
The Reviewer's Library

Does Man Live Again?

A Debate on Immortality Between

JUDGE M. A. MUSMANNO AND CLARENCE DARROW
HELD AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, PITTSBURGH, PA.,
DECEMBER 12, 1932.

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INTRODUCTION

Judge Elder W. Marshall (Chairman): Ladies and Gentlemen: We are glad to welcome all of you here tonight, particularly on such a night as this. We are glad that the Age of Debate apparently is coming back. For the past generation, the matter of orations, platform utterances and debates seemed almost to have vanished, and we are glad that this occasion brings to a Pittsburgh audience two gentlemen, neither of whom is a stranger, and both of whom are delightful to hear.

Perhaps I should take a moment to remind you that in American history some of the finest incidents have occurred in public debate. Of course, you all know the magnificent utterances of Daniel Webster in his debate with Hayne, and you know the very significant effect of the debate between Lincoln and Douglas. Both of these debates established highly important principles to the American people, and each of them was political in its nature.

Tonight, we leave the field of public matters, and go to a domain which has interested each of us at some time or other, for the subject of this evening's debate, "Does Man Live Again," and that is an age-old question. We read of it in the Scriptures. You will remember the inquiry that was made in Palestine, "If a man die, shall he live again?" That interrogation has interested the best thinkers throughout all time, particularly theologians and metaphysicians. In the 18th Century, it was a question debated everywhere throughout Europe.

I am very happy to be able to present to you the speakers who will address you in person. We are so accustomed now to getting our utterances from important personages by way of the radio, that when it comes to a matter that concerns all of us—our future life—it seems to me it will be much more effective if the messages and the arguments are delivered by speakers in the flesh.

Now, there are two different kinds of oratory; there are two different kinds of public speaking, and I cannot promise you which kind will be used by your speakers.

I wonder if you have ever attended any session of the United States Supreme Court, or of the Supreme Court of our State, where the Judges, clad in their somber robes, come in, and sit and listen, and, ordinarily, you can hear a pin drop, and if some one coughs, some Judge frowns. Well, our Supreme Court was sitting in Harrisburg last year, and some old, gray-whiskered lawyer, from one of the central mountainous counties, came down to argue a case. Cases were very few in that county, and he had not had a case in the Supreme Court for years, and as he looked at the seven Judges sitting there, he did not recognize a face. When his case was called, he advanced to the bar and said: "If your Honors please, I haven't been in this Court for a good many years, and I do not recognize any of the members who were here when I was here last, and I am somewhat uncertain. Do your Honors prefer the oratorical or conversational style of argument?" (Laughter.) The Chief Justice was a wit, and he said, very gravely, "The oratorical." And then, much

to the edification of the Court, the chandeliers rang for half an hour on a very vague point of law. And I am sure we will have either the conversational or oratorical style tonight.

The speaker for the affirmative is known to all of us; he is one of our neighbors, and he is one of our officials; he is young, but he is talented; he is a sound thinker, and he is a very able speaker; he will appeal to your reason, and he will appeal to your emotions; and you will have to steel yourselves against him. It gives me great pleasure now to introduce the Honorable M. A. Musmanno, Judge of our County Court. (Great Applause.)

AFFIRMATIVE PRESENTATION ADDRESS

Judge M. A. Musmanno

Judge Musmanno: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Darrow, Ladies and Gentlemen: Before beginning the argument on the subject, "Does Man Live Again," I want to pay my respects to my most distinguished adversary in debate, Clarence Darrow. I will say, in all sincerity, I do not consider myself a match for his extraordinary skill. He is a veteran debater, having debated hundreds of times on lecture platforms throughout the country. But, more than that, he has devoted a lifetime to the contesting of difficult issues in the court room, where he has practically always fought against terrific odds, but because of his intensive humanity and intellectual capacity, he has been successful in a greater and more brilliant degree than any other lawyer in American forensic history. (Applause.)

What Webster was to the Senate, Disraeli to Parliament, Henry Ward Beecher to the pulpit and Ingersoll to the lecture hall, that is what Clarence Darrow was and is to the court room. (Applause.) It is a privilege to be selected as his opponent in debate, and it will be a privilege for you to listen to him, because there will never be another Clarence Darrow. History and nature will scarcely ever cooperate again to produce, on the one side, the extraordinary lawyer of humanity, superb trial skill and forensic resourcefulness, which, combined, made the day of Clarence Darrow.

And yet, isn't it strange—and I say this with all respect and deference—that in every one of our idols we find a little shortcoming, a slight remissness in mind, body or soul. Perhaps that is what helps to make an idol lovable, because perfection is not altogether there. In Clarence Darrow we find one weak spot in his shining armor of the consummate man, and that weakness, that blemish, is in the fact that he is entirely wrong in his position on the issue which is before us tonight for debate. (Laughter.)

Mr. Darrow believes that with death comes sheer nothingness, and were it not that I am utterly convinced to the contrary, I would feel mighty sad here this evening, listening to him telling us that when he answers the summons of death—which I earnestly trust will not happen for another 50 years, or a century, even—that when he answers that summons, all of him will be entombed for eternity, and that a midnight darkness will close over his personality—a midnight without a star of hope. I do not believe that, Mr. Darrow. In that enveloping darkness, I see a constellation of assurance that life is unending and that the spirit will ever be.

I have the affirmative of this question, and under the rules of evidence I have the burden of proof, which I cheerfully accept; but, of course, it is not to be expected that I am to prove it beyond all possible doubt. The person who wants to doubt, will doubt, regardless. The Atheist or Agnostic may not believe in immortality unless he actually sees a dead man rise from his grave. But I cannot pro-

duce any such proof, and if I am expected to perform any necromancy on the stage, I admit right now that I am worsted in this debate, as perhaps I may be anyway, because of Mr. Darrow's superior skill, and not necessarily because of the lack of merit on this side of the issue.

In proving that man lives again, why should we ask for mathematical or ocular proof? Do we ask for that kind of proof in our daily experiences? Do we ask for that kind of proof in our courts? We only ask for probabilities. The great Lord Mansfield, revered by all legal men as one of the greatest judges who ever sat in judgment upon the affairs of life, said:

As mathematical certainty is seldom to be attained in human affairs, reason requires that judges and all mankind, in forming their opinions of the truth of facts, shall be regulated by the superior number of probabilities on the one side or on the other.

If we had demonstrable evidence of the immortality of man, there would be no problem, and there would be no debate.

It is a question of probabilities, and I claim that the superior number of probabilities is on our side.

What is my proposition this evening? I contend that there is in man a conscious and intelligent force living with, but separable from, his physical mechanism, which, upon the breakdown of that mechanism, takes up an abode elsewhere. You may call that force personality, consciousness, spirit, ego, soul, will-power or what you will, you cannot dispute that it is there. And it is individualistic. There are no duplications.

Practically everyone desires immortality. There are a few who are willing to make the grave the terminus of their metaphysical, as well as physical, journey, but they are very few. This desire to live again is so universal that we can say, in all practicality, that it is instinctive in every person. And would it be instinctive unless there were some logical basis for its gratification?

The instinct for an after-life is no less an urge than the instincts of hunger, thirst and love. There was the urge to fly, and man flies. There was the desire to hear from afar, and we have the telephone and the radio. There was the desire to see from afar, and we have television.

You cannot desire what is not racially or humanly possible. People desire to be more beautiful, more successful and more influential, and all this is possible in the experience of the human race. But no one desires to be a serpent or a hippopotamus, because the scheme of the universe does not provide for that metamorphosis. But why would everyone cherish in his bosom the desire for immortality unless the plans of the Great Creator provided for its gratification? How could the desire enter our breast unless it were a realizable something? How could we feel it unless it existed?

What is the body, and is it all of us? Our opponents who take the mechanistic theory of life maintain that we are only the sum total of our physical parts. Professor Thomas E. Lawson, British physician and scientist, announced that a careful chemical analysis shows that a man or woman, 145 pounds in weight, is made up of enough fat to make seven bars of soap; carbon to fill a thousand lead pencils; phosphorus for 2200 match-heads; iron equivalent to a medium-sized nail; sufficient lime to white-wash a chicken coop; sulphur enough to rid one dog of its fleas; and a little magnesium.

