



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

[#552]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is feeling somewhat less inclined to get up off the couch or even out of bed right now, although he has several non-political reasons (such as seasonal affective disorder and arthritic hip joints), as well as the ones that seem to be dominating the national conversation lately. Accordingly, if you want to engage with him, you'll find him staring at one or another glowing rectangular screen 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** #552, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 22, #11 (e-APA-NYU #228) and other couch tubers, published November 2024 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Rabbits Against Magic* by Jonathan Lemon, 18 November 2024. All uncredited material copyright ©2024 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

ELECTILE DYSFUNCTION: Election Day went pretty smoothly as far as poll work was concerned. I managed to get up early enough to be at the polling site a couple of minutes ahead of schedule, we got everything set up and took our first voter in at 6 am as specified, and while there was a short waiting line at times, it was seldom more than a dozen people. (Hard to say whether this meant that more voters were staying home, a bad thing, or just that more had voted early.) I looked up addresses and sent people to the right ED/AD tables as usual—there were five districts covered by this polling place this time around. There were also the usual complement of folks whose polling places had been unexpectedly shifted to other locations, so I had to write referral slips and redirect them, but the places I sent them were all within half a dozen blocks. The polls closed at 9 pm, I got home around 10 pm, and then the anxiety hit as I watched some of the returns. The rest, of course, is now history.

That history, of course, leaves everyone I know wondering what the history of the next four years will bring, and who'll be left to write it come 2028. I'm reluctant to make any predictions, since so many concerning Mr. Trump have proven wrong, but what we've seen since the election was called doesn't ease my mind any. But the fact remains that he got more votes, both popular and electoral, than Ms. Harris, so this seems to be, for whatever that implies, what the American people want. (But please, media, stop calling it a "mandate" or a "landslide." Winning 49 states as Reagan did in 1984 was a mandate. Winning 49.9% (not even a majority of votes cast!) against 48.3% is not a mandate.)

GET HIP TO THE CONSULTATION OF THE BOOLAWEE: In non-political news, I'm feeling more pain in my left hip joint and will move forward with plans to get the joint replaced, either in late December or early January. I have a consult scheduled next week with surgeon Dr. D.M. to work out scheduling, and also to figure out just how much of my life will have to be put on hold and for how long. I may be able to get other people to do the shopping and cooking for me, for example, but driving to FISTFA (and then driving six or seven people home afterward) may be off limits for a while. I'm feeling increasingly apprehensive about the pain and loss of mobility—temporary, I hope!—as the event looms closer, so I'd best get myself committed to it before I lose my nerve.

I'm also seeing an audiologist next week. My hearing's been lousy for decades, but last time I had it tested, the audiologist said that he couldn't say with certainty that a hearing aid would make a noticeable difference. (The deficiencies seem to be in the upper frequencies, and manifest largely as hearing people speak but not being able to resolve the sounds into words; hence "hah?" and "say what?" are an annoyingly sizable part of my vocabulary. I now leave the closed captions on all the time on TV and will often pass up a show if it doesn't provide them.) But that was around the turn of the millennium, and my hearing may have worsened since then, and hearing-aid technology has probably improved since then. We'll see. Or hear.

(Mary Lawton for 6 Chix, 8 August 2024)

Donna seems to be feeling a bit better physically as the doctors tweak her meds. It's sometimes hard to tell, though, since her emotional outlook has deteriorated significantly since the election. Her eyesight is now poor enough to warrant an evaluation at the Manhattan office of the Lighthouse Guild next month to see what accommodations we can make in the home environment.

GET THE LEAD OUT: We got an e-mail just before Halloween from the city Department of Environmental Protection, solemnly informing us that "Our records indicate that your water service line is made of lead." I found this amusing: we've been living at the Cadre for just short of 38 years, and *now* you're telling us about it? The toddler we were raising when we moved in is now 40, so any damage that might have been done by lead in the drinking water is kind of a *fait accompli*. Nonetheless, I sent for the free water testing kit that the DEP offered and mailed in the samples from the kitchen sink. When we get the results back, then we can decide whether we want to pay however many thousands of dollars it would cost to replace the service line with a lead-free one.

