

Beyond the [#520] Fringefan

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN knew that spring had arrived on 21 March when the first ice-cream truck of the season sailed by, synthesized music track blaring, as he sat typing 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)). If he's ready to kill (or just slash some tires) by midsummer, he'll no doubt write about it in these pages, but for now he's just making note of the occurrence in **Beyond the Fringefan** #520, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 20, #3 (e-APA-NYU #196) and others who are still thawing, published March 2022 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Wayno and Piraro, 11 December 2020. All uncredited material copyright ©2022 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.



PT 109: It's been nearly two months since my hernia surgery, and I seem to be recovering nicely from it. The four-inch scar and some disconcerting surface numbness on the right side of my groin are all that remain. I'm carrying 20-pound grocery bags in from the car. I had a follow-up appointment with the surgeon last week via a telemedicine app, and he said it was OK to resume pushing Donna in her wheelchair. The only bad news was that he said it might take months, maybe even a couple of years, for that numbness to go away. Not pleasing, but I can live with it. Time for some new medical stuff to appear.

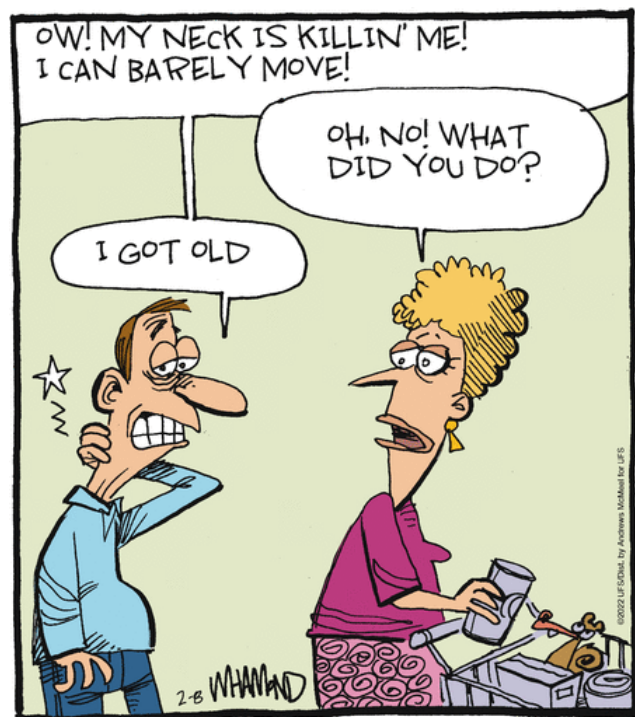
Donna had complained to her rheumatologist that despite her loss of over 50 pounds over the past two years, the pain in her joints had not diminished as predicted. There were also concerns about the different medications she was taking for the pain, which various doctors were "messing with" (her words) in ways that didn't seem to be helping. The rheumatologist dealt with this by sending her to a pain specialist. The pain specialist's recommendation was to see if physical therapy or acupuncture could help.

Donna had seen a practitioner of what was labeled "five-element acupuncture" some years ago and found it helpful then, but the practitioner's office was hard to get to (and she has since moved out of town), so it's been almost five years since the last treatment. At the recommendation of someone we trust, Donna investigated Dr. I., a physiatrist (an M.D. specializing in physical medicine and

rehabilitation) about a mile and a half from the Cadre. He accepted Medicare, so we made an appointment.

There were steps to climb to get into the office, which were something of an impediment, and Donna found Dr. I.'s interrogation style somewhat off-putting. But after this slightly rocky start, Donna got on the examining table to be poked and prodded, and then the doctor brought out the needles. This was not acupuncture but something called "dry needle therapy," which uses the same needles but follows a different theoretical basis—and inserts the needles into the muscles (rather than into theoretical meridians of energy flow). Donna was pleased to find that her hip joints were more mobile after 20 minutes of being stuck with two needles. Dr. I. assigned her some exercises to practice at home, and recommended she return twice a week for a while: once to work with him and once to work with a physical therapist who assists him. It's a Work in Progress, but so far Donna is encouraged with the results.

