



Beyond the Fringefan

[#568]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is feeling even more disorganized than usual, which is pretty disorganized. The basement 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)), though full of unsorted crates, is, for the moment, dry again, which is a plus; and with any luck, he won't be having to trash any more moldy books or launder any

more funky bedding. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #568, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 24, #3 (e-APA-NYU #244) and other wet blankets, published March 2026 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Loose Parts* by Dave Blazek, 25 September 2021. All uncredited material copyright ©2026 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

WELL, IT'S SUGAR FOR SUGAR AND SALT FOR SALT; IF YOU GO DOWN IN THE FLOOD, IT'S GONNA BE YOUR OWN FAULT: Though we got the issue with the main incoming water pipe resolved just before I went in for surgery, our problems with plumbing were not over. There was a small, apparently unrelated leak at a pipe junction a few feet in from where they'd worked in January—more of a nuisance than a major problem, compared to the other issue. Seymour the handyman tightened up a clamp and we thought the job was done—but no, it was still dripping a couple of drops a day. He came back and was unable to tighten it any further, and so he promised to get a replacement locking nut and come back in a few days.

A couple of days later—collation day, in fact—I came down to breakfast and heard an odd hissing sound from the basement. I went downstairs and discovered a stream of water shooting out of that pipe, with enough force to hit the oil tank that's against the opposite wall. Some 25% of the basement floor was an inch deep in water. I called Seymour in a panic, but it would be a couple of hours before he could make it to the Cadre. Returning to the basement with an umbrella, I was able to find the master control and shut off all the water to the house. Seymour arrived not too long after I'd changed all my soaked clothes and had breakfast, and determined that the connector that he'd been trying to tighten had failed completely—ghods know how long it had been dying. We went off to the plumbing supply house that's conveniently half a dozen blocks from the Cadre and bought a 1"MIP X 1"LEAD BRASS DRESSER (that's what it says on the receipt), which Seymour installed in short order and then restored the water flow so that Janelle the aide could do the laundry. We then spent the next day and half on the déjà vu fun part, checking all the boxes of Stuff that we hadn't been able to sort through since the last couple of disasters and triaging all the soaked stuff.

A lot of bedding went into the washing machine or directly into the dryer. A couple of crates of old magazines, some of Ethan's college memorabilia, and some old financial papers of my parents' appeared to be total losses and were put out for recycling collection. About a hundred paperback books, two dozen LPs, and a bunch of crochet and other craft patterns got spread out on towels to dry. Some were fully dry in a day or two and showing only slight warping and discoloration—attendees at the next couple of FISTFAs will get their pick—but others were still quite damp after a week and starting to show signs of mildew, and so were consigned to recycling. Someone please tell the universe that we're decluttering as fast as we can and really don't need any additional incentives.

Donna was out of sorts for a couple of months with a pain in her right side that her PCP at first diagnosed as a hiatus hernia. After it got steadily worse (and we were immobilized for weeks with various upper respiratory symptoms, not to mention a couple of feet of snow snarling traffic), we finally got her to an urgent-care clinic, where they diagnosed chondritis—an inflammation of the ribs—and prescribed prednisone. (I drove the Cadre Conveyance, very cautiously, a mile back from that visit, on the Thursday that was five weeks subsequent to my surgery.) That pain having finally eased, we finally got back to the oral surgeon and the dentist to follow up on January's extractions-beneath-the-bridge (sounds like a romantic getaway, doesn't it?). The new improved bridge that fills in the gaps should be ready right around collation.

And on the few warm days we had in early March, I biked my first few miles since last autumn, with no issues save a need to downshift a notch. More to come as we (hopefully) get steadily nicer weather. With my renewed mobility comes physical therapy outside the home, over at Professional PT on Flatbush Avenue. I've mostly switched from the walker and rollator back to the cane as a mobility aid.



Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 24, #2 (e-APA-NYU #243)

MALHUNDO vs. MALKATO (Chas Belov): You have tags reading “span lang=“eo”,” and then you state, ““es’ is the ISO 369-1 language code for Esperanto.” Is there a WCAG guideline on typos? */ Haven't done a *New York Times* crossword in a couple of weeks for reasons of technical difficulties; I subscribe to the *Times* but not its Games add-on, and the person who's been letting me piggyback on her account once a week to download the puzzle has had some glitches with her account. If this goes on, I'll have to decide if I want to pay the extra \$7 a month for the Games upgrade—that works out to \$1.75 per Sunday puzzle, so very likely not. */ (¢cover) I hadn't heard of KOSMA; all I'd been aware of, as far as kids and social media are concerned, were rules prohibiting grade-schoolers from carrying smartphones in school (a good idea overall, I think). KOSMA sounds like a blunt instrument, and Congress should probably be considering more important matters like taking

