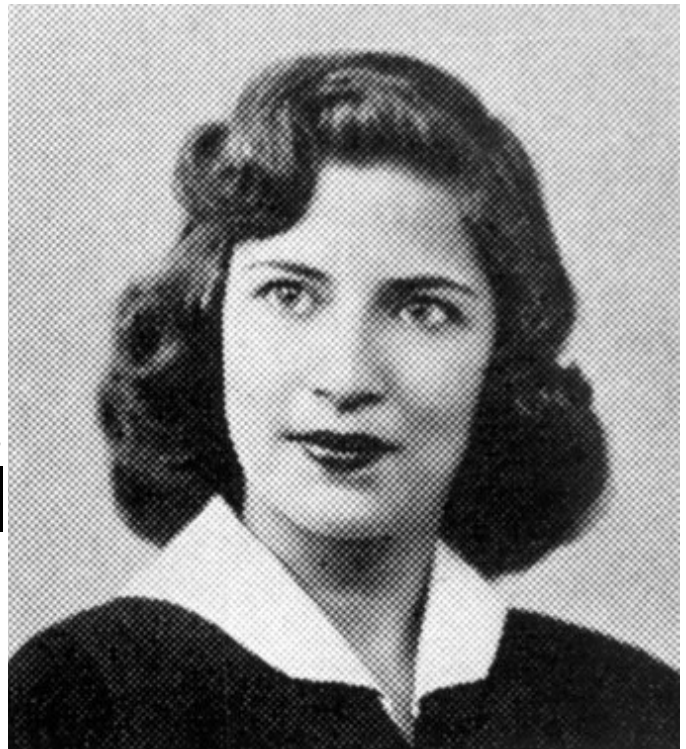


BEYOND THE FRINGE- FAN 503



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN mourns the loss of Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, courageous fighter for fairness and equality, and proud daughter of Brooklyn;

however, he does not plan to get a tattoo of her. He'll stay 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 watch the Republicans break all land speed records, not to mention all previously espoused political principles, saddling the nation with someone who'll do their bidding before Inauguration Day. R.I.P. R.B.G. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #503, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 18, #8 (e-APA-NYU #179) and other folk who'd have seriously considered offering the late Justice a few months of their life if they could, published September 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Image above from the James Madison High School yearbook, 1950. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

LISTEN, YA IN A BAG, YA GOTTA BUG OUT: We may have found our way out of the endless morass of cleaning and packing in preparation for the exterminators. Ethan told us that a friend of a lady whom he's been seeing recently had a bedbug problem and dealt with a small exterminating company in Manhattan that claims it can do the job *without* needing everything packed up and cleared out. The two brothers who run the company spray a combination of chemicals that act as bait to draw the bugs out and then kill them. The client was quite happy with the results.

My investigations found only positive reviews of the company on the Web—no accusations of fraud or scamming. I called the company twice and talked to the brothers (yes, it's that small a company), and they seemed straightforward and willing to answer all our questions. So even though I'm still not totally sure about this, we're going to have them come over and do their thing, in the hope of finally putting an end to this pain in the tuchus.

If the brothers are successful, of course, that means we've wasted a lot of time and effort this summer, which will not make me terribly happy. (And all the stuff we've already packed up and stashed in the

garage will have to stay there for a year before we can start unpacking it, in case there are any live bugs hiding in there. So I can't access my CDs, my APA-NYU archives, or all the books that were in my room till next summer. Grumble.)

Work on Donna's mouth continues. A small piece broke off the temporary upper bridge, without deleterious effect. Another crown fell off a lower tooth, one that was slated for later extraction; what's left of the tooth turns out to be in such poor shape that instead, we'll have it taken out by the time this gets published.

In good news, the retinologist has determined that Donna's macular degeneration has gotten no worse since June; if it's stabilized, we're hoping that our optometrist can provide special glasses that will improve her reading. (The retinologist also recommended the "optical" vitamin formulations being sold by a number of retailers. We've been taking those for a few years; Donna is now taking more of them.) And Donna has been following the recommendations of the bariatrician and the dietitian and has lost a few pounds without feeling totally deprived. She's finding zucchini "noodles" and riced cauliflower to be perfectly palatable with a little Italian seasoning and a few drops of lemon juice.

