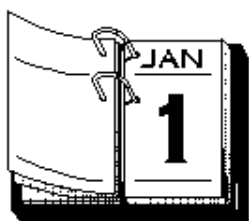


Happy NYU Year

(very belatedly) from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#489]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a monthly (well, that's the intention...) 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 (if anyone's still using them) through the mails. 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 [dot] edu)); recent issues may also be viewed at <<http://nycadre.org/btf>>. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #489, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 17, #1 (e-**APA-NYU** #165) and other folk who've so far stayed off the obituary pages, published February 2019 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2019 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

(I was going to make an allusion here to her middle name, which she hated, but that would be **gratuitously nasty**): My sister and I had—ahem—not always been on the best of terms; there were a few years during the 1980s and 1990s when we weren't talking at all. We'd gotten reconciled enough to be able to deal together with our parents' illnesses and deaths, and our relationship over the quarter-century since then had been amicable if not close. We moved in different social circles, but we got together for dinner at least once a year (typically at Thanksgiving) to catch up.

And now she's no more. It looked at first like a horrifying freak accident—a fall down a flight of stairs, leading to a cracked skull. But a doctor at the hospital told her son (himself a doctor) that the CAT scan showed bleeding consistent with a ruptured brain aneurysm; hence we believe she suffered the ruptured aneurysm while climbing the stairs, which made her dizzy and caused the fall. So the burst aneurysm was the real cause: it would have killed her in minutes even if she'd been sitting in a chair—there's no way she could have gotten medical and surgical intervention fast enough to get inside her skull and close off the burst blood vessel.

Regardless, she's gone. Sue was about as irreligious as anyone I know (and a rabbi's granddaughter yet!) and would likely have been turned off by the thought of a rabbi she didn't know making speeches, and a bit grossed out by anyone sitting in mourning for her. Instead, her husband Steve set up a memorial for her in which 70 or 80 people packed a meeting room in Canarsie, and about a dozen relatives, friends, neighbors, and co-workers remembered her, using words like “feisty,” “stubborn,” “unstoppable,” and “a force of nature.”

I remarked that she'd definitely known how to get things done. I skipped over some of the things she'd gotten done to me in our youth, but I did mention that she'd introduced me to some good music, and if you hear me doing a bad impression of Phil Ochs singing “Draft Dodger Rag” or Aretha Franklin singing “Respect,” that's Susan's evil influence. I remembered her during our parents' various illnesses in the late 1980s and 1990s, spending all day at the hospitals advocating for them, badgering doctors and

administrators for the straight answers that weren't forthcoming without an inexhaustible supply of feistiness and stubbornness. She got them, too.

All or most of us went back to her house after the memorial, and a bunch of others showed up as well; there were too many people and too much food, and the conversation was too loud—that's about how she would have wanted it. Wherever you are now, Susan, I wish you well—give 'em hell. And R-E-S-P-E-C-T to you.

EACH DAY I TELL MYSELF I'M GONNA STRAIGHTEN OUT, AND THEN IT'S A WHOLE NEW YEAR: I haven't made New Year's resolutions since I resolved some 45 years ago not to make resolutions I had no chance of keeping. Still, January brings the impulse, when I copy and paste the logo I've used in my first zine of each year since 1995, to check my situation against that of a year ago. More and more, the result of the comparison is: I'm older, and it's starting to show.



(Broom-Hilda by Russell Myers, 26 December 2012)

I've attended the funerals of four friends and one relative in the intervening year, perhaps inevitable with the effects of time on all of us; though I was struck by an observation Ken Gale made at one of those funerals, that people in fandom don't seem to take proper care of themselves. No big news, that, but Ken has one foot in the subculture of fandom and one in the subculture of political and environmental activism, and he noted that while the people he hangs out with in both groups are of comparable ages, he finds himself attending birthday parties for the activists—and funerals for the fen. (The three fen whose funerals I attended in 2018 were aged 66, 63, and 48.) Just sayin'.

[Besides my sister, the death toll since 2019 began has included Eric Serxner's mother Harriet, 83, a very nice lady who tolerated all sorts of weirdos stampeding through her home, including the attendees of at least four APA-NYU hardcopy collations; and Mike Jurist's sister Sarah, who never awoke on her 58th birthday. We'll miss both of them.]

