

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN [#547]

~~BEHIND THE FRIDGEFAN~~ **BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** and his lady have not yet given up hope of traveling beyond the city borders this July, all the way to distant Buffalo. If last-minute circumstances prevent their attending this year's NASFiC, they'll probably be sulking about it down at 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** #547, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 22, #6 (e-APA-NYU #223) and other Buffalo soldiers, published June 2024 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Shoe* by MacNelly and Lansing, 5 July 2022. All uncredited material copyright ©2024 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

CLOTHES NEED WASHIN' AND THE FIRE WON'T START: Well, we got the dryer fixed rather quickly once we gave up on Sears. I Googled “appliance repair” and found a couple of dozen companies scattered throughout Brooklyn. Further investigation revealed that one of them, Dial Appliance Repair, had been in business since 1993 out of a little storefront on Coyle Street, not far from where Deb lives and across the street from the beverage distributor where I usually return deposit bottles. I called the place on Tuesday and had a service tech here on Wednesday; he told me that the last Sears guy had installed the new blower motor wrong. (If true, this gives the lie to what I'd previously been saying, that the service techs Sears sends are competent and it's just the scheduling bureaucracy that's ferblundget.) It cost a couple of hundred bucks, but it was worth it.

Unfortunately, these things seem to come in clusters. Two weeks later, we found ourselves without hot water. A call to our heating-oil merchant and service contractor brought a visit within 16 hours, but the tech found a broken “feeder”—apparently the pump that brings water into the furnace to be heated—and replaced that, at a cost of many more hundreds of dollars. And hardly had he left before we had a problem with the clothes washer, which decided it would no longer spin. Another call to Dial brought another visit (again, within a day), another replacement part (a switch that had succumbed to wear and tear after 30 years of use), and another few hundred bucks in repair charges. Good thing that the Great Metropolitan Bank I used to work for encouraged 401(k)s even for employees with vested pensions...

Oh, and Donna's CPAP machine has ceased to function; the supplier told us she's entitled to a new one, as the old one was 10 years old, but it requires a prescription from the pulmonologist and approval from

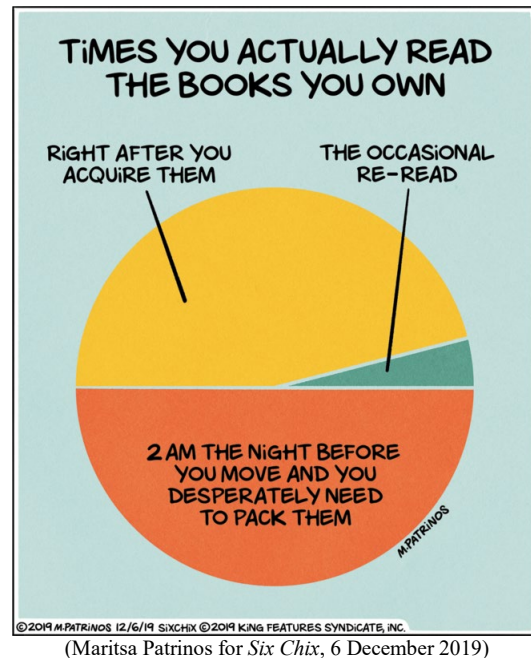
our insurance. We saw the pulmonologist last week and got the prescription; just a couple of days ago, the supplier called to tell us that Medicare won't pay for the new machine until Donna goes back to the pulmonologist's office for another sleep study. Baby steps, but we'll get there.

HALF MY LIFE'S IN BOOKS' WRITTEN PAGES: I've mentioned Better World Books, which collects unwanted books, sells some of them online, and uses the proceeds to send the rest to Third World countries. I'd accumulated four or five boxes full of books to dispose of, beyond the ones of fannish interest that I bring to give away at FISTFA, so I decided it was time to get them out of the house and garage and hand them off to Better World. Unfortunately, Better World doesn't seem to collect books in the five boroughs; its website shows collection points all over the 'burbs, and out into a dozen other states.

