sorry." I wouldn't be surprised to see her packed off to Mar-a-Lago by this time next year. Who's going to stop him?

We did the usual round trip, but decided not to do dinner, both because the weather was still a bit threatening, and because we were all full of pizza. I hope this won't be the last one, but next spring I'll be asking around to see who actually intends to show; in the absence of positive response, it may be time, after half a century, to bring one more tradition to a close.

The following evening, I went up on the roof, as has long been my custom on the Fourth, to see what fireworks I could. Coney Island and the harbor are too far away, but I counted at least half a dozen impressive displays going off within a mile of the Cadre. (Disclaimer: distance is hard to judge in a situation like this.) Two were clearly in local parks, but a few seemed to be in random spots along Kings Highway. I hope people gave their dogs and cats some good tranquilizers—and maybe kept some for themselves too.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 23, #6 (e-APA-NYU #235)

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

If there's mold in your apartment, that could be part of the cause of your ongoing shortness of breath. (But if so, the symptoms would have lessened significantly during your time in the hospital and the rehab, and worsened again shortly after you got home. Did they?) /*/ "A 2nd bureaucrat ... didn't know what a canceled check was." Kids these days. /*/ "(Recommendations on a free, legitimate antiviral & spam filter sought.)" I installed the free version of Avast Mobile Security on my Android. I have no proof that it's actually protecting me, but it tries to upsell me to other versions only once or twice a week, so for the moment I'm trusting it. /*/ I've



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 20 February 2004)

noticed, by the way, poking through the "settings" screens, that a number of apps claim the privilege to "change system settings" and/or "install unknown apps" unless you explicitly deny it to them. I spent a few hours going in and denying it to them. /*/ (¢me) "Rich Uncle Pennybags appeared recently (with Jason Momoa) in a commercial for I forget what." Apparently some sort of online version of the game. I'm not feeling eager to play it. I notice

that Uncle Pennybags is now being referred to as "Mr. Monopoly," which is not his name. I can understand the untutored not knowing his real name, but I'd think the trademark holders would take more care than that. (Then again, the president of this great nation referred to Japanese Prime Minister Shigeru Ishiba as "Mr. Japan" the other week, so maybe it's a new trend.) /*/ "Music in a foreign language is nothing new to lovers of opera. I've heard that now libretti are projected on a screen, I guess for sing-alongs." I went to see an opera that was sung in Italian a couple of decades ago, and there was an LED panel above the stage displaying translations of the dialogue. I appreciated that. /*/ (¢self) "{Hardcopy: The Groucho illo & the photo of m shorn were in the MS Word version I sent off, but vanished in Marc's conversion to PDF.}" Um, no. I don't know what you tried to send, but groups.io received no Word doc of that zine, only a text file, so that's what I used in formatting the hardcopy edition.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢me) "Pleurisy? Huh? May you breathe easier soon!" Thanks. Even without the pleurisy, I find the humid summer air rather viscous and harder to breathe, but albuterol inhalers are helpful and not too inconvenient. /*/ "95% of the answers [to Jumble] in a couple of seconds is awesome! You're a better unjumbler than me, Sir!" As a fan of cryptic crosswords, which rely heavily on anagrams, I get a lot of practice. /*/ (¢Blackman) Funding religious schools with tax money, besides violating separation of church and state, tends to pull funds away from already badly underfunded public schools, and also aggravates performance/disciplinary problems: unlike the public schools, the religious schools have the option to expel misbehaving or academically poor students, who then get dumped on the underfunded public system. /*/ I'd think that wearing multiple pairs of drug-store reading glasses to produce different effective

prescriptions would get cumbersome—both in carrying that many pairs around all the time, and (unless your nose resembles Mike Doonesbury's) in keeping two or three at a time balanced on your face. /*/ I remember the highway from the Capital District to Binghamton being New York 7, back in our Tute days. Was I-88 supposed to replace it?

HERE vs THERE vs WAY THE HECK OVER

THERE (Chas Belov): I believe the single word in English that means “way the heck over there” is “yonder.” /*/ “(A well-known symptom of Alzheimers is not remembering the 1-877-KARS4KIDS jingle and being able to reproduce it on demand. Being on key is not mandatory.)” As a diagnostic? Seriously? I couldn't find any

references to it online. /*/ I missed the final answer in the Sunday *Times* puzzle of 6 July, “Escape Room,” wherein there were four squares in an isolated chamber in the middle and you had to guess them from very obscure clues in four other answers. I thought it was unfair to the solvers; in fact it's long been the *Times* crossword editors' policy to eschew unchecked letters. /*/ (çme) I think seeing double would be pluropsy, not pluracy. If there were such a word at all, that is. (A quick Web search reveals that the medical term for double vision is actually “diplopia.” But I want *that* to be the title of a sequel to a novel by Sir Thomas More, about an idealized place where people are happy despite having eye problems.)

We were recently digging through a few crates that had been mostly undisturbed since the moving thugs two years ago, and we found a stereo receiver that I didn't remember owning, a pair of speakers that I did, and a CD player that I remember buying for \$5 at a filk convention a decade ago. We hooked everything up. The CD player turned out to be no longer functional; it's since been deposited in the e-waste pile at Best Buy. The receiver and speakers seem to work—hard to be sure about the radio reception since I don't have a good antenna, but we connected the audio outputs of the satellite box and the DVD player, and it amplifies and speaks just fine. (And the DVD player can play audio CDs too, in a pinch.) This marks the first time in more than a couple of years that I've had an actual stereo system; in the meantime I've been listening to all my music on headphones plugged into either the cell phone or the laptop. Headphones have long been my choice for intensive listening, but it's nice to have the option once again.



(*Rabbits Against Magic* by Jonathan Lemon, 28 November 2023)

Raise a glass—or your glasses—to Tom Lehrer, who left this world last week at 97. For a man who thought of himself as a math teacher first and foremost, he left the world a pretty impressive musical and comedic legacy (and leave it to the world he did; he formally renounced the copyrights on all his songs a couple of years ago, and put all the mp3s, lyrics, and sheet music up for grabs on his website). We may not see his like again.

We'll be traveling to Pittsburgh for Labor Day weekend to attend my grandniece Hannah's bat mitzvah. (I remember when Labor Day weekend meant one thing: Worldcon. When was the last Worldcon held on a Labor Day weekend? When was the last one we attended? Time, time, time, see what's become of me.) Stay cool and hydrated, and Don't Panic, as we do our best to survive one of the most brutal summers on record, both meteorological and humanitarian.

>Portions of the preceding got it from Agnes.<