

REVENANT #16

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Revenant #16 was produced in January 2003 for SFPA mailing #231 by Sheila Strickland
6204 Molino Dr. Baker, LA 70714 225-775-7048 sjstrick@concentric.net
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If it's January, it must be cold. Sometimes. This past Monday, the 20th, it was warm enough for short sleeves but by last night, Thursday, we were having a hard, hard freeze. And it's going to be just about as cold again tonight. I'm not a fan of winter; I don't mind the short days, but I hate the short cold days! It feels like a long time until spring.

Grad School Adventures, Part 2

I managed to pull out of my first course with an "A". I was doing fine going into the final, when I got sick with a bad cold or the flu for a week and couldn't study like I should have. I didn't do great on the final, but my other grades were high enough to save my average. I was happy with the result, and was enjoying the time off before I'd have to get back into studying.

Until I got "that" letter. Quick flashback here. Twenty years ago, I tried Library Science School. The introductory course I took incorporated a large amount of computer programming. At that time, I know almost nothing about computers and having to write a computer program sent me into a tailspin. I messed up, didn't do all the work, and flunked the course.

Back to the present. Christmas Eve, I received a letter from the Graduate School telling me that my grade point average was below 3.0 and I'd be out of grad school if it wasn't 3.0 by the end of the next semester. Once the offices re-opened after the holidays I called to find out if that was a mistake. Oh, no. They were counting the 20-year ago "F" as part of my current average. I pointed out that with taking only one course a semester, it would be impossible for me to come up with the required average. The droid I was speaking to reluctantly agreed that was so, and graciously said they'd make a note in my record; and offered that *if* I made an "A" in the coming course, I'd probably be allowed to stay. I was doubly annoyed at this because aside from the stupidity of averaging in that long-ago grade, I was not told anything like that when I was accepted into grad school; just that I'd have to maintain a 3.0 average.

I was not happy with this. Neither were any of my co-workers when I told them. They advised various strategies; I thought talking to the Dean of the Library School might be a good move. I had decided to call before the semester started and make an appointment to go in and see her on my Friday off. Before I could call for an appointment, though, she called me! She said, in essence, don't worry, that's a stupid ruling; they want me to stay in the school and that if the Grad School gives me any more problems, she'd take care of it. So I'm now in the position of if I make an "A", I'm fine; if I make a "B", I may nor may not be able to stay. I'd be happy with either grade, but the fewer hassles, the better. I'm not predicting what kind of grade I'll make; but at least I have someone in power on my side!

Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers

So December 18 came around and I took the day off work and toddled off to the theater to see a certain movie. I had bought my ticket online a couple of weeks before to ensure I'd get a seat. It was a good thing I did because when I got there an hour or so before the movie was to start, there was already a long line and a notice saying all showings that day were sold out. (Two other theaters in Baton Rouge were running it, but I choose the only one that was selling tickets online. I knew I wouldn't be able to get to the theaters beforehand to buy a ticket at the box office and I was determined to see it the first day.) What did I think? Well, I've seen it twice since then and I'm still not sure. I loved the first one, but not on the first showing. With this one, I liked it better on the second showing, but I don't think I'll ever like it as intensely as the first. My main problem is with the departures from the text. I don't like the way the character of Faramir was changed and I don't like the Osgiliath segment. I've read why the changes were made to Faramir; that the screenwriters didn't think the audience would accept Faramir as such a saint as to be able to resist the temptation of the ring so easily. I can understand the reasoning, but I don't agree with it. I miss the Faramir of the book.

It seems to me that Peter Jackson is making the movie more Hobbit-centric than the books. That's why we saw Frodo solve the puzzle of the Moria doors; why Pippin is the one who gets Treebeard to rise up against Saruman. I might prefer to have the events of the movie happen just as the same way the events of the book, but since I Am Not A Movie Maker; I'll have to assume Jackson and company know what they are doing. It's an inevitable result, I think, that the movie has to strip down the themes and make a very long, rambling book into a movie that others than just devout Tolkien fans will pay to see.

