



BEYOND THE FRINGE- FAN [494]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is thankful to have gotten this zine finished before the end of November, in between medical visits and sudden bursts of unexpected work. After gobbling his share of the traditional feast in Canarsie, he's sleeping off the tryptophan at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📠↔️ nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com; 🌐<http://www.nycadre.org>)); be careful not to wake him unnecessarily. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #494, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #6 (e-APA-NYU #170) and other individuals who've been told to get stuffed, published November 2019 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Bizarro* by Dan Piraro, 25 November 2010. All uncredited material copyright ©2019 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

LOOKING ALL DOWN IN THE MOUTH: My clavicle has healed very nicely and is now pain free, thank you. (I got in a little daylight biking before it started getting too cold, but the days were already too short for me to consider biking to work again before next spring.) But things aren't going nearly as well with Donna's teeth.

We went to the dental surgeon's office in September, ready for two extractions and a couple of implants; then he took a new scan and found some more damage that had previously been hidden behind her bridgework. The upshot was a whole new treatment plan that will ultimately involve 10 extractions and nine implants with corresponding crowns, spread out over the next year and a half, at a total cost of two or three times what we would have ultimately spent in Ireland back in August had we actually succeeded in getting there. Donna went back in early October for the first stage: six extractions and three implants in one grueling session. She now has her bridge back in place, but again it's mostly cosmetic and can't be relied on for much biting or chewing. I'll be cooking a lot of soup, stew, and oatmeal for quite a while. Thanks to Ethan for sending the slow-cooker beef stew recipe. (Oh, Chas, I've now tried cooking jook/congee in the slow cooker using brown rice. It took eight hours at low, but came out very tasty. By using broth instead of water and adding ginger, scallion, soy sauce, sesame oil, and a dried hot pepper or

two early on, I got something much more flavorful than what they serve at Wo Hop. Donna is even considering having it for an occasional breakfast.)

GONNA TAKE TWO WEEKS, GONNA HAVE A HEART ABLATION: But just to add one final (I hope!) item to this year’s menu of medical meshugaas—Donna has been having more episodes of palpitations (accompanied by irregular drops in blood pressure) like the one that put her in hospital for five days in July. One such episode in mid-November brought her back to Methodist (by the way, in an inspiring display of interborough ecumenism, it’s now officially NewYork-Presbyterian Brooklyn Methodist Hospital), where the cardiologists came up with a new diagnosis: SVT, or supraventricular tachycardia.

What this means is that a nerve pathway has developed in her heart that acts to short-circuit the normal signals to the pumping chambers, so that they contract too fast; hardly any blood gets in before it’s pushed out, and not enough blood gets pumped out to the body. What caused the pathway to develop isn’t clear, but once triggered, the arrhythmia can continue for hours. The current treatment for this is a procedure called cardiac ablation, wherein the doctors thread a tube into the heart through a vein (thus making an open-heart procedure unnecessary) and use radio waves to kill or scar a bit of nerve tissue, breaking the pathway. The cardiologist says the patient can be walking out of the hospital within a day. We’re hoping to get this little adventure over and done with in December, though the logistics (a couple of preliminary office visits and the hospital’s scheduling) are still being worked out. Meanwhile, Donna was sent home after only two days’ incarceration.

LEAVE AT THEIR OWN CHOSEN SPEED: It’s been at least half a year since I mentioned my de facto employer’s in-progress move to Nashville. During that time, my boss Charmae and her boss Randi have shuttled there a few times and hired a few more proofreaders. The team in Nashville now includes three full-timers (Gina, Kate, and Lacey) plus one freelancer (Jonathan). One member of the group up here (Loretta) had her last day at the end of August, and another (Elizabeth) departs at the end of the year, leaving Carolyn, Christiane, Susanne, and me to split the work with the newbies and help them get up to speed. The four of us have been given “no later than” dates for our departures (leaving upper management wiggle room if someone decides at some point that the transition needs to be speeded up); I will be one of the last to go, out the door no later than 31 May 2020. I’ll be letting Social Security and J.P. Morgan know of my imminent retirement in time to start collecting benefits from them.



(Frank and Ernest by Thaves, 24 March 2015)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 17, #5 (e-APA-NYU #169)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (cme) “How did the ‘part-time home health aide’ work out for Donna?” Not so well; she mostly sat in the wreck room while Donna played on her laptop, and played on her own laptop. She assisted Donna

with a shower a couple of times, but otherwise we didn’t miss her a lot when the three weeks were up. /*/ “My left arm was killing me with pain for a while but is better now.” Do you know what caused the pain? /*/ (cWunder) “Ask

Trevor about him twice overheating while we tried to find a parking space for medical appointments.” That sounds like the sort of thing that happens in my town, not yours. Don’t the medical centers up there have parking lots? And



if Trevor (your vehicle) overheats that easily, he may need some medical attention himself. /*/ Oh, I see that you did get some diagnosis on Trevor. My condolences on having to pull the plug. /*/ “People get their first colonoscopy at age fifty.” I had mine at 45 because of family history. Over the past 23 years, I’ve had about a dozen altogether (with the doctors finding and snipping out some polyps about two out of three times). As you mention, the preparation is the annoying part; I sleep through the procedure itself, so it’s anticlimactic (not that I ever want any medical procedure I’m involved in to be exciting or dramatic). I also had an upper endoscopy once;

as you say, the preparations are much less stressful.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): Congratulations on your 50th year in fandom. (I don’t remember the precise date of my entry; it was sometime in 1972, when the SF club at SUNY Albany, aghast at discovering that RPI had no SF club, sent a member over to our campus to find the SF readers and tell them of the glories of fandom. He did this by holding a free showing of *2001: A Space Odyssey* in one of the campus buildings and inviting all who showed up to stay for a discussion. It worked; the RPI club was formed on the spot, led by my roommate Gary, who named the group TANSTAAFL because he’d recently finished *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*. So I guess I’m now in my 48th year in fandom.) /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “Tyrone F. Horneigh (pronounced ‘Horny’).” No, it was pronounced “Horn-EYE” on the rare occasions when someone pronounced it. (He once added “accent umlaut over the e-i-g-h.”) /*/ Hmm, I guess I should run a correction of the listing for *MAD*. /*/ (¢Belov) “I think I know that fairy tale as ‘The Elves and the Cobbler’, but I can’t find it under either title in my GRIMM’S.” Wikipedia says the Grimms called it “Die Wichtelmänner,” rendered simply as “The Elves” in the first English translation. /*/ (¢me) “Congratulations. HARPER’S asks readers to MAIL in submissions?” Thanks, and yes; the subscriptions that are the prizes are still sent by mail, so why not? (Parts of each magazine are available at the website, but not the puzzles.) /*/ “After several bad seasons, the ~BROOKLYN CYCLONES~ won the NY-Penn League Championship.” Does this have anything to do with the fact that we didn’t manage a group expedition to see them play this year? Perhaps we’re a jinx.

Short, SAD days are with us, and I’m already counting the time until the solstice comes to reverse the trend. Keep a light on, everyone, even if there’s no birdhouse in your soul; celebrate early and often, and just maybe I’ll manage to communicate once more before the year is out.

>Portions of the preceding are once again avoiding any holiday-table discussions
of religion, politics, and the Great Pumpkin.<