

Beyond the Fringefan [#549]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN salutes those of us whose first bodies have begun to throw temper tantrums at us on a regular basis, while remembering one more whose first body has given out...and just when childless cat ladies are coming into their own as a political constituency, too. Between his wife's and his own medical appointments, he's writing and editing 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** #549, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 22, #8 (e-APA-NYU #228) and other seekers of signs and wonders, published August 2024 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Frank and Ernest* by Thaves, 18 January 2023. All uncredited material copyright ©2024 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

It happened the first of the month, so the word has had time to spread: Deb Wunder passed away the evening of 1 August. She'd been back in hospital for a couple of weeks after having been home from rehab less than a month; she was having problems with her heart, lungs, and kidneys, and apparently a coronary event finally did her in. After all the time she'd been in medical facilities over the past couple of years, and her limited mobility and activity even when at home, it came as a relief in some ways.



I met Deb in 1989 when she appeared at a NYUSFS meeting in the park; what I didn't know was that she'd been at NYUSFS meetings in the early 1970s, but had taken an extended gafiation before I ever showed up, so for her it was a grand return. She had an appreciation for horrible puns, and we had similarly encyclopedic knowledge of rock music (overlapping but not identical), and we shared a fondness for little hole-in-the-wall ethnic restaurants, which may explain why we found ourselves keeping company in various ways for the past third of a century.

Having worked as a secretary and administrative assistant for several employers, Deb was good at organizing things (other than her financial affairs), which made her useful on a number of filk convention committees; she was honored as Listener Guest at Contata in 2011. She was a published author, having contributed short stories to some original anthologies for Mike Resnick and Esther Friesner in the 1990s. She engaged in knitting and crocheting—on religious occasions I still

wear the yarmulke she custom-knitted for me, with my monogram, my Hebrew name, and some lions—and dabbled in other visual arts.

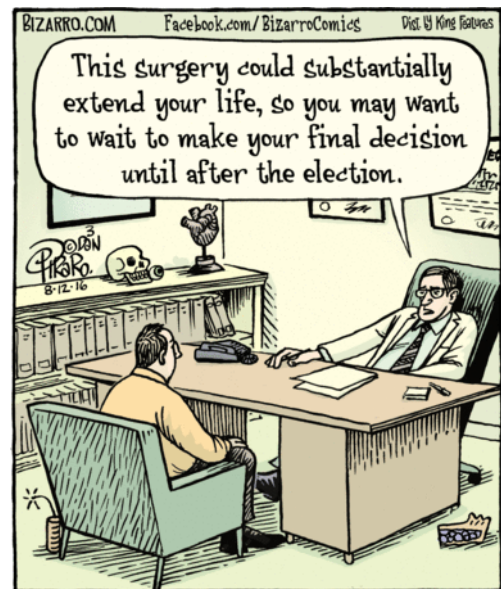
Deb would be the first to acknowledge being a loudmouth with little in the way of filters, which alienated some folks socially and, I think, in her work history, but she said what she meant and meant what she said. She won't be forgotten soon.

KNEE DEEP IN THE HOOPLA: Donna and I continue to wrestle with the American health care system. We're still stalled on obtaining the nebulizer medication through Medicare Part B, with no clear idea whether we'll ever get it. In mid-month, we heard from Dr. K.S., the pulmonologist; she'd sent the CPAP supplier all the appropriate forms and letters to get the new CPAP issued, only to be told, after we'd heard nothing back for weeks, that a minuscule detail was missing. Dr. K.S. sent the revised letter. A couple of days later, the supplier e-mailed us some forms to sign, which we did, but we're still waiting. Donna believes that much of the fatigue and inertia she's been feeling stems from not sleeping, which stems from not breathing, which stems from not having the CPAP, so the delay has consequences for her that don't seem to matter to the supplier. She has coined the term "hoople" to denote the continual bureaucratic addition of new hoops to the process (of getting almost anything achieved) each time the patient succeeds in jumping through the previously imposed hoops.

On the positive side, the edema in Donna's legs seems to be down a bit. She's experimenting with compression stockings, though they're not terribly comfortable and require coordinated teamwork to get on and off. Another bit of good news: Dr. J.S. the neurosurgeon told Donna that her latest CAT scan shows her neck bones have finally healed from the break she suffered 19 months ago.

I've scheduled a consult with one of the orthopedists I dealt with in the past, to discuss the advisability and logistics of a hip replacement, and which hip to do first, since both are giving me intermittent trouble. If I get it done, I expect to be in hospital for a week and in rehab for about a month following the surgery, so arranging for Donna to be taken care of during that time will be an integral part of the planning. Whatever I do will not happen until late fall at the earliest, since I want to be able to do poll work on what will be a most crucial Election Day.