Despite all my reservations about how the source material was changed, I do like the movie. The sets and costumes are just as glorious as in FOTR, and it's just as fast a three hour experience. I loved the portrayal of Eowyn, and if the plains of Rohan don't match my mental image of it, Meduseld looks right. Grima Wormtongue is just as slimy as he should be. Gollum doesn't really match my picture of him, but it works. I saw the Ents as tree-like creatures instead of the film's walking trees (that's what the Huorns should look like), but I can live with it. I loved Gimli's flirtation with Eowyn.

Mailing Comments

New Port News: Ct me on LOTR recorded book. The version I listened to was a straight reading of the book by one person, not a dramatization.

Yes, it's hard to find something "safe" to eat. I don't like the idea of genetically modified plant material; but in regards to eating them, I'd pick that over than meat with added hormones or antibiotics. Risks may be impossible to eliminate, but I'm trying to reduce them. Using that reasoning, I should cut out dairy products; but I'm not quite ready to give up cheese yet!

Southern Baptists are teetotal, yes; it's in the doctrine.

As regards to the bush pest at your mother's: have you tried the local agriculture extension? If it's common around there, they probably know what it is. Or check a good plant guide at your friendly neighborhood library.

It Goes on the Shelf: On the matter of Mars and its color; without looking it up; yes, I think it has changed color. I seem to remember hearing that the various storms in the Martian atmosphere will change the apparent color.

Back page: I like those commandments, especially number ten ("You don't know as much as you think you do...")

Peter, Pan & Merry: Ct me on museum cafeteria food: The Royal Ontario Museum (in Toronto) has a pretty fair eating place---a chain sandwich shop that also sells salads, and a few other items, possibly. Not cheap, of course; but a better selection than at the Space Center. Of course, the ROM probably get a large enough number of tourists coming through to make a commercial establishment like that possible; the Space Center may not.

Congratulations on your new cats. It sounds like they've adjusted to their new home well and BJ has accepted your role of helping her human at the keyboard. I've typed many a page with one cat on my lap and another one or two sitting nearby.

"My Big, Fat, Greek Wedding" was fun, wasn't it? I saw it in Toronto last summer with my sister who pointed out the Toronto landmarks in the movie which was set in Chicago(?). I see it's to be a TV series with most of the cast from the movie. I just hope they don't fixate on the Greek-WASP culture clash as the premise of most of the stories. It was funny as a part of the movie, but it would get tiresome quickly.

Variations on a Theme: Sounds like you had a good convention trip/holiday even if Con Jose wasn't all you could have hoped for. I didn't see nearly enough of San Francisco when I was there in 1993; I'd really like to get back and see some more of that part of the country. It's always a problem dividing time between attending a convention (which usually has lots of enticing items on the program) and going out to sight see in a new city. I could take a few extra days, but I always think I can't afford it. Toronto won't be a problem since I've already seen most tourist attractions there I want to see; but I want to see more of Boston than the convention center and hotel. (Mental note: start making those "must see" lists now.) "Chocolate olallieberry bread pudding with whipped cream?" Just the description sounds wonderful!

Having to work the day after getting back from a con sounds rough. I know when I go to a good Worldcon, it takes me a few days to adjust to the "normal" world. For a day or so, it seems so strange to eat at home instead of in a restaurant and not to be consulting my pocket program to see where I need to be. Then reality kicks in and it's nice to be back with the cats in my own house.

Confessions of a Consistent Liar/Derogatory References: Learning to read by osmosis may be the way I learned; or at least by being read to. I don't remember being specifically taught to read, but I could read before I started school. Which ensured me being thoroughly bored during reading lessons.

On the matter of needing an alternate word for "marriage". It could be used not just for non-traditional pairings, but also for heterosexual couples who aren't legally married, but consider themselves in a long-term relationship just as much as any married couple. "Partner" seems to be the favorite term for that arrangement, but it has the disadvantage of not being unique to their situation.

