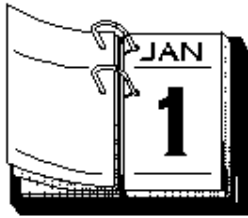


Happy NYU Year

from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#566]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a generally monthly personalzine/apa-zine/letter-substitute written, edited, and published by Beyond the Fringefan a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, and distributed through e-**APA-NYU** as well as directly via the Internet and (theoretically at least) by mail. Copies may be requested by contacting him at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; ☒↔☒ nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com)); recent issues may also be viewed at <<http://nycadre.org/btf>> (as long as Ace is willing to continue hosting). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #566, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 24, #1 (e-APA-NYU #242) and other sufferers of pains in the neck and other body parts, published January 2026 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2026 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE: Once again Donna and I ended the year under the weather, though not as badly as last time around. Donna's hacking cough of mid-December that was diagnosed as RSV was slowly getting better, and mine was less bad to begin with and proved to be of shorter duration. We were in fact up to breaking out the bottle of Spumante that had been sitting in the kitchen for a year and watching Anderson Cooper and Andy Cohen get stupid in Times Square. By the time I got to see my cardiologist and my PCP for pre-op certification in early January, I sounded more or less normal and tested OK. I also finally got my latest COVID and flu vaccinations. I went off to the hospital for pre-op testing on 13 January and got injected, inspected, and selected, so everything should be smooth sailing, right? Right? Well...

Donna's visit to her retinologist the previous week had produced news that wasn't so good; in addition to the "dry" macular degeneration she's been dealing with for a couple of years, her left eye is now showing "wet" macular degeneration—fluid leaking out of the eyeball. There's a treatment for it, a drug called Vabysmo (sounds much like "abysmal"), which has to be injected directly into the eye at monthly intervals. How much Donna enjoyed her first shot is left as an exercise for the reader.

And the day before my pre-op testing, Donna went to see our dentist, Dr. E.K., about a recurring toothache. His verdict: the bridge she got across her lower front teeth a few years ago was holding up well, but the two live teeth that were still in place beneath it were giving up their respective ghosts. She had to go see the oral surgeon, Dr. G.H., just three days before my surgery, and get the teeth extracted (while keeping the bridge in place for now—it will be modified to replace the extracted teeth once her gums heal).

Somewhere along the way, we spoke with Ron, our friendly retired electrician down the block, about getting some security cameras, a front-door intercom, and a granny-monitor camera in her bedroom, to give Donna more peace of mind while I was out of action. He brought in a guy he knew, Andy, who managed to get all the work done on three days spread across those last two weeks.

And then Ethan and I were in the basement, moving boxes of Stuff that had been packed up before the work on the dining room—some of it had been there since the bedbug affair of 2023—and we discovered a leak in a pipe near the house’s front wall. How long had it been there? Days or weeks, we guessed; long enough for water on the floor to have soaked through the bottoms of four or five boxes, necessitating an evening’s search-and-rescue mission. We ended up putting together and discarding a trash-bag-ful of old crafts supplies and torn clothing that had been awaiting repair for decades, and spreading out and air-drying a bunch of magazines and LPs whose covers had gotten only slightly wet and hadn’t had time to mildew. (Ironically, I’d moved those LPs a year earlier from the other end of the basement, where they’d escaped water damage from a flood in the back yard only through being on top of another crate of LPs that I had to jettison because they were so encrusted with fungus.)



(Rhymes with Orange by Rina Piccolo and Hilary B. Price, 3 December 2025)

When the handymen next door were able to look at the leak a couple of days later, they told us it was beyond their pay grade: the leak was from the main pipe bringing water into the house from the street main. They thought replacing the pipe would probably entail breaking through the front wall at basement level and digging up part or all of our front yard. Fortunately, Ron the electrician knew a guy who knew a guy who was a licensed plumber, and who came by Wednesday morning to look at it. He said he’d have to drill into the basement wall, but needn’t touch the front yard. He had to finish another job in Queens, but he came back later that day—5 pm—and got to work. The job was done at 9 pm, just in time for me to take a shower with the antibacterial soap the hospital had given me, go to bed, get up at 3 am, take another shower (that’s what the hospital demanded), jump into my car-service ride at 4:45, and get to the hospital before 5:30.

Just to add one more glitch to the mix, over those last few days, I’d called Astor Place Haircutters in the hope of going in and getting trimmed before losing mobility—and got no answer. I wasn’t able to get through until Wednesday night just before closing. Apparently they were OK but having trouble with their phone line. I guess I’ll be brushing hair out of my eyes habitually for a couple of months more now.

PUNKY BAD HIP (h/t to Chas Belov): So I car-serviced over to Maimonides Medical Center on 22 January at 5:15 am, was processed, and had my new hip joint by late morning. By early afternoon, as the anesthesia wore off, I was in a lot of pain (duh!) and asked for whatever drugs they were willing to give me—I think it was tramadol once and oxycontin another time. It was 7:30 pm before they found me a regular bed and got me out of the recovery room, but a PT guy named Josh came by around 5:15, helped me out of bed, and walked about 20 agonizing feet with me. (I asked for more drugs after that.)

My roommate was an old West Indian guy named Mark (with a k) who answered every question with “I’m blessed.” This didn’t bother me, but his preaching in his sleep did. At about 1 am he started shouting “He is the LORD! He is the LORD! Worship him!” and a bunch of other stuff that I couldn’t make out because of the accent. It got so loud that the nurses had to come in, wake him up, and calm him down. (Did they sedate him? I couldn’t tell in the dark.) Between him and the guy from the next

room over who became confused and wandered into my room and tried to rummage through my belongings, I didn't get much sleep.

