

Ruthie-chan's Station

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A piece of Ruthie-chan's World.

www.ruthiechan.net

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First, I believe an introduction is in order. My name is Ruth R. Davidson, aka Ruthie, or Ruthie-chan. Now is the time for an explanation to the question, "why 'chan'?" that's probably crossed your mind. Chan is a term of endearment between family and close friends. It rhymes with the word "on". (Yes, Jackie Chan's name rhymes with "can" but remember he's Chinese, not Japanese.) Here's the answer to another question that may or may not come to mind at a later date. Why a middle initial? I went to fill out a prescription a few years ago and I was asked, "what's your address?" I told him and asked, "why, is there another Ruth Davidson?" He told me that there were FIVE other Ruth Davidson's, and that was in the city of San Jose, California, *alone*. From that point on, I was like, oh hell no. Now, I'm sure, that there's probably others who share my middle initial as well, but it's a real mouth full to say my full name, and difficult to remember (unless your German – my middle name is Renate).

Enough with names.

How did I get into SF/F fandom? Simple, the influences of my big sister who wanted to include me in her interests as I got older (and less annoying). As a child I always enjoyed cartoons such as, Jayce and the Wheeled Warriors (a SF toon), Jem (holographic technology ahoy!), My Little Ponies (fantasy), Thunder Cats (SF/F mix), Robotech (another SF), Transformers (SF), and many others (I was a 'toon potato as a kid).

At first, I thought my sister was crazy. What's the point of submitting art and other material into a publication (of any kind) without getting paid for it? Still, she would show me the fanzines she'd get, and tell me a bit about her pen pals (that idea I

thought was kinda nifty). I still didn't get it. What was the point? I especially didn't understand fan fiction (writing about someone else's characters). So, I finally asked her, what was the point in all this? Answer? **Because it's fun**. Well, now I couldn't argue with that reasoning, especially when she asked me what was the point of anything? She clearly demonstrated that my thinking was quite flawed; that if people only did things for money, oh the tragedy that would be, etc..

Later, she discovered National Fantasy Fan Federation. She joined, and I was like, dude, it costs money (I was a freshman in high school), I have no job, yadda yadda. This caused her to pay for my first year of N3F. I wasted it. I did nothing in the club, and just got in the mail TNFF and Tightbeam (they were separate publications then). I said, dude, what's the point? How dull and boring. (Noticing a pattern yet? Though I read Anne McCaffrey, and generally liked SF/F I had yet to grasp the concept of true fandom.) Answer? You ninny! You get out of the club what you put in to it! My response? That takes too much work.

Soon after I graduated high school, I was convinced to join N3F again. Sarah (that'd be my ever persistent big sister) said that it would be something we could do together. Sister-bonding if you will. That actually got me to participate some. I joined a few Round Robins, got a pen pal, and even started a Music Bureau. Unfortunately, I was also severely depressed, and I dropped the ball (on other things too). This, of course, made my depression worse (gotta love those vicious cycles).

Fast forward: I got better. I rejoined N3F three and half

years ago after, took over the Birthday Card Bureau and started The MANGAVERSE (www.mangaverse.org). Then, I got a letter from the President stating that she was resigning. I had this odd feeling that I should go for it. So I did. I got elected and 2005 will be my third consecutive year as President..

Now you're probably thinking, why is all her talk about Fandom just with N3F? The answer is simple. About 95% of my fannish activities is within N3F. Non-N3F activities I can think of, off the top of my head: I've gone to a few conventions, I'm a part of a Starman mailing list, and now I participate with this e-APA.

This doesn't mean I'm stunted in Fandom, it just means that I'm not widely known outside of N3F. I participate in all sorts of fannish activities in the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

I mentioned my sister, Sarah, previously, but she's not the only sibling I have. (Warning, I'm about to go into some potentially mundane/boring stuff about me.) I'm Three of Nine children (used to be eight, but my mother ended up being the guardian for another child). I've been married for four and a half years and I have a 21 month old daughter, Hazel (she's already a fan).

Other members of the family are two boy cats, Tora-kun (or just Tora – it's Japanese for tiger – kun, pronounced koon, is a term of endearment, normally used between male and female friends) and Kittyrat (he likes to sit on our shoulders). Tora-kun was found sick and shivering huddled right up against our doorstep on Christmas day. Since he was seven months old, no rescue, shelter or sanctuary would take him, except one who said they'd just kill him because he was sick. He's a good pal for Kittyrat whom we found last April at three weeks old on our patio. He still thinks he's a kitten even though he's about 10 months now. Ah well, they won't really calm down till the age of two, and at least Kittyrat doesn't harrass my daughter so much anymore. He thinks she's a kitten, since she was quite small at the time he found a home with us. Now he has Tora to harrass instead.

Last, but not least, I also have three boy rats. Teddy Ele-

phant (he's the smallest), Waffles, and Jet Li. They are rescues. Our pets seem to come to us, though we're at our limit now. I had previously had eleven rats, but they all finally died of either old age or had to be put down. We (being my husband and I) were going to wait till we moved to get more rats, and even then, wait for them to come to us. They came sooner. It's a good thing too. They really needed a responsible owner with a clue. They are incredibly sweet boys and handle my daughter very well. Hazel also handles them pretty well too.

