



BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN will try this season, despite the best efforts of the marketing industry, to minimize his concern that his utter lack of excitement at the thought of consuming mass quantities of “pumpkin spice”—flavored anything might be a **[#479]** symptom that he has grown tired of life. He’s not yet tired of autumn, and is actually appreciative so far of being able to sleep comfortably without air conditioning. He is finding himself tired in general by Fridays lately, and should probably be cultivating the habit of turning into a pumpkin before midnight on work nights. As always, he’s refusing to get up before noon on the weekends, so don’t try calling him any earlier than that 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** #479, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 15, #6 (e-APA-NYU #155) and other spicy meatballs, published October 2017 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. All uncredited material copyright ©2017 by Marc S. Glasser. Cartoon above from Fox Trot by Bill Amend, 16 October 2016. Member fwa.

CAN YOU SEE THE REAL ME, DOCTOR?: So I spent a good bit more of the summer doing health-related stuff than I’d hoped, especially since—as I wrote last time—my annual physical checkup had turned up nothing scary. I visited Dr. T., the cardiologist, a few times; he’s pretty sure that what I experienced at the end of July was indeed a recurrence of the pericarditis that had gotten me hospitalized five years ago. Unfortunately, he was no more able to determine what caused it to flare up this time than he was back then. The NSAIDs I took for a month seem to have tamed the problem for now, but it looks as though I’ll have to keep alert for further recurrences for the rest of my life. On the positive side, the stress test and radioactive imaging showed no signs of coronary-artery disease, which is a rather pleasant surprise considering how much junk food I consume and how sedentary my life is in general.

I also went to a couple of dozen sessions of physical therapy at a place on 52nd Street that’s a 10-minute walk from my office, and on the nights I didn’t go there, I spent 45 minutes or so doing the exercises at home. Over the course of the two and a half months that I was doing this, I didn’t notice any change in

the numbness in my right foot (Dr. L., the orthopedist, hadn't thought it would help that), nor did I notice any change in the frequency or intensity of the leg cramps (Dr. L. *had* thought it would help those). Ultimately I decided that it wasn't worth the time and energy, and I stopped. I plan in November to visit a chiropractor that a co-worker recommended (October has just been too hectic) and see if she can make any difference in a few sessions (Dr. L. didn't think that would help either, but I understand that most orthopedic surgeons don't give chiropractors much respect). I still have no intention of undergoing spinal surgery if the numbness and cramps stay at their present level.

What with various other folks in my social circle being in and out of hospitals over the past few months, the 50th anniversary of the Summer of Love has been the Summer of Infirmity. I hope the maladies do *not* linger on.

At work, the shift of agencies I was told about six months or so ago has finally come to pass; as of the last day of October, I'll be signing time sheets for Randstad instead of Creative Circle, though I'll continue to do the exact same work for the exact same people at AB. The only reason it matters is that the transition required that I spend the better part of a day filling out Randstad's voluminous application forms on line; part of another day bringing in my passport (to prove I'm eligible to work in this country), scanning it and having Charmae attest (again on line) that it's mine; and part of a third day visiting a drug-testing lab to pee in a cup. (I wonder what would have happened if the lab claimed I had illicit drug residues in my urine. Would Randstad have refused to let me work at AB despite my presumably more-than-satisfactory five-year work record there?)

[A/B] Oh, make that "the exact same people at AllianceBernstein (AB)." Two and a half years after the rebranding that we put so much effort into (see *BtF* #453), the management determined that it needed an "adjustment"—apparently too many clients are now unaware that the "AB" referred to in all the printed communications is in fact the same company as AllianceBernstein LP. So a new version of the logo incorporating the company's full name has been brought out, and henceforth every document we proofread must define the abbreviation, as at the start of this paragraph, the first time it's used. Some people are never satisfied. Well, I guess whoever got paid tens of thousands of dollars to design the fraction-in-brackets logo gets to keep his/her money, and is therefore quite satisfied...



ALLIANCEBERNSTEIN®



A dedicated chiropractor, Dr. Wormstead felt compelled to adjust a misaligned spine when he saw one.