Mark was discharged at 11:30 Friday morning, and almost immediately thereafter, a series of doctors came by to tell me they were going to discharge me too—barely 24 hours after my surgery. I told them nothing doing; I was still in severe pain every time I tried to move my right leg, and I wanted a couple of weeks of rehab. They made noises about how it might not be covered by my insurance, because I'd already demonstrated I could walk 100 feet; I told them that was a lie, that it had been no more than 20 feet, maybe 25 at the outside; they could find out whether it was covered and get back to me. Suddenly I was told that they were sending me to Ditmas Park for rehab as of 1 pm. (By the time the bureaucratic boxes had all been checked and the ambulance arrived, it was more like 3:30. Standard medical operating procedure.) In retrospect, I think they were just trying to get rid of me before the predicted blizzard. But it was odd: last year they told me that Medicare regulations forbade sending me to rehab until I'd been in hospital four days, but here they were moving me after less than 36 hours. I guess they can make up more rules whenever they feel like it.

Ditmas Park has decent people, but seems underequipped; they couldn't find me one of the trapezoidal cushions that they're supposed to place between my legs to forestall bending the new joint too far, nor a toilet-seat riser or commode (I've established that I'm physically unable to defecate on a bedpan). I did get a visit from a PT guy on Saturday afternoon, and another painful 25 feet of walking.

Over the weekend, it felt as though this hip replacement was being harder to recover from than the other. The leg seemed to weigh a ton, and moving it when in bed required the help of one or both hands to get started. But then, owing to my unexpectedly speedy departure from the hospital, it was a lot earlier in the recovery process than it seemed. It also might be related to the pinched nerve on that side caused by spinal compression between L4 and L5. (I may have to form a support group for people with lumbar compression and call it the L5 Society.) UPDATE: Things improved significantly on Monday with two visits from PT people, access to a wheelchair, and permission to use actual bathrooms. And it was only four days since the surgery.

I've hardly seen my roommate at Ditmas, as we've both mostly kept to our beds and there's a curtain between us. I think he's West Indian. He hasn't bothered me except for running game shows on his TV one late night and infomercials early one morning. Quite reasonable compared to Mark.



(Strange Brew by John Deering, 8 December 2025)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 23, #12 (e-APA-NYU #241)

APA-NEWS (The e-S.A.A.C.): *Mistake of the Month*: Peter Arnett was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. I don't know who was awarded the Pulitzer. (It was Mr. Blackman's typo, but I should have caught and corrected it.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): I was going to wish you good luck with your defibrillator implant, but as I found out last week, it's already been done. May you continue to heal speedily. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) That reminds me that back in college, I saw a production of an

obscure Stoppard play called *Albert's Bridge* put on by a campus theater company. /*/ (¢me) It's VOTA AQUÍ, not VOTE AQUÍ, so only the Spanish-speaking voters are being misled into voting for Aquí. (Hmm, if a candidate named Aquí were really to run, would his/her opponents have a basis to sue the Board of Elections for tilting the playing field?)

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): (¢Blackman) Correction: I was accurate in saying that the augmented pulled chicken contained no

chestnuts—but it does contain *water* chestnuts, which despite the name are an entirely unrelated vegetable. My apologies for the confusion.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (çBelov) “Recently I have stopped doing crosswords, having been lured away by Nerdle, Wordle, Strands, and Connections.” I do those four online every night—the Nerdle just after midnight GMT and the other three just after midnight Eastern time—but I still print out the Sunday *New York Times* crossword and the Saturday *Wall Street Journal* variety puzzle to solve with pencil on paper. (Have you graduated from Nerdle to Maxi

ones that arrive in December sit on a bookcase downstairs (just in case anyone I know should tell me they need one) until I throw them into recycling the following December.

REVOLUTION 9 vs. A SMALL PACKAGE OF VALUE WILL COME TO YOU SHORTLY (Chas Belov): “A Small Package of Value Will Come to You Shortly” wins because it’s so much shorter. “For found sounds and random speech as music,” I’d upvote “Band 6” on the Monkees’ *Headquarters* album; it’s mercifully short at 0:38 and has a few seconds of actual tune at the end. /*/ I’ve had a couple of instances recently of



(Broom-Hilda by Russell Myers, 4 January 2026)

Nerdle?) /*/ I keep getting calendars from charitable organizations every December, along with one from the lawyer who drew up Donna’s and my wills. But I don’t need them because I pick up a Jewish calendar, which I find more useful, every September from Shop-Rite. So the

getting one letter wrong in the Sunday *Times* crossword and not realizing it until I read Rex Parker’s blog entry afterward. I had no idea that there was a tennis shot called a “dink.” /*/ (çme) “It would have been better to have a different shape for each color.” Are there are enough shapes whose names

are universally known and that are recognizable from across a room? Squares, triangles, circles, and stars are easy; but could a poorly educated person, told to look for a hexagon, be relied on not to head for an octagon instead?

I’d like to predict how soon I’ll be walking again, but I’m afraid I wouldn’t have a leg to stand on. I will go out on a limb and say I expect to be back in these pages next month.

>Portions of the preceding fear that Moose and Squirrel will be the next ones detained by ICE.
(Would that be Badenov to make the invasion stop?)<