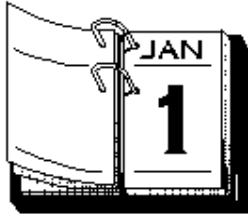


Happy NYU Year

from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#554]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a generally 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>> (if he ever gets around to updating the pages there). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #554, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 23, #1 (e-APA-NYU #230) and other meme coiners, published January 2025 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**^{inc.}. All uncredited material copyright ©2025 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

Anyone reading this know how the fans in southern California are surviving the recent conflagrations? My web searches on LASFS don't seem to be turning up anything more recent than mid-December. I'm way out of touch with everyone out there (not that I've been all that closely in touch with them since I dropped out of LASFAPA in 1980 or so). My best wishes to all of them.

THE YEAR JUST FLU BY: If I believed in omens, I'd be making out my will about now. (In fact, Donna and I made out our wills nearly a decade ago, so we're covered.) Donna woke up in the middle of the night three days after Xmas with nausea and diarrhea and even more body aches than usual, to the point of calling her doctor and waking him up. He told her ~~to put the lime in the coconut and drink 'em both together~~ it sounded like the flu, and sent our CVS a couple of prescriptions, which I went and picked up at four in the morning. The nausea went away pretty quickly, but it was about ten days before she could say confidently she was past the rest of the symptoms.

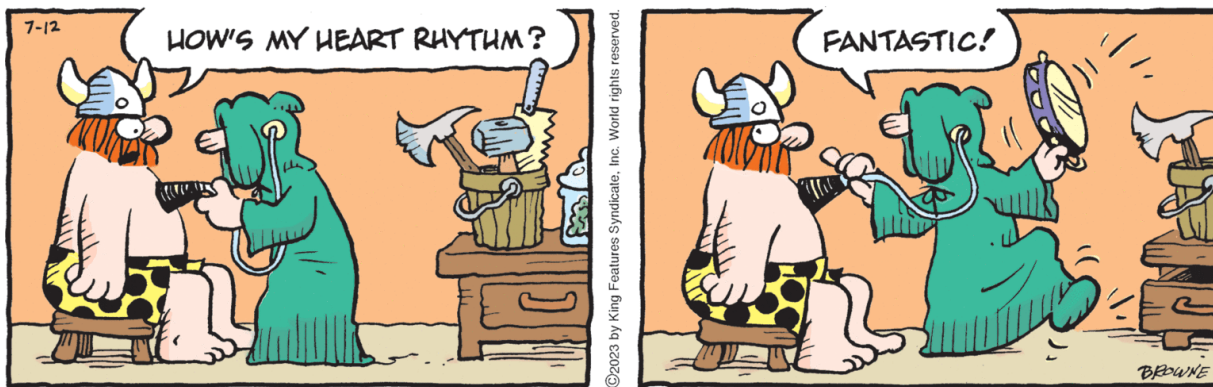
Two days later, Monday the 30th, I found that getting out of bed was even more of a struggle than usual, and my eyes were closing as I tried to read my e-mail. As soon as Robbie the aide arrived, I told Donna I was going back to bed, and I stayed there the rest of the day, except for a few breaks to stumble to the bathroom with, yes, nausea and diarrhea. I got up in the evening and somehow got the apa sent out; my apologies if I screwed anything up. I called my doctor the next morning, but it was New Year's Eve and there was no one in the office, so I knew I had to brazen it out. Thus it was the first New Year's Eve in recent memory when we did not stay up to make fun of the fools in Times Square while pigging out on shrimp with cocktail sauce and franks in blankets. I think we crashed around 9 pm. (Yes, we're both fully vaxed. I've been hearing reports that this year's flu vaccine is turning out to be less effective than in previous years, and that Long Island in particular is now reporting high rates of both flu and COVID, but the full statistics won't be available until the season is over.)

(A footnote: Ethan and Ashley had been ill in mid-December with very similar symptoms after traveling to Denver, so it's entirely possible they were the vector; they've apologized for any part they had in the

transmission. Their doctors thought it might be norovirus, for which there is currently no vaccine; that's apparently also been on the rise this winter.)

