

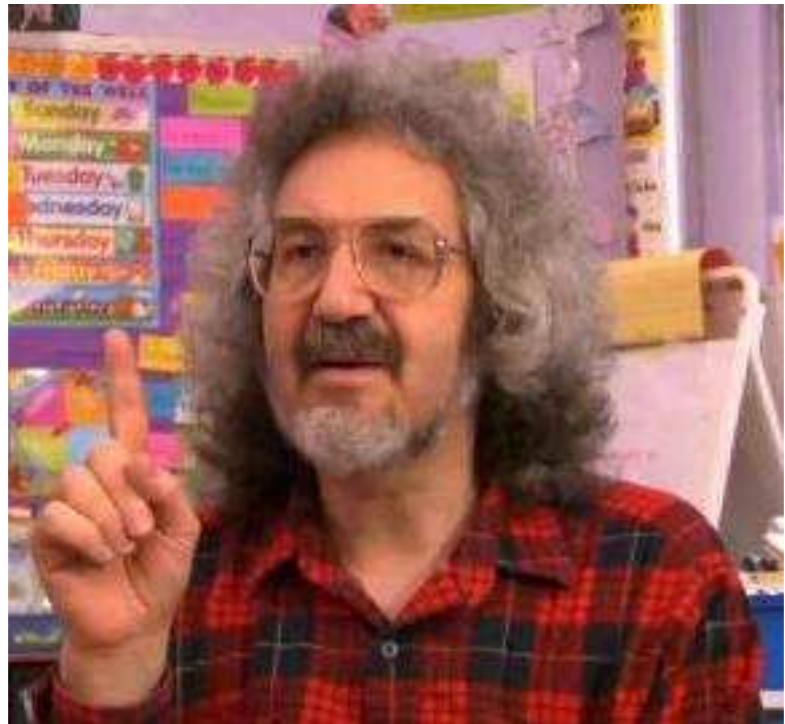
## [#434] BEYOND

## THE FRINGEFAN

this month finds himself one year closer to the Tombstone Blues, yet not inhabiting Desolation Row; he can still take a lot to laugh as long as he's well enough to take a train to work. You can go back to New York City if you believe you've had enough, and find him at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East Positively 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 🖨↔️🖨 nycadre [at] alum [dot]



## FRINGE FAN BIRTHDAY 61 REVISITED



rpi [dot] edu; 🌐[http://www \[dot\] nycadre \[dot\] org](http://www.nycadre.org))). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #434, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 11, #5 (e-APA-NYU #109) and others who know something's happening but don't know what it is, published May 2013 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Image from *Lonely*, directed by Andrew Robertson, circa 2008. All uncredited material copyright ©2013 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**HOW DOES IT FEEL? HOW DOES IT FEEL?:** Not particularly different from how it felt to be 60. I've been more tired and disorganized lately, but that seems largely the result of the extra work I took on since the beginning of 2013 rather than the extra year of age. I've had no further apparent symptoms of last summer's and fall's pericarditis, and I biked in to work a couple of times in April and May with no ill effects other than getting there slightly late—I'm still out of shape from the winter's inactivity. With luck, that will improve as the weather warms up and I do it more.

While I'm on the subject of age and its infirmities, I should mention that the work on the construction project that is Donna's mouth has been restricted mostly to maintenance so far this year—reattaching a couple of crowns that made a break for it, and filling a cavity—but we expect the oral surgeon to suggest this month that we get started on the first of what are likely to be five or more dental implants. Nothing else frightful seems to be going on with Donna's body at present; she's been getting acupuncture for nearly a year from a practitioner in Williamsburg, and she thinks it's helping with her pain and stiffness, but negotiating the maze of health-care bureaucracy has occupied many hours for which I could have found far better uses. The deal works like this: I send forms to Medicare and wait for Medicare to send a denial notice (since it doesn't cover acupuncture), then I send the denial notice and some more forms to United Healthcare, which then uses a random number generator to determine what fraction of the cost it will reimburse. But either of those organizations may decide it doesn't like the way the forms were filled out, send them back, and refuse to process them until we re-do them to spec—yes, Medicare may

refuse to deny our claim, which unfortunately is not the same as accepting it. I have four years now in which to get good at handling this before I'm on Medicare too.

