

# BEYOND [#492] THE FRINGEFAN

## BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

remembers the events of half a century ago this month and bids “Goodnight, Moon,” while wondering if the human race will ever make its way up there again (let alone to Mars). It seemed so inevitable back then. Damn. He’s still planetbound 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)),

cranking up the a/c as the Dog Days approach. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #492, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #4 (e-APA-NYU #168) and other loony toons, published July 2019 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **HIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Rubes* by Leigh Rubin, 18 January 2012. All uncredited material copyright ©2019 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



Neil Armstrong's dog, July 21, 1969

**OH, NO, NOT AGAIN:** Donna spent another few days in hospital this month, for what may not (in retrospect) have been much of a reason. On Wednesday 10 July, she experienced palpitations that didn’t go away after two hours and blood pressure that seemed to be jumping up and down randomly; so she telephoned her PCP, Dr. H., who advised her to head for the emergency room. After the usual many hours and some tests there, doctors thought she *might* have had a small myocardial infarction, or that the aortic aneurysm that we’ve known about for six years (and that she’s probably had for decades) *might* be getting larger; so they admitted her. It took two more days of CAT scans, echocardiograms, angiograms, and probably cryptograms before they finally concluded that neither of the above events had happened or was about to happen. The palpitations had probably been caused by an electrolyte imbalance—several of her meds affect her potassium levels—and had in turn caused the sudden changes in blood pressure. The doctors spent another couple of days fiddling with her meds before they finally released her on Monday the 15<sup>th</sup>, and she’s been home ever since. On the plus side, they’re going to send a part-time home health aide, which will make my life a bit easier; on the minus side, it’ll only be for a month.

**IT’S A PUZZLEMENT:** I received a minor award recently: my name on the puzzle page of *Harper’s Magazine* and a year’s subscription to that publication. *Harper’s* is one of the few reliable U.S.A.-based

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to “Tetris,” *Harper’s Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper’s*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by July 5. The sender of the first correct solution opened at random will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper’s Magazine* (limit one winner per household per year). The winner’s name will be printed in the September issue. The winner of the May puzzle, “Foursomes,” is Marc S. Glasser, Brooklyn, N.Y.

sources for cryptic (sometimes called “British-style”) crosswords, and I’ve been into such puzzles for a few decades now. *Harper’s* editors invite readers to mail in completed puzzles within a couple of weeks of each issue’s publication, awarding this high honor to one superior solver each month. I’ve submitted my solutions just about every month for about 15 years. Don’t stop to figure out how many years’ subscriptions the postage I’ve used would have covered; recognition at last!

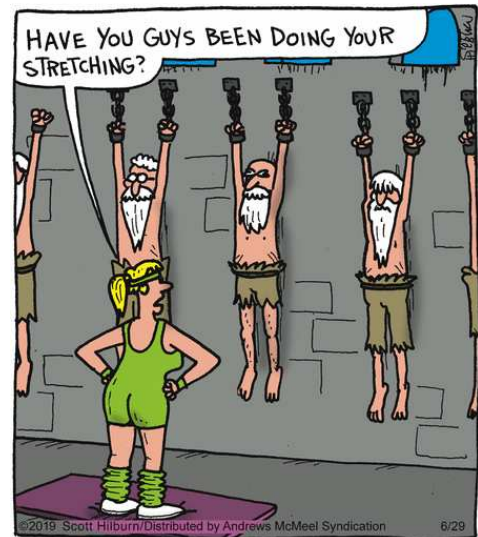
**IN THE HOME STRETCH:** My shoulder’s doing OK, thanks; Dr. S. the orthopedist told me to keep doing shoulder stretches, and I don’t need to see him again unless the pain recurs. (I’m now doing leg stretches when I get up, shoulder stretches in mid-day, and neck stretches before I go to bed. Does stretching become a full-time job when you retire?)

**REVOLT OF THE MACHINES:** I’m noticing that I’ve spent a lot of time lately dealing with recalcitrant machinery—not just laptops and mobile phones, but household appliances as well. Last summer and fall, the ice maker in our fridge stopped making ice, and it took six visits from various Sears repair techs over three months to get the problem resolved—or rather to get the problem, *plus* the additional problems that the early attempts at resolution caused, resolved. This spring, the clothes dryer stopped drying clothes; it would happily spin its drum but generate no heat. We had one tech here five times; he kept fixing different things, and then it would work for one washload and then fail again on the next. (We pay Sears for an annual service contract, so the extra visits weren’t costing us, but bringing loads of wet wash over to a neighborhood laundromat to get it dried got old real fast. And I’m afraid to calculate the value of the time I spent on hold trying to schedule the visits.) Donna has been suffering nocturnal incontinence for a few years now, necessitating the use of washable, absorbent, (mostly) leakproof pads to place in her bed each night, so laundry is not something we can just let slide. After the sixth visit, two months after the problem first became apparent, we think he finally got it right; the dryer has done the job successfully for eight loads now, and I’m keeping my fingers crossed.

It doesn’t involve machinery, but we’re also putting a lot of time and energy into our annual battle against ants in the kitchen, bathroom, and bedrooms. Apparently a lot of others are too, as the hold times when we call Terminix keep getting longer, as do the waits for the arrival of the technicians. I’d say that there are still quite a few bugs in the system.

## FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #3 (e-APA-NYU #167)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (cme) “I guess you shoulder more than the average person.” I doubt it, though I’d like to think so. I’ve even cut back on how much paper junk I carry in my shoulder bag. /\*/ “Does your bicycling factor into this?” It doesn’t seem to. General exhaustion, yes; aches and pains in specific bodily regions, no. /\*/ “Are you able to cultivate a liking for Elvis?” I already like him fine, but that doesn’t mean I’d want to live in either Memphis or Tupelo. But it’s



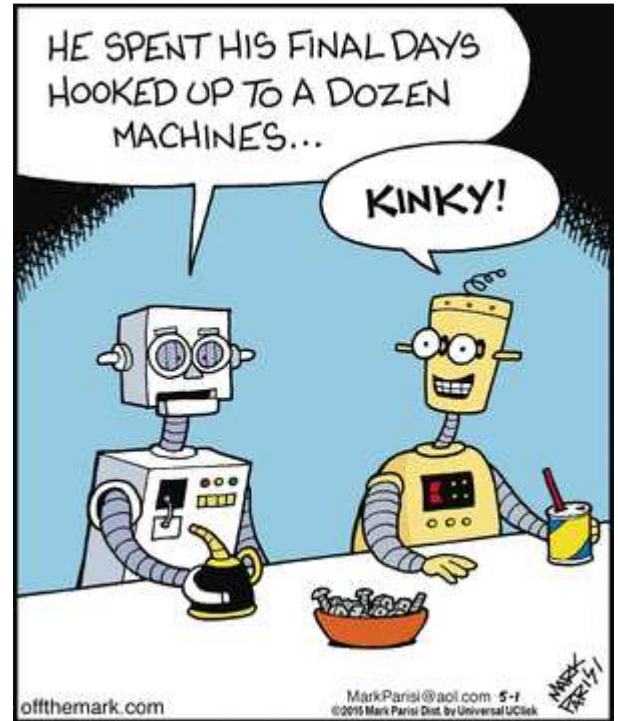
(The Argyle Sweater by Scott Hilburn, 29 June 2019)

Nashville the company’s moving to; I’d have to cultivate a liking for the Grand Ole Opry. /\*/ The time frame for the original *Star Trek* was usually stated as “late 23<sup>rd</sup> century”; sometimes they said “the 2260s.” /\*/ “I befriended someone who manages a pizza shop so three nights a week I have my dinners (at first just pizza slices and dew, but recently diversified to include submarine sandwiches) and watch baseball and wrestling with him there.” Have him make the

sub sandwiches heavy on the vegetables and light on the processed meat (and oily dressings); that could be a reasonably healthy meal, even for someone our age (unless you've been advised to cut down on your salt). Enjoy the games! /\*/ Neighbors' cats will be happy to visit you if you offer them food and a hospitable environment. It might be good to let your neighbor know, though, just in case the cat likes your hospitality so much that he vanishes from the neighbor's place for days at a time. /\*/ "I've been striving to keep my mind sharp by doing the Up & Down Words puzzle, the two KenKen puzzles, the Sudoku puzzle, the cryptogram, the crossword, the Wishing Well, and the Word Search in my local newspaper each day. Very rarely do I have enough free time to do all for a particular day. Much of my puzzle work is done on the morning bus." That would be a lot of puzzles for one bus ride. I can generally complete one Sunday *New York Times* crossword or acrostic in my 35 to 45 minutes on the subway in the morning. The *Harper's* themed cryptics often take two trips. (The one thing I regret about cutting back my work days is fewer subway trips in which to work puzzles.)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):  
 "I was at the annual Sheepshead ~BAYFEST~ ... there were 2 stages for bands (one was comprised of 6 gynecologists)." That last sounds like the setup to a really painful punch line, but I Googled "six gynecologists" and found a website for a band made up of six doctors whose songs attempt

to raise awareness of gynecological cancers. The band's name is N.E.D.—an acronym for "no evidence of disease," the most gratifying diagnosis such a practitioner can return—and its fans are, of course, NEDheads. /\*/ (çme) "And what does your dictionary say about the sexual tastes of technophiles? (Sexbots?)" The dictionary definitions of both "technophile" and "neophile" say nothing about sexual predilections. Surprising? Or indicative of the societal archetype of the techno-geek?



(Off the Mark by Mark Parisi, 1 May 2015)

A quick shout-out here to Thom Anderson, who's just getting home after about a month in hospital and rehab. He finally went to see a doctor (first time in a quarter-century!) after feeling run down for a couple of months *and* finding weeping blisters on his lower calves for a couple of weeks, and ended up being treated for congestive heart failure. (Remember what I said the other month about not waiting to seek medical attention?) Hope you'll be taking your daily five-mile strolls to libraries again soon, Thom—not to mention hosting FISTFA once more.

A good rest of the summer to all. Stay cool, and don't forget the sunscreen.

>Portions of the preceding spare a thought for Michael Collins,  
 who went all that distance but never got to land.<