

The American **RATIONALIST**

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THE BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THINKING NON-CONFORMISTS

JACK BENJAMIN **Portrait in Paradox**

BY WILLIAM F. RYAN

HENRY MILLER AT 87 **A Personal Memoir**

BY ELMER GERTZ



William F. Ryan (middle) with Jack and Hattie Benjamin,
Brooklyn, New York, May 5, 1973. Photo by Sharon Ryan.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION . . .

Readers of AR may recall my name attached to pieces about E. Haldeman-Julius and related personalities in past issues. By the good graces of my colleague Gordon Stein and the rest of the AR team, I was bestowed one issue of this magazine in which to make good on a challenge. I told Gordon that these pages needed a fresh approach, that Rationalists will smile at something different in AR.

Well . . . this took more weeks than I expected. But then, Sam Johnson and other wise guys observed that authors must be paid for their wares. Insofar as Freethought publishing remains financially in sackcloth in 1979, we are compelled to forego some of what was pledged for this issue. *Item:* A Humanist academician was contemplating my request for an article on the current crisis of his specialty: sex education. But along came Catch-22. The crisis obviated the preparation of any article for this magazine.

In any case, I have retreated a bit in my own thoughts. There is no fresh approach. Whether you call it Rationalism, Humanism, Skepticism, Muckraking, Cynicism, Logical Positivism or celery soda instead of lemonade, it all comes out about the same. It's all FREETHOUGHT.

What I collected for this issue is a duo of articles on an aspect of Freethought not often treated in this magazine. And that is literary history. I chose this field because it's my field. I came into the lore and some of the scholarship of Freethought through the back door, so to speak. For a decade I have pursued the life and career of the late E. Haldeman-Julius, one of Freethought's front-line champions in this country. But I am writing of him as H-J would have preferred (cf. his autobiography) — as a *literary man*.

Most readers would agree, I think, that the majority of educated Rationalists love literature. Certainly Haldeman-Julius believed that. All he needed to do was pursue his own enormous bookshelves. Voltaire. Goethe. Heine. Zola. Anatole France. Mark Twain. H. L. Mencken. Sinclair Lewis. Bertrand Russell. Upton Sinclair. Just glance through an old Little Blue Book catalog.

So this one is about literature and literary history. Think of it as a glass of wine and a stiff belt of Irish whiskey.

A note on my fellow writer in this issue:

ELMER GERTZ is a noted civil rights attorney and author of numerous books, chiefly literary. He was the first biographer of Frank Harris. His correspondence with Henry Miller during Elmer's historic court room defense of *Tropic of Cancer*, was published last summer. His biography of George Sylvester Viereck has just been published by Prometheus Books. During the 1920s, while a student at the University of Chicago, Elmer Gertz contributed articles to the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*.

— William F. Ryan

RATIONALIST CONFERENCE IN CHICAGO

The annual conference of the American Rationalist Federation will be held in Chicago on Friday and Saturday, August 24-25, 1979 in the Essex Inn, 800 South Michigan Blvd., Chicago IL 60605 next door to the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

Within sight of Grant Park, the Adler Planetarium and other attractions on the Lake Michigan shoreline, the Essex Inn is very well located for visitors to the fun city. A walk to museums, Shedd Aquarium and the many lakeside interests is available to those who can spare the time from the conference. They can all be seen from your hotel window (if your room faces the lake).

If you make reservations in advance mention the ARF for special room rate. Write to the ARF, P.O. Box 2931, St. Louis MO 63130 for information about the conference, banquet arrangements for Saturday evening, special hotel rates, directions from transportation points.

The Essex Inn has free parking in the attached garage. Out-state callers can phone free for reservations at (800) 621-6909. Make reservations early.

This issue: Guest editor William F. Ryan

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BY WILLIAM F. RYAN

JACK BENJAMIN: Portrait in Paradox

In the early weeks of 1973 I set about to write a personality sketch of a septuagenarian author who had become to me more than an elderly friend. We had been correspondents since the early fall of 1969, when William J. Fielding informed me that this friend — Jack Benjamin — was “the salt of the earth”¹ and had figured so largely in that mosaic image of Haldeman-Julius. It wasn’t long before Jack Benjamin was as much a blood brother of mine as anyone I had known in the street or those smoke-warmed covens of counter-aesthetics on the eastern college campus. Once, when I was broke and broken, he gave me money, sandwiched in with one of those crowded and talkative letters. When I was frequently down with stale blues or even in the back alleys of despair, he managed to mail me genuine typewritten optimism.

So I wrote the article, “Jack Benjamin and the Good Fight,”² for the March 29, 1973 issue of the Rosslyn (Va.) *Review*. It was about an aging but unrelenting atheist, a Freethinker with a tart and often formidable gift of words, an uncommonly kind gentleman. When he saw the piece, he considered it a landmark in his long career as a columnist and essayist. Nobody had ever written about him. He wondered if he was worthy.³

Since that time, my knowledge of Jack Benjamin’s life and works has broadened. In conversations with his widow, Hattie Benjamin — especially those in Miami Beach, December 20 and 23, 1978 — I learned so many fresh facts that a new rendering of my 1973 effort is necessary. What I had made of his personality was mostly as it seems now. But the spirit that Jack Benjamin brought to “the Good Fight” was not quite the fearless engine of war that I had believed. The new impression clarifies the attitude of his work for Haldeman-Julius.

Jack Benjamin’s by-line didn’t appear in the Blue Book catalogs. He nonetheless belonged in the later line items of H-J “Heroes” — and a hero he was to Freethought and literary criticism as well.

Jack was that sort of tireless writer who never seemed to get lazy, even when worn out, depressed or deathly sick. At age 74, he was still swinging at icons and switching at sacred cows, penning his opinions to the liberal press in letters to the editor, bearing a torch of clear thinking and literary craftsmanship to younger hands. His last significant compositions were in 1972. He subsidized the publication of *Did Jesus Ever Live — or Is*

Christianity Founded Upon a Myth? This booklet, signed with Jack’s old pen name, “Historicus,” resuscitated an old Rationalist argument with considerable vim and vinegar.⁴ The same year, William J. Fielding’s autobiography carried an Introduction by Jack.⁵ He once wrote me that he had over 2,000 items set in print under his real name — and that was by 1969.⁶

But in the nomenclature of literary paragons, only the elders of American Rationalism need no excuses to remember Jack Benjamin or mention him in writing. Much of the reason for this obscurity is the blind cruelty of too many authors and too little time. The rest of the cause was Jack Benjamin himself.

When he was 74 I wrote Jack a few times to ask about his life. This is what I got: “My birthday is celebrated silently on November 12, and I first saw the light of day in the grim year 1898, on the top (sixth) floor of 119 Suffolk Street, New York.”⁷

“I have no panoply of academic degrees and whatever I have acquired in the way of knowledge, etc., was done mainly by myself. I was the ‘white-haired boy’ of some profs. But my economic background when young precluded my acquiring what is usually termed an ‘academic’ experience, so I went to work and seeped myself in various areas of knowledge.

“I took to writing as a fish is said to take to water, and was at some periods associated with newspapers and magazines. I now feel that my published material could have been greatly improved by me if I had more time to prepare it. And that is one reason that I hate deadlines⁸ . . . But when one is trying to reach an audience, he isn’t trying to emulate Pater, et al.”⁹

Suffolk Street is three blocks on Manhattan’s Lower East Side. When Jack was a child at the turn of the century, his tenement home was in the spokes of New York’s immigrant Jewish ghetto. His father was a glazier; the family was poor. By the time Jack was a young man, both his parents had died. There is no evidence that he ever practiced Judaism. He declared to me again and again that he was an “out-and-out atheist.” But all his life was passed in New York City, with only brief departures. The short, stocky man with the thick shock of curly hair and the prominent hawk-billed nose, who smoked a pipe and scowled at the herd mentality, emerged from South Manhattan poverty into sort of a life some blocks

away. There would always be poverty's shadow and the fearful nightmare of anti-Semitism.

Jack's sweetheart was the fair-haired Hattie Bashein. She was born in an agricultural village near the Russian city of Minsk. Her family immigrated to the Lower East Side in 1911, just before the disgraceful Triangle Shirtwaist fire. Her mother warned her to study hard in school, or else she would wind up a sweat shop girl. Hattie was an excellent student and became a psychiatric social worker for many years. On principle, Jack despised her profession. But he always adored Hattie.

Probably his first literary connection was with *Pearson's Magazine*, when Frank Harris was its editor at the storefront offices of 57 Fifth Avenue, in the shadow of the Washington Square arch. The year was 1921. Jack's pencil pushing had much to do with the legendary Harris speaking engagements and debates. Such grandstanding kept alive the Harris image and put a jingle in the spare purse of the magazine.

Once, Jack arranged for "the Master" to match wits with Gregory Zilboorg, noted Russian psychiatrist, in a Harlem debate. The hall grew restless and noisy when Harris was nowhere in evidence. Zilboorg was impatient.