Oh, and Persons who Care about Cats may be interested to know that Heifer, on top of the arthritis and the amputation, continues to suffer assorted minor ills for which Donna is now administering assorted medications. Recent afflictions included a urinary-tract infection (for which she received an antibiotic) and constipation (for which we were given a tube of something called Cat Lax). Getting old can be a bitch no matter what species you are.

### **RIGHT NOW I CAN'T READ TOO GOOD; DON'T SEND ME NO MORE LETTERS, NO:**

Things may, just may, finally be settling down vis-à-vis my overlapping paying gigs. I actually had a week in May with no deadlines (other than APA-NYU) bearing down on me. Meanwhile, I finally got around to blocking it all out on a spreadsheet (standing in for a calendar), based on the schedules as I've gotten them, and worked out that the major deadline times of the Holocaust newsletter and of the orthodontic journal should neatly miss each other throughout the year—except for the first issue of the year, for which both get urgent in late January, overlapping the end-of-year work at AllianceBernstein as well as my attempts to get tax information organized. This knowledge may help me plan a few things better next winter. (To add one more wrinkle, though, Dr. G. has asked me if I think I might be able to take over doing the layout in future issues; he feels that the guy who's been doing them so far is overcharging. I wonder how much Adobe I can pick up between issues...)

### **FRINGE RECEPTION:** Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 11, #4 (e-APA-NYU #108)

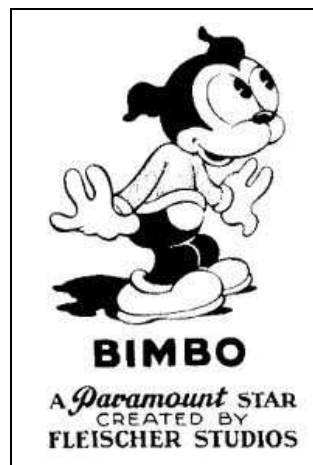
JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

Wait, I thought Harpo was the son who doesn't know how to ask. Zeppo knows how to ask, but he washed his hands of the family act and left the Seder early. /\*/ "Things chatted about [at BPLF 2.0] included ... the Brooklyn subway bombing plot ...." Weren't there a couple of those in the past couple of decades? /\*/ (¢self) Clearly, the Groundhog can't win, since spring *is* six or seven weeks away on 2 February. Apparently most years he doesn't even want to wake up and leave his burrow—would you want to, with all those thousands of people milling around?—and has to be prodded out with canes. That's animal cruelty if you ask me. Where is PETA when we need it? /\*/ "And note that as a business, his lawyer is ax-deductible." The ax is a business expense? /\*/ (¢me) "A cousin couldn't change the clock in his new car. I told him he's supposed to get rid of his car every 6 months." Changing Daisy's clock isn't a big deal. But when we get electrical work done or a new battery installed, all 18 radio station settings go away, and I can't for the life of me remember what they all are to set them up again. (I mostly use the three news stations for traffic reports, WNYC, and very occasionally WQXR and CBS-FM. Oh, and New Jersey 101.5 for traffic reports when I'm heading though that state. The rest of the time I'm using the cassette and CD players.) /\*/ The Weather

Channel fear-mongering about asteroid strikes? Are they confused about what "meteorology" means? /\*/ (¢Nelson) Flat feet may have the advantage of being easier to get in and out of your mouth.

LSD\* IN THE SPRING (Ariel Cinī): "Pushing 40 feels way more appropriate than pushing 60." But either is better than pushing up daisies. My best wishes for a happy and healthy New Guadam. /\*/ Did Chelsea Goodwin make any air-check recordings of your time on her show?