I should add that Monday 30 December had been Robbie's last day as an aide, as he's taking a heavier course load in the new year and will no longer have the time to work for us. Endy will continue to do Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and her agency promised to send another lady to cover Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The new aide, named Debbie Lee, showed up as promised on New Year's Day—I handed her a mask at the door and warned her about the flu—and seemed to get along with Donna despite everything that was going wrong. But Thursday afternoon, the agency called and told us that Debbie was feeling ill and needed to see her own doctor on Friday, and should they send yet another aide? We told them we'd manage for the one day. (I was starting to feel a bit better.) She was back on Monday but then out sick again Wednesday—at which point we decided we needed someone more reliable. The agency sent a lady named Natasha that Friday, but over the weekend, she mysteriously made herself unavailable for the foreseeable future. The agency next sent Ashanti; as of this writing, she's been here three days and we haven't scared her away yet. Watch this space...

I had my annual checkup, along with my pre-surgical clearance, on Thursday 16 January. My PCP, Dr. I.B., reported nothing out of the ordinary. The final clearance at the hospital, on Monday 27 January,



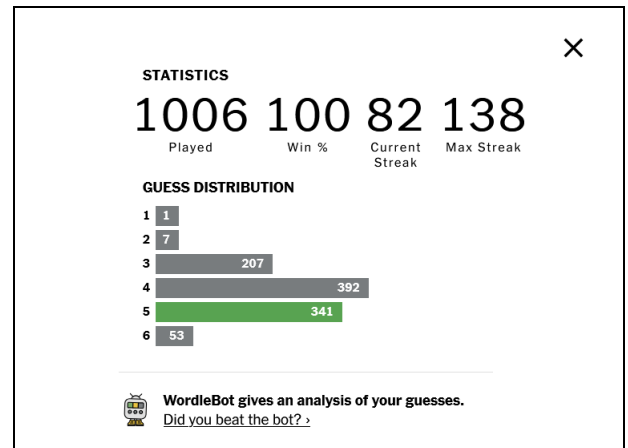
(Hagar the Horrible by Chris Browne, 12 July 2023)

also seems to have gone off without a hitch. Looks as though I'm really going under the knife on 10 February. Not a moment too soon; that left hip has been getting steadily more bothersome.

KNOCK DOWN THE OLD GRAY WALL, BE A PART OF IT ALL: We've been keeping Seymour the handyman fairly busy. He made some repairs to the set of compartments outside of Donna's room that we call the medicine closet, enabling us to finally put away the contents of a big box of assorted pharmaceuticals that's been in the Wreck Room since the thugs finished their load-in after the fumigation 14 months ago. (We also got rid of a shopping-bag-ful of pills and creams that were three and five and ten years past their expiration dates.) Then we had him repaint the whole upstairs hallway. Now we have him (with help from his brothers) completely redoing the Wreck Room (formerly The Kid's bedroom): tearing out the sheetrock walls (that have had holes in them since Ethan was a toddler) and the (cracked) sheetrock ceiling, putting up new sheetrock, sealing and painting it all, and repairing, sanding, and refinishing the hardwood floor. This, of course, meant that first we had to move literally all the furniture out of that room and find elsewhere in the house to stash it (thanks to Ethan and his friend Peter for doing the heavy lifting), and that then Donna couldn't use the Wreck Room for three weeks—a hardship since she normally spends most of the day there. (As I type this, she hasn't yet had a nervous breakdown from being cooped up in her room or from all the noise, but we're maintaining a watch.) Some minor problems turned up with the wiring in the room, causing a small delay while we called in the semi-retired electrician who lives down the block, but Seymour still believes it'll all be done by the start of February. Again, not a moment too soon.

BACK FOR MAHER: I saw Bill Maher’s newest stand-up comedy special earlier this month, just prior to his starting a new season of his regular show on HBO. I enjoyed it, but one thing confused me: he talked on stage for an hour, and in the closing credits, it said “Written by Bill Maher.” But his regular show, in which he only talks for about half the time, has a list of a dozen writers (including Bill Maher) in the closing credits. What does he need those other eleven writers for?

DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU?: On a brighter note, I finally achieved a goal with Wordle that I’d been working toward for a couple of years: I successfully completed more than 99.5% of the games I’d played—missing only five out of more than 1000 since the *Times* took the game over and started keeping stats. The website displays the win percentage rounded to the nearest integer, so it now shows my score as 100%. [Follow-up: three weeks later, I screwed up and missed ROWER, so my displayed percentage is back to 99 and will stay that way unless I can complete the next 180 games without a hitch. I should’a’ retired quasi-undefeated.]



The Kid introduced me to Connections, another game the *Times* runs, last summer; I haven’t done quite so well on that, since the games often turn on pop-culture references that are lost on me, but I’ve managed to get up to 98% on the 200 rounds I’ve played.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #12 (e-APA-NYU #229)

JAMISO [*sic*], TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L.

Blackman): (¢self) “A bigger problem is shortness of breath, constant throat clearing & a cough.” See your doctor while we still have Medicare! Hope you’re feeling better. /*/ (¢me) “Talking once with an old fan once, we noted that hearing aids had a stigma that eyeglasses mostly didn’t have.” I’d say that’s because so many of us have been wearing glasses since grade school (or even earlier!). Hearing aids say “I’m old,” while glasses say “I’m a nerd”—something fans have seldom been ashamed of. /*/ Four years is a long time, but there’s some hope in that popular disenchantment with the actions of the new administration could result in a significant change in the makeup of Congress in two years, limiting the additional damage that Trump and company do. A slender thread, but let’s take what we can get. /*/ My parents called the refrigerator the icebox too. I remember the singer in the 1961 song “Speedy Gonzales” complaining about “no enchiladas in the icebox,” but refrigerators may have been too expensive in Mexico then.

2024 vs. 2025 (Chas Belov): Well, strictly speaking, no one who isn’t clairvoyant will be able to judge the winner of 2024 vs. 2025 until 2025 is over.

Any number of things *could* happen over the next several months to make 2025 a great year, though of course things are looking pretty discouraging at the moment (especially in D.C. and southern California). /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) It’s been a while since I saw the film *Alice’s Restaurant*, and I don’t remember any explicit homophobia in it (though of course I may not have been attuned to it). In recent years I’ve noticed two things in the original song/monologue that I’ve wondered about: the reference to “father-rapers” on the Group W bench, and the line that “they’ll think they’re both faggots and they won’t take either of them” (which really was the Army’s policy at the time). I’ve wondered whether Arlo changed those during the 50th anniversary concerts. /*/ I had the BeeGees’ first four (US) albums and several of their singles. I think it was soon after the fourth album, *Odessa*, that the brothers quarreled and the band fractured and re-formed a couple of times; I lost track of what they were doing then and didn’t really become aware of them again until they went disco. /*/ (¢me) “I use singular ‘data.’” The stylebook at the financial management company where I worked in the 20-teens specified that “data” was always plural, and I still follow that rule out of habit. (My boss

hated that rule and was trying to get it changed, but it was apparently a decree from a higher authority than her.) /*/ I use Windows on my laptops (and Android on my mobile devices). This was originally to ensure compatibility with the machines at the offices where I worked, but

now that that's not a consideration, I don't see any good reason to switch. (I don't trust Apple any more than I trust Microsoft or Google.) Ethan has set Donna's laptops up with Linux, which means I can't always provide the tech support she needs.



(*Rabbits Against Magic* by Jonathan Lemon, 18 November 2024)

Looks like we're in for a new four years of approach-avoidance conflicts between wanting to know about the latest outrage from the White House and wanting nothing to do with any of it. Good luck to everyone in navigating the labyrinth. I presume that by this time next month I'll be recovering from my surgery and at least capable of sitting at the keyboard to communicate with you all. Be well.

>Portions of the preceding still aren't sure who killed Laura Palmer.<