

# Beyond the Fringefan

[#456]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** has been listening to the Stones since the '60s, which puts him in *his* 60s—an age where much of his life is a gas gas gas, though not in quite the same way as that of Jumpin' Jack Flash. (Depending on the progress of drug-law reform in New York State, he looks forward to occasionally getting Stoned later in his 60s.) He'll be celebrating his 63<sup>rd</sup> birthday this month (how? Not sure; he's got no expectations) 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)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #456, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 13, #5 (e-APA-NYU #132) and other Satanic majesties, published May 2015 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Dan Piraro, 10 January 2012. All uncredited material copyright ©2015 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



**I'M LOOKING THROUGH YOU:** It looks as though I've reached the age where birthdays are celebrated with medical tests as well as parties—best to get the tests out of the way first so that the prep doesn't interfere with the enjoyment of the cake. I got a cheerful postcard from my gastroenterologist in early April; time to come by and talk colonoscopy. It's been three years since the last, so I'm due. (This will be my ninth or tenth colonoscopy; because of family history of colon cancer, I've been getting them at varying intervals for 18 years or so. They usually tell me afterward that they found some millimeter-sized growth in my gut, called a tubular adenoma, which is benign but could eventually turn malignant, so they snipped it out.) When I got to the G.I. office for my consult, though, the physician's assistant asked me whether I'd ever had my ultrasound.

I don't remember it, but it seems that about 4½ years ago, as follow-up to my gallbladder removal (cholecystectomy) five years ago, I had an abdominal ultrasound, which turned up "spots" on my liver. The doctors believe these to be hemangiomas (~~only appropriate, since I'm such a he-man~~), benign growths in the form of small fluid-filled sacs. Ordinarily the growths just sit there and cause no symptoms, but the doctors want to check on them every year or two to make sure they're not growing or

proliferating. Somehow, in the course of my switching from Dr. H. to Dr. B. around then, I never got the message that I needed to go back in two years and get another ultrasound.



(Dilbert by Scott Adams, 23 January 1991)

So I went in early one morning and got my ultrasound. The verdict: no change in the hemangiomas, but a bit more fat in the liver than they liked (since I'm not a goose)—I should watch my fat intake a little more carefully. And a week later, I had my colonoscopy. The verdict: yet another millimeter-sized growth, which they snipped out. I'm good now for another three years.

**WHAT NUMBER IS THIS, CHIP?:** The switch to VoIP has moved forward another square: the NY-CADRE phone number is now fully switched to the new VoIP line, and appears to be functioning up to snuff. Verizon has even quit billing us for that number. In the next step, Verizon will come by and change the old jack for that line to what's called a "dry loop"—no actual phone service, but Ace will thenceforth use it for our DSL connection. Then we can switch the old "office" number to the VoIP, and part company with Verizon completely (rah!).

[I just noticed that I did a Stones shtick for the colophon, and then Beatles and Monkees references for the paragraph captions—a 1960s trifecta. If I'd gotten this zine done sooner, perhaps I could have worked in the 1969 (pre-disco) Bee Gees single "First of May." The Sixties will live on until the final Boomers breathe their last—yes, I'm talkin' 'bout my generation...]

*Fringe Reception:* Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 13, #4 (e-APA-NYU #131)

DANCE\* WITH THE LORD OF CHAOS (Ariel Cinī):  
Congratulations on your anniversaries. (To my mild embarrassment, I totally neglected to do anything last year to commemorate the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversaries of my first convention, my first NYUSFS meeting, my first apazine, and my first Worldcon.) /\*/ If the replacement doctor gave you bad attitude or bad vibes for any reason, then it makes perfect sense for you not to see her again. (And condolences on the doctor you trusted suddenly being "no longer here.") But other than the replacement doctor being hot to send you there, I don't see why you'd actively avoid a place that "specializes in your condition." Wouldn't that be the best place to find medics who *won't* give you bad attitude or bad vibes while expressing ignorance about your status? /\*/ "On NBC NIGHTLY NEWS, I saw a story about a kid who kept going on about his previous incarnation as a Hollywood personality. Then somebody went out and dug up his

