

Beyond the Fringefan [#573]



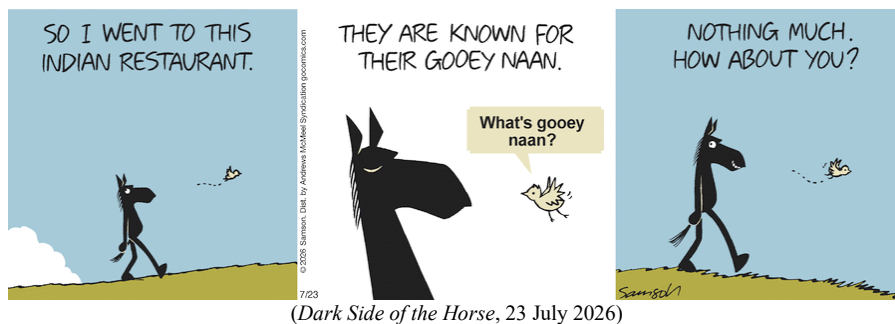
BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is showing new levels of perspiracity as he sweats the small stuff this month. Also the big stuff and all the other stuff. It's August in The City, after all. He's just littering around (oh, the humidity!) at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 🖨↔️🖨 nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com; 🌐http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)), trying not to urinate too much about the nation's politics. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #573, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 24, #8 (e-APA-NYU #249) and other malapropriators, published August 2026 as a combative production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both submarines of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Reality Check* by Dave Whamond, 22 August 2026. All unaccredited material copyright ©2026 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

I've been staying home a lot this month because of weather too soupy to want to venture out in; I've also stayed home every Wednesday because we haven't had a steady aide for Donna in three months of Wednesdays. (First world problems, I know, but Donna increasingly needs the help, and we have the cash to pay for it.) After the stalwart Janelle had to leave because of family issues, Natalie (who'd been doing two or three days a week) expressed a willingness to increase her time with us to six days a week, four hours a day (and eight on Mondays), but needed Wednesdays for whatever else was going on in her life. Since then the agency has sent us a procession of ladies, mostly from the West Indies, many of whom seemed to have only the barest passing acquaintance with English. A couple were in poorer physical condition than I am, and had real difficulty carrying a basket of laundry up and down the stairs between the bedroom and the washing machine in the basement. One never showed up at all, telephoning the agency *at the hour she was due here* to let them know she wouldn't make it. (We'd been expecting her to help get Donna to a doctor's appointment, so we didn't much appreciate that.) Two seemed competent and communicative enough for us to want them back, but mysteriously called the agency over the weekend to say they couldn't come back the following Wednesday—it could have been something interpersonal, but they'd seemed to be getting along with us just fine when they were here, so who knows? Nonetheless, each week we've had a new aide, and I've needed to stay home and show her where everything is and how Donna prefers her stuff to be organized.

Another obit, sad to report: Fred Phillips passed away last week at the age of 88. His irascibility had over the years driven a wedge between him and much of fandom at large, but he'd maintained a few contacts through a small but intense network of Lovecraft enthusiasts and the publisher of his two collections of poetry (largely in sonnet form with heroic or eldritch themes). He was by all accounts a devoted husband and father. My condolences to his daughters, Tavie and Kirsten.

In happier news, Thom Anderson continues to recover at home from his medical troubles of the spring and summer, with the assistance of a visiting home-care aide and physical and occupational therapists, and transport to dialysis sessions. He's hoping to be able to host FISTFA again in October for his 80th birthday, with a little help from his friends.

Given Thom's unavailability, we once again had a FISTFA surrogate dinner, this time at an Indian place called Veeray da Dhaba, on First Avenue in the East Village. I was surprised to learn that all but one of the little Indian restaurants that used to fill a nearby block of East 10th Street a couple of decades ago (there were at least a dozen, and people joked that they all shared one kitchen) have departed. Veeray was a bit pricier than those were—then again, everything in Manhattan is pricier now. The food was tasty (though I found the saag paneer a bit lacking in texture), and they offered a dessert that's hard to find: gajar ka halwa, a sort of pudding made from grated carrots. I brought some home for later in the week.



(Dark Side of the Horse, 23 July 2026)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 24, #7 (e-APA-NYU #248)

COVER (Chas Belov): I clicked on all the images, and I was indeed able to access the issue.

