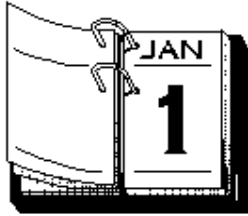


Happy NYU Year

from



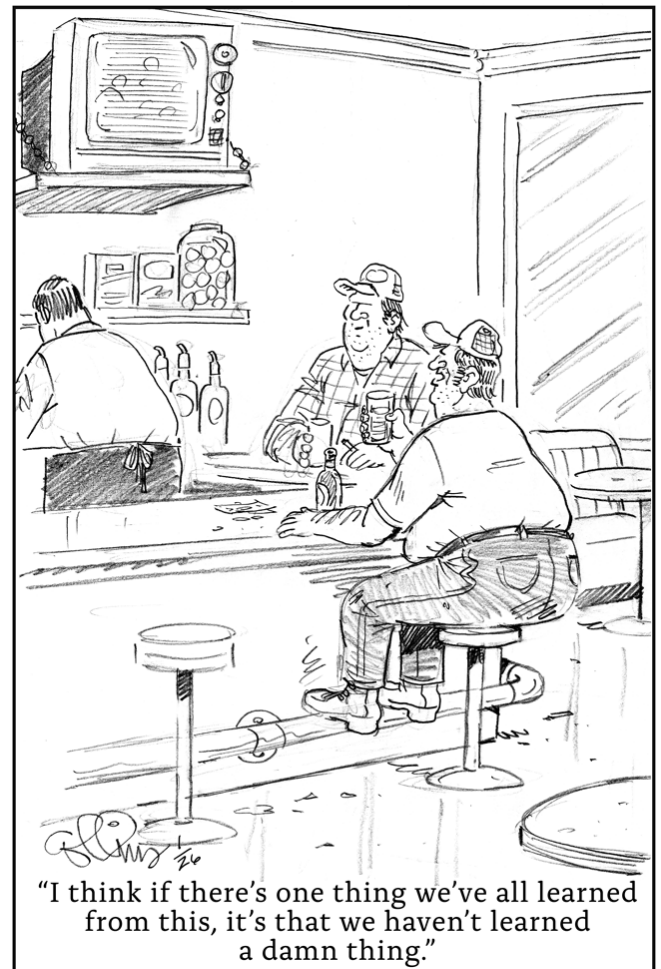
Beyond the Fringefan

[#518]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a monthly-except-under-circumstances-beyond-its-control 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>>. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #518, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 20, #1 (e-**APA-NYU** #194) and other hardy perennials, published January 2022 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2022 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

IF I HAD EVER BEEN HERE BEFORE, I WOULD PROBABLY KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO: The year began for me with several instances of déjà vu. The number 2022 itself is one of them: I saw it daily from my earliest memories to age 23 or so, since it was an integral part of my home address. I recall walking home from grade school, watching the house numbers increase from 1900 (at Avenue S), and imagining myself as a time traveler. What would 2022 bring? Would I even be alive for it? Would we be zipping around in flying cars? Of all the things I could have imagined, I don't think a worldwide plague ever popped into my head, much less a significant part of the population claiming that the vaccines developed to fight that plague were part of an evil conspiracy. We were getting vaccinated for smallpox and polio, which were still real menaces then, and everyone knew it.

Other déjà vu dates from only a year ago. The threats to the survival of constitutional government in this nation remain, as a demagogue who lost an election fair and square continues to claim that it was stolen, his party leaders set up rules designed to disenfranchise those who disagree, and his rank-



"I think if there's one thing we've all learned from this, it's that we haven't learned a damn thing."

(Looks Good on Paper by Dan Collins, 26 January 2022)

and-file supporters continue to plan armed insurrection in the event the next election doesn't go their way. I wrote in this space a year ago, "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." And a good thing I didn't.

In a much less significant bit of déjà vu, the great Phil Spector passed away about a year ago; his ex-wife, the great Ronnie Spector, crossed the Wall of Sound in the sky just in the past two weeks.

A year ago, I wrote, "Everyone in my immediate family remains free of COVID-19, thank any and all of the ghods." That is once again true (after Ethan suffered a brief bout in early December, from which he has long since recovered and which we hope will have no long-term fallout). The pandemic's resurgence as a result of the Omicron variant has, however, had a direct effect on me: I got a call early in January from the office of the doctor out in Stony Brook who's doing my hernia surgery. The doctors at the medical center decided to suspend all non-emergency surgery there while following the progress of Omicron. That meant that I wouldn't get repaired on 31 January after all...

