



# BEYOND THE FRINGE— FAN

(#438)

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** says, “You’ll have to speak up; I have a new TV in my ears.” Thanks to an infusion of 21<sup>st</sup> century technology at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; ↔ nycadre [at] alum [dot] rpi [dot] edu; http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)), he’s watching the same old rubbish as ever in his limited viewing time, but now he’s watching it in glorious 1080p resolution. It will be left as an exercise for the reader to determine how much the learning curve for the new equipment has delayed the publication of **Beyond the Fringefan** #438, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 11, #9 (e-APA-NYU #113) and other screen savorers, published September 2013 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Speed Bump* by Dave Coverly, 15 June 2012. All uncredited material copyright ©2013 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**IT’S ALL A DREAM, LIGHT PASSING BY ON THE SCREEN:** I finally capitulated to the march of technology and bought an HDTV; this was largely the result of my making inquiries of DirecTV concerning the Genie technology the latter has been advertising lately, which allows the user to record a show on DVR in one room and play it back in another. It turns out to cost only \$3 more a month than we were already paying, but it requires that at least one TV be HD. So there is now a 39" flat-screen Toshiba LED model where the 25" Magnavox CRT was, and the 25" Magnavox has been moved downstairs to where the 23" RCA CRT was. (The RCA is waiting for us to find someplace to put it in the garage while we figure out whether we want to hold on to it as contingency backup.)

I was able immediately to do something I’d been waiting to do for two years: connect the HDTV to my laptop to use as an auxiliary monitor. I can now display one document on the TV while editing another on the laptop screen, or vice versa. (I’ve gotten spoiled at work, where everyone’s computer has two monitors.)

It was a couple of weeks later that the technicians from DirecTV showed up to upgrade our hardware, and that was where things got derailed. The techs said that, regardless of what the sales people had told me over the phone, the Genie hardware didn’t play nice with non-HD TVs. They could connect the 25" CRT to a so-called mini-Genie, but we should be prepared for random bouts of slow

responses and blank screens from that box—they mentioned delays of as much as 20 minutes when changing the channel. Calls to DirecTV’s lines got us several layers of sales people who insisted (between half-hours on hold) that the techs were wrong and that there would never be any such problems if the equipment were properly hooked up.

My experience has shown that when the technicians disagree with the sales people on technical matters, it’s far wiser to believe the techs. (We could have had them set everything up anyway, and then had them come back and pull the mini-Genie off the old TV if we experienced problems later, but that would have meant scheduling another appointment and killing another day.) So we put the Genie on the new TV and left the old satellite box on the old TV for the time being, and we’ll keep using the VCRs to record the shows that Donna wants to time-shift.

I don’t know whether the agita brought on by the morning’s interactions had anything to do with the fact that, ten minutes after the techs left, when I bit into a bagel slice, one of my front crowns shattered. Dr. G. the dentist was in that day and repaired it at least temporarily; a new replacement is in the offing for next month. (The crown has been in place for over 32 years, so I can’t exactly cry shoddy merchandise. In fact, it was put in by a different dentist before I started seeing Dr. G. As that practitioner retired in the early 1980s, I suspect he’s no longer even around to complain to.)

**HAVE YOURSELF A DANDY DAY THAT COST YOU UNDER A FIN:** Deb, Sue Levy, and I celebrated Sue’s birthday by seeing the Brooklyn Cyclones play the Tri-City Valley Cats at MCU Park in Coney Island (top ticket price \$16—all right, not quite under a fin, but not bad considering inflation). The weather and both teams cooperated: the predicted rain held off, other than a few drops in the eighth inning, and the Cyclones beat the pants off the Valley Cats, 8-1. Regrettably, the Cats made up for their poor play that night by winning the next three days’ games, leaving the Cyclones tied for second place in their division for the season—notably better than their major-league affiliates the Mets are doing at present. (The Yanks are placing as poorly as the Mets, but have a better win/loss record.) After over a decade, I’m still unsure

whether to be pleased that Brooklyn once more has a professional baseball team, or resentful that it’s in the most minor of the minor leagues (Class-A Short Season). If only I had the slightest interest in basketball...



