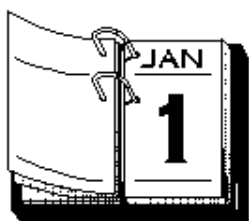


Happy NYU Year

from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#481]

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I'VE BEEN THINKING I'M WORKING TOO HARD, BUT I GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW:

So I noticed, not for the first time, that I seem to be getting less done in my alleged free time, and seem to be less able to catch up after a few days of not enough sleep, than I used to be. And in a sudden epiphany, I realized: I'm getting old!

That led to a session of introspection that concluded with my deciding that, even if I'm not quite ready to fully retire, it would be appropriate for me to cut back my paid working hours a bit more. And after some discussion with Charmae, the most reasonable boss a nitpicker could ask for, I set up my new schedule: I'll continue to work full-time during the quarter-end months (January, April, July, and October), when we get all the work we can handle, but during the other eight months, I'll do three days a week—working from home on Wednesdays, and at the office on Thursdays and Fridays. (If I'd wanted, I could have arranged to work from home all three days, but I believe the need to get off my butt and out of the house at least two days a week will be beneficial to my health.)

The net effect of this will be to change my work year from about 215 days to about 185 days, or from roughly 86% of full time to roughly 74%. (Hmmm...how many day-equivalents do the side gigs add to that? Let's see...maybe five for the Holocaust newsletter, and, based on my accounting last year, about 12 for the dental journal. Hell, no wonder it felt like I was still doing full-time work.)

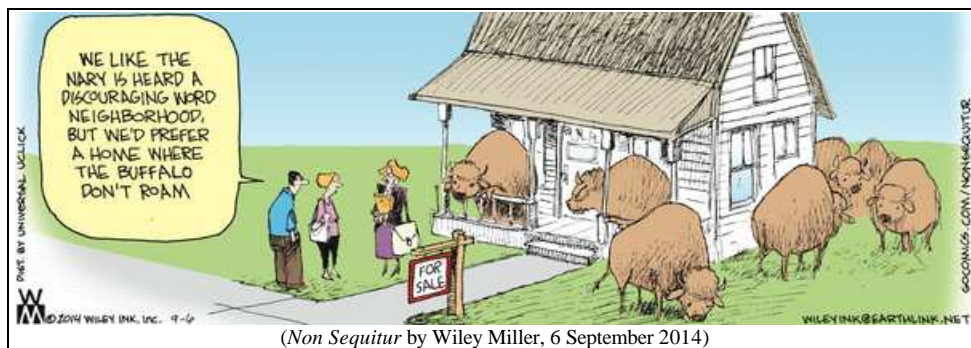


(Dilbert by Scott Adams, 8 September 1994)

Will I catch up on my zines and get back to putting out 12 collations of APA-NYU a year? Will I catch up on decluttering my room and the house? Will I catch up on the DVR-ful of old movies and TV shows (not to mention the hundreds of VHS tapes I haven't yet disposed of)? Will I at least catch up a bit more on sleep? (And what about Naomi?) Parkinson's Law warns me not to expect too much. Time, as always, will tell.

In other news of aging, I've quit seeing the chiropractor, Dr. A., after two months, 17 sessions, and several hundred dollars (uncovered by Medicare and Medigap but still, at least this year, tax deductible). She kept insisting that I was getting better, standing straighter, and showing more flexibility of the spine—but neither the numbness in my foot nor the intermittent cramps in my calf changed in any way that I could tell. I don't know that I *wasn't* getting better, but I'd hoped that for that investment, I'd at least feel some perceptible improvement. So it appears that I'm stuck with the symptoms of spinal degeneration until they become so troublesome that back surgery seems worth the hassle and the dangers. Not for a good long time, I hope.

BE IT EVER SO MUMBLE: The Kid and his Domestic Partner recently took the big step of becoming home-moaners, by purchasing a co-op apartment in a building on Ocean Parkway, a mere block south of where my parents lived in the 1980s and 1990s. (So they're almost a mile further away from the Cadre than they used to be, but still within two and a half miles of us.) It's a nice place, two bedrooms, six rooms I think, and slightly more handicap accessible than the previous place was (which Donna appreciates), but it needed a bit of work—they put in a couple of new appliances, repainted all the rooms, hung new curtains and window shades, fixed a couple of doors... Ethan is now handier than I ever was, and it was Donna's idea to give them a new electric drill and a toolbox to keep it in, as a housewarming gift.