...except that two weeks later, the surgeon's office called again and said the surgery was back on. So I had to scramble to reschedule all the pre-op clearances that I'd cancelled. With any luck—it's hard to type with fingers crossed—I'll be on the operating table just a few hours after this collation gets sent out.



(Loose Parts by Dave Blazek, 1 October 2020)

In dental déjà vu, Donna's new lower bridge began to crack late in the old year; the dentist is now preparing a replacement, so we'll be making a few more visits to his office in the next month or two. At least we won't have to pay any more, as the old one was still under warranty.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 19, #11 (e-APA-NYU #193)

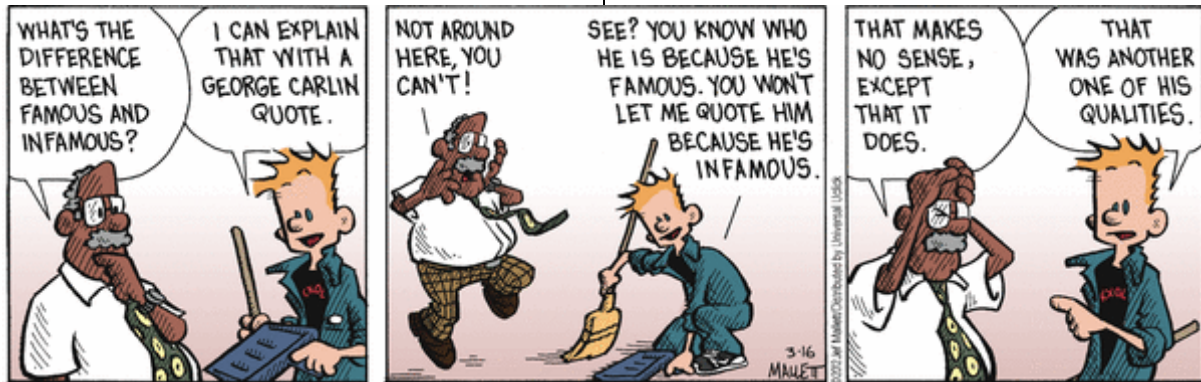
JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

I've been asked to show my vaccination card only twice so far: at the restaurant where we had the FISTFA dinner last month, and when registering at Worldcon. I was surprised (and a bit troubled) that no one asked me for it when visiting someone at a hospital in January. /*/ (çself) "Architecture is regarded as art, not science, despite its inherent math." My alma mater, best known as an engineering school, has a school of architecture that offers a five-year

Bachelor of Architecture degree; but it also offers a four-year BS in Building Sciences degree. The fifth year of the BArch program is largely taken up with one large design project, so apparently that's the difference between architecture as art and as science. (The prevailing wisdom on campus was that the four-year degree is for would-be architects who decide after four years that they just can't take it any more.) /*/ (çme) "As I've said, i think apas have lost out to Facebook." The computer has facilitated

immediate gratification. Why wait a month for people to respond to what you say? I can't objectively say that the attitude is wrong, if we have the tools to satisfy it. /*/ The Greek letter X is still called Chi. The Xi that has been skipped in the naming of COVID variants is a different letter, Ξ. (Since it won't appear in the plain-text version of this zine: it's a stack of three horizontal lines with the one in the middle a bit shorter.)

participant has read as many books as he/she claims to? Maybe everyone should be required to write a book report for each book read, and present it in class just after Show and Tell. /*/ I don't think of George Carlin's facility with words as being like Danny Kaye's, so much as like Victor Borge's. I can easily imagine Carlin doing something like "Inflationary Language," if Borge hadn't done it first. /*/ (¢me) Hard cider was not readily available at most taverns 20 or 30



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 16 March 2012)

SORT OF A ZINE (Deb Wunder): Sympathies on your ongoing medical issues. I'm beginning to think the E.R. at Mount Sinai Brooklyn should be offering you a frequent-flyer discount. /*/ Those "reading challenges" seem to work on the honor system. Is there any way to prove that a

years ago when I last tried attending BPLF functions. If it had been, I'd have gladly verified my credentials with it. (My capacity for alcohol is still quite low, though, so I'd have stopped after one glass.)

I was going to say that I might not be out and about much while recovering from my surgery, but then I haven't been out and about all that much in the past couple of years anyhow. Perhaps I'll look out the front door on 2 February; if I see my shadow, it may be six weeks before you see me again.

A happy Year of the Tiger to any who celebrate it (stir-fried Frosted Flakes, anyone?); may your chocolate be plentiful on Valentine's Day; and ... well, best wishes to our President on Presidents Day. It seems as though he could use them. Keep warm and dry, and don't shovel any snow if you have a hernia.

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