So I loaded the boxes of books into the Cadre Conveyance, ~~took shovels and rakes and implements of destruction~~ and undertook an expedition to Valley Stream, just over the Nassau County border. The collection point turned out to be a couple of drop boxes in front of the Valley Stream public library—but when I got there, they were so full that books were protruding from the slots. No worries; there was another collection point in Lawrence, a dozen miles south. So off I went—only to find that bin equally full. ~~With tears in our eyes, we drove off into the sunset, looking for another place to put the unwanted books.~~ I finally made it to the bin in front of the library in Franklin Square, a dozen miles back north again; that one seemed to have plenty of room, so I deposited all the books and headed home. What with all the meandering through suburban streets, the whole safari took over three hours. (There are other drop boxes in Manhasset and Port Washington, as well as points further east on the Island, but if the one in Franklin Square had also been full, I doubt I'd have put any more time into it; I'd have just sent Better World a very angry e-mail.) I hope the world appreciates the effort I put in to make it better.

SECONDARY PRIMARY: I checked the Board of Elections' website every day starting in late May, and on Saturday 8 June I finally found a response to my offering myself for poll work in the state primaries. Once again I was passed over for all nine days of early voting, but assigned to a polling place half a dozen blocks away on primary day (25 June) itself. Contrary to my expectation, I was not required to do any more training, either in person or online.

I set my clock radio to wake me at 3:40 on 25 June. Unfortunately, as I later discovered, I set it to 3:40 pm instead of 3:40 am, so I woke up when daylight flooded my room and I suddenly realized that I was supposed to have been up and out the door before dawn. It was about 5:35, and I somehow got myself out of bed, dressed, and over to the polling place by a few minutes after 6, a bit more than an hour late. I presented myself in an apologetic fashion, not sure whether I'd be bawled out and told ~~never to be seen driving garbage around the vicinity~~ to forget the day's assignment and go home; but the coordinator seemed unfazed by my tardiness, checked my name on her list, and told me to take my position. This was a site I'd worked at a year and a half ago, and a few of the other poll workers seemed to recognize me. (It was also the only polling site I'd worked where they brought in coffee and donuts for the poll workers; much appreciated this time since I'd left home without breakfast.)



It was a slow day, possibly even slower than the presidential primary day had been two and a half months earlier. I took a look at the sample ballots late in the day, and saw that there were no Republican primaries in any of the four districts covered by this polling place, and that the Democratic races mostly concerned local judgeships and the like. (There were a few nominations for Congress that were hotly contested, with a fair number of smear-campaign TV ads, but those were in other districts in other counties.) We might have handled 150 voters over the course of the day. I won't know until my paycheck arrives next month whether I was docked for my hour's lateness, but I think I need to be extra careful to arrive on time in November; that does *not* seem likely to be a slow day.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #5 (e-APA-NYU #222)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
(¢cover) "IBA Prime VIII" = "I be a primate"
(plus "IBA" is almost "IBM"). /*/ (¢APA-
NEWS) "I encountered the Trimblees at LACons.
I'm not sure we should thank them for TREK's
3rd season." Barry Gold remarked on Facebook
the other day that without the third season, there
wouldn't have been enough episodes to make up
a proper syndication package, which would have
meant no reruns and no chance to slowly build up
the following that led to the films, the spin-off
series, and maybe even George Lucas's venture
into space opera and the willingness of studios to
budget better-quality s-f films. We could be



(Off the Mark by Mark Parisi, 30 July 1999)

inhabiting a substantially different (sub)cultural
landscape today if not for the Trimblees. /*/ (¢me)
It's said that "old" is always ten years older than
you are. (Fifteen years in some variations.) But I

decided at 60 that I was old enough to be a
sensuous dirty old man. /*/ (¢Below) "A long ago
printer of mine had a top feed, rather than an
8.5x11 bin, so could handle legal paper." The
paper tray on my printer has a slide that can be
extended out a few inches to deal with legal-size
(as well as A4) paper. In ten years, I don't think
I've ever had occasion to use that capability.