And the whole combination is dissolved in enough water to fill two five-gallon gasoline cans, and the total price of these raw materials is 98c. That was five years ago, so that now, allowing for reduction in price on account of the depression, a man today cannot be worth more than about 75c, according to this calculation. (Laughter.)

I take it that the negative side of our debate tonight assumes that that is all there is to man—75c worth of raw products. And that the most beautiful or most unattractive person, or that the mental giant, Professor Einstein, or the most hopeless imbecile, are all made of the same ingredients, costing just the same 75c. I refuse to believe that that is all there is to man. I refuse to believe that, upon death, his spirit, with this inanimate chemical compound, will be thrown upon the ash-heap of time.

If that is all there is to man, how can you explain genius? Paderewski is fashioned on the same plan as thousands of other piano players, but only he can play as Paderewski plays. If you answer that Paderewski plays as he does only because of the years of training, and that if others trained similarly and with the same painstaking, they would play as well, I will ask you to explain why it is that Mozart had played the most difficult music of that period when only seven years of age, and at 10 years of age composed successful opera? Who taught him to play and compose? No one. The capability, the talent, the genius were there when he was born. What was the force that was Mozart's, which took up residence in his body, no different from the bodies of millions of other boys? The intangible force which was there when Mozart was born, was there when he died, and is still existent.

If man is made up only of his physical parts, how can you explain telepathy? Materialists say that mind is only another name for brain. If the mind is merely another name for brain, then it cannot function outside the bony cavern of the skull. But we do know that you can stand in one room of a house, and, without uttering a word, convey a mental message to another person in a distant room. You may transmit the message to another person not only the distance of a room away, but 30 miles away. This has been done. Perhaps many of you have had telepathic experiences. Many of you have sensed, in a way that you cannot understand, something that was happening many feet, yards or miles away. Telepathy is an established fact. What does it prove? It proves that mental activity is not limited to the bodily organs and instruments through which it is normally conveyed. In other words, that the mind is independent of body, and that the mind is not necessarily destroyed when its body instrument is destroyed.

A book has been published just recently that proves beyond peradventure of a doubt that telepathy or mind transmission happens—and that book was written by a man who conducted hundreds of experiments, and that man is one of the most famous of American Agnostics—Upton Sinclair. When an Agnostic admits that thought can be transmitted without the use of physical means, he admits the existence of an intelligent force that is entirely separate from the physical body, and, although he may not intend it, he comes close to admitting the immortality of the soul.

Our opponents contend further that the brain is the man, and that thought is but the function of the brain, and that when the brain dies, man dies—and by man, I mean his consciousness or personality.

But what is the brain? It is a massy pulp, so contrived as to react

to thought. The brain is not capable of thought; it neither sees, hears nor thinks *per se*. The mind does these things. The brain is only an instrument. The ear is a mechanism, like the telephone is a mechanism. The eye, of itself, does not see, any more than the photographic camera sees. Our consciousness sees and hears through these receiving instruments. Of course, we know that the senses localize within certain restrictive areas of the brain. We know that the vertical lobe controls the sense of touch; the frontal lobe controls the sense of smell, and so on. But what area of the brain controls the intellectual functions? It cannot be found. Anatomists and physiologists have not particularized the section of the brain which produces reason, anger, hate, or poetry; neither have they found the power which is responsible for the modeling of statues or the painting of a portrait.

It is the opinion of William James, famous American psychologist, that the relation of the brain to intelligence is the same as the relation of a piano to the composer. A piano can transmit a sonata of Beethoven, but certainly not create it. The cells of the brain can make thought manifest, but cannot create it. It is not brain which controls man, but man who controls brain. Any anthropologist will tell you that the brain of an ape is the same as that of man, so far as shape and cerebral convolutions go. Further, that the human brain reveals no formation of any sort that is not present in the brain of the gorilla or chimpanzee. Yet all these animals still remain in the lower order of anthropoids. Why? Because they do not have that consciousness which is man's.

The consciousness or personality of man is something over and above his mechanical and physical constituency. The fact that it is invisible does not make it non-existent, any more than electricity is non-existent because it cannot be seen. There is something about Clarence Darrow that is more than what we see. There is a part of him that is more Clarence Darrowish than his *tout ensemble*; and that is his consciousness, his personality, his spirit, his soul, the part that is immortal in spite of his engaging obstinacy. That Clarence Darrow is indestructible, even though his body perish.

If there is one thing that is scientifically demonstrable and irrefutable, it is that matter and force are indestructible. Every particle of energy that has ever been manifested in the universe goes on producing its effect. The soil of Georgia is still shaking from the tramp of Sherman's men. That force is indestructible is conclusively established by the radio. Once physical objects create sound, whether it be the voice of man, the note of a bird, the tinkle of a cow-bell, or the ripple of the brook on its way to the sea, the audible sensation is picked up by the waves of the air, and, like endless belts, they carry it to all parts of the world. It has been demonstrated that a sound, once uttered, never dies. Not only can the radio transmit every sound simultaneously with its happening, but scientists are now working on a super-radio that will stretch out its hand into the dim and misty past and bring back for our delectation the songs and the voices of yesteryear. On the wings of song, we will hear again the silver-voiced Caruso as he sang on the Metropolitan Stage. We will yet hear the beloved Lincoln speaking in the Gettysburg Cemetery. We will yet quiver and thrill as we listen to the Holy Nazarene, preaching the immortal Sermon on the Mount.

Now, if the works of man and his voice are indestructible, why should man be destroyed?

You have a radio set in your home. You can get from 10 to 25 stations on it. By a movement of the dial, you open the door to but one program, but the others are also there. Why don't the programs become confused? Why don't they intermingle? They are apparently occupying the same space—all these involved musical compositions, complicated mystery stories, speeches, songs and instrumental numbers—but not a note becomes lost, not a word is misplaced. Calmly and orderly, they hop out of the loud speaker, whereas just an instant before, they were massed in invisible, insolid and insensible space. Does a radio program have a more indestructible personality than man? If the slightest and softest phrase of a flute in a heavy, intricate and labyrinthian overture regains its identity in the all-engulfing air, is the personality of man, who constructs empires, moves mountains and conquers land, sea and sky, to melt away into nothingness?

If the mind or consciousness dies with the body, then consciousness or our sense of being should age with the body. As we have outgrown our schoolboy clothes, we should then have outgrown our schoolboy consciousness. My sense of being should be much different today than it was in the one-suspended, barefooted days of my childhood. I have not reached the venerable age of our venerable friend, Mr. Darrow, but still many years have intervened since those gladsome days of my youth. But how about my consciousness? Is it any older? Why, it seems but yesterday we toddled down the street with our pennies to buy candy from the groceryman, who smiled down at us from his important place behind the counter. I can still smell the delicious pungency of the sour pickles; I can still sniff the coffee aroma which scented the place.

Why doesn't consciousness age? There is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Darrow can consciously place himself back in the days of orchard pilfering and Halloween nights of window-tapping. His consciousness is no different now than when his name first flashed across the horizon of legal fame.

When John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, was 80 years of age, he met a friend who inquired, "How is John Quincy Adams today?" And the ex-President replied, "Quite well, thank you, but the house in which he lives is becoming dilapidated; in fact, almost uninhabitable. I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out before long, but he is quite well." And, of course, by "house" he meant his body.

Victor Hugo, at 70 years of age, wrote: "Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at 20 years."

Ladies and Gentlemen, I see that my time has about expired. I submit to you that man will live again. I submit that the spirit which passed through the fires of life cannot be destroyed by the damp of the grave. Man who has withstood heart-aches and disappointments, shouldered onerous burdens and suffered bitter cares, cannot now be stopped in his march to the fulfillment of his spiritual destiny.

