



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

[#491] **BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** is once again in prime condition, having celebrated—well, noted and acknowledged—his 67th birthday. Considering the condition of many of his contemporaries, he's feeling quite healthy indeed, even if he'd still rather sleep till noon than go out rock climbing or running marathons. (He will not now venture to prognosticate how he'll feel at 79 or 97.) He's trying to keep it real, not to mention rational and integral, 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)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #491 (in a potentially infinite series), for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #3 (e-APA-NYU #167) and other discrete functions, published May 2019 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Frank and Ernest* by Thaves, 8 March 2018. All uncredited material copyright ©2019 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

YOU SAY IT'S MY BIRTHDAY; I SAY, WHAT'S IT TO YA?: Sixty-seven's not a major milestone, and besides, birthday parties haven't held much interest for me in quite a while, so not much happened on my birthday this year. It was a work day, so I didn't get to Denny's to claim my free Grand Slam. And when I got to the Starbucks at Flatbush and Kings Highway, I couldn't get my free Frappuccino because their machine was broken. Bah. (There are lots of websites that talk up "free stuff on your birthday," but upon investigation, I've found that most of the offers (1) require you to join a "loyalty" program and risk getting deluged in spam [mmm....spam...]; (2) require you to buy something at full price (like a meal) to get your "free" bonus (like a dessert); or (3) are good only at chains that don't have an outlet within 500 miles of here.)

I did commemorate, if not my birthday, then the arrival (finally!) of springlike weather, by biking in to work a couple of days later. This was the first time this year and probably only the second or third time in three years; I'd had a minor incident of tachycardia last summer which led my cardiologist to suggest taking it easy for a bit, and the olecranon injury the summer before that which led my PCP to recommend avoiding the stress to my right arm. Hence my legs are more out of shape than usual, and it took me 111 minutes, just short of two hours, door to desk. I'm hoping to improve that time over the summer. Fortunately, the garage under the former Ziegfeld Theater still has the area reserved for bikes belonging to AB workers.

SHOULDER YOUR BURDEN: My frozen shoulder seems to be mostly thawed, thank the ghods. I went for a follow-up visit to Dr. S., the orthopedist, and he said that I seem to have recovered range of motion in most directions; and of course, I've been just about pain free since the second cortisone shot that he administered two months ago. Dr. S. recommended quitting the PT for now and continuing a few of the exercises at home, so I'll see how that works out.



(Tina's Groove by Rina Piccolo, 13 January 2014)

THE MEDEA WAS THE MESSAGE: A few of us made it out to Port Jefferson (about 60 miles out on Long Island) the first weekend of May to see a set of one-act plays being premiered by Theatre Three, a local company there. What motivated us in this case (we'd never heard of Theatre Three before, though it's apparently been in operation for nearly half a century) was that one of the plays was *The Making of Medea's MEDEA*, written by NYUSFan and APA-NYU contributor Chas Belov. (Medea was the subject of classical dramas by Euripides, Seneca, and Neophron, and poetry by half a dozen other Greeks and Romans. A demisemigoddess and a sorceress, she became Jason's lover, and aided him in his quest for the Golden Fleece, in part by killing her brother; and then, after Jason rejected her, she killed two of their children. Chas's play imagines Medea, still alive after two millennia, and having decided that no one has told her story fairly, deciding to write and direct her own version.) All six of the plays were worth the time and effort of getting out there, and it was fascinating to see the range of some of the actors who played different roles in the different plays (and even in the same play: Chas's work had a couple of dozen characters, played by 13 actors). Well done, Chas, and may your playwriting career flourish.

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #1 (e-APA-NYU #165)

MANHATTAN PUDDLE (Ariel Cinī): "If I knew how I'd even include pictures [of the Auto Show]." You've included pictures before; is there a problem with your current level of available technology? /*/ And you've mentioned since writing this zine that your landline is once again functional. Congratulations, and a full and speedy recovery from your fall in Fort Tryon Park.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): So is it now faster to Web-surf on your new allegedly smart phone than on your laptop machine using Juno? /*/ Washington Roebling didn't just suffer a "nervous collapse that made him a recluse"; he was crippled by decompression disease, aka "the bends," after

working for hours on end in compressed air inside the under-river caissons that became the bases of the Brooklyn Bridge towers. /*/ So Billy Batson's alter ego is never referred to by name in the new film? That must make for some awkward dialogue. I recall when DC resurrected the character in the 1970s, the book's title was *SHAZAM! The Original Captain Marvel*. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "Did [consumer advocate David] Horowitz complain about the shoddiness of the toy gun?" Quite the opposite, apparently; his *New York Times* obit notes that "After a disturbed man briefly held him hostage during a live TV show, Mr. Horowitz went on a campaign to ban toy guns that look like the real thing." /*/ (¢me) "But

my [rent] checks are eventually cashed and show up on my statements.” Good; be sure to hang on to the canceled checks, or the facsimiles that claim to be “legal copies.” (And if your bank has stopped sending those to you, find out how to resume getting them, or request printed copies of the rent checks—you want that paper trail!) /*/

“at the library I downloaded a new version of Firefox onto a flash drive, but I can only access Firefox via Juno, which only works through IE, not directly from my desktop before I go onto Juno.” That’s messed up (as Neil deGrasse Tyson once said). You really need a less abusive ISP (says Captain Obvious).

This year’s April showers lasted far into May; we’re still fighting the invasion of the ants that the wet weather always seems to bring, and I was using “Who’ll Stop the Rain” as my ringtone. But I’m hopeful for more sunny days ahead (and resigned to the doubling of the electric bill for the months in which the air conditioning is on nearly constantly).

And finally, congratulations to Deb Wunder (aka Otherdeb) and Susan Levy (aka Sue the Librarian) on their impending marriage. (An author and a librarian; clearly a match made in the Dewey decimal system.) A long and happy life to both of youse.



(Soup to Nutz by Rick Stromoski, 18 October 2017)

Till next time, a happy Shavuot and a good Solstice to those who celebrate them, and of course a sweet Kamehameha Day to all our Hawai‘ian readers.

>Portions of the preceding forgot who Peter Mayhew was,
so they looked him up on Wookieepedia. [R.I.P.]<