(By Olivia Walch in the *Washington Post*, July 2010)

**FRINGERECEPTION:** Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 11, #8 (e-APA-NYU #112)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢Cinī) “Fireworks resemble rocket launches.” I thought fireworks *were* rockets, but I researched the matter and found that most professional fireworks nowadays are launched by mortars. (Did you know that the Walt Disney Company is the largest consumer of fireworks in the United States?) /\*/ (¢me) “I prefer  $h = 18 * \sqrt{c}$ .” By your figuring, Heifer is only 74 in human years, not 84. Where did you get that formula? /\*/ I don’t think I’ve ever been to a high school reunion. I don’t think I’ve missed them. I probably won’t get to this year’s

college reunion either, since they shifted the date from June to October (a heavy month at work). Look for me five or 10 years from now.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): Continued best wishes for getting through your housing debacle without killing someone or suffering a coronary. /\*/ Thom’s praise of *Dodger* was so enthusiastic that I got hold of the book, and am now halfway through it. It’s amazing how much Dickensian London (as rendered by Pratchett) resembles Ankh-Morpork,

or vice versa. /\*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “The Freedom Chair?” That’s what Mr. Diffrient called it; it wasn’t a post-9/11 rename of a French chair. Its manufacturer says “Its weight-sensitive recline, synchronously adjustable armrests, and dynamically positioned headrest” improve comfort and reduce injury. /\*/ It’s hard to get all the awards an author like Matheson won into two lines on the In Memoriam. /\*/ “The Chat is still hanging on.” True, for some reason; perhaps the few of us who sign on have nothing better to do—or are in front of our computers already anyway. /\*/ (¢Cinī) “Um, unless one has 3 parents, one can’t be 1/3 anything.” Well, she did say “at least 1/3”; that could mean 1/2, 3/8 or 7/16, depending on the complexity of her family tree. (Remember, she’s had 44 past lives, lived on quite a few different planets.) Ethan used to say he was “35% cat”; in his defense, he was about eight at the time. /\*/ “And ‘domo’ is Japanese for thank you.” Uh, I think “arigato” is Japanese for thank you. “Domo” in “domo arigato” is an intensifier. /\*/ (¢me) “One day, someone will transcribe ‘Bye Bye, Fantasy and Sci-Fi’.” That will be me, if I ever find the various pages scattered around the house. Or maybe we can persuade Rich; I’m sure there are other verses he wrote but never published. /\*/ “I should establish or re-establish an Apa-Nyu Private Archives password. How?” Go to <nyusfs [dot] org [slash] mailman [slash] listinfo [slash] apa-nyu> and click the button near

the bottom that says “Unsubscribe or edit options.” That should get you to a page where you can enter your e-mail address and click “Password reminder” (again near the bottom)—then it will e-mail your password to you. I don’t know what it will do if you’ve never set a password; let me know. /\*/ By the way, those are



(Tina's Groove by Rina Piccolo, 11 January 2013)

the archives of the individual submitted zines, as collected by Mailman. There’s a separate archive of the hardcopy editions (.pdf and .doc files), collected by Jailbait, located at <nyusfs [dot] org [slash] archive>.

#### A SORT OF DIFFERENT 'ZINE (Deb Wunder):

Gaaah. Well, better to know what’s going on inside your body, anyway. Good luck with all that’s going to happen. /\*/ (¢Nelson) “Indeed, sirrah.” Um, you might want to rephrase that. My dictionary says that “sirrah” is “used as a form of address implying inferiority and often used in anger, contempt, or disrespectful familiarity.” (Apparently Doris Day was being *very* disrespectful when she sang it twice.) /\*/ re the APA-NYU Private Archives, see my last ¢Blackman above.

I guess it’s time to wish everyone a happy Equinox, and to those who celebrated the New Year two weeks ago, may the remaining 96% or so of 5774 be happy and healthy. Back in October, with any luck at all.

**>Portions of the preceding should have known better than to leave you all alone and go searching for rainbows crystallizing into love, love, love.<**