My Aunt Agnes, the librarian, lived in a one bedroom apartment with her harpsichord and vast piles of books and manila folders, filled with itineraries from trips, like her Tour of the Great Organs of Europe, led by Paul Manz. Alas, Aunt Agnes's papers and stuff gradually overwhelmed the modest space and surfaces of her apartment, so she was reduced to using her bed as a desk top, and spent most nights sleeping on her sofa.