



Beyond the Fringefan [#519]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN, like the cowardly lion that is his totem, is watching in trepidation as one nation moves in predatorially on another nation, while the leaders all posture in an attempt to show who's the alpha. If they continue to carry on, before too long can we all expect to be carrion? You can find him cowering behind the couch in his lair 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)). While he nurses his wounds (which are unrelated to the present geopolitical situation), he's putting out **Beyond the Fringefan** #519, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 20, #2 (e-APA-NYU #195) and other nonaggressors, published February 2022 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Broom-Hilda* by Russell Myers, 12 February 2018. All uncredited material copyright ©2022 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

CUTS LIKE A KNIFE, BUT IT FEELS SO RIGHT: When I last communicated, I'd just been told that my hernia-repair surgery was back on, thanks to the hospital in Stony Brook deciding it was safe enough after two weeks of closing the outpatient surgical center (thanks to the omicron variant). I got my clearance from my PCP, took an excursion out to Stony Brook on Friday the 28th for final presurgical form-filling and COVID testing, and then went out there again on Monday the 31st for the actual operation. They required that someone be there to drive me home afterward, so The Kid came along on Monday, with his laptop so he could work while they were working on me. (They'd told me late on Friday that although the surgical building had been reopened, the waiting room had not; but he was welcome to wait in the car in the parking lot. Gee, thanks.)

I was in a combination changing room/examining room for an hour or so before the surgery, stripping and bagging all my clothes (except my socks, for some reason) and putting on the hospital gown and booties (over my socks), and then reciting my name, birth date, and expected surgery about half a dozen times for half a dozen folks. The surgeon visited me and asked if I had any questions. I asked whether the steel in the stitching he was going to do would make it possible to hang magnets on my groin. He answered no, it's a special nonmagnetic surgical steel. I told him I was disappointed at not being able to keep my shopping list handy that way. He said, "Sorry...but I like the way you think."

A nurse stuck an IV in my arm, and I walked into the operating room. I lay down on the operating table and the anesthesiologist started up the Demerol (or something like it), and told me, "We're sending you

on a dream vacation. Where would you like to go?” I thought of saying “Hawaii” and singing a verse of “Pineapple Princess,” or maybe “Fiji” and breaking into the *Red Dwarf* theme, but chickened out and said “Tahiti” instead. The surgical team seemed to be satisfied with that. The next thing I knew, they were waking me up and telling me everything was done and I could dress and go home. I’d been sedated for a bit more than two hours.

Ethan, meanwhile, had found a Panera Bread place in the neighborhood and was having a bit of lunch. After they phoned him, he made it back in 15 minutes or so; we got back to the Cadre a couple of hours later, whereupon I went upstairs and conked out (with a cold pack against my groin). I slept for most of the next 16 hours. (I slept somewhat more than usual over the next several days, feeling I’d earned it.)

The surgeon had prescribed a muscle relaxant; acetaminophen (plain, no codeine); and oxycodone, telling me that I could choose to take or not to take the last one, depending on the level of pain and my level of distrust of narcotics. I know no one who would call me the strong silent type, but I never felt a need for anything stronger than acetaminophen and ibuprofen. The pain, deep inside my groin, felt like something pulling on my insides—which I guess it was: the new stitching. I rated it 3 on a scale of 10 for the first 48 hours or so, jumping up momentarily to 5 when I coughed or sneezed. It diminished over the ensuing 10 days or so, to the point where it was just background noise mixed in with the pre-existing arthritis in my right hip.

Three weeks later, the swelling is pretty much gone, but there’s still some troublesome numbness on the right side of my groin. (I was told to expect that.) The incision—which was closed up not with stitching but with some sort of surgical Krazy Glue—is now a somewhat lumpy four-inch scar from hipbone to groin; I’m hoping the lumps will go away with time. Meanwhile, I’ve taken a couple of one-mile walks and a couple of six-mile bike rides (weather permitting) with no apparent ill effects, so I think I’m doing OK. I can lift increasingly heavy packages—I’m up to 15 pounds or so—but I’m not supposed to push any full-grown humans in wheelchairs for a few more weeks, so Donna’s medical appointments need to be coordinated with Ethan’s schedule until mid-March.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 19, #11 (e-APA-NYU #193)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
“The new ~SMARTPHONE~, a Motorola... very different from my Android phone.” You’re a braver man than I. Switching from one phone OS to another is worse than learning a new language. Even trying to switch from Android on a Samsung phone to Android on an LG phone proved so full of hassles (to this lifelong geek) that I’m likely to stick with the same brand forever. */ (¢Wunder) “I remember when Carlin was not edgy, but still managed to be clever.” Meaning his early work—the Wonderful WINO



In his later years, Spock used the Vulcan nerve pinch to forge a successful career as an anesthesiologist.

(Close to Home by John McPherson, 4 September 2021)

era? */ (¢me) I’m still glad to have attended DisCon (though of course I’d feel differently if I’d ended up with COVID). It was the first Worldcon we could drive to in a decade, and (depending on whether we consider the 800 miles to Chicago as driveable) may be the last in as long. */ Actually, only 5 cases (one a false positive) were reported by con’s end. The figure of 30 was the total as of over a week later. It would be difficult to reliably attribute anything reported after that to the convention. */ If I’d waited until my 70th birthday to publish “Daft

Codger Rag,” some of it would no longer be true. /*/ “Years ago, there was a ‘Who’s on First?’ version in which Lou tries to buy or repair a computer.” I liked the skit done by the late Ronnie Corbett (previously one of the Two Ronnies) in which he comes into a greengrocer’s to complain that his BlackBerry isn’t working.

INFECTIOUS vs. INCUBATOR (Chas Below): I’ve just started listening to Infectious. I’ll let you know whether I get infected. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “Gee, I saw the name Arlene Dahl and my first thought that she had been on one of the more sophisticated game shows but apparently I was mistaken.” Could you have been thinking of Arlene Francis? /*/ Actually, the original of “Dancing in the Moonlight” was by an obscure band called Boffalongo; King Harvest, which recorded the first hit version three years later, included a former member of Boffalongo plus the songwriter’s brother. (And I’d never heard of the band Toploader until I read your mention of it.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢Wunder) Sorry to hear about the A-flutter, but glad you’re recovering. (I had some of that along with the

pericarditis; my cardiologist still has me taking maintenance doses of metoprolol to ward it off.) May you soon no longer need the cane, or else find a way to rock it as a fashion accessory. /*/ “We estimate we had ten kids, because we found that a bowl of candy we left out that night was empty the next morning.” You trust the honor system for Halloween candy? Wow, one big difference between upstate and downstate. /*/ I’m impressed by your resourcefulness in dealing with the plumbing disaster. Collecting snow in a trash can to provide fresh water would seem to be another big difference between upstate and downstate. Glad you were able to finally get the problem fixed. /*/ We’ve only had one snowstorm so far this season that required shoveling, which was good because shoveling in the weeks before or after hernia surgery was contraindicated (as was trying to shlep a 25-pound bag of salt around). The one storm (about 8 inches) kindly came through Brooklyn on a weekend, when The Kid was able to come by and shovel while I spread salt from a 7-pound jug I’d filled last year.



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 15 December 2005)

I guess we can all be grateful for Mr. Putin for providing us with something to take our minds off what new COVID variants we have to look forward to. And on that note, I’ll sign off and go look up 60-year-old plans for shelters. May the world be safe from further invasions both micro- and macroscopic.

**>Portions of the preceding will be transliterated into Cyrillic
 and dropped by airlift onto Donetsk and Luhansk by way of psychological warfare.<**