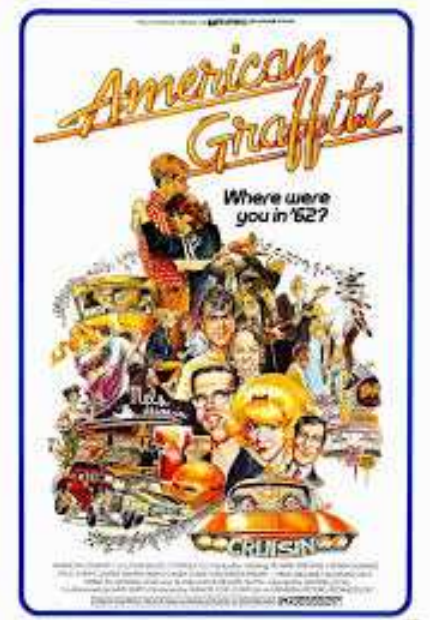




Beyond the Fringefan [#446]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN will turn 62 this month. What's he done that's worthwhile? Well, he's survived to the age when he can collect Social Security if he needs to. That's worth something! He won't be filing just yet, though, since people seem to be willing to pay him more to show up at an office in midtown Manhattan and nitpick financial writers' spelling, grammar and factual accuracy; but it's nice to know that if he ever finds that intolerable, he now has the option to retire back to 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)) and maybe write longer zines. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #446, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #5 (e-APA-NYU #121) and others who ask, "Where were you at 62?", published May 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Hagar the Horrible* by Chris Browne, 12 June 2013. All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

Social Security pays higher monthly benefits the longer you wait to start collecting them. Also, if you file early (prior to full retirement age, which is 66 for middle boomers like me), the system contains a provision that cuts your monthly check by \$1 for every \$2 you get in wages, above a very low threshold. So as long as I can hack the commute, I intend to keep working for at least another four years, and not file for Social Security until then. Your mileage may vary.



...IT'S ALL PATCH, PATCH, PATCH: [by the way, can anyone authoritatively tell me the source of that quote?] In honor of my approaching birthday, I've scheduled an annual checkup with Dr. B. in mid-May. I doubt that anything new and frightful will emerge, but as Click and Clack will tell you, doing the maintenance can keep the machine operating smoothly for longer. I do need to get a change of medication, since Caremark, my prescription coverage, recently informed me that it will no longer cover Lescol, the anti-cholesterol drug Dr. H. prescribed 15 years ago to bring down my triglycerides. With luck I won't need another colonoscopy until early next year, since the one in 2012 turned up nothing worrisome.

The root canal was successful and I once again have a pain-free smile (or grimace), though I still await a definitive answer on whether I'll be needing a crown this season or just a post. Meanwhile, as I type, I'm dealing with a nagging backache, of a variety I've had intermittently for decades, but it's been nearly continuous for a couple of weeks. I may need to get a referral for some physical therapy when I get that checkup. Perhaps Donna and I can get simultaneous sessions (how romantic!).

WITH SIGNS AND WITH WUNDERS: Jonathan and Debbie Baker were kind enough to invite me, and several other fen, to their home for a Passover seder, as they've done (to my recollection) every year for nearly two decades now. (Much gratitude to them, and may they remain in good health to keep doing so for decades to come!) Deb Wunder was unable to attend, as she was only a week out of hospital and was unable to negotiate the flight of stairs into the Bakers', but arranged to appear by proxy: she sent me a scan of a childhood picture of herself and her sister. When we reached the part of the text in the Haggadah that refers to the Almighty bringing the Israelites out of Egypt "with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm, and with great terror and with signs and with wonders," I was able to hold up the picture of the Wunders as a visual aid. I also prepared some signs to go with the Wunders. [For the



goyim among my readership: "chametz" means bread (or any other food) containing leavening, which is forbidden during Passover, commemorating the haste with which the Hebrews left Egypt, such that there wasn't time to allow the bread to rise.] I was able to reprise the printouts when Deb and roommate Sue the Librarian held a seder in their home the second night; and an unleavened time was had by all.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #4 (e-APA-NYU #120)

