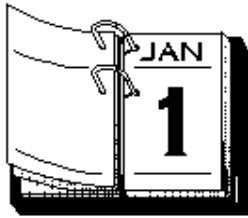


Happy NYU Year

from



Beyond the Fringefan

[#530]

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN is a generally monthly personalzine/apa-zine/letter-substitute written, edited, and published by Beyond the Fringefan a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, and distributed through e-**APA-NYU** as well as directly via the Internet and (if anyone's still using them) through the mails. Copies may be requested by contacting him at the N.Y. Cadre (1088 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11210 (☎(718) NY-CADRE; 📧↔️ nycadre [at] acedsl [dot] com)); recent issues may also be viewed at <<http://nycadre.org/btf>>. This is **Beyond the Fringefan** #530, for readers of **APA-NYU** Volume 21, #1 (e-**APA-NYU** #206) and others who wonder where the snow is, published January 2023 as a combined production of Quick Brown Fox Press and Syscrash Consulting, both subsidiaries of **THIGAMAJIG**^{INC.}. All uncredited material copyright ©2023 by Marc S. Glasser. Member fwa.

I was congratulating myself the other week on the accomplishment that in 2022, for the first time in eight years, I succeeded in producing a full twelve zines and getting a full twelve collations of e-**APA-NYU** sent out, each in its respective month. Shortly thereafter, it occurred to me that the fact that this seemed an accomplishment worth congratulating myself on may be a discouraging indication of where my abilities at writing and organization have gotten to.

RAISING THE BAR: I became a great-uncle 13 years ago when my nephew and his wife brought their firstborn into this world. Since that portion of the family lives in Pittsburgh, we haven't seen them all that much in the intervening years. In fact, I think I've seen said firstborn only thrice: once as a newborn, once when his younger sister was born, and once upon the death of his grandmother, my sister, four years ago. But this month saw his bar mitzvah, so the four of us—Donna, The Kid, his lady, and I—made the 300-mile shlep to attend.



(Rhymes with Orange by Hilary B. Price, 7 August 2013)

We got into town at nearly 3 am, but somehow still made it to the *shul* in time for the 9:15 am service. I was surprised that Gabe did not read a Torah portion but rather chanted the full Haftarah (from the book

of Isaiah). He sounded quite good, too. (At my bar mitzvah, I read a piece of the *parshah* and the Haftarah but did not have to chant them, only declaim them loudly and clearly in Hebrew and English. I guess that's part of the difference between achieving bar mitzvah at a Reform *shul* in Brooklyn and a Conservative one in Pittsburgh.) Afterward, we went back to the hotel to nap until time for the reception that evening.

The venue for the reception was surprising; it wasn't a conventional catering hall but a sort of indoor amusement park, called Urban Air, which they rented out for the evening and brought in the food. I thought it was a cool idea to have an event where the bar mitzvah boy himself and his friends could have fun, rather than (as I recall from 57 years ago) just sitting around bored to tears while the relatives ate, shmoozed, and danced. I tried a few of the attractions there, including a trampoline-basketball sort of setup (I gave up after a total miss, a bounce off the rim, and a shot that got stuck between the rim and the backboard), and was undoubtedly twice the age of anyone else who tried the zip-line ride. I look forward to seeing what they do for Hannah's bat mitzvah in 2025.

Fringe Reception: Comments on APA-NYU, Volume 20, #12 (e-APA-NYU #205)

COVER (Avram Grumer): The illo was an allusion to the Elvis Presley stamp that the U.S. Postal Service was about to issue in 1992; the postal authorities had solicited public opinion on whether to use the image of the young, skinny Elvis or the older, Las Vegas-performing Elvis. Avram preferred the dead Elvis. (The stamp that was finally issued featured the young Elvis.)



(Broom Hilda by Russell Myers, 22 July 2019)

stepped out into the bike lane, without checking, before the light changed in my favor. (Cell phones were not involved.) I figure it's on me, despite pedestrians nominally having the right of way. /*/ (¢me) “¡Bah, hamburg!” Are you expressing contempt for ground beef or for a German city? /*/ (¢Nelson) “...in California they only count votes for write-in candidates who have filed to be written in.”