Meanwhile, in February, not long after the pain from the hernia surgery had faded, I found myself with pain in my left arm. I've had this pain before, and so I was fairly sure it wasn't a sign of a heart attack (as pain in the left arm stereotypically is) but the result of cervical stenosis—compression of the neck (likely from poor posture related to spending most of my time at a desk). It usually is just mildly annoying and goes away after a week or two, but this time it was severe enough to interfere with my sleep. I made an appointment with my old friend the orthopedist Dr. J.S., who told me that if physical therapy didn't help, I should see his colleague Dr. R., who specializes in necks (Dr. J.S. is more of a shoulder and hip guy). He also sent me for an MRI of my neck, whose results I could then pass on to Dr. R. So I've been back at Professional PT on Flatbush Avenue twice a week, and I'll be seeing Dr. R. this week. And of course the pain went away between my visit with Dr. J.S. and my first PT session. (I'm keeping Dr. I.'s number handy in case I feel like trying a different tack.)



(Reality Check by Dave Whamond, 8 February 2022)

I may have retired, but it seems I'm still occupied full-time.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 20, #2 (e-APA-NYU #195)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
 "like Daleks, [shopping] carts don't do stairs."
 By 1988, *Doctor Who* was showing Daleks with technology that allowed them to fly or float up a flight of stairs. Perhaps you should contact them next time your elevator is out of service. /*/ Since gazpacho's chief ingredients are cucumbers and raw tomatoes, both of which I loathe, I have no problem with Marjorie Taylor Greene's "Gazpacho Police" confiscating as much of it as

they can find. /*/ The *New York Times* did not refer to Meat Loaf as Mr. Loaf. Rather, there was a 1991 film about the singer in which, per the *Times* review, "'May I call you Meat?' asks an unctuous interviewer who pops up periodically." The headline writer chose to head the review "Is He Called Just Plain Meat Or Should It Be Mr. Loaf?"—a little joke playing on *Times* style (honorific title and last name on second reference). In fact, the *Times* called him Meat

Loaf consistently throughout its articles and obituaries. /*/ (çme) “One of our number used to get half-beer + half-cider, and called it a snakebite.” I’d never heard of that (not that I’m any authority on alcoholic drinks), but it seems to be a term that’s been around for decades at least. In Britain for the 1979 Worldcon, I did try shandy—beer mixed with lemonade or lemon soda—a few times and found it pretty drinkable.

MASKS vs. NO MASKS (Chas Belov): Masking around here seems to have been random all along. I’m still masking up anytime I’m indoors (other than at my home or that of a friend I trust), and expect I’ll continue doing so irrespective of mandates. I doubt that any strangers will challenge my logic in doing so, but if they do, I can simply point out that I’m in two high-risk groups (asthmatic and old). /*/ The final paper

APA-NYU was #347, in April 2004. So if I/we don’t miss any more months, we still have enough past covers for about 12½ more years. I’ll worry about what to do after that once I see how many of us are still alive and sending in zines by the autumn of 2034. /*/ (çme) I gave blood a couple of weeks ago, and the person taking my vitals didn’t ask for proof of vaccination but rather for the date of my last shot. So, since I didn’t remember, I had to pull up the card image on my phone anyhow. /*/ Oh, I tried listening to your “Infectious” YouTube Music playlist while bicycling around southern Brooklyn the other day. Worked pretty well. It was annoying that I had to keep pulling over to find out the titles of some of the pieces, and then the app kept losing my place in the list (but that’s not your fault).

I went back last week to Astor Place Haircutters, where I was once a regular client of the now-retired Valentino, and let Scott trim me again. I reminded him that I’d last seen him in July and that he’d shorn me so closely that I hadn’t wanted to go back until now. We agreed that whenever I see him, I should remind him that I want my hair “bushy”—that’ll be the key word. With that established, he achieved a much better approximation of what I wanted. This relationship may work out after all. (But I think he’s older than me, raising the specter of another retirement necessitating another search on short notice.)

There’s not much I can say about the situation in Ukraine that hasn’t been said repeatedly, and better, over the past couple of weeks, which is why I haven’t been saying it. There’s no winning for either side. My hope is that the people surrounding Mr. Putin decide they’ve had enough, oust him, and withdraw the armies forthwith.

I’m looking forward in the next month to my first in-person Seder in three years. (Ten plagues? Just the one has been quite enough, thank you kindly.) Much appreciation to our gracious hosts the Bakers for having me once again. *Chag sameach* to all who celebrate it; for those who celebrate other feasts in the spring, best wishes for a happy occasion.



(Rhymes with Orange by Rina Piccolo and Hilary C. Price, 14 May 2020)

>Portions of the preceding rated Moses’s performance as just “Pharaoh to Midian.”<