

attenuation

"We've simply got to have more love," said Ak pumping up a planet, "There just isn't enough to go around."

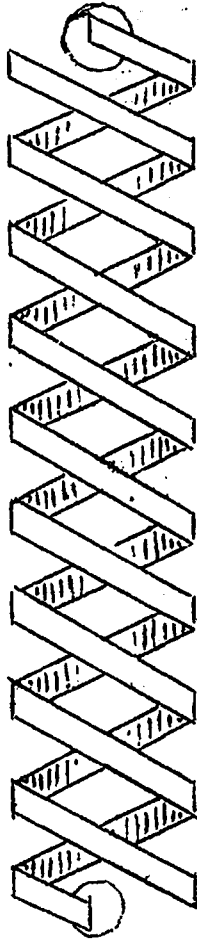
Op was busy lighting a sun and didn't reply until he got it going.

"You and your love," he said at last, "If you didn't go spreading that icky goo on so thick you wouldn't be running out of it all the time." He placed the sun carefully on the velvet space-time.

"Icky goo, my id," Ak was indignant. "If I hadn't invented love where would you be now? Back at the loom weaving space-time day in and day out."

"All right, all right," said Op. "You got those planets ready for me?"

Ak sighed. "I told you: I didn't have enough love. Here's two. You'll just have to wait for the rest till I mix up another batch."



Op picked up the planets gingerly. They were sticky with fresh love. "Uh, what a mess," he said in disgust, "do you have to put this stuff on so thick?"

"Remember that planet a while ago I was skimpy with love on?" Ak reminded him. "We were lucky at that. Destroyed it in just the nick of time. Another few eons and I shudder to think what the consequences might have been."

Op sighed. "I wish this stuff wasn't so gocey." With great care he inoculated each planet with a speck of virus culture and started them rolling around the sun in precise orbits. Ak watched him with an air of concern. Only when everything seemed to be in order he relaxed.

"Vicious stuff - life," he remarked finally. "Much too dangerous to cultivate without adequate attenuation." He left to make another batch of love.

-- Paul Wyszowski

There is always conflict between belonging (growing closer) and the individual will. But conflict is the creative principle which out of a static unity brings forth a dynamic diversity, which distorts the featureless void into structured time-space-energy, which is directly responsible for the exhilarating variety of being. We grow closer because of the external pressure of our ignorance and insecurity but our precious individual egos, our multilateral creativity, our dynamic varietism act as a repelling force which keeps us from becoming compacted into a homogeneous inert monolith. It is well that this is so.

SWPW

Fans argue. Sometimes they fight. Personal letters, publicly in fanzines, even lawsuits. -- There are three simple little words, eleven letters in all, that will stop a feud every time. Once they have been used, the one at whom they were directed cannot continue the

feud without losing respect of his supporters, nor can the one who used them without proving himself a hypocrite. -- No suggestion of backing down on a principle is involved. These words, in fact, express the highest principle known to man. He who uses them honestly is immune to any criticism or accusations. -- The magic words:

"I FORGIVE YOU."

-- Clayton Hamlin

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