

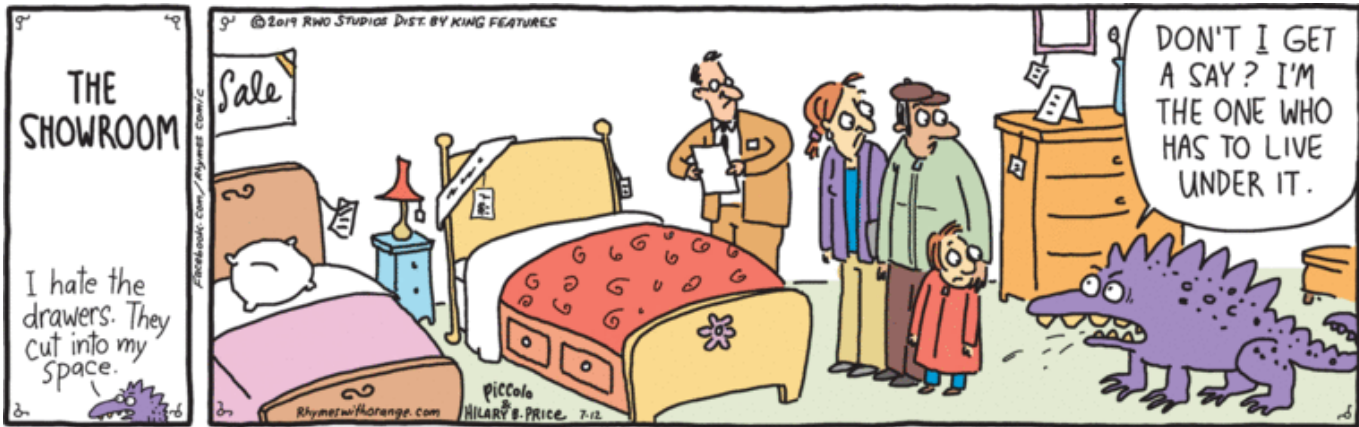
# Beyond the Fringefan [#513]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** is aware of the unfolding fiasco in Afghanistan but can't figure out what the hell he can do about it, other than send money to humanitarian NGOs. (Whom to blame is a whole other issue, and there's plenty to go around.) He's vacillating between watching the latest bulletins on CNN and avoiding them because they're too depressing. Either way, he's still hanging around the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧↔️ nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com; 🌐http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #513, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 19, #7 (e-APA-NYU #189) and other armchair generals, published August 2021 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Brewster Rockit, Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 21 February 2021. All uncredited material copyright ©2021 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**UNDER THE SHEETS:** I had to do it in stages, but I'm now the possessor of an almost entirely new (and presumably bug-free) king-size bed. The part that isn't new is the metal frame; all the bedding stores are selling frames with feet, but my old frame has wheels, which seems much more sensible to me. One of the wheels had gotten broken sometime in the past 30 years, so I went hunting for replacements, and ultimately decided to replace them all (it turned out that a couple more of the old ones were not broken but somewhat bent).

I wanted an all-metal headboard (to make it less hospitable to bugs), but the bedding stores only offered one or two models, and they were expensive and looked uncomfortable to lean back against while watching TV. So I hunted online and found a reasonably priced one with diagonal bars in a sort of chevron pattern, and ordered it from Walmart. The Kid and I were able to assemble it, attach it, and ditch the old broken wooden headboard, in just a couple of hours.

Finally, the mattress and springs. I'd paid a visit to a couple of showrooms in the spring and lain on a few beds there, and found that I personally didn't feel much difference among the many different models. So I went for another visit, this time accompanied by the person who shares my bed the most often. We found one we both liked at Bob's Furniture (a discount chain whose premier model is the Bob-O-Pedic) and noted down its price. Then we walked around the corner to a MattressFirm (formerly Sleepy's Bedding) showroom, told a nice salesman named Reggie what the bed we liked cost at Bob's, and asked what MattressFirm could offer us for the same money. He had us try several beds, one of which my accomplice liked a bit more than the one at Bob's; Reggie was able to match Bob's price, so that was the one I bought. All told, I'm out a bit more than \$3000—king-size beds are never cheap—but if mattresses are good for 20 years or so, I won't have to worry about this again until I'm 89 (we should all live so long).



(Rhymes with Orange by Rina Piccolo and Hilary B. Price, 12 July 2019)

Donna is not replacing her bedding at this time; we did it less than a decade ago. We continue to change her linens weekly, checking for bugs as we do it, and have seen nothing worrisome in a couple of months now.

**WHILE I'M SITTING HERE DOING NOTHING BUT AGING:** No new developments to report in re my hip joint, but I may be developing a hernia. Dr. B. says the sore spot in my groin indicates a possible weakness in the abdominal wall, but it's not a hernia until the weakness develops into a hole and the intestine starts to poke out. That may or may not actually happen to me, the doctor says, so it's watchful waiting for the moment. I remember my father having hernia surgery when I was in early grade school, so I guess I'm favoring him in one more way. If I do need the surgery, I'm told it's much less invasive these days thanks to laparoscopy; done in under half an hour, and home before the day is out.

**SOCIAL MEDIUM RARE:** There was indeed a FISTfA gathering in July, but with the COVID news taking an ominous turn with the spread of new variants and the reports of breakthrough infections in fully vaccinated folk, Thom the host decided to exercise an abundance of caution and suspend the August event. We're hoping for better news and a re-resumption of festivities as we move into fall.