Tyndallite: Ct me on Doc Savage books. I'm not sure which two of the Doc Savage books I read lo these many years ago; whether they were by Lester Dent or not. They were fun, though two were enough at the time.

Twygdrasil and Treehouse Gazette: On the similarities between "Forbidden Planet" and "The Tempest": They both have a scientist/wizard with a beautiful daughter whose loyalties are stolen away by the adventuring space/sea man.

Nice illos. I take it your mother was a courtroom artist in Washington, D. C. or nearby. She seems to have been in on some infamous cases.

Spiritus Mundi: Very cool that you got to meet George McGovern. He was the first presidential candidate I voted for in the second election I was able to vote in. I voted again for him in the presidential primary he was in a few elections back. He had pulled out of the race by the time Louisiana held its presidential preference vote; but since his name was still on the ballot and I had no great interest in whoever the front-runner was, but made it a vote for old times sake.

I'm glad you mentioned the hurricanes Isidore and Lilli; it reminded me of my bureaucracy story I forgot about last time. The day before Lilli was scheduled to hit we were keeping up with the news at the library waiting to see if we'd be closed. As the news came in of how strong the storm was and predictions of its path (straight for us), we were just waiting to hear from higher-ups that the mayor would close city-parish offices the next day. Schools were canceled, meeting were canceled, state workers were told to stay home, people in general were advised to evacuate if necessary and do it soon so as to stay off the streets. City-parish workers were told to report to work the next day, or take vacation or unpaid leave. Not just essential workers, but every one of us. Our library higher-ups were, thankfully, somewhat saner and said that if most employees at a particular library would be taking off, that library could close for the day. We closed for the day. The mayor's justification was that it would cost too much money to pay all those people for a regular day's work. Never mind the safety issue---save that money! He lost a lot of credibility with me over that adding to my general dislike of his extreme conservatism.

Ct me on Connie Willis novel: I'm not positive, but I think she was the one who put her novel on hold, not her editors. Not so much the criticism issue, but the satirical notes sounded wrong to her.

"No place in Baton Rouge to buy magazines"? Oh, but there is. If you don't object to big chain bookstores on general principles, Barnes and Noble carries some good ones. Despite what I said a few issues back, they carry "Asimov's" and "Analog"; and various lefty publications. You can even get the New York Sunday Times (on the same day, no less!) Now really, Guy, if you're going to denigrate Baton Rouge, you have to do it right. At least quote Ignatius Reilly from "A Confederacy of Dunces" when he says, "Outside of the city limits [of New Orleans] the heart of darkness, the true wasteland begins".

Ct Tennessee Trash and Star Trek episodes: Actually DeForest Kelly got his name into the opening credits in the second season, so you could be missing some watchable episodes if you turn off too early.

Running for DUFF, eh? My support doesn't count for much in the fannish community, but you and Rosy certainly have my vote.

Trivial Pursuits/The Giants Win the Pennant! The Giants Win the Pennant: As regarding the elections and current state of the nation: it's times like these that make Canada look better and better.

Ct me on "The Eyre Affair": the next one is out in the U. K. and I had hoped to find it in Toronto last summer when I was up there. No luck, but it should be out in March over here.

On distance education: I didn't find it affecting my concentration, but it did seem to cut down on spontaneity. We didn't do a great deal of discussion in that class, but having to key on a mike inhibited me even more than normal. I didn't notice any time lag, but then the distances weren't nearly as great as coast to coast---about 200 miles at most.

\$700 for tickets to two baseball games? Yikes. But then, I winced at the face value of those tickets. That's not to say I wouldn't have done something similar. Maybe not a baseball game (since I don't care about the game), but if I had an unexpected monetary windfall like yours and there was a rare opportunity to do something super neat; I'd probably do it. Glad you had a good time.

Frequent Flyer: Congratulations on the house building plans. I hope you and Anita don't run into too many problems and delays. Construction has just started on our new library building, so we're all hoping for a fast building.

