



## BEYOND ~~THE~~ FRINGEFAN

[#485] **BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** is still recovering from a computer crash (as well as a few other, more physiological, annoyances), and has only gotten as far as he has thanks to the help of others with better skills than his; so he begs the pardon of all who haven't heard from him over the past month. (By the time he's able to restore all his contact lists, make that "the past few months.") From now until the fall, you're most likely to find him at his desk 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)), debating whether to use a bigger hammer. Meanwhile, this is **Beyond the Fringefan** #485, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 16, #5 (e-APA-NYU #161) and other hard-driving read and write heads, published July 2018 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Broom-Hilda* by Russell Myers, 11 February 2013. All uncredited material copyright ©2018 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

**BUSY, BUSY, BUSY:** It was the kind of month (and a half) when Murphy seemed to be working overtime. We got a letter from the IRS asserting that we'd underpaid our income taxes for 2016. I tripped and fell on some pavement, slightly injuring my right forearm. Both Donna and I were in for painful dental visits. Donna spent a day in the E.R. by reason of dizziness and nausea. We suffered our annual invasion of ants (which always seem to require multiple visits by Terminix over a couple of months to repel). And just to keep me hopping, the hard drive of the laptop that has been my main computer for the past seven years crashed without warning and for no obvious reason.

Fortunately, none of the above proved fatal—Donna was diagnosed with another of the urinary tract infections that have been plaguing her for years. It responded to the usual 10 days' worth of antibiotics, and the symptoms seem to be gone now. Terminix eventually found that the ants were crawling in from a colony in the backyard; we'll soon see whether the latest measures implemented there solve the problem. Our tax preparer, Chris Quinones—who also works as a translator; perhaps that's what enabled her to interpret the IRS's reasoning—drafted a response, and we're waiting for a resolution on that. And the lost data on the computer...well, that's still pending too.

The hard disk that crashed took with it some 25 years of e-mail, my whole Thunderbird contact list, a busload of passwords, dozens of fonts, hundreds of hours' worth of digital audio, and probably a bunch

of other things that right now I can't even remember I had, but which I'll think of over the next few months. I purchased a new hard drive, and thanks to the heroic efforts of Harold Stein during ConCertino, my laptop is once again functioning, and I'm reinstalling apps one by one as I think of them.

The Windows backups I'd been running every Sunday night to an external drive proved of limited usefulness, since it turns out that the backup app was only backing up about 10% of what I thought it was. (Still, that was not an insignificant amount: perhaps 50 gigabytes out of 450 gig.) I may never know whether the app's list of directories to back up had gotten corrupted at some point, or whether I simply set it up wrong to begin with. This was not a good time to discover how user friendly its interface wasn't.

Now, an apparently nonfunctional hard drive may only be nearly dead, not most sincerely dead. Depending on the nature of the damage, there are ways that a suitably equipped technician may be able to recover seemingly lost data; but those ways can get costly. After a couple of tech-savvy folks I know said they were unable to get anything off the hard drive, I sent it to Secure Data Recovery, one of the more highly rated of the numerous professional data recovery services. Secure's technicians sent back a report informing me that "The media has physical issues which are preventing the data from being accessed through normal commands (Severe Read/Write Head Failure - Light Platter Damage). A recovery is possible in this case once the media is fixed and imaged over inside of our cleanroom." The price for recovering what they could? Only \$2,574.86.

This was about five times what I'd figured I could comfortably lay out for the luxury of getting my data back, and I replied to my contact at Secure, saying that they'd best just send me back my damaged drive. Oddly, over the course of a week, Secure sent me two new offers, under the rubric of a slower but no less painstaking "economy option"—first \$1,544.92, and then \$1,244.92. At that point it became clear that, as Ethan remarked, "This is less about data recovery and more about haggling." I'm not very experienced at haggling, but I e-mailed back to ask if they could come down to \$1,000, and sure enough, that was the offer Secure sent the next day. More than I'd like, but less than a week's take-home, and considering how much time and effort it would take me to rebuild or recreate the lost data, I'll consider it fair—if they really can restore it all. The full agreement specifies that they'll send a list of the files they can and can't recover—that'll be a hell of a long list—and at that point, I can still cancel and owe them nothing if the files I deem crucial are not recoverable. For many reasons, I hope that situation doesn't occur. Watch this space for further developments.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 1 December 2014)

**A BRIDGE SO FAR:** I spent all of June wearing a temporary bridge across my upper front teeth, which did not well please me—its fit wasn't great and the cement kept coming loose. (I hasten to add, in case there was any doubt, that this did not noticeably affect my consumption of junk food.) The construction of the permanent bridge was done in stages, and one crucial stage was delayed by what Dr. G. termed "a malfunctioning porcelain oven crisis" at the dental lab. The permanent bridge was finally cemented in

permanently (we hope) on 13 July, and it will feel odd to me for a long time; the two front “teeth” don’t physically connect to bone but only to the adjacent teeth, so biting down doesn’t produce any sensory feedback where it ought to. It’s as if those teeth were there but permanently anesthetized (the opposite of phantom limb syndrome?). Nonetheless, I’m assured that the sockets where the roots of those teeth used to be have healed well, and this is about as good as it’s going to get.