The force which carried us through the flood of life will bridge us over the chasm of death. That force was love. It encouraged us in our battles; it healed our wounds; it consoled us in our griefs, and it tells us clearly that the full sweetness of that divine tender-

ness will be ours when we cross the dark river of death and disembark on the shores of eternity. Without asking that that transition be hastened or retarded, we await its coming calmly and serenely; and when that day arrives, we will pass on to the other life like a strain of music joining an eternal symphony. **(Great Applause.)**

Judge Marshall: When a lawyer is called upon to try a case in another county, he feels very honored; when he is called to try a case outside his own state, he is distinguished; when he is called to try a case in a foreign land, then he is internationally famous. Now, we have with us an internationally famous personage. I understand that he is a very earnest man—and there is no resisting the earnest man. I understand some, but not all, of his court secrets. I understand he makes his own dramatics, and he sets his own scenery, and, as a result, all of us are delighted to read of his exploits, and if he comes before us tonight and suddenly snaps his suspenders, we will know that is just a little scenery. I am very happy to present to you your friend, the Honorable Clarence Darrow. **(Great Applause.)**

NEGATIVE PRESENTATION SPEECH

Clarence Darrow

Mr. Darrow: I want to thank my brilliant friend over here (indicating Judge Musmanno) for his kind words about me. I guess they are all right. **(Laughter.)**

We have now had the oratorical argument. Let's see if we can get down to earth. First, I want to give a little attention to some of the things my friend has said with so much assurance. "Everybody knows that telepathy is true"; he says, "Everybody knows it is true." It is not true. I say, "Go and try it." It is a plain, cheap humbug. Upton Sinclair's testimony is of no value. I would have had some confidence in him if he had not so strongly recommended that fake doctor in California, who could tell all about your diseases by a lock of your hair. He is too gullible for this word. He cannot prove anything by testimony of that sort. He said he thought possibly the Creator made man to die. Well, there are two difficulties to that. First, he has not proved any such thing as a Creator, and he cannot, if he lives a thousand years, and, secondly, if there was, it would be entirely impossible for him to make a man who would die.

Now, just think a minute. According to his logic, God made me, and I am to live here a while on this earth. Then I am going to die, and go somewhere else. Isn't that noble? Clear as mud. Why the dickens did he bring me here? So he could take me away and plant me somewhere else? It does not sound intelligent to me, and it is not intelligent.

He talks, too, about the spirit of man. He does not know what he is talking about. Can anybody tell me what he means by the spirit? That is something undiscovered, unknown and impossible.

Now, he tells you about all the people who believe in immortality. Nobody believes it. Nobody believes it. Some people hope about it, and some talk about it. I talk about it, but I don't hope for it, or fear it. When I get through with this job, I am through with this job. I have no fear about it; no worry about it, and no hope of another job that might be worse.

He said, "Look at man and look at an ape; man thinks; an ape does not." Now, where did he get that? There isn't a scientist in the world who does not know better than that. Why, even Bryan knew better than that. **(Laughter and Applause.)** An ape does think. I have seen human apes that thought less. Every animal thinks, just the same as man; generally less, sometimes more. There is some difference between an ape and a man, of course. A few lessons in evolution would help him out on that.

In the development of life there come sports. Take fruit flies; they have a brood every 10 or 15 minutes; a brood of fruit flies are hatched, and some of them are different; what we call sports. Some of the sports are better; most of them worse, but it is the breeding of the sports that is better. That is the cause of evolution. Man is a

sport, and a good one, instead of a bad one, from the monkeys, or the apes, or, still more correctly, the lemur. Most of the sports are far worse than the original ape. We may have human sports that develop something else; we might get a good one, and he would be so intelligent he would eat us, just as we are intelligent enough to eat the other animals, because we have the power to do it. That is all there is to it. Every scientist knows it. You cannot get it in poetry, theology, or grab it out of your head. That has been demonstrated over and over again by every man who has studied science and who is an investigator in that particular field.

Men will argue that they did not come from the ape. Well, if they didn't, a lot of them should. In every way, they look like an ape; they act like an ape; they hobble around like an ape; they chatter like an ape. It is perfectly obvious where they came from. Human man is little better than the ape. We might possibly get a good sport out of the human race; one that is worth while. It could certainly stand a good deal of improvement, a great deal.

Now, a little anecdote about John Quincy Adams. I happened to read not long ago, in one of our leading magazines, about another letter which they had found which had been written by John Quincy. He was always writing letters. He wrote them to himself when he could not think of anybody else, and in this letter, he said: "On this day (this day is Sunday), I am 82 years old; I have not gone to church today. Barring a few times in France, when I was Minister to France, I have gone to church every Sunday. I feel it is necessary to go to church, in order to refresh and invigorate my religious ideas, but in spite of all that I have the deepest and profoundest doubt about the whole blooming scheme." He did not use the word "blooming," otherwise it is his.

I say that nobody believes in a future life—nobody. Now, let's see. You are going to be happy in heaven, are you not? How do you know? You don't believe any such stuff. You take a Christian with a cancer—and a Christian cancer is just the same to a Christian as it is to some other fellow. He will travel all over the world, and get cut to pieces by inches, so he can keep out of heaven a day longer. It is nonsense. Nobody believes it. They cannot believe it. They try to. You cannot believe a thing just because you want to. Did you ever see a Christian who wanted to die? I never did; I never saw any such thing, or heard him say so.

I used to sing when I was a little boy, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." I didn't want any such thing, and neither did anybody else. Every act of their lives is direct proof that they don't believe what they are talking about—everyone of them. Nobody sticks any closer to the doctor than a Christian. (Laughter.) I will have a little confidence in somebody believing in it when they stop calling doctors. And, you know, they get tired of their doctors because they do not get well quick enough, and then they call on chiropractors, or Christian Scientists. Not only are Christian Scientists treating them, but treating their dogs.

Everybody wants to live. Now, don't be silly. You all know it. Your friends may be mostly on the other side. On the other side of what? I don't know. But they don't want to go and meet their friends. (Laughter.) They are going to stick on this side, and the more they pray, the stronger they stick. (Laughter.) No, no, their conduct belies their talk in every instance. A man's wife might be

in heaven, or one of his friends. Does he want to go, too? Oh, no, he will stay here just as long as he can stay. He knows that life is full of pain; he has rheumatism, or gout, and, of course, his heart goes "fluey" on him, or he awakens during the night and can't go to sleep again, because there are not enough windows to raise. But still he wants to stick here, instead of being happy.

I say again, there isn't a human being who ever lived that believes in a future life. They hope. Where is the evidence of it? If anybody will give me one fact, then it is worth while to talk about it—just one.

Let's take the life of man. You are born from the races of your father and mother. Your mother had the capacity for 10,000 children, and your father had the capacity for billions. Then where are all the rest of them who didn't get born? There isn't room in heaven for them. (Laughter.) When did life begin? And in all animal life the process is just the same, the manifestation the same; they live the same, and die the same.

He talked about our having an intellect, while a cow does not. I never asked a cow what she thought. When there is a union of the father and mother, a child is born. We know when it began, absolutely when it began, and we know when it ends. Yes, man is immortal, with one end cut off. He had a beginning, but he did not have an end. All right, any of you people that want to believe it, and can believe it, go ahead and believe it, if it makes you happy. If this world has not been miserable enough, why, try another one. (Laughter and Applause.)

Let us look at it, and see how silly all of it is, how absolutely silly. Man is born—before his birth he grows—he is born, he lives, he grows, and then he starts down-hill. I will probably start down-hill sometime myself. It does not worry me any. I have seen the show, and what is the use of getting worried? I could not help it, anyhow—impossible to help it.

Everything that is born, dies. Talk about a body and a soul. Let me tell you this. You can take a man, put him on the scales, and let him die, and the dead man weighs just as much, no more, no less, than he did when alive. What left him? There isn't a chance, let alone an argument. What left him, pray tell me, what left him? It had neither length, breadth or thickness, that is true; it did not have any weight or substance. Where does it go to? I tell you, on any other subject, if a child three years old believed such nonsense, it would not be fit to raise, on any other subject excepting this. This has been the poaching ground for priests, men who threaten you with damnation, men who teach things that are impossible, to all kinds of people, from the beginning of the world.

