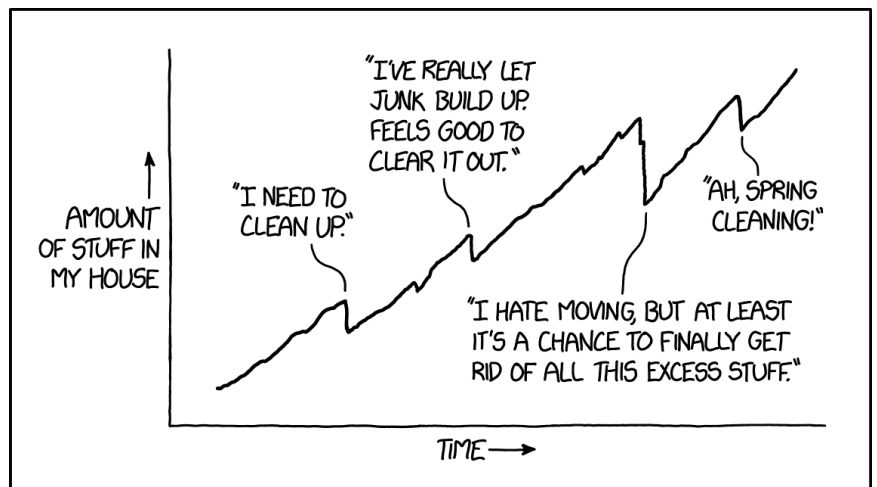


Beyond THE Fringe fan [#501]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

is doing his damndest to sort through the clutter 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)), and get it boxed and carted out, while keeping the bedbugs at bay, but it's slow going; he's still hoping against hope to be able to get the place prepared for the exterminators this year. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #501, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 18, #6 (e-APA-NYU #177) and other people for whom the name Marie Kondo fails to spark joy, published July 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *xkcd* by Randall Munroe, 30 April 2018. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



I'M STARTING TO WORRY ABOUT MY
STRATEGY FOR DEALING WITH CLUTTER.

PAIN IN MY HEAD, BUGS IN MY BED: It's been nearly two months since we discovered bedbugs at the Cadre, and it still feels as though we're months away from ready to have the exterminators come in and deal with them. This is because (as mentioned lastish) before they come in, we need to be able to have all clothing and other items made of fabric out of the house—or at least the level where the bugs have been found—and have the rooms empty enough that all the furniture can be moved a few inches away from the walls, so that everything can be thoroughly vacuumed and steam-cleaned. I've resisted the term "hoarders," but I'm aware that many people who've seen the house would apply that designation to us. Both Donna's bedroom and mine, when we started, had not only furniture lining every inch of wall, with every drawer and shelf loaded beyond capacity, but boxes and shopping bags in front of every piece of furniture. I had grand plans to undertake a thorough but leisurely project of decluttering now that I'm retired, but of course the ghods laugh at humans' plans. (And it's not even polite giggles or suppressed snickers, but out-loud guffaws.)

So we've gotten rid of a lot of redundant clothing—some to charity collection boxes, some to the trash—and put dozens of bags of paper out for recycling. We've loaded all the cool-weather clothing that was left into half a dozen large plastic bins, and filled dozens of smaller ones with books and papers we can't persuade ourselves to get rid of; that's all in the garage. All the binders of old apas that were in our bedrooms are out there too, encased in plastic. All my old LPs, and most of the audio- and videocassettes I haven't dumped, are in the basement in plastic; all the CDs and DVDs are out in the garage. We've spread diatomaceous earth on the floor around the shelves and stacks of bins—apparently it acts as an abrasive to physically shred the bugs when they try to walk through it.

I've thrown away reams of old zines and correspondence. I feel like David Bowman disconnecting modules of HAL's memory in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, except it's my own memories I'm jettisoning. (I may have to start singing "Daisy, Daisy" in filk rooms.) And now there are just four or five boxes of unsorted junk left to pack in my room, and the bookshelves and dresser drawers are pretty much bare, and the brick-and-board shelves that used to hold reel-to-reel tapes have been disassembled and stacked in the garage. (And I can't find half the things I need.) But we're a lot less far along on Donna's room, and we've barely touched the Wreck Room (formerly Ethan's room).

Ethan went and bought a home steaming device—it looks like a vacuum cleaner, but you fill it with water, wait for it to heat up, and then when you pull the trigger, steam shoots out the end of the hose or attachment. The temperature kills bedbugs in seconds, and the standard attachment covers a foot-wide swath. We've applied it to all the parts of my bed, and I haven't gotten bit in a few weeks, which makes the situation a little more tolerable for me. (We re-do the steaming every couple of weeks, because we keep finding newer, though smaller, batches of bugs each time we take the bed apart.) Donna's got so much Stuff on and around her bed that we can't get at all the parts to steam them; we squirted some diatomaceous earth between the mattress and headboard as a stopgap measure. (It's not a perfect solution, because the stuff isn't great for your lungs, but she accepted the risk as a trade-off for not getting bit.)

