

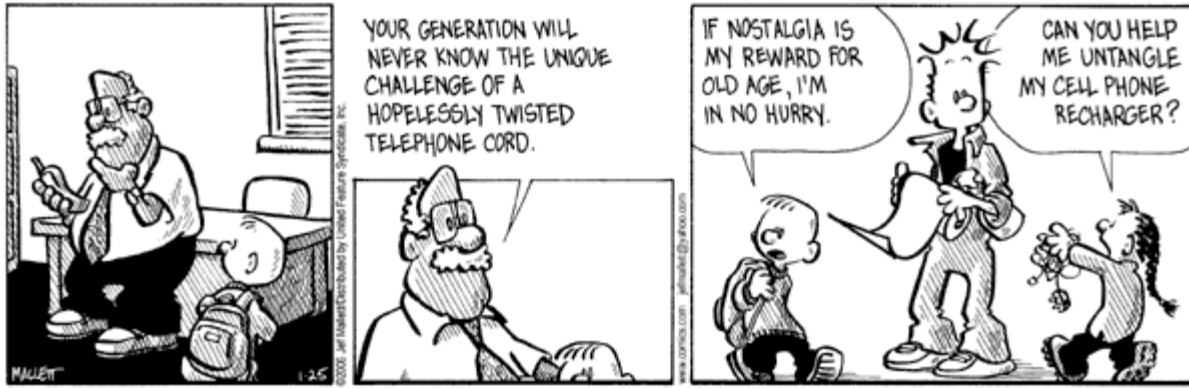
[#455]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is being seriously unleavened as the month of Spring begins. He's been plagued by bureaucratic obstruction, but hasn't given up hoping for a miraculous path through it. (Obstruction of the gut engendered by overconsumption of matzoh may require a separate miracle, but we won't talk about that here.) Contact him with messages of "Dayenu!" at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; ✉↔✉ nycadre [at] alum [dot] rpi [dot] edu; 🌐http://www [dot] nycadre [dot] org)). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #455, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 13, #4 (e-APA-NYU #131) and other members of the fannish tribes, published April 2015 as a combined

production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Non Sequitur* by Wiley Miller, 31 March 2014. All uncredited material copyright ©2015 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

ACROSS THE RED [INK] SEA: Things seem to have settled down at AB. There have been no further layoffs since the one that took Andrea from us, although Alex, one of the proofreading freelancers who was working half-weeks between quarter-end rushes, had to depart for health reasons (his own and his wife's). Charmae's been talking about calling in one or another of the people she trained last year, but hasn't done anything definite yet. The next couple of weeks—the heaviest part of the quarter-end work—are likely to be stressful (but not too oppressive, I hope), both because of Andrea's absence and because this will be the first set of quarterly print reports produced under the new brand style formats (which are still being tweaked and hence have yet to be carved in stone).

CALL ME, MAYBE: The Cadre's move into the 21st century continues, as we've finally decided to switch our landline phones to VoIP (voice over Internet protocol). This means that our ISP, Ace Innovative, from which we've been purchasing DSL service for over a decade, sends us an adapter that plugs into the DSL modem, and we plug the phone into the adapter, and suddenly all our calls are being transmitted and received via the 'Net. This in turn means that we will no longer be paying Verizon for local service and MCI for long distance, which means we should save several hundred dollars a year. I'd been thinking about doing this for years—many companies, including both Ace and our cell provider T-Mobile, offer variations of it—but was hesitant because of concerns about sound quality. I've talked to others who are using VoIP, though, and they all seem satisfied with it, so for the money saved, I'm willing to give it a try—long as we get to keep our numbers. It wouldn't be the N.Y. Cadre without NY-CADRE.



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 25 January 2006)

Well, I guess I was a bit premature there. We set up the adapter and plugged in the new phone system we'd bought (one base station with answering machine, plus four cordless extensions with charging stations), and it all worked fine—except that the number the new phone was using was not NY-CADRE, but a temporary number Ace had assigned. It seems that now that we have a working VoIP line, Ace has to request Verizon to transfer the house numbers to it from the old landline. You can guess, then, that Verizon will take its bloody sweet bureaucratic time making it so. Ace was not even able to say how long it would take; Verizon will contact Ace at some point with a planned date for the switchover, and then Ace will pass the word along to us. So for the moment, we still have both NY-CADRE and Donna's old office phone number on landlines, and we have a VoIP line with a temporary number. Perhaps by the summer everything will get switched, but breath-holding is not advised.

