



Beyond the Fringefan [#448]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN went and got a smarter phone, but doesn't anticipate taking any selfies anytime soon; he never did with the previous one, and he hasn't gotten any better looking lately. He'll give you the number if you're likely to need to call him urgently, but otherwise he'd just as soon you contact him 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 yes, you're likely to get the answering machine; three out of four incoming calls lately seem to be robocalls from companies that want to refinance the house, the credit card bill, or the electricity, and none of them seem terribly trustworthy.) This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #449, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #8 (e-APA-NYU #124) and other believers in the virtue of selfielessness, published August 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**.^{INC.} Cartoon above from *Brewster Rockit, Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 3 June 2014. All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

I decided (last winter, actually) that it was time to upgrade my allegedly smart phone, from a now nearly four-year-old Samsung Galaxy S Vibrant to a newer model in the same series (since I'm satisfied overall with how it's supposed to work; it was just getting too slow, largely, I suspect, because of feature bloat in the newer versions of some apps.) I went for the Galaxy S4, whose price has been coming down in fits and starts ever since the S5 came out in April. I've now reinstalled most of the apps that were on the old phone, and I'm embarking on the learning curve of finding out what all the apps that come with the new phone are actually supposed to do. The ones that are supposed to help me spend money (on music, video, games, or e-books) have been taken off my home screen.

It's still being an expensive summer. The dust has mostly settled at the Cadre; the flashing has been fixed, the new front door is in place (though we don't like the lock), and the sections of plaster and paint and banister which were to have been replaced, have been. We are now paying Terminix more, because the ants that appeared in the kitchen this spring (as they have every year for at least a decade) did not go away in spite of my deploying a dozen different kinds of bait. They're gone now, which is a relief, and the package covers rodents and mosquitos too, so if those should make an appearance, we'll give Terminix a call.

The crowns are now on Donna's implants, and it looks as though there's some orthodontic work in her future (oh, boy!). A lower incisor, out of position for decades because of crowding of her lower jaw, is now rotten and due for replacement; Dr. G. wants to expand her lower jaw using clear aligners so that

the replacement will function in proper coordination with the rest. (Clear aligner treatment—or Clear Aligner Treatment, per the style guide of the journal I’ve been editing for Dr. G. and his son—uses transparent plastic appliances worn over the teeth about 23 hours a day, which exert gentle but continuous force to push the teeth into the desired alignment by gradual stages. The patient wears each set of aligners for two weeks, then discards them and puts on the next set, for however many sets it takes; the aligners are custom-designed and -manufactured for the patient using specialized software.) Donna had some doubts as to whether she could tolerate having her teeth encased in plastic at all times except when eating, but she’s decided to go for it. (MetLife, our dental insurance provider, has refused to pay for any part of the implants, asserting that they were not necessary, despite a written statement from the dental surgeon that lesser measures to fix that side of Donna’s dentition had been tried and failed; consequently I’m not holding out much hope for any help on the orthodontia.)

The New York State tax folks finally got back to us, restoring about two-thirds of our medical deductions; they’re still disallowing our payments to Margaret the acupuncturist and Judy the shrink. I’m hoping that that will change once I’ve sent in another pile of paper, comprising bills from those two attesting to their credentials; but the tax guy I spoke to claimed that psychological counseling would still be disallowed unless we could point to diagnosed medical conditions for which it was prescribed. I’m inclined to give it one more try, then give it up; I don’t have a big enough sledge hammer to hold much more hope of knocking down this brick wall.

Tom Byro had his surgery, was released from hospital a day ahead of schedule, and is currently recovering at home; he announced that he was not feeling up to hosting August’s FISTFA, but subsequent months’ remain on the table for now. We send him continued best wishes and all the positive energy we can dig up.

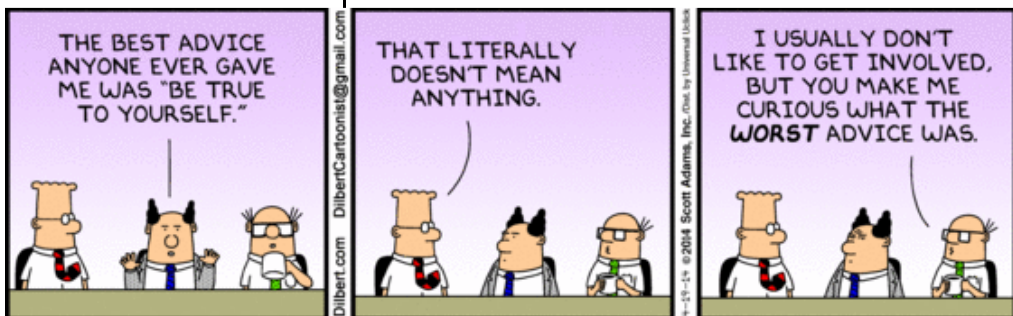
Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #7 (e-APA-NYU #123)