In other news, a retinologist has diagnosed Donna with "dry" macular degeneration in one eye. This has been causing her distressing double vision, especially when reading. A follow-up exam in October will determine whether it has stabilized or is getting worse, and then our optometrist will see if he can provide a separate pair of reading glasses that will help. And our dentist and oral surgeon say Donna's implants have anchored themselves sufficiently to permit placement of a new permanent bridge. She may yet eat corn on the cob this year.

On the upside, my JPMorgan Chase pension and my Social Security benefits have kicked in as of July, so we're covered for costs of living. We Shall See how much we need to dip into savings by the time the Adventure of the Bugs is concluded.



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 19 October 2000)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 18, #5 (e-APA-NYU #176)

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

"I got an application for an absentee ballot for NY's June ~**PRIMARY**~, and when it arrived, filled it out & mailed it – ie, I voted by mail, pissing off Trump & McConnell (who themselves vote by mail)." Donna's absentee ballot never got here. /*/ "'Black Lives Matter' was painted on a street approaching the White House and de Blasio wants it painted on 5th Ave. in front of Trump Tower." It was done, and then it was vandalized three times the following week. [As a copyeditor, I object when people call the street paintings "murals"; murals are by definition on walls. There's a British word for

drawings or paintings on the pavement, "screeving," but if that's not highfalutin enough, I suggest we replace the Latin *murus*, "wall," with *terram*, "ground," and start calling them "terral's." /*/ I'm one of those who are concerned that so many of the founders and leaders of this country were slaveholders, or committers of genocide, or tacit condoners of it, that we could soon see justification for the removal of every monument and memorial to anyone who preceded Lincoln and quite a few who followed him. Perhaps that's not a bad thing; I doubt there's a perfect solution. (Hmmm, even Lincoln is on record as making remarks opposing racial

equality even as he opposed slavery.) /*/ “It’s apparent that the only surefire remedy for the virus is ousting Trump.” Um, that’s a necessary condition, but we still don’t know enough to be able to say it’s sufficient. /*/ “A book’s misprint saying that Beethoven wrote music despite being ‘dead’ (they, of course, meant ‘deaf’)...” Hey, it didn’t stop L Ron Hubbard from writing. /*/ (¢me) ...and, of course, we’re now seeing the results of all those states rushing to reopen. As I write, 41 states are now on New York’s self-quarantine list, including some whose governors I thought were being as cautious as Cuomo. /*/

(¢self) “It’s a mystery about how Trump got away with everything from the ‘pussygrabbing’ tape to losing the popular vote to paying hush money for cheating on Wife #3 to the Mueller Report NOT ‘exonerating’ him to Impeachment to turning a prosperous US into an apocalyptic landscape.” I hasten to remind you that the Electoral College, irrational and contrary to the one-person-one-vote rule as it is, is still embedded in the U.S. Constitution, and Trump’s not the only one to have ridden it into the White House despite losing the popular vote. All the other stuff you mentioned is still a mystery.



“Hello, Census Bureau? Another one of your census-takers fell asleep on our doorstep!”
 (Andy White for *The New Breed*, 4 October 2000)

Just a reminder to all to fill out your U.S. Census forms, online or by e-mail, if you haven’t done so already, and to make sure you’re registered to vote; seldom has the need for accurate counting been more urgent.

Sports are definitely not my cup of tea, but I’m having a lot of trouble understanding why people are being so weird about the Washington football team now being called the Washington Football Team. That other kind of football that they play everywhere else in the world is just full of teams called “F.C. [place name]” or “[place name] F.C.”—where “F.C.” stands for “Football Club.”

August 5 will mark the hundredth birthday of my father, a man to whom I credit my fondness for atrocious puns and good music (although he steadfastly refused to recognize rocknroll as ever capable of being good music). His specialties were political science and public administration, disciplines in which I have not distinguished myself, but I hope I’ve lived in a way that brings honor to his memory. (I’d love to know what he would have thought of the present administration.)

In addition to the success of the tests now ongoing for the prospective vaccines for the novel coronavirus, and a reduction in idiots who believe that any measures undertaken to slow the spread of the virus constitute a conspiracy by the enemies of this country, I’m hoping for a cessation of unidentified (or even identified) thugs tear-gassing, pepper-spraying, and grabbing and tossing into vans, people who are exercising their First Amendment right peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. (That last is another reason for people to make sure they’re registered to vote; see above.) Stay healthy and sane, to whatever extent you can.

>Portions of the preceding still remember “Man, woman, birth, death, infinity.”

Do they pass the cognitive test?<