



Beyond the Fringefan

[#502] **BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** has reached that point that comes every summer when he daydreams about cutting ice cream trucks' speaker wires—would any jury ever convict him? (They all seem to be playing, of all things, “La Cucaracha” this summer, in a synthesized arrangement in 3/4 time. Or maybe it’s just one truck coming down his block six times a day. Dammit, whatever happened to jingling bells?) He’s got no time to deal with cucarachas in ice cream, as he’s still dealing with bedbugs in his house, 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)); but he’s got time to hack out **Beyond the Fringefan** #502, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 18, #7 (e-APA-NYU #178) and other people whose good humor is fast melting away, published August 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above by Susan Camilleri Konar for *6 Chix*, 14 August 2019. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

The clean-up and clean-out continue. I found a drawerful or two of papers that were recyclable, but could not just be tossed because they contained Social Security and bank account numbers. Up until six months ago, I’d have just brought them to work and used the shredders there, but obviously that’s no longer an option. So I’ve bought my own personal shredder, and spent a couple of merry hours turning 15-year-old cancelled checks and bank statements into cross-cut confetti before taking plastic bags full of them out for recycling collection. Sorting and packing in Donna’s room are proceeding, if slowly, and Ethan’s taken some stuff to his current apartment from his old bedroom. I still can’t guess when we’ll be ready for the exterminators to come in.

We’ve gotten Donna out of the house to two medical appointments in August. One was to Dr. K. the dentist, who did full 3-D scans of Donna’s mouth in preparation for the fabrication of her new bridges. These will be full-width, molar-to-molar, permanent, nonremovable dentures, anchored to some of the implants and a few remaining roots of root-canalled teeth (six on top and three on the bottom, I think), and they will be—already have been—expensive. Counting all the work that’s been done over the past few years (extractions, implants, bridges, and so on), we will have spent nearly as many dollars on Donna’s mouth as we did buying the house. (That’s without accounting for the effects of nearly 35 years

of inflation and rising real-estate values in the area, so the dental work amounts to a lot less in real-world purchasing power, but still....) Luckily, when I started getting my Social Security benefits, the office back-dated the claim six months and sent me a lump-sum payment, which arrived just in time to cover the upper bridge.

The other medical visit was to Dr. E., a bariatrician on West 52nd Street in Manhattan, along with her associate, Ms. O. the dietitian. Donna's orthopedic surgeon, during a regular follow-up consult on her artificial joints, recommended seeing such a practitioner, on the grounds that her weight was putting extra stress on the joints, not to mention her heart, and nobody wants her to have to undergo any more surgeries at this point. Since Donna can barely walk the length of the house, increased exercise is not something we can turn to for weight loss, which leaves diet. But her dental issues over the last year have made that problematic too: while she's gotten by in the past with eating a lot of vegetables, her lack of anything to bite or chew with over the past year has had her relying on soft, high-carb foods like bananas, oatmeal, and potato salad for a lot of her nutrition. While there's an end in sight for that issue, for the moment about all they could recommend that would work right now were things like riced cauliflower and zucchini "noodles." We're trying out a few things now to see what will work (and won't keep me in the kitchen all day).



(Broom-Hilda by Russell Myers, 5 April 2019)

Social distancing had the unpleasant side effect a couple of months ago of engendering waiting lines to get in to retail markets to do ordinary household shopping, and it remains curiously idiosyncratic that some places still seem to have queues and others don't. (No, I have not once managed to get up and out early enough to avail myself of the special "senior hours.") Aldi, down at Avenue Y and Nostrand Avenue, has a line no matter when I go, though it's worse in midday (20 or 30 minutes to get inside, vs. only 10 minutes as dinner hour approaches). The lines at Target at Flatbush Junction have gone away on weekdays, but are still around the corner and down the block on weekends. (Being a retiree helps a lot in this case.) ShopRite, and the chain drug stores, all seem to be line-free all the time. But I tried cycling down to the Trader Joe's on Court Street last week—7 miles each way, the furthest I've biked since last October—and found a 20-minute wait to get in at 4 pm on a Thursday. (On the other hand, Trader Joe's has always had a horrible line *inside* the store to check out, and now there's almost none; so I guess it balances out.)

