



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN actually weighs less now than he did at 21 (185 vs. 200, with excursions up as far as 225 in his late 20s and 30s), presumably a Good Thing; he still goes for XL sizes for reasons of comfort. You can find him in the summer months eating salads (followed by bags of chips and cookies) at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com; 🌐[http://www \[dot\] nycadre \[dot\] org](http://www.nycadre.org))), where you can offer him diet tips if you wish (which he will reject out of hand if they involve Brussels sprouts, kale, asparagus, cucumbers, or raw tomatoes). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #468, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 14, #6 (e-APA-NYU #144) and other heavy hitters, published June 2016 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, 25 January 2016. All uncredited material copyright ©2016 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

Well, I've had the bike tuned up, and I've now biked in to work half a dozen times this season. I'm not feeling the fatigue in my thighs halfway there, as I was in May, so I guess I'm back in shape again, to whatever extent I'm going to be. The trip does seem to be taking a bit longer than in previous years—maybe 100 minutes, vs. the 90 to 95 I remember. (By comparison, the subway gets me there in 65 to 70 minutes on a good day, though the MTA has been having fewer and fewer good days lately.) But the small sample size and the unreliability of memory may invalidate any conclusions I could draw about whether I'm slowing down at the ripe old age of 64.

I had my annual physical checkup last week, and it turned up nothing horrifying (unless the blood tests produce unexpected bad news). One thing I have been noticing over the past several months is a slight numbness along the sole of my right foot, and some stiffness in the thigh on the same side when I get up and walk after sitting still for a while. Dr. B. said that was a symptom of spinal compression in the lower lumbar to upper sacral region, typically arising with age, and that physical therapy could help, if it were serious enough to motivate me to put in the time and energy. I haven't yet decided whether it's that bad. (I've had p.t. before, and I recall having trouble fitting it into my schedule. It was hard to find a place that was convenient either to home or to work, had hours that didn't force me to take time off work, and was covered by my medical plan.)

So compared to some others I could mention, I have little to complain about as I head down the home stretch into Medicare eligibility. (I encourage all readers to knock on any available wood at this point.)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 14, #5 (e-APA-NYU #143)

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Correction:

Billie Joe McAllister is now gone a *half*-century, not a quarter-century. Bobbie Gentry's song was released in the summer of 1967, but the last verse begins "A year has come and gone since we heard the news 'bout Billie Joe," so it was the third of June 1966 when he jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge. /*/ (¢Nelson) The "world leader" Joel hid twice in that zine was Putin, hidden as in the phrase "forgot to put in our requests." So I similarly cryptically hid "Obama," "Trudeau," and "Castro" in my reply.

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

"I was surprised earlier to hear Fred [Cookinham] deride Trump; to me he seems a perfect Randist, selfish & anti-altruism, & an anti-gov't capitalist." Um, aren't all of Rand's heroes scrupulously honest? /*/ (¢Cinī) "Ch. 5 News explained Mercury Retrograde as an optical illusion, like when the car in the next lane appears to be going backwards." All the constellations, including the signs of the zodiac, are illusions; that several stars happen to appear to be close enough in Earth's sky for people to connect the dots and make a picture, doesn't mean they're physically anywhere near one another. That never bothered astrologers. /*/ (¢me) "Political campaign ads left the area after the NY Primary (I didn't see any from Trump – the media gives him free publicity), but will

return in force (and with 'huge' nastiness in the fall)." I didn't see any TV ads from Drumpf either, but I got a dozen robocalls from his campaign in the four days leading up to the primary. I expect a much greater telephonic deluge come November. (Hardly any of the unsolicited robocalls even bother leaving a message anymore when we let the answering machine pick them up; political campaigns are the main exception.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢Cinī) "Renssen St. in Brooklyn Heights' There is also a Renssen Street in Cohoes. Who's this Renssen guy?"

According to one Web site, "Renssen Street is named after Joris Renssen, an early settler who purchased an immense tract of land that later was divided and sold to make up the Pierrepont, DeBevoise, Renssen, and Joralemon estates. The street was laid out and opened by Henry Renssen, a descendent, in 1825." There's also a Renssen Avenue ten miles away in Canarsie. Those Renssens got around; some of them probably moved up to your area to get away from the urban sprawl down here. /*/ (¢me) If the e-mail never reached me, I can't forward it, backward it, or sideways it. /*/ Nice teamwork at the library book sale. I hope one day to have cleared enough books out of the Cadre to be able to contemplate patronizing (instead of supplying) library sales again.

DANCE* IN A MERRY MONTH (I Abra Cinī): "The two [*Star Wars* and *Wicked*] brought together a strange thought: why not film *Wicked* as a science-fiction movie?" Shouldn't it be done as a fantasy movie first? Then you can do remakes. The producers seem to be taking their sweet time about transitioning it from stage to screen. (And since I'm practically never interested in paying Broadway prices, that of course means I've never seen it and have no basis for understanding much of what you've said about it. But why should that stop me?) /*/ On the one hand, I wish I'd known about the "all-day guitar ensemble event just up the hill from me" on Saturday 14 May. On the other hand, I know I'd never have gotten up and out and to upstate Manhattan in time—I managed to miss Fred C.'s portion of the book party as it was—so practically speaking I haven't missed out any more than I would have anyway. How did you happen to find out about the event?



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 17 October 2012)

I'm off to Conterpoint 2016, the 26th Northeast Filk Convention, for the first weekend of July, followed of course by the Ferry meeting on 7 July, which probably means I should tune my guitar and make sure I haven't forgotten my four chords. I do hope to see some of youse at those two venues. Otherwise, I don't expect to be getting very far from home the rest of the summer; I'll just be enjoying the glorious weather (or more likely, the glorious air conditioning).

Have a patriotic Fourth, and by all means steer clear of Philadelphia and Cleveland until all the excess hot air dissipates.



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 20 July 2015)

>Portions of the preceding are afraid that the next president will make America grate again.<