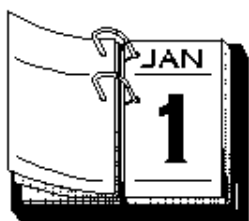


Happy NYU Year
from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#442]

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ANTICLIMACTIC DENOUEMENT: When we left off, Donna had been diagnosed with an aortal aneurysm, and her cardiologist, Dr. N., had referred her to Dr. R., chief vascular surgeon at Maimonides. Dr. R. expressed the opinion, based on the images and his examination, that Donna had had the aneurysm for a while—months or years—and that it was not posing any immediate risk to her. He scheduled a follow-up CAT scan and consultation for six months in the future. When we went back to Dr. N. the following week, Donna asked him explicitly if she needed to curtail any physical activity because of the aneurysm, and he told her not at all. So we appear to have averted some more drama, and I believe I can say that we're not at all disappointed.

Five days into the new year, Donna finally made perceptible progress on the dental front, rather than just fighting to hold her ground, when we visited Dr. H. the dental surgeon (not to be confused with Dr. H. the family practitioner), and he extracted 1½ teeth (the other half had been taken out in November) and put in her first two implants. Donna's recovering now on a diet of oatmeal, soup and pudding, and reports that she is not in excessive pain, and looks forward to getting crowns on the implants later this month so that she can actually chew with them. And I'm recovering from the airborne trip and the impact on my elbow and side engendered by the ice-covered front steps that morning.

SILENT NIGHT, SQUEAKY WHEEL: I mentioned in last month's colophon "the 10-minute synthesizer soundtrack loop that accompanies the light display on the house across the street from the N.Y. Cadre," which had been playing for about four hours each night starting the night after Thanksgiving. I think it was the evening of the 17th of the month, after hearing the soundtrack repeatedly while shoveling snow, that I rang the



(The Argyle Sweater by Scott Hilburn,
22 December 2010)

doorbell and made a polite inquiry of the householder, to the effect that I didn't want to interfere with his family's celebration of the holiday season, but was it at all possible that they could be equally merry with just the lights and not the sound? I concluded with a plea that if they really did need the soundtrack to celebrate the season properly, they at least agree to shut it down on 26 December. The man looked at me as though he couldn't imagine any human who was *compos mentis* being troubled enough by the situation to come over and say anything about it, and he said he'd think it over; but *mirabile dictu!* the soundtrack was off the next evening, and only came on again on the night of the 24th, which I was willing to tolerate in an ecumenical spirit.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 11, #12 (e-APA-NYU #116)

LA VIE* SANS NOEL (Ariel Cinī): Congratulations on your survival in spite of groin pull, UTI, and temporary loss of rent share. Good luck on the debut of *The Touching Lands' Dance*.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢Cinī) “‘I have heavy Russian accent because I heavy Russian.’”? You should come down to Little Odessa in Brighton Beach if you want to learn how to sound like a heavy Russian. Right now you just sound like an upstater with a bit of a lisp. /*/ I fail to see how a cat choosing to express its dissatisfaction with the cleanliness of its litter box by “relieving [itself] on [its owner's] clothes” demonstrates that the cat in question is not old. Spitefulness is not the same as youth (and that's not even to consider the issue of incontinence). /*/ “So [my brain] grants me sufficient adrenaline to enable my eye muscles to stretch those lenses to adapt to near vision when needed.” If it's adrenaline that's



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 23 August 2012)

doing it, then you're in fight-or-flight mode

whenever you drive, and that's not good; the fight part can lead to road rage, and the flight part can lead to panic starts and stops. Be careful!

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

Are you still getting those leg cramps? Jeanne Mealy e-mailed from Minnesota, “Does Mark Blackman know about taking magnesium for leg cramps (250 mg)? And Vitamin D? John [Stanley] said increased magnesium can also cause leg cramps at first, but they don't last long -- the body adjusts.” /*/ I was comfortable using “Thanksgivukkah” only because I knew the expression couldn't be used again for thousands of years. /*/ (¢Nelson) “So Applets aren't Tablets made by Apple?” No—they don't start with a lowercase “i.” Wikipedia notes, “In computing, an applet is any small application that performs one specific task that runs within the scope of a ... larger program, [such as] a Java applet, a program written in the Java programming language that is designed to be placed on a web page.” But the candies (flavored with apple juice) were Aplets with a single “p.” /*/ (¢me) “You know, I think the one with Carrot & Angua is the only sex scene in the Discworld series.” No sex, please; they're Morporkian. /*/ “Mention of a ‘Middle East AND Japanese eatery’ somehow reminds that on his tv show Jerry Lewis once played a Japanese detective named Meshuga. (And hey, George Takei married a Jewish guy.)” And Sid Caesar had a Japanese character in sketches named Ganza Metziya (Yiddish for “big bargain”).

MOUNTAIN ASH, WINTER GREEN (Donna Camp): I looked up the discography of the Cherokee National Youth Choir (the chorus that performed at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade) and found that the bulk of its material consists of Christian hymns translated into the Cherokee language, but is described on the album



Chief Arrowsmith is remembered in Indian folklore as "the leader who had good intentions."

(Frank Lengel for *The New Breed*, 22 November 1989)

blurbs as "traditional Cherokee songs." This jibes with what you apparently heard on the TV, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" similarly identified. It's been 175 years since the Trail of Tears; perhaps the Cherokee who survived developed a new tradition of assimilationism. /*/ Okay, I'll get you a Swiffer mop like Morty and Lee have, but I don't think it'll help clean out your aorta.

That about wraps it up for January (and about time, too). I'm looking forward to seeing whether Staten Island Chuck is more deferential to Bill deBlasio that he was to Mike Bloomberg (who was closer to his own size). 'Til next month, everyone keep warm and wear shoes with lots of traction.

>Portions of the preceding are just mad about '14, and '14's mad about them.<