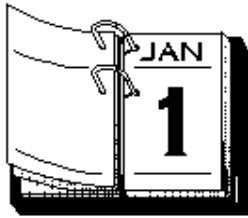


Happy NYU Year

from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#507]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a doing-its-damnedest-to-once-again-come-out-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)); recent issues may also be viewed at <<http://nycadre.org/btf>>. And what a difference a year makes! This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #507, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 19, #1 (e-**APA-NYU** #183) and other cautious optimists, published January 2021 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2021 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

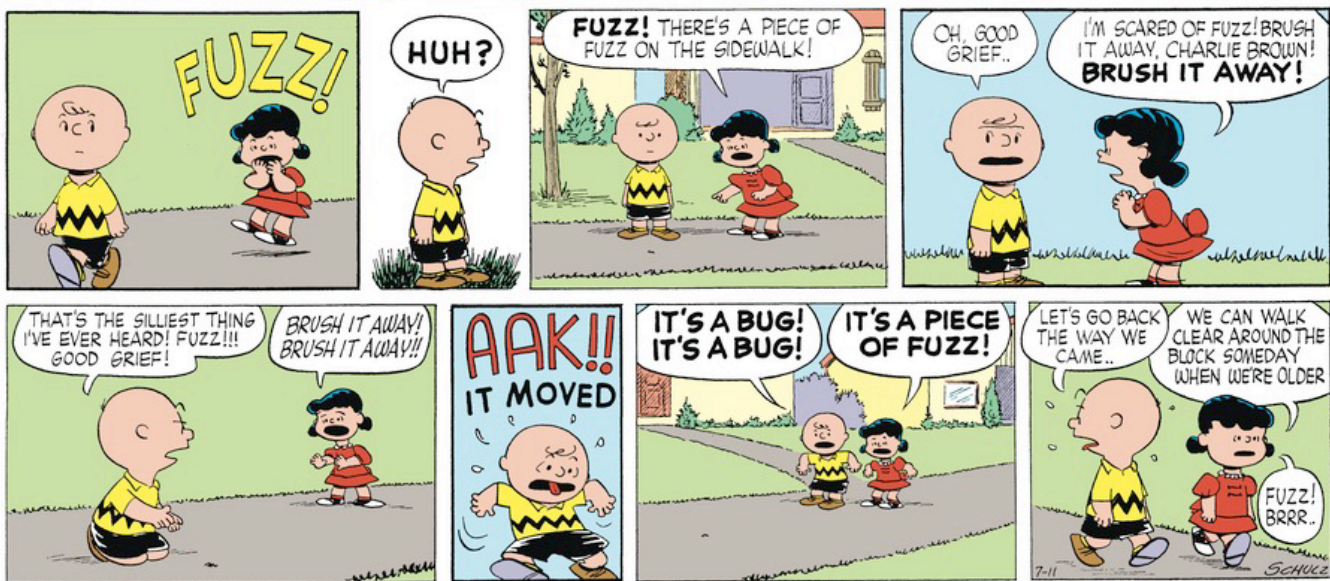
It's amazing what a year can do to your vocabulary. Twelve months ago I knew what the words "pandemic" and "insurrection" meant, but I don't think I'd had occasion to use or even hear them in a decade. Now they show up in conversation every day. I'm afraid to wonder what words may enter or re-enter our daily discourse by this time in 2022.

Everyone in my immediate family remains free of COVID-19, thank any and all of the ghods; I had occasion to get tested in late December and came up negative. Donna and I have been officially eligible to be vaccinated since New York State lowered the threshold age to 65 around the tenth of January; however, all my attempts to make a vaccination appointment online have returned messages that no appointments are available anywhere near New York City. (There's a city-run website, which keeps telling me "There are no locations with available appointments within 50 miles of Brooklyn, NY 11210"; there's also a state-run site, which tells me that no appointments are available in the city or on Long Island, but some are available at State University campuses in Binghamton, Utica, and Potsdam (236, 298, and 456 miles away respectively). I'm not yet ready to consider driving such a distance for a vaccination, especially since there have been disturbing reports of people showing up at scheduled appointments and being told there's no vaccine left to give them.)