(Close to Home by John McPherson, 25 December 2015)

FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 15, #5 (e-APA-NYU #154)

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

I see that there will not be a Lunacon in 2018. This just may be the time to sample a HelioSphere instead. (March works better than April in my current work schedule, anyhow.) /*/ "On top of that, I foolishly gave [the cellphone] number to Facebook, so now I'm getting text notifications when people respond to my

comments." There are options to turn that off, *if* you can get on Facebook *and* navigate through the tortuous Settings menus. /*/ I'm not familiar with Dave Fitzsimmons' editorial cartooning. Was he ever connected with Jay Ward? His image of Wonder Woman looks a lot like Natasha Fatale to me. /*/ (¢APA-NEWS) "The new South Ferry (#1) station opened in time for

the Ferry Ride.” I think that should be “reopened.” Didn’t it originally open just a few months before Hurricane Sandy hit? (Sheesh, has it been five years?) *// (çme) “Logo> Sometimes 39 words are worth more than a picture. (I always start writing my mc’s here with the text version.)” For those who didn’t see the text-only version—I described the visual at the top in 39 words: “[logo image: back of a Senior Citizen Reduced-Fare MetroCard bearing the visage of the author; in keeping with the author’s general relationship with camera images, his eyes are half closed and he appears to be scowling at the viewer].” Photogenicity is something I’ve never been accused of. *// “The alternative program-scheduling tool is named Grenadine.” Well, hell, I could have worked with that; I used it in the blog at BeyondtheCons for years. *// (çNelson) “Note that \$1.35 is less than half-fare.” I maintain that this is because no one at the MTA knew how to divide \$2.75 in half—or perhaps no one wanted to figure out how to make the MetroCard software keep track of the half-cents.

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (çme) “Oh, the Serverless Initiative, the namesake of a recent proposed trend in the fast food industry.” Serverless fast food was very popular here in the mid-20th century, thanks to Messrs. Horn and Hardart and their Automats. (I miss them.) Everything old is new again. *// Congratulations on dodging the automotive bullet; a filter is much easier and cheaper to replace than a transmission. And congratulations on your 40th anniversary (we’ll be commemorating, or more likely ignoring, our 35th next summer).

IT’S ABOUT TIME... (Deb Wunder): May your health continue to improve, and may you get

some time with minimal stress in which to enjoy it. *// (çme) “Re Randstad: Amex used to hire their consultants through them, and even back then, the stories they told were enough to keep the rest of us temps cautious. Good luck, and I hope you have a better experience than many of them did. Perhaps HR should consider straight-out hiring you and the other proofreader.” Well, that’s not gonna happen; the business model these days is to fill as many of your jobs with temps as possible, to save money on benefits.



(Dilbert by Scott Adams, 6 September 1993)

Fortunately, I still have retirement benefits from J.P. Morgan Chase and so need not rely on my temp agency for things like medical insurance. Also, as a worst-case scenario, at this point I have the resources to simply retire if Randstad becomes abusive (though before I resort to that, I’ll talk to Charmae about it; I think she and her bosses like me enough to intercede if my position is reasonable). *// (çNelson) I dunno; in many parts of the country, ignorance or negligence could explain a scheduling conflict with a Jewish holiday as significant as Passover, but in New York City, where (as the late Lenny Bruce asserted) even the goyim are part Jewish? I think it takes a definite who-cares-whom-it-inconveniences attitude. *// “I miss the big book sale our library used to hold at Grand Army Plaza in the spring.” They’re still holding them in the fall, but I’m staying away (except to bring in donations the preceding weeks). We’re still trying to clear stuff out, not bring more in.

I will not be sitting in a pumpkin patch this Halloween; I think I’ve already had enough of the gifts the Great Pumpkin down in Washington has been delivering. May everyone’s Election Day produce better results than last, and may we all have something to be thankful for in a few weeks (even if it’s just a November lacking any major illnesses, hurricanes, mass shootings, or other catastrophes). Keep a light on in the growing darkness. (And R.I.P. Antoine Domino. Ain’t that a shame?)

>Portions of the preceding are unsaturated with Fats.<