And I got to drive out of town for a few days in September and pay a visit to someone in Baltimore whom I hadn't seen since February. Naturally, I steam-cleaned my suitcase before leaving and packed it with freshly laundered clothes, and brought a supply of masks and a bottle of hand sanitizer. I discovered while staying in a hotel down there that my laptop no longer connects to Wi-fi on its own. (Ethan bought a little USB plug-in a couple of years ago that I thought just amplifies the laptop's signal, but in actuality seems to take over completely for the laptop's receiver. I'd inadvertently left the plug-in home, so the laptop had no Internet until I got back and plugged the plug-in back in.)

Depending on whether and when I resume riding subways, I may be out a few bucks, thanks to a "benefit" plan. Prior to retirement I was enrolled in a plan that took pretax money out of my paycheck and placed it in an account dedicated to transit, effectively making my commuting expenses a tax deduction. The account was accessed with a Visa card issued for that purpose; I'd use it in the MTA's machines to reload my MetroCard. But with the lockdown, I wasn't riding for the last three months that I was collecting paychecks, so the account just accumulated. I called the plan's administrators in May and was told that if I don't use that money in a few months after I stop working for them, I'm going to lose it. So a couple of weeks ago, I stopped into a subway station for long enough to refill my senior MetroCard up to \$99.90 (nine cents less than the maximum it can hold). But the account still has almost \$30 in it that I can't put anywhere else, and the ghods know when I'll actually feel confident enough to use transit again.



(Rhymes with Orange by Hilary B. Price, 29 October 2016)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 18, #7 (e-APA-NYU #178)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): I need to get myself a new laptop Real Soon Now, but have been having trepidation about the transition from Windows 7 to Windows 10. Have you had any trouble handling that adjustment? /*/ Glad you're enjoying the work from home, and that you're making up for the exercise you would otherwise get commuting by cutting down trees. (I'll leave it for the readers to fill in the Monty Python references.) /*/ You're a lot handier than I've ever been. If you were living closer, I'd inquire about hiring you to change a few washers in our bathtub/shower.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): I still haven't gotten on a bus or subway since February. As noted above, this may cause me to lose some money. /*/ (¢self) "So saving my Word zine as text and then copying-&-pasting that still doesn't fix the odd line breaks."

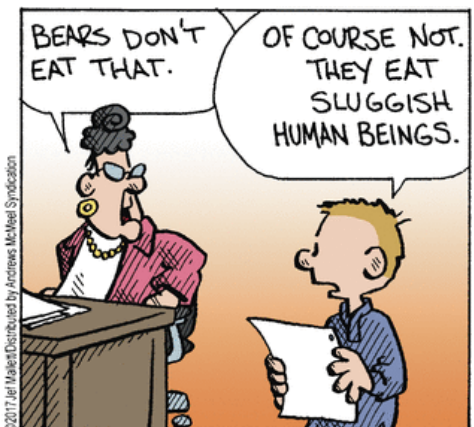
Apparently not. I think I'm out of ideas, unless you want to go to the trouble of adding in all the line breaks manually, as I've been doing for years. /*/ (¢me) "Diatomaceous earth?" Yes. It's a very finely powdered sedimentary rock that consists, per Wikipedia, of "fossilized remains of diatoms, a type of hard-shelled protist." Well, you asked. /*/ I understand they'll be setting up drop-off boxes for absentee ballots at the early-voting stations; using those will bypass any issues of sabotage of the USPS. Since I expect to be voting early, if you have your absentee ballot by then and want me to drop it off for you, I'll be happy to do so. Let me know. /*/ "pavimento" would make sense for something painted on the ground—but it might confuse people who know Italian, since in that language it just means "floor." Maybe we should stick with "sidewalk mural" after all, cumbersome though it may be.



THIS IS HOW BEARS GET FAT ENOUGH TO HIBERNATE.



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 23 October 2017)



It's started cooling off, which is a relief, and just maybe I'll be able to unpack and heat-treat some of my long-sleeve shirts in time for the autumn chill. Time to try to guess whether we'll be getting any trick-or-treaters next month, so as to optimize the leftover candy. Time also to make sure you're registered to vote, and fasten your seat belts for a bumpy ride through campaign season. See youse all again in time for the scary stuff (take that any way you choose).

>Portions of the preceding are biden their time until Election Day.<