The Sphere: Sympathies on your nephew's death. Suicide is always hard on the family. There's always the question of what went wrong, what could we have done. As to how it will affect his sons; I'd guess it depends on how the family reacts. They're young enough that they may not have many actual memories of him as they get older. It might not be a bad idea for his wife to talk to some local support groups (if there are any around there) for families of suicides; not only for her peace of mind, but for how she should deal with the boys.

Weasel Crossing: Ct Guy: "The cats must be borrowing stuff to read." Maybe that's what's going on around here. A book will disappear from where I'm certain it was, only to reappear a few weeks later. Either that, or there's a wormhole.

Ascending/Descending: Isn't the effect you're talking about the same one they used for the Hobbit sizes in "Lord of the Rings"? The expanded DVD has lots of neat features showing how they did it. It worked for them so well because they used a combination of scale doubles, blue screens, and forced perspective.

Ct Don on government informers: Oh, it's very simple. It's okay for us loyal red-blooded Americans to inform on those suspicious sorts that might be sympathetic to the axis of evil because we're the good guys. At least George W. says we are.

I like the idea of the computer that's the same even though every part has been changed out. It that the modern equivalent of the ax that's been passed down for generations. It's head has been changed twice and the handle three times, but it's still the same ax!

Ct me on buckshot and meat: It probably was a .22 rifle; it's been too long for me to remember details, and I didn't ask at the time how the critter was killed. I just remember finding small pieces of metal in the meat.

Oh, I hope the floppy drive on my computer isn't going out. This one is five and 1/2 years old, and it's done fine so far.

That Was the Year That Was: This is very cool. Although I still have a preference for print; the idea of being able to put a full years run of zines on a CD is very attractive. I'm of two minds about zines in PDF. The chief drawback is that I can either see the entire page on my computer screen or the print can be large enough to be legible, but not both. The appeal is that it's so cool to have all the zines together on that little disc. It's not a substitute for a paper zine, but it's nice as a back-up copy. As for the new stuff; I haven't even gotten through all the music clips, yet; and I suspect I'll find some new (to me) groups to start looking for.

Passages: I like print, too. Zines on CD (like mike did) are nice and portable; but for most of my reading I want to do it off of a page. If you want an entire set of encyclopedias, get a CD. But to read someone's 20-page zine, I want paper.

You, of course, are in a better position to judge what might work better in health care; but I think I'd wind up paying more in the system you propose. I now pay about \$80 a month, and the city-parish puts in a lot more. They just raised the co-payments; I believe it's now \$25 to see your primary physician and \$30 for a specialist. I have two specialists I see twice a year. Preventive health maintenance is useful, but I don't think it would have kept me from getting cancer (which is why I see those two specialists).

Ct me: I think I'll be a little less stressed this semester. Doing well in one class helped me calm down to realize that I probably can do the work; it takes time and energy, but it's doable!

Random Thoughts: Ah, so the Republican party will save Georgia? I wouldn't be so sure about that. Look at Louisiana, we've had a Republican governor for a few years and I haven't noticed any great improvement. (On the other hand, it would take a lot of change in this state to notice any improvement!) It may be heresy to the party faithful; but I think national party affiliation means less at the local level than at the national level. Nationally, your senators debate foreign policy and the budget. Locally, your council persons are debating how to fix the potholes; and Democrat or Republican doesn't really enter into the question.

On the electronic voting: Did you have to fill out your ballot in public? Our electronic voting machines look very much like an old-style voting machine booth. It's an enclosure with the ballot on one wall and curtains on three sides. You push your choice and it lights up. If you change your mind, you push the other one, it lights up and the first one goes out. Once you've finished, you push another spot that says "cast vote" and all the lights go out. No one can see you while you're voting, and no one can see your choices once you've voted.

A Christmas Ornament for SFPA: Very cool, thanks for it. I didn't have a tree this year, but maybe next year I'll get one up and hang it. I had once up year before last and the silly thing kept

falling over. (I blame the tree stand.) I got it at a local “cut-it-yourself” Christmas tree farm, so it smelled wonderful even as it lay at a 45 degree angle in my living room.

