

Beyond the Fringefan

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN saw yet another household appliance at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧 nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com; 🌐 <http://www.nycadre.org>)) give up the ghost this month, creating a Hotpoint in his temper as he contemplated the replacement cost.

You Maytag him as a profligate spender, but he's Amana means who currently can afford it. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #562, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 23, #9 (e-APA-NYU #238) and others who find themselves in a Whirlpool of doubt concerning his sense of humor, published September 2025 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Wayno and Piraro, 14 April 2025. All uncredited material copyright ©2025 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



HANNAH AND NO SISTERS: We made it out to Pittsburgh with minimal hassle; some slow traffic along the Belt and the Staten Island Expressway, but that's nothing unusual, and we avoided the worst of it by leaving Thursday rather than Friday. Arriving midnight Thursday night rather than midnight Friday night also afforded us the option to join the kith and kin for a Shabbat dinner at the shul.

The Saturday morning service was about as expected; my grand-niece Hannah acquitted herself as admirably at chanting her Torah and haftarah portions as her brother Gabe had done two and a half years ago. She gave a brief speech riffing on the Torah portion's admonition to the Hebrews *not* to destroy any trees when conquering the land of Canaan, and added her own opinion that fruit should *never* be cooked. (I asked her father a bit later whether dried fruit was OK, since that tends to be my preferred form; he said she had no problem with that.) Hannah's aunt Coren (my niece) and I were each given the honor of reading a prayer from the pulpit (in English, to my relief).

The late updates we'd had from the family said that both the kiddush brunch following the morning service and the dinner at the evening reception were to be vegetarian. I asked whether Hannah was herself a vegetarian; apparently not, but it seemed a good way to let the various attendees keeping varying degrees of kosher decide how strict they wanted to be. As it turned out, the food was vegetarian by the slightly odd definition used by many Jews: no meat or poultry, but plenty of dairy content (the brunch included tacos made with "Beyond" fake meat but real cheese and sour cream), and the dinner included baked salmon. (The food at the shul was provided by a kosher caterer, but the food at the reception was not. There were sealed airline-style kosher meals available there for those who requested them.)

The reception was held conveniently in the ballroom of the hotel we were staying in. Besides the buffet (salads, tortellini, broccoli, eggplant rollatini, salmon, breadsticks), they had a boba (“bubble tea”) station run by a place called Tiger Sugar, a T-shirt airbrushing station (they only had kids’ sizes when Ethan investigated), and a tote-bag painting station. No zip-lining, though; I’d’ve been disappointed if I hadn’t been warned. There was also music provided by a DJ, at a volume I found a bit excessive, and lots of 13-year-old girls gyrating on the dance floor. (I would have found much of the music fairly pleasant if the volume had been less, and I did Shazam some of the selections.)

We all piled back into the Conveyance on Sunday and headed back east, arriving at the Cadre not too long after midnight. I found myself dragging somewhat on Monday, and figured it was just fatigue from all the festivities and the time on the road, but I didn’t feel any better as the week went on, and found I also had a sore throat and nasal congestion. It wasn’t until the next Saturday that I took a suggestion and tested myself for COVID—getting a positive result. No way to know whom I got it from or whether I gave it to anyone else; Donna and Ethan and Ashley all tested negative, and the folks in Pittsburgh reported no one had gotten sick there. Fortunately, the worst was already past; I tested negative on Monday, though the congestion and throat soreness took a few more days to fade out.

In following up on that, I was told by a CVS store that Medicare and my supplement plans would not pay for home COVID test kits unless they were prescribed by a doctor, and by a Walgreens that they wouldn’t pay for them at all. And the latest word on COVID vaccines seems to be that you now need a prescription to get them in New York, but not in many other states. I’m still trying to get straight answers about all that.

In unrelated household news, our ten-year-old clothes dryer—the one on whose service contract I couldn’t get Sears to follow through a year and a half ago—died again. The repair guy said its computer circuit board was burned out (I had no idea it had a computer circuit board!) and would cost upwards of \$400 to replace, plus there was only one replacement available and it would have to be shipped up from Jacksonville, Florida. Since the dryer had caused us so much trouble over the past few years, we opted to replace the whole machine. The new one, an LG model, came from P.C. Richard and was installed the last week of September. I’m sure it has computer circuit boards, and I hope they last longer than the ones on the old one.



