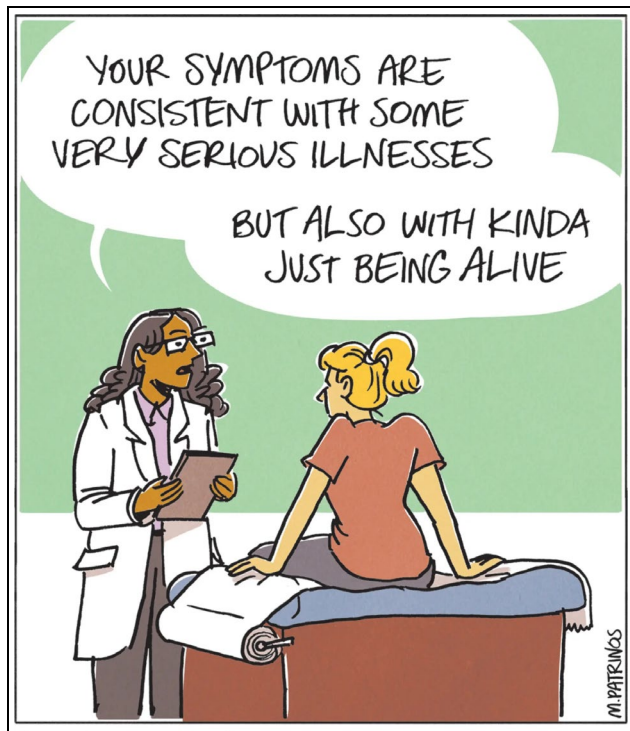




Beyond the Fringefan

[#572]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN has spent the past month just kinda being alive, and hoping that the people he knows and loves will continue to do so as well. He'll keep the air conditioning on at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 🖥↔🖥 nycadre [at]

aceds1 [dot] com; 🌐[http://www \[dot\] nycadre \[dot\] org](http://www.nycadre.org))) despite the horrid electric bills; keep running errands by bike whenever possible to save on gasoline bills; and keep trying to think of things to write about in **Beyond the Fringefan** #572, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 24, #7 (e-APA-NYU #248) and others who aren't *[sic]* dead, published July 2026 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above by Maritsa Patrinos for *Six Chix*, 8 May 2026. All uncredited material copyright ©2026 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

[Oh, crap. A lady I know is now undergoing immunotherapy for a malignant growth in her esophagus. It never ends. Best wishes to her for a full and speedy recovery so that she can continue kinda being alive.]

We got a slightly larger turnout at the Ferry meeting this year than last—not saying a lot, but then it was hellishly hot again, hitting 100°F during the day. As I've noted, many of the used-to-be regulars are no longer among the living. But if all six of us who showed up are still treading this earth by next spring, I'll consider trying to go for one more.

There was better attendance at the FISTFA surrogate dinners Lisa Braun arranged during Thom Anderson's indisposition: eight in June and twelve in July. They were at a nice multi-regional Chinese place called Hui on the Upper West Side; it wasn't cheap, though not out of line for the neighborhood, but it had the saving grace of being around the corner from one of the newest, and hence fully accessible, subway stations in town. There were a cluster of rollators taking up space near our table.

Speaking of Thom, the good news is that he was sent home from rehab this past Tuesday. He'll be using a rollator to get around his home for a while, and I'm not sure how soon he'll be up for leaving the place other than for doctor visits and the continuing dialysis, but progress is progress.

ASTOUNDING ANAGRAM: I read comic strips daily at GoComics.com, where I use the screen name "The Brooklyn Accent" (a pun on my initials, MSG) for making comments on the strips and the other

commenters. During a recent discussion of anagrams, I ran my screen name through an anagram server and discovered that I was—The Balky Connector. That must mean something, but I don't quite know what. (And as I learned some 35 years ago, *Beyond the Fringefan* anagrams to *Fanning the Beefy Rod*.)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 24, #65 (e-APA-NYU #247)

COVER (Chas Belov): I was disappointed that the "QR Code from Hell" didn't link to anywhere when I pointed my phone at it. The ready online availability of QR code generators could have enabled you to put up a code that would link to the White House, or to Hell, Michigan, or Hell,



Norway. (Of course, when you created it, there was no way you could have it link to "thish," which didn't yet exist.)

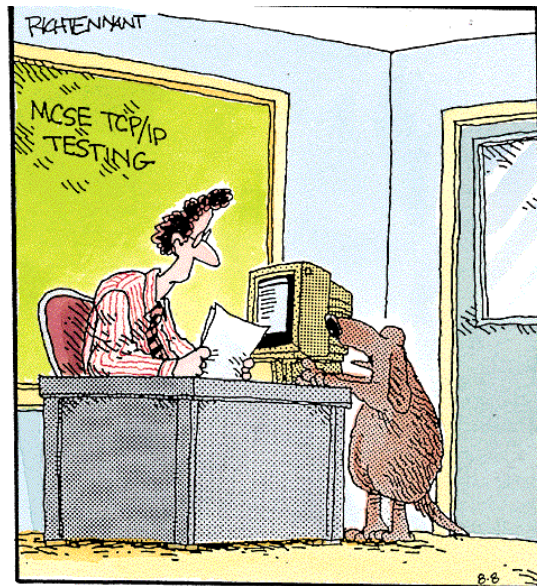


JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

"[The cardiologist] said that all of my problems will go away when I urinate out 10 lbs. of fluid.; but even at a quart a day, I don't see that happening soon." A quart of water weighs about two pounds; phlegm is a bit denser, the Internet tells me. But how much of the urine the diuretics induce represents fluid drained from your lungs? That might be a question to ask the doc. (But

