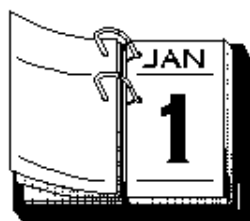


Happy NYU Year

from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#452]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a monthly (more or less) 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 you ask nicely) 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] alum [dot] rpi [dot] edu)); recent issues may also be viewed at <<http://nycadre.org/btf>> (for suitable values of “recent”). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #452, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 13, #1 (e-APA-NYU #128) and others who wonder where the time’s gone, published January 2015 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2015 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

HOW THE GRINCH STOLE DECEMBER COLLATION: It’s dangerous to get too used to things. In particular it’s dangerous to get too used to things at one’s workplace. Fortunately, I have *not* just lost a job as a result of getting used to things there. (I could make a case that previous severances were in large part due to my getting comfortable with the way things were and taking for granted that they’d continue the same way.) All I’ve lost is a collation.

Simply, I’ve gotten used to workflow at my ongoing assignment that gets very slow in between quarter-end rushes, leaving me plenty of idle time to surf the Web, take on a couple of side gigs, and write apazines. (My bosses have been quite gracious about what we do with our idle time, as long as we drop it all and buckle down when new work comes in.) So when a major event—still ongoing, and I’ll tell you more about it next month—came through that kept the rush going for a few months more than usual, with virtually no idle time, suddenly I was hard pressed to keep up with my outside commitments. I managed to take care of the paying ones with only a bit of deadline-pushing, but the apazines (and the APA-NEWS) have been delayed more and more—and as e-S.A.A.C. of what remains of APA-NYU, I’ve contrived to push the collations back to match them. (Aarrgh! He’s gone mad with power!)

There’s a limit to how far you can push a monthly deadline, though, and that limit is a month. On 30 December, I concluded that there was no way I’d be getting a collation out before the turn of the year, and on New Year’s Eve, I officially cancelled the December collation. (Merciful heavens! Can no one stop him?) If no further last-minute glitches occur, the January collation should be out the first weekend of the month, and I’ll do my best to maintain the pace once more as the year proceeds. My apologies to all for this failure of leadership.

AND THE LIGHT MAN’S BLIND IN ONE EYE, AND HE CAN’T SEE OUT OF THE OTHER: Donna had her first cataract surgery in early December, and is happy with the results so far. She expects to be even happier once she gets the other eye done, but that’s being slightly delayed by medical bureaucracy. It seems that her primary physician’s certification that she’s OK for surgery expired the day

before the earliest date that the ophthalmic surgeon could schedule the second operation. So she had to get certified again and then schedule the second surgery, and that got us into the new year and her new medical plan—so who knows what further roadblocks we'll have to deal with?

LOST THE PICTURE, LOST CONTROL. HERE I AM AGAIN ON HOLD: After the many hours in November dealing with OneExchange's Web site and with its customer "service" personnel by phone, I'd naïvely hoped that we finally had everything set up for Donna's medical coverage in the new year. Then in the last two weeks of December, we started receiving a new wave of paper in the mail. The three individual insurance companies we would now be dealing with all wanted us to register on their Web sites, log in, and set up online payment arrangements. OneExchange needed us to fill out another form to enable the new HRA to transfer money to our checking account to reimburse claims, and then yet another form to tell it which claims it was reimbursing. But that form required that we document the claims by providing copies of papers from the three insurance companies, some of which the insurance companies had never sent us, and others of which lacked some of the pieces of information that OneExchange's forms said were absolutely crucial to getting the forms accepted and processed.



(Anne Gibbons for 6 Chix, 28 February 2013)

Fortunately—via another three-hour phone call—we were ultimately able to get the transfer linkage between the HRA and our checking account set up, and OneExchange's people eventually agreed to accept a combination of several papers from Emblem and MetLife that contained all but one of the pieces of information their form said were needed. (I mailed it in the next day; we'll see if their system spits it back out at us.) And on New Year's Day, we finally got through to the Emblem and Medicare Web sites and got them to accept Donna's login and payment information. The next hurdle will be the first time Donna visits a doctor or gets a prescription filled in January.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 12, #11 (e-APA-NYU #127)

VETERANS DAY ON THE USS INTREPID

(Ozzie Osband): Missed it, I'm afraid, and couldn't get away from work for the trade show; hope you had a good time and slept OK on our couch. Good to see you; drop up again sometime!