The "coups or incipient civil wars on Inauguration Day" about which I expressed concern last month turned out to arrive two weeks early. (Apparently the FBI also expressed concern to the D.C. police force, which chose to mostly ignore the warnings.) That there wasn't more bloodshed that day was more a matter of luck (and a quick-thinking Capitol security guard or two) than preparedness. In that regard, I suppose the Proud Boys and their ilk did us a favor by raising awareness of what could all too easily happen on the 20th, thus stimulating the police and the military to get their act together fast. It was kind of like a vaccination against the infection of insurrection. I hope the immunity doesn't wear off too quickly, but it's a virus that lately has shown remarkable capacity to develop new variants.

I tuned in about ten to noon on Inauguration Day to hear the new president and vice president take their oaths of office—only to find that they’d futzed with the timetable and administered the oaths 15 minutes ahead of schedule. (Was this to confound any last-minute attempts by insurrectionists to derail the ceremony? No one’s telling.) The outgoing White House occupant left D.C. early rather than show up at his successor’s swearing in, which was probably for the best. I spent much of the afternoon whistling “Ding Dong, the Bitch Has Fled.” Now that the Republicans are calling for unity, I think they can start demonstrating their own unity by having all the senators and representatives sign a manifesto that states, “Joseph R. Biden is the legitimate President of the United States, having been chosen in a fair and unrigged election that was not marred by any significant voter fraud.” But I’m not going to hold my breath.

Back at the Cadre, we remain watchful concerning bedbugs; we’ve seen no live ones in a month now, which is encouraging. We saw a couple of dead ones around New Year’s, and we’ve had a few sightings of things that were unidentifiable or turned out to be bits of fuzz from clothing. This was the point where



(Peanuts by Charles M. Schulz, 11 July 1954)

we’d planned to bring in a bug-sniffing dog to verify that we were free of infestation; however, when I called E-Z-Pest and spoke to co-owner Henry, he noted that his operative had reported substantial clutter in our bedrooms (duh! That was why we’d called E-Z-Pest to begin with: they said we didn’t need to clear the clutter to use their services!), and said that the dogs couldn’t make a reliable evaluation if they couldn’t walk freely through the rooms, and especially if they couldn’t sniff around all the baseboards. So now we’re debating whether to do some more packing of Stuff and moving of furniture so as to get an authoritative bill of health for the house; whether to have them bring the dog in as things stand and hope for the best; or whether to just keep checking the most likely spots for any evidence of resurgence for a couple of months more, before concluding that we can finally breathe easily again.

...oh, crap. In late-breaking news, we spotted a live bedbug on a pillow while changing Donna’s bed linens just last weekend. I guess that moots the question of the bug-sniffing dog. In between fits of despair and depression, we are now discussing next steps. Getting rid of Donna’s headboard (as discussed last month) will almost certainly be one of them.

In dental news, Donna now has her permanent upper bridge in place and has embarked on the process of getting her lower jaw ready for its new bridge (which will take more months and more money). Just so I wouldn’t feel left out, one of my upper left molars turned out to be in need of a root canal and a crown, so now Donna and I are alternating appointments.

And my new laptop arrived the second week of January, much earlier than predicted. With the help of the network-addressable storage appliance (code-named Devil's Tower) Ethan installed here a few years ago, I was able to back up most of the crucial files from the old machine and copy them onto the new one. After two weeks, I've got most of the software I need installed or reinstalled, though there were a few apps that turned out to be incompatible with Windows 10 and necessitated my finding substitutes. All in all, a comparatively painless transition (knock silicon). Now I need to research my next Android phone, as my current one (not even two years old so far) has developed a host of annoying quirks.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 18, #11 (e-APA-NYU #182)