Jack rushed downtown in search of the boss. He found Frank Harris in the *Pearson's* office, nearly in a stupor with booze. Jack credited himself with sobering up the Irish rascal and coasting him into the Harlem assembly for an eager audience.¹⁰

A long association with *The Truth Seeker* magazine began for Jack Benjamin in the late summer of 1922. He visited the humble quarters of America's longest-running Freethought paper, then at 49 Vesey Street on the Lower West Side, and he came out toting Rationalist works under his arm. Jack stood ready to put his Judaic heritage on the line. He had shed all religious affiliations in early youth, but he remained proudly a Jew in the streets of New York. This dichotomy he wore like a chip on each shoulder all his life. His anxiety with his very first assignment for *The Truth Seeker* can be easily imagined. It came in a letter from the magazine's associate editor, George W. Bowne, dated September 1, 1922. Bowne suggested to him an article or two on the religious practices of Judaism, therefore providing equal time for *The Truth Seeker's* notorious attacks on religion between the Christian churches and the Hebrew faith.

That letter from Bowne to Jack Benjamin could have been an early sign of sickness within the perennially Anglo-Saxon ranks of *The Truth Seeker*: "I enjoyed very much the time we spent together; and let me say that if all Jews were as courteous and thoughtful as you proved yourself to be, I feel convinced that men would consider it a waste of time to write books exposing the character of the Jewish people. Having a good mother counts for a great deal in the life of every young man, no matter what may have been the religion of his childhood."

Bowne was after shrapnel, obviously, to pack into the columns of *The Truth Seeker* for that noisy magazine's possible entry into the so-called "Jewish Problem" discussion.¹¹ Such scurrilous

anti-Semitic fodder would remain in dusty storage at *The Truth Seeker* for coming decades of trouble for Freethought.

That first treatise, "Some Jewish Superstitions," appeared in two weekly parts.¹² A similar piece, "Oddities of Jewish Lore," appeared with Jack's by-line in 1925.¹³ Such was his entry into Freethought publishing. *The Truth Seeker* was his first major vehicle, a fact of profound irony in his career as a Rationalist writer. His essays, rejoinders and diatribes were welcomed in the pages of that battling tabloid down the years through 1947 as it changed page sizes, editors — and attitudes.

Like most writing Freethinkers, Jack Benjamin had a robust and vigorous relish for literature and the arts. His authorship was weighted for many years as heavily in that direction as it was for skeptical and debunking exposition. In the early 1930s he wrote theater reviews for *The Greenwich Villager*, a stately precursor of the later *Village Voice*. Through the 1930s his columns were a regular smorgasbord in a number of periodicals, chiefly *The Overland Monthly*, the *White Plains Reporter* and the *White Plains Press*. And his work snatched attention from New York authors and other scions across the class lines of Great Depression urban society. It just never caught enough attention to carve much more than a faintly perceptible groove on the tablet of literary posterity.

The explanation I had long suspected finally came from Hattie Benjamin late in December, 1978.

Jack got to know her in the early 1930s. Hattie had been married at age 18, to a dentist, and bore him one child, a daughter. The marriage had lasted but a year and a half, ending in divorce in the late '20s. Her newfound love with Jack Benjamin took a year or so to secure itself. They were married, and their tenderness warmed all their days. But that intimacy brought to Hattie the burden of Jack's most profound weakness. He had a life-long fear of that green monkey of success. He dodged his most exciting literary opportunities and assigned blame to absurd and impersonal mirages.

Jack boldly admitted to me his pursuit of the literary life. He was welcome in the hearty company of his admirations. When I visited Jack and Hattie on May 5, 1973, he told me about his frequent luncheons at New York's Roerich Museum with historian-sociologist Harry Elmer Barnes, and that legendary writing duo, George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge.

In 1932, Jack was drawn to the circle of Viereck and his cronies. It was an anxious time for Viereck as he struggled to rebuild his shattered image as "the Lion of the Hudson," all the while scraping a living with a potpourri of magazine articles, and falling prey to the wiles of ambitious fanatics overseas. He wanted Jack to write a book about the Viereck-Eldridge collaborations on "The Wandering Jew" series of novels.¹⁴ He gave to Jack, copies of three of his major books: *Roosevelt: A Study in Ambivalence*; *Glimpses of the Great*; and *Confessions of a Barbarian*. Viereck provided access to his files of clippings, magazines

and correspondence.¹⁵ They met a number of times. Jack wasn't exactly joyous over the artist's rendering of a book jacket displaying an idealized George Sylvester Viereck, completely nude.¹⁶ But just when the project was halted is unclear. Jack wrote me on two occasions that his discovery of Viereck's Nazi sympathies turned him away forever.¹⁷ Those sympathies were actual, and the two were never reconciled. The question: Were Viereck's Nazi leanings so obvious to Jack Benjamin in 1932, when a book was planned? Or was it the narcissist's book jacket? But the problem has clearer examples.

Jack's entire lifetime was marked with notable literary associations. He met or corresponded with a firmament of fine authors — Bertrand Russell,¹⁸ his mentor John M. Robertson,¹⁹ Ashley Montagu,²⁰ Franz Boas,²¹ Max Eastman,²² Horace M. Kallen,²³ James T. Farrell,²⁴ and such Haldeman-Julius "regulars" as Miriam Allen deFord²⁵ and his much-beloved William J. Fielding. In the '30s he would enter an enduring friendship with poet and novelist Paul Eldridge. But of them all, Jack's highest esteem went to W. Somerset Maugham.²⁶

The year was 1938. Doubleday, Doran and Company was about to release the first edition of Maugham's *The Summing Up*. Jack Benjamin, who then resided with Hattie in the heart of the West Village, was afforded a chance at the Great Tradition of British-American letters. Once he wrote me about it: "Maugham had his secretary phone me when we lived at Sheridan Square and I was really quite flabbergasted. I had met him a few times at the Hangar Club and we also had quite some correspondence²⁷ . . . He asked me to do a critical work on him and sent me the typescript of his *Summing Up* before the book appeared in print. Unfortunately, at that time, I was having a wrestling match with the wolf who made his bed at my door, and as I couldn't afford the time for the necessary research, the thing fell through."²⁸

Hattie remembers the Maugham incident differently. "There was an element about Jack's fear of succeeding," she told me.

All the while, Jack's columns were appearing almost weekly in the *White Plains Press*. He was to have had an important spot with that paper, but the Depression closed it down. A White Plains minister who liked his articles pulled some strings and managed a job for Jack in the Law Department of Con Edison, where he worked for 40 years. Jack and Hattie moved to their Winthrop Street address in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn in 1939, and there they remained the rest of his days.

For 25 years, Jack was a regular columnist for *The Brewery Gulch Gazette*, a daring little paper from Bisbee, Arizona. He wrote for free. No editor ever altered his copy, and he could write just about as he pleased. For such courtesies Jack had to endure typographical blunders and a grainy reproduction of his photograph, depicting a woolly headed, pipe-puffing, bespectacled Jack Benjamin in baggy trousers, hands in his pockets. That picture crowned some of his best essays on books and people, common sense and common humanity

— and a poem or two. In the last category, the *Gazette* carried his "Epitaph to a Fool" in its July 7, 1955 issue; and the verses he dedicated to Hattie, "In Memory of a Moment Lived Long Ago."

There was a very select audience for "the B.G.G." and its Jack Benjamin highlights. One constant reader was Charles Angoff. When he was still editing *The American Mercury*, Angoff was a fan of Jack's and wrote him complimentary letters.²⁹ Once he requested that Jack put together a package of his best columns from years past and send them to Angoff's office — perhaps there was a book in it all. But Jack never did mail his columns to Angoff. Hattie chalked that one up to a familiar problem — fear of success. In years to come, Charlie Angoff became a close friend to Jack and Hattie. But the chance, apparently, never came again.

In middle age, Jack found himself in a more secure station in life at Con Edison. Slowly he bowed out of grand literary ambitions, reserving what he had to say about beaux-arts to the roughshod columns of the B.G.G. His final bows in the late '30s had been quick and not very deep. In 1935 he wrote an Introduction to *Arpeggio*, an obscure chapbook of verses by a poet friend, H. O. Smith. Jack contributed occasional pieces to Isaac Goldberg's short-lived *Panorama* magazine. But he would slip out sight of eastern literary avant-garde papers.

But in the Freethought rings, Jack was always evident, always ready to lend a hand or do battle. There is evidence that at some point, Jack Benjamin was educational director of the Harlem Circle of the Young People's Socialist League (Y.P.S.L.), lecturing and moderating debates with other "Circles" in the New York City area. He and other featured contributors to *The Truth Seeker* were frequent speakers at the Ingersoll Forum. There remains no doubt today, by hindsight, that Jack Benjamin was most at home among Freethinkers. There would be high points in the record of his publications — and yet, he lingered in a low profile, ducking and sometimes obliterating his own authorship. What black shadow, what *golem*, stalked his best intentions?

His literary zenith spanned roughly a ten-year period, 1939 to 1949, during which he fought three major debates in the Freethought papers. The exposure for those matches was regrettably bad — this is, after all, a Christian nation. What is noteworthy is that Jack Benjamin won all three rounds.

