

ROOUAT 17

is from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417, for Apa-L 70, February 17, 1966, and we'll see how old Oakstump feels this week about cutting stencils without punching the o's.

I've been home for several days now, and the room still looks like a disaster area. Of course, there was a while when it was beginning to come to order, shuffling its metaphorical feet but coming nonetheless. Then my mother caught me carting books down to the basement and throwing away magazines. Like any fan, I have pronounced magpie instincts. But my mother's power of projecting anti-gravity is even stronger than mine, when trying to drop something into a wastebasket, or even when trying to drop something downstairs into the basement. The basement is cold and damp and covered with my brother's model airplane paraphernalia (the dispensable paraphernalia—the indispensable stuff overflows his room; most of the rooms in the house are fine examples of the spacial Parkinson's, or Berman's Corollary: collections expand to overflow the space available).

So my mother stopped me from taking cartons to the black hole belowstairs, and suggested that they buy me a new bookcase, to go into a space which would be produced by giving to the Salvation Army a second dresser in my room left over from the days when I shared it with my older sister. I was agreeable (if you can call chortling all evening long agreeable). Wednesday we went to an un-finished furniture store and bought a bookcase (two bookcases, in fact, to be fastened on top of each other and give me twice as much space, including a whole shelf I won't be able to reach except by standing on a chair).

Friday morning it was delivered. Friday afternoon I sneakily left with my father and brother in a small airplane to visit my older sister and her family in Kansas City, leaving the work on the new bookcase for (magic word) later. Half an hour out my stomach was trying a tentative complaint and the windows had iced up. I took a taxi home from the main airport, Ted returned the Bonanza to the small airport, and my father took a commercial flight to Kansas City. Minnesota weather doomed me to my fate, and I spent Friday evening rubbing sealer on the bookcase, with time out for The Man From Uncle.

I spent Saturday rubbing woodstain on the bookcase and coming down with a bad cold. Now it is Sunday. The bookcase

towers majestically in the middle of the room. Tomorrow it gets varnished. The day after that maybe I can put books into it. And maybe then my room will lose its lived-(disastrously)-in look. Meanwhile, the second dresser stands where it stood. Recently my brother and sister got new desks. Ted's old desk is swamping his room, but Jean's old desk was newer than mine, so it sits where my old desk sat, and my old desk is swamping my room.

I console myself with visions of that new bookcase in place, quietly absorbing all the cartons...and the fanzines dumped on the bed...and the books on top of assorted flat surfaces....and the books I ordered just last week which have already showed up at the bookstore.....and then my room will be neat and tranquil and serene, and I'll have just time for one calm breath of relief before the collection expands to overflow the space available again.

I'm not too sure just what I'm doing here - I don't belong in this apa; but that's alright.

maLaise - Dave Van Arnam ☿ Ah, er, um, I don't know how to break the news to you Dave, but I wasn't in the last APA 1 mailing. Or the one before that, in fact... Thanks for the egoboo though. I know just how you feel about typing on a manual. I learned to type on an electric, and I cannot type on a manual, well, that's not true. I can do about 15-20 words a minute on one. Oh by the way, you have no right to mix Ruth and me once. I hear that we look and sound alike, but I can't see or hear the resemblance. 'Sides, even if it's there (which I doubt) I don't have to put up with it from you, old family friends? yes. But that's different. i think.

Roquat - Ruth ☿ funny, I don't find your poems archaic. Maybe next time you can have something besides mailing comments.

Ipzig - Len Bailes ☿ You're right in theory about childrens' reading, but have you ever met a child that has read and understood Machiavelli? I know I started to read Chaucer in Middle English when I was about eight or nine, read about two pages and quit. One Of These Days...

I was going to do some more mailing comments, but I don't think it's worth it. Mailing comments are wonderful if you have something to say, but so many are kind of strained. But that leads into another topic which we don't want to discuss right now; that is, What's Wrong with fandom. It seems as though everybody knows what's right - that goes without saying, but the negative aspects are the things which need airing. Oh well, I think I did a pretty effective job of filling up Ruth's blank space. I will get a proper zine into the next SAPS mailing - promise. Jean