Everything that lives, tries to keep on living. We are no different than a tree, in that a tree tries to keep on living; animal substance tries to keep on living. Throughout life, everything that lives tries to keep on living. Now, when you die, then what? What leaves you? Where does it go? A soul does not weigh anything. Where does it go? Roost in the trees? Where does it go on a nice winter evening, like this, without any clothes, without any body, without anything?

The trouble is, as I look over this audience—and I am not finding fault with it—I can see people here, there and everywhere, saying, "I am not going to take any stock in that; I am going to be-

lieve in a soul." Believe in a soul you haven't got. Do you suppose anybody would believe any such nonsense if it involved anything else? Why, it would be silly. But it is not silly as it is, because they have heard it preached forever and ever, and hope for it forever and ever, and are going to hold onto it, anyway.

Now, what goes, and where does it go? Do you ever think about it, and, if you don't, why don't you? Just because you don't dare, that is all. You don't have to think long about it—just a second—when the soul, which is nothing, passes away from the body, which is everything, where does it go to? This is not a very close estimate, but we will say 250 million miles away, or 10 billions of miles away. Do we go to any of those places, and if so, how do we get there? Do we take a balloon, or do we walk, or do we fly, or have we a wishing cap, or what is it? Do we eat? You don't want to be a soul if you cannot eat. You don't want to be a soul, of course, when you cannot drink—all the pleasure in life would be gone.

Nobody can imagine himself wanting to be anything except what he is. He says he wants to be an angel, but, no, he wants to be just what he is. When you die, are you going to see your grandmother? Now, how are you going to find her? You would not recognize her; she hasn't even got a false-face—just nothing. You go out into infinite space. Here is a man who leaves his wife; she sails away at midnight, and he sails away at noon. How soon will they find each other? How soon?

Now, I will tell you where all this nonsense came from. I know the idea of immortality had no connection with the soul. Jesus did not believe in a soul—and He is one of the High Priests we have heard mentioned. What did He believe in? He believed in the resurrection of the body. We lie in our graves, buried there perhaps a million years, and then we are going to get resurrected on Judgment Day, when they are going to divide the sheep from the goats, if there are any sheep. Then we are going to live again, with our old body, which has been decayed, passed into weeds, fruit and vegetables, and been eaten over and over again. Suppose a subject eats a missionary, which one are they going to resurrect? (Laughter.) They don't have to resurrect either of them, as far as I am concerned—I wouldn't play any favorites between them—which is it going to be?

Everybody through the ages has been born, and died, and is mixed with all the elements of nature, mixed with snow and wind and sun and heat and cold, until all of us are part of everyone, and everyone of us are part of all the rest. If you get eaten, or some of you get a potato planted above you, or an apple tree, and the roots reach down and live off you, then you are part of the apple tree, and if somebody else eats the apples, then what? You are eaten over and over again, and will be as long as life persists.

Now, just think of the nonsense of a person talking about a heaven, when we do not know where it is; do not know how far away it is; do not know whether it is hot or cold; don't know how we will get there, or anything about it. Still we say we believe in it. Nonsense.

We have a literary club, to which I do not belong, in Chicago, which has as intelligent people as anywhere else. A man read a paper on immortality at that club, a while ago, stating that he did not believe in immortality, and they took a vote on it, in the club, and there was not 20 percent of them believed in a future life—not

20 percent. If anybody believed in it, they would not know what they believed in. How can you believe in something when you do not know what you believe in? You hang on, cut out the cancer, stay a little longer. Why? Because you cannot come back. Nobody ever did come back. Why hasn't somebody strayed back here once in a while? How many pairs of idiots have promised each other that the first one who dies will come back to see the other fellow? Did you ever hear of anybody coming back? There isn't anything to come back; they are all the time getting mixed up with something else.

It is a dream, a blind hope, that nobody dares to examine.

Priests will tell you, "Have faith." Noble thing that is. As if you could have faith without some proof. Nobody can believe a thing without some evidence. You have got to have evidence to have belief, and if anybody will show by any rational reasoning, or any rational argument, any evidence whatever, then I for one am willing to stop, and look, and examine it. But nobody ever showed me.

We have all kinds of religions; there were scores of them before Christianity was born, and there will be others after it dies. We have had all kinds of faith. We have spiritualists who talk with their friends who have gone. I have been at many meetings, and watched those tipping tables, when I did not know any better.

My friend talks about the instinct of immortality. There isn't any such thing. What is an instinct? An instinct is something that arises directly from the emotions of the body. Instinct of immortality? It is a dream, passed on from ignorance to ignorance, buoyed up by the will to believe. Take that away, and nobody believes.

Now, men have sought all kinds of ways to call back their beloved ones; they have tried all schemes that could be conceived by man; they have dreamed all dreams. But out of the darkness that overlooks the earth has come no word, or no look, or nothing. I might ask you, do you suppose if any of your friends who have died are still living, and could come back, or send you some word, they would not do it? They certainly would. They would give up their job of playing a harp for a little while, and would come and tell you about it, but they don't do it.

It is a vague, impossible dream that is born of hope and fear, and, let me tell you this, it is passing away—people ought to think sometime—it is passing away, and one or two generations will end it, and when it is ended, we will be a mighty sight better off. When the dream is gone, we will have more happiness, more of the pleasure of living, and we will live and meet death without regret and without fear. (Great Applause.)

Judge Marshall: In every well-conducted debate, there is always a rebuttal—and I am not speaking about goats. Judge Musmanno spent the noon-hour today selling papers on the street, in the interest of the needy during the Christmas Season, and it was a very cold and wintry day, but I hope, in spite of that experience, his voice will hold out. We will now hear Judge Musmanno in rebuttal, for 15 minutes.

AFFIRMATIVE REBUTTAL

Judge M. A. Musmanno

Judge Musmanno: Mr. Chairman, my friend says that if man believes in a future life, and he has troubles, and he has rheumatism and gout, and he is attacked with cancer, or if the commercial cancer of bankruptcy makes its appearance, why does he fight death? The answer to that, my friends, is that some of them do not fight death, but commit suicide. (Applause.)

Even if Mr. Darrow believed in immortality, would he recommend that everyone in trouble commit suicide? It is not so simple as that. One's life is not his own. There are many things to be considered. No one has a right to snuff out his life merely because he is tired of living. A man who ignores his obligations on this earth, a man who commits suicide, so as not to face physical or mental pain, and by so doing inflicts disgrace and pain upon others, is a coward and does not deserve the name of man. (Applause.)

I trust we have heard the last of the argument that merely because man believes in an after-life, that when he is in trouble, he should immediately and selfishly pistol himself into eternity. That argument is not worthy of the great and courageous Darrow. (Great Applause.) Consider those attacked with rheumatism and gout, diseases which usually come to those who are old. Does he mean that the aged, the old, the decrepit, the superannuated, should be chloroformed? That argument is not worthy of the humanitarian Clarence Darrow.

He says we confuse belief with hope. Oh, no. There are many things I hope, but they do not crystallize into belief until the facts surrounding the circumstances in question cause me to believe they will fructify into reality. There are many things I hope, which I do not believe will come to pass. One thing I hope here tonight—and how I hope for it—I hope that at the end of this debate, Mr. Darrow will come to me, and say, "Judge, I believe that man lives again." (Applause and Laughter.) But, do you think I believe that? I certainly do not. (Laughter.) Mr. Darrow will leave Pittsburgh determined to be just as miserable as when he came here. (Laughter.)

I purposely left religion out of this argument. I think the matter of man's religion is sacred to himself, and not a subject of argument. Religion is based upon faith, and I know I never could convince my friend with faith, and that is the reason I used tangible facts, and I would be happy if, in his refutation, he might use some facts also. (Applause.)

He tells us that no one believes in immortality. He tells us of a club in Chicago, where not 20 percent of the members believed in immortality—not 20 percent. Well, that is in Chicago. (Laughter.)

He not only says that nobody believes in a future life, but he goes further, and says that there is no such thing as an instinct of immortality, and that scientists know better. Let us see about that.