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 13, #3 (e-APA-NYU #130)

[Hard-Copy] COVER (Nina Bogin): Unpleasantly synchronistic with the MTA's latest fare hike amid deteriorating service and delays reminiscent of the 1960s and 1970s.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (çme) I'm massively thankful for what technology has done for the weight of TV sets and computer monitors. My lower back sings the praises of flat screens daily. /*/ "I Improperly Used a GPS (sung to the tune of I Kissed a Girl)" Funny; as I read that item, the song in my head was "I Fought the Roads, and the Roads Won." Anything less than state roads is clearly a Bad Idea during a blizzard that was preceded by other blizzards. You need the new GPS upgrade that adds "...but I wouldn't do that if I were you...."

MARCH IS BEING AS GRUMPY AS FEBRUARY WAS (Deb Wunder): (çme) "One of the saddest things is that doctors often have to overbill in order to get the amount that is a reasonable and customary fee." I don't think that's true—it's not as if the insurance companies allow a standard percentage of what the practitioner bills. Rather, they have their charts defining what they consider reasonable and customary for each visit or procedure, and that's

what they'll allow, no matter what the billed amount is. Unless, of course, heavens forbid, the doctor bills *less* than that amount. /*/ I don't think I'm going to follow Sidney Freedman's advice; if there's ice to slide on, it's too cold to want to pull down your pants. (And you'll likely end up sliding on it whether you want to or not.)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): "The Weather Channel dubbed the latest Winter Storm Thor," because we're all pretty Thor about all the winter storms. (b'dum-bum!) /*/ "This is why I use my middle initial in my fanac – to force a pause between first & last names and distinguish me, so I wouldn't be mistaken for another Mark/Marc." And look how well it worked. Decades ago I started using my middle initial, in part to separate the "c" in my first name from the "G" in my last, and thus make sure that when my name was spoken, people didn't think I was related to Louise Lasser. The upshot was that instead, people thought my first name was Marcus. Sometimes you can't win. /*/ (çAPA-NEWS) "The scheduling & subject of the Roosevelt Island Science Fiction Book Discussion talks at the Library seem tentative." You should have told me that when you sent me

the information for the APA-NEWS in February. /*/ (çme) I thought of the TV series *Branded* too, but I hadn't actually watched it when it was on, and also, I figured no one else at the office would get the reference. And "Ahead of Tomorrow"

reminded me of the Stephen Colbert Super PAC's motto, "Making a Better Tomorrow, Tomorrow." /*/ "It sounds like my text version was run there instead." I don't think so; some but not all of the illos were there.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 27 August 2008)

Terry Pratchett's death was announced the day after I finished *Thud!*, the 34th [or so] Discworld novel. I've signed the Change.org petition asking Death to bring him back, but it seems like a long shot. At the rate I'm going (about two books a year, so I don't get glutted), I have four years or thereabouts before I run out of Discworld to read. But the supply is now finite, and that is sad. Perhaps sadder, even as it was inspiring, was watching Sir Terry carry on writing, with increasing amounts of logistical assistance, while battling a rare variety of Alzheimer's, which he termed "the embuggerance" (and doing his best to raise public awareness and support for the fight against the disease).

Sir Terry outlived Douglas Adams by a decade and a half, and thus got to write a lot more books, and create a lot more characters and other memes for geeks to make allusions to and thus annoy nonfollowers. Now I'll need to find the next funny yet insightful fantasy author worth getting fanatical about.

Over the course of less than a year now, we've seen the deaths of Pratchett, Leonard Nimoy, and Tom Magliozzi (of *Car Talk*—though the show actually stopped producing new episodes a couple of years ago). Stephen Colbert left the air in December and Jon Stewart has indicated his plans to do the same soon, and just this past month, Vin Scelsa, host of *Idiot's Delight* on WFUV and various predecessor shows for almost 50 years, announced his imminent retirement from radio. Garrison Keillor is 72 and has already had a heart attack and a stroke, so who knows how much time he has left? I don't like the direction in which all this is going...

>Portions of the preceding don't fear the Reaper; they're just increasingly pissed at him.<