Beyond
the
Fringefan
[#532]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is singing "Shirt people got no reason" this week after receiving a silly piece of spam 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)). He does indeed love his family very much, but can think of far more meaningful gifts with which to show it. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #532, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 21, #3 (e-APA-NYU #208) and other stuffed shirts, published March 2023 as a combined fabrication of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of *THIGAMAJIG inc.*. Image at left is from the actual e-mail received. All uncredited material copyright ©2023 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH: We've been residing here at the Cadre for 36 years now—I noted last year that it's been more than half my life—and I've been using "nycadre" as a user ID in various e-mail addresses for about 30 of those years. I've long since lost count of the number of spam e-mails I've received that address me as "Nycadre" as though that were my given name. But this was a new wrinkle (unless it was permanent press): apparently some bot decided that my name is Nyc Adre (maybe short for Nycholas?) and decided to try to sell me T-shirts premised on Adre as a family name. (Obviously, the vendor tries to sell T-shirts with the same designs but with any other family name filled in—any name of anyone who's willing to pay his/her hard-earned bucks for them.) Thus, for prices ranging from
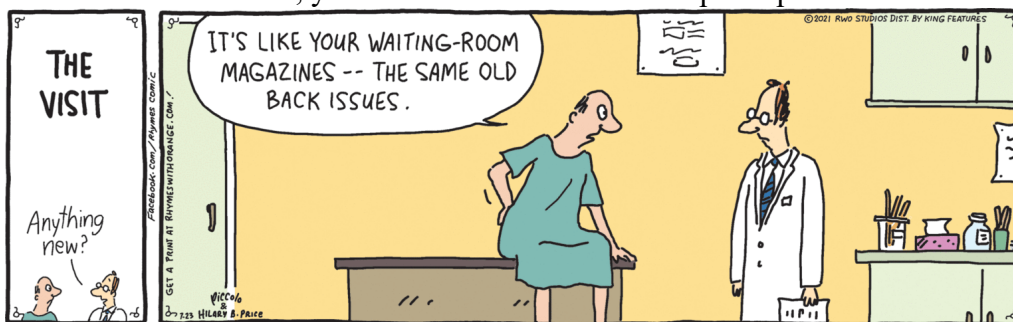
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$24.99 to $40.99 (plus shipping, of course), depending on style, I can proudly display slogans like "It's an Adre Thing, You Wouldn't Understand" or "Never Underestimate the Power of an Adre" or "Adre Blood Runs Through My Veins." Such a purchase does not loom large on my shopping list, and I knit my brow at the thought of anyone else shelling out for anything like it.

WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS NECKS: We're told that Donna's neck is getting better, though it's hard to be sure; we're due for more doctor visits and CT scans in mid-April that should verify it. She's wearing the neck braces (rigid during the day, soft at night) and feeling clumsy (because being able to move your head to look in different directions turns out to be surprisingly essential to walking, picking things up, and putting things down). She's also been feeling exhausted, though that may be related to not eating well (swallowing seems to be more difficult) and not taking her vitamins (handling and pouring from all the different bottles has become a chore). We're watchfully waiting.

With Donna's situation somewhat stabilized, it was time to catch up on some of my own physical issues. I finally got out to Long Island for an in-person follow-up visit with Dr. S.S., the surgeon who repaired my hernia almost 14 months ago. (He's changed his affiliation since then and is no longer out in Stony Brook, in Suffolk County, but at a much closer practice in Glen Cove, in Nassau County.) I seem to have fully recovered, with only one disconcerting side effect: a continuing surface numbness in my groin around the area of the incision. Dr. S.S. was sympathetic, and with some poking and prodding was able to establish that the numbness is restricted to a triangular area about 2 inches on a side. He said that of the 1,600 patients on whom he's performed this procedure over the past nine years, a scattering have reported numbness that lasted more than a year, but none had still been numb after two years. So by this time next year, this last annoyance should be past; if not, rest assured I'll be back to complain.