The first was with Sir Arthur Keith, the British evolutionist. Keith had written a foreword to a book by Alfred Machin, and therein hypothesized that war set rational forces at work in the world to weed out the weak and malignant elements of the planet, thereby serving as nature's Darwinian "pruning hook." Jack thrust at "Sir Arthur Keith's Pruning Hook" in the January, 1939 *Truth Seeker*.³⁰ Keith parried with "Must a Rationalist Be a Pacifist?" in the British Freethought magazine, *The Literary Guide*, and the essay

appeared simultaneously in *The Truth Seeker*.³¹ Jack's rejoinder, "Rationalism as a Pruning Hook,"³² was an august statement against all war and the fascist trappings of some evolutionary theory. When the smoke had cleared, Jack and Keith were fast friends across the Atlantic.³³

Jack Benjamin always picked his adversaries well, and was not beyond having a bit of sport with them. In the early 1940s his sparring partner was Joseph McCabe. And Jack's choice of a nom de plume, and its origin, lend a clue to the soft patch in his character. The war of words was over the historicity of Jesus Christ.

Jack Benjamin's first major essay on the alleged mythology of the life of Christ was "Did Josephus Write It?" in *The Truth Seeker* for January, 1930. John Mackinnon Robertson, Rationalist, Elizabethan scholar and friend to Jack Benjamin, had taken the same stand in numerous writings.

The debate over whether or not Jesus Christ was a living historical figure goes on to this day, even among atheist writers. It crested for Jack Benjamin in the early 1940s. E. Haldeman-Julius commissioned Joseph McCabe to write THE SELF-EDUCATOR series, a set of Little Blue Books on world history, culture and religion. It was always McCabe's fashion to grind axes in his works — to ramble onto tangents more current and circumspect than the prime subject in order to slap disagreeably at contemporaries. This was as true of his work for H-J as it was any place else.

There had been some brief correspondence between Jack and McCabe in 1939, on the subject of Sir Arthur Keith and his views on war.³⁴ It is anyone's guess whether McCabe ever suspected that his mysterious foe across the Atlantic in 1944, was Jacob Benjamin of Brooklyn.

In two Little Blue Books of THE SELF-EDUCATOR series,³⁵ McCabe set forth his endorsement of the historicity of Jesus and dished some dirt about an old rival, by then deceased — J. M. Robertson. Jack was incensed and penned his complaints to H-J's paper, *The American Freeman*. But Jack's debunking of what he called the "Jesus Myth," and his defense of J. M. Robertson, swept into *The Truth Seeker*.³⁶ For this battle of the books, Jack assumed the pen name "Historicus" — a moniker meant to irritate McCabe and his scorn of "amateur historians." Jack always believed that McCabe envied Robertson's intellect and erudition and supposed lack of inhibition.

Jack's "Historicus" articles against McCabe in 1944 were collected in his 1972 booklet. In reconciliation he revealed "Historicus" to McCabe.³⁷

There was a time when Jack's energy was boundless. He wrote me every week, sometimes twice in seven days, and would mildly scold me if I didn't answer promptly. I visited him and his dear wife Hattie twice, at their apartment in a crumbly building on Winthrop Street in Brooklyn. After he knew my heart and mind he asked me to help him start a brand new association of Freethinkers, a fresh Rationalist coterie to draw the vigor and iconoclasm of younger generations. Lazy agnostic that I am, I was ready, but would really have

labored for Jack. That he had asked me would have been enough. As it was, Jack lost heart in the idea as he lost confidence in his health.³⁸

In 1947 he had helped organize a national atheist group which still hobbles along from suburban San Francisco. In 1970, Jack wrote to me about it.³⁹

There was once a hot-headed right-wing atheist named William McCarthy. One day in 1943 he carried a manuscript to the offices of *The Truth Seeker* magazine, then on New York's downtown Park Row. Its editor then was the late Charles Smith, who asked Jack Benjamin, a frequent contributor, to read the McCarthy tract. Jack told Smith that it was horribly written, too reliant on other works and shabbily attributed and acknowledged. McCarthy then had the work published at his own expense, calling it *The Bible, Church and God*, and founded the National Liberal League to get it circulated. Haldeman-Julius stormed against the book's anti-Semitism. McCarthy came to Jack for help, asking him to make out an affidavit that McCarthy was no Jew-hater. Jack said that the book's statements would still be on the record anyway, so what for? McCarthy, with Jack's help, put out a cleaned up second edition of the book.⁴⁰ What followed was *Progressive World* magazine (with Jack as prolific contributor), and the organization carried on, with the wily William McCarthy, as the United Secularists of America, Inc.

The friendship of Jack Benjamin and Haldeman-Julius dated from the early weeks of 1945. Jack suggested his debate with Sir Arthur Keith's "pruning hook" theory of war-as-evolution for a Big Blue Book. Haldeman-Julius stated terms — that Jack would subsidize the printing of 1,000 copies for \$250 and receive 250 copies as compensation; H-J would sell the remaining copies at 25 cents each.⁴¹ This arrangement was briefly considered, then abandoned. On April 7, 1945, H-J wrote to Jack: "I wish this subject had commercial possibilities, but I can't see them. A publisher who went into this subject would have to stick out his chin, but as I have made something of a career of the art of sticking out one's chin I don't get discouraged." Two years later, H-J invited Jack to write Big Blue Book mss. on Victor Hugo and Nietzsche for his Wisdom of Life series.⁴² He offered \$50 each for the works — but they were never written by Jack Benjamin.

He would carry out an entirely different job for Haldeman-Julius, and its execution would further demonstrate the Jack Benjamin whose neurosis impeded him away from recognition and into anonymous heroism in "the Good Fight."

Jack Benjamin signed a number of short, sound essays for the H-J periodicals, chiefly on education and human intelligence.⁴³ *The Brewery Gulch Gazette* published Jack's exuberant tribute, "Haldeman-Julius: America's Educator," in its September 30, 1948 issue. The encomium appeared simultaneously in *The Brooklyn Gazette*, October 2, 1948. The legendary H-J ego was duly charmed by Jack's words, and he reprinted the piece in *The American Freeman*.

The two men never met. The bond between them never required it. Together they grappled with the falling debris that World War II had made of the Freethought movement in America. The realization of a racist, bigoted cancer within the faltering movement was a life crisis and another war.

Haldeman-Julius was surprised and angered by an increasing number of snide and often unreasoned remarks about the Jewish people in the pages of *The Truth Seeker*, especially after 1946. In an apparent effort to thwart William McCarthy's exploitation of the National Liberal League to sell his controversial book, *Bible, Church and God*, some crackpot circulated a scurrilous postcard to readers of *The American Freeman* and *The Truth Seeker*. The cards brazenly read, "A Jew as a Rationalist Isn't Worth a Damn" and bore the name of Marshall J. Gauvin, a Canadian Rationalist who had long been one of *The Truth Seeker's* champions. Gauvin fiercely denied any connection with the postcards,⁴⁴ but the damage was done.

Came 1948, and H-J was in steady correspondence with another mainstay of *The Truth Seeker* — Jack Benjamin. Haldeman-Julius prevailed upon Jack's resources in his letter of October 31, 1948: "Yes, tell me the straight dope about those guys around the Truth Seeker, in which I give them hell for referring to the Bible as that 'Jew book.' They're really anti-Semitic, and I'm not afraid to say they are. If you send me any material, I'll see to it that the source is kept confidential."

"VULGAR TRUTH-SEEKERS" was the headline, and H-J cracked that *The Truth Seeker* "is apparently getting senile." Retorting to the magazine's slogan against the Bible, "Junk the Jew Book," H-J wrote: "There is wisdom in it, and eloquence, literary power, and beauty. The Jews are rightly proud of it. It is a precious legacy." He called the slogan "vulgar and stupid. It tends to degrade Freethought journalism. It invites nausea."⁴⁵

So began a long and venomous exchange between H-J and *The Truth Seeker's* grand old men — Charles Smith, editor, and associate editors Gauvin and Woolsey Teller. Jack Benjamin was a native New Yorker and perennial writing contributor to the "T.S." He was also proudly Jewish. He suggested his own hand in the fracas, and H-J gave the signal. Jack would write counter-attacks on *The Truth Seeker's* offensives on H-J, but his articles in *The American Freeman* and *The Critic and Guide* would be signed with a pseudonym.⁴⁶

He had caused McCabe to bite his tongue with the mock heroics of a certain "Historicus." For the bigots of *The Truth Seeker* he wanted a name to set them mad and fit to publish spasmodically inane and vulnerable invective. And thus it was, that Jack's very first stab at *The Truth Seeker* was a letter to the editor of *The American Freeman*, signed MORDECAI T. HELLER.⁴⁷

The spite and pettiness festered throughout 1949 and part of 1950. Every time *The Truth Seeker's* bellowing editors spurted out a new attack

on Haldeman-Julius, "Mordecai T. Heller" swung back with an uppercut in H-J's two periodicals.⁴⁸ The altercation grew tedious, small and illogical, spiced only by epithets and hate talk reminiscent of the pre-war decade not far behind. The "T.S." editors resorted to a lopsided personal smear, tagging "Heller" and H-J with the lame fabrications of "Semitic Freethought"⁴⁹ and "Kosher Culture."⁵⁰ Jack, as "Heller," singled out Gauvin as his own principal target and hurled accusations of Nazism and fascism.

I have it on good authority that Jack Benjamin frequently made appearances at *The Truth Seeker* offices at 38 Park Row on the Lower West Side, during the altercation. Charles Smith and other staff would grill him on the possible identity of "Mordecai T. Heller." Jack would feign ignorance. He came to fear for his life, should the "T.S. gang" ever learn the truth and take it as a betrayal.

