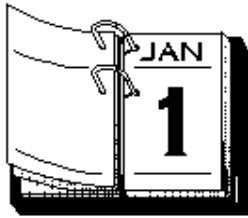


# Happy NYU Year

from



## Beyond the Fringefan

[#542]

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**AND I AM TELLING YOU THEY'RE NOT GOING:** We'd seen no bedbugs since the re-treatment of the upper story of the Cadre in mid-December, so on Sunday 14 January, we had a visit from a company called Dr. Sniff, which sent another trainer (Diana) with a bug-sniffing dog (Southy). (We wanted a different one from the one the exterminators had sent in October, just to be sure of an impartial evaluation.) Southy—I think he was a German shepherd mix—went through all the rooms and did not indicate that he'd smelled anything amiss, until he got to my bedroom. Somewhere between my bed and the desk-with-hutch, he reacted to something. He reacted again on the other side of my bed, near the dresser. We lifted up the mattress—a two-man job since it's a king-size—and on the underside, there were a couple of spots of bug waste plus a bug exoskeleton at one end, and a couple of live bugs crawling at the other end. So apparently the tale isn't over yet. Damn.



(The Knight Life by Keith Knight, 9 June 2012)

Ethan notified Kevin from the exterminators immediately. Kevin got back to us the next day but said his people couldn't get to the Cadre before Friday—a day on which Donna and I had three medical appointments between us. Consequently, the re-re-treatment was scheduled for Monday 22 January. Once again, we didn't need to leave the house, but had to stay on the first floor for most of the day.

Damage and disarray were minimal, but once again we have to wait a month before bringing the K-9 corps back in to confirm the success of the mission.

I had my annual checkup on Friday 12 January. I seem to be alive, with no new developments worth worrying about. My PCP, Dr. I.B., was able to look up my immunization record and verify that I had a shingles vaccination five years ago and did not need another. I'd also had a pneumonia shot then, but it's recommended that I get a booster. He told me to come back for that in the spring when there's less of a rush. I was fascinated to see that the city records he accessed went as far back as a TDAP (tetanus, diphtheria, pertussis) shot in 1959.

I also talked via Zoom on my phone (see below) with Dr. S.S., the surgeon who repaired my hernia two years ago; sad to say, I still have an area of surface numbness, about two square inches, surrounding the incision site. The doctor had seen such a problem in the past but said it had never persisted this long in any patient of his. Well, I guess I spoiled his perfect record. Fortunately, the numbness doesn't seem to interfere with any bodily functions, so I'm still glad to have had the surgery.



(Bizarro by Wayne and Piraro, 16 March 2023)

I noted in passing last month that I'd been having trouble getting Zoom to access the built-in camera on my laptop. My attempts to troubleshoot showed that all the software on the laptop, not just Zoom, was finding the camera inaccessible. An hour on the phone with tech support, including remote access, showed that the camera was usable when the machine was rebooted, but within a few minutes of accessing it, something was making the driver disappear. Manikumar the tech support guy was unable to provide any further help; he said I needed to do a system restore—that's back to factory settings, meaning I lose every piece of installed software and have to hassle reactivating and revalidating everything that I just reactivated and revalidated after the installation of the new motherboard last summer. (And there's not even any guarantee that this will fix the problem.) I'm not in any hurry to go through all that again, so if I Zoom any time soon, it'll be on my "smart" phone. This year is not beginning auspiciously.

We've severed relations with Z Best HomeCare, after one too many mishaps—the final straw was an aide texting us at 3:30 pm that she was going to be late for the visit that was scheduled to start at 2. Interestingly, we learned that Robbie, the son of the neighbors at 1086, is now working as a home health aide, so we got his agency's number and gave them a call. (We figured we could sweeten the deal by offering to pay his carfare.) He's just started working with us, and we're hopeful. Oh, and Donna finally got her COVID Omicron booster, along with her RSV vaccine, last week.

## Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 21, #12 (e-APA-NYU #217)

COVER (Nina Bogin and Judith Solomon): I presume from the style that the artwork was all Nina's, but I don't know how much of the content was Judith's. I suppose I could ask her; she's Judith Dinowitz now and (unless I've lost track of something) lives not all that far from me. Curiously, only Nina's name appeared on the ToC for that collation.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): (¢me) I'm much more concerned with what I see when I turn *on* the light, and how many legs it has, before it skitters away into the dark. I can't tell you, but I wish it weren't mine. /\*/ (¢Nelson) I still can walk a mile or two, but my hip joints increasingly make me regret it. It's 7/10 of a mile from the Cadre to the subway at the Junction; if I