its constitutional responsibility for tariffs and wars. */ (¢APA-NEWS) I identified with Dilbert throughout my technical career, and kept reading the strip even after switching to language geekery. I thought Adams' skewering of management-speak and corporate treatment of underlings was still apt and funny even into the current decade. As with early Bill Cosby routines, I don't intend to purge the good stuff from my memory. The debate continues about whether the artist can be considered separately from the art. */ (¢me) I automatically add the “P” at the end of “RSV” too; I found it made for a good mnemonic for the disease's name when it was first getting public attention. */ OK, water chestnuts are not a different vegetable but a different botanical product. */ (¢Nelson) “...and my sole supply of solvable New Yorker crossword puzzles is whatever gleanings there are to be had from neighborhood Little Free Libraries.” Um, if you want more, they have a

full-size one and a “mini” every day at <newyorker.com>./*/ (¢Blackman) “¿What was the hospital supposed to do regarding your ride home if it wasn’t an Uber? ¿Were they supposed to have someone pick you up?” For my surgeries (and even my colonoscopies), they’ve asked how I’m getting home, and implied that they won’t let me out if I don’t have something arranged. For the colonoscopies, Uber or a car service seemed fine with them. From the rehab after a hip replacement, they wanted to make sure there’d be someone to help me into the house, not just leave me at the curb. ./*/ I don’t much like “lol” as a verb, much less “lollo” as its past tense, but *if* they come into common use, I won’t be able to fight them for long. I see that “LOL” or “lol” has entered Merriam-Webster’s Unabridged online, but only as an abbreviation. Were I copyediting anything more formal than an apazine, I’d certainly replace either “lol’d” or “lollo” with “laughed out loud.” Ask me again in ten years (we should all live so long).

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER

(Mark L. Blackman): “...and on the ride home my [subway] car evacuated to the shout of ‘Pepper spray!’” What did the operators do? Take the whole train out of service, or just close off the one car? And did they catch whoever sprayed it? ./*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “Shouldn’t von Daniken have been under ‘V’? Wikipedia thought so.” Yeah, I waffled over that for a while. I believe the European style is to ignore nobiliary particles like “von” and “de” when alphabetizing, but U.S. practices are all over the place, and even the *Chicago Manual of Style* dodges the question, saying that “the indexer must consider the individual’s personal preference (if known) as well as traditional and national usages.” When I put him in the In Memoria, it was a little too late to ask Mr. von Daniken his personal preference. ./*/ (¢me) “Last year, did they operate on the better or worse hip?” By what criterion? I believe



the orthopedist said that the right hip looked worse on the x-rays and MRIs, but regardless, the one that was hurting more was the one I should get replaced first. That was the left one. ./*/ As previously noted, water chestnuts are not related to regular chestnuts, horse chestnuts, or Joey Chestnut. And as Chas noted, regular chestnuts are nuts, which are a subset of fruits, while water chestnuts are vegetables. And “Chestnut Mare” was a song by the Byrds. ./*/ “The rhombus gets no respect, no respect at all.” You’re thinking of Rhombus Dangerfield. ./*/ (¢Belov) I hear Chas speaks Esperanto like a native. ./*/ I thought glatt kosher meant it came from a bull that was circumcised. ./*/ “I’m just trying to respect self-chosen labels.” ...which is difficult when the labels change every few years. Jules Feiffer did a



(Feiffer by Jules Feiffer, sometime in 1967)

cartoon on the subject back in 1967. ./*/ “I carried schoolbooks (& my lunchbag) under a rubber elastic band with a hook & eye.” I used one of those in grade school—flat, thick rubber band about half an inch wide with the hooks embedded in the ends, right? But by high school I was carrying so many books that I needed a book bag, which they sold (along with T-shirts and bumper stickers) at a little shop in one room of Stuyvesant High. I developed callouses on the middle joints of the fingers of my right hand from carrying that thing. ./*/ (¢self) I learned about *Not Only ... But Also* a decade or two after its demise; the BBC wiped most of the tapes, so they’re gone forever (unless some fans can coordinate a *Doctor Who*-type search for them).

I’m hoping to show up at a No Kings rally (before collation date but after I submit this) and see how far I can march with the cane without distress. I have even more reason to be concerned, with a new forever war that has caused the U.S. military to raise its age limit; can a draft be far behind? Will it still be going on when my grandson reaches 18? If certain politicians get their way, I’m not making any bets.

In the meantime, a good spring to all, and a happy Passover, Easter, Prophet Shuaib's feast, or whatever you feel motivated to celebrate. See you just before Beltane.



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 23 August 2023)

>Portions of the preceding wonder if hamstring stretches are kosher for Passover
(or any other time).<