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. 2020 (Charles Belov): I registered for the Digital Dionysia production of *The Making of Medea's Medea* as a further test of my new machine's ability to participate in webinars without locking up. The test was successful. I'm afraid I didn't enjoy the play as much the second time, since I remembered the plot twists that had originally come as (at least partial) surprises. /*/ (cme) "How are you getting



(Bizarro by Wayno and Piraro, 6 March 2020)

the APA-NYU covers for the e-issues if you can't get to the archives?" I anticipated that they'd all be locked away for a while, and scanned a year's worth before we locked 'em away. /*/ I haven't heard of tofu noodles before. My web searches seem to be turning up shirataki noodles with some tofu blended in with the yam flour. Is that what you're talking about? (Donna's tried a few varieties of pasta made from stuff other than wheat or rice, and been unimpressed. I've tried a few and found them OK but not prepossessing.) /*/ "given Windows 7 is unlikely no longer

supported you are leaving yourself open to security issues." I wasn't clear on that; though Win 7 is now officially unsupported, I was continuing to receive auto-updates from Microsoft every month. /*/ "Okay, not sure why I never noticed it before but suddenly my OCD is being set off by the always starting new zines on odd-numbered pages as if this was an actual physical collation." I assumed that at least some people designed their zines to start on the right-hand page. Well, I do, anyhow, with mirror margins and headers justified to the outside corners. So I do force an odd page for the start of each zine, the sole exception being when a one-pager immediately follows a zine with an odd number of pages. And of course, if the corresponding issue of the paper apa had multiple covers, I can slip one in wherever there's a gap. (By the way, I do print out a few actual hard copies for a few folks without computer access.) /*/ (cWunder) "Now all the stores have their own brands, but they definitely look like brands." Yeah, seems as though some people were embarrassed to be seen buying generic products, so the stores invented their own brand names to disguise them. (Nothing new, really; the A&P was selling "Ann Page" jams and peanut butter and "Jane Parker" cupcakes back in the 1950s, and the "Eight O'Clock" brand of coffee has outlasted the store chain!)

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): It occurs to me that some readers who aren't New York Jews might not get the allusion in my closing disclaimer. It was a play on the punchline of an old joke involving a tourist in Israel; the original was "Look at the schmuck on that camel!"

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): (cme) "Let's see, there's bugs of the insect kind, of the germ kind & of the computer kind. Not to mention of the listening devices kind." There are also Volkswagens. But as the infestation at the Cadre drags on for month after month, I think I've run out of song references to use in

paragraph headers. /*/ “I asked the super and he claimed that plumbing supply stores are deliberately selling pipes that bust so that they can sell more.” Deliberately? I doubt that, though it wouldn’t surprise me to find that quality control isn’t what it used to be. The other week we had to replace a hot-water hose to the washing machine for the second time in half a year. /*/ “A local Jewish humor columnist

suggested eating Pringle’s with chopsticks.” I was going to ask why, but a web search brought up dozens of pages making the same suggestion. Some said it was easier to get them out of the canister that way, but most of them proposed it as a way to keep your fingers clean (and recommended it as well for Doritos, and especially Cheetos).

I was not expecting to see much change—in the economy, in health, in politics, in the national mood overall—in the first month of the new year (especially given that more than 60% of that month had already elapsed before Inauguration Day). Yet I’ve seen and heard a lot of grouching about how little improvement 2021 has brought—as if all that 2020 (not to mention the preceding years) dumped on us could be fixed in a day. Such persons may want to think in terms of Chinese years instead; that’ll give the year an extra six weeks to show some progress. Remember, though, it’ll be the year of the Ox, so expect some stubbornness before things get really moving.

I’m hoping to hold out until spring; the longer days and warmer weather should be a shot in the arm. A couple of other shots in the arm, spaced two to four weeks apart, will also help.

Till next month, keep warm, and be sure to stay at least six feet away from any groundhogs.



(Reality Check by Dave Whamond, 4 December 2020)

>Portions of the preceding have been Phil Spectored and resurrected. R.I.P.<