



## *Beyond the Fringefan* [#488]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** is continuing to find scraps of paper written by the late Gary Tesser in various corners of 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)), even though Mr. Tesser was last in the house nearly a year ago. Such scraps will likely continue to turn up for years, constituting a form of immortality. Speaking of useless scraps of paper, this is **Beyond the Fringefan** #488, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 16, #8 (e-APA-NYU #164) and others who are feeling even more bereft, published December 2018 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Frank and Ernest* by Thaves, 1 March 2011. All uncredited material copyright ©2018 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

We buried Gary Tesser last week—and I think he'd have wanted me to mention that we waited until he was dead first. Gary was fascinating to talk with, charming to hang out with, and often infuriating if you were relying on him to get something done. He was responsible for our acquisition of Murphy the mimeo (technically a long-lived pizza) about 40 years ago when we were living at One, Two, Three, Many, and spent a lot of time crashing here at the Cadre over the past three decades, serving informally and intermittently as nanny to Ethan, and as co-caregiver and NFL co-watcher to Donna. I expect there will be a lot of Tesser stories exchanged on the 'Net in the next few days and weeks.

Gary was complaining of pain in his back and gut as far back as a year ago, but in his typical fashion, he never quite got himself to his doctor's office despite urgings from several friends and from Glenis (who had been his late mother's home health aide, and came back to serve as housekeeper when circumstances forced him to concede that his apartment needed one). An incident in April finally sent him to hospital in an ambulance, whereupon the doctors discovered a cancerous growth in the vicinity of his gallbladder. There followed over six months of shuttling between at least two hospitals and his home (with Glenis resuming her role as home health aide) before the end came. Who knows how it would have been different if he'd acted sooner? Please, folks, if you're in unexplained pain for more than a couple of days, do the sensible thing and get medical help!

Once again, a death among my circle of acquaintances reminds me of the triviality of my own issues that keep me from catching up with Stuff. Medicare enrollment period came around, for example, and I had to spend a few days going over all the literature we received from our supplement plans and their

competitors; ultimately we came to the conclusion that we might just as well stick with the plans we're on. (I haven't forgotten the amount of bureaucratic hassles we've had to undergo each time we've tried to switch plans in the past.) Reading what I could find about the various state and local politicians before heading for the voting booth was also a drain on time—and probably made little difference given the strong party biases in this city.

The ache in my left shoulder apparently means that I may recently have injured my rotator cuff—Ghu knows how; looks like there's another stretch of physical therapy in my future. ~~That would explain the pain in all the diodes down my left side.~~ And the pain in Donna's abdomen seems to be costochondritis (yet another new word to look up!), an inflammation of the connective tissue between the ribs and the sternum. Again, not life-threatening but painful.



(The Argyle Sweater by Scott Hilburn, 13 October 2014)

Speaking of being old and tired, my allegedly smart phone is showing signs of both wear and obsolescence after a mere four-years-plus. Many of my apps are now requiring me to update to newer versions—which then don't run properly on the old version of Android. Worse, the headphone jack and the micro-USB port don't seem to be adequately gripping the plugs that plug into them anymore, making it harder to listen to audio files (which I spend more time doing than making and receiving calls) and to keep the battery charged. After seeing the prices of the current models (are there really people spending \$1,000 for a mobile phone?!), I've decided I don't really need top of the line, and anything whose specs are at least as good as the old one's and which runs the newest Android version will do. I'm watching T-Mobile's site for holiday-season discounts, and dreading the process of installing all the apps anew on whatever device I end up with.

### *Fringe Reception:* Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 16, #7 (e-APA-NYU #163)

RE: APA-NYU DIGEST, VOL 16, ISSUE 6 (Fred Phillips): [I'll refrain from commenting here so as not to make the private communication any more public than has already been done.]

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): We got "smart meters" from both Con Ed (electric) and National Grid (gas). They haven't said anything clever to me yet. /\*/ (çme) "Will AllianceBernstein merge with Nashville Katz? Roll over, Beethoven." "Nashville Cats" is now a recurring earworm for me whenever I'm in the office. Since Noshville Katz runs a kosher deli, he'd probably serve Beethoven's order on rye rather than a roll. /\*/ "Full retirement age" is 66 for both you and me, but the monthly SS payment keeps rising the longer one waits to start

taking it, up to 70. /\*/ "Arguably, secular society ('the state') has a stake in marriage-type unions (inheritance, benefits) in its role of guardian of public order or protector of posterity." I don't dispute that. My point is that secular society's interests and the religious institution's interests aren't the same (the latter are far more geared to making sure offspring are indoctrinated with the religion at an early age). Hence a rational state (a tall order, I know) needn't place the same restrictions on eligibility for such unions that religious groups (who purport to be acting under immutable Divine orders) do. Using the same word for both religious and secular unions blurs the distinction, and allows religious leaders to dictate or influence the rules that govern the secular unions.



(Susan Camilleri Konar for 6 Chix, 19 November 2017)

The days grow short and bleak; maybe I should give in to the impulse to hibernate, or at least to nap more often. Hey, do whatever works for you to cope with the cold and the dark. Prepare yourself for a bumpy ride, as the new year

promises to be very interesting politically, geopolitically, and financially. Take care of yourself, and have a happy winter festival of your choice.

>Portions of the preceding think it would be nice to have a kinder, gentler nation again.<