And in case I weren’t already feeling old and disabled, I managed during Memorial Day weekend to trip on some uneven pavement on Utica Avenue and fall, hitting the pavement with my left knee and my right arm. The shredded knee has healed, but three weeks later, the arm continued to hurt under tension or pressure. I saw Dr. B., who diagnosed tendinitis caused by partial rupture of the tendon connecting the muscles of my forearm to the olecranon (the bone at the point of the elbow)—pretty much the same as what is commonly called “tennis elbow.” He said it should heal in a couple of months, but I need to avoid stressing the arm. Luckily, using a computer keyboard or mouse does not stress it. Unluckily, carrying heavy objects with that arm does; hence I did not schlep my guitar to the Ferry meeting this year. Also, leaning on bicycle handlebars is a stress, judging from the pain when I try it, so it appears I’m not going to be biking to work again this summer. Grumpf.



(Peanuts by Charles M. Schulz, spring 1964)

Olecranon? That was a new word for me. Accent is on the second syllable, with a short “e,” so it almost rhymes with “lexicon.” It sounded Lovecraftian to me at first, but on further thought, I decided it must be a Greek classical reference:

To olecranon in elbow, where the tendon’s attached,  
 I injured myself when I fell on the pavement.  
 By pain my embarrassment truly was matched,  
 And soon with my doctor I had an engagement.

He said, “You’ll be fine, if you just give it time:  
 I think it’ll heal in eight weeks, maybe nine.  
 But remember, don’t stress it. Don’t lift a heavy weight:  
 Be kind to your arm and it will recuperate!”

**HIGH AND INSIDE:** In case anyone was wondering about the cryptic reference to “troupers who can figure out the riddle” in my 66<sup>th</sup> birthday colophon last issue—the song “(Get Your Kicks on) Route 66” was written by Bobby Troup, and the instrumental theme music from the television series *Route 66* was composed by Nelson Riddle. If you got the reference, award yourself five obscurity points. If you worried about it for more than five minutes, consider whether perhaps you have too much free time.

## FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 16, #4 (e-APA-NYU #160)

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):  
 (cAPA-NEWS) “Did Barbara Alston ever debate  
 Petula Clark?” Ah, New York’s a big city, with

room for fanciers of both Uptown and  
 Downtown. (And Melanie had a song on one of  
 her early albums called “Uptown and Down.”) /\*/



(çme) It's hard to keep the phone list file updated, because I don't receive updated information regularly. People fall out of touch; even people who do communicate occasionally, don't necessarily include me in their CoA lists. When I get an update, I try to apply it. Just now I fixed the erroneous ZIP codes you'd noted, and while I was at it, I deleted a few people who've died in the past year. But there are dozens of people in the file from whom I haven't heard in decades, and I won't know to update or delete them until someone else who's been in closer touch gets me the information. /\*/ "Re sexist harassment, my impression is that virtually everyone who's powerful abuses underlings in some way; if the underling is a woman, that presents opportunity for a particular avenue." Well, power corrupts. I'm interested to see whether increasing numbers of female bosses will be accompanied by proportionate increases in sexual harassment

accusations against female bosses. /\*/  
 "Charmin's bears are no less creepy than Mr.



(Margaret Shulock for 6 Chix, 23 March 2010)

Whipple ('Enjoy the go'?)." Probably so, but I think I've managed to miss most of their appearances. Thank the ghods for DVRs and fast-forward. /\*/ (çNelson) I still have my snow boots in a corner of the living room; after what we got in March and April, I was taking no chances. But the left one seems to have developed a crack in the leather on top and is no longer snowproof. I guess I'll experiment with duct tape next winter to see if I can get another season's use out of them before spending the bucks for replacements.

So nearly half the summer's gone, and I'm feeling as though I've been fighting off crises the whole time. Maybe I'll get to wind down in August and enjoy some moderate weather before the snows return. Have a good rest of the summer, and may your a/c remain healthy.

**>Portions of the preceding think they need to find their old college textbooks  
 and start brushing up on their Russian.<**