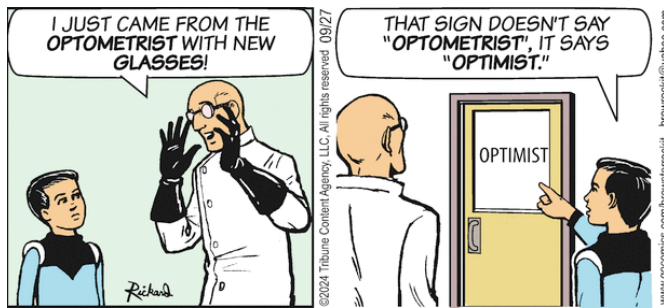
Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 23, #8 (e-APA-NYU #237)

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Correction: It hadn’t been 20 months since I’d been west of the Hudson; more like 32 months. I’d misremembered how many years it had been since my grand-nephew’s bar mitzvah. /*/
Follow-up: Mercy van Vlack e-mailed, “Catbirds nest in Central Park, often seen in ‘muggers wood.’ Mebbe not a good place to go if you’re

using two canes. I have seen folks in the city w two canes, mostly used for balance.” I don’t know which part of Central Park is “muggers wood,” and Web searches have been little help.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (cBlackman) “I should have done something nice for my eye doctor, but I lost contact with him when I switched Coasts.” That was, what, 30 years ago?

And you haven't seen an eye doctor since? I guess that explains your ongoing experimentation with permutations and combinations of Dollar Tree reading glasses. (I never had any contact

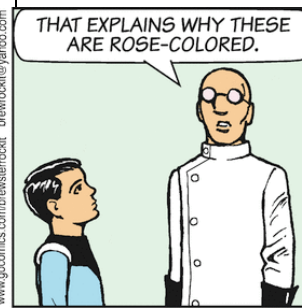


(Brewster Rockit, *Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 27 September 2024)

with my eye doctor. I always wear glasses with frames.) /*/ (çme) "I guess NYUFS doesn't have Publicity, Advertising, and Recruiting departments like one company I'm very familiar with." That's something I was never very good at. Only one or two persons whom I recruited into NYUSFS ended up coming to meetings regularly. I think someone from Hunter College High School came to a meeting in the 1980s and then recruited a bunch more, but I don't know who the first one was. /*/ I changed floors so many times at a couple of my jobs that I still have dreams about going to the wrong floor, or about packing all my stuff up in preparation for a move. /*/ Chairs have become problematic for me since the hip joint issues developed; the ones in waiting rooms tend to be too low, and if I sit for more than a few minutes, one leg or the other is achy or numb for many minutes thereafter, and I'm unable to walk without leaning on a wall or a cane until the leg recovers. I've added a couple of layers of cushion to the office chair I'm sitting on as I type this, and I now bring one of the cushions with me to poll work.

UNNAMED APA-NYU ZINE (Chas Belov): "How can there be a winner if there's only one entrant?" The winner would appear to be cats, as is typical for your zines. Or actually not-cats, since a cat face emoji is not a cat. (*Ceci n'est pas un chat.*) /*/ "ASPCA (I thought it was just the SPCA)" SPCA as an initialism for "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" is a generic term. Some are national, some regional or local. The U.S. nationwide one is the ASPCA. The one in England is the RSPCA (R for Royal). /*/ "On the crossword front," recent seven-day *Jeopardy!* champion Paolo Pasco gave his occupation as puzzle writer. The same weeks he was on, I was solving some *New Yorker* cryptics from late 2023

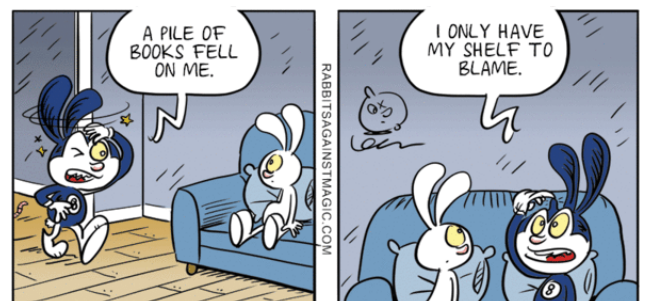
and noticed his name on three or four of them. I'll be rooting for him when he shows up on the Tournament of Champions next summer. /*/ (çcover) "So ¿what's the copy count nowadays?"