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #10 (e-APA-NYU #227)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
I was never much for reading on park benches. They're not all that comfortable (and seem to be getting less so as my butt gets less resilient with age). /*/ (¢me) "Did you DM Dr. DM?" No, but I did show his business card to my PCP, Dr. I.B., who told me "He's an excellent surgeon, but his bedside manner isn't good." I guess it's good that I won't be in hospital for long after the surgery. /*/ I was curious about Harman because of the titles of his books when I saw them at huckster

tables: *Fahrenheit 666*, *The Tome Tunnel*, *One Hundred and One Damns*. But those are all a series, of which I couldn't get the first book (*The Sorcerer's Appendix*), so I went for one that appears to be standalone, *The Scrying Game* (though even that one has some passing references to characters from the other series). I still haven't finished it; other things have distracted me, which probably means it hasn't engaged me enough to want to finish it. /*/ (¢Below) "Wite-Out can be your crossword

puzzle friend.” Not if you do them online. /*/ “Is a shoe last like a henway or a Grecian urn?” It’s the foot-shaped form on which the shoe is built; the cobbler can’t start work without it, which is why it is said that “the last shall be first.” /*/ “Tsuris” derives from the Hebrew “tzorah,” meaning trouble or distress, so I guess technically it’s plural and the singular would be “tsurah.” But I can’t recall hearing that used. It may have died from lack of use, as the singular “datum” seems to be doing.

FREON vs. R600A (Chas Belov): Condolences on the apparent downward spiral of your old fridge. Our kitchen fridge is self-defrosting, but the big freezer in the basement is not; I think it really needs to be defrosted quarterly, but I’m lucky to manage it more than once annually. There’s a lot of stuff to empty out, and while the roasts and chicken parts can survive being out of the freezer for an hour or two, the ice cream and thinner pieces of fish seem less robust. We have a few old foam-core coolers into which I can pack stuff, and I can loosen the heavier accumulations of ice by knocking at them with an old wooden chair leg, but it’s still an all-afternoon project. /*/ “And to add to annoyances, I have to remember to put three returns between each paragraph in my nuzine because groups.io subtracts one, leaving no space between paragraphs if I just use two.” That’s odd; I just use two, and the results look OK to me. /*/ (¢Blackman) There don’t seem to be any Mongolian restaurants in

Brooklyn either. Pity; I’ve enjoyed Mongolian barbecue when I’ve encountered it in my travels.

(Shoe by MacNelly and Lansing, 29 November 2023)

/*/ (¢me) “¿First wife? ¿You have a second one?” No, but nevertheless she’s my first. I’m her second husband. /*/ “¿Where in Pittsburgh?” Per Google Maps, my nephew and his family are in Squirrel Hill South, near Frick Park. And my brother-in-law and niece moved last year to Homestead, across the Monongahela; I think that’s a separately incorporated borough. (None of these names mean anything to me, but my recollection is that you lived in Pittsburgh for a while, so perhaps they mean something to you.) /*/ “Actually, now that hospitals are no longer in general requiring masking, being in the hospital is a COVID risk.” Hmm, another reason to want to go home ASAP after my surgery.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): I hadn’t heard of Mohs surgery before; I’d have guessed that it had something to do with how hard your skin is compared to rocks, but that’s a different Mohs. (And Moe surgery is accomplished by Dr. Howard poking his finger in your eye.) In any case, congratulations on the results being benign—and also on saving several hundred dollars in car repairs.

I’m waiting for people distressed by the recent political results to tell us what we can do about them, either to produce different results two years hence or to help one another keep it together until then. (The money I sent to various campaigns during the year doesn’t seem to have helped, despite the assertions in all those letters, e-mails, and texts that my contributions would make the difference. More broken political promises.) Failing that, I’m hunkering down and hoping the surgeon gives me lots of good drugs. May all have a happy holiday season of their choice, and we’ll see each other just prior to the New Year.

>Portions of the preceding are afraid the Democrats just blue it.<