

them, merely versions of problems bothering our society as a whole. Where does loyalty to country end and loyalty to the world community begin? How can one avoid feeling guilty at one's affluence in a world where poverty is rife? To what extent can the individual influence the mighty forces that seem to have the whole of human society in their grip?

It would be nice to be able to answer all of these questions in a "positive" way. But it would be by no means as easy to do so as it is made to seem in some of the lesser business novels of our time.

THE SURGEON'S HANDS

G. K. Fischer

Let there be no fanfares; at cordage strung taut
 —When these hands are poised above their work—
 Music is silent
 And the song is shamed into oblivion;
 When they must act in orbit of intensities,
 Coned heat, sashed spelt command,
 There remain only they and they strongly that are given
 When doors are barred on doors in corridors
 And the rhythm of their arteries alone
 Reaches out to the target
 Whom chance has brought today.

All throng melting in fumes and somnolence;
 Amidst fortunes, researches, and decisions
 The craving for primary necessities lies bare.
 Drifting and misty the ocular spectrum and the Now converge
 And thousand desires wilt into the flame of greatest want.
 Then remain only they and they only that are given—
 Against swelling tide breakers
 When anchors rend the floor of the sea
 Deeply to keep who rose from it
 Safe in the breath of harmonies resounding—
 Edges of the Will,
 Working true prayer from knowledge,
 From the calm of skill,
 And from courage pregnant with future sunlight
 And promise of hours yet to come.