documentation. Needless to say, when I started thinking back to better times, I moved a littl further out and back by remembering life on another planet." Good luck finding your documentation. /\*/ "I know that Liberty Singer comes from Brooklyn. She's single and has a great singing voice." And she rides a flying hippopotamus; mustn't forget that. If you can come up with a backstory for her in the next year and a half, perhaps it can go in the program book for the next Contata. Is Singer a title or her family name? ("Jack not name; Jack job!") /\*/ If the Pizza Principle continues to hold, subway fare increases will continue to be attributable to general inflation and not to the corruption or irresponsibility of the MTA. (Rent increases are a different issue.) But I've been wondering how the recent advent of dollar-a-slice pizzerias affects the equation. Could there be a way to transfer any of the principles of cheap fast food to the operation of cheap rapid transit?

## JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER

(Mark L. Blackman): “Topics covered [at a BPLF gathering] included ... why we wear pants (not just to avoid arrest) ...” By my figuring, the most important reason to wear pants is pockets. (And the most important reason to wear a belt is to have a place to hang one’s pager/PDA/cell phone.) The second most important reason for a man to wear pants mostly applies if he rides a horse, bicycle or motorcycle. /\*/ “Rincewind had been told that death was just like going into another room. The difference is, when you shout, ‘Where’s my clean socks?’, no-one answers.” No one answers now when I shout that. Perhaps I’ve been dead for decades and didn’t know it. /\*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “Having only seen [*The Empire Strikes Back*] 1.17 times, I can’t place Nien Nunb.” I’ve seen it thrice and I couldn’t place him. A Web site named Wookieepedia says he’s a smuggler who co-pilots the *Millennium Falcon* with Lando Calrissian after Han Solo’s carbonite freezing. /\*/ (¢me) “Actually, Finnish has more vowels than English, 8.” Quite a few languages have more vowels in their alphabets than English, because (unlike English) they use them rationally, with one vowel corresponding to one actual sound. I don’t know about the relative frequency of usage, though. /\*/ “I know 2 not-Jewish Jeffreys, oddly both surnamed Ford.” Oh? Only 2? And what’s Mr. Grimshaw, chopped liver? /\*/ (¢Nelson) “I’m unimpressed by GPS (bearing in mind that I’m a rider, not a driver). Too often I’ve heard ‘Turn onto the street you just crossed.’ (I suspect it was a product of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation.)” Like so much of what’s “in” these days, it’s an immature



(Close to Home by John McPherson, 19 September 2014)

technology. It’ll live up to its promise more in another decade or so. By that time, though, standalone GPS units may be passé; there’ll be sockets on dashboards for people to fit their smartphones into instead. (Some folks I know are improvising such things already.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): That parts store is a business you want to maintain and develop your relationship with! Turning down a quick buck by actually testing the piece you came in to replace, confirming that it’s not

broken, offering you free advice on how to diagnose where the problem really is—that’s the kind of service you seldom see these days, and it deserves reward, at least in the form of telling everyone in your area who might be a potential customer. You ought to see what review sites you can post recommendations on. /\*/ And congratulations on your dexterity on fixing the dryer yourself (with the parts store’s advice). Avoiding the cost of a repair tech’s house call is a triumph to be savored.

[hard-copy] BACOVER (Chas Belov): Interestingly, of the 13 cat-song lyrics included in this cover, I recognized the originals of 12 of them back in 1986—and 29 years later, I still couldn’t place the 13<sup>th</sup> when I scanned the cover in. Fortunately, we have the Web now, and I was able to determine that “easy come by in this day and age” was part of a line from the Yardbirds’ “Over Under Sideways Down.” I don’t think I ever knew a single word of that song outside of the title.

That will about do for this month. Until nextish, enjoy the nice weather; we’ve all been waiting long enough for it!

>Portions of the preceding want to start an anti-social network,  
for people who just want to be left alone with their reading: Faceinabook.<