ever get to the point where I can't negotiate that, I may need to do a fundamental re-evaluation of my lifestyle.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (çme) “I could bike there in under ten minutes,’ That’s at least nine miles an hour. Impressive!” Not really; the informedcyclist.com website says that the average cycling speed for someone in hir 60s is 11 mi/hr. (For someone in the late 20s, it’s 22 mi/hr.) Of course, that doesn’t factor in traffic signals and jams, but at 4:45 am, those weren’t much of a hindrance. /\*/ “I had gotten so tired of being tired from night after night of less than seven hours of sleep that I set a goal of getting at least eight hours of sleep a night.” Makes sense to me. I generally get to bed around 2 am and let my clock radio start waking me around 10, unless I need to get up earlier to reach a doctor’s office (mine or Donna’s). I’m pleased that the new clock radio Ethan got me a couple of years ago fades its volume up gradually over half a minute rather than going instantly from silence to blast.



(Maritsa Patrinos for *Six Chix*, 17 September 2021)

/\*/ The one barely nontrivial snowstorm (1.4 inches, if I recall) we’ve had here so far this season was on the one day we had to drive into upper Manhattan to get Donna to an endocrinologist whose office is at Columbia Presbyterian (near the George Washington Bridge). We got there only 20 minutes late, but she had to leave early for a funeral (*not* one of her patients). We ended up Zooming with her the next day, and have yet to understand why she wanted or needed to see Donna in person to

begin with. /\*/ I’ve noticed fluorescent bulbs gradually dimming, but not so much the LED bulbs we’ve used. Only one has dimmed, and that was pretty sudden, losing what seemed like about 75% of its brightness. The others have died equally suddenly but completely.

#### QUESTION AUTHORITY vs. AUTHORIZE

QUESTIONS (Chas Belov): “I know e-zines don’t need staples, but ¿didn’t “S” stand for “Stapler” in the print days?” No, O.S.A.A.&C. stood for Official Self-Appointed Agent and Collator. As we prepared to collate, I’d call for volunteers to be staplist and numberer. (“Staplist” meaning someone who uses a stapler to staple, as a typist is someone who uses a typer to type and a recordist is someone who uses a recorder to record.) /\*/ (çme) “There’s used to be a business here One Big Man with One Big Truck.” There was one around here in the 1980s called Nice Jewish Boy with Truck. I guess it did well for a while, because a few years later it became Nice Jewish Boy with Warehouse. But it doesn’t seem to be active any more (Nice Jewish Boy with Bankruptcy Filing?). /\*/ “I thought once you were in a hotel room and you kept paying they had to renew it and remediate the subsequent guests. ¿Am I mistaken?” My online research indicates that a hotel can probably toss you out (with “reasonable notice”) anytime the management cares to. If they’ve taken your reservation and you’ve prepaid, they’ll have a somewhat harder time, unless they claim that you’re behaving in a disorderly manner or being obnoxious to the other guests, whatever that means. The problem here seems to be that although I told the desk clerks out loud of my intention to extend our stay, none of them provided a written acknowledgment or asked me to commit to paying for the extra days. On the other hand, the people who were arriving on Thanksgiving presumably *had* made commitments to the hotel to pay for their rooms starting on that day. What *should* have happened is that, when I first told them on Tuesday that we wanted to stay through the weekend, the clerks should have checked the room availability and either told me then that they couldn’t do it, or quoted me a price and taken my payment. That’s on them; but if a similar situation ever arises, on the principle of “fool me twice,” I owe it to myself to get a written confirmation of the extension.

Tom Lehrer, whom I mentioned in this space a year ago, seems to be still around, but the great Professor [Demeritus] Peter Schickele, of the Department of Musical Pathology at the University of Southern North Dakota at Hoople, discoverer of the works of P.D.Q. Bach, has now left us. I've commemorated his departure by listening once again to P.D.Q.'s cantata *Iphigenia in Brooklyn* and his *Concerto for Horn and Hardart* (a reference that's pretty dated now, but then so am I). This image of him was originally captioned "Music You Can't Get Out of Your Head."



I'm also sorry to read of the death of Melanie Safka Schekeryk (now you know why she preferred to be known simply as Melanie), who was probably unaware of the existence of filk music when she wrote "What Have They Done to My Song, Ma." As I recall, the very first song that I sat down and figured out the chords to, back in the dorm at Rensseltute, was her "Peace Will Come (According to Plan)."

It's about to be the Year of the Wood Dragon, which sounds dangerously flammable. Fortunately, the same astrological system makes me a Water Dragon, so you'll want to keep me handy just in case. Gung hay fat choy—which I learned recently does not literally mean "Happy New Year" but something closer to "Congratulations on your good fortune." Maybe I'll just stick with "Live long and prosper." See you next month.

**>Portions of the preceding purchase their 17th-century music from a stock baroquer.<**