



# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

[#493]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** really had something else in mind when he thought of taking a break this summer, but the universe follows its own rules. (Some of those have to do with traction, momentum, and gravity.) Hence instead of flying to Dublin, he spent rather more time than he'd have liked visiting doctors (and an x-ray place) within a few miles of 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 did get a bit more rest than usual, so that's presumably something. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #493, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #5 (e-APA-NYU #169) and other followers of breaking news, published September 2019 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Off the Mark* by Mark Parisi, 4 October 2011. All uncredited material copyright ©2019 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**HOT UNDER THE COLLARBONE:** Donna was scarcely home from the hospital when I got myself into a medical mishap perhaps more troublesome, since it compromised my capabilities as caregiver. It happened while I was cycling home from work on Wednesday 24 July.

The Brooklyn end of the Manhattan Bridge bicycle path sends you down a cloverleaf ramp onto Sands Street heading west. There's a nice protected bike lane in the middle of Sands heading east, but to get to it, you have to cross two lanes of traffic (there are two highway entrances just a few yards further down the street). The whole sidewalk is fenced in, except at one spot where there's a traffic light. That spot, however, is under the bridge roadway itself, and often has loose sand and other debris on it. On this particular occasion, as I was trying to turn to cross the street with the light, I skidded on the sand and went over on my right side. I picked up about a dozen square inches of road rash near my elbow and knee (which wouldn't fully scab over for over a week), and noted some pain in my right shoulder—but the bike was still rideable, and I was able to limp home, where I iced the shoulder and elbow (both of which had swollen) and went to bed.

The next morning I went to see my PCP, Dr. B., who looked me over and said he saw no evidence of fracture, dislocation or sprain, but merely bruising; he swabbed the road rash with betadine, gave me a tetanus shot, and sent me on my way. But, long story short, after the pain didn't lessen in a week, further diagnosis (and an x-ray) led to the conclusion that I'd indeed suffered a hairline fracture, not of my arm or shoulder, but of my clavicle (that's the collarbone). Dr. S. the orthopedist (who a few months ago was pleased with my recovery from "frozen shoulder" on my left side) termed it a "non-displaced distal fracture," a small piece cracked off near the shoulder end. The pain I was (and still am) feeling is the result of the fracture. It should heal by itself without further intervention, he said, if I take it easy over the next several weeks. (He did not rule out more physical therapy.)

I had obtained a sling to put my arm in, and Dr. S. recommended wearing it while walking around, or in any situation in which my arm might get jostled, and for sleeping. He recommended being careful in front of the computer, since the usual off-to-the-side position of a mouse would require more outward pivoting of the arm than was good for the healing bone. I tried some temporary reconfiguration and decided I was OK to resume work. (Both of these precautions have since been rescinded.)

However, Dr. S. strongly recommended against anything that would stress my right shoulder excessively—like, say, carrying luggage, or pushing someone in a wheelchair. This pretty much put the final nail in our Worldcon plans. Grumpf. There was nothing left but to file a claim on the travel insurance I'd taken the precaution of purchasing back in May. (The insurer, Allianz—no relation to AllianceBernstein—required that I e-file a sheaf of documents proving that I'd prepaid the airfare and hotel, that they were nonrefundable, that I'd formally canceled it all, and that Dr. S. had explicitly advised against travel, but once I'd sent them all in, I had my money back in two weeks. Not too horrible.)

And just in case there was any doubt remaining about what the universe thought about our travel plans—a day or two before my skid, Donna lost a dental crown, and a day or two afterward, she lost a (supposedly nonremovable) bridge. The bridge took most of another tooth with it, so that just cementing it back in doesn't lead to a solid and stable dental configuration. Instead, yet another root canal and possibly another implant will be coming; so it appears that Donna's bark will be worse than her bite for several more months, and much of the time and the money we'd been planning to spend on Worldcon will be spent on other activities rather less fun.