Oblio: So, did your newspaper ever get the librarian they were looking for? Or did you know they were looking? I saw the opening on the Library School list-serve that includes job listings from all over. It sounded like it would be interesting work (though I’m not looking for a job).

Good luck on the cleaning up resolution. I thought that’s what I’d be doing around Christmas this year; I had time off and nothing planned. But did I clean up? Not a bit.

Ct me on computer ages. Mine is 5 1/2 years old which makes it close to an antique in computer terms; but I hope I don’t have to replace it for a while.

On your back cover: Is it just me, or is that women standing in a terribly awkward position? To me, she looks as if she’s about to topple backwards. With her upper body she’s reacting to the gunfire and trying to get away from there, but her feet are still in that “model” pose. Any moment now, she’ll scream and fall down distracting the bad guy enough for Ace Newsman Steve Wilson to overpower him. (And with any luck, he’ll be grateful enough to listen to her when she tells him not to wear a blue hat with a green suit!)

Avatar Press: Your family has had a lot to go through of late. I hope people are coping well with what sounds like a lot of pain and grief. Sometimes it seems we go through those spells when the news is all bad and the outlook equally gloomy.

Huntsville holds a “Big Spring Jam” in September? Is there some logic here I’m missing? Or did they just think “Big Fall Jam” wouldn’t sound so cool?

Tennessee Trash: I saw a few ads for the Harry Potter movie around the time it opened. I saw more for “The Two Towers”, though. As best I remember; they ran on regular network shows. I enjoyed “Chamber of Secrets” well enough; and Kenneth Branagh was just as good as I thought he would be.

I’m very fond of Terry Pratchett’s books as well, so I read “The Amazing Maurice” without being distracted that it was published as a children’s book. Did you hear that it won a Carnegie Medal? That’s an award given in Britain for the best children’s book of the year; the equivalent over here would be the Newberry. Very prestigious thing, that.

Yngvi is a Louse: Box seats at Carnegie Hall, hmm? Now, that’s my idea of how to be a tourist! And museums. One of these days, I’ll do that myself.

I never got around to seeing “Signs” when it was in the theaters; the “crop circle” theme made me think I wouldn’t like it. Charlotte’s review, though, gives me a reason to see it on video, at least. I don’t do well with suspense movies, either; so watching it at home is one way to diffuse the tension.

Guilty Pleasures: So you found an agent who won’t take you because she’s been sick. That’s a variation on what happened to a local writer I know. Cheryl Wolverton, who writes books in the “Love Inspired” romance series lives in the Zachary area; and used to be a frequent patron at the library before she started selling her books. Recently her agent dropped her after learning Cheryl has been diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis. Any excuse, I suppose.

If you really want to keep Mr. Woodpecker happy and pecking, you could have the tree cut down and leave part of it there on the ground. I have a tree limb half on the ground and half still caught up in the tree that I've seen woodpeckers visit. If the neighbors ask, just tell them you're doing an experiment on the decay rate of wood! Of course, if you like a neat yard, just forget my silliness. My back yard has old limbs piled up on both sides; and I never rake leaves so I'm the last person who should give yard maintenance tips!

There's something so ironic about leaving Florida to visit New England and running into a tropical storm up there. (Did anyone ask you if you brought the weather with you?) It sounds like both Raphi and Micah are good kids---a credit to their parents and themselves.

Comments: Good to hear that you seem to have no heart problems that the stress test could find, but do they know what is causing the chest pains?

Ct Ned on wood being biodegradable: Yes, it is, if it's out in the open exposed to the weather, but wood in a landfill buried away from air (and probably water) is going to last longer.

Under the Knife with the Armadillo: Surgery is no fun; and I'm glad to hear things are going as well as can be expected. I hope the hysterectomy goes well; having been through one myself, I know it's no piece of cake, either. I was lucky enough to have my sister here taking care of things and me for a couple of weeks afterwards; and I needed her.