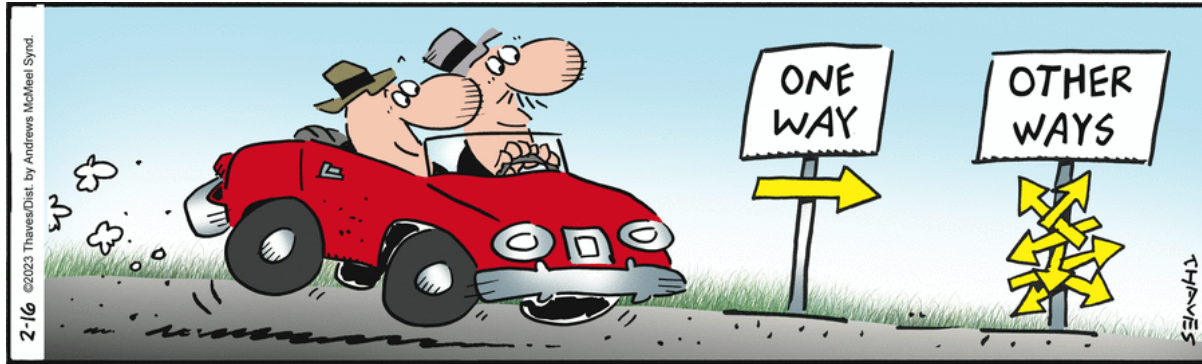
LIFE IS SHORT vs. BUT THE YEARS ARE
LONG (Chas Below): If you say "Not when evil
days come not," but the actual countersign is
"Not while the evil days come not," will a
member of the Families recognize you for an
impostor and take steps to neutralize you? /*/ But
life is very short, and there's no time for fussing
and fighting, my friend. /*/ (¢Blackman) An eruv
is a temporary barrier set up around a group of
homes for the duration of Shabbos or a festival,
with a ritual declaring that everything within the
perimeter is one home, to allow the residents to
circumvent certain restrictions about carrying
things outside the home during those times. /*/
Wikipedia says the etymology of "buffalo
soldiers" is subject to disagreement, being
attributed to three or four different Amerindian
tribes.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): Lately I find myself
double-stepping on stairs, mostly going up, when
carrying significant weights (heavy grocery
bags); when balance is a concern (food on plates
and beverages in cups); and on days when my hip
joints are giving me more pain. If I have a free
hand to grip the banister, I seem to be OK single-
stepping. At the supermarket, I find using a
wagon (manual, not electric), even if I'm just
getting a couple of items, reduces strain on the
hip joints significantly. (I haven't resorted to
using a cane yet, but I'm not ruling it out.) Good
luck with your atonement for past sins against
your health; I hope your body is merciful and
forgiving.

[Hardcopy BACOVER: It appears that the Happy Joy Chinese takeout at 25 Canal Street (a couple of blocks from where the late Danny Lieberman lived) is long gone, replaced by a sign-making shop and a fruit stand. It's a popular enough

name for a Chinese restaurant, though, that anyone who stammers can still find Happy Happy Joy Joy in midtown and in lots of other cities.]

As I finalize this, we're still planning to attend the NASFiC in Buffalo next month, but the concom's accessibility people haven't gotten back to us about a scooter rental, without which Donna's not going to be able to get much out of the con; so it may be a very last-minute decision. (Since we're driving, though, we don't have to worry about canceling airplane or train tickets.) Wish us luck.



(Frank and Ernest by Thaves, 16 February 2016)

In the meantime, don't forget the Ferry Meeting on 11 July. Have a happy Fourth, and stay cool.

>Portions of the preceding think the value of having presidential candidates
argue back and forth on stage is debatable.<