The following week, I visited my orthopedist, Dr. J.S., who's much closer by, in an office near the Kings Highway station on the Brighton subway line. I've been noticing over the past few years a tendency for my right leg to fall asleep when I sit in one place for too long, and the threshold for "too long" *may* be gradually getting shorter. (Ironically, this seems to happen most noticeably after sitting in doctors' waiting rooms.) It's not painful; it's just that when I stand up and try to walk, my right leg doesn't support my weight until it wakes up. That may take five to 15 minutes, and meanwhile I limp dramatically and/or lean on rails or against walls to an uncomfortable degree.

I suspected, and Dr. J.S. concurred, that this problem was related not to the arthritis in my right hip, but to the arthritis and compression in my lumbar spine that was diagnosed a decade ago after I complained of surface numbness in my right foot. Vertebrae L4 and L5 are pinching a nerve that goes down that leg. (Hmmm, should I complain to the L5 Society?) While nothing will cure this condition other than back surgery—which I'm hoping to avoid as long as possible, as it's particularly risky and has been known to leave patients paraplegic—there are injections into the spine ("lumbar epidurals") that have provided some folks with temporary relief. I went for an MRI of the area about ten days later and will soon be discussing the results with Dr. F.N., yet another doctor in the orthopedic practice.

(*Rhymes with Orange* by Rina Piccolo and Hilary B. Price, 23 July 2021)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 21, #2 (e-APA-NYU #207)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): The Old [thankfully, not Ye Olde] Book Shop in Morristown is an interesting enough place to make a destination, yet far enough away that I wouldn't want to dedicate a trip there more than once every few years. By summer 2025 (we should all live so long!) I might be thinking about going again. /*/ My parents were born in 1920 and 1921 and so just missed out on the "Spanish Flu" epidemic. The term "grippe" was the French name for it, I think. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "Presumably…his family never really got close to him [Donald Clair Christopher, 'The Garlic King']." I dunno; in most countries that use a lot of "the stinking rose" in their cuisine, the people manage to get close to one another on a regular enough basis to keep the population up. /*/

(*Frank & Ernest* by Thaves, 11 March 2023)

(¢Belov) "I've walked on Lombard St., which is as crooked as Doyer St. & most politicians." After visiting Lombard Street back in the 1970s, I decided that its claim to be "the crookedest street in the world" was a cheat; it's a four-lane, two-way street for most of its length, but the one famous block has wedge-shaped barriers built out from the curbs that constrain traffic to one zigzag lane. /*/ (¢me) My grand-nephew plays percussion, I'm informed; I'd have liked to see him perform, but there was no band at the reception. (There was current pop music playing over the venue's P.A. system.) /*/ "Is an eatery with a liquor license that offers a range of appetizers, entrees & desserts, but does most of its business from a long list of beers & ales a restaurant, pub, tavern or bar?" Point taken. I'd call it a restaurant with a liquor license, but the proprietors will probably call it whatever they think will attract the most customers. /*/ Yes, electoral districts (EDs) are supposed to correspond to electoral votes. I wonder if there's any way to find out which elector one's district has chosen. Since it's winner-take-all by state, it's possible that no actual mapping is maintained. /*/ Are you still creating your zine inside your e-mail client? I'd recommend using a text editor, even if it's the very basic (and included with Windows) Notepad. You might run into fewer issues with symbols being replaced with "–" and "“" and the like. You can then select the whole thing when you're finished, copy it, and drop it first into your e-mail and then separately into MS Word. (I prefer to create my zine in Word and convert it to text, but to each his own.)

Enough already. I gotta go get ready for Passover.

(*Non Sequitur* by Wiley Miller, 21 February 2020)

Enjoy and be inspired by Passover, Easter, Ramadan, Ostern, or whatever you choose to celebrate. Hope to see some of youse at HelioSphere.

>**Portions of the preceding wonder: if Donald Trump had bought Stormy Daniels' silence by offering pet dogs to her instead of cash, would he be arrested for hush puppies?**<