

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

[#567]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is now a grampa and can hardly wait to see what comes next. He hopes to find out what metrics exist for his performance at the task, while he works on regaining his mobility 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)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #567, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 24, #2 (e-APA-NYU #243) and other patriarchs (and matriarchs), published February 2026 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Peanuts* by Charles M. Schulz, 13 December 1972. All uncredited material copyright ©2026 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, I GOT THE HIPPY HIPPY SHAKE: I had a lot of déjà vu in late January and early February, as I recovered from my surgery at Ditmas Park Rehab. I was on the second floor this time (vs. the fifth floor last year), so I didn't see all the same nurses and aides, but several of them did recognize me, as did some of the PT/OT people. I took care upon arrival to emphasize to Grace, the charge nurse, that I only wanted to be there for two weeks, no more, and she agreed. I also reminded her that I did not need a low-sugar or low-salt diet, having neither diabetes nor high blood pressure, and—after a few mishaps the first weekend—I got food that was about as palatable as one could expect at an institution such as this. They even brought me fresh oranges, apples, and bananas instead of the unappetizing canned fruit they'd given me last time, and I got yogurt at least once a day. This meant I had much less appetite than I'd anticipated for the junk food that I'd packed for Ethan to bring, and most of it came home with me. I suppose I'm better off that way.

The room seemed a bit larger than the one I'd had last year, but didn't have any more tabletop space. I got into a habit of getting out of bed at 7 or so (!) and into the wheelchair so that I could be at my laptop on the rolling table, catching up with e-mail and ~~comic strips~~ other vital activities, and then shifting the laptop over to the bed just as they walked in with breakfast so that I could watch *The Daily Show* and Stephen Colbert while eating. I then got cleaned up and changed from hospital gown to street clothes with an aide's help, and then the PT/OT folk came to take me down to the gym for a 90-minute workout. Lunch came up soon after I returned, and I found myself inclined to nap for an hour or two before supper. As had been the case last year, they wouldn't let me get out of the wheelchair and walk, with walker or rollator, except during those 90-minute sessions, but I did perambulate the halls in the wheelchair after the first day (the dayroom with the ice dispenser was all the way at the other end).

I did suffer a couple of medical incidents while I was there. My right ankle developed edema (swelling due to fluid retention) after a few days, though to a fairly minor extent—nothing presidential. The nurses said it was not unknown for this to happen after surgery, and I should try to keep the leg elevated when not exercising. Playing with the controls on the hospital bed seemed to accomplish this. I also sustained a broken toenail, probably during the move from hospital to rehab, but this was decidedly not life-threatening. (They had a podiatrist come and look at it anyway.)

I got to see the surgeon, Dr. D.M., for a follow-up visit on 4 February, thirteen days after the surgery, and he took out the 25 staples and said the incision appeared to be healing well. He confirmed that the edema was a common aftereffect of the surgery, and said it might take as much as a month or two to resolve completely, but I needn't worry about it. (It was almost completely gone two weeks later.)

I was all set to check out on Friday 6 February and have Ethan come by and get me home, when the ghods of gestation threw us a joker: Ashley's blood tests, in the 39th week of pregnancy, were showing some irregularities that made the birthing center unwilling to deal with her any further (apparently they can't cope with anything that won't make for a flawless, perfect, natural birth experience). They had to scramble to find her a bed at a hospital (NYU's Brooklyn location in Sunset Park), where the doctors induced what turned out to be a difficult 30-hour labor. Ethan therefore had more important things to do than get me. Enter Janelle the aide, who volunteered to pick me up via Uber on Friday afternoon. (This was service above and beyond the call of duty, since she's supposed to be Donna's aide and not performing any services for me. However, since Donna was really wanting me home, Janelle could rationalize it as a way of helping Donna's emotional state.) She did so, and I made it up the front steps safely and into the house.

And now the moment you've all been waiting for: Simon Henry Glasser-Camp was born at 9:02 pm, Thursday 5 February 2026, to Ethan Glasser-Camp and Ashley Henry, though he wasn't officially named for a couple of days after that. (I was pushing for Julius Henry Glasser-Camp, which would have memorialized my mother Julia, and, purely coincidentally of course, would have been a shout-out to the great American, Julius Henry Marx (a/k/a Groucho); but the mother didn't like the sound of Julius.) The kid measured 19 inches and weighed 6 pounds 11 ounces at birth. Ethan said he has "an old soul look about him."

Oh, and Donna managed to get through the two and a half weeks of my absence without any major panic attacks, and without moving into assisted living. Shows what a couple of good reliable aides can do for your peace of mind. (Janelle did stay for as much as eight hours on many of the days I was gone.)

Over the next several days I did lots of walking upstairs on the walker and downstairs on the rollator (both of which I'd acquired a year ago), relying on the stairlift to ferry me between floors; but I also went up and down the basement steps a few times, carefully, with an aide within shouting distance in case of mishaps (there were none). The pain in the leg was down to at most 2.5 on the scale of 1 to 10, even when climbing stairs, and barely above 1 most of the time. (I had a stiff neck and a sore shoulder for a while thereafter, but I don't know whether that had anything to do with the surgery or the rehab.)