My cats must have read the cartoon on the back---I have two who want to sleep not only on the bed, but on the pillow and in my face. Nothing like trying to go to sleep with a face full of cat fur!

Somewhere, Under the Danube, Bluebirds Snorkle and Some Day We Will Get There riding our Oldsmoborkle: I hope money matters are clearing up with your mother-in-law.

So how were the King Clave CDs? I don't think I've ever heard any Argentinean music.

Something to Close With

It's interesting what you can find online when you're looking for something else. A few weeks ago, I was looking for a poetry collection and found the following piece by Joseph Campbell. Perceval Press included it on their web site thinking it had some applicability to the possible coming war we're facing. I wouldn't draw a one-to-one correlation between Saddam Hussein and Adolf Hitler, but the theme of looming war has a certain amount of timeliness.

Permanent Human Values

A Speech Given by Joseph Campbell at Sarah Lawrence College
December 10, 1940

I have been asked to tell you what seem to me to be some of the important things--permanently human--which men are likely to forget during the hours of a severe political crisis.

Permanent things, of course, do not have to be fought for--they are permanent. We are not their creators and defenders. Rather--it is our privilege (our privilege as individuals: our privilege as nations) to experience them. And it is our private loss if we neglect them. We may fight for our right to experience these values. But the fight must be conducted not on a public battlefield. This fight must be conducted in the individual mind. Public conquerors are frequently the losers in this secret struggle.

Permanent things, furthermore, are not possessed exclusively by the democracies; not exclusively even by the Western world.

My theme, therefore, forbids me to be partial to the war-cries of the day. I respect my theme, and I shall try to do it justice. I am not competent to speak of every permanent human value. I shall confine myself, therefore, to those which have been my special disciplinarians: those associated with the Way of Knowledge.

Which of these are likely to be forgotten during the hours of a severe political crisis? All of them, I should say. I think that everything which does not serve the most immediate economic and political ends is likely to be forgotten.

I think, in the first place, that the critical objectivity of the student of society is likely to be forgotten--either forgotten or suppressed. For example: The president of Columbia University has declared that the present conflict is a war "between beasts and human beings, between brutal force and kindly helpfulness." Yet Columbia professors laboriously taught, during the twenties and thirties, something about the duties of objective intelligence in the face of sensational propaganda; and no educated gentleman can possibly believe that the British Empire or the French Empire or the American Empire was unselfishly founded in "kindly helpfulness," without gunpowder or without perfectly obscene brutality.

It is not surprising, of course, that there should be a strain of opportunism in those public gentlemen who are in a position to tell the multitude what to think; but that our universities--those institutions which have plumed themselves in their dignified objectivity--should begin now to fling about the gutter-slogans of our newspaper cartoons, seems to me to be a calamity of the first order.

Perhaps our students must prepare themselves to remember (without any support from our institutions of higher learning) that there are two sides to every argument, that every government, since governments began, has claimed to represent the special blessings of the heavenly realm, that every man (even an enemy) is human, and that no empire (not even a merchant empire) is founded in "kindly helpfulness."

When there was no crisis on the horizon, we were told that objectivity was a good. Now that something seems to threaten our markets--or to threaten perhaps even more than that--we are warned (and this by still another of our university presidents) that the real

fifth-columnist in this country is the critical intellectual. What kind of leaders are these men, anyhow?--snorting through one nostril about the book-burnings in Germany, wheezing through the other at critical intelligences in our own Republic!

In the second place, we are in danger of neglecting the apparently useless work of the disinterested scientist and historian. Yet if there is one jewel in the crown of Western Civilization which deserves to take a place beside the finest jewels of Asia, it is the jewel cut by these extraordinary men. Their images of the cosmos and of the course of earthly history are as majestic as the Oriental theories of involution and evolution. But these images are by no means the exclusive creation, or even property, of democracies. Many of the indispensable works which you must read, if you are to participate in the study of these images, have not even been translated into democratic tongues. Let me say, therefore, that any serious student of history or science who permits the passions of this hour to turn her away from German is a fool. Whatever may be the language for hemisphere defense, German, French, and English are the languages of scholarship and science. German, French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Scandinavian, English, Irish, Polish, Russian, Swiss, Christian, Pagan, Atheist, and Jewish have been the workers in these spheres. Chauvinism has no place here. The work is international and human. Consequently, whenever there is a resurgence of the nationalisms and animalisms of war, scientist and scholar have to cork themselves tightly in. They are not anti-social parasites and slackers when they do this. It is with them that Western Culture, as opposed to Western Empire, will survive.