What else? At this time last year I'd decided to cut my working hours back a bit, by one day a week in the eight off-months engendered by the quarter-based schedule of the company where I work. I hoped (though I acknowledged it would be foolish to rely on it) that doing so would let me de-stress a bit more, and maybe allow me time to get more things done that were not related to my paying gigs. This turned out to be fairly successful, overall, in making me feel more comfortable and relaxed in those off-months. It doesn't seem to have been so successful in terms of getting more accomplished. I got apazines and collations out in only eight months of 2018 (up from seven in 2017 and six in 2016, so I guess that's something); the queue of unread books, unwatched TV and films, and unlistened-to music is no shorter; and decluttering of the house has had only marginally visible results. By this time next year, though (exact date TBD), I'm going to get to cut my working hours back by a great deal more, as my main gig will relocate to Nashville. Will 45 or so fewer days of paid work per quarter enable me to get a little more done? Or will my enfeebled body simply indulge in more idleness? We shall see.

Also at this time last year I had recently given up on both physical therapy and chiropractic to deal with the spinal compression that I'd earlier discovered was the cause of the surface numbness in my right leg

and foot; three months of each had failed to make any difference I could perceive. It hasn't gotten significantly worse, though, so I still anticipate no surgery. Meanwhile, though, I've developed a new ache, in my left shoulder, which Dr. B. has diagnosed as the result of a rotator cuff injury—no idea how or when. I went through a month of physical therapy that, once again, failed to make a difference that I could perceive; I'm now scheduled to see an orthopedic surgeon to discuss other options.

In other physical news, I can at least feel good that the permanent bridge replacing six of my front teeth seems to be holding pretty well, unlike the crown on one of them that kept falling out every few months.

The Kid (who is now 35!) and his lady are still residing in the co-op on Ocean Parkway that they bought a year and a quarter ago, Donna's teeth still need work, the Cadre is still the Cadre, and the eight-seat 2011 minivan continues to ferry fans in large groups to and from social functions. I've finally replaced my Galaxy S4 phone running Android v4.4.4, with a Galaxy A6 running Android v8.0, and I've got most of the apps reinstalled, but I don't think I'm any smarter. I think that's about it.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 16, #8 (e-APA-NYU #164)

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

If you're handing rent checks to the super, and the landlord is claiming not to have received them, perhaps you should make out a receipt (in advance) each time and ask the super to sign it. /*/



(The Argyle Sweater by Scott Hilburn, 10 October 2012)

I wasn't impressed, either, with the Kings Highway branch of the public library closing for a month and a half to install a Best Buy Teen Tech Center. (I haven't yet checked how many billboards the corporate sponsor has put up

around the place.) Now that they've reopened, do you have access to any better technology, or are you barred because you're not a teen? /*/ (çself) "Facebook says that I should update my (Firefox) browser, but Firefox says that my browser is no longer supported." Hah? It won't support its own browser's effort to download an updated version of the same browser? Or is it telling you that the newer browser isn't supported on the version of Windows you have? If your Windows will support a new version of Firefox, but Firefox won't let you download it, you can download it in Internet Explorer; once the installation package is downloaded, it will do the install without a browser running. /*/ (çme) "Hey, Brits even fry Mars bars." And vendors at midwestern state fairs fry sticks of butter. My now gallbladderless gut cringes at the thought. /*/ "Btw, one historian claims that ['To Anacreon in Heaven'] was not 'a drinking ditty', but 'convivial' and to be sung in 'a stately way'." Apparently the Anacreontic Society would invite guest musicians to play at its meetings (making them honorary members), and would mark the transition from the formal concert performance into the eating, drinking, and socializing segment of the meeting by singing the group's theme song. I guess they were still sober at that point in the evening.

We've had three alleged snowstorms this season, though none of them have been more than a couple of inches, which has meant minimal shoveling, which is fine with me. May the fair-weather prophecies of Punxsutawney Phil and Staten Island Chuck come true this year. Until the spring (early or not) arrives, take care of yourselves.

>Portions of the preceding are expecting more spam than usual during the Year of the Pig.<