When attending college, I am a music major. I also enjoy gaming off all sorts (not the gambling kind), art, writing stories, poetry, and composing. Other interests include, anime, manga/ comics, reading SF/F (duh – favorite authors include Terry Pratchett, Anne McCaffrey, Lois McMaster Bujold, and others – I am currently reading Dune for the first time); I've discovered the joys of baking and cooking from scratch. Janine and I share an interest in scrap booking.

Anyway, anything else about me you'll just have to find out along the way, otherwise I'll bore everyone to death.

Comments

Northern Raptor #8: Has it really been 2 years already since Ken's passing? I never got to know him, but it still seems like yesterday to me. I read about him on your website. He seemed a real gem.

The holidays were fantastic for us. It was just me, Hazel, my husband, the cats, and leftover chinese food. We played games and relaxed all day.

I feel bad for men in abusive relationships. I remember watching something on the subject. These abused men are the kind who were taught to never hit a woman, and unfortunately many people don't believe a man when he speaks out. There's also not as much help for them. I believe this is beginning to change though.

Do you have a website for SET?

Scattered Words #1: I couldn't believe it when you said, "to be continued!" I can't wait to read more. Your fannish history is far more interesting than mine.

I Never Got The Hang Of Thursdays #9: Asperger's Syndrome really isn't all that bad. My father has it, and so does my youngest brother. It is genetic, and I believe it is male only or mostly in males at least. My husband's best friend also has it. The thing about it is, you have to let people know you have it so they can adjust the way they treat you.

Example: my brother designed something for woodshop class, but it wasn't good enough. That's all the teacher said about the design, but that wasn't enough information for Karl (my brother) to know what to do about it. Later he told our mother that he was the only kid in class who didn't get his piece of wood and why. My mother got in touch with this teacher and said, "Look, my son has Asperger's Syndrome, you can't just tell him it's not good enough. You have to tell him why it's not good enough and be specific." It was an enlightening experience for this teacher, who then later said that he liked Karl and thought he was a great kid.

Understanding and knowledge is key in dealing with people. You have to be aware and make extra effort, and others need to know so they can make proper allowances.

So far though, this is a self diagnosis. Such things are dangerous. Why don't you go to a psychologist familiar with Asperger's Syndrome and get a professional opinion that way? If indeed you do have it, then it is likely that one of your parents have it.

Unfortunately for my family, we had no idea about Asperger's Syndrome until Karl went to a new school district. We all knew he was weird, "just like dad". When we found out he had it, everyone's reaction was, "Ohhhhhh." It certainly explained the some of the idiotic, seemingly uncaring, and confusing behavior my dad exhibited on a daily basis.

Another story is about my husband's best friend we'll call Mr. X. His ex-girlfriend was the one who said she thought he had

Asperger's Syndrome, and I thought that made sense, yet she was the only person important in his life who never figured out that you had to be specific, or how to properly interpret what he says.

Example: she told him about this awful day she was having, he said, "well great, that just ruined my day." Everyone should know that is something you NEVER say, but Mr. X didn't. What he really meant was, "it bothers me that you're hurting and that I can't fix it." She still didn't get it and thought his behavior was inexcusable, and hated hearing "that's Mr. X for you." I mentioned this exchange to him and he was like, "oh, yeah, you were right."

Regarding irrational behavior in women, there is a fundamental thing you are forgetting. Men and women are *different*. What is arbitrary and irrational to you, is not to her. There are lines of reasoning and thought behind a woman's actions that you don't see. We think differently, so this irrationality you talk about it seems more apparent to you in women. Believe me, men can be just as irrational, arbitrary and inconsistent.

Therefore, the problem is not with the women you associate with, but your seeming inability to make allowances or shrug it off as a woman thing.

Here's a question, do you still expect men to be logical after being irrational?

Pilcrow Nine: It is a great peeve of mine when immigrants don't even bother to try to learn the English language. I also hate it when they believe they are entitled to welfare money, etc. If you are not a citizen you should not receive money from our government.

It is too easy to get a divorce these days. If I wanted I could divorce my husband for wearing socks to bed at night. It's pathetic. People forget that love is a choice, and that love takes work. Like anything else worthwhile in life, it's never easy, but it's always worth it to make the effort.

Feline Madness: How's Shadow doing? Isn't it amazing how our pets become a part of the family?

Have you tried simply going on a low processed sugar diet

or a diabetic diet? I had gestational diabetes and really the diet wasn't so bad. I just had to get used to the portions.

My cats get a dry food in the morning and the rest of the time canned food. There's lots of information out on the net about how to properly feed your cat, etc.. Apparently the vets were wrong when they said dry was best. It's a myth that it helps clean teeth, and cats are true carnivores. It is not good for them to be eating all those carbohydrates. I would feed only canned, but my budget won't allow it right now, though it's adorable to watch Hazel put dry food in their bowls. Heehee.

Plata 3: I love Tim Curry.

Your grandmother looked like a fun lady. I'm sorry for your loss. :HUGS:

All: Here's a picture of Tora-kun getting a bath from Kittyrat. I love the tongue!



Also, here's one of Hazel playing with Waffles (held) and

Jet Li. I gotta fill up all this white space somehow since time is growing short to turn this in!



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