We had dinner the other week with my brother-in-law Steve and my niece Coren—I guess the second time we've spent time with them since my sister Susan's death two and a half years ago, and very possibly the last time until my great-nephew's bar mitzvah in Pittsburgh in 2023. Steve and Coren have felt less and less tied to Brooklyn since Susan's been gone, and finally decided to leave for somewhere less urban. By the time this gets published, they'll be residing in a suburb of Allentown, Pennsylvania, a place of which I know little other than the Billy Joel song. That leaves me (and The Kid, of course) the last of my blood family that I know of still living in the borough, or even the city, of my birth.

(I say “that I know of,” because I have a dozen cousins whom I haven’t seen in decades, and to whose whereabouts I have no clue. And somehow it doesn’t bother me that I’m out of touch with them. I bear them no ill will; it just seemed to me when we last saw them (at someone’s funeral, probably) that we had virtually nothing in common to talk about. If it bothers me, it does so more because it contradicts the cultural image, somewhere in the back of my brain, of “family”—what Charles Schulz once called “built-in friends”—than because I actually miss their company.

A lacuna in my own emotional life or personal development? Or merely a rational recognition of how far dispersed—in geography, cultural circles, and interests—descendants of the same forebears can become in just a generation or two in the modern world? The answer is left as an exercise for the reader.)

2021-July-31: On Prospect Park Southwest I saw a car with the license plate SAPEMTEL. I paused to try to figure out what it meant, and concluded that the driver wanted whoever was driving in front of him/her to see the plate in the rear-view mirror and read it as LET ME PAS. (New York plates can’t have more than eight characters.)

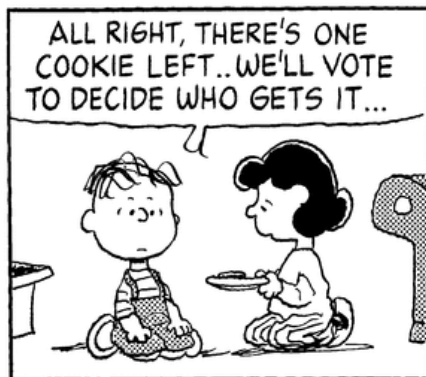
### **Fringe Reception:** Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 19, #6 (e-APA-NYU #188)

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

“Ranked-choice voting,” implemented with great ceremony this year in the New York primary elections, is of course the same as what we in fandom know as the Australian ballot, and have been using for decades to choose Hugo winners and Worldcon sites. Well, with one exception: conspicuously absent in this year’s primary ballots was a line for “No Award.” (Pity.) I’d love to see ranked-choice voting catch on throughout the country, but I doubt the two major parties will ever let it happen in general elections.

from the BPLF) all had problems with the machines, may cause the MTA to rescind its policy of booth clerks not handling money.” The MTA being the MTA, I wouldn’t hold my breath.

WILD vs. DELTA (Chas Belov): Wild? Is the delta variant considered domesticated? /\*/ I was able to get HBO Max on my laptop and send the audio and video to my TV, so I got to see the film *In the Heights* on a decent-size screen. Thought it was OK but not irresistible (but then song-and-dance production numbers seldom do much for



(Peanuts by Charles M. Schulz, 14 April 1998)

/\*/ “...without consulting me, my bank is transferring (selling?) my account to another bank...” Banks routinely buy and sell mortgages all the time—it happened to ours about three times in the course of the 20 years or so we were paying for the Cadre—but a checking/savings account? That’s a new one on me. /\*/ (çme)  
“That you, I & a guy in Manhattan (on my return

me). /\*/ By the way, I finally saw *Crooklyn*, which you recommended a few months back. Pretty good story. (On the subject of Spike Lee, I also saw *Mo’ Better Blues*, which I thought I’d enjoy because it was supposedly about the life of musicians, but found a significant plot point near the end to be sufficiently implausible to ruin it for me.) /\*/ (çme) “I like to pronounce VoIP as if

it were a French word, but not quite, as I say the ‘p’.” Do people understand what you mean when you say it that way? /\*/ “we’re on Tomorrow by Strawberry Alarm Clock.” Ah, one of those far-too-unappreciated second songs by one-hit wonders. /\*/ “my augmentation of a trip through the BART Transbay Tube” was interesting, though not something I’d want to listen to on a

regular basis. It reminded me of the instrumental break in “The Best Way to Travel” by the Moody Blues. (I remember, as a child, riding a city bus with my mother and enjoying the percussion rhythm made by the farebox as it counted the coins. I wanted to recite Chubby Checker’s spoken intro to “Let’s Twist Again” to it.)



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 7 August 2019)

Nothing frightful happened in Washington, D.C., in mid-August, which is good, though I expect an announcement any day now from Mike Lindell of a new date for “reinstatement.” I believe there are already calls for impeachment of the current president, by supporters of his predecessor, for allowing the plans that that predecessor set in motion to go forward. Lots of botching all around; I can’t honestly imagine why, given the publicly known withdrawal deadline, any Americans who didn’t have to would have chosen to stay in Afghanistan past April, and yet many did (and, per CNN, even now there are a few hundred Americans who still have not decided to evacuate).

I won’t be making any bets as yet on whether New Orleans will get fixed up after Ida any faster than it did after Katrina 16 years ago.

I guess I’ll just stay here and watch the disasters at a safe distance. (Note to self, speaking of disasters: get that booster shot as soon as I’m eligible!) A good New

Year to those who’ll be observing it, a happy equinox to those who celebrate it, and may learning prove to be possible in spite of everything during the new school semester. See you in a month.

**>Portions of the preceding have seen advertising for self-storage businesses  
 and are thinking about putting themselves in storage for a while.<**