

Beyond the Fringefan

[#458]



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN has been caught napping by the inexorable passage of time, as it keeps on slippin' slippin' slippin' into the future, and now half the summer and more than half the year are gone. (And why should this be so surprising? There are so many time intervals he finds it hard to believe have passed: over four decades since he graduated college, over three decades since his son was born, over two decades since the first Windows computer in the house, over one decade since The Bank severed and retired him....) When he's not at work at AB, you may find him catching up with needed rest 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** #458, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 13, #7 (e-APA-NYU #134) and other somniacs, published August 2015 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Real Life Adventures* by Wise and Aldrich, 17 April 2015. All uncredited material copyright ©2015 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

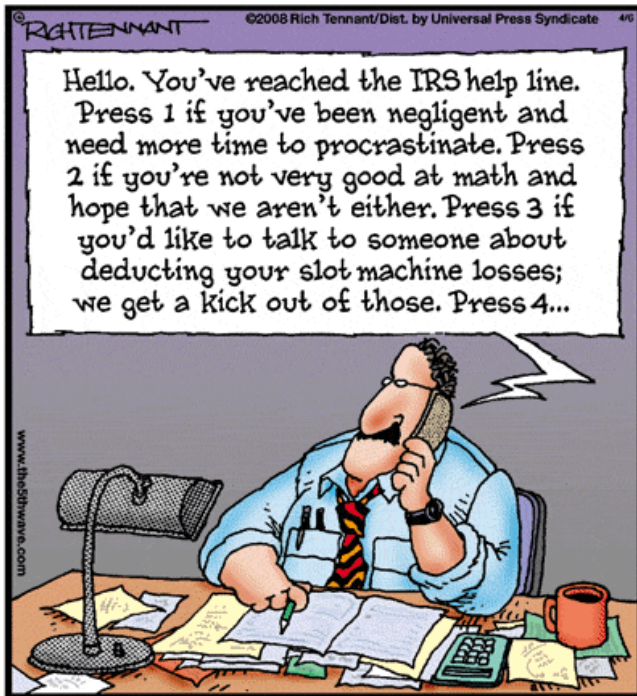
SO MANY TIMES NOW, OH LORD I CAN'T REMEMBER, IF IT'S SEPTEMBER OR JULY: When the time came to put together the June collation of APA-NYU, there were only two contributions waiting: mine and Abby's. Mark Blackman was in hospital recovering from a quadruple coronary bypass, and somehow I didn't have the—uhh—heart to nag him for a zine, so as e-S.A.A.C. I made a command decision to issue a combined June and July collation. Hence there was no July issue of *Fringefan*; those completists concerned about the apparent gap in their collections can breathe easy.

No, I don't anticipate that Deb Wunder's latest hospitalization (with another relapse of her cellulitis; she was in from 1 to 5 August) will cause the cancellation of another collation.

THESE ARE THE DAYS OF MIRACLE AND WONDER, THIS IS THE LONG-DISTANCE CALL: At last the Great Cadre Telephone Switch has been completed. Both our former landline numbers are now on VoIP service, and I've paid the final bills to both Verizon and MCI. As a small side benefit, the service provides caller ID at no extra charge, and the new phones we bought display it and log it, so I can see the numbers from which the spam robocalls originate (there seem to be a lot from toll-free area codes and those for New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Washington state). Not that it'll help prevent them from getting through. I estimate that at this point, such unsolicited commercial calls make up about five out of six calls we receive. Being on the Do Not Call registry doesn't seem to help.

WE'RE FROM THE GOVERNMENT AND WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU: Over the past decade or two, I've adapted to online bill-paying—I now pay all my utility and credit card bills that way—but as much as possible, I've avoided setting up auto-pay arrangements. I want to retain final control over how much I pay and when. (If, ghods forbid, some identity thief hacks into my cell-phone account and orders \$3000 worth of equipment, as once actually happened, I don't want to find out only after the money has vanished from my account.) So when our city property-tax bill (payable in four quarterly installments, or the whole year at once for about \$4,600) arrived in June, I paid it online as usual.

I was therefore surprised on the first two days of July, when four separate transactions debited a total of about \$4,600 out of our checking account. Turns out the city's computers somehow got the idea that I had signed up for auto-pay, and were not clever enough to notice that I'd paid three weeks earlier and



(The Fifth Wave by Rich Tennant, 6 April 2008)

that my balance owed was therefore zero. It took three weeks, half a dozen phone calls, a visit to the bank branch, and several e-mails, but I believe I've gotten all the spurious payments, overdraft fees, and interest charges reversed. [FOLLOW-UP: a new "overdraft interest charge" appeared on my August credit card bill a couple of days after I typed the preceding.]

The last e-mail I got was from the city finance department, telling me to sign on to its Web site and cancel the auto-pay [that I'd never set up] if I didn't want this to happen all over again next year. But the city's Web site apparently was completely revamped last spring—perhaps that's when the spurious auto-pay got set up—and the new version won't let me sign on so far. Calls and e-mails to support departments are pending.

If I'm real lucky, I may get to sign on and get my profile set up correctly before next July.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 13, #6 (e-APA-NYU #133)

SEX* AFTER A MERCURY RETROGRADE (Ariel Cinī): "but questioning secretly how much longer." Not so secretly, unless you figure no one reads colophons. Where do you figure to go? Montréal still in your visions? How are rents and TV reception there? And is the Canadian health-care system geared for the particular challenges of the body you inhabit? /*/ "To quote Billy Joel, the good old days weren't all that good. Tomorrow's not." And you clearly have not been having a lot of good days recently. Which days would you prefer at this point? /*/ The High Bridge looks and sounds cool. I really need to take a day or two to explore that area (and not a day when I'm time-committed to something like FISTFA).

