

# Beyond the Fringefan

[#480] **BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** is thinking dark thoughts once again as the gloom begins to fall before he's quite finished with lunch. Yes, it's a SAD time for all, and the winter solstice hasn't even come yet. You can throw shade at him or his writing 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>)); he'll be lighting some candles for eight days to compensate. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #480, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 15, #7 (e-APA-NYU #156) and other light savers (a part of living), intended for November but finally disseminated December 2017 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2017 by Marc S. Glasser. Cartoon above from *Real Life Adventures* by Wise and Aldrich, 14 November 2016. Member fwa.



**GHOSTS OF HOSTS:** To add even more to the darkness, November brought the loss of not one but two generous fannish individuals whose hospitality provided most of the reason I ever left the house on a Saturday evening over much of the last couple of decades. Tom Byro lost a long battle with cancer; he, with roommate and self-proclaimed recluse Thom Anderson, rescued FISTFA from oblivion early in this millennium by hosting it at Thom's apartment in Upstate Manhattan, with Tom cooking for the ravaging horde. Tom was forever finding interesting ingredients to add, not to mention food- and bookstores to explore. I'm sorry he hardly got to enjoy the lakeside property he'd purchased upstate near the Catskills.

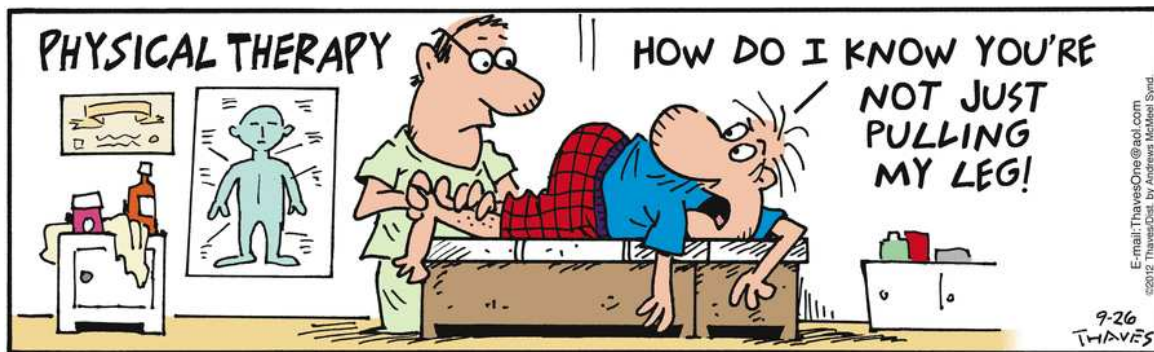
Perdita Boardman ran the con suite at Lunacon for many years, and ran it well; with her husband John, she also hosted a variety of fannish functions at their Victorian house in Ditmas Park, Brooklyn, including a bunch of Lunarians meetings, APA-Q qollations, and two separate runs of First Saturdays (in the 1980s and the 2000s). She made some impressive bouillabaisse for the Lunarians' Christmas parties. She also made some intricate dollhouse furniture that was on display in their living room, as well as knitting and crocheting. (I also remember her giving me rides to the Nassau Community College Folk Festival a couple of years in the 1980s when I didn't have a car.) We lost her in many ways when she had to move to assisted living nearly a decade ago; now we've lost her again.

**WILL YOU, WON'T YOU WANT ME TO MAKE YOU:** With me reaching my 65<sup>th</sup> birthday last spring and Donna approaching her 71<sup>st</sup>, we decided it was time to stop procrastinating, for real, and get our wills made out. This was probably about 35 years overdue; people knowledgeable about the subject

generally advise getting your will together as soon as you're married and/or have a child, to minimize the delays introduced by the probate process and ensure that your property goes to the people you want it to go to, while they most need it.

When I recently contacted Mel Z., the lawyer who drew up my parents' wills at least three decades ago, I learned that Mel, having reached the age of 70 himself, had recently retired and closed his office. So I asked a few people, and got a recommendation from my sister for a lawyer named Alex M. in Canarsie. Alex told us that things are a bit easier to set up than we thought; by making sure we had beneficiaries properly specified on our bank, brokerage, retirement, and insurance accounts, we could take those out of the probate process entirely. Also, at present, the laws of this state and country impose no estate taxes whatever on estates valued at less than \$5 million—a sum far beyond any net-worth expectations I have any reason ever to hold. (Five million? Tax free? And this is *before* the “reforms” the present administration wants to push through? Is someone kidding?) So it appears that where there's a way, there will shortly be a pair of wills.

**FRACTURE MY SPINE, AND SWEAR THAT YOU'RE MINE:** As mentioned last time, I quit physical therapy, since I was not perceiving any change in either the numbness in my foot or the cramping in my calf. I can start again (or I can resume doing the home exercises) if things start suddenly going downhill and I decide in retrospect that it was helping after all.