Sir Arthur Keith, one of the greatest scientists of the day, a confirmed skeptic, and who, like Mr. Darrow, believes that there is no after-life, nevertheless says, "I have within me, as have all living beings, a greed, an urgent craving, for immortality." How about Voltaire, who said, "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him." How about the great philosopher Socrates, who said to his friends when he was about to die, "Be of good cheer and say you are burying my body only." The greatest Agnostic of them all, Robert Ingersoll, when his brother died, said, "In the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing." If these great intellects, with whom Mr. Darrow must undoubtedly be familiar, could not be satisfied with the thought of spiritual death, then I do not know where Mr. Darrow gets his information that no one believes, or wants to believe, in immortality.

He says that the desire to live on earth, the desire to continue living on earth, is proof that we do not believe in an after-life. Is that proof? Because one enjoys his breakfast, does not mean he does not expect to have dinner. Of course, we will enjoy this life as long as we have it, and then, when it is gone, we will take up the next one. One may have a suit which he likes, and he may have that suit patched and repaired, just as we patch and repair our bodies with operations, but that does not mean when this suit finally becomes un-wearable that he will not get another suit. It does not mean that merely because we are sure of another suit—another life—that does not mean that we should throw away this suit—this life—while still wearable. Why, it is instinctive to enjoy this life as long as we can. What right have we to throw away this life merely because we know another one is coming? (Applause.) Did you, or Mr. Darrow, ever hear of a man having \$2,000,000 throwing away one million because he knew he had another million left? (Laughter and Applause.)

I did not say that the ape does not think. I said he does not have the consciousness of man. If my friend cannot see the difference between an ape and a man, then there is nothing further that can be said to convince him on this point. Does an ape try a case in court, like my friend? (Laughter.) Can he play a violin solo? Can he do anything but carry on like an ape?

He wants to know, Why is man brought here and then taken elsewhere? Mr. Darrow was born in Kinsman, Ohio; then he moved to Chicago. If he intended to live in Chicago, why wasn't he born there? That argument holds as much water as Mr. Darrow's (Laughter and Applause.)

He attributes to me a remark about a cow. I said nothing about a cow. I do not know much about cows—I do not even like milk—but I refuse to take Mr. Darrow as an authority on cows, until he can show there is something bovine in his make-up. (Applause.)

He says, "Let us have one fact." Why, the world is permeated with evidence, if one will but look around. He says, "Let us have one fact." I thought I had loaded down the atmosphere with facts in my first speech. The trouble is that he refuses to believe them. You remember the story of the farmer who saw the monkey for the first time at the zoo. He studied the beast as it grimaced, jumped and swung from its tail, and then, said, "I don't believe it." He might see a man rise from the grave, and then say, "I don't believe it."

He says he does not believe in an eternity with one end cut off. He can understand the beginning, but he cannot understand the etern-

ity with one end cut off. It seems to me it is just as difficult to imagine the beginning of consciousness as it is to imagine a hereafter. I have no consciousness of my beginning of consciousness. All I know is that I am I. I do not recall, nor can anyone recall, when suddenly there was a click and an individuality took life, saying "Now, I am John Jones."

If we try to trace the genesis of our being, we find ourselves floating down a nebulous stream of uncertainty and mystery. There is something uncanny and eerie, and even incredible, about our beginning. All we can tell is that we are here. It is not so simple as Mr. Darrow puts it. The future is no more baffling than our beginning of consciousness, and, since present facts prove our beginning, why can't there be another beginning after death, even though we know no more of it than we did about this life before we came here?

He talks about the Creator, and he chooses to ridicule that word. Doesn't he believe there was a beginning of some kind? I choose to call it a Creator. He chooses to call it evolution. I believe in evolution, too, and I don't need any lessons from my friend. I do not doubt the theory of evolution, but that had a first cause, whatever it may have been. Mr. Darrow may believe in the nebular hypothesis, or some other hypothesis, but he must believe in a first cause of some kind.

He says that a dead person weighs no less after the soul, which he chooses to ridicule, has left it, than before. Let me call to your attention that a piece of metal charged with electricity weighs no less after the current is turned off than when it was charged with electricity. But does he say that electricity is non-existent because it cannot be seen? (Applause.)

My friend very well evaded the real facts and arguments I presented in my case. He argued that we are merely the result of all the vegetation, all the animals and all the men that lived before; that everything that has lived before is part of us. In other words, that we are sort of an anthropoidal hash. (Laughter.) I do not believe that we are any such kind of a creature. Mr. Darrow well knows that when I spoke of immortality, I spoke of immortality of the soul, of the spirit, of the personality, of the consciousness, not of the body. (Great Applause.)

He says that we have the bodies that existed thousands of years ago, that we are the same bodies that have been in existence these thousands of years. Mr. Darrow well knows that we do not even have the body with which we started in life. Why, we change our bodies every seven years. Mr. Darrow already has had 10 bodies, and, with two more, he will have been a whole jury in himself. (Applause and Laughter.)

Now, I purposely left out spiritualism in my main speech, without affirming or disproving anything that the spiritualists claim they have established. I chose to leave it out of my argument, and I submit that Mr. Darrow has no right to bring it into his argument. It is entirely incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

Can he say that there is no soul? Now, I have the affirmative of the issue, and, as the good lawyer that he is, he knows very well that all he needs to do is parry my blows, in order to win his case, because I have to prove my case. But, one sure way of proving that I am wrong, is to prove that the soul actually ceases to exist when the body dies. Has he proven that, or can he prove it? He ridicules

the idea of a soul existing anywhere after the body dies. He talks about the soul traveling 250 millions or 10 billions of miles. Now, let us get something definite on this matter of distance. Can he prove that the soul exists nowhere? He can only prove that the soul exists nowhere by actually exploring the universe. Has he explored the universe? If he were in a plane traveling at the rate of 200 miles per hour, he would not reach Neptune, the most remote planet of our solar system, until 1500 years had elapsed. Then through interstellar space the airplane would travel for 13,000,000 years before it would reach a neighboring star. After ninety-three thousand million years, when the plane had passed through all the stars of the Milky Way, and arrived at the confines of our galaxy, Mr. Darrow would then find that his journey had just commenced. The exploration of the universe is just about to begin. If Mr. Darrow lives to be ninety-three thousand million years old, and makes the exploration I have indicated, and then returns and says he has found no souls, then he will have presented some facts. But I shall not ask you to wait until he returns. (Laughter.)

Clarence Darrow's whole philosophy seems to be, "I don't know." I am willing to admit that there is much that we do not know, and cannot know. But I think that it is excessive and inexcusable timidity and sheer stubbornness to stand by the shore of the sea of knowledge and refuse to jump in and find out what there is to be known. It is sheer perverseness to stop one's reasoning processes when they naturally lead up to an explanation of the universe. Is personality an indestructible force? Of course it is. Well, then, where does it go when man dies? My friend has yet failed to answer that question.

I submit, my friends, that Mr. Darrow has merely entered a general denial. He has not presented any facts to substantiate his side of the issue. I at least have given my analysis, my theories, my beliefs, and my conclusions. But have we ascertained just why he does not believe in immortality? I ask that he submit not one fact, but at least a concatenation of arguments that leads to the conclusion that man actually dies, body and soul, when his body disappears in the ground.

His theory would be that only the religionists believe in an after-life. Is that true? He practically avers that scientists do not believe in a life after death. Is that true? Who has been the greatest benefactor to the human race so far as science and invention go, during the last century, and perhaps during all time? I think there can be no doubt that it was Thomas Edison. In 1910, Mr. Edison said he did not believe in immortality, but in 1926 he declared very emphatically that the preponderance of probabilities very clearly favored belief in the immortality of intelligence of man. And, in October, 1931, when he died, his last words were, "It is very beautiful over there."

I know that the names of Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the wireless; Galileo Galileo, inventor of the astronomical telescope, and gagged by the Roman Inquisition because of his scientific deductions that the earth traveled around the sun; Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation; Michael Faraday, the discoverer of magnetism to electricity; Baron William Thompson Kelvin, famous Scotch physicist and professor, are names of real thinkers who receive the high regard of Mr. Darrow, who is a scholar of appreciation. Well, all

these men, whose names have become house-words in science, are in our camp.