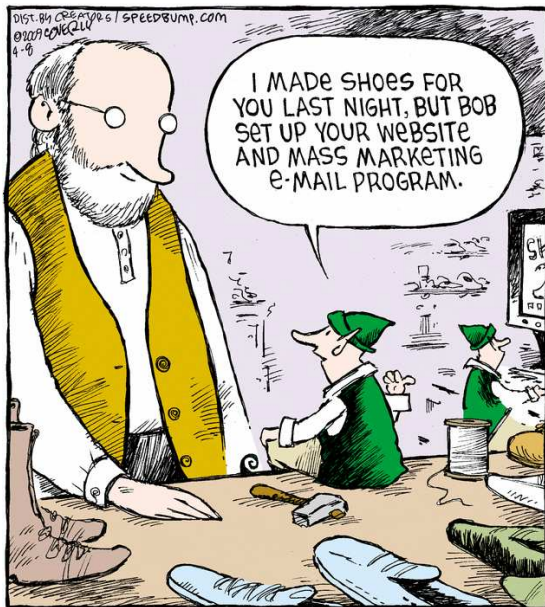
(Broom-Hilda by Russell Myers, 3 May 2018)

## FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #4 (e-APA-NYU #168)

IRT FLUSHING LINE VS. PORT WASHINGTON  
BRANCH OF THE LONG ISLAND  
RAILROAD (Chas Belov): I'm sorry to hear of  
your mother's passing, but glad you got to share

some of your success as a playwright with her.  
May you remember the good things and be  
comforted. /\*/ (çme) "You might also try jook."  
I'm fond of jook myself, though I've always

known it as congee; it was a fixture on the menu at Wo Hop, where they would serve a large bowl (with bits of chicken or pork or shrimp) so filling that if I ordered anything else at all, I'd likely bring it home untouched. I keep planning to try making a batch of it using brown rice in a crockpot some winter. It's not something Donna finds particularly appealing, though. /\*/ "I'm currently working on a very loose adaptation of *The Elves and the Shoemaker* following a long-term lesbian couple and two of their friends in uber-gentrified San Francisco, but in that case knowledge of the original is irrelevant." Have



(Speed Bump by Dave Coverly, 8 April 2009)

you encountered the late Mike Rubin's fairy tale of "The Programmer and the Elves"? /\*/ "I've actually never been a NYUSFan (death cannot release me as there is nothing to release), only a member of APA-NYU." I'd forgotten that. My apologies. /\*/ "Do you/we have any Hawai'ian readers?" Not that I'm aware of at the moment, but I can always hope. When I was in LASFAPA in the late '70s, I had a couple of readers who'd gone to college in Hawai'i, but they've both passed away since then.

**BELLS ARE RINGING FOR ME AND MY GAL** (Deb Wunder): Congratulations once more to the two of you. /\*/ "One happy addition to our home has been a six-quart Instant Pot.... Our biggest issue is finding a permanent space for it in the kitchen so that we don't have to drag it out every time we want to use it." The past few decades have seen so many specialty kitchen appliances enjoy brief vogues (bread makers, pasta makers, crockpots, Super Bass-o-Matics) that if people didn't mostly lose interest in them after a season

or two, no one would ever have room in the kitchen for so much as a cutting board. /\*/ "my dental insurance has decided that, even though my dentist has not been in their network for at least a year, they now need photographs of the work needed before they will approve it, and they will not pay it without the pre-approval. Tell me again how good the health care in this country is...." Was that first "not" supposed to be "now"? If he's *not* in their network, all bets are off. [And why is it, anyway, that all the health plans, including Medicare, exclude dental care from health care?] /\*/ I don't really like the use of "Luddites" in reference to those who haven't adopted the newest (and priciest) technology (even acknowledging that it was Thom who chose to thus label himself). The original Luddites were engaged in the active sabotage and destruction of machinery. Everything has its costs and benefits, and a decision not to make a particular purchase because its benefits don't justify its costs can be debated without silly name-calling. /\*/ (¢Blackman) "Yeah, the technology moves so damned fast these days that if you wait six months whatever tech you have been using will be obsolete." ...and will make you a target of snarky remarks about Luddites.

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me):** I wrote too optimistically about Thom Anderson; the rehab location decided to hold onto him a few weeks longer than any of us expected, and it was late August before he got to return to Park Terrace East and get reacquainted with his apartment. Nonetheless, he's in good spirits and looking forward to building up his walking range again.

**JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):** "My calendar/clock has to be reset (from random times & dates, most often Dec. 31, 2006) every time I turn it on..." I remember that that used to be a problem with old machines when a little battery in the motherboard ran out and had to be replaced. How old is your machine? /\*/ The play you saw featured "emotionless aliens [from a planet '10 trillion miles' away – I know]"? Well, that *is* less than 12 parsecs. /\*/ I lament the demise of *MAD*, though I'm kind of surprised it survived for so long after Bill Gaines' death and after its change of policy to accept advertising. I think it was indeed a victim of its own success: it taught a generation to be suspicious of those who seek to persuade them (both politicians and advertisers—is there a difference?), and the generation proceeded to become so suspicious



that the magazine couldn't keep up. /\*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "Didn't Georgette marry Ted Baxter?" You're right; I should have referred to the character as Georgette Franklin Baxter. /\*/ Quarks and gluons are elementary particles, strangeness is a property of some of them, and Dr. Gell-Man coined all three terms. /\*/ (¢me) I'd never heard of Neophron either, till I Googled Medea. I thought it had something to do with kidneys. /\*/ Yep, templates. I also forget sometimes (as I did last issue) to update the font on the "Fringe Reception" subhead to match that on the page 1 title—but the readers of the text-only edition never see that. Who proofreads the proofreaders?

MOUNTAIN ASH, WINTER GREEN/4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY (Donna Camp): I guess I had a deprived (or depraved) childhood. I remember plenty of summer afternoons in our backyard or that of one of our relatives', munching on grilled (and

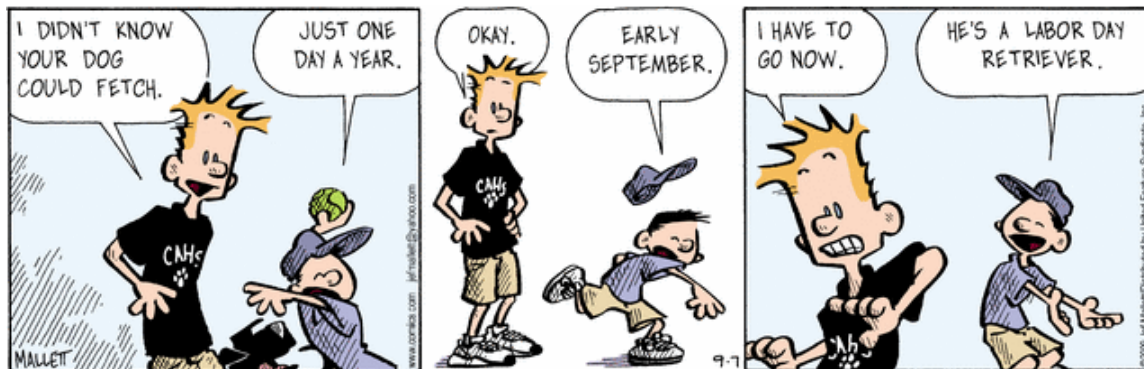
usually overcooked) hot dogs and hamburgers, and occasionally corn on the cob, but none of those memories specifically attach to the date of the Fourth of July. I do remember going up onto the roof of the six-story apartment house next door in the evening of 4 July with friends who lived there, to watch the fireworks that were being set off at Coney Island about 2½ miles away. /\*/ There may have been homemade potato salad alongside those burgers and hot dogs, but I have no memories of it. I suspect that the mothers, who cooked the family meals the majority of the time, figured that the respite they were allegedly getting thanks to the fathers manning the grills would be fraudulent if they had to put all that time and effort into making potato salad. /\*/ So if I never played croquet with my family or ate homemade potato salad on the Fourth of July, am I no better than the present occupant of the White House?

I joined in the general observance of the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Woodstock Music and Art Fair last month by catching some of the media commemorations (much of which seemed to be warmed over from the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary observance in 2009) and listening to some Crosby, Stills and Nash, Country Joe and the Fish, Richie Havens, John B. Sebastian, and Santana. Of late I wonder if the problem was that all that was promised was "3 days of peace & music." See, if the promoters had said "50 years of peace & music," maybe we'd all have done better.



(Peanuts by Charles M. Schulz, 22 June 1970)

And here it is September already, one more summer just about gone (though thanks to global climate change, the subsequent ones may be lengthier), and hurricane season getting under way. Keep the



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 7 September 2009)

raincoats and umbrellas handy, and give generously to disaster-relief organizations. I'll see youse all after Rosh HaShanah.

>Portions of the preceding think hurricanes happen in September  
because the end of vacation season causes tropical depressions.<