

Beyond the Fringefan [#557]

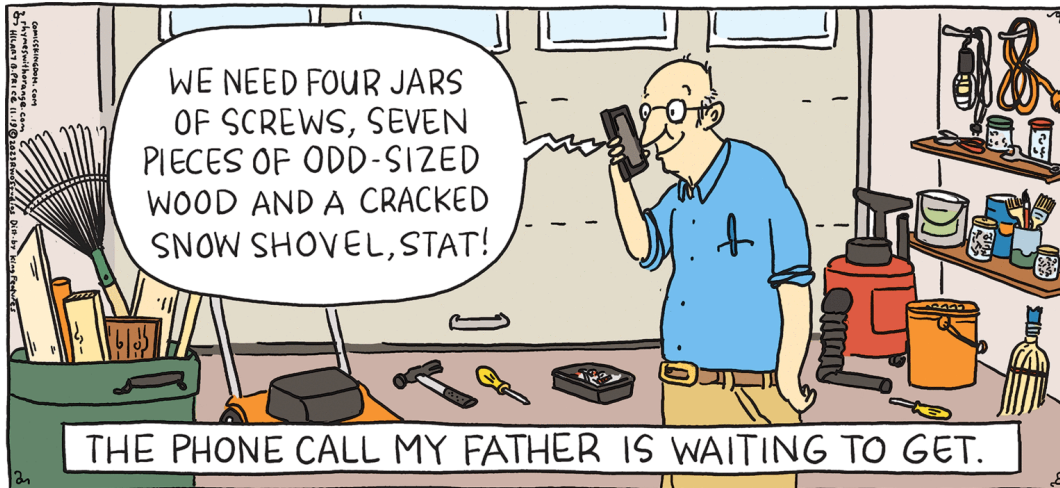
BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN has recovered sufficiently from his recent surgery to have gone out for three separate social interactions in the past month, not to mention physical therapy and innumerable random errands, so he guesses he's doing OK. When not being a social butterfly, he's holding down the fort at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧↔️ nycadre [at] aceds1 [dot] com; 🌐http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)) and continuing to ~~make order out of~~ see what buried treasures he can find amid the chaos. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #557, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 23, #4 (e-APA-NYU #233) and other interactive systems, published April 2025 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *xkcd* by Randall Munroe, 28 February 2018. All uncredited material copyright ©2025 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

TRUCKIN', I'M A-GOING HOME: I was dismayed to hear that Mike Jurist had passed away, from multiple heart attacks in hospital after returning there for complications from surgery a month earlier. Mike and his lady Maritza were longtime NYUSfans, and (I was not aware until Ken Gale mentioned this) actually met at an APA-NYU collation at the Cadre. I'd seen them as recently as November at a reunion dinner of the Queensboro Community College s.f. club. Our sympathies to Maritza and to their offspring David, Herman, and Kendra.

I'M WALKIN', YES INDEED: I switched my ringtone to Fats Domino's old hit as I continued becoming more ambulatory. I got on my bike and did a couple of miles one Saturday at the tail end of March, and several times in April. And just last weekend I walked three-quarters of a mile to the subway. I expect I'll keep using a cane for the indefinite future, partly because now that my left hip joint has been taken care of, the right one is beginning to make its grievances known. (Not unexpected; the orthopedists told me a couple of years ago that both hips were severely arthritic and were candidates for replacement. Another surgery is tentatively on the docket for next winter.)

As expected, in mid-April, Medicare Part A stopped paying for Monir the physical therapist to come to the Cadre, but Medicare Part B (along with UnitedHealthcare) came in to pick up the slack and is now paying for sessions at Professional PT on Flatbush Avenue, a place I've worked with in the past, with Ruslan, a therapist I've worked with in the past. I'll be doing two sessions a week there for a couple of months, I expect. He's pleased with the progress I've made on strengthening the muscles around the new joint and keeping them flexible, but says I need to work more on stretching the hamstring on that side.

Otherwise, my life has pretty much returned to routine (I avoid calling anything about my life "normal"). We continue to sort through the boxes left by the moving-company thugs a sixteen months ago, with the help of The Kid, who gently encourages us to get rid of Stuff we're unlikely ever to use



(Rhymes with Orange by Hilary B. Price, 19 November 2023)

again. It is now once more possible to walk around in the basement, but the office (the enclosed former porch adjoining the living room that faces the street) is still fairly impassable.

Fringe Deception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 23, #3 (e-APA-NYU #232)

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): Judith Friedman e-mailed me a follow-up on the burping shark: "It wasn't a question of species. That particular shark was unhealthy, had some kind of blockage, of which it died a few weeks later." I guess this explains why the shark couldn't burp itself.

LAP DANCING vs. LAP SWIMMING (Chas Belov): I'd'a' thought that lap dancing is the moves your cat (or not-cat) makes while drinking water from a dish. /*/ "Doing my best to be as happy as I can be until I can't. ¿You know what I'm sayin'?" reminds me of some of the advice in "Desiderata." "Strive to be happy." /*/ (éme) "Do all the hippies seem to get the jump on you?" is from Simon and Garfunkel's "The Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine" on the *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* album. /*/ You also might not notice the font changes in my titles when viewing the .doc files because if you don't have a particular font installed on your machine,

the machine will arbitrarily substitute one that you do have, which will not necessarily look anything like the one I used. And since I'm always downloading fonts from the free-for-noncommercial-use sites, it's likely you won't have the one I use in any given month. (Usually the fonts will come through in the PDF version, but I recently noticed that that isn't always true. Apparently the creator of a font can set a flag that makes the font either "embeddable" or "not embeddable," and in the latter case, the PDF will substitute another font, which again may not look anything like the one I used. This happened in my last month's zine, whose titles were in a zebra-striped font in Word but in some Times New Roman variant with irregular spacing in the PDF.)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LATER (Mark L. Blackman): Thank the deities, you've been sprung and are more or less ambulatory once again. Canes and walkers can be your friends.



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 9 November 2002)

That's about all I have to say at the moment, so I'll wish everyone a happy May Day and contemplate the prospect of turning 73—as always, better than the alternative. I'll be getting plenty of exercise tracking my 401(k) up and down, and following the consumer price index as it climbs. Till next month...



(Reality Check by Dave Whamond, 2 August 2006)

>Portions of the preceding think the economy is doing just tariffic.<