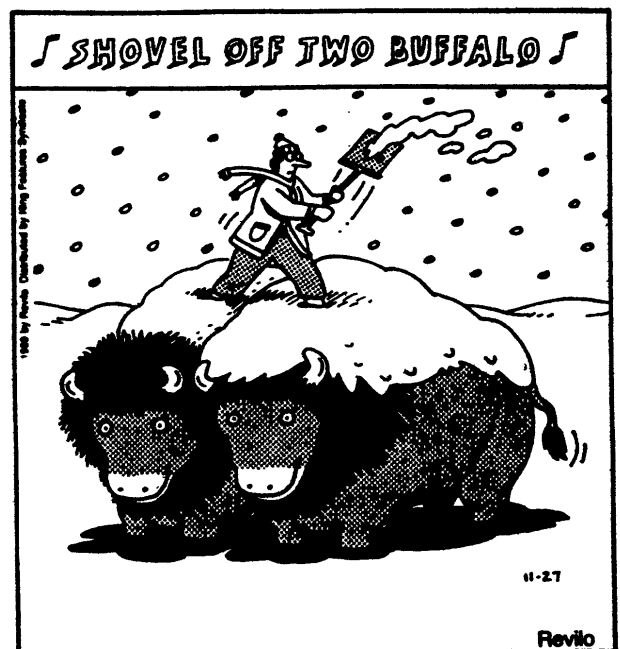
The after-care agency sent me an aide named Yvette to help out for four hours a day for a couple of weeks (not that I need much help), and a PT guy named Osama who'll be showing up twice a week until I'm ambulatory enough to get to a PT center in the neighborhood. By 21 February I felt confident enough to go out and walk up and down the block with the rollator, and even got into the Cadre Conveyance and decided I was ready to see if I could drive around the block, next time I could get another driver to ride along in case of problems. And that, of course, is why the weather dumped another foot and a half of snow on us over the next two days.

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 24, #1 (e-APA-NYU #242)

DOG vs. NOT-DOG (Chas Belov): I haven't seen Boggle BrainBusters, ever, I think. GoComics, to which I've been subscribing for a year and a half, offers an array of nearly three dozen daily games/puzzles, including Jumble and a curious online-only one called Fliptogram that's begun to claim my attention. I tend to let those two slide for a week or two and then do three or four a day until I catch up. But I've been afraid to start in on any of the others for fear that they'll claim my day. Ethan also sent me links to some other puzzle sites. (Now we know why American productivity is down.) /*/ "Eli" and "Esau" are good crossword-puzzle names: high ratio of vowels to consonants. "Peyton" and "Jacob," not so much. /*/ I've been sending out the apa deadline notification the same way from the same domain every month for years. I think some of the servers don't trust Ace just because it's not a big name, and demand it rejustify its existence every so often. Sorta the way every political party other than the Democrats and the Republicans has to get a certain number of votes each national election, or get kicked off the ballot and have to start from scratch with petitions the next time around. /*/ (¢cover) Yeah, I tried scanning that bar code and turned up no results too. Maybe it was from a product sold under one of the generic brands belonging to the now-defunct A&P empire. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) I've been signing on to the IRC chat pretty regularly on Tuesday evenings, and as far as I can tell, no one else has gotten on since Deb's passing, so it's effectively moribund. Zoom is a bit problematic for me right now: I've been having trouble with the built-in webcam on my laptop for a few years—probably a software rather than a hardware issue, but the best the tech support people have been able to suggest is to reinstall Windows wholesale, something I'm not about to do if I can help it—and have been contemplating getting an add-on one to see if that'll work. If

that gambit proves successful, I'll be ready to try a Zoom meeting. /*/ (¢me) Around here various stores sell roasted chestnuts (not water chestnuts) in foil packets, typically 3 or 3.5 ounces for prices that used to be around a dollar but are now two to four times that. For a time I was seeing them in Asian markets, sometimes in-shell and sometimes shelled; more recently they've shown up in kosher markets, especially around Passover and invariably shelled, and sometimes in Russian markets. (I used to buy them in quantity because they were an ingredient of a pumpkin-sweet potato soup Donna was fond of and had me cook batches of all winter.)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢Blackman) "Metal in one's body is a huge pain in the butt." I'm finding that the two metal joints in my body have relieved a lot of pain around my butt. /*/ I escaped dealing with the worst of the snow at the end of January by being laid up at the rehab. Our friendly neighbors did a lot of shoveling on our



(Revilo for *The New Breed*, 27 November 1989)

behalf, but I believe some of the burden fell on Donna's aides. When I finally got home, Janelle the aide told me that she'd thought of using the Cadre Conveyance for errands, but was unable to do so because the wheels were icebound. Maybe we'll be able to free them up by the time I'm up to driving again. /*/ One would think that since last year's was Super Bowl LIX, the media would be clever enough to figure that this year's would be LX. Apparently one would be wrong. Since I pay no attention to football and don't even watch the Super Bowl for the ads or the halftime show, it makes little difference to me. I heard there was going to be a bad bunny singing

in Spanish this year, but I lost interest when it turned out to be neither a *Playboy* model nor an animated character voiced by the late Mel Blanc.

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):
 Congratulations on a successful implant. I hope you never require it to do its thing to your heart, but if it should happen, please tell us what it feels like. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "Hope Eyrie" is the title of Leslie Fish's song whose chorus begins "The Eagle has landed." /*/ (¢Belov) The Airplane had another one-minute track of weird electronic bleeps and drumbeats called "Chushingura" on the *Crown of Creation* album. Again, preferable to "Revolution #9" because it was so much shorter. /*/ "Nucular" goes back 'way before Jimmy Carter. The OED cites it as early as 1943 (two years before the first atomic bomb!), and it was probably used in speech for a decade before that. Some think it was coined by (false) analogy with "molecular" and "particular."



(Rabbits Against Magic by Jonathan Lemon, 6 December 2024)

So as I wrote here a year ago, I'm looking forward to a springtime of increased mobility, and maybe even (if that's not asking too much) getting around without mobility aids come summer. At the moment, though, it seems as though even snow-free pavement is a bit much to ask. We Shall See. Only a week and a half until we get to Spring Forward...

>Portions of the preceding will not be broadcast on network TV because of the Equal Time rule.<