APA-NEWS: It occurred to me recently that Eddie Lawrence's Old Philosopher was probably the first motivational speaker I ever heard—and probably about as helpful as any of the ones I've heard since. ("Hey there, cousin. Ya say ya can't pull your car out of the mud and you're in the middle of nowhere and it's pouring rain and ya can't get the top back up and your paycheck's all blurred and your foot went right through the gas and your girl's screaming bloody murder she's scared of the dark and a stroke of lightning splits your motor in half and your suit's shrinking up fast and ya start up the windy road on foot and sixty yards of barbed wire hits ya right smack in the puss and ya both fall down in the mud and then a wild animal comes over and runs away with your shoes and your car blows up suddenly and your windshield wiper ends up in your mouth

and ya can't move and the mud's rising up to your nostrils and you're sinking fast and ya don't hear your girl screaming anymore? Is that what's on your mind, cousin? Well, lift your head up high and take a walk in the sun with that dignity and stick-to-it-ness, and you'll show the world, you'll show them where to get off. You'll never give up, never give up, never give up—that ship!") /*/ I have to wonder how many people under 30 know the name of Mickey Rooney only through the lyrics of the "Yakko's Universe" song from *Animaniacs* ("It's a great big universe, and we're all really puny; We're just little tiny specks about the size of Mickey Rooney!"). I'm about to be 62, and I can't hear his name without thinking of the song. (Estimation of my mental age will be left as an exercise for the reader.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢APA-NEWS)

“[B]ecause I named my GPS Alice I entered The Moon as one of the places to go a few weeks ago.” What directions did it give you? [When I ask Google Maps for directions to the moon from



“For pity’s sake, Jack, how many times do we have to go over this?! For the last time, you’re supposed to bay at the moon!”

(Rubes by Leigh Rubin, 31 December 2012)

the Cadre, it tells me that The Moon is at 10 Jay Street in DUMBO.] /*/ (¢Wunder) “A friend and I tonight (March 30) theorized that the seasons since Fall 2013 have been delayed by a month, so we have March the Sequel follow March this year to re-synch the calendar with the temperatures.” Your friend and you are channeling the Hebrew calendar. 5774 is a leap year and so had a second month of Adar (which coincided with 3–31 March 2014).

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

“I have no idea why sometimes it decides to run at 52 Kbps, others at 31 (or even 26) Kbps.” It may be a matter of how noisy or noise-free your phone line is at the moment—or which of the several communications servers at Juno you’ve reached on that particular occasion. /*/ “George Washington’s overdue library books” An

expense-account padder and a book hoarder as well! What sort of father did this country choose for itself? /*/ I loved Jean Shepherd’s short stories—they appeared in *Playboy* prior to being collected, so I really did buy that magazine for the articles—but I remember listening to his radio show a couple of times, and both occasions left me cold, so I tuned back over to Cousin Bruce. Maybe I just caught him on a couple of bad nights. /*/ Congratulations on being Tuckerized by Raymond Feist. /*/ (¢me) “A CHECK ENGINE light severity code? Like the old color-coded terror alert system?” More like a detail code. For example, on Honda models such as Daisy, P1456 means “EVAP Emission Control System Leak Detected (Fuel Tank System)” — that’s probably the code she reported that night in February. By contrast, P0230 means “Fuel Pump Primary Circuit Malfunction.” There are literally thousands of codes, covering all parts of the engine, transmission, and pretty much any other component they can put a sensor in. /*/

“Coincidentally, as no one mentions, March 14th (3/14) is Einstein’s birthday (1879; OK, he probably wrote it 14/3, in European fashion).” And he was smart enough not to make a big deal of it. /*/ (¢Wunder) “While I rarely use a serial comma before ‘and’ & ‘or’, there are unarguably times that commas clarify meaning by their presence or absence.” As an editor, I’d say the issue was word order rather than punctuation; I’d have corrected it to “a red rubber-stamp illo of Groucho, upside-down, wearing a bowtie,” or “a red rubber-stamp illo, upside-down, of Groucho wearing a bowtie,” or even “an upside-down red rubber-stamp illo of Groucho wearing a bowtie” (no commas needed there at all).

CATCHING UP...KIND OF... (Deb Wunder):

Keep on healing, and may the roommate get her difficulties sorted out as well!

2014-April-26: I had occasion this past winter to visit a Dunkin’ Donuts shop, and was a bit surprised to see that the price of a single doughnut (or a single donut, if you prefer) is now 99¢ in my part of Brooklyn. Add sales taxes, and the purchase will set you back more than a dollar. Well, inflation of the currency is a fact of life, but I guess this explains why I haven’t heard the idiom “dollars to doughnuts” used to mean “really long odds” in quite a while. Give it a few more years, and we may start hearing “doughnuts to dollars.” (There doesn’t seem to be any analogous expression using another country’s money. Michael Quinion’s Web site World Wide Words <<http://worldwidewords.org>> recently cited the phrase “London to a brick,” which suggests odds that are practically astronomical, and better yet, not pegged to a currency; oddly, it appears to be an Australian expression rather than a British one.)

>Portions of the preceding suspect the inventor of doughnuts was born under the sign of Torus .<