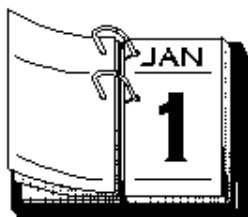


Happy NYU Year
from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#496]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a kinda sorta let's-pretend-it's-monthly personalzine/apa-zine/letter-substitute written, edited, and published by Beyond the Fringefan a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, and distributed through e-**APA-NYU** as well as directly via the Internet and (if anyone's still using them) through the mails. Copies may be requested by contacting him at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧↔️ nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com [dot] edu)); recent issues may also be viewed at <<http://nycadre.org/btf>>. The publisher has once again failed to get his New Year's issue out in January, but watch this space next year when he no longer has the excuse of full-time employment. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #496, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #1 (e-APA-NYU #172) and other hog grinders, published February 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT WENT WRONG; ONE WHOLE YEAR HAS PASSED US BY AND GONE: Well, I didn't have to attend any funerals in 2019, so I guess that's good. My physical health is no worse than a year ago, for which I'm grateful; both shoulders seem fully functional, and the surface numbness in the right foot seems unchanged. Donna is now scheduled for a cardiac ablation [see last couple of issues] in late February, which we hope will prevent any further arrhythmia problems. Her dental excavation and reconstruction will continue in early March with a couple more implants and probably some crowns on the implants that were put in in October.

At this time last year I believed I'd be officially retired by now, but that's been pushed back a few months as the timetable for my main gig's move to Nashville has crystallized. It now appears that my visit to the Social Security office won't take place until around my birthday in May. My side gigs doing editing for a couple of periodicals will continue after that but will probably require only a workweek or so per quarter.

I'm sorry to have to report that The Kid and his Registered Domestic Partner are in the process of disengaging over irreconcilable differences. This will put him in the running for Most Eligible Bachelor Geek, so, ladies, don't hesitate.



"No, it's not a heart monitor. It's a PlayStation 3 for when things get slow during a surgery."

(Close to Home by John McPherson, 30 January 2012)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #7 (e-APA-NYU #171)

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE CHANGING

FORTRESS OF THYME (Charles Belov): “Now I have my new computer back, after somewhere between 10 and 50 hours of mostly wasted effort.” It’s not clear from your narration whether the new computer would have worked with the old monitor if you’d only known the mysterious secret setting that needed to be changed; if so, then there was also the wasted money to buy the new monitor. We went through something analogous though lower-tech a couple of years ago when the ice maker in our (rather old) refrigerator stopped making ice. The fridge was under a service contract, so we had several visits from Sears technicians, each one trying something different, with two of them actually replacing the ice maker. But the ice maker originally designed for that fridge was no longer being made, so they had to retrofit newer models. After two replacement ice makers still failed to make ice, the fifth tech finally decided to troubleshoot the line that connected the ice maker to our plumbing. Turned out it had gotten bent somehow. Once he replaced it, we started getting ice again—but the newer model ice maker is less efficient than the original. There’s enough ice for Donna and me, but if someone comes to visit, especially during the summer, I need to put some ice trays in the freezer or buy a bag of ice. The old ice maker, of course, was discarded by the tech who first replaced it, even though, as we now know, there was nothing wrong with it. /*/ (çBlackman) “Didn’t know about Brothers Grimm stories being anti-Semitic.” Well, there was a lot of that going around in the mid-19th century...and before and after...

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

I was at a slightly earlier launch party for the *Across the Universe* anthology, held at Philcon. I actually won a copy (which finally arrived by post) by answering a very easy trivia question (the name of John Lennon’s first band, back in high school)—at least a dozen other hands went up, but they decided mine had been first. There’s been Beatle-based fantasy before: besides Spider Robinson’s “Rubber Soul” (included in the anthology), I recall Gregory Benford’s “Doing Lennon” and Stephen Baxter’s “The Twelfth Album,” plus musician Larry Kirwan’s (of the band Black 47) alternate history in the form of a

play called *Liverpool Fantasy*. And then there’s the recent film *Yesterday*. Hell, if you want to get silly (and I seldom object to that), and in memoriam to Neil Innes, there’s the entire *oeuvre*



ABBEE ROAD KILL

(Corner Connections #31 by Tom Stiglich)

of the Rutles. (Am I in luv? I must be in luv!) /*/ “Someone on panix.com said that my e-mails don’t reach him”—if other people are receiving e-mail from you OK, then it’s probably an issue at the receiving rather than the sending end. If your correspondent is sure his own e-mail client isn’t filtering your messages into his spam folder, then he should check with panix.com itself and make sure its server hasn’t decided that Juno is a spammer. /*/ (çe-SAAC) “I’m told that the guys who sang that they’d ‘walk 500 miles’ cheated and took Amtrak.” Um, they’re Scotsmen, so it would have been British Rail. /*/ (çme) “When I was a kid, bikes had horns and often buzzers & lights; as a backup, riders had voices to shout warnings. Based on the ones nearly plowing down sidewalk pedestrians, this is no longer the case.” All bets are off if the pedestrian has earbuds in and is focused on a phone screen. But in my experience both as a cyclist and as a pedestrian, human reaction time is often too slow for any of those to be much help. The cyclist (or driver) has to realize there’s a risk of an imminent crash, decide whether to beep or shout or both—at the same time he/she is deciding whether to hit the brakes or swerve or both, and in which direction—and do so. Then the pedestrian has to hear the sound, recognize it as a warning, and

decide whether to stop short, run forward or jump backward—not a trivial consideration if heesh is surrounded by other pedestrians.

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR (Mark L.

Blackman): “We saw a reminder of their status as The ’60s Icons last summer as fans gathered on the 50th anniversary of Abbey Road on, where else?, London’s Abbey Road.” Ken Dashow, who hosts *Breakfast with the Beatles* Sunday mornings

on Q104.3, has mentioned that he has friends who live on Abbey Road, just a block away from the famous zebra crossing; they report that even 50 years later, there’s a stream of tourists queueing up 24/7/365 to take pictures of themselves walking across. City police (sitting pretty little policemen) are often stationed there to keep order and give the drivers a fighting chance to drive through without damaging anyone.

Late-breaking news at work: now that several floors of the building are looking like ghost towns thanks to the departure of jobs (and, as often as not, their holders) for Tennessee, the higher-ups have decided to consolidate some floors, which means moving a few dozen people. I got to pack last month and then unpack in a new location all of 120 feet away from the old one as the crow flies (if the crow could fly through sheetrock). It’s an office with an actual door, a novelty for me, but it’s surrounded by interior walls and has no visual access to any windows. A bit stuffy, too, lacking any way to circulate air. Annoying, but I guess I can live with it for four months.

We’ve had hardly any snow this season, which hasn’t upset me much; slogging through snow on my way to and from full-time work just makes it that much more tiring. On the other tentacle, if a storm wants to come by in February or March and dump a few inches on us, I can work from home, drink hot chocolate, look out the window, and enjoy the novelty (and maybe step out to shovel and salt once or twice). At the moment, though, no blizzards are showing up in the forecasts, so it may be moot. Punxsutawney Phil and Staten Island Chuck have both predicted an early spring, for what they’re worth.

Best wishes to all, with special concern for the Far East, that this Year of the Rodent not turn out to be the Year of the Virus. Everyone be careful out there!

>Portions of the preceding got blisters on their fingers!<



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 10 January 2020)