One outsider who did find out was the late Albert Mordell, a clever scholar and literary detective in H-J's camp. He learned by close study and comparison of Jack's style with "Heller's." On one of his visits north from Philadelphia, Mordell interrogated Jack about "Heller's" identity.⁵¹ Jack's anxiety prompted a letter from Haldeman-Julius on August 27, 1949: "Don't worry about Mordell. He'll never mention that fact."

Things were patched up, for a time, in April, 1950. Freethought publisher Joseph Lewis intervened, for the good of the movement.⁵² During the arbitration, Haldeman-Julius assured Jack by mail, April 26, 1950, that only Albert Mordell and Joseph Lewis knew "Heller's" identity.⁵³

When Haldeman-Julius wrote to Jack on May 11, 1951, it was clear to them both that *The Truth Seeker* was renewing the feud with more Jew-baiting columns. Haldeman-Julius had just been convicted in federal court of criminal income tax evasion, but he asked Jack to stand ready with fresh data for another counter-attack.

Jack's last letter from Haldeman-Julius was dated June 8, 1951. He told Jack of his arthritis and his anxiety about an appeal to the court: "It looks as though I'll be free to go into new material in about six months, if everything works out right." But just weeks later, H-J was dead. *The Truth Seeker* must have considered their obituary of him the last laugh:

This is one of the crooks who attacked The Truth Seeker and its editors. Like the other Leftists and "positive" atheists who hate The Truth Seeker, he professed to be opposed to totalitarianism; his writings proved him to be opposed to the American way of life.⁵⁴

But *The Truth Seeker*, in all its tenuous history, never matched the singular charms of either Haldeman-Julius or Jack Benjamin, together or by themselves. Never could the "T.S." be in any way competitive with the robust humor and texture of H-J's personal journalism, or with the quick, facile wit and casual turn of phrase in the works of Jack Benjamin.

Jack was a paradox. He thrived on controversy, reveled in the argumentative repartee of intellectuals. He could scrap with giant minds and leave a mark — but the commemoration might never come. For all his give and take, some darker power source within him caused his persona to implode and shrink from the clear light of day.

What was the source of his dread? Was it the stalking shade of anti-Semitism? Was it a lingering stench of poverty? Or was it that elusive fear of success, some parapet where the famous stand and have no defense for humiliation and ridicule, or the outside chance that someone is disappointed? The story of his inner "Good Fight" won't be told.

The world got smaller for Jack Benjamin. He continued to write for the little Freethought magazines. He made his views known to the editors of some major magazines and to the New York City newspapers. But there were no more literary skirmishes. His last gambit at one was when he took the side of Pennsylvania Supreme Court Judge Michael A. Musmanno,⁵⁵ who had criticized author Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* (New York: Viking Press, Inc., 1963).

In later life he was in communication with such Humanists as Corliss Lamont⁵⁶ and Hector Hawton⁵⁷; journalist James Reston⁵⁸; and authors Carl Shapiro⁵⁹ and Loren Eiseley.⁶⁰

My own correspondence with Jack began in 1969. I first visited his Brooklyn apartment late in 1971. I found it a warm and cordial setting for Jack's books, his portraits of great thinkers and writers, his kindness and his wry cynicism. Jack smoked his pipe or just let it linger dormant in his mouth as he reiterated much of the material in his letters: 'The hopeless corruption of our conditioned society, the unrelenting stupidity and wrongheadedness of the herd. He had a priceless and unforgettable way of thinking aloud, down his pipe stem: "It's a lotta crap! Unmitigated crap!"'

But it wasn't all bleak to Jack Benjamin. He had a lot of faith in those of us who are old enough to know the scoop and keep survival at a premium, and still fight like hell. He wrote me, in the spring of 1970: "Life, at best, is short and brutal as the poet once opined; but within its limits we can weave some sort of tapestry."⁶¹

The second and last time I saw Jack and Hattie I brought Sharon with me. The merriment was carried from the Benjamin apartment and down to a preferred Chinese restaurant on Flatbush Avenue, where Jack sat chewing on his pipe more than the chow mein and testing me about whether or not it mattered intellectually if Haldeman-Julius was "just an ordinary guy."⁶²

The fact is, H-J was no ordinary guy — Jack was, and that made him extraordinary. Only later did I learn that throughout most of his career, Mr. Jacob Benjamin had worked for Con Edison.⁶³ Aside from the latest pamphlet, he never had any books out — just lines and lines and lines of type in newspapers and magazines. He had relinquished fame for the sake of a fine wife and friends. Perhaps the only friend he had ever spurned for good was George Sylvester Viereck, when it was

clear to Jack that Viereck was a Nazi. Another friend, Paul Eldridge, had dispensed with Jack — the issue was Zionism. Both men were atheists and Jews. Jack couldn't see how the sensitive Eldridge could feel allegiance to a theocratic state of Israel. Paul Eldridge refused to ever speak to him again.⁶⁴

Early in 1974 Jack took gravely sick. The old couple had to pass up the annual winter trip to Miami Beach — a place Jack despised as "an elephant's graveyard."⁶⁵ My last conversation with Jack was by long distance telephone, when his guts were so torn with pain and his muscles so arthritic he couldn't write. In a choked voice he asked me to be his literary executor (This never happened; the task fell to his lifelong friend, bookseller Nathan Simons).

Jack Benjamin's last months of agony were in a New York hospital, where he could no longer recognize even Hattie. On August 8, 1974, he died of cancer of the pancreas. The last bitter fight, too, had been extraordinary.

NOTES

1. Letter to Bill Ryan from William J. Fielding, September 16, 1969.
2. The article was reprinted in *The American Rationalist*, Vol. XVIII, No.
3. September-October, 1973, pp. 7-9, and in *Progressive World*, Vol. XXX, No. 2, July-August, 1974, pp. 39-44.
- Letters to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, April 1 and April 5, 1973.
4. The booklet, published by the United Secularists of America, Inc., Ventura, California, 1972, is a compilation of articles written for *The Truth Seeker* and signed with the pseudonym "Historicus," with the exception of the earliest, which occurs last in the pamphlet: "Did Josephus Write It?" by Jack Benjamin, Vol. 57, No. 9, September, 1930, pp. 283-284. "The Non-Historicity of Jesus Christ," Vol. 71, No. 1, January, 1944, pp. 1-3. "Jesus: A Mythological Character; A Defense of John M. Robertson Against Joseph McCabe," Vol. 71, No. 9, September, 1944, pp. 129-131. "The Decline of the Jesus Myth," Vol. 72, No. 5, May, 1945, pp. 65-67. "John M. Robertson and the Jesus Myth," Vol. 72, No. 10, October, 1945, pp. 154-155.
5. Jack Benjamin, "Introduction," *All the lives I Have Lived* by William J. Fielding. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company, 1972, pp. 1x-x.
6. Letter to William F. Ryan from Jack Benjamin, September 14, 1969.
7. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, March 29, 1972.
8. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, March 10, 1971.
9. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, September 24, 1969.
10. First mentioned to me in a letter from Jack Benjamin, September 24, 1969. He explained that Frank Harris incident in greater detail in a conversation in Brooklyn, New York, May 5, 1973.
11. Letter to Mr. Benjamin from Geo. W. Bowne, September 1, 1922.
12. Jacob Benjamin, "Some Jewish Superstitions I," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 49, No. 41, October 14, 1922, p. 651; "Some Jewish Superstitions II," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 49, No. 42, October 21, 1922, p. 667.
13. Jacob Benjamin, "Oddities of Jewish Lore," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 52, No. 28, July 11, 1925, pp. 439-440.
14. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, November 3, 1969.
15. Letter to Mr. Benjamin from Edward R. Gleichenhau, Secretary to Mr. Viereck, September 22, 1932.
16. Conversation with Hattie Benjamin, Miami Beach, December 23, 1978.

17. Letters to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, November 3, 1969; January 21, 1971.

18. Letters to Mr. Benjamin from Bertrand Russell: Merioneth, Wales, 10 October 1958; Merioneth, 31 August 1961; London, August 6, 1965.

19. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, January 28, 1971.

20. Letters to Mr. Benjamin from M.F. Ashley Montagu; Philadelphia, 3 November 1943; Philadelphia, 2 November, 1944; Philadelphia, January 29, 1945; Merion, Pa., 26 April, 1948; Princeton, N.J., 22 April, 1953.

21. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, January 28, 1971.

22. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, February 9, 1971.

23. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, March 21, 1971.

24. Letters to Jack Benjamin from James T. Farrell: Wingdale, N.Y., June 20, 1946 (postcard, tearsheets from *The New Republic*); Palmer House, Chicago, July 4, 1946.

25. An extended correspondence between Miriam Allen deFord and Jack Benjamin, December, 1967-December, 1973. Ms. deFord's portion of that correspondence is in the possession of William F. Ryan.

26. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, October 24, 1969.

27. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, January 28, 1971.

28. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, January 21, 1971.

29. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, January 28, 1971.

30. Jack Benjamin, "Sir Arthur Keith's Pruning Hook," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 66, No. 1, January, 1939, pp. 1-2.

31. Sir Arthur Keith, "Must a Rationalist Be a Pacifist?" *The Literary Guide*, New Series No. 513, March, 1939, p. 53; *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 66, No. 3, March, 1939, pp. 33-34.

