The required elements of the synthesis have become radically separated, however, during the mid- and late years of the century, with only the development of the animal liberation/rights movement during the past fifteen years offering hope that such a synthesis might again be approached. How far matters still stand from the synthesis we seek was indicated by my own experience when a few years ago I approached the California Council for the Humanities for funds with which to organize a conference on "The Humanities in Humane Education." Of persons present at the meeting, only Steven Fisher, maker of prize winning films on environmental topics, could see that (as he adamantly put it) the idea "was a natural" for any group responsible for the societal role of the humanities.

"Yes," writes Kundera, "the right to kill a deer or a cow is the only thing all of mankind can agree upon,

even during the bloodiest of wars." Until this inhumane contract is broken, the deep source of humankind's debacles will continue typically to be present in just those supposedly humanizing vehicles of culture which shape majority sentiment. But at present, besides the human costs, immense damage has been done (with more destruction in the offing) to the environment in the Middle East. Many of the animals in Kuwait's zoo have been eaten or maimed. Camels were shot in their knees to prevent them from wandering onto air strips.

The way back to civilization, wrote Schweitzer, lies through reverence for life. Let those of us who are not religious call it *respect* for life, if we must, but let us secure its place in the meaning of "humane."

John Stockwell

Correction

In the Spring 1990 issue the title of Evelyn Pluhar's article was wrongly given as "Reason and Reality Revisited." The correct title is "Reason and Morality Revisited."

On page 67 of the same issue, in the second paragraph, the text should read "If, as David Hume has claimed, reason alone can compel no action...."

BRAHMA BULL

I see you in a mountain field, a rare lucky one,
tender flanks not torn and tortured by rodeo riders,
flesh not yet sold to the highest bidder
Your silver satin sides move in rhythm
like the waveless water of a gentle sea
Cloven hooves, neat and small, shine dark as
oak bark in the yellow grass
You amble toward me, tail, genitals, hump asway,
head rocking in agreement to my outstretched hand
I stroke the broad brow, hard and harsh as ironwood,
and run my hand along a silken rabbit ear,
stabbed and tagged to mark your fate
A quick and eager tongue flicks out, snakelike,
snaring my finger in a soft, sucking mouth
Molten umber eyes speak a wisdom I can't comprehend
I stare, seeking to probe their mystery
They gaze at me long, then turn away
"Learn who you are," they seem to say,
"If you would bridge the chasm of our separateness."

Mary Sternberg