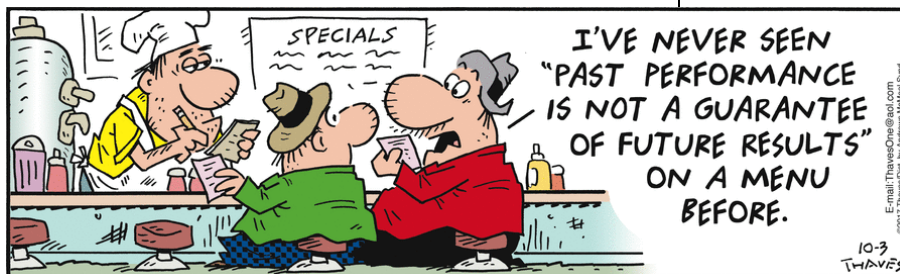
Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 18, #6 (e-APA-NYU #176)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
"The Hilton in Rye Brook, Westchester, NY...is shutting, like many other hotels a victim of Covid-19." And yet the Hilton website still lists it (but with no rooms available). What other use

could the structure and grounds be put to without a huge capital investment for the conversion? If the nation's economic and health prospects ever recover (admittedly a big "if"), I think it'll reopen under new ownership. /*/ (cme) "So

[bedbugs] can't be killed by fogging?" Different exterminators seem to have different methods, but fogging still requires that everything be spaced apart enough for the fog to get into all the cracks and crevices. The bugs are allegedly able to hide not only in upholstery, but in books, in baseboard moldings, and behind light-switch plates and outlet covers. /*/ "“Did it actually say,” I asked Bob, ‘that the stock would go up, unless it went down?’” Investment reports are filled with cover-their-ass language; part of the job was making sure the right variations of those disclosures were included on the appropriate pages in every document. Any chart of a portfolio’s performance had to be accompanied by “Past performance does not guarantee future results. This information is not investment advice”; any assertion or implication in running text about what the markets might do was always qualified with “in our view”; any mention of a stock holding in a PowerPoint display had to include a warning in the footnotes that such mentions “illustrate the application of our investment philosophy only and are not to be considered recommendations”; and so on and on.

“word” of this title. The first six syllables seem to be from the Disney *Mary Poppins*, but I can't parse any recognizable patterns out of the rest. Linen? ENIAC? Aerosol? /*/ “The Toc had a mistake of the month....” The Mailman software formats the ToC automatically now, based on the subject lines of the submitted e-mails, so if you typo your subject line, that's beyond my control. /*/ (¢me) A lot of songs occurred to me after I heard about hand-washing songs, and I tried timing them by singing while looking at my watch, and then I forgot a lot of them by the next time I was at the sink with soap in hand. No big loss. Lately I use a verse and chorus of “Paperback Writer.” /*/ (¢self) “Apparently the fogging issue can be reduced or eliminated by ensuring a good fit above the nose.” I still struggle with it. I'll get a good fit and no fog, and then I'll lift the mask to blow my nose or take a drink, and then after I readjust the mask to what feels like exactly the same position, I'll get fog, and no amount of fiddling with the mask will get it to go away. (And all the fiddling to make the fit precisely right amounts to the dreaded touching of one's face, no?) /*/ (¢me) I'm afraid you're



(Frank and Ernest by Thaves, 3 October 2017)

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE ANNAPOLIS
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(Charles Belov): I'm having trouble with the last

about seven years too late; the cover in question originally ran on APA-NYU #109 in June 1984 and was reused for the hardcopy edition in May 2013. /*/ (¢Blackman) “It's ‘milchig’? *Surprised* All my life I've been pronouncing it ‘milthig.’” That surprises me; there's no “th” in German or Hebrew and hence no “th” in Yiddish. Milk is “milch” in both German and Yiddish. Did your parents speak Yiddish at home?

The heat, humidity, and thunderstorms of August have left me feeling soggy, as usual. The (virtual) spectacle of the political conventions has left me feeling cynical, as usual. The latest headlines about abuse by police and other figures of authority have left me feeling hopeless, as is becoming far more usual than I ever imagined. How long can this go on? Will we face an incipient civil war following Election Day, irrespective of the returns? ~~And what about Naomi?~~ Geez, someone tell the writers we need some resolution to at least a few of these cliffhangers soon. Once again, stay healthy, safe, and sane, to whatever extent you can.

>Portions of the preceding would test a vaccine if anyone asked them. It's worth a shot.<