you'd improved enough to make it up to the FISTFA surrogate dinner two weeks ago, so maybe the diuretics are finally doing what he wants them to.) /*/ Congratulations on finally qualifying for Access-a-Ride. /*/ (cAPA-NEWS) No, either I never found out Joel's middle name, or I forgot it. It was over a month before any obits for him appeared online, and they just gave his middle initial. I still haven't had any response from his widow Joann. /*/ A large part of the backlash against Kars4Kids is not just because the group hid its Jewish affiliation. Rather, it relates to the disconnect between the advertising, which was designed to suggest that proceeds went to feed or clothe needy young (pre-teen) children, and the reality that the bulk of them (after an unusually large rake-off for advertising and administrative expenses) were used for taking 17- and 18-year-olds on gap-year trips to Israel.

.CAT VS. .DOG (Chas Belov):



"I assume you'll be forward-thinking enough to allow '.dog' as a valid domain name."

(*The Fifth Wave* by Rich Tennant, 8 August 2000)

"Our circle of fen gets smaller and smaller as the years go by." I was struck one evening last year by the sudden realization that given any two individuals who have feelings for each other, one of them is going to face the heartache of the

other's death (unless they die simultaneously). (And I wasn't even stoned when this realization struck me.) /*/ I've discovered that the website of the *Seattle Times*, where I read some daily comic strips, runs a *New York Times* crossword, but it's five weeks behind—the puzzle it ran on 11 July had appeared in New York on 7 June. Oh, well, at least I can download it for free. And the *Wall Street Journal* has reorganized the puzzle page of its website, so that the variety puzzles are no longer accessible. Apparently they're still available if you want to buy the actual paper on Saturdays. How twentieth century! /*/ But while digging through boxes of Stuff in the basement, I found a bunch of old puzzle magazines I'd bought cheap in the 1990s at the late lamented Ruby's Book Sale on Chambers Street, including some Dell *Variety Puzzles* that included three or four pretty good cryptics per issue. So I'm not totally starved for good puzzling, but depending on what else I unearth, I still may have to bite the bullet and start paying one or another website for a steadier supply. /*/ Yeah, I'm getting lots of spam supposedly from nycadre@data.magicnewdeals.net and nycadre@help.dealzcahnge.org [sic] and the like. I guess the technique must be successful in

piquing *someone's* interest enough to get them to open the e-mails, or they wouldn't keep using it. /*/ Hmmm, I got one the other day, allegedly for Warby Parker eyeglasses, whose subject line was "***CREATIVE LEVEL SUBJECT LINES ARE AVAILABLE**". Someone isn't even bothering. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) The [sic] after "Dr. Who's" referred to the fact that in the two *Doctor Who* movies made in the 1960s starring Peter Cushing, the title character was actually a doctor, from Earth, whose family name was Who. So a fan of the show would wince at a reference to "Dr. Who's" anything, but in the context of the movie, it was correct. /*/ (¢me) Lately I've seen very little spam of any sort at my acedsl address, and while I'm getting a ton of it at Yahoo mail, it's virtually all getting filtered into the Spam folder without my intervention, so (knock veneer) both those organizations seem to be doing a good job at the moment. I do peep into the Yahoo Spam folder just for my own amusement prior to clearing it. /*/ "Also, ¿did I ever run my CAPTCHA take-off in the APA?" Not that I can recall. /*/ Billie Joe McAllister was entirely fictional as far as anyone knows. (If Bobbie Gentry knows otherwise, she's never said.)

Bumper sticker seen on Avenue J, 2 June 2026:
LIVE, LAUGH, LOVE?
IN THIS ECONOMY?

We survived another annual block party last Saturday. They keep setting up the audio system at mid-block, which unfortunately means right about outside our door. The music, mostly West Indian stuff reflecting the heritage of the bulk of the block's inhabitants, would have been pleasant if they hadn't cranked the bass up to window-rattling levels. Ethan and Ashley came over with The New Kid so that they could show him off, so I actually left the house for once, to accompany them (but not before putting in earplugs). Simon's looking good for five months, with a couple of teeth making their appearance, and starting to show limb coordination that suggests he's about ready to crawl. I'll still be much happier dealing with him when he can talk.

I'll be back in another month. Hope everyone survives the Dog Days. (Siriusly.)



(Dark Side of the Horse by Samson, 5 July 2026)

>Portions of the preceding haven't kept up their trivia skills, which are now in Jeopardy.<