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

"The [KGB Bar] Series [of SF/F readings], co-hosted by Ellen Datlow & Matthew Kressel, has a different feel from the NYRSF one." Different how? I keep hoping to get to one or more, but haven't managed as yet. /*/ (¢Wunder) "My brother brought me a 5775 calendar in Hebrew and I finally picked up one not in Russian from a nearby funeral parlor." Shop-Rite still offers them free every September—that's where I get mine. /*/

"Albert Brooks is not related to Mel." Neither of them even had Brooks as his birth name. (Mel Kaminsky and Albert Einstein—and if my parents had named me Albert Einstein, I'd probably want to change it too.) /*/ (¢me) "John Boardman posits that the reason that there are English, Irish & Scottish symbols on the Union Jack, but no Welsh ones is because Wales was never a kingdom, just a principality." I'd been wondering about that. Maybe they couldn't figure out a way to merge the Welsh St. David's cross (horizontal/vertical in yellow on a black background) with the other three. /*/ "ct Deb/LinkedIn> Shouldn't Moderator Approval

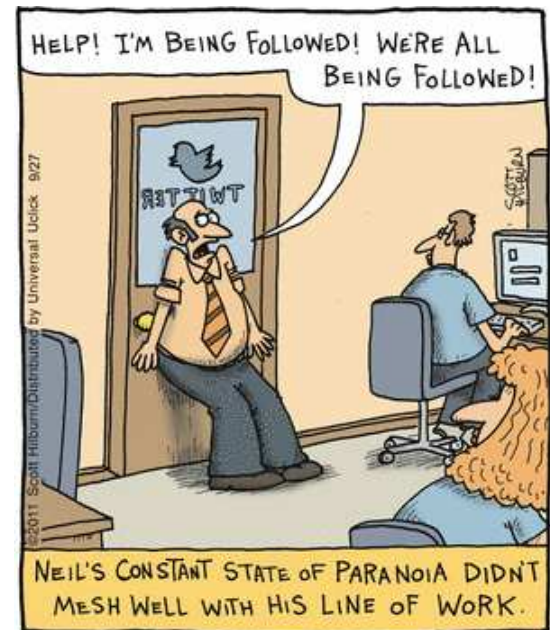
have filtered it out, or was it overlooked in the late issue's rush?" Guilty as charged.

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (me): In response to my anecdote about the 28-year-old who had never heard of "Alice's Restaurant" and had no idea who Arlo Guthrie is, and only the vaguest idea who Woody Guthrie was—Mayor Rich Friedman e-mailed that "It's worse in the frum world. I recently informed a young friend that Woody Guthrie wasn't one of the Beatles." Oy.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (øme) "It Is What It Is' in simplified form is 'It Is It.'"—Some say "A is A." Popeye says, "I yam what I yam." /*/ "Whereas the half is equal to the other half." So I can find out how the other half lives by seeing how this half lives? /*/ "Or that with the way traffic is in The City bikes are faster than buses." The advocacy group Transportation Alternatives runs a race every spring, pitting a bicyclist, a driver, and a subway rider against morning rush hour to get from one of the outer boroughs to somewhere in Manhattan; the cyclist always wins. (T.A. has been subject to accusations of manipulating the race by its choice of starting and finishing points, and of course by having the cyclist be rather more physically fit than the average New Yorker; I certainly wouldn't expect anyone to get anywhere in Manhattan faster by bike than by subway from, say, the Cadre.) /*/ "When did viral become popular?" Since social networks became the arbiters of popularity, I believe. One's claim to existence and reality is now measured in the number of likes, follows,

retweets, pins, and so on that one scores. [The day after I wrote that remark, I received an e-mail that asserted, with an undetermined degree of irony, "...everyone knows, if you didn't hashtag it, you probably weren't there."]

DANCE* WITH NOVEMBER (Ariel Cinā): My



(The Argyle Sweater by Scott Hilburn, 27 September 2011)

Philcon mishaps this year included forgetting to bring my bagful of songbooks and lyric sheets, so that everything I sang and played in the filk room was from increasingly unreliable memory. The bag contained a lot of Kathy's lyrics as well, so we both fumbled through her set. (At least I didn't leave my guitar at the hotel this time.)

We're past the solstice, which means the days must be getting longer, so I'm hoping to feel less SAD as we go forward. Have a good January and a great new year, and don't pass any resolutions unless you have a quorum of id, ego and superego.

>Portions of the preceding think March would probably have been a better month to lose.<