



# Beyond the Fringefan [#550]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** spent much of the ninth month dealing with his first wife's thirtieth (that's a first approximation) hospital stay, commuting between Seventh Avenue and their home on East Fortieth Street. It wasn't their first choice as a pastime, and it got kind of old after the second or third day. (It began on Friday the Thirteenth—might that have been a factor? Maybe someone with a sixth sense can answer that.) They're hoping she's fully recovered, but without second sight, they can't be sure. ~~I don't know. Third base!~~ They're now back 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](http://www.nycadre.org))). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #550, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 22, #9 (the 229th e-APA-NYU collation) and other members of the fourth estate, published September 2024 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG** (now in its sixty-first year!). Cartoon above from *Dark Side of the Horse* by Samson, 26 April 2024. All uncredited material copyright ©2024 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**AND THE ONE IN THE REAR WAS A METHODIST:** This month, Donna blew her year-long streak without a stay in a hospital or other facility. She'd been suffering not only from weakness and vertigo but also from gut pain and nausea, and Ethan finally convinced her (partly by dint of calling and making the appointment himself) to go see her PCP on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> for some tests. But on that morning, she was feeling unable to move on her own, and we called an ambulance to get her to the ER at Methodist in Park Slope (not the closest hospital, but the one where her PCP is affiliated). She was in an ER bed for about 11 hours—not as long as on some previous occasions—before the hospital admitted her and found her a bed in a regular room. (She had three roommates. I didn't know they still had quad rooms in American hospitals.) In the ER, they diagnosed dehydration and possibly a urinary tract infection, and gave her an antibiotic; once she was admitted, the doctors said that if there was a UTI, it was "asymptomatic" and did not call for antibiotics. They did say that her potassium was low (which I'd asked about in the ER, where they'd answered differently) and gave her supplements orally and

intravenously. They finally let her out after five days. (She notes that they seemed to be obsessed with her bowel functions, giving her lots of laxatives and not releasing her until they'd had results...with the side effect of diarrhea once she got home. This did not improve her attitude.)

She's still not feeling fully up to snuff and is needing more help, so that my being out of the house for more than a few hours at a time now poses logistical problems. (Macular degeneration has aggravated everything else, since she can hardly see well enough to read things like prescription labels.) Robbie from next door can't do more than three days a week as a health aide because of his studies at Brooklyn College, so we're still investigating short- and long-term strategies.

In good news, she finally got her CPAP—or rather a BIPAP. (It looks similar, but switches back and forth between two different pressure levels, depending on whether the user is inhaling or exhaling.) She's been using it nightly and reports much improved breathing and sleep, and consequently less pain in her limbs.

My orthopedist, Dr. F.N., gave me a shot of cortisone in the left hip joint on 12 September. It seems to have changed the pain there—lessened it, but also changed which directions of flex of the joint produce pain. It's curious. On the same day, I spoke with an orthopedic surgeon, Dr. D.M., who will be happy to perform a hip replacement surgery whenever I'm ready. (But they won't do it until three months after an injection like the one I had that day. The cortisone has residual effects on the surrounding tissue.) I was surprised to find out that the recovery protocol has changed since Donna's surgeries two decades ago; now they send patients home after only a couple of days in hospital, and no stay at a rehab center. (Is this because they've found that it produces speedier recovery, or are the insurance companies just being cheaper? Inquiring minds want to know.) There will, of course, still be restrictions on motion and activity; good thing I don't have a life.



(Real Life Adventures by Wise and Aldrich, 23 January 2015)

## Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #8 (e-APA-NYU #225)

DEB WUNDER HAS PASSED AWAY (Joseph Sullivan): Excellent appreciation. Thanks for writing it. /\*/ Deb seemed to be at a nexus of a number of different affinity groups, so that knowing her made you more likely to meet people you otherwise wouldn't. Without her, we lose some of that cross-pollination. (Without the contact list on her phone, which went on the blink not long before her death, it was well-nigh impossible to contact all the people who needed to know, and we had to rely on assorted grapevines to spread the news.)

DR. SPOCK vs. MR. SPOCK (Chas Belov): Of the seven crossword clues you quote, I'd only have gotten one: "Author Bagnold." I knew the name Enid Bagnold, though I couldn't say how. I'm sure I've read none of her writing, and couldn't even name a title. /\*/ The only Flick I'm aware of is a character in Jean Shepherd's stories,

definitely a human, not a horse. Could it have been a diminutive for the title character of *My Friend Flicka*? /\*/ The affinity of crossword constructors for ostentatiously obscure words is part of why I prefer cryptic ("English-style") crosswords (though I still do the *Sunday New York Times* ones). I found out that *The New Yorker* runs, or was running, a series of cryptics that are small—8 by 10 letters—and straightforward, so that I can finish one in between five and ten minutes. The (free) web archive has what looks like a couple of hundred of those; I'm burning through them now.

15 WAYS OF MISGENDERING AN ALIEN (Judith Friedman): Besides, there is no Rule 6. /\*/ Misgendering and aliens in the same sentence will cause the heads of certain politicians to explode.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER  
 (Mark L. Blackman): Re  
 loyalty to friends, I remember  
 Deb's saying in reference to  
 an acquaintance of ours who  
 was being nominated for an  
 excess of Hugu awards, "He  
 may be a bastard, but he's *our*  
 bastard!" \*/ I think there are  
 only two standard sizes of  
 toilet seats, depending on  
 whether the toilet's rim is  
 round or oval ("elongated") in  
 shape. It shouldn't have been  
 that hard for your super to get  
 the right one. \*/ A month or  
 two ago I read Piers  
 Anthony's *A Spell for*  
*Chameleon*, having been told  
 that Mr. Anthony's type of  
 silliness was on a par with that  
 of the late Sir Terry's. I found



"The sand bags should hold back the  
 leak until the new toilet valve gets in  
 on Friday."  
 (Close to Home by John McPherson, 21 September 2017)

it less than impressive. Now I'm  
 trying something by one Andrew  
 Harman, an English author who  
 seems to be trying very hard to  
 write Pratchett novels. I'm only  
 slightly more impressed. [Good  
 grief! Did I actually write  
 something about F/SF in this  
 zine?] \*/ (¢APA-NEWS)  
 Newhart did have a short-lived  
 fourth sitcom, in which he co-  
 starred with Judd Hirsch. It was  
 called *George and Leo*—George  
 being Newhart's given name. \*/  
 (¢me) If you're awaiting surgery,  
 the "good" leg is the one that  
 hurts less. If you're recovering  
 from surgery, the "good" leg is  
 the one that wasn't just operated  
 on. If you're between surgeries, it  
 switches at some point, but I'm  
 not sure when.

Among the few people I still send birthday cards are my nephew and niece (now both living in the Pittsburgh area). When looking for cards to send—both have birthdays in October—it occurred to me that in addition to a 40-year-old son, I will shortly have a 50-year-old nephew. (He's the father of the bar mitzvah boy of a year and a half ago.) One more reminder that time flies like an arrow. (You can fill in the rest yourself.)

May all who observe it be inscribed for a happy and healthy New Year 5785. Get your COVID vaccination updated whenever you can (I got the newest version a week ago). And try to stay out of hospitals: they're full of sick people.

>Portions of the preceding are keeping their pets away from misgendered aliens.<