



# Beyond the Fringefan

**[#490] BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** has just completed his quarterly four weeks with too little sleep, and is working on catching up, so it's probably best not to drop in on him 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)). He'll try and hack out a quick summary of his state of being before the month is over, and call it **Beyond the Fringefan** #490, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #2 (e-APA-NYU #166) and other snoozeophiles,\* published April 2019 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Pearls Before Swine* by Stephan Pastis, 25 October 2018. All uncredited material copyright ©2019 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

\*I just coined this term because there doesn't seem to be a word that unambiguously means a person who likes to sleep. Using the appropriate classical roots, it ought to be "somnophile" or "hypnophile"; but the dictionary definitions of both these words focus on the sexual sense of "-phile"—someone who is sexually aroused by, or attempts sexual interaction with, another person who is sleeping. We need a suffix for "likes to" without the "gets horny for"—or maybe less dirty-minded people, but that doesn't seem likely.

**DON'T CARRY THE WORLD UPON YOUR SHOULDER:** After a month of PT that didn't seem to be helping, I went to see an orthopedist, Dr. S., who concluded that I don't have a rotator cuff injury, but rather a case of capsulitis, or "frozen shoulder." Per the Mayo Clinic, "The bones, ligaments and tendons that make up your shoulder joint are encased in a capsule of connective tissue. Frozen shoulder occurs when this capsule thickens and tightens around the shoulder joint, restricting its movement." Dr. S. said this can take months or even years to fully remedy, and he recommended continuing the PT—but also offered to inject cortisone in and around the joint as an anti-inflammatory. I got one shot at the top of my shoulder joint (practically painless) at the end of February, and another shot deep inside the joint (which hurt for a couple of minutes) at the end of March; by a week after the second shot, the pain I'd had for months in my shoulder was for all practical purposes gone.

How long the effects of such shots will last seems to vary with the patient, I'm told, from weeks to years, but right now I'm grateful for the relief. Continuing the PT will help prevent the recurrence of the pain, so I'll continue it as long as Medicare and UnitedHealthcare continue paying for it. I also need to make some of the exercises part of my regular routine at home.

All the stuff that's been going on for months proceeds along its forward path. AllianceBernstein continues to build up its staff in Nashville; the new permanent headquarters are set to open next January, and one by one, people at the New York office are moving down there or resigning to find employment that will let them stay in this area. My boss Charmae has now committed to moving to Tennessee but will delay her physical relocation until late spring 2020, to give her daughter an uninterrupted kindergarten year. The first Nashville proofreader has been hired. Those of us who work for Charmae here will all stay on at least through midsummer 2019, but will start to be let go thereafter, one by one, depending on how fast Charmae can find other qualified people to hire in Tennessee. As I've said, I'm qualified to retire and so can deal with it whenever it happens (it's likely I'll feel relief more than anything else), but I wish the best of luck in finding new gigs to my co-workers Carolyn, Christiane, Elizabeth, Susanne, and Loretta.

Speaking of other gigs, Dr. David G.—son of my dentist Dr. Jeffrey G.—just had me edit what now seems to be an annual booklet (about 75 pages) containing some of the “tips” he sends out via WhatsApp to the hundreds of dentists he's trained in the use of clear aligner orthodontic treatment. The man shows signs of becoming a cult leader; those who've been through his courses have not only set up study groups with silly names (“Hells Aligners” in San Francisco, “Northern Bites” in Canada, “Walker Texas Retainers” in the South and Southwest), but now are meeting for an annual convention in Las Vegas. (If they start holding conventions in Waco or Guyana, I'll disengage as gracefully as I can manage.) The work on the booklet was in addition to the regular quarterly journal of the American Academy of Clear Aligners, of which I've now been the copyeditor and proofreader for six years. Even after nominal retirement, I expect I'll still be keeping my hand in.

And speaking of dentistry, Donna's finally, after a long hiatus, resumed getting her teeth worked on. There have been a couple of extractions with bone-matter transplants in preparation for further dental implants. I've been preparing a lot of oatmeal and soup for her suppers.



(Broom-Hilda by Russell Myers, 3 May 2018)

I don't know exactly how we got into this, but we are now scheduled to attend Worldcon in Dublin, Ireland, this August; airline tickets and hotel room have all been reserved (and prepaid, for a pretty penny—or euro). This will be only the second time in my life that I've been off the North American continent (and its associated islands); the other time was also a Worldcon trip, 40 years ago. Time, money, and Donna's mobility will militate against our exploring the countryside, but we might get to see a bit of Dublin's fair city before the con starts.

Last November, New York City's public advocate—occupant of an office whose function almost no one knows—ran for state attorney general and won. So this February, there was a special election to select a new public advocate, but (for obscure constitutional reasons) one who would serve only for the rest of



this year. Again for obscure constitutional reasons, no one in these elections was permitted to run as a Democrat or a Republican; they all made up one-shot party names. (The winner was running on the It's Time Let's Go party, and the nearest runners-up were on the Common Sense party and the Fix the MTA party. Altogether maybe 9% of eligible voters turned out.) The winner was the city councilman from my district, so now there's another nominally nonpartisan special election in May for city councilperson from my district. Then in the fall they'll run a regular set of primaries and general election to see who gets to be public advocate until the end of 2021. Your tax dollars at work...

## Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #1 (e-APA-NYU #165)

LONG ISLAND VS. SHORT ISLAND (Charles Belov): "Bellona Times Tabloid #3442832928201." Wow, you've been busy since we saw you last. /\*/ Looking forward to seeing your play. I must confess a lack of familiarity with the mythological story of Medea; will this seriously impair my understanding of what's happening in your play? /\*/ (¢Blackman) "Color-coded MTA fare cards by gender? How does that affect trans folks?" I'll bet no one at the MTA thought of that when they implemented that system. Maybe the fact that new ones are a "gender-neutral" white, as Mark noted in the fall, is indeed a response to that issue. You've worked for a transit system in a substantial city; any idea

how many trans folks are there among the senior crowd that qualify for the reduced fare cards?

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): "I was up at the ~LUNARIANS~ Storage Room helping clear out more stuff." Does the Lunarians organization, such as it is, do anything anymore? Has the group held a meeting in the past year? (The Lunacon website does not appear to have been updated in 19 months, and the Lunarians website landing page is empty.) /\*/ (¢me) "(Flip phones were reportedly modeled on TREK communicators.)" And now, two and a half centuries before the original series' time frame, how quaint they seem.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 6 July 2014)

Spring is, typically for this region, arriving by fits and starts, hot one day and chilly the next, but I look forward to consistent shirtsleeve weather soon. Enjoy it, and I'll see you Real Soon Now, another year older.

>Portions of the preceding want to sleep on it; they'll give you an answer in the morning.<