We continue to dig out from under the vast bulk of boxes of all our Stuff that got packed, fumigated, and dumped back into the house last November. Probably of the 200-some boxes we came home to, we now have only 50 or 60 still piled up; maybe half of those are still unopened. The only room that's pretty much still wall-to-wall boxes is the front office. We're trying to declutter as we unpack, but it continues to be slow going.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 12 August 2016)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 22, #7 (e-APA-NYU #224)

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

I agree that the disparagements of Biden's condition (by Democrats!) in the weeks after the debate created a destructive feedback loop. There are an awful lot of us who would have voted for him no matter what (Bill Maher said, "I'd vote

for Biden's head in a jar of blue liquid") if the alternative was Trump. But it's hard to say, from inside our liberal coastal bubble, how many "undecideds" would vote for a 78-year-old convicted felon who spews lies facilely, over an 82-year-old honest guy who gets good things

done but stumbles over his words occasionally (having fought a lifelong stutter). Still, I'm disquieted by the jubilation since Joe was persuaded to step down. Putting the first female/the second nonwhite (with a Jewish spouse, even!) into the White House does not seem like a slam-dunk among many demographics in this country. I won't rest easy until Election Day, certification day, and inauguration day are all in the rear-view mirror with the various felony trials back in progress. /*/ As we all assured you last FISTFA, your librarian is grossly in error. Adobe's PDF reader software has always been free, part of Adobe's marketing strategy to make PDF an industry standard. Adobe made, and still makes, its money by selling fancier software to *create* (and manipulate) PDFs. My guess, without having the library's computer in front of me, is that someone, inadvertently or not, changed the computer's default for opening PDFs to the subscription version. /*/ re the hardcopy cover, see my *Belov* below. /*/ (*me*) I suppose I could start carrying a few books of non-FISTFA interest with me in the vehicle and drop them off at the NoMan boxes and other Little Free Libraries as circumstances allow, rather than accumulating five crates of them as we did before. /*/ "A friend/co-worker used to joke that his Hungary-born father would pronounce 'ONE WAY' 'OWN VAY' and wondered why there were so many streets in NY with that name." There used to be a bar in the East Village called "Corner of Walk and Don't Walk."

VERSE vs. CHORUS vs. BRIDGE (Chas Belov):

To add to the confusion, pop songs from before the rocknroll era often had a "verse" that was sung free-form against a solo piano and is largely forgotten today, followed by a fully orchestrated "chorus" which might contain stanzas, a refrain, and/or a bridge. If someone sings the verse today, our sensibilities parse it as an "intro." An

example might be the part of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" preceding the first occurrence of the title, from "The loveliness of Paris..." to "...to my city by the Bay." (McCartney mimicked this form in "Honey Pie"; the verse begins "She was a working girl..." and ends "...this is what I'd say.") /*/ But as you say, there



(Looks Good on Paper by Dan Collins, 18 April 2019)

are no winners and losers. As Duke Ellington put it (and Peter Schickele was fond of quoting), if it sounds good, it *is* good. /*/ (*cover*) "Where was the collation originally supposed to be?" The previous month's APA-NEWS said it would be at Rosemarie Krist's place in Queens. The following month's APA-NEWS noted that the last-minute relocation was due to "Ms. Krist's immobility caused by excessively floppy disks in her spine." /*/ (*me*) We've gotten about 30 years' service out of our refrigerator (in the kitchen) and our freezer (in the basement). Many service techs have told us to hang on to them until they break down irreparably, because They Just Don't Make Them Like That Anymore. /*/ In context, I took Joel's use of "double-stepping" to mean stepping on each step with both feet. It wasn't all that long ago that I used to do the opposite, climbing stairs two at a time. Time, time, time, see what's become of me.

BACOVER (franked/Glasser): I have no recollection of doing this (three *Bloom County* strips reproed from the *Happy Trails* collection). But there was a note on the ToC page of paper collation #224: "The page being used as bacover was found already reproed in the room where the Worldcon Fan GoH event [a few months earlier] was held; somehow it seemed destined for the apa."

A pleasant solstice (and a relief from the oppressive temperatures and humidity) to all. May everyone avoid getting flooded out or blown away by hurricanes in the coming months; may everyone also succeed in dodging the oncoming deluge of political mail blasts and robocalls. See you in September!

>Portions of the preceding are not, and do not expect ever to be, brat.<