

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN has done his annual stocking up on kosher-for-Passover cookies and macaroons (the good macaroons this time, made from marzipan instead of coconut), and will muddle through eight days without leavened foods or kitniyos as usual. It looks to be simpler this year, since he's no longer needing to take meals according to anyone else's schedule, nor does he have to keep track of which supplies are at work and which are at his home at the N.Y. **[#509]** 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** #509, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 19, #3 (e-APA-NYU #184) and others who are incarcerated at Unleavenworth, published March 2021 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Wayno and Piraro, 20 November 2020. All uncredited material copyright ©2021 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



THE FAUCI OUCHIE: Donna got her first shot of the ModeRNA COVID-19 vaccine on 4 March at a Rite Aid across the street from the site of Ebbets Field, and is scheduled to get her second in the same location on April Fools' Day. I got my second shot on 12 March at a Walgreens at Flatbush Junction. Neither of us had a reaction to the first shot, other than the expected soreness in the upper arm, but after the second shot, I had mild flu-like symptoms (assorted aches, slight chills, a degree or two of fever) starting in the early morning about 16 hours after I got the shot and lasting for a bit more than a day. A small price to pay for peace of mind. Fortunately, I'd heard the warnings and made sure there was nothing I urgently needed to do that day but nap and otherwise take it easy. I think I now feel confident enough to try riding the subway again for the first time in a year.

Donna was not feeling well on the day she was supposed to get her brand-new permanent lower bridge cemented in, so she postponed it a week; then she was feeling ill the next week too, so she postponed it again, but the dentist was taking off for Passover, so now she won't get it until mid-April. Keep fingers crossed.

I saw Dr. S., the same orthopedist who dealt with my shoulder issues a few years back, this time about a recurring ache I've been noticing in my right hip. His diagnosis: arthritis. It seems I've somehow gotten

old. Since it's mild and intermittent (and doesn't seem to interfere with bicycling), Dr. S. doesn't want to try anything radical at the moment, but I'll be seeing if a few sessions of physical therapy (at the place on Flatbush Avenue that helped with those shoulder issues) may be helpful. If the ache becomes excruciating and constant, we'll explore whether steroid injections into the joint can help. Joint surgery? Not even under consideration for a few years at least.

I'M BUGGED AT MY OLD HOUSE: We keep getting lulled into a false sense of hope about the bedbugs. We'll think of another piece of furniture to suspect they're hiding in, we'll spray it, and we'll see no bugs for a week and a half; then Donna will find one as she returns to her bedroom from the Wreck Room. We are continuing to declutter, slowly, in the expectation of moving furniture soon either for professional treatment or for canine olfactory investigation.

REVOLT?: I've been dealing with more idiosyncratic technology, to the point where I'm beginning to feel a bit like a character in a *Twilight Zone* episode. My Google Chrome browser solemnly informed me the second week of February that it had found a "data breach" that had "compromised" my passwords for 65 websites, and it was imperative that I change them all, stat. That meant not only logging into each of those sites to change the password, but also changing the stored passwords in the lists maintained by both browsers I use (Firefox and Chrome), and in a few cases in the smartphone apps that access those sites, too. A month later, I've gotten the majority of those passwords updated, but not all; some of the websites seem unresponsive, and a couple of them don't even seem to exist anymore. (And when I changed the main password for my ISP, some of the apps stopped functioning, and it took a day with tech support to get them working again.)



(Susan Camilleri Konar for *Six Chix*, 4 December 2019)

I found the "smart" phone model I'd been leaning toward, a Galaxy A21, being offered at Samsung's website for 10% less than list, the best deal I'd seen, and so I ordered it. The delivery date slipped twice before it finally arrived; eventually I went back to the website to ask why it was taking so long for Samsung to get around to shipping it, and coincidentally or not, about an hour later, I received notification that the phone had shipped. The phone looks very much like its predecessor other than being a millimeter or two bigger in both length and width. The folks at the T-Mobile store on Kings Highway and Utica Avenue were able to get it set up and transfer pretty much all the apps and data over (except the scores on the solitaire games) in a matter of an hour or two, so the transition was pretty seamless (thank the ghods). But for some reason the Google Calendar app on the new phone will only display a year or a month at a time; the weekly and daily options are mysteriously missing. Hours spent with both T-Mobile's and Samsung's tech support groups have failed to produce a solution or a workaround for the issue.

