

# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN [#561]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** is now on a little 400-mile (each way) road trip, the first time he's been west of the Hudson in 20 months, but with only four people in the car. Problems? Yeah, there were a few over the summer, but hey, it's only money. Once the bat mitzvah is over, he'll be heading back east to 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)), if the National Guard isn't at the border to stop him. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #561, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 23, #8 (e-APA-NYU #237) and other recipients of automatic transmissions, published August 2025 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Shoe* by Susie MacNelly and Ben Lansing, 8 November 2023. All uncredited material copyright ©2025 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



**ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS:** I've been a granduncle for nearly 15 years now, but the recent news at the Cadre is that I'm soon going to be a grandparent. Ethan and Ashley have informed us that Baby Glasser-Camp (they've decided to forgo any additional hyphenations) is due to arrive in February. (Hmm, I guess that means the car is carrying five on this trip after all.) There's not much that Donna and I need to do between now and then other than contemplate this incipient additional job description and maybe figure out how much baby-proofing the house will need.

Being a math major, I'm also contemplating the generational changes in numbers. My mother's father was in his fifties when he became a grandfather. My father was likewise in his fifties when his first grandchild (my nephew) was born. I'm in my seventies now and (if I live that long) will be close to 80 by the time the new kid is up to doing anything active outside. Is there anything a grandpa needs to do for a grandkid that I'll be unable to handle? (Then again, I don't remember my grandfather doing much that was terribly active in the seven years between my birth and his death, and my other grandfather, for whom I was named, died before my parents even met, so maybe I don't need to do anything but be there.)

As an incidental, it occurred to me not long ago that I have now outlived my father (73 years and 2 months) as well as my sister (70 years and 4 months). I still have a few years to go to surpass my mother (79 years 3 months) and my Aunt Honey (89 years 11 months). Something to shoot for?

## FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 23, #7 (e-APA-NYU #236)

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

Sounds as though you need protective services to protect you from Adult Protective Services. /\*/ I e-mailed you a list of places within bussing distance that might be able to help with the wheel on your rollator. Let me know if any of them



(Frank and Ernest by Thaves, 28 May 2025)

come through. /\*/ The City's agencies for the disabled seem set up to find ways to deny services, not supply them. We were able to get a state-issued "disabled" placard for Donna for the car, but not a city-issued one; despite notes from Donna's doctors attesting to Donna's immobility, the city agency decided she wasn't disabled enough. This wouldn't have mattered much, since we have the state placard; but when congestion pricing came in and we tried to get an exemption for when we take Donna to one of the three or four doctors she regularly sees in Manhattan, the city Department of Transportation turned us down because we only have a state and not a city placard to attest to the need. /\*/ Um, if anyone calling on the phone claims to be from Medicare and to be sending you a new plastic Medicare card, it's a scammer phishing for your personal information. Medicare is not issuing new plastic cards. Look on the actual Medicare website, <medicare.gov>, for more information. We get several calls like that each week—also ones from people who claim they'll send us back braces or other equipment at no charge to us if we'll just give them our Medicare information. Beware. The fraudsters are legion. /\*/ (¢me) "Some nurses addressed me as 'Mr. Marl.'" I presume that was a typo for "Mr. Mark." I got "Mr. Marc" from nurses at the rehab, I get it from Donna's home aides, and I get it from Seymour the handyman (whom I call "Mr. Seymour" in return). I've been called worse. /\*/ (¢self) I've seen a couple of hydrants fitted with sprinkler caps (which don't cause dangerous drops in water pressure) over the past month. The FDNY ought to be issuing more.

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Follow-ups:

My poll-worker pay came in in mid-July and was the proper amount despite my having left the site after all the work was done but without an explicit go-ahead from coordinator Ruth. /\*/ And

I've been notified that I need to show up at a courthouse in downtown Brooklyn on the afternoon of 9 September for another in-person training refresher class. If it's like the previous ones, it'll be about four hours (less a 10-minute break), I'll already know 95% of what's in it, and as long as I attend and then do the job on

Election Day, I'll get paid for taking it, so no worries. /\*/ When I brought the Cadre Conveyance in for its state inspection, the side of the rear axle that they fixed in June was fine, but the other half was leaking grease and had to be replaced at a cost of over \$1000. Win some, lose some.

CATBIRD vs CATFISH (Chas Belov): I've eaten catfish—not bad but not my favorite. And like you, I've never seen a catbird and wouldn't know one if I did. On the other hand, I quite enjoyed the late James Thurber's 1942 short story "The Catbird Seat." (In case you haven't read it, it can be found on the Web.) So it's a tie for me, depending on how hungry I am. /\*/ Have you ever used "Catastrophe vs. Cattywampus"? /\*/ (¢me) Not all proverbs are in the Old Testament book of that name. Proverbial cats include the one that can look at a king, the ones that are all gray at night, the one that curiosity killed, the one in whose absence the mice will play, and the grinning one from Cheshire (not to mention its close relative that swallowed the canary). But I don't think any of those would be relevant to the fight that I don't have a dog in. /\*/ "There's a whole slew of Asian songs that drop in words, phrases, sentences, and verses in English." The Italian jazz/pop singer Paolo Conte drops both English phrases and scat syllables into his songs, though apparently he doesn't speak English; Vin Scelsa used to play his "Via con me" and "Sotto le stelle del jazz" on the radio.

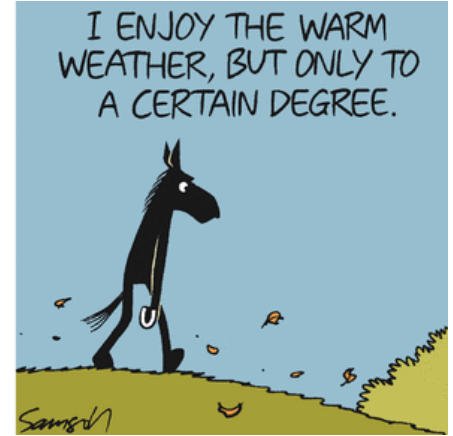
ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢self) "I've found that using two canes converts me into a horse,

with a significant increase in speed.” How does one walk with two canes? I’m not finding much information on the Web about this (a couple of videos showing people who are still hobbling slowly after major surgery, and some ads). /\*/

Also, with both hands occupied, how do you carry anything?

BACOVER (franked/A. Nieves): Editorial cartoon from 1995 about “illegal immigrants.” Plus ça change...

The dog days should be over as this gets collated, so enjoy the relief from the fondly Fahrenheit. (Regrettably, the silly season, centering around the nation’s capital, is liable to continue for at least another year and a quarter, with decidedly unfunny consequences.) See you after the equinox, and a good New Year 5786 to those who celebrate it.



(from *Dark Side of the Horse* by Samson, 23 July 2024)

>Portions of the preceding wonder whether podcasts

originated with *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.<