Dr. R. A. Millikan, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in a speech to that body, said recently, "Evolutionists have not in general been Atheists—Darwin least of all."

Mr. Darrow does not believe in telepathy. Well, that is his privilege, and he is merely setting himself up against advanced thought in the field of mental phenomena. He says he does not agree with Upton Sinclair. Well, Upton Sinclair is an Agnostic like himself, and when he says that Sinclair does not know what he is talking about, remember that it is one Agnostic talking about another Agnostic.

My friends, just one more word in conclusion: I trust that Mr. Darrow will eschew the fields of religion, will eschew the fields of spiritualism, will eschew the fields of wild conjecture and speculation, and will come down to earth, as he suggested he would do when he opened his refutation, and tell you, and tell me, why it is that he believes that this personality, this force that is indestructible, dies when the body is buried in the grave. I thank you. (Great Applause.)

Judge Marshall: You have probably observed that in rebuttal these contestants began to call each other by plain terms, and we may expect that now from Mr. Darrow.

NEGATIVE REBUTTAL

Clarence Darrow

Mr. Darrow: It would be hard work for me to be as courteous to my respected friend here as he has been to me, but still, I will do the best I can. Now, we humans are a queer bunch, are we not? I will say he did not show us one reason on earth to support his argument, and nobody else ever will. He says I did not produce one fact. Well, I saw my father buried; I have seen a good many people die, many of them, and when they died, they were dead, and we had to get them out of the house quickly. Is that anything, or isn't it, against the wildest, vaguest dream that man ever held? As I said before, it is fear and hope, and nothing else.

Let me give attention to a few statements that my friend has made. He tells you that electricity can be sent through a wire, and the fact that some of it is sent through does not prevent its going on forever and ever. Oh, yes, it does. Oh, yes, it does. What is the use of talking like that? Electricity comes naturally through any metal, and it wears that metal out as it goes through. It will go on forever and ever if it is charged from the other end by turning it on, as long as the mechanism of both of them lives, but electricity is something, and it does die, and the something that electricity is made of dies, too, little by little. There is no exception to the law. I would like to have anybody find one exception to that law. There is none.

Now, he said I did not prove a soul died. I told you there wasn't any such thing. (Applause.) For the "love of Mike," produce one, and then I will tell you what I know about it. That is just a lot of impossible words, born of ignorance, fear and hope, without a fact to prove it. If he has any facts, why doesn't he produce them?

I know people die; I have seen them die, and more of them ever came back, in spite of the fact that some people have told me that that they have seen them come back. I don't believe them. I think they are just plain nuts. Just like Upton Sinclair, when he talks about all the isms. Suppose you make up your mind that you want to see somebody that is in this audience. Just bend your energies to get them to turn your way, and see if he or she looks your way. They don't do it. I have tried it. (Laughter.) Life is full of superstitions, gross lies, that men would not believe except for fear, and for hope, and in despair.

He says I have proven nothing. A father whom I have known all my life dies. I know he is dead. Is that nothing? You had better get busy, and show me that he has a soul.

He took a circular tour out through space, and told you how far a soul had to go. Now, let me suggest this, if you honestly believe that a soul does not die when the body dies, where do you suppose it is? Isn't that a pertinent question? Where does it go, and what is it doing? Is it traveling up in the Milky Way on wings? Why, it is

the craziest notion that ever got into the brain of man, and it would not have gotten there, except that he is anxious to believe something without the slightest particle of truth. Judge Musmanno says that I should not bring religion into this argument. Religion has everything to do with it. They ask you to believe, without evidence, on faith, without evidence. Just believe it because you want to believe it, and the less evidence you have, and the stronger you believe it, the better fellow you are.

He did not give me any proof that a soul exists, or that a disembodied spirit exists, or that a spirit embodied or disembodied exists, and he cannot, because when a man dies, he dies all over. Give me one fact to the contrary, and I will consider it. He inadvertently, of course, did not quote me quite right. I cannot expect that a young person like he is would understand all that I say, of course. But he certainly got mixed in some things. I said that the evidence of man's conduct shows that he has no desire for, and no belief in, a future life. He says we haven't got any right to suicide. Why not? I didn't ask to be born. I was not even consulted. It came from my father and mother, and they weren't thinking of me at all. (Laughter.) If they had consulted me, I might have said, "No."

Now, I have proved to you that nobody believes in a future life, because if a man will travel all over the world, and get cut to pieces by inches, in pain all the time, and know that death is certain, just so he can tack a few more hours onto his earthly existence, what is the answer to that?

He said we haven't any right to commit suicide. Where did he get that idea? Whose business is it? Who is more interested in myself than I am? Why should I not have the right to commit suicide? There are people who commit suicide, of course, when through pain or something else, the will to live has left them, but I have observed, and I suppose most of you have observed, that there are very few people who commit suicide on account of pain. Most of the people I knew committed suicide because they lost their money. I envy a fellow who commits suicide, or admire him. Judge Musmanno says, "He is a coward." I say he has got nerve. Whose business is it if I commit suicide? You might say my wife's. Well, I couldn't be so sure that she would mourn over it—I don't know. (Laughter.) She probably would say, "Wait around for a season, and then if you feel the same way, go and do it." I know I would tell anybody that, right off the reel.

Is there any reason why anybody wants to stay around and die by inches? Is there any reason why a human being should die of cancer out of duty? Everybody knows how happy a family is when one of them who has cancer dies. I have seen a lot of them, and I never knew people who did not rejoice when it was all over with. I am not speaking of the corpse; I am speaking of the rest of the family. Of course, they cover it up a little, by saying, "It was the best thing for him." And so it was. So it was. And then his spirit starts on the long journey up into the Milky Way. Isn't that a joyful thought? Just think of it, going up through the spiral nebula, 100 million light years to get there. Our wings would be pretty well battered up by then.

Now, do you suppose I would believe in a soul, if I did not know where it was, or haven't any idea where it is now? Would you even harbor a guess as to where the soul of your grandmother is? If any-

body knew, or even had a theory, wouldn't they tell you? Wouldn't they want to know themselves? Everybody knows that it is useless to try to find out.

Now, it is strange how these wild myths get around about what some good Agnostic believed or did not believe. Voltaire never said, "If we did not have a God, it would be necessary to create one." What Voltaire said was, "If we did not have a God, man would create one." Which is entirely different. All the God there is in the universe is created by man, anyhow. Did you ever see His face? Does anybody have a history of anybody ever seeing His face? I know that the Bible says that He showed His hind part to everyone. And yet you talk about Him, as if you knew what you were talking about, as if it were not an empty hope, a dream. "What becomes of the soul?" Why do you ask me such a question? And the brain and the mind that he has spoken so much about. I can tell you about the brain and the mind. We can cut up the brain, so we know it is there. We eat them, when they are calves' brains. Nobody ever ate a calf's soul. (Laughter.)

All we know about the mind is that it is the result of the activities of the brain and the rest of the organisms; from the organisms of the body there flows from them what we call the mind; it is a product of the body, and that is all that any human being knows about it. If anybody knew any more, he would tell you. That is all there is to it.

And the soul. Now, just imagine all the preachers who are talking that fool nonsense. Did they ever tell you where the soul is; where it goes to; how it fools away its time—except to go and sit on a cloud, and play a harp. Gracious, I should like that job for 100 million years.

This dying does not bother me at all. I believe everybody should live, and get all he can out of life, through his faculties, to the best of his ability, especially get all the pleasure he can out of life. If my friend is going to get all his fun in Kingdom Come, and I get mine here, and in the end there isn't any Kingdom Come, I will have had much on him. I believe in taking the cash, and letting the credit go. I believe with Omar Khayyam. Give me the cash, and you can have all the credit. I don't want it. I don't know any bank where I can cash in on credit. It is a dream, and you cannot furnish any proof of its existence.

Now, it might be that a man has 10 million souls, but I would not believe it unless there was some little bit of evidence to prove it. Nobody never has had such evidence, and never will have, I think. I know they never have had, and I have a very strong hunch that they never will have.