(Frank & Ernest by Thaves, 26 September 2017)

My co-worker Carolyn has been saying nice things about her chiropractor, Dr. A., up in Park Slope, for months now, and with more emphasis once I mentioned that the PT didn't seem to be helping; so I gave in and set up an appointment. Unfortunately, Dr. A. does not take Medicare, which means that whatever I pay her is entirely out of pocket. (It will be income-tax deductible, if the “reforms” don't take *that* away.) Nonetheless, I was willing to put a few hundred bucks out on spec to see if it would help.

Unlike the one chiropractor I previously dealt with (a couple of decades back), Dr. A. is low-pressure (verbally, at least) and doesn't insist that I'm feeling better when I say I'm not. I've been to see her for “adjustments” (some of those involved high pressure!) about half a dozen times so far. So far, though, I can't tell that it's making much difference either. The numbness hasn't changed, although I think the cramps and pains have moved around a bit. Chiropractors like to say that they don't heal you: they remove obstructions so your body can heal itself—so if my body doesn't show any signs of healing after I've seen Dr. A. as much as I saw the PT guys, I think it'll be time to pack that one in as well.

Meanwhile: I've now been working for AB through Randstad instead of through Creative Circle for almost a month. Other than the higher wage (can't complain about that) and the different source of pay stubs, nothing seems to have changed.

## Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 15, #6 (e-APA-NYU #155)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

“but [the Lunarians membership a]re waiving their votes and letting the Board decide things.” How many actual members does the club have at this point? How many on the Board? /\*/ “the ~BROOKLYN BOOK FESTIVAL~ (as traditional, on a day when over half a dozen subway lines weren’t running”—lately that’s almost every weekend, and it’s not likely to get better for a long time. You’d’a’ thought that those charged with running the system would’a’ learned the harm that “deferred maintenance” does after the debacles of the 1970s—but nooo, they started doing it again almost immediately, and once again straphangers are paying the price. /\*/ “I got a ticket (no one recognizes the term ‘Oakley’ anymore). . . .” Well, you’re right in my case; I don’t recall ever hearing the term “Oakley” in reference to a ticket. Merriam-Webster defines “Annie Oakley” as “*slang*: a free ticket (as to a theater),” with the etymology “after *Annie Oakley* †1926 American markswoman; from the resemblance of a punched pass to a playing card with bullet holes through the spots.” I think it’s our parents’ generation’s usage; were it not for the Irving Berlin musical, how many of even our contemporaries, let alone our juniors, would know who Annie Oakley was? /\*/ (¢APA-NEWS) A lutist plays the lute; a luthier builds lutes (and other stringed instruments, including guitars and even violins). /\*/ José Jimenez may have been a caricature, but there were so few Latino role models in the media in his era that many Latinos accepted him as the best available. The comedian Hari Kondabolu has been riffing for years about his “nemesis,” the character Apu from *The Simpsons*, for similar reasons (interesting that both José and Apu are played by Jews of European ancestry). /\*/ (¢me) “Has your cycling brought on the problem or staved it off till now?” Good question. It probably didn’t help, considering the cyclist’s forward-leaning pose, but compared to the time I’ve spent leaning

forward over paperwork or into a computer screen, it was likely not significant. I’ll ask the orthopedist if I see him again. /\*/ “Donna wasn’t taken to the nearest hospital?” She didn’t want to be taken to the nearest hospital, because her doctor isn’t affiliated there. Calling 911 gets you an ambulance that is duty bound to take you to the nearest hospital, so instead we called Hatzolah, whose ambulances will take you to the hospital you request (within reason). /\*/ I still call my cell phone a cell phone, but then I still have a home line (which isn’t a landline any more since we went VoIP). If it were my only phone, I might just call it a phone. /\*/ DTA = “don’t trust anyone.” /\*/ (¢Wunder) I thought it was a “halter monitor,” too, until I looked it up and found out it was invented by a physicist named Norman Holter. /\*/ “An electronic book is not a book; it is the text of a book stripped from its insides and displayed on a screen. E-books aren’t imbued with the artistic aesthetic that traditional books are. There’s no cover design, no font, no layout, nothing tactile.” I disagree; those are all just gravy, nice to have but not essential, unless it’s an art book. (Cover design? If a book goes through many printings, and the publisher commissions new cover artwork each time, is each printing a different book?) What you need to tell a story is words. I wouldn’t discard all dead-tree editions just yet, because no electronic technology is both fool- and natural disaster-proof, but if you want to tell the story to as many people as you can, I see no reason not to use all the methods you can.

Since I missed another month-end, I won’t be pubbing again until the New Year, so I’ll take this opportunity to wish all readers a joyful winter festival of their choice, and to hope that this world and its inhabitants survive for another year.

>Portions of the preceding *still* Aten’t Dead Yet.<



(Brewster Rockit, *Space Guy!* by Tim Rickard, 25 December 2011)