



# BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

[#486]

**BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN** finds himself still awaiting the results of data recovery operations, so if you're not seeing this, it's probably because your e-address isn't available to him right now. Please be patient. He's watching the mails (both e- and postal) 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](http://www[dot]nycadre[dot]org))). This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #486, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 16, #6 (e-APA-NYU #162) and other recovering dataholics, published August 2018 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**. Cartoon above from *Off the Mark* by Mark Parisi, 22 August 1997. Title font is "Hacked," by David Libeau. All uncredited material copyright ©2018 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

Much remains unresolved as the summer nears its end. The IRS has only just acknowledged receipt of our response to its assertion that we owe more taxes for 2016, and may not render its final decision on the matter until early November. The ice maker in our refrigerator isn't working in spite of four repair visits from Sears (including two complete replacements of the ice maker). My crashed hard disk remains at the clean rooms of Secure Data Recovery, my precious files in a state of Schrödinger's catatonia, neither alive nor dead. Donna is still working herself up to going for another root canal. I haven't had my annual checkup.

On the plus side, my arm appears to have healed from the minor injuries of Memorial Day weekend, and I can once again bicycle. I hope to do at least one or two round trips to work before the days get too short again. And I had my triennial colonoscopy in early August; as usual, the preparation the previous evening was the worst part. Surprisingly, Dr. G., the GI guy, found no growths in my gut; usually he encounters one or two and snips them out. Oh, and the kitchen has had no visible ants in it for two weeks now (knock Lexan).

I was really hoping that by now I'd be writing of my triumphant restoration of the data lost in the disk crash at the end of June—but as of 28 August, the situation remains unresolved. Secure Data Recovery got back to me after working on the drive for only a week or so, with a list of recoverable files that would have run 500 pages if I'd printed it out. Unfortunately, the list contained no hint of my e-mail and contact list files (accumulated using first Netscape and then Mozilla Thunderbird over 25 years). Moreover, the summary claimed the files totaled 121 gigabytes, not the 450 or so I'd had on the drive before it crashed. I wrote to Brett at Secure to ask if that meant the other 330 gigabytes were completely lost, and he got back to me, saying that they'd only recovered the user data files and skipped the

“operating system files,” and that was their usual practice. I pointed out that my e-mail files were clearly not “operating system files,” so someone had made some errors applying that taxonomy; and that the e-mail and contact files were what I’d said would make it worth \$1,000 to restore my data, so I wasn’t signing off on the work if they couldn’t find them. Ever since, he’s been telling me periodically that the technicians are working on restoring every single file they can on the drive—but it’ll take a little more time. It’s been five weeks so far, and he’s promising a full, complete, nothing barred, list of recovered files by the turn of the month. I’m not making any bets.

**DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN DEPT.:** It appears that sometime in the next few years, my current job is going to move south. I’ve been through this movie before, sort of.

AllianceBernstein’s lease on most of the floors of 1345 Avenue of the Americas expires in 2022, and for years management has made no secret of its intention to move elsewhere. I was hoping for downtown or Brooklyn, for a shorter commute; but last year the Powers That Be announced that they had decided to seek cheaper real estate and labor costs by relocating to another city entirely. Late this spring, it was made official: AB’s new world headquarters will be in Nashville.



(Peanuts by Charles M. Schulz, 23 July 1970)

The company will of course encourage its employees to move with it, though the deals don’t sound as good as the ones that were offered in the JPMorgan Chase move that left me Severed and Retired 18 years ago. That’s a moot issue for me: since I’m officially not an employee but a freelancer, they won’t be offering me bupkis. (Let’s hear it for the gig economy!)

Now as then, I have no desire to relocate, so the only issue is exactly when my job vanishes. (They’re officially not interested in having proofreaders telecommute.) My boss Charmae intends to make a case that it’s a lot harder to find good proofreaders down there than up here, and therefore our group should be one of the few that remain in New York; but that’s a long shot. She’s been told that the official decision will be made in early 2020, with the move being done within the six months thereafter, so it appears that I have a good couple of years left at the company. After that? Well, I’ll be 68, and I’m beginning to think this is a Sign from Above that it’ll be time to retire for real and start collecting my JPMorgan Chase pension. (I’ll still have the side gigs to keep my hand in.)

## FRINGE RECEPTION: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 16, #5 (e-APA-NYU #161)

ICONOCLAST (Joel Nelson): (¢me) “Giving her moral support in losing weight has decreased my mass by six kilos (weight by a baker’s dozen of pounds) so far.” That often happens. Assuming you’ve found that a desirable result, congratulations to both of you. /\*/ (¢Blackman) “Thanks to ‘Dilly, Dilly!’ I had been drinking

Bud Light but lately, due to an efficiency report a friend of mine recently showed me, I’ve been drinking the ices.” Meaning that “ice” beers have a higher alcohol content, often at a lower price, than standard lagers? I know at least one other who goes (or went) for ice beer for the same reason. I take it that flavor is not a major

consideration for you? (Since all beer tastes more or less awful to me, I have to ask.) /\*/ I had no idea what “Dilly, Dilly!” meant and was going to ask, but now I’ve checked YouTube and found out. I’d think that would be a reason to avoid that brand, actually. /\*/ “I call that stuff [ancestry websites and DNA analysis] a waste of time for other reasons.” Usually a fairly harmless waste of time, I think. Reminds me of Lazarus Long’s remark: “This sad little lizard told me that he was a brontosaurus on his mother’s side. I did not laugh; people who boast of ancestry often have little else to sustain them. Humoring them costs nothing and adds to happiness in a world in which happiness is always in short supply.” /\*/ Continued good health to you, your lady, and your vehicle, and may further surgery on any of you prove unnecessary (or at worst, minimally invasive).

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman):  
 Welcome to geezerhood. Remember, it never hurts to ask any establishment if they offer a senior discount. (My senior MetroCard, like yours, expires two years or so after its issuance. I wouldn’t take it personally, though; regular MetroCards expire in about the same time.) /\*/ (¢APA-NEWS) Wikipedia lists almost a dozen male Laverns, but only one male Laverne besides Harry Anderson. /\*/ “David Stroh Buckel ... told the NJ Supreme Court that ‘for the government to use the label “civil union” is a considered choice of language that assigns us a second-class status.’” I’ve long held that the word “marriage”

ought to be deleted from all laws, as an intrusion of church into state; what the government recognizes is by definition “civil union” and should be called that (or “domestic partnership”), irrespective of the participants’ gender(s). /\*/ (¢me) No road sign or TV series, but you can be proud of finally achieving a passing grade. /\*/ In my experience, dental insurance companies are even better at finding ways of denying claims in spite of all evidence than regular health insurance companies.



(Bizarro by Dan Piraro, 27 May 2015)

Enough for August. Best wishes to all for a great Labor Day weekend, an enlightening scholastic year, a happy and healthy 5779 (and an easy fast), a balanced equinox, and maybe a little comfortable weather before the snows move in.

>Portions of the preceding love to live so pleasantly, live this life of luxury,  
 lazing on a sunny afternoon (in the summertime, in the summertime).<