Then, five days after I'd placed the order and a week before the phone arrived, I awoke at 5 am to the sound of a loud buzz that started with no warning. It appeared to be coming from my stereo speakers, even though my receiver's volume was turned down to zero. Changing settings on the receiver did nothing, but powering the receiver off made the noise go away. (It wasn't low enough in pitch to be a 60-cycle hum; it might have been 120.) The receiver is at least 20 years old (I bought it at Radio Shack),

so the cause can probably be described simply as age. I've begun looking at replacements, though it's been so long since I purchased audio components that I'm 'way out of practice. So far, it doesn't look as though anyone's making AM/FM stereo receivers anymore; instead, the electronics houses are pushing 5-, 7-, and 10-channel "home theater" setups that handle video as well as audio, and cost thousands of dollars. I've seen one or two plain old stereo receivers on the Web, but they include only FM, not AM; that's an omission I can't deal with. I'm continuing to search. (The receivers they're making don't seem to be able to handle phono input, either, so if I ever decide to start playing vinyl again, I may need to buy a separate pre-amp.)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 19, #2 (e-APA-NYU #184)

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

"Punxsutawney Phil predicted 6 more weeks of winter, but Staten Island Chuck voted for an early spring." Maybe it has something to do with the way we experience spring in The City, alternating 40- and 65-degree days for over a month? Chuck can't tell whether what we'll be getting is winter or spring. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) A quibble: Spector didn't produce *Let It Be*. He wasn't around during the filming or the recording. The Beatles were unhappy with how the project had gone and didn't want to deal with the editing and mixing, so all the tapes languished in vaults for months (though engineer Glyn Johns made a couple of mixes that were rejected). Eventually John (who'd been working on solo projects with Spector) and manager Allen Klein asked Spector (perhaps without the other Beatles' knowledge) to try a remix. He applied his Wall of Sound techniques to some of the songs, engendering the dissatisfaction of Paul, who attempted unsuccessfully to halt the release (and spearheaded the *Let It Be...Naked* re-mix three decades later). Or as George Martin commented, "I produced the original, and what you should do is have a credit saying 'Produced by George Martin, over-produced by Phil Spector.'" /*/ (¢me) "Did you once scan in all of APA-Filk for Harold?" No, I didn't have the time or facilities to do all that scanning. What I did was to dig out my old APA-Filks, about 90% of a complete run, and lend them to Harold so that he could scan them all. He returned them to me, along with all the scans on a flash drive, a few months before his death. /*/ "EE Smith, PhD was a food chemist and is credited – though it can't be substantiated – with developing the process to get sugar to stick to donuts." Same process as what Jewish bakers use to get poppy seeds to stick to bagels, no?

VACCINE vs. CORONAVIRUS (Charles Belov):

May the vaccines win, worldwide. /*/ I have

trouble listening to music in the background; if it's any good, it tends to lay a claim to the foreground of my awareness, so I can't really work with music on. /*/ I haven't seen *Crooklyn*. Actually, I've only seen one Spike Lee joint, *Do the Right Thing*, and that only a couple of months ago when it came through on one of the premium channels I was receiving. Thought it was good. Now that you've recommended *Crooklyn*, I'll look for it too. (Right now DirecTV is offering it only on pricey pay-per-view, but I can wait.) Still have no interest in handing money over to Netflix or any of the dozen new streaming services that have sprung up in the past couple of years, not



(*Real Life Adventures* by Wise and Aldrich, 9 October 2018)
while the DVR still has dozens of hours of unwatched stuff. /*/ (¢cover) Never ridden the Staten Island Ferry? I'm surprised. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) As you suspected, we did list *MAD*

magazine in the In Memoriam, and also a few bookstores (the late Rennie Levine described one as “a victim of the Textbook Chain-Store Massacre”). There were probably other inanimate objects in there over the decades, but those are all I can recall offhand. /*/ (ɛbacover) The Grey Poupon schtick (two people shouting between two passing Staten Island ferries) was an idea tossed out at a Ferry meeting; someone may have actually tried it, but I doubt the other ferry was

actually within earshot. But the bit was in circulation among the group; hence its appearance on two different covers. /*/ “I...recently typed ‘thing’ when I meant ‘think.’ I’ve noticed I tend to typo voiced for unvoiced consonant stops.” I seem to type “think” for “thing” with some regularity, but it doesn’t seem to generalize to other consonants or even other words with a “g.”

Another Passover playing Seder roulette with the various *shuls* offering online versions. A fair number were doing it for the second night but not the first—but a first night without a Seder just didn’t seem right to me. Between the one that was geared to families with small children (considerably abridged, yet with an animated biography of Moses inserted), the one that required half an hour’s buffering before it would play properly, and the one that froze for two minutes after each ten seconds of presentation, I think I managed to get a full seder. To all who observe it, *chag sameach*. To those who prefer Easter or Ostara, may your holiday be festive and uplifting. Next year in person, if not in Jerusalem...



(Rhymes with Orange by Hilary B. Price, 12 April 2020)

And if there’s a deity in charge of the good in this world, hey, isn’t it long past time to do a little smiting of those who go around killing others for the sin of looking, sounding, or thinking different? Just sayin’.

>Portions of the preceding will continue eating yogurt despite all efforts to cancel culture.<