



Beyond the Fringefan

[#522]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN now knows the answer to the question, “How terribly strange to be seventy?” The answer: not significantly stranger than it is to be sixty-eight or sixty-nine. He continues to hope, as he enters his eighth decade on this planet, that it will all begin to make sense someday, but meanwhile he’ll (in the words of a much older man) say “Hang the sense of it” and keep himself busy 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** #522, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 20, #5 (e-APA-NYU #198) and other septuagenarians and septuagenarian-adjacents, published May 2022 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Broom-Hilda* by Russell Myers (who’s 83 now), 16 September 2020. All uncredited material copyright ©2022 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

I did nothing birthday related on my birthday, other than receive a lot of electronic greetings, plus a physical card and some loose tea from Him Who Shares Half My Chromosomes. But He Who Shares et cetera came by and brought my air conditioner up from the basement and got it set up in my bedroom window—a much more desired gift on a day when local temps were hitting 90° Fahrenheit.

We’ll probably do a birthday dinner in a few weeks when his lady is available to attend as well (she was celebrating a birthday of a relative of her own that weekend). We’ve long considered birthdays a moveable feast, and have in the past celebrated his January birthday as late as April. Hey, if age is just a number, then birthdays are just squares on the calendar.

...and as I was typing this, an ad came over the TV for the forthcoming tour by the Who, featuring Peter Dinklage (age 77) and Roger Daltrey (age 78). Gee, I hope I die before I get old, just like them.

THE STOCK MARKET’S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT’S TANKED: It took a month, but we now have our new oil tank, and the temporary one is gone. My efforts to find a better deal than Petro’s came up short (only one other company was interested in doing the job, and it would have required us to break our purchasing contract with Petro and pay a penalty for that). There were several phone calls and

a couple more visits from various tank people before we finally had our new tank in place. It looks an awful lot like the old one, only cleaner; and our life will go on an awful lot like the way it did before, only several thousand dollars poorer.

YOU LIKE ME! YOU REALLY LIKE ME!: Jay S. is the guy who does the design, layout, and production for the dental journal I’ve been copyediting and proofing for nearly a decade. A couple of weeks ago I learned that that’s actually a side gig for him; he has a day job doing something similar for a larger marketing company. I learned this when he e-mailed me that the company needs more copywriters, editors, and proofreaders, and would I be interested in getting more work? Like the communication a month and a half earlier from my old boss at AllianceBernstein, this was gratifying, as I couldn’t ask for a more sincere testimonial to the value of my work. But I had to tell him no, as I’d told Charmae, at least for now; I just don’t seem to have the time and energy in between all the medical and PT appointments and the other side gigs that have continued. Am I an Old Fan and Tired? Well, maybe.



(Dilbert by Scott Adams, 14 May 2022)

FERRY TALES CAN COME TRUE: I’m still hopeful that we can meet on the Staten Island Ferry on Thursday 7 July, but so far no one has let me know that they plan to show up. (One person has let me know that he *won’t* make it, but he’s in California, so it was kind of a long shot to begin with.) I ask everyone once again to please spread the word to anyone who might be interested, and get back to me on the likelihood of your attending.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 20, #4 (e-APA-NYU #197)

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

I haven’t had the kind of trouble with my MetroCard that you’re having with yours, but then I’m using mine a lot less. Reading about the problems you’ve been having may have inspired some recent bad dreams in which I have five MetroCards in my shirt pocket and can’t get any of them to work, resulting in delays in making it to my old job. /*/ In re *Novum Orbis Regium: The New World Realm*, “caricatured theofascists & racist reactionaries take over the US and people fall in with racial, political & ‘moral purity’” do not, unfortunately, sound to me like “implausibilities.” Or aren’t those the implausibilities you mean? /*/ (εme) “So what was the 5th element?” Apparently in Chinese medicine, the five elements are fire, earth, metal, water, and wood. I still have no clue how five-

element acupuncture differs from any other kind. /*/ One of the few BPLF meetings I attended was at a place that had gazpacho on the menu. I’d only just seen the “gazpacho” episode of *Red Dwarf*, and in honor of that, I ordered the stuff—not thinking to first find out what was in it. I think after one taste, I gave it to Deb. /*/ I still have matzoh left from last year’s Passover, some still in sealed packages. I have confidence that it will taste just as much like cardboard next spring.

AQUÍ vs ALLÍ vs AQUEL (Chas Belov): As one whose use of social networks is minimal (other than the comments sections at GoComics), I can’t recommend any social media to use instead of Twitter, but I’ll be interested in what you eventually choose and why. /*/ Good luck finishing the musical.



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 10 July 2021)

IT'S BEING A YEAR (Deb Wunder): It certainly is.
May you continue to heal physically and emotionally.

Oh, crap. Two mass shootings in ten days. What the hell is wrong with this country? As New Jersey Governor Phil Murphy wrote recently, "Cue the expected and pitiful expressions of 'thoughts and prayers' from those held so powerfully in the grip of the gun lobby. I think every single one of them knows where they can shove their 'thoughts and prayers.'" I'd suggest sending all those bad guys with guns over to the Ukraine-Russia border, but who knows which side they'd decide to shoot at?

And the nation has also reached the milestone—or make that a millstone—of one million COVID deaths. Mandate or not, I'm still masking. I'll be optimistic and say, "See you all in a month," on the assumption that in the meantime we don't succumb to coronavirus, monkey pox, Russian bombs, mass shooters, or the first battle of the next American Civil War. Have a nice June!

>Portions of the preceding are now legally entitled to tell you kids to get off their lawn.<