Intuitively, that seems undemocratic to me, though rationally, I'm not sure if it is. Why shouldn't a candidate who wants to be written in, be willing to declare it formally? Does refusing to tally votes for Mickey Mouse disenfranchise anyone in any meaningful way?

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN (moi): Correction: my father rented a safe-deposit box at Manufacturers Trust Company, but by the time I was working there and chose to get a box of my own, it was Manufacturers Hanover Trust (following a merger with Central Hanover Bank in 1961).

NEVER vs. NOT EVER (Chas Belov): I can't think of a context in which they don't mean the same thing. But as a New York resident, I'm unlikely ever to use the locution that includes a whole extra syllable. /*/ Re Mastodon, noted. I expect to pay as much attention to it as I've paid to Twitter. (I gave up decades ago on following people from one apa to another, and now I do the same with social networks.) /*/ (¢cover) I've been narrowly missed by cyclists because I

JAMISON, TAKE e-LETTER (Mark L. Blackman): “I was at a ~BPLF~ ‘Alumni meeting’ at a different Irish bar in Midtown. (Our usual place made us unwelcome.)” How often has the BPLF changed venues? Wasn't it at actual restaurants (rather than bars) for a time? /*/ “My ~COLD~ returned, as a persistent cough. It doesn't help that I wake up shivering in a cold room. (The steam is, I think, a tape recording.)” Do you need more blankets? More layers to wear over or under your pajamas? /*/ (¢Belov) “Greg Costikyan has noted that medieval-set fantasy writers seem to think that gold coinage was more common than it was”—who among the peasantry had enough worldly wealth to be carrying gold coins around? And yes, to time-travel back a

century, you'd need coins or banknotes from that time, which are available now only as collectors' items at commensurate prices. /*/ (¢me)

Assembly districts (AD)—which elect state assembly members—are bigger than election districts (ED). Each AD may contain dozens of EDs. I'm now in ED 6 of AD 41. Someone living two blocks west of me would be in ED 5 of AD 41, while two blocks south of me is ED 17 of AD 41. If I'm reading the map right, you're in ED 27 of AD 41 (so we're both represented in Albany by Helene Weinstein), but the boundary line runs down the middle of East 18th Street, so the folks across the street from you are in ED 5 of AD 45

(represented by Michael Novakhov). /*/ "When I sent in an MS Word version of my zine along with the text version to Groups.io, both zines were listed in the ToC." You weren't supposed to send them as separate submissions; you include the Word version as a file attached to the email that is the text version. /*/ "Bad guys are so well-armed (with armor-piercing rounds) that the vests aren't always impervious." Right, no one's yet come up with a vest that's armor-piercing-bullet proof. (And if someone does, someone else will come up with something else even stronger that will pierce it. That's what an arms race is.)

I've mentioned this in several other forums recently, but it bears repeating: the great Tom Lehrer, who will turn 95 this year, has formally renounced the copyright on all of his songs, thus placing them in the public domain now and for all time. He has also created a website where everything he ever recorded for commercial release is available for download, free of charge, in MP3 form; moreover, the site offers lyric sheets (and sheet music in many cases) not only for all those songs, but for many he never recorded—perhaps 100 songs in all. It isn't clear how long the site will remain up, so I recommend to anyone interested that you go to <tomlehrersongs.com> and download your fill.

I'm informed that the Year of the Water Rabbit is just beginning, so please warn Jimmy Carter to keep away from rowboats. Gung hey fat choy to everyone else, along with the usual best wishes for Tu B'Shevat, Valentine's Day, Presidents Day, and Mardi Gras. The long-range forecasts still aren't calling for any snow, but that could be a ruse to lull us into a false sense of security, so stay vigilant and keep the salt and shovels handy, no matter what the groundhogs say. Back next month.



(Reality Check by Dave Whamond, 2 February 2006)

>Portions of the preceding are being vewy vewy quiet; they're celebwtating the year of the Wabbit.<