Are some trufen still around? (Ivan Matimatik): I can’t precisely answer that question, as there have been people, as far back as the 1970s, who believed that people in NYUSFS weren’t trufen to begin with (something about not being sercon enough). But feel free to ask about old mailings of APA-NYU; I believe I have a complete run, though some of the older zines are starting to fade. (And you have contacted me separately seeking old zines by the apa’s late and much missed co-founder SEK3. I will scan all I can for you, but it will be a slow process.)

LSD* HOT (Ariel Cinī): “I don’t have to pay anybody to listen to radio; it should be exactly the same for visual broadcasts as well.” Watch out for “satellite radio”; if it ever catches on, we may find the same thing happening for radio broadcasts. It seems to work that way now: a new and pricey version of something that used to be free or

dirt cheap is marketed as a vast improvement, and gradually gains acceptance—and once enough people are using the pricey version, the free version (which only the disenfranchised are using heavily any more) gets treated like a stepchild. I’m also anxiously watching the bottled-water business. /*/ Wasn’t Mr. Sacks known as “Treeslayer,” for the copious quantities of paper he used, rather than “Treemaker”?

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): “It is what it is’ is an obnoxious copout.” I thought it was a meaningless platitude. /*/ Your slashouts re the Elvis impersonators at the Cyclones game seem rather gratuitous, since I’ve never heard Fred attempt an Elvis impression. /*/



(Dilbert by Scott Adams, 19 April 2014)

“**The Peter Cushing movies (my introduction to Dr. Who & Daleks) were glossed over (nor was he on a DR. WHO stamp).” Those movies were never intended as part of the TV continuity; their storylines were adapted from those of two of the TV serials, but with significant changes to the backstory—the Cushing character’s actual name is “Dr. Who,” and he’s a human inventor from Earth. /*/ (øme) “My only problem with the Shanghai Asian Manor was that it was quite pricey.” Compared to Wo Hop, yes, but I didn’t think it was far out of line with general Chinatown standards; noodle dishes and fried rice started under \$7, and chicken main dishes could be had for under \$12. /*/ (inserted cartoon) “I thought Father Time was either an old man with a beard or a little baby.” That’s just the individual year, not Father Time himself; hence



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 3 January 2005)

you often see the old man and the baby together around New Year’s. /*/ “[vodka in Russian is] spelled with a ‘b’”. No, that’s a Cyrillic “veh” (В, в), which looks like a Roman capital “B” but is pronounced like “v.” The Cyrillic “beh” (Б, б) looks like a gamma superimposed on a lowercase “b” (well, that’s the capital letter. The lowercase one looks a lot like a six. If all this doesn’t make sense, look at the Word or PDF version).

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (øCinī) “Glad to hear you have a CVS near you.” In this town you’re never far from a CVS, a Rite Aid, a Walgreens or a Duane Reade—often all four. Walgreens now owns Duane Reade but has left the old name up for p.r. purposes; people think of it as a distinctively NYC chain (the original store is on lower Broadway between Duane and Reade Streets). /*/ (øBlackman) “I’ve had to wait up to an hour for a handicap-accessible bus.’ Around here you have to special order them, methinks.” Here the MTA claims that all buses will eventually be equipped with wheelchair lifts, but it’s taking quite a while. For those who have credentials to prove they’re disabled, there are paratransit services like Access-A-Ride, which you do have to special-order; anyone who’s had to rely on them can tell you horror stories about multi-hour waits, getting stranded because the drivers pulled up to the wrong entrance, and the like.

It’s been a bad season for asthma and allergies; I’ve been using my inhaler twice as often as usual, and recently I developed an ache in my chest that I was afraid meant a relapse of the pericarditis of two years ago. A visit to Dr. T., the cardiologist, set my mind to rest on that score; it’s apparently just chest muscles overworked with the effort of pulling in air with the viscosity of soup. I’ll look forward to the annual two weeks of autumnal weather around the High Holy Days before we start getting frigid nights again. Meanwhile, may everyone’s Labor Day be not too laborious, and may I get a September zine done before October.

>Portions of the preceding have got their mojo working, following a system upgrade, three reboots, and six hours on the phone with tech support.<