I guess it's one, unless you send both a text and a Word file, in which case it's two. Alternatively, it's ten (the number of people currently in the apa-nyu e-mail list), with groups.io acting as repro agent. /*/ (çBlackman) "I actually hated Everything Everywhere All At Once and abandoned it about

halfway through." I stayed on through the whole thing but was unimpressed.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): "He helped me setup my iPhone 15, but at the cost of him installing a right-wing podcast & a Bill O'Reilly." I'm not an iPhone expert, but I'll try to help you uninstall them if you want. /*/ "During the night, a wooden ~BOOKCASE~ literally fell apart, waking me and pouring out & bringing down most of a wall of books with it." And a few weeks later, Thom Anderson was hit (and slightly injured!) by a barrage of books when a bookcase he was trying to move disintegrated. (He now qualifies for a fannish Purple Heart.) There must be something going



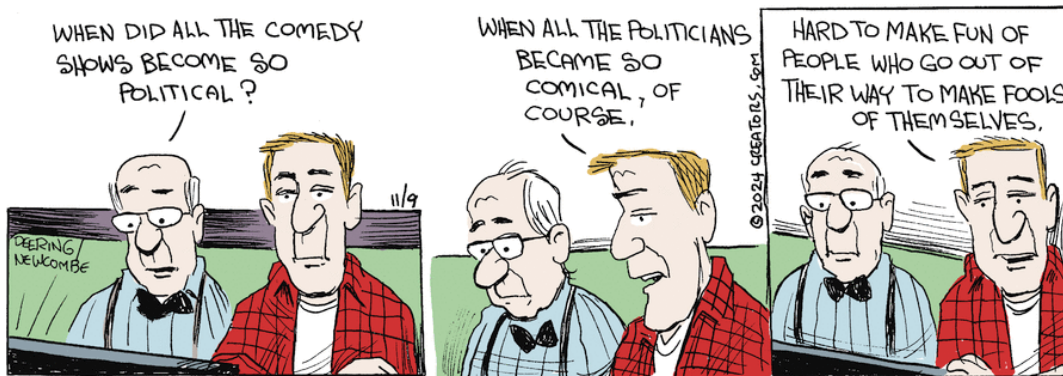
(*Rabbits Against Magic* by Don Lemon, 2 July 2024)

around. /*/ (çself) "With his glasses and similar, dark suits, Colbert gives off a Clark Kent vibe." Well, he had a secret identity on Comedy Central for nine years. More recently, he's complained that Speaker of the House Mike Johnson has been stealing his look. /*/ (çme) "On traditional trips to the roof, aren't you supposed to bring a violin, or a kazoo?" A kazoo? I don't get the reference. Up on the roof, I bring an old Carole King-Gerry Goffin song. /*/ "Uncle Pennybags was either a victim of inflation or Trump's decision to cancel the 1-cent coin." They considered hiring a replacement, Uncle Nickelbags, but he was busy

working at a dispensary. /*/ “It’s probably little-known that ‘Utopia’ means ‘nowhere’.” I didn’t know it until you mentioned it a few zines ago. /*/ (¢Nelson) “BC, like PEANUTS, is a legacy strip, being done by someone(s) who inherited it

from its late creator.” B.C. yes, but *Peanuts* was done by Charles Schulz right up to his death, whereupon it went into reruns that continue to this day.

I was never a big Jimmy Kimmel fan (my late-night viewing time is finite), but I’ve started DVRing his show to listen to the monologues since his recent disappearance and reappearance. I hope the little contretemps that Mr. Trump’s lapdog at the FCC provoked leads to a lasting rise in Mr. Kimmel’s ratings. A spike in Stephen Colbert’s would be nice, too, followed by a sharp drop in CBS viewership next spring if that network doesn’t reverse its decision to knock him off the air.



(Zack Hill by John Deering and John Newcombe, 9 November 2024)

...not that it matters much if through gerrymandering, warrantless deportation and imprisonment, and persecution/prosecution of anyone who tells the emperor he’s undressed, the government gets to choose the people instead of vice versa. All I can do is watch to see what happens next. Hope we’re all still here in another month.

>Portions of the preceding know how to pronounce “acetaminophen.”<