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Movie Mike e-mailed to remind us that Bimbo was also the name of a Max Fleischer animated character in the 1930s, a diminutive, anthropomorphic dog. He was relegated to the footnotes of cartoon history after his girlfriend became a bigger star than he was, and was transformed from poodle to human; her name, of course, was Betty Boop.



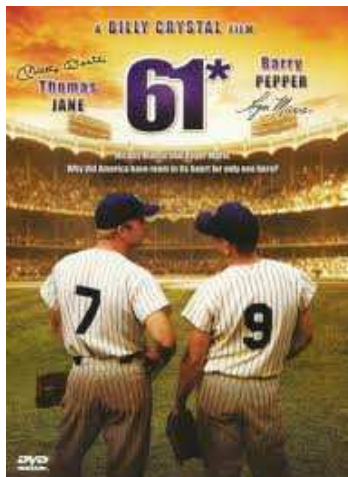
BUSY! BUSY! BUSY! (Deb Wunder): Nice, nice, very nice. May your gainful employment

continue! /\*/ (¢Blackman) “Sadly, when one is on Medicaid, one finds that they are much more willing to have you get teeth pulled or surgically removed than to have you save them.” Medicaid is run by accountants, not doctors. Pulling teeth is cheaper; case closed. /\*/ (¢me) “...one more piece of [Bloomberg’s] stealth ‘making the city more attractive to tourists by removing unsightly fat people’ campaign.” Um, removing unsightly fat people, or removing unsightly fat from people? I think there’s a difference. (Hey, if he just wanted people to lose weight, wouldn’t he be encouraging smoking?) Has he proposed any laws mandating weight limits for living here or using municipal services?

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢me) “Be afraid; be very afraid. ‘the four behaviors deemed most hazardous’ involve speed, distance, acceleration, and time, none of which ‘your car’s diagnostic port’ provides.” Actually, it turns out that the PIDs (parameter IDs) defined in the OBD-II standard, used in American passenger cars since

1998, include “Vehicle speed” and “Distance traveled since codes cleared.” If the insurance company’s plug-in device is constantly transmitting those to the central computer when your motor is running, then the computer knows when you’re driving (or at least when someone is driving your car), and it should be a simple matter for it to figure out the acceleration or deceleration. No GPS is necessary, although of course that doesn’t prove there isn’t one also built into the plug-in. /\*/ The insurance agent who touted me on the system never sent me the printed description he promised; this may be a simple oversight, but right now I’m taking it to mean that the company figures that customers who ask to see details in writing, rather than jumping for the bait the moment the agent mentions lower rates, will not have their doubts eased by seeing those details. (Just ‘cause you’re paranoid doesn’t mean they aren’t out to get you.) So I guess I’m not participating, for the time being.

Only a few people responded to my question in last month’s APA-NEWS (and on the bounce list) about this year’s Ferry meeting. The issue, to recap: we’ve always had the meeting on the nearest Thursday to the Fourth of July, including the Fourth itself if it happened to be a Thursday—but the amount of people traffic downtown on the Fourth has been growing every year, plus security will doubtless be at a paranoid level after the Boston Marathon bombing, plus the Fourth this year will also be the date the Statue of Liberty is reopened to the public after repairing storm damage from Sandy. My suggestion was that it would be the better part of valor to postpone the Ferry meeting to the 11<sup>th</sup> this year, and I asked for opinions. The consensus was that 11 July would work just fine. So spread the news, everyone: we’ll be meeting on 11 July; same timing as usual, gathering at 6 pm and taking the first boat *after* 6.



My initial plan for this month’s logo was to use the poster from the 2001 TV-movie *61\**, about Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, and the 1961 race to break Babe Ruth’s home-run record, but thanks to Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa, that accomplishment no longer resonates as loudly as it did a couple of decades ago. Does anyone remember Roger Maris anymore?

[Possibly my favorite film credit of all time was in the end credits of *61\**. It read: “Yankee Stadium played by Tiger Stadium.”]

Oh, well, I guess I’ll go blow out the candles and wish I could remember what I was wishing for. See youse all in another month, more or less.

>Portions of the preceding were so much older then; they’re utterly ancient now.<