(Non Sequitur by Wiley Miller, 6 September 2014)

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 15, #7 (e-APA-NYU #156)

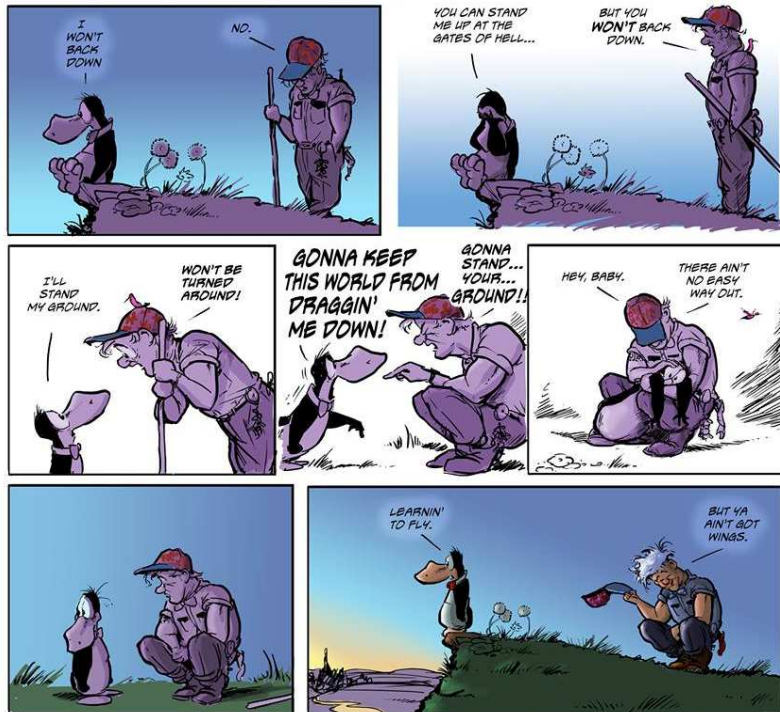
JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):

"I brought the old tv to NYC Recycling; it's impossible to recycle electronics (as mandated) without access to a car." Especially heavy old tube TVs. There's a 21-inch model in our garage which no one wants; I should manhandle it into the car (or better yet, get Ethan to manhandle it) and shlep it down to the e-waste center in Gowanus one of these weekends. /*/ "It's impossible to do the event justice; visit Livestream.com and search for NYRSF." I looked at that site; the December reading wasn't there, though the November and January ones were. /*/ "The news from Lake Wobegon is not good..."

The incident has struck me as more than a bit fishy (lutefisky?). Apparently one woman made unspecified allegations against Keillor, and in nearly three months, no others have come forward to "metoo" him; several women who worked with him on the show have expressed incredulity, saying that he's distinctly a non-touchy-feely guy who's prone to shrink back when hugged in greeting. The speed with which MPR raced to expunge all traces of him makes me wonder whether it was all some sort of underhanded maneuver to get out of paying him royalties on his intellectual property. The show, which had retained some of his running shticks, has now

been scrubbed of all vestiges of him, and has been given the blandest, most generic new name imaginable (*Live from Here*)—though I now call it “No One’s Home Companion.” /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) “Tom Petty and the Ones Who Break Hearts” is a reasonable translation (into Hebrew and back). Considering the hazards such translations can introduce, it could have been much worse: “Tom Petty and the Ones Who Damage Coronary Muscle.” /*/ (¢me) “Can a frequent cyclist like you be considered sedentary?” But I’m not all that frequent. The bike sees very little use during the months we’re not on daylight saving time. I see folks cycling in the snow, the rain, and the gloom of night, and I shudder. /*/ “I did manage to cut off the Facebook text notifications. They’re back pushing them on me again, with no ‘No’ option (let alone ‘No, FOAD’), only ‘Now’ & ‘Not Now’.” I get that sort of thing from utilities and insurance companies that want me to sign up for “paperless” billing and auto-debiting. Not only won’t they accept “no” for a long-term answer, but they try real hard to put the “yes” button right next to the “process my one-time transaction” so that you’re liable to hit it inadvertently. /*/ (¢self) “One problem with canisters is that ‘ounce’ may be a unit of volume (thus ‘fluid ounce’) or of weight.” But they won’t write “Net weight XX oz.” on the label if it’s fluid ounces.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): “Sciatic seems to affect only the right side of the body.” The sources I’ve found online say one side or the other, but not specifically the right. /*/ If Sammy Hagar can’t restrict his driving speed to 55, best not let him behind the wheel of a New York City bus; his head would probably explode. The city comptroller’s office says the average speed a bus makes is 5.5 mi/hr in Manhattan and 6.3 mi/hr in Brooklyn. /*/ (¢Blackman) “There is a Kosciuszko Bridge near me, crossing the Mohawk River from the town of Colonie in Albany County north (technically north of northwest) to the town of Halfmoon in Saratoga County. However, most people around here refer to it as ‘The Twin Bridges.’” Certainly easier to understand than the pronunciations of “Kosciuszko” the traffic reporters around here come up with. /*/ “At 66, the Highbridge Civic Association died due to lack of interest.” Our neighborhood association may or may not still exist on paper, but I’m not aware of it actually doing anything in the past decade. Once upon a time it had a newsletter, monthly meetings that we attended, and a nighttime car patrol in which we participated. I think block associations are usually run by a small core group, whose members eventually burn out and/or move on to other things. Yours had an impressive run at 66 years. /*/ My condolences on the loss of Sid the cat. May he rest in peace.



(Bloom County by Berke Breathed, 3 October 2017)

I'll sign off now and get started on my new life of leisure. A good Tu b'Shevat, Imbolc, Groundhog Day, Chinese New Year, Valentine's Day, and Presidents' Day to all. Remember, less than ten months remain until mid-term Election Day.

>Portions of the preceding wonder if life is even more of a bitch during the Year of the Dog.<