In the third place, the work of the literary man and the artist is in danger. We need not worry about the popular entertainer: he will be more in demand than ever. But we may worry about the artists of social satire: theirs will be a plight very like the plight of the objective social scientist. And we may worry about the creative writers, painters, sculptors, and musicians devoted to the disciplines of pure art. The philistine (that is to say the man without hunger for poetry and art) will never understand the importance of these enthusiasts. But those of you whose way of personal discipline and discovery is the way of the arts will understand that if you are to keep in touch with your own centers of energy, you must not allow yourself to be tricked into believing that social criticism is proper art, or that sensational entertainment is proper art, or that journalistic realism is proper art. You must not give up your self-exploration in your own terms. The politicians are such a blatant crew and their causes are so obvious that it is exceedingly difficult to remember, when they surround you, anything but the surfaces of life. . . .

The artist--in so far as he is an artist--looks at the world dispassionately: without thought of defending his ego or his friends; without thought of undoing any enemy; troubled neither with desire nor loathing. He is as dispassionate as the scientist, but he is looking not for the causes of effects; he is simply looking--sinking his eye into the object. To his eye this object permanently reveals the fascination of a hidden name or essential form. . . .

Now this perfectly well-known crisis, which transports a beholder beyond desire and loathing, is the first step not only to art, but to humanity. And it is the artist who is its hero. It cannot be said, therefore, that the artist is finally anti-social, even though from

the economic point of view his work may be superfluous, even though from the political point of view his work may be superfluous; even though he may seem to be sitting pretty much alone.

In the fourth place, the preaching of religion is in danger. God is the first fortress that a warlike nation must capture, and the ministers of religion are always, always, always ready to deliver God into the hands of their king or their president. We hear of it already--this arm-in-arm blood brotherhood of democracy and Christianity. . . .

And how quick the ministers of religion are to judge the soul of the enemy; when the founder of their faith is reputed to have said: "Judge not, that you may not be judged."

How quick they are to point at the splinter in the enemy eye, before they have looked for the plank that sticks in their own! "Give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," is not the phrase for a political emergency. "Love your neighbors as yourself," is not the phrase for a political emergency. . . . And perhaps it would be well to remember that even the inhabitants of the democracies were born with original sin on their souls; and that not even the President of the United States has any objective assurance that he is the vicar of Christ on earth.

We are all groping in this valley of tears, and if a Mr. Hitler collides with a Mr. Churchill, we are not in conscience bound to believe that a devil had collided with a saint. --Keep those transcendental terms out of your political thinking--do not donate the things of God to Caesar--and you will go a long way toward keeping a sane head.

I believe, finally, that education is going to suffer during the next few years, as it did during the last war. You will be tempted to forget that you are educating yourselves to be women; you will imagine that you are educating yourselves to be patriots. Primarily you are human beings; secondarily you are daughters of the present century. If you devote yourselves exclusively, or even primarily, to peculiarities of the local scene and the present moment, you will wonder, fifteen years from now, what you did with your education. . . .

I would not say that the Way of Knowledge is the only way to human fulfillment; but it is a majestic way; it is a way represented by the innumerable sciences, arts, philosophical and theological systems of mankind. The final danger is not (let me repeat this emphatically in closing), the final danger is not that mankind may lose these things (for, if Europe and America were to be blown away entirely, there would remain millions and millions of subtly disciplined human beings--who might even feel relieved to see us go!).

The great danger is that you--unique you--may be tricked into missing your education.