

Beyond the Fringefan [#504]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN notes with some chagrin that this 12-year-old cartoon is just as applicable to this year’s presidential election as it was to that year’s. (There was no concern about coronaviruses in 2008, but of course, per the White House, the “ending of the COVID-19 pandemic” has already occurred, so that’s clearly nothing to worry about. Yeah, right.) Having cast his vote and thus done his part to end the infestations in Washington, D.C., he has returned to dealing with the recent infestation 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** #504, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 18, #9 (e-APA-NYU #180) and others who will chagrin and bear it, published October 2020 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**™. Cartoon above by Anne Gibbons for *6 Chix*, 27 March 2008. All uncredited material copyright ©2020 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

O FREDDLED GRUNTBUGGLY, THY MICTURATIONS ARE TO ME AS PLURDLED GABBLEBLOTCHITS ON A LURGID BEE: We have finally Taken Steps to rid the Cadre of the freddled bedbuggies. Donna and I checked in at a Days Inn located about a mile away one Thursday evening, and a couple of guys from E-Z-Pest Exterminators came by the next day to spray the whole house. We came back on Saturday, with The Kid, whose assistance was needed to reassemble the beds. This visit presumably killed the bugs, but not their eggs, so there will be a repeat performance the final week of October to kill whatever has hatched in the interim. (The motel stays would not ordinarily be necessary, but Donna’s mobility issues are such that it was easier for her this way.) The exterminators warned us not to spray our own insecticides, mop the floors, or bring any new furniture into the house for five weeks. Well, mopping the floors is no problem; I’m sure we’ve done it a couple of times over the past three decades, but I can’t recall the last time.

I anticipate that much of my time and energy in the month of November will be spent running clothes, bedding, and towels (all of them packed away in plastic bags early in the summer) through the laundry before putting them back in the closets and drawers. Books, papers, and musical recordings will remain in quarantine in the garage for several more months. (Amazing how easily that word “quarantine” seems

to roll off the tongue, or keyboard, these days.) Sometime around Thanksgiving, I'll be purchasing a new bed.

We remain paranoid about bedbugs and will no doubt continue to be so for a long time. Just to make certain that we've really done them in, we plan to pay for a visit from a bug-sniffing dog in December. (The exterminators advise waiting at least a month after the treatments before bringing in the K-9 corps.)

I biked over to the Brooklyn College campus to early-vote on Tuesday 27 October. (I brought Donna's and Deb's absentee ballots to deposit in the drop box.) At 3:45 in the afternoon on a workday, the queue stretched around the four sides of a college quadrangle, then across the middle of the quad, then out a gate and onto the sidewalk, around the corner, and a block further. It was all outdoors until the actual check-in and fill-out, and everyone was appropriately masked. My wait was a bit more than an hour—not at all bad compared to what I've been seeing on the news. (I'd anticipated delays and brought a book.) The queue had grown a block longer by the time I left. I think I'll get an absentee ballot myself next year; there was no wait to deposit those.

DirecTV periodically runs two- to four-day promotions in which customers get to watch one or more of the premium channels at no charge. (We're already paying for HBO.) The other week DirecTV advertised one of these, but when I tried to tune in the cited channels on the cited date, they still didn't come in—all I got was a screen telling me I had to subscribe to get the channels. So I called to complain, and after attempting unsuccessfully to correct the problem, the rep decided to offer me a free three-month trial subscription to all of those channels instead. (I need to cancel by 31 December or they'll start charging me.) Just when I was starting to catch up on the stuff that's been filling up the DVR for all these months...

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 18, #8 (e-APA-NYU #179)

DOCTOR ORBIT VS. THE APOCALYPSE

(Charles Belov): I quite enjoyed the reading of *Earthquake Weather*. (And it was a lot easier to get to than the Medea play.) Thanks for the invitation. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) I hadn't heard, or heard of, Charlie Daniels' homophobic rewrite of "Uneasy Rider" until I read your comment. The original relied on countercultural stereotypes of rednecks to a degree I found a bit discomfiting (I did find it funny to listen to, once or twice); apparently, as he changed his political and cultural attitudes, he felt a desire to rewrite it to denigrate some other group. (I just looked up the lyrics. Yeesh.) /*/ (¢me) There are some songs that are better left unfinished and unsung. Every filker has some. (The odd thing is that every filk listener has a different opinion on *which* ones should have been left unsung.) /*/ If



(Off the Mark by Mark Parisi, 28 September 2007)

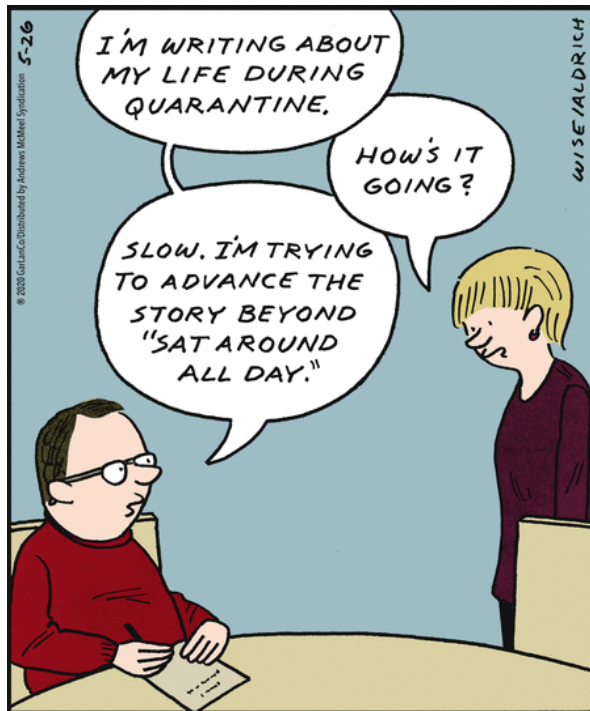
Diatomaceous Earth had been a science-fiction novel, it would probably have been part of a series by L. Ron Hubbard. /*/ I listened to "Prisencolinensinainciusol." Definitely new to me. I think you could drop it into a Ray Stevens album and no one would know the difference.

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

(¢APA-NEWS) There's limited room per name in the In Memoriam, so I have to trust that if I just mention Muphry's Law (for example), anyone who's curious can and will look it up. /*/ (¢me) "But now there's an aisle-length line to be directed to a checkout clerk." True in many stores, but if they've simply gone to a single queue and there are still five or six cashiers handling the customers, it shouldn't take any longer.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (cme) The ice cream trucks (still playing “La Cucaracha”) didn’t disappear from my block until about the middle of October. /*/ “If ‘riced cauliflower’ is what they call cauliflower disguised as mashed potatoes, then I had some this month.” No, I believe they call that mashed cauliflower. Riced cauliflower is cauliflower that’s been broken

down to bits the size of grains of rice. When cooked (but not overcooked), they approximate the texture of rice. I was buying it frozen; I’m told that you can make it by running fresh cauliflower through a food processor, but fresh cauliflower is seldom cheap, so it wouldn’t help much.



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 26 May 2020)

Don’t just sit around: If you haven’t voted yet, then in the name of all that’s holy, go out and do so! (It’s too late for absentee ballots now.) I hope by this time next month we’ll have definitive winners, and not a new civil war gearing up. Then the real work of repairing the damage of the last four years can begin.

As a music geek, I can’t let this issue end without noting the passing, all within a month, of Mac Davis, Spencer Davis (no relation), Johnny Nash, Eddie van Halen, and Jerry Jeff Walker. Dropping like flies, they are...

>Portions of the preceding knew a man, Bojangles, and he danced for you.<