Men have always been speculating on life and death. They speculate on it because they try to find something that isn't there. There was a time when I was born. My friend says he does not know anything about that. Why, go and look at the registry in the courthouse; you can find it. You do not remember it, but you can find it; find out when it was. That is the time you started, or, well, a little before that, but you did not make much of a start before then. You were never heard of until sperm and germ got together, and no other human being was ever heard of until that time. It started, and anything that starts must stop. It must not only stop, but it does

stop, and everybody knows it stops. Really it is not a subject for intelligent people to discuss.

Now, some of you people do not like what I say—not that you have anything against me—and you ought not to have, because I have to go to Hell pretty soon. You ought to be sorry for me, but if you ever get over that fool delusion, lose that fear, you will be happier than you ever were before in your life, much happier. Death is not so terrible. Think about it. I thought about it days, and I thought about it nights, and sometimes I wished it were closer, and sometimes I wished it were farther away. I know I cannot change it very much in either direction, because I probably never will get up enough nerve to commit suicide, although many times I wished that I could. I have many times seen death close by, and wished that it would hurry up, but I got well again. My will to live kept me running. The will to live. Everyone who is living wants to keep on living. My will to live has so far prevailed, but one of these days it won't prevail, but I won't worry about it, because I won't know a blooming thing about it. This is a pretty bum world, pretty bum—too hot in the summer, too cold in the winter; when it rains it rains too much, and when it doesn't rain it doesn't rain enough. Disease is catching, and health is not. The world is full of trouble. You have trouble when your teeth begin to fall out, and you have trouble after you get new ones. If you eat too much you have stomach-ache; if you don't eat enough you are hungry.

Why should I worry? Forget about a soul that you haven't got. People talk about a soul just as familiarly as they talk about their wives. This is my wife, and this is my soul. There isn't one human being who knows a single fact in connection with it, and never did know a single fact.

Now, there is a reason for that fool belief. Primitive man believed in a dual personality, and when one of them died, primitive man put food on his grave, thinking he would come back hungry sometime, but he never came back, and the food stayed on the grave, until the jackals, human and otherwise, ate it up, but the dead man never came back.

There isn't anything that exists in this world without a cause; there was a cause for all religions that the earth has known, One God in Three, and Three Gods in One, and None in Any; they were all born in man, from ignorance and fear and hope. None of those Gods have been alike. All life depends upon time, life and the degree of culture of the individual. A kindly person has a kindlier God than a real downright Christian who believes in Hell. The Universalist has a kindlier God than the Presbyterian—more sensitive, more human. We take all these things for granted, and the first question my friend asked me, and I will say it was a silly one, was, "There must have been a first cause, don't you believe that, Mr. Darrow?" I will say I don't know a blooming thing about it. Do you?

Judge Musmanno: I do.

Mr. Darrow: Well, he thinks so, but I think he does not know a thing about it. He says, "There must be a first cause, and that first cause is God." Well, now, what is the matter with God having a cause? Think about it. Is there any doubt about it? Look at the universe, and say, "Someone must have made it," and you come along and say to me, "God made it." All right, I am wondering where God came from. Can you tell me that? If the universe must have a cause,

so God must have a cause. We do not know anything about it. We do not know whether the universe had a cause, or God had a cause; it is beyond the realm of reason and experience, and, in this life of ours, we go by such facts as we have been able to gather out of this great universe; we gather up such facts as we can, and some of those facts are not facts at all, but we make out the best case we can; we analyze them, and sift them, until we feel we have facts, and from those facts we form opinions. And that is all there is to it.

We come into this world without knowledge, and we probably go out of it without knowledge. A babe knows nothing, and a lot of grown people do not, either, but I am talking about some of those who do. Gradually, a babe begins to feel something, perhaps a pain; he begins to distinguish light from darkness; he begins to know the taste of food; he is constantly gathering facts as he lives, and drawing conclusions from those facts, and that is all there is to life. We are born with nothing except a structure, which must be slowly educated, and the more we educate it, probably the longer we will live, and most likely the happier we will be, even though we find there is no God and no soul, and we are going to die, and when we die we will not live when we are dead. Now, that is an easy thing to believe, isn't it—that a man is living when he is dead? Isn't that clever? He is dead, but he is living. He cannot wink his eye; he cannot move; he has got to be taken away in a hurry, and still he is living. And the only thing that lives after he is dead is man. You do not say it about horses, or dogs, or goats, or monkeys. All of them are animal life, just as much animal life as we are, exactly the same way, living and dying the same way, yet man alone of all the life on this universe is equipped with a soul. Why did they pick on us? There is nothing wrong with the other animals. If anything, they are probably better than we are, because they do not eat us. They may eat each other, but they do not know any better; that is their way of living.

I do not see why it is so hard to look death in the face. You might die anytime; you know it; you cannot run away from it. Why not take life as life is? Find out the most you can about it; love your friends, if you can; get all the pleasure you can out of it; be as kindly and decent and sympathetic to the voyagers who are traveling this unknown path with you, make them happy, make yourself happy, and get all you can get out of life, and leave it as cheerfully as you enter. (Great Applause.)

Judge Marshall: Judge Musmanno will now conclude the debate with what I believe is called a refutation.

AFFIRMATIVE REFUTATION

Judge M. A. Musmanno

Judge Musmanno: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Darrow, Ladies and Gentlemen: I will say that my friend has been rather rude. I hope I have not been. If there has been any breach of the amenities on my part, it was because of my wish to galvanize in him a desire to throw off this gloomy and pessimistic philosophy of his. (Applause.)

We began this evening a debate, "Does Man Live Again," and we ended up, so far as the negative side is concerned, with a dissertation on Mr. Darrow's credo. He believes in cash; he believes in suicide; he believes in being as miserable as possible. Then he said further that he was sorry he was born. Well, I am not sorry he was born, because he gave us a great deal of entertainment this evening, although very little information on the subject before us for debate. (Applause.)

He says that if there is immortality for man, there must be immortality for every beast and insect that ever lived. I will recall to him that the question before us tonight is, "Does Man Live Again?" and not, "Is there immortality for every dog, horse, flea and mosquito that ever lived?" I am willing to think that dogs and horses have many human-like qualities, and I love their every species, but, putting aside all sentiment, we know they are not human; we know that their lives are not one one hundred-thousandth as complicated as man's. I would like to believe that there is a heaven for animals, especially the domestic pets, but I have no knowledge in that respect. Furthermore, my big object tonight is to convince Mr. Darrow that his soul will live again, and when I have completed that Herculean task, then later on, maybe we will have another debate on the question whether dogs and fleas live again as well as together. (Laughter and Applause.)

My esteemed friend states that I talk about the body being alive after it has actually died. I have insisted from the beginning that I am discussing the immortality of consciousness, of personality, and not of the body which is laid away in the cemetery. He says I cannot understand him. Well, he certainly is having a hard time comprehending me. (Laughter and Applause.)

He has uttered many banalities about the soul, which should not be dignified with an answer. "Where is the soul of your grandmother?" he asks. I do not know where the soul is, but I am willing to wait until God reveals His plans. (Great Applause.)

I will say to the Agnostics, give God a chance; wait until His plans are revealed; wait until the curtain comes down, and then let us determine whether life has been a comedy, a tragedy, or perhaps a prelude to the happy drama of eternity.

He repeats that this belief in immortality that we have is based on fear. I have insisted that religion should not be brought into this debate, but I resent the suggestion that the belief in immortality

is based on fear. We know the history of the Christian martyrs, who preferred to be devoured by savage lions in the Roman amphitheatre, rather than give up their belief in Christ and immortality. Were they cowards? Would he call Saint Paul, who was decapitated because of his faith, a coward? Was Savonarola, the Florentine priest, who was burned at the stake, a coward? Oh, no, Christians do not believe in immortality because of fear. We believe it because it is in our innermost beings.

He says it is not a subject for intelligent people to discuss, this question of immortality, and yet he comes all the way from Chicago to discuss it, and travels all over the country, discussing it. (Laughter.)

