

# REVEL-ATION

## Labors of Love

Why many people are averse to work, I don't understand. I love it, especially the physical stuff, when I'm able. It makes me feel good to exercise my muscles and to clear my mind. For decades I've been gardening, washing and waxing the family vehicles, painting (walls, ceilings, etc.). For me, it's a form of recreation; time to reflect and rejuvenate.

When I get involved in a project, I forget to eat. My parents told me that they had to hang sandbags from my highchair because, when in it, I'd rock so vigorously that both the chair and I were in danger of falling over. No, I wasn't hyperkinetic; I just wanted to be free from encumbrances, so that I could be active.

I've had to modify my lifestyle drastically (for me) in the last ten years. After a total, thus far, of five knee surgeries, three on one and two on the other starting at age seventeen, I got the impression that Ghu was trying to send me a message.

Several years ago, Ray talked me into taking a couple of writing classes (so that I could become famous and support him in our golden years). From there, Ghu led me to Arnie, Joyce and fandom. My career even did a turnabout, relieving me of the physical demands of my previous job. I am now in a position that I don't consider to be a job at all. I'm researching, writing and assisting in administrative chores which enable a corporation to function efficiently and effectively. (I've become masterful in concealing rectifying my errors so that they don't count in the overall picture.) Am I happy, or what?

Two people who get a kick out of

working, although they don't consider it to be work, either, are Mr. and Mrs. Katz. Consider the following.

I have never witnessed such vigorous activity in a household as I did prior to Corflu 12 and Silvercon 4. At every possible moment throughout the day, between phone calls, feature writing, interviews, and before and after work (we're talking eighteen hour days, folks) Arnie compiled, edited and laid out pages to be devoured visually by fans. He typed with flying fingers. (I swear that on several occasions his fingers actually smoked. He types faster than I think.) Between bites of lunch he suddenly became upright and darted to the copier to start more pages rolling. During conversations, he joked and laughed. While travelling between offices to relay phone messages or assignments, he whistled, sang and snapped his fingers. His speech was more animated and his gestures less subtle.

When the preliminaries were completed, he arranged collating gatherings, being the first to sit at the dining table (which has absorbed sooo many memories and secrets) and to direct a signing symphony played out in strong, steady andante. The electric stapler served as a metronome that gently reminded all that precious time was passing and we done good.

Arnie never experienced a let down after the work was completed. His spirits remained high, not only in anticipation of egoboo, but in knowing that the fruits of his labor would be most delectable to his friends. He satiated their minds.

Joyce was more reserved and less vocal in her pre-event "work", but was just

as active and excited. She made sure that all locals and certain out-of-towners were fully informed and updated on the particulars of the kick-off parties that she and Arnie hosted. Her nimble fingers flew through her rolodex, not missing a single card. She veritably sang into the phone and spoke as though the person she called (even if she spoke into their answering machine) sat next to her in her office. Between calls, she hummed beautifully.

When breaks in the work day came, she announced, "Arnie, I'm going out." She returned in record time with bags and bags of goodies for which her guests would stand in line at the dining table, ogling and drooling before heaping their plates.

But let's back up the grocery cart a moment. Guess how those goodies got from the plastic store bags to the table. Right! Joyce arranged and conducted a symphony of her own, the well structured "Katz Kitchen Cacophony", in allegro with percussion syncopation. She worked the kitchen from the pantry, fridge, drawers, counter, cupboards and stove like a giant glockenspiel without missing a beat.

Where Arnie was cool, Joyce was hot - literally cookin'. She never got flustered, overwhelmed or lost her place. (Maybe it was the tequila she sipped between courses.) And the reviews by the critics were obvious when they requested encores.

Ah, the "work" of fandom.

Marcy Waldie  
6980 Wedgewood Way  
Las Vegas, NV 89117