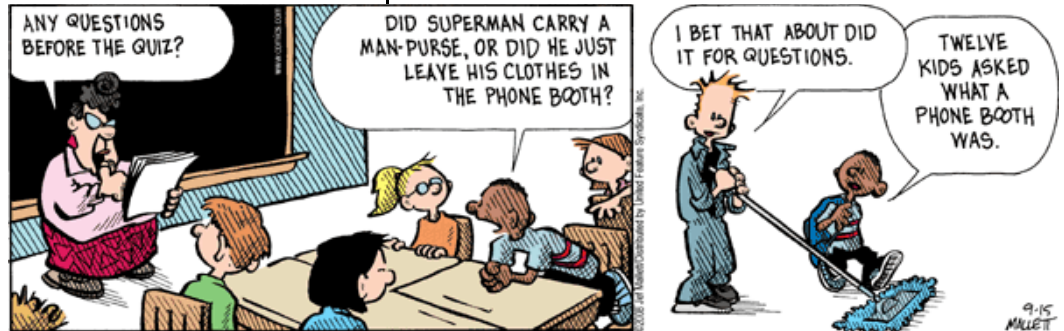
JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): "[My lawyer], my nephew & I all agree that the moment the rent arrears are paid off, [my landlord]'ll try to evict me again." Why should he wait that long? Vacancy decontrol means he'll make more money in two years by getting you out and charging market rent than he will even from getting your current *and* back rent, no? /*/ Congratulations on surviving the poking and prodding, the intubation and extubation, the hospital food, the annoying roommates, the ennui, the interminable temporizing about your release, and, oh, yes, the quadruple bypass. I'm glad to hear, firsthand, that your voice is coming back. /*/ Thanks for the corrections to my reportage. I usually try to run such things by the

persons concerned before I publish them, but that was logistically difficult in this case. /*/ "... around the Financial District (cutely 'FiDi')." I hadn't seen or heard that nickname before. If I'm fortunate, I won't see or hear it again. /*/ re

"Tzimmes," as I've said before, it's an issue of church and state. When the phrase "civil union" started getting tossed around a few years back, I thought that that was precisely the right term; I

would really have liked to see all units of government stop using "marriage" entirely and call it "civil union," irrespective of the number and the sexes of the individuals involved, and leave "marriage" for religious bodies. You go to City Hall or the county justice and get civilly united, and legally, that's that. Any church can set its own rules about whom it will recognize as the participants in a marriage. If the church you want to get married in refuses to let you get married in that church, you can find another church, or not, but meanwhile, you're civilly united, and entitled to full recognition of that status by government and business. And as others have said before, if you don't like gay marriage, you don't have to get gay-married. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "Re the Ferry Meeting, perhaps rather than 'We'll meet at 6 pm', you should say 'before 6 pm'." You think that'd make a difference? I don't think there are many people who, if told "Be there at time X," put effort into *not* getting there even a minute earlier than X. Especially when dealing with the vagaries of NYC public transit. /*/ (¢me) True, there are other ways than pockets to carry stuff—sporrans, sheaths, sleeves (but how do you keep stuff in your sleeve from falling out, assuming you're not Harpo?). Codpieces as storage for anything other than

bodily parts, I must say I didn't know about. (And neither of us even thought of Batman's utility belt!) Pockets just seem more convenient to me, but I acknowledge that that might be purely the consequence of lifelong habit. /*/ "I



(Frazz by Jef Mallett, 15 September 2008)

think GPS should sound like Majel Barrett's computer or Douglas Raines' HAL." Majel Barrett, sure, but I don't think I'd feel comfortable entrusting my safe arrival to a GPS that sounded like HAL. /*/ (¢self) "Btw, it's "spiremetry" (which is NOT the measure of steeples)." According to whom? Merriam-Webster's unabridged and medical dictionaries contain "spirometry" (which is NOT the measure of corrupt vice presidents from Maryland) but not "spiremetry." Online searches of the Journal of the American Medical Association, and of the National Institutes of Health biotechnology database, turn up dozens (AMA) and thousands (NIH) of hits on "spirometry" but none at all on "spiremetry." /*/ (¢Nelson) "recall the adage about sows' ears & Louis Vuitton handbags..." Based on what little I've learned about fashion, I wouldn't be utterly surprised if Vuitton or one of the other fashion names, some Fashion Week, were to debut a line of purses made from sows' ears. They wouldn't be labeled as silk, of course, but as "all-natural, organic, sustainably grown, fair-traded porcaurilon," and they'd be hailed by at least some of the industry press as a bold new statement. (The statement, of course, is "Oink.") And they coordinate so well with the Emperor's new ensemble...

Donna has expressed a wish to attend her 50th anniversary high school reunion in East Syracuse-Minoa in late August, so it appears we'll be traveling upstate then. ("We" in this case constitutes Donna, me, The Kid, and his Domestic Partner.) We're hoping to squeeze in a visit with Donna's sister near Schenectady on the way back. Otherwise we'll be staying local for at least the next couple of months. Meanwhile, a happy Worldcon to those who can manage the travel to Spokane.

>Portions of the preceding are not taking the "free" upgrade to Windows 10.

How much do *you* trust Microsoft?<