



Beyond the Fringefan

[#533]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN and his lady have been dealing with some distressing news from a neurologist this month, so you won't find them dancing on yellow brick roads anytime soon. They'll be sticking close to their home that there's no place like, often known as 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** #533, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 21, #4 (e-APA-NYU #209) and others who wish they had a brain, published April 2023 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Real Life Adventures* by Wise and Aldrich, 19 June 2015. All uncredited material copyright ©2023 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

DENIAL OF CERVIX ATTACK: Donna went in for a CAT scan of her neck in mid-April, and heard back two days later from the office of Dr. J.S. the neurologist with bad news: her neck does not seem to be healing and seemed to be even a bit worse. She's scheduled now for an MRI the first week of May—the soonest they were willing and able to fit her in—and a follow-up with Dr. J.S. shortly thereafter. In the meantime, she's been cautioned to wear the rigid neck brace every moment she's not in bed (she'd been switching to the soft one occasionally because of discomfort).

Disturbingly, Donna's been feeling a weakness in her legs, and found herself unable to climb the stairs to her bedroom after we returned from the CAT scan. The doctors don't seem to be in agreement on whether this is a consequence of the neck injury and should go away if and when she's healed; but I'm now working on getting some estimates on installing a stair lift. She's relocated downstairs for the moment, sleeping in the living room on a fold-out bed that once belonged to my parents. Under the circumstances, we're both a bit uncomfortable with my going out of town until the situation is resolved; hence I cancelled my plans to attend HelioSphere this weekend. I hope those who were there had a good time.

Meanwhile, I consulted with Dr. F.N., an orthopedist specializing in the lumbar spine, before Passover ended, and ten days later, I allowed him to administer an epidural injection between my L4 and L5 vertebrae. It was done under local anesthesia but still hurt. (The doctor said I'd probably be sore in the area of the shot for the rest of the day but OK by the next morning; it was more like 60 hours before my

back felt fully OK again.) Dr. F.N. said that it might be as long as a week and a half before I felt any improvement resulting from the injection. As I type this, I haven't noticed a lot of change. Well, you can't win if you don't play. I've been experimenting with putting another cushion on my desk chair to elevate my hips a bit more, and that seems to reduce the extent of my leg falling asleep, so that's something.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 21, #3 (e-APA-NYU #208)

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

Schok? UMX? TCL? I had no idea there were so many no-name cell phone brands. Very likely they're all assembled at the same Shanghai factory full of 13-year-olds. /*/ With the 2023 Alex Jones quote about rock bands being required to pledge themselves to Lucifer, and Deb's 1994 story "Rock Band Conjures Satan as Manager," I may be ready once again to believe in the predictive power of SF. /*/ (çme) "The, um, leapee on the original QUANTUM LEAP, though alert in the imaging chamber, could have had no memory of it when returned." I guess that's possible; after all, both Sam and Ben suffered "Swiss-cheese" memories after their first leaps. /*/ In one recent episode, it was alleged that Ben's body was somewhere in the complex where they could monitor its vitals, but if the body Ben was in should die, so would his own. But still no elaboration on where the leapee's consciousness is. They'll pull something out of a hat next season if it'll get them out of a plot corner they've painted themselves into.

MINAC SAVER VERSUS DEATH WILL NOT RELEASE YOU (Chas Below):

Remember that NYUSFS has members, as defined by the 1970 constitution ("A NYUSFS member is any sentient being that considers himself/herself/itself a NYUSFS member"), but APA-NYU has contributors. And once you've contributed, short of going back in time and stopping yourself from contributing, you're always a contributor. (That's why Death Will Not Release You.) Also remember that in 1974, in response to someone asking us about APA-NYU's minac, Mayor Friedman replied, "Respiration." /*/ Hmmm, wait a minute. If minac is respiration, then it should follow that death *will* release you. I need to go and talk to the Mayor about that. /*/ But like Dorothy and going back to Kansas, it was always within your power to refuse NYUSFS membership simply by refusing to consider yourself a member. How

meaningful NYUSFS membership is, or ever was, is left as an exercise for the reader. /*/ Also also remember that a NYUSFS meeting is defined as any encounter between two or more NYUSFS members, whether it be in person, by mail, by telepathy, or through electronic means, so NYUSFS "events" will continue to exist as long as there are two or more NYUSFS members who communicate with each other. There are several ongoing NYUSFS meetings in session as I write this, wherever two or more NYUSFS members share a household. If in a million years, sentient cockroaches discover the APA-NYU archives and decide to consider themselves NYUSFS members, the cockroach nest will be a NYUSFS meeting. (More prosaically, I expect at least a few of us will gather at the Staten Island Ferry for at least a few more July rides.) /*/



(Frank and Ernest by Thaves, 7 February 2015)

"...he didn't really need me to work on those other two projects since I was the only one who had the institutional and technical knowledge to complete them." Did you inadvertently omit a negative in there? /*/ (çme) I don't remember Stan Freberg using "Bah, Hamburg" in an Xmas piece, but I just looked up the phrase on YouTube and found that a couple of different bands have done instrumentals that use it as a title. /*/ (çAPA-NEWS) I still enjoy Marshmallow Peeps (and the other seasonal versions) occasionally; I like them better when they're a few months old and a bit chewier. This works well with buying them cheap (cheep?) a few weeks after the holiday. /*/ (çBlackman) I was not aware of Vermont Street and the competitive crookedness of San Francisco streets. I'll have to give it a stroll if I'm ever in town

again. (Per Google Maps, the two crooked blocks are about 3½ miles apart, but the #19 bus will take me practically directly from one to the other.) /*/ There are lots of songs about buildings

and lots of songs about food, but a lot fewer that mention *both* in the same song. Do we consider coffee to be a food? If not, even “Sugar Shack” is out—the sugar is only in the name of the place.

Hmmm. We received a jury-duty availability questionnaire addressed to Donna from the state court system today. It isn’t clear where we can find a checkbox labeled “I’m mobility impaired and incontinent with a broken neck and chronic pain, and so would likely make a really lousy juror.” I think we’re going to have to improvise...

Despite it all, I’m feeling a bit more up lately with the nicer weather and the longer daylight, and I intend to do more biking (which, despite the arthritis, still seems to work better for me than walking). If I can manage the uphill onto the East River bridges (which I haven’t tried in a couple of years), I’ll be doing well. All the best to everyone till next month.

>Portions of the preceding had a lumbar shot and they’re OK.<



(Off the Mark by Mark Parisi, 26 June 2015)