



## Beyond the Fringefan [#449½]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** hasn't been incredibly busy at work lately, so he doesn't quite know why he keeps falling behind on Pubbing His Ish. Keeping up with medical appointments doesn't take *that* much time...although keeping up with the paperwork (and online surrogates for it) is starting to. In any case, he's filling in with a fractionally numbered zine in the hope that he can get the last 50 issues indexed while writing a round-multiple-of-50-numbered one next month. (Yeah, right.) When he's not photocopying acupuncture receipts in midtown Manhattan, you can usually find him updating spreadsheets 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.nycadre.org>)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #449½, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 12, #9 (e-APA-NYU #125) and other chroniclers of the New York times, published September 2014 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Brewster Rockit, Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 28 April 2013. All uncredited material copyright ©2014 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

Donna was referred to a pulmonologist (lung specialist), Dr. S., over the summer after suffering recurring shortness of breath. (I've been getting that too, but figured that it was just the asthma, aggravated by some of the worst soupy New York summer air in recent memory.) Dr. S. asked Donna if she'd ever had a sleep study done; in fact, a doctor or two had recommended she get one years ago, but it kept getting shunted aside until the various medical crises settled down. The crises haven't settled down, but Dr. S.'s offices happen to include a lab where she does sleep studies, so in fairly short order Donna was scheduled for one. (They even accommodated Donna's nonstandard sleep schedule, setting it up for 5 am to 1 pm on a Sunday.) The results were illuminating; in eight hours of sleep, Donna had over 350 incidents of "arousal"—her brain waves showing that she'd come far enough out of the sleep cycle to lose the rest benefit, even if she was not conscious of being awake—including 71 occurrences of apnea (breathing stopped) and 181 occurrences of hypopnea (breathing inefficiently so that the body doesn't get enough oxygen). Her blood oxygenation was averaging 81% of full through the sleep

session—anything less than 90% is considered a danger sign. This might just explain why she feels fatigued all the time. So she’s going in for a second sleep study to calibrate the machine she will soon get to deal with this condition—a CPAP or BiPAP machine, I’m guessing. (These are machines that connect to a mask you wear over your face while sleeping; the machine pumps air into your nose or mouth to make sure you don’t slow or stop your breathing. The initials stand for Continuous, or Bi-Level, Positive Airway Pressure. They take some getting used to, I’m told, but people who’ve gotten them report feeling much better rested and more energetic after a night’s sleep.)

In other medical news, Donna had her two rotten bottom front teeth extracted and has now been getting used to wearing her first Invisalign aligner (of many; after wearing the first for four weeks, she’ll be changing them every two weeks for a year) on her lower jaw. And perhaps in sympathy, one of my molars decided to fall apart, necessitating yet another crown. Dr. G.’s kids are already through school, but I’m sure his grandchildren will appreciate what we’re putting in toward their tuition.

Tom Byro continues to recover from his surgery and is taking chemotherapy now; he wasn’t feeling quite up to cooking for FISTFA in September, but Lisa Braun coordinated a potluck gathering to relieve him of that stress, and the gathering was held once again. May he continue to get better!

## Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #8 (e-APA-NYU #124)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): “an average speed of ... 2.1 miles per hour. ... My pace is ... 2.1 feet. ... So my pace is equal to my speed. ... This is very rare, if not non-existent, in the metric world.” Not if you’re a bit creative. If the Metric Person, with a pace of 1 meter, jogs, he might be able to make 167 steps per minute—a little less than twice your walking pace—thus achieving a velocity of 1 myriameter (=10,000 meters) per hour. Alternatively, why must hourly rates be the only ones considered? If his pace is one meter, he can take one leisurely step per second and achieve a rate of 1 m/sec; that will be 3.6 km/hr or about 2.24 mph, pulling just ahead of your 2.1 mph.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): I hope you’re getting Juno’s “service” free of charge (it seems to be the only ISP still offering free dial-up in this area), since if you’re paying anything at all for it, there must be better options available. /\*/ I don’t know anything about the *Guardians of the Galaxy* comic at all (I was a DC fan in the ’60s and never got much into the Marvel universe at all), but I’ve been hearing



“OK, Mrs. Tully. We want you to relax, get a good night’s sleep, and we’ll evaluate any sleep issues that you have.”

(Close to Home by John McPherson, 13 February 2012)

enough raves about the film to see it—as soon as it shows up on cable TV. /\*/ (çMatimatik) I don’t believe he’s a Nigerian prince, nor even a KGB mole, though I don’t know exactly where he’s located. From other traces he’s left on the ’Net, he appears to be a young libertarian activist of Russian background whose hero (or one of whose heroes) is the late SEK3; he’s been seeking SEK3’s old gen- and apazines, from anyone who might have copies of them. /\*/ “Your Geek Code Block is indecipherable, sorry.” Geek Code Blocks were intended to be indecipherable by non-geeks. They represent in shorthand the various traits (appearance, lifestyle) and interests (computers, politics, entertainment) that make a geek geeky, so that different geeks can see at a glance how their interests overlap. You can look it up on the Web, of course. However, the code dates from when the Web was young, hasn’t been updated in nearly two decades, and isn’t being used a whole hell of a lot any more. Geeks certainly know that technology marches on. /\*/ (çme) “When the kitchen light blew and I eventually got the globe off, I saw that the donut-shaped bulb wouldn’t

come out, that a wire wrapped around it ran into the works, and I don't have a ladder to investigate further safely." When you can get a ladder or a helper, you may find that the wire ends in a plug that fits into a socket in the donut-shaped bulb; if so, unplug the wire and you can unwrap it and replace the bulb. Our kitchen fixture has two donut-shaped bulbs of different sizes (one fits inside the circle of the other) that work that way. /\*/ "The symbol '#' is ... now called 'hashtag'." I think a hashtag actually means a string that begins with that symbol, e.g., #fringefanpontificates, and is appended to a tweet to facilitate searching for remarks on a particular topic. The symbol itself has been called a hash mark for decades, but more outside the U.S.A. than inside. (It's probably a corruption of "hatch," as in "crosshatch".) /\*/ The "before Me" in "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" can be read as "of higher rank than Me"—or it can mean "while you are in front of Me," i.e., in My sight, which is everywhere if HaShem is omniscient.

The first reading would allow one to believe in other gods as long as one places HaShem at the top of the hierarchy; the second reading prohibits ever believing in any other god. It's pretty clear



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 31 October 2005)

which construal most Jewish, Christian, and Muslim theologians favor. If there are nuances to the Hebrew that militate in one direction or the other, I don't know them. /\*/ (cself) Calling the Cyclones "the Brooks" suggests a baseball team in business suits—hey, if the Yanks wear pinstripes, why not? (Because the tailoring and dry-cleaning bill would exceed the players' salaries, that's why not.) Or maybe a farcical comedian/writer/producer from Brooklyn who's not encumbered by considerations of good taste—yeah, that makes even more sense.

The Equinox came and went while I was typing this, so I guess I'd better stop using "Summer in the City" as my ringtone. A happy and prosperous New Year to all who celebrate it at this time, a merry Columbus Day to all, and (in case I don't get caught up) a happy Diwali as well.

**>Portions of the preceding think England should have gotten off Scot free.<**