You know, there are many handicaps to being a great man, and one of them is that everything you say is recorded, and perhaps those remarks come back to plague you when least desired. They come back like ghosts. Mr. Darrow does not believe in ghosts, but here is a ghost he must believe in, because he created it himself. He says that no intelligent man even thinks about immortality. He conducted a debate with Professor Frederick Starr, and this is what he said:

But there is no fairly intelligent man or woman who is not bound to think every day in his life of the question of whether life ends all and when that end will come. And with the great mass of men who live upon the earth, the question of the end of life affects their present feeling more than anything else affects it. If anybody says it does not affect it, he is simply bluffing.

Now, was he bluffing tonight, or when he made that speech? (Great Applause.)

Mr. Darrow has misquoted and garbled my words throughout this entire debate, and now he questions my quotation from Voltaire. Well, I can usually substantiate my quotations. In my first speech, I said, "How about Voltaire, who said, 'If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him?'" Here is a book, published by the reputable firm of the Macmillan Company, with which Mr. Darrow is familiar, and, on Page 77, we find this quotation from Voltaire, "If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him." (Judge Musmanno hands book to Mr. Darrow.) (Laughter and Applause.)

He did not ask to be born, he tells us. Yet, he wants to live as long as he can, and in his autobiography he says, "With my last breath, I shall probably try to draw another." (Laughter.) I want him to live as long as he can, but that does not mean that when his body is buried that will mean the end of Clarence Darrow.

In my main speech, Ladies and Gentlemen, I submitted three propositions. Mr. Darrow has argued now for an hour. And those three propositions remain as sound, as whole and as self-sustaining as when I first uttered them. (Applause.)

There were some minor propositions also, as, for instance, my arguments on genius and on the radio, to which he has uttered not a syllable in reply.

Do you know why these propositions still remain sound? Because in reality Mr. Darrow agrees with me. (Laughter and Applause.) He cannot undermine my argument, unless he undermines his own. I will give you the authority for them, and it is an authority that Mr. Darrow will not shake his head at when I present it to him, because the words are his own.

I said in my main speech that my first proposition was that in every living person there abided the instinct to live, not to die. Now,

this is what he says, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of July 6, 1929, "The living cannot imagine themselves as dead."

My second proposition was that the personality, the consciousness, the spirit of man, is indestructible. Listen to what Mr. Darrow says in the same article:

The individual existence is a part of the ongoing power that for a longer or shorter time takes the form and substance of the special ego. When for any reason the structure no longer functions, the life stream passes into other forms and entities that are able to distribute and utilize the force which the old organism could no longer house. The individual lives so long as the organism furnishes a tolerable abiding place for the life force as it moves on. (Applause.)

My third proposition was that if consciousness dies with death, with bodily death, as my friend claims, then the consciousness should age with the body, which I claim does not happen. Now, listen to Mr. Darrow—you would think he was arguing my case—listen to him:

At 72 I am far from sure that life is less desirable than when I was in my teens. I am not convinced that the urges and emotions upon which my organism persists are in any way changed from the emotions of the early years. Years and experience may give one a longer look forward, and somewhat temper disappointment, but at 72, life has the same essential qualities as it had at 17.

No one can say that on the whole the life stream at 72 is any less desirable than it was in youth. (Great Applause.)

I could very well present this document in evidence, and rest my case, because I have here the admission of the other side.

Let us read further what Mr. Darrow says in this same interesting article—another ghost of the past:

As a child I liked to run and jump in the open field. I liked it for the sheer joy of the outdoors, the fresh air and the coursing blood born of activity and life.

As an old man I look with pleasure at the melting snow, the budding trees and the manifold promises that the spring still holds out to brighten life.

Mr. Darrow, I hope you will not consider this impertinence on my part. I say with all seriousness, and with the true ardor of friendship—why don't you leave off this gloomy, pessimistic philosophy? Only three years ago, you spoke very beautifully of the manifold promises of spring. That springtime with its budding trees and budding hopes is still yours. It seems to me that your whole life of humanitarianism belies this attitude of infidelity and Agnosticism. You are a lawyer who has devoted a lifetime to fighting injustice, and as a scholar, have studied and recorded the machinery of the universe. Those two activities are more logically aligned with belief than non-belief.

Mr. Darrow should believe in immortality, because justice demands it, and the law of compensation, which controls the machinery of the universe, proves it. Everything in this universe is governed by compensation and balance. To quote Emerson, and (addressing Mr. Darrow) I shall also quote this correctly: (Laughter.)

Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the systole and diastole of the heart.

With every effort there must be a result, otherwise you have

chaos. Let us suppose a young man, 25 years of age, who has prepared himself for his life's work, and then is accidentally killed. Now, it is fundamentally unfair in the great scheme of things that his life should be snuffed out just as it really began, when others live to a ripe old age and secure some measure of happiness. If there is no future life, our boy has sown, but he has not reaped. There has been an effort, but no result. This is in direct conflict with our inexorable law of compensation which keeps the world moving.

If there is no after life, it will mean that the colossal wrongs of this earth will go uncorrected and its monstrous inequalities unlevelled. It will mean that the most perfidious scoundrel, who has climbed to wealth over the bodies of men he has starved, will never disgorge, and that his victims, whose eyes shriveled in their faces because of the lack of food and drink, will never know bodily or spiritual contentment. It will mean that in the eyes of omniscience there will be no difference between right and wrong, virtue and vice, purity and filth, toil and sloth, honesty and thievery. It will mean that the saints, the noblest leaders of humanity, the martyrs who have lived in huts, worn rags and eaten crusts for eternal principles, will have lived and died vacuous lives. It will mean that force has been spent, matter has been displaced, and yet the Omnipotent power that records so perfectly and precisely every pebble and every insect, will have completely overlooked these Gibraltars of virtues, these crusading lions of human endeavor. Is all that possible? Why logic abhors, instinct abominates, and reason revolts at such a horrible contemplation!

If there is no after-life, it will mean that the history of the world will close its pages with these hideous situations unchanged: Christ on the cross and Pilate sitting on the seat of luxury and power; Rome burning and Nero, the murderer of his mother and wife, playing on his fiddle of intoxicated power; Joan of Arc roasting at the stake and her executioners reveling in drunken orgies; Lincoln prostrate with a bullet in his head and Booth, the assassin, at large.

If we assume that such injustices will be eternal, if we assume that those whose lives were cut short on the threshold of mature existence will have no further chance, then we strike at the regularity of the law of compensation. And we must believe that with the systole of the heart there does not need to be a diastole; that the ebb of the tide does not need to be followed by the flow; that night does not alternate with day. If these unbudgeable and undeviating regularities in nature's business can be subjected to chance, then the vast and orderly machinery of the universe can slip its gears, and we can expect anything. We can expect any day to see the rivers running upstream instead of down; rain rising from the ground to the sky instead of falling from the heavens; trees growing with roots in the air and blossoms and leaves underground. We can expect the clash of planets, the collapse of constellations, the faling of suns, and the engulfing of our earth in violent tidal waters! It will be the end.

My friends, I believe that man will live again, because the throbbing of the universe spells unceasing life; I believe that man will live again because nature tells me, my heart tells me, my instincts tell me. When we bend over the lifeless form of one of our own, a mother or father, son or daughter, brother or sister, or a bosom friend, and we are limp and helpless in our grief, and then, like the sun breaking through the dark clouds, a light comes shining into our

hearts, and something tells us that we will again meet and talk with our beloved, shall we stifle that sensation of relief, shall we smother that genuine faith that he or she will live again with us? To deny expression to that natural reaction of faith, is to deny all the other natural laws of existence.

To deny these natural laws of existence, is to invite chaos and blizzards of confusion.

But man is too puny to upset the divine order of things. There is an eternal justice and an eternal order, there is a wise, merciful and omnipotent God.

My friends, have no fear of the night of death. It is but the forerunner of dawn, a glowing, resplendent dawn, whose iridescent rays will write across the pink sky in unmistakable language—
Man Does Live Again. (Great Applause—Long Continued.)

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