



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN had a rather taxing time over the past month, thanks to the Sherlockians at the state treasury apparently disagreeing with what he'd thought were brilliant deductions. He had to spend a lot of time digging through his files 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)) and hoping he wouldn't have to pass an audition (bureaucrats give him stage fright, don't you know). In between photocopying medical bills and calling insurance companies, he worked on this zine, **Beyond the Fringefan** #447, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #6 (e-APA-NYU #122) and others who've contemplated spending a year dead for tax purposes, published June 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Rhymes with Orange* by Hilary B. Price, 26 August 2013. All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

BUT WHEN THE TAX MAN COMES TO THE DOOR, LORD, THE HOUSE LOOKS LIKE A RUMMAGE SALE (not that that's any different from its usual state): I've spent much of the last month retrieving and copying medical documentation for last year. As mentioned, through the good work of Christine Quinones, I got our taxes e-filed on time, and received our Federal refund in about a week. However, what was good enough for the Feds turned out to be not good enough for the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance. The state sent us an "Account Adjustment Notice" after about two weeks, declaring that it had "recalculated" our deductions by substituting the standard deduction for our itemized deductions, thus reducing our deductions by about \$12,500, and increasing the tax we owed by over \$800. This was mysterious; all our deductions are legal and proper—Brooklyn Dodgers yes, tax dodgers no.

A follow-up note a week later told us that the state had been "unable to verify the amounts" of our medical deductions, and that we could request reconsideration of this action by sending in copies of all documents relating to the medical expenses we'd claimed. It's taken a bit of time and effort, but I've just sent in, certified, return receipt requested, a brick that includes copies of two spreadsheets, four cash receipts from doctors' offices, 56 cancelled checks, 12 bank statements, six pages of itemized listings of our copays on 102 prescriptions, a bill for electric-wheelchair repair and battery replacement, and letters from Prudential Insurance, Social Security, and my former employer attesting how much we spent on medical, dental and long-term care coverage—about 80 double-sided sheets in all. It's a good thing I'm working in a place with lots of photocopiers, and a fair amount of downtime for me in May and June.

Otherwise, not much is new. I had my annual checkup, and all seems fairly normal. Dr. B. gave me the prescription for physical therapy which I sought, and a couple of days later, before I'd had a chance to consult with any p.t. offices, I noticed that the lower-back pain that had persisted for two months was finally starting to ease. Go figure. (However, I developed a new neck pain last week. I'll have to see whether it shows signs of abating quickly. ~~And have I told you about this pain in all the diodes down my left side?~~)

Donna's now in the midst of a 10-day course of prednisone for some nasty asthma. Otherwise she has no major disasters in progress; she's continuing to do p.t. and acupuncture, and of course the dental work goes on. And on.

HeiferCat has had a few more visits to the vet, who has pronounced her as healthy as one can expect for an arthritic 18-year-old cat that's been operated on for hyperthyroidism and also suffered the amputation of one leg. She has what has now been declared a chronic (not just persistent) pseudomonas infection, so we now have a third medication to add to her food and try to find ways to get her to ingest it (and continue doing so for the rest of her days on this planet). I believe that's all I'll say on this topic right now.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #5 (e-APA-NYU #121)

LIFE* BUT NOT AS I KNOW IT (Ariel Cinī): "The other day @ LinkedIn, an editor asked for viewpoints on wearable future tech. He quoted me verbatim..." and you identified yourself as "Independent Publishing Professional"—but not as an author. Shouldn't you have seized the opportunity to plug at least one of your titles? Good point, though, about anything you might imagine for the future turning out to be already in the pipeline if not obsolete. They don't yet have a PC "hid[ing] in a pocket watch," but there are wristwatches that connect to your smartphone via Bluetooth and let you make and take calls, control the MP3 player, and leave voice memos without taking the phone out of your pocket. At this point, or soon, the size of the screen may be the only obstacle to fitting full PC function into a

Condolences on the hassles with surgical scheduling. I understand you'll now be lugging around the post-surgical paraphernalia during Contata. No fun at all. /*/ Translating puns into languages of other countries (let alone other planets)? But that trick *never* works... /*/ "First: *a princess is the daughter of a King.*" Being a princess was always a nearly unattainable fantasy. That's why they're called fairy tales. Is it better, in present-day America, that a girl should instead fantasize herself the daughter of a wealthy businessman who dotes on her and buys her anything she wants? (And then finding her Dream Man who comes from a similarly privileged background?) There's a reason certain women are labeled "[fill in choice of ethnicity] princesses."



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 18 March 2005)

watch case. /*/ Wasn't Brooklyn Heights already trendy by the 1970s? And Park Slope had gotten there too. It was Boerum Hill and Prospect Heights and Williamsburg that were still awaiting their anointment as cool places to live (and subsequent exorbitant rises in rents). /*/

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): I didn't actually buy anything at the Shikar, but had a good time nonetheless; as we know, the pleasure is in the pursuit. I was also pleased with the Chinatown restaurant (Shanghai Asian Manor) we visited afterward (right next door to Wo Hop, no less!) and plan to suggest it as a dinner destination after the Ferry meeting in a few weeks. (And thanks to Andrew Byro for recommending it.) /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "It's been nearly a decade since we made more than one round-trip on the Ferry." True. The Ferry

personnel have increasingly made it a hassle, and we're getting older and less willing/able to deal with it. Neither of those trends is likely to reverse, so I guess I'll delete the "or two" next year. /*/ (¢Judy Harrow obit) "I recall her once offering to disprove the expression 'colder than a witch's tit.'" Um, I think anything below 98.6°F is going to be colder than a witch's tit. I once heard her say on a winter's day, "It's colder than a Christian's crotch"—I'd say that was giving them tit for tat, but you know how I feel about atrocious puns (which may be why I did indeed say it). /*/ (¢me) If it's "wodka," it's probably Polish (since Polish uses the Roman alphabet, but, like other eastern European languages, pronounces the "w" as a "v"); if it's "vodka," it's probably Russian or Ukrainian (and transliterated from the Cyrillic "водка") or Swedish. Or even American.

CATCHING UP...KIND OF... (Deb Wunder):
 Again, keep getting better. /*/ (¢me) "Other than the color of your hair, you look pretty much the same, bubbeleh." Looking in the mirror while trimming my beard, I've noticed that the bags under my eyes seem baggier, and my nasolabial folds (the parenthesis-shaped lines from the corners of the nose down to the corners of the



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 4 March 2013)

mouth) more pronounced, than I think I remember. A co-worker who's worked in theater some (and who gave me the word "nasolabial folds") confirms that when trying to make people look older, makeup artists emphasize those lines (among others).

And I guess that wraps it up for June. Hope to see some of you this weekend at Contata in Morristown, and a couple of weeks hence at the Ferry meeting.

>Portions of the preceding were inspired by actual events.<