

BEYOND THE FRINGE- FAN [#499]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN hasn't partied much lately, though not for reasons of energy levels; there just haven't been many parties going on, not even for his 68th birthday this month. Nonetheless, he

believes you're never too old to rocknroll, if you're too young to die. So if this zine is rockin', don't bother knockin' 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** #499, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 18, #4 (e-APA-NYU #175) and other parties of the first part, published May 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Wayno and Dan Piraro, 3 July 2019. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE: It's no big news to anyone I've talked or written to in the past year, but as May 2020 draws to a close, I'm not only a year older; I'm also retiring—officially for the second time, and for the same reason as the first. This time, though, I expect it to stick. I've filed for my Social Security benefits and also my JPMorgan Chase pension. I will be a Gentleman of Leisure, but many of the things I was contemplating spending my newfound leisure time on (restaurants, travel, museums) are currently on hold; I hope they come back while I'm still alive to enjoy them.

Our dental office reopened for emergency work in mid-May, and we successfully made it over there to get Donna's bridge cemented back in. Of course, first we had to e-sign an acknowledgment that dentistry necessarily violates some of the rules of social distancing. The dentist (not our newer one, Dr. K., who has small children, nor our older one, Dr. G., whose wife has developed health issues in the past few years, but their partner Dr. E., who does not have those concerns) was swathed head to toe in protective gear, as was his assistant, and Donna and I wore masks—Donna took hers off only when she

was being worked on. Progress! Now we need to find out when the oral surgeon, Dr. H., will reopen his office so that we can continue the implant work.

We've also dipped our toes into telemedicine, with both Donna doing her semiannual check-in with her rheumatologist, and me doing mine with my cardiologist, over my Android phone. We couldn't get the software to work on Donna's Linux laptop, and while it started up on my Windows 7 laptop, it froze the machine twice in 20 minutes. (I've also had recurring freeze-up problems using Zoom to tune in to online convention sessions, though not when using it for meetings at work. Something more that needs troubleshooting, preferably before the NE Where online filk convention in July, wherein I'm supposed to be performing.)

In other working-from-home news, The Kid determined last year that he was not feeling fulfilled by his work at Mozilla; he discussed the issues with his bosses but was unable to reach a satisfactory resolution, and so he and Mozilla have recently parted company. He begins a new position at the start of June with Teachable, a small company that markets software for creating online training and education—that certainly looks like a growth industry these days.



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 20 December 2019)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 18, #3 (e-APA-NYU #174)

DOCTOR ORBIT vs. THE APA-COLLAPSE

(Charles Belov): (¢Nelson) They've never used the Oxford comma at the office jobs I've done over the last two decades (ad agencies and a financial-management company). One of my side gigs uses style based on the AMA guide, which mandates the Oxford comma. The other one was using the Oxford comma when I started (I had to ask), but after two years the editor told me to stop using it—I never found out who'd made that decision or why. And I prefer to use it in my personal writing. So I switch gears back and forth regularly. /*/ "Her Majesty" definitely works as a hand-washing song, and I'm embarrassed not to have thought of it. (I was alternating the choruses of "Act Naturally" and "Sweet Baby James.")

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

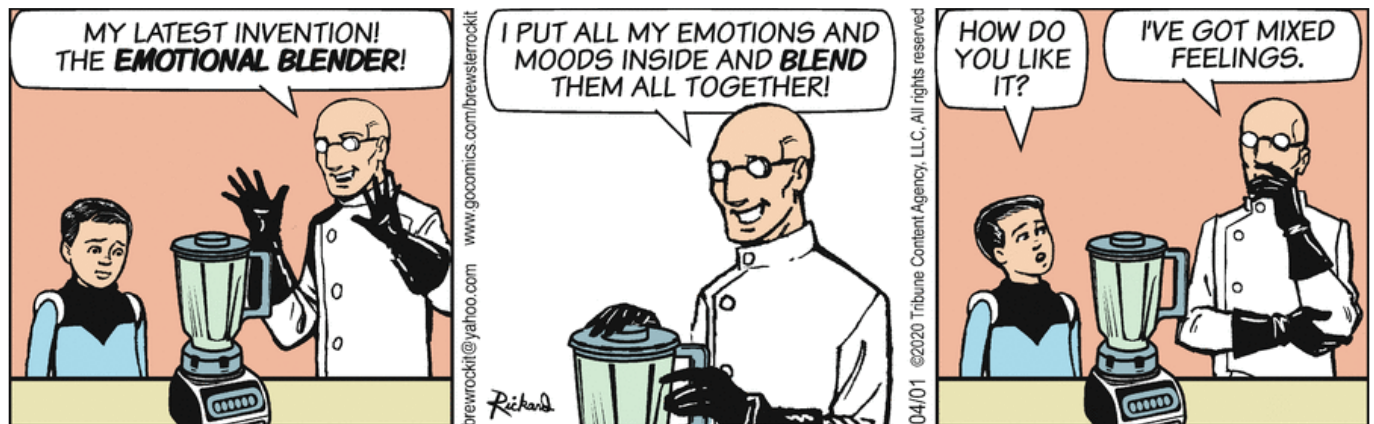
"I tried to join my brother's ~SEDER~ on Zoom..." No one I actually knew was doing one, but I found a congregation on Long Island that was streaming one on Facebook. I was able only to watch and listen, and even so I had to reconnect a couple of times, so it was a less than

inspiring experience, but I consumed my share of matzo, maror, charoses, and wine. /*/ "what's the Queen's English for *chutzpah*?" If I need to translate it, I generally say "nerve" or "audacity." /*/ (¢me) I'm told that Abby's cause of death has officially been listed as heart attack. /*/ (¢self) "Someone on Facebook ran Hirschfeld's sketch of them crossing Abbey Road; we couldn't find any Ninas." I pulled that sketch up on line and found what I believe to be three, all in the foliage of the trees lining the road, but the resolution of the image wasn't good enough for me to be sure. (You say you want a resolution, well, you know...) /*/ "I hate shivering when I go to bed and again when I wake up. It could be my body temperature which, when I got my flu shot in the fall, was 98.1." Do you shiver if your body temperature is higher or lower than the surrounding air? Higher, I think, so 98.1°F shouldn't make a difference on that score. An awful lot of people today normally have body temperatures below "normal"; I seldom get a reading above 97°F if I'm not ill.

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): I received very little feedback on my last-minute query lastish regarding an online surrogate Ferry Meeting, so

I'm guessing that pretty much no one feels sufficiently motivated to want to do one. I guess we'll have to Wait Till Next Year.

And so the world attempts to adjust to a new phase in its life (with no reliable vaccine, treatment, or even diagnostic, how can people know if they have immunity? With no one sure who'll be alive in six months, how can people maintain an even emotional keel while resuming all the activities of daily living? With everyone in face masks, how can anyone eat or drink in a restaurant or bar? With everyone keeping six feet apart, how will the species continue to reproduce?)...and so I enter a new phase in my life (with no place to go, how will I keep myself active? With public transit a potential hotbed of infection, how will I retrieve all my Stuff from my old office? With one less excuse, how will I now explain not getting anything done?). Not surprising that there are a lot of mixed feelings.



(Brewster Rockit, Space Guy! by Tim Rickard, 1 April 2020)

So in the hope that everyone will still be here to read whatever I have to say in a month, I wish everyone a pleasant summer.

>Portions of the preceding haven't gotten their hair cut in months, but no one seems to notice.<