VERSES VERSUS CHORUS VERSUS BRIDGE (Chas Belov): I agree that verse beats bridge, unless you're trying to get from Brooklyn to Manhattan. /*/ I tried a few rounds of Routle (New York edition) after your paragraph in which you mentioned playing the San Francisco edition. I found it challenging—without any street grid or even the shape of the coastlines, the lines that go from Brooklyn up to upstate Manhattan or the Bronx all look very similar. I got three rounds on the second guess. On my fourth round I chose the F, which the game said was wrong, and made guesses that were increasingly far afield until it told me I'd lost and that the correct answer was the F Express—which I'd had no idea was to be considered a separate route. Then I read your next paragraph and discovered that the F/F

Express gotcha had gotten you too. I may or may not play it again. [Follow-up: I tried again a few days later, got a couple in one guess, and then failed on one because the map showed the #2 splitting in Brooklyn and going to both Flatbush and New Lots. The #2 never goes to New Lots. I decided I'd had enough.] /*/ I listened to part of your instrumental playlist (and will probably get to more of it later). I was quite taken with Ulytau and eventually located the whole album. I also liked "Zales" by Xera, but found that most of the rest of the album (*Tierra*) was not instrumental. Still enjoyable, though. Interestingly, your playlist had just one song in common with the Instrumental Miscellany folder on my phone: "Take Five." (I do have a version of "Do Nothing till You Hear from Me," but it's by Richard "Groove" Holmes. Vin Scelsa used to use it as a closing theme on his radio show, when he wasn't

using “Sleepwalk” by Santo and Johnny.) /*/
Once we’ve figured out whether to consider
“Tequila” an instrumental, we can debate “It’s a
Gas” from the *Fink Along with MAD* album. /*/
Lately, the spam e-mails have been arriving at
my yahoo address (and immediately getting
filtered into the Spam folder—go Yahoo Mail!)
at the rate of about one an hour on weekdays and
one every other hour on weekends. I guess the
spammers don’t like working overtime. /*/
(¢Blackman) What is the Bosky Effect? From
context, it sounds like something related to
Murphy’s *[sic]* Law (“If you write anything
criticizing editing or proofreading, there will be a
fault of some kind in what you have written”). /*/
(¢me) The *TV Guide* issues I found at archive.org
seem to be complete with the northern California
local listings, in what looks like a
continuous run from early 1965
through early 1970.

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me):
(¢Belov) The *Wall Street
Journal*, after a five-week gap,
has gotten the Saturday variety
puzzles functioning again on its
website, I’m glad to report.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER

(Mark L. Blackman): All but one of us who
attend FISTFA are in our 70s or even older, so of
course our conversations are going to include a

lot of health-related talk. /*/ (¢self) “I emailed
the MS Word version of my zine attached to the
text version. How do others?” I do the same.
Chas sends text only, and I plug it in to the .doc
file and do minimal formatting (setting the font
and enlarging the title line by a couple of points).
Joel used to send .doc, .rtf, .pdf, and .htm files
(all four!) to me personally a few days after
collation deadline. /*/ (¢me) The old *Doctor Who*
gave each episode an individual title during the
first two and a half seasons; later they named the
serials retroactively. After that, they named the
serials, and the episodes were “Episode 1” and so
on. /*/ (¢Belov) “We need surgery protectors.”
Would that be something that stops your doctor
from performing unnecessary operations? Or
something that makes sure the operation doesn’t



(Brewster Rockit, *Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 13 July 2026)

get interrupted once it starts? /*/ (¢bacover) Yes,
since Chas submitted new covers for #247 and
#248, I moved the paper-era covers to the back.

I’ll be attending yet another poll-worker training session downtown in mid-September, which will tell
me little or nothing that the previous ones didn’t, but what the hell, they pay me for the attendance (as
long as I actually show up to work on Election Day). Otherwise, just a couple more doctors’
appointments for Donna and me, and of course the High Holy Days. For those who celebrate it, may you
be inscribed and sealed for a good New Year. A pleasant Equinox to those who celebrate that, and may
we all get some cooler and drier weather already. Till next time...

>Portions of the preceding may complain, but will sell no whine before its time.<