32. Jack Benjamin, "Rationalism as a Pruning Hook," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 66, No. 4, April, 1939, pp. 49-51, 63.

33. Letters to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, May 27 and June 4, 1970.

34. Letter to Mr. Benjamin from Joseph McCabe, March 10, 1939.

35. The Little Blue Books in question are: 1775 *How Christianity Grew Out of Paganism: The Real Origin of the Christian Religion* by Joseph McCabe (1943); 1788 *Evolution or Revolution: Fallacy of the Slow and Steady Theory of Progress* by Joseph McCabe (1943).

36. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, October 24, 1969.

37. Letters to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, September 2 and September 10, 1970.

38. The idea was discussed late in 1971, early 1972.

39. Letters to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, February 2 and March 4, 1970.

40. William McCarthy, *Bible, Church and God*. New York: Truth Seeker Co. (Second Edition), 1946.

41. Letters to Jack Benjamin from E. Haldeman-Julius, March 31 through April 11, 1945.

42. Letter to Jack Benjamin from E. Haldeman-Julius, June 6, 1947.

43. Articles by-lined Jack Benjamin in Haldeman-Julius periodicals: "Agnosticism: A Critique," in *Questions and Answers, Sixth Series* (Third Set), 1948, pp. 52-55. "Haldeman-Julius: America's Educator," in *Questions and Answers, Eighth Series* (Third Set), 1949, p. 93. "Is Our Intelligence Increasing or Decreasing?" *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 3, March, 1949, pp. 8-9. "What Is Education?" same issue, p. 13. "Effect of Atomic Bombing" (letter to the editor), *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 4, April, 1949, pp. 28-29. "Live, Little Man, and Suffer — But Learn," *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 5, May, 1949, pp. 54-55.

44. "Forged Anti-Semitism" and "Mr. Gauvin's Reply to the Charge," *The Truth Seeker* Vol. 73, No. 8, August, 1946, pp. 118-119; "More Forged Anti-Semitism," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 73, No. 10, October, 1946, pp. 156-158.

45. E. Haldeman-Julius, "VULGAR TRUTH-SEEKERS," *Questions and Answers, Eighth Series*

(Third Set), 1949, p. 124.

46. Letter to Jack Benjamin from E. Haldeman-Julius, December 7, 1948.

47. Mordecai T. Heller, "Anti-Semitism in 'The Truth Seeker,'" in *Questions and Answers, Tenth Series* (Third Set), 1949, pp. 14-15; *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 4, April, 1949, pp. 23-24.

48. Many of the "Mordecai T. Heller" essays were compiled in two of the Big Blue Books, as follows: B-836 *The Shameful Decline of the "Truth Seeker"* (1949): "The Decline and Fall of 'The Truth Seeker,'" *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 11, November, 1949, pp. 23-26; "The 'Truth Seeker': A Menace to Freethought," *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 9, September, 1949, pp. 25-28. "The Truth Seeker and Its Editor: A Menace to Freethinkers," *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 12, December, 1949, pp. 32-36. "The Anti-Semitism of the 'Truth Seeker' and Its Defenders," *The Critic and Guide* Vol. 3, No. 8, August, 1949, pp. 40-42. "The Anti-Semitism of the 'Truth Seeker,'" *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 3, No. 7, July, 1949, pp. 23-25.

B-851. *Christianity: A Continuing Calamity* by Clay Fuiks (and Others) (1950) "The 'Truth Seeker': A Dissection of Its Anti-Semitism and Racism," *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 4, No. 1, January, 1950, pp. 56-60. "The 'Truth Seeker': A Major Disaster in American Freethought," *The Critic and Guide*, Vol. 4, No. 2, February, 1950, pp. 56-60.

Uncollected pieces signed "Mordecai T. Heller" in *The Critic and Guide*: Letter, "Anti-Semitism in 'The Truth Seeker,'" Vol. 3, No. 4, April, 1949, pp. 23-24. "The Truth Seeker: An Example of Editorial Stupidity," Vol. 4, No. 3, March, 1950, pp. 36-39. "Is the 'Truth Seeker' a Menace to Freethought?" Vol. 4, No. 5, May, 1950, pp. 85-87. "Is Marshall J. Gauvin an Anti-Semite?" Vol. 4, No. 6, June, 1950, pp. 115-118. "A Descriptive Psychology of the Anti-Semite," Vol. 4, No. 7, July, 1950, pp. 105-107. 49. "Semitic Freethought," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 76, No. 8, August, 1949, p. 116.

50. "More Kosher Culture," *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 76, No. 11, November, 1949, p. 164.

51. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, October 17, 1970.

52. Letters to E. Haldeman-Julius from Joseph Lewis, President and Founder, Freethinkers of America, April 13, April 21 and April 24, 1950.

53. Jack Benjamin revealed that he was "Mordecai T. Heller" in a letter to Bill Ryan, January 16, 1970.

54. "E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS" (obituary), *The Truth Seeker*, Vol. 78, No. 9, September, 1951, p. 143.

55. Letters to Mr. Benjamin from Michael A. Musmanno, May 22, 1963; June 1, 1963; February 10, 1965; February 22, 1965; November 24, 1965.

56. Letter to Mr. Benjamin from Corliss Lamont, July 29, 1963.

57. Letter to Mr. Benjamin from Hector Hawton, September 7, 1973; from Jacky Breach for Hector Hawton, 26 September 1973.

58. Letters to Mr. Benjamin from James Reston, June 7, 1962; June 27, 1967.

59. Letter to Jack Benjamin from Carl Shapiro, September 12, 1973.

60. Letters from Loren Eisely to Mr. Benjamin: November 29, 1972; January 4, 1973; March 7, 1973; April 10, 1973.

61. Letter to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, March 28, 1970.

62. The occasion was on May 5, 1973.

63. Letter to Bill Ryan from Hattie Benjamin, September 6, 1974.

64. Letters to Bill Ryan from Jack Benjamin, February 16, 1970; April 12, 1970; August 20, 1970; September 18, 1970.

65. Letter to the author from Jack Benjamin, February 1, 1972.

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* * *

Every new opinion, at its starting, is precisely in a minority of one.

Thomas Carlyle

HENRY MILLER AT 87

A Personal Memoir

BY ELMER GERTZ

On December 26, 1978, Henry Miller, a seminal force in the literary and sex revolutions of our times, reached his eighty-seventh birthday, having violated in the course of those many years most of the rules of respectability promulgated by proper persons the world over. Superficially, he was a physical wreck, but that was only on first viewing. When my wife and I saw him on December 18, at his Pacific Palisades home, just a few days before his birthday, we quickly forgot his various surface disabilities as we reveled in his piquant and joyous conversation, his warmth of manner and excitement of bearing. Every word that we exchanged was memorable without losing its all too human qualities. Everything seemed to be intended for us and us alone. It was as personal as only Henry Miller is capable of making any conversation.

Knowing that he treasured his privacy against the inroads of the merely curious or the importunities of friends, I wrote to him some days before our expected arrival in California. Our book of correspondence, *Henry Miller — Years of Trial and Triumph, 1962-1964*, had been published a few months earlier to great acclaim, but, understanding Henry's dislike of pressure, I wanted to learn if we would really be welcome. After all, the *Tropic of Cancer* litigation was long since at an end and, while we still corresponded with not too great regularity, we had not seen each other in several years. "Of course you may visit me when you get to L.A.," he responded promptly. "Just call my secretary (Sandi Stahl) — I never answer phone — and she will arrange an appointment for you and dear Mamie." He made other comments, amusing and caustic, and I felt that we would be welcome. In any event, I wanted to see him, knowing that, at his age and mine, there could not be many meetings between us in the future. It occurred to me that I was now just past my seventy-second birthday, a couple of years older than Miller had been when first we had become involved with each other early in 1962. Our

relationship, at first purely professional, had rapidly become profoundly personal. As I have sometimes said, it was probably the closest relationship between a litigated writer and his lawyer. Our book was only one of the products of this relationship.

From the outside, Miller's home appeared more commodious than we had remembered it. Obviously, it was the most comfortable residence the literary anarchist had ever had. In this period of sky-rocketing inflation, it was undoubtedly worth a fortune. The thought seemed to be incongruous as we walked towards the door of the home of this free spirit. We glanced only briefly at the legend pasted on the door to the effect that an old man is entitled to be protected against all intrusions. As it did not apply to us, we rang the bell and were greeted by Sandra Stahl, Henry's secretary, young, bright and lovely as one would expect his companion to be. She took us quietly from the foyer to the living room to the space adjoining the celebrated room in which Henry's ping pong table replaced any dining facilities. We could not think of Henry's playing ping pong now, although just a few years earlier he had repeatedly beaten the physically adept Mamie in that lively game. We sat facing, expectantly, the door to another room. Soon Henry appeared, transporting himself with a walker. He wore a much used robe, and, never a large man, he appeared somewhat shrunken in size. For a moment, we were saddened into silence, but this mood quickly vanished. He greeted each of us with a firm and warm hug and Mamie with a kiss as well. He observed us in his penetrating novelist's manner with which I was familiar through past experiences. "Your hair is now white, Elmer," he observed, "and Mamie you are younger looking and more beautiful than you were — really." One could see him in the process of observing us, but he was careful not to voice all that he saw or sensed, just as we were, perhaps with more cause.

I asked about Hoki, his young Japanese wife from whom he was now divorced. "She wanted

only a few paintings and the copyright in the book *Insomnia* that I wrote about my first unrequited love of her. That pleased me very much, as I want that book, a very good one, to remain in print always." I could not help recalling our first meeting with Hoki. Henry had introduced us with almost Oriental courtesy in the foyer of this very house, with the words: "Mamie and Elmer, I want you to meet Hoki, my fifth and last wife." Hoki had quickly retorted: "Henry, you know better than that. You will have one or two more wives." Or was the suggested number greater than that? At any rate, this was the sort of a verbal byplay one seldom hears, but it was characteristic of the Miller entourage.

Now, at eighty-seven, one could not expect more Miller romances. Or could one? Henry showed us a glossy print of the kind that young actors or actresses might prepare for their agents. It was a picture of Brenda Venus, thirty years of age, obviously well developed. "The Venus is a shortening of a somewhat similar Sicilian name," Henry told us. "She picks me up twice each week and we go to a restaurant. I discard my walker completely, and hold on to her arm, while I carry a cane in the other hand. It is a real love."

If we were skeptical, we did not show it. He told us more of Brenda and then of his secretary Sandra Stahl, the daughter of a psychiatrist father and a lawyer mother and herself ambitious to improve herself. She eases Henry's burdens and seems to sense his needs. At this point, she came into the room with a copy of the book of our letters that we had recently published. It already bore Henry's inscription to her. She wanted me to add some words. A young man, a sort of houseman, came in, too, with another copy of our book, inscribed by Henry. He wanted my inscription as well. This made it appropriate for me to ask Henry to say something on the title page of one of the copies of the book, which I had brought with me on Mamie's insistence. He wrote in a hand that was as firm and as beautiful as in other days:

"To my everlasting friend and savior, Elmer Gertz than whom I know no better nor greater."

I was stunned into silence, an unusual state for me.

He dated it December 17, 1978, a mistake of one day. Earlier he had referred to the date correctly. It was the sort of error that he would make now and then even when he was younger. I recall his misdating some of the water colors that he had done in our home more than sixteen years earlier.

We were deeply concerned about how he was getting along with his meals and other physical needs, but we were careful not to press the matter too much. Just as in his Paris days in poverty, friends provide his repasts. Now they come to him, rather than he to them. He told us of one couple with whom he had been very close, the man a musician of world reputation. He ceased seeing them because they were too insistent in showering him with attention. "One can't have chicken soup every day even if it is good," he commented with a laugh. "I told Sandi not to admit them anymore."

In anyone except Henry this would have seemed unforgivably callous.

His tastes in food are simple — a little cheese and crackers or, perhaps, some chicken and just a little bit of wine. He does not touch hard spirits. He does not gorge himself. He supplements his sparse food with vitamins.

Henry inquired if we wanted some cheese and crackers. We asked him not to bother. He poured some Dubonnet in our glasses and his own, and we sipped as we chatted. He refilled his glass. He seemed to gain conversational verve from it.

We talked of his two younger children, Val and Tony. Val was now living alone in Henry's rather primitive house in Big Sur and enjoying it. She had told him that she felt herself growing in solitude and he was pleased. The boy Tony was finding himself, too. He was working on another film about his father.

We talked, too, of Isaac Bashevis Singer, who had just become a Nobel Laureate in literature. Singer is Miller's favorite contemporary writer and they are friends. "What about your getting the Nobel Prize?" I asked. "I talked with Lawrence Durrell on the matter," Henry admitted. "Larry met one of the Swedish judges for this award and had asked him bluntly as to why I was not named. The man hung his head rather sheepishly and said to Larry, 'We are waiting for him to become respectable.'" If Miller resented this he did not show it. "Poor Swede!" This was his only comment.

Singer's name naturally suggested the Jewish cantors about whom Henry has always been ecstatic. This time he referred only to Cantor Serota, whose liturgical recordings he had been playing again, and, as always, they brought tears to his eyes. I could not help thinking of the anguish this would have brought to his anti-Semitic parents, especially his unbending mother.

Henry was highly critical of Israel's preoccupation with armaments and security. Yet he listened attentively to my explanation of Israel's needs, saying nothing more, but clearly storing up some observations. As always when Israel or subjects Jewish are mentioned, he referred to his former brother-in-law Rezalel Schatz, the Israeli artist, with admiration and amusement.

Our conversation flitted here, there and everywhere. Sometimes we talked about a matter in depth. Generally, we used code words or phrases which sufficed for the unneeded details.

In all of our extended conversation, neither of us said anything about the protracted litigation which had brought us together and had helped free literature from the bonds of censorship in the United States, unless it be, indirectly, the already quoted inscription in my copy of the correspondence book. It was not so much what we said, but our manner of saying things. Clearly, we were old friends, communicating with each other, not alone in words but even more in feelings and thoughts and gestures. It was good to be together again after a physical absence of several years.

Naturally, we talked briefly of our book of letters. He confessed, the least bit sadly, that,

because of his infirmity of vision, he could not read the book, except in little bits and pieces. He said that he was told by friends who had read the book that it was quite good. "They liked your letters in particular, Elmer," he said. "They thought them remarkable." Not a word about his own basic contributions, the charming, seemingly spontaneous and wise letters that have always been his hallmark, as witness the remarkable Lawrence Durrell, Anais Nin and Emil Schnellock collections in particular.

I asked him what he thought about the Jay Martin biography of him that had appeared only a few weeks earlier. It was monumental in size, I knew, and the distillation of over 100,000 documents that Professor Martin had read. Henry told us that he had attempted to discourage Martin from undertaking the project. He seemed to feel that the professor was pedantic, rather than illuminating. He dissociated himself almost completely from the book. Yet, he had been close to other people in academia. Lawrence Clark Powell comes to mind, and Wallace Fowlie, and there were others. All of these were scholars and more. I sensed that it was a subject not to be explored further at this time.

As often in the past he talked about his Oriental appearance. He was sure that at least one of his roving ancestors had borne a Chinese child, and that he was descended from this child. As always, it was a favorite self-created legend. I countered with a report of a meeting between Albert Einstein and George Sylvester Viereck, the now almost forgotten poet and propagandist. Einstein had confided something to Viereck and then had remarked that if Viereck were not Jewish he could not talk so intimately with him. Viereck protested gently that he was not Jewish, that his ancestors for five hundred years had been Protestants. Einstein still insisted that there must be Jewish blood in Viereck. Miller was intrigued by this story that seemed to buttress his belief in his Oriental ancestry.

He talked once more of Frank Harris, the first great writer he had known in those faraway days when Henry, as a youth, worked in his father's custom clothing shop in Manhattan. Harris was a customer and Henry helped him on and off with his pants, the while Harris talked magisterially of his heroes — principally Jesus, Shakespeare and Harris. The Jewish bushmen in the plant, unlettered persons all, were deeply impressed, as was Henry of course, by Harris' magnificent voice and what he said. Instinctively, they knew that they were in the presence of a great man — or a great actor. Inwardly, I compared Harris and Miller, who had each extended the boundary of what is permissible in literature; Harris somewhat shrill and uncertain, Miller more assured in his shameless frankness. I had known both men and it deepened my appreciation of Miller.

Henry told us that he was continuing with his little books that Capra was publishing, dealing largely with the friends of his childhood and youth. He marvelled that he could recall every detail of those distant days — the names of people

and places, entire conversations, all more real than events of the present or the immediate past.

One did not get the feeling that this was a man who was conscious that death was not too far away. He did talk of doctors and lawyers when we told him that our younger son hated both professions. "I agree with Jack," Henry said. "Of course, Elmer, you are not what we think of as a lawyer. You are something more, a man of culture and feelings. Doctors have made a mess of me." He told us of an excessively long (fourteen hours!) and unnecessary operation he had had which appears to have resulted in his becoming blind in one eye. He was bitter almost in a comical fashion, but he did not seem to brood too much over it. It was as if he had made a note to strike doctors off his list of friends. They would not be permitted to feed him.

We commented on two cloth hangings in his home, each a copy of one of his water colors. They were a gift to him by a lady friend and were, indeed, patterned after his characteristic paintings. Someone had offered him thousands of dollars for one of them, but he had refused to sell it. "I want it near me always," he said with finality.

But he could be insistent upon proper payments. He told us of a couple of episodes involving money. He had been on a television program in which a good friend of his was host. He had done well and it occurred to him later that he ought to be paid. When he suggested that in a letter, he was told that the sponsor, a gigantic corporation, could not afford to pay. He did exact payment in a substantial amount for one of his own paintings.

As the afternoon vanished, Henry reminisced fondly of one he had known and liked long ago, in that strange period of his life when he was personnel manager of Western Union. She was his secretary then; now she is the wife of the renowned literary critic Malcolm Cowley. He had not published any book at the time or, indeed, much of anything. He gave up this one respectable position to devote himself, recklessly, to what he could only hope would be his life's real work, the creation of books. Now he could look back to vast and striking accomplishments in the ensuing half century. And he was talking with us, quietly, almost sweetly about people and events and books of those years.

It was difficult for us to part, but I began to feel that we were probably wearing him out, and I suggested our leaving. Our parting was very moving. We hugged and kissed each other, first Henry and me, and then Henry and Mamie. The unspoken thought was that this might be a last farewell, and it was bittersweet.

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The crowd has never thirsted for truth. It turns aside from evidence that is not to its taste, preferring to glorify and to follow error. The way of error appears attractive enough and seduces them. Whoever can supply the crowd with attractive emotional illusions may easily become their master; and whoever attempts to destroy such firmly entrenched illusions of the crowd is almost sure to be rejected. Gustave LeBon

WHAT? WHERE? and WHEN?

By Walter Hoops

The George Washington University Medical Center reports that sterilization is now the most popular form of contraception. About 80 million couples world-wide are using this voluntary method for birth control, compared with 55 million using the pill, 35 million using condoms and 15 million using intra-uterine devices.

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.

E.B. White

The real problems in Northern Ireland are economic and social injustices in employment, housing and education. Protestants (English and Scottish settlers came in 1567) are in control of the basic power basis and are not willing to share it with others.

From Argentina comes the news that four Indians were killed by their own tribesmen because a Pentecostal preacher had accused them of being possessed by the devil. — The recent report from Brazil that thousands of parents are forced to cast off their offspring like rubbish points an accusing finger at the Catholic Church which prohibits birth control but tolerates the dumping of young children who steal, prostitute themselves or starve.

The World Council of Churches with 293 Protestant and Orthodox member organizations is in trouble about a recent grant of \$85,000.00 to the Radical Front, a guerilla organization operating in Rhodesia involved in the killing of unarmed civilians. A number of member churches have already quit the council, and it is expected that British and West-German organizations that provide most of the funds will follow.

The U.S.A. is the country of volunteers. In 1974 a survey conducted with the help of the Census Bureau showed that 37 million people do selfless volunteer work, estimated value \$33.9 billion. A Gallup poll revealed that roughly 89% of urban residents would be willing to volunteer some kind of work or aid to help their own neighborhoods.

Textbook loans for parochial schools have been ruled unconstitutional by the Massachusetts Supreme Court in July.

The Church of Scientology advertises that now as a birthday present to the founder you can become a "Class IV" believer for a donation of \$5,926.13 to \$6,222.44 and taking several courses lasting 14 weeks. The wife of the founder was indicted in August with 10 other church officials with alleged conspiracy to infiltrate government agencies, breaking and entering

government offices, stealing official documents, and planting bugging equipment in government meetings.

The Rationalist Ass'n. of New South Wales has published a study by Colin Maine of the character of Jesus by listing all references to him in the bible. The author comes to the conclusion that Jesus was intolerant, fanatical, revengeful, illogical, superstitious and arrogant "all in all a thoroughly unpleasant individual." The pamphlet is available from Book Service-AR for \$1.00 postpaid.

The Catholic Church has long agreed that workers have a right to form unions. But when teachers in parochial schools form unions and demand better pay and conditions, that is a different story. The dioceses of Chicago and Fort Wayne have refused to bargain with the unions hiding — of all things — behind the principle of separation of church and state.

Ever since the Industrial Revolution, starting in the middle of the 18th Century, the world's population has grown on an ever increasing scale. Now the U.S. Census Bureau reports a decline in the rate of growth. Samuel Baum, chief demographic statistician, calls it a major turning point in history. Even if this trend continues, zero population growth will not come for some decades. The present population increase is still 80 million a year.

One of the strategists of the Republican Party believes that one of the keys to electoral success in the future is the conservative Catholic vote.

The question who was the common ancestor of Man and Chimpanzee is getting closer to an answer by scientists using genetic differences of mammals. The genes of man vary only 1% from those of a chimp while the genes of man and horse vary as much as 20%. The common ancestor, according to Adrienne Zihlman of the University of California at Santa Cruz, seems to be the pygmy chimp Pan Paniscus.

Naral, the National Abortion Rights Action League, 825 15th Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20005 spearheads the struggle to keep abortion safe and legal. It exposes the fraudulent claims about the biological "begin of life" by opponents of the 1973 U.S. Supreme Court decisions and has provided a list of Catholic Church organizations that showed contributions from January 1976 through March 31, 1977 of \$459,000.00. The League needs your support.

All readers of AR should know that Steve Allen and Dana Andrews have helped to produce a series of Public Service Radio announcements for use by the American Humanist Association. The announcements have been sent to 2000 selected Stations.

DATES FOR FREETHINKERS TO REMEMBER

MAY

- 4-1825 Thomas Huxley born. He was Darwin's most prominent supporter and defended him courageously from clerical attacks. According to Joseph McCabe he was one of the most decorated men of science of his time. To avoid the term atheism he coined the word agnosticism (neither affirming nor denying the existence of a god). Julian and Aldous Huxley were his grandsons.
- 6-1856 Sigmund Freud born in Moravia but lived and wrote in Vienna until German fascists drove him to England. He is the father of psychoanalysis and a freethinker all his life. *The Future of an Illusion** remains one of the outstanding anti-religious books.
- 9-1805 Friedrich Schiller died in Weimar, Germany. An outspoken enemy of clerical obscurantism, he is considered the main pillar of the German Enlightenment with Kant and Lessing.
- 18-1872 Bertrand Russell born. He was a leading philosopher and mathematician of our day. A brilliant writer and freethinker, most of his innumerable books are unfortunately out-of-print.**
- 30-1778 Voltaire died. He was the greatest freethinker of all times, with a passion for justice, toleration and freedom. He wrote books on history, science, religion. His poems and plays won high distinction. AR devoted its May/June 1978 issue to commemorate the 200th anniversary of his death.***

* paper-back \$2.00

** write for list of available reprints from Haldeman-Julius, add return postage

*** Memorial copy available for \$1.00 postpaid Book Service-AR

JUNE

- 1-1927 John Bury died. He was one of the leading British historians of the last generation, an authority on the Byzantine Empire. Freethinkers know him as the author of a *History on the Freedom of Thought* which he wrote when he was a member of the Rationalist Press Association.
- 24-1842 Ambrose Bierce born, famous American author and journalist with a gift for satiric wit. He edited journals here and in England and published many short stories mostly with themes from his military service in the Civil War. His magnificent *Devil's Dictionary** (The Cynic's Word Book) has amused several generations of freethinkers.
- 25-1903 George Orwell born in India where his father was in government service. His bitter experiences during the Spanish Civil War deepened his hatred for

authoritarianism — political as well as clerical. His books *Homage to Catalonia***, *Animal Farm**** and *1984***** express his fears and contempt.

- 28-1712 Jean-Jacques Rousseau born in Geneva, Switzerland. He left his mark as a philosopher, author, political theorist (he has been called the father of the French Revolution) and composer. For a short time he contributed to Diderot's Encyclopedia. His main works *The Social Contract*, *Emile* and *Confessions* have had tremendous influence not only due to the new ideas they expressed but also because of a style of writing that reveal a true genius in the republic of letters.

* paper-back, stiff-cover \$3.50

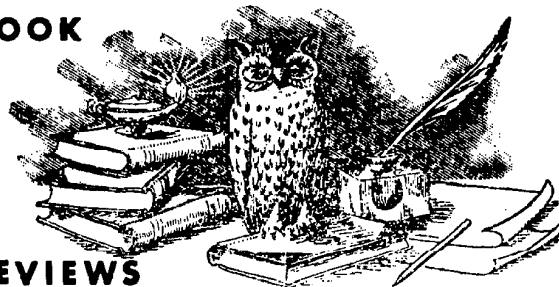
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BOOK



REVIEWS

THE ESSENCE OF JEFFERSON

By Martin A. Larson

Although there has been a plethora of books about Thomas Jefferson, the third president of our country, there has never been an attempt to present, through his personal letters, statements, and official documents, his most significant thoughts and reactions to the paramount issues of his own day. Such a vital collection of material is now available in *The Essence of Jefferson* by Dr. Martin A. Larson.

Under fifteen headings in this volume, Dr. Larson reproduces Jefferson's most important statements on each subject; and each chapter includes a helpful introduction or commentary by the author, as well as concluding notes.

The book begins with Jefferson's philosophical attitude toward political science and government; it then summarizes his bitter struggle with Alexander Hamilton, plus his original Declaration of Independence, followed by the strategic Louisiana Purchase and its importance for the development of the nation. All in all, we find here revealed and depicted a great statesman who never, for one moment, forgot or neglected the advancement and progress of his beloved country. His philosophy may be summarized in the words: "Man has only one dependable oracle — his God-given reason."

We wish to call particular attention to the John W. Eppes Letters, which delineate Jefferson's monetary theories and his convictions in regard to banking, taxes, inflation, currency, the national debt, and federal financing especially during war-time. He also explained in detail the principles which should be followed in order to establish government upon a sound financial basis.

In addition to these famous epistles, the author delves deeply into Jefferson's policies concerning money, coinage, and weights and measures, the entire system of which was adopted by the Congress in 1792.

Finally, no one can appreciate Jefferson without understanding his attitude toward free public education, and the fact that he was responsible for establishing the first free public school system in the United States. He was determined not only that every child receive at least elementary schooling, but also that such schools be free from clerical or religious bigotry, which had brought about numerous calamities in Europe. Jefferson was the principal advocate of the Bill of Rights and especially of the First Amendment which mandates freedom of religion and the separation of church and state.

While most of Thomas Jefferson's writings date back almost 200 years, his logic, advice, and philosophy are as applicable and important today as ever — perhaps even more so. *The Essence of Jefferson* is therefore a must for every serious student and teacher, as well as for the average citizen who has the duty of electing our lawmakers or who is interested in preserving the form of government left us by our Founding Fathers.

Sue Middleton

Joseph J. Binns — Washington & New York, 1977, 270 pages, \$11.50.

HUMANISTIC JUDAISM by Sherwin T. Wine

Rabbi Wine is the leader of a Humanistic Judaism "temple" in Michigan. There are several such groups in the United States. In fact, as the most well-known of the leaders, Rabbi Wine can be looked upon as the spokesman for Humanistic Judaism as a movement. Let us see what this movement stands for, as revealed in Wine's book, *Humanistic Judaism*.

From the beginning, I have a major disagreement with Wine. He feels that an atheist who never goes to synagogue, never affiliates himself with Judaism's organizations in any way, and does not consider himself a Jew, is still a Jew (assuming, of course, that at least his mother was Jewish). I feel that Judaism is a religion (with some cultural inbreeding). As such, it is only the religion of any person as long as that person accepts it as his religion. By my definitions, the person described above would be an atheist and not a Jew. This matter of definitions is quite important later on. In fact, the whole reason for the existence of the Humanistic Judaism movement depends upon accepting Wine's definition of a Jew. If we do not accept it, there is no longer any valid reason why non-believing Jews need a form of Judaism to which to belong.

Perhaps I have been misleading. Rabbi Wine considers his movement the proper place for non-believers *who want to still call themselves Jews*. Surely this is a strange state of affairs. Why would someone who does not believe in a given religion still want to call himself a member of that religion? It probably goes back to our need to identify ourselves as a member of some group when asked our religion. I, personally, see no reason why a non-believer in these circumstances can't reply "atheist," or "agnostic" or "Rationalist" or even "none" when asked his religious denomination.

Wine, I think correctly, points out that for many (even most) modern Jews in America, Judaism has become a "secular religion." By this he means that the urban Jew has no need for Jewish theology, God or most of the trappings of traditional Jewry. However, if Judaism is to survive, Wine says, it must adapt itself to the needs of the modern Jew. Now we come to the crux of the matter: Humanistic Judaism is really designed to keep *organized Judaism* alive, and not because there is no other organization which would meet the needs of the non-believing "Jew." In fact, there are Humanist and Ethical Culture Societies which seem nearly identical to what Humanistic Judaism has to offer (minus what little "Judaism" there is, of course). Much of the rest of Wine's book is a well presented plea to Jews to become Humanists. All the right reasons for not accepting traditional Judaism are presented. For this reason alone, the book has merit, and should be read by Jews. However, what we have in the end is a convincing argument for Humanism, and a not very convincing one for Humanistic Judaism.

Gordon Stein, Ph.D.
(Prometheus Books, 1978, \$10.95)

RATIONAL LOVE by Warren Shibles

This book by the versatile Warren Shibles of the University of Wisconsin at Whitewater (he has written books on Ethics, Emotion, Humor, Time — with others forthcoming, he says — and also works on Wittgenstein that have been translated into German and Portuguese plus essays on other philosophical themes) is substantially a critique of Albert Ellis' major work "Reason and Emotion."

Then Shibles goes into an analysis of Love quoting Seneca "Only a wise man knows how to love well" and Shakespeare "They do not love that do not show their love" by dealing with Romantic Love, Rational Love, Erotic Love and Jealousy. Special chapters are dedicated to Love and Situational Ethics, a Critique of Liberationism. There is a comprehensive Bibliography which includes all of the important books that have been written to this subject.

Louis Warren

The Language Press, paper, \$4.95 plus 50¢ postage
Order through Book Service-AR,
2001 St. Clair, St. Louis, Mo. 63144

AR readers are asked to comment on this issue.
Send your letters to our editor.

AN INTRODUCTORY FREETHOUGHT READING LIST

We have often been asked to suggest some readily available books which a person new to the idea of freethought can read. There are thousands of freethought books but the vast majority are either long out-of-print and difficult to obtain, or else are not really that helpful to a beginner. The following list consists of books which should be available in the average big city library or can easily be obtained by interlibrary loan. Books marked with an * may be purchased from our own Book Service-AR. The first book is to be republished soon.

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|---|---------|
| 1. Smith, George H. | \$ 5.95 |
| Atheism: The Case Against God* | |
| 2. Russell, Bertrand | \$.40 |
| Why I am not a Christian* | |
| 3. Paine, Thomas | \$ 2.00 |
| The Age of Reason* | |
| (Still the best introduction to Biblical criticism from a non-Christian standpoint) | |
| 4. Blatchford, Robert | \$ 3.00 |
| God and My Neighbor* | |
| 5. Dr. Carlson, Anton J. | \$.40 |
| Science and the Supernatural* | |
| 6. Arthur G. Cromwell | \$.40 |
| Why I do not believe in a God* | |
| 7. Barnes, Harry E. | |
| The Twilight of Christianity | |
| 8. Brooks, David M. | |
| The Necessity of Atheism | |
| 9. Meslier, Jean | |
| Superstition in all Ages | |
| 10. Brown, Marshall & Dr. Stein, Gordon | \$15.00 |
| Freethought in the United States* | |

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| 11. Smith, Homer | |
| Man and his Gods | |
| 12. Fielding, William J. | \$ 7.50 |
| Shackles of the Supernatural* | |
| 13. Johnson, James Hervey | \$ 1.50 |
| Superior Men | |
| 15. Lamont, Corliss | |
| The Illusion of Immortality | |
| 16. Larson, Martin M. | \$12.50 |
| The Story of Christian Origins* | |
| 17. McCabe, Joseph | |
| The Story of Religious Controversy | |
| 18. Mencken, Henry L. | |
| A Treatise on the Gods | |
| 19. Scott, Richard | |
| A Game of Chess: A Study of Atheism | |
| 20. Teller, Woolsey | |
| Essays of an Atheist | |
| 21. Ingersoll, Robert G. | \$ 2.00 |
| Some Mistakes of Moses* | |
| 22. Ingersoll, Robert G. | \$.40 |
| What is Religion?* | |
| 23. Potter, Charles F. | \$ 1.75 |
| Is That in the Bible?* | |
| 24. Brandes, George | |
| Jesus a Myth | |
| 25. Huxley, Julian | |
| Religion without Revelation | |
| 26. Mouat, Kit | \$ 1.00 |
| Introduction to Secular Humanism* | |
| 27. Hewson, Arthur B. | \$ 1.00 |
| Affirmative Rationalism* | |
| 28. McCabe, Joseph | \$.40 |
| Freethinkers and the Struggle for Freedom | |

Send orders to Book Service-AR, 2001 St. Clair, St. Louis, Mo. 63144. Add \$1.00 per order for postage and handling

Little Blue Books on Science:

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| Science versus Religion as a | |
| Guide to Life | Dr. Harry E. Barnes |
| Reflections on Modern Science | Thomas Huxley |
| The Nature of Science | Carroll L. Fenton |
| Isaac Newton: Superman of Science | J.V. Nash |
| The Real Thomas Edison | A.L. Shands |
| Sir James Jean's | |
| "Mathematical God" | E. Haldeman-Julius |
| <i>Set of 6 LBBs for \$2.50 plus 50 cents postage</i> | |

Little Blue Books on Philosophy:

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| The Ignorant Philosopher | Voltaire |
| A Guide to Plato | Dr. W. Durant |
| The Buddhist Philosophy of Life | |
| Contemporary American | |
| Philosophers | Dr. W. Durant |
| Contemporary European | |
| Philosophers | Dr. W. Durant |
| The Story of Aristotle's | |
| Philosophy | Dr. W. Durant |
| The Story of Francis Bacon's | |
| Philosophy | Dr. W. Durant |
| The Story of Friedrich Nietzsche's | |
| Philosophy | Dr. W. Durant |
| Ernst Haeckel, | |
| Philosopher-Naturalist | Carroll L. Fenton |
| The Triumph of Materialism | Joseph McCabe |
| The Philosophy of | |
| Herbert Spencer | Dr. W. Durant |
| <i>Set of 11 LBBs for \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage</i> | |

Little Blue Books of Anti-Clerical Literature:

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| Without Benefit of Clergy | Rudyard Kipling |
| The Rabbi and Beautiful Sara | Heinrich Heine |
| Reflections on Life and Destiny | Anatole France |
| Oration on Voltaire | Victor Hugo |
| Lies of Religious Literature | Joseph McCabe |
| A Guide to Rabelais | Isaac Goldberg |
| Epigrams of George B. Shaw | |
| The Death of Ivan Ilyitch | Leo Tolstoy |
| Cupbearers of Wine and Hellebore | Llewellyn Powys |
| Shelley — an Essay | Francis Thompson |
| Sinclair Lewis' Acceptance Nobel Prize Speech | |
| <i>Set of 11 LBBs for \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage</i> | |

Little Blue Books on Herbert Spencer:

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| What Knowledge is Most Worth Knowing? | |
| Facts You should know about Spencer | Wm. H. Hudson |
| The Gist of Herbert Spencer | |
| How to Improve Yourself Intellectually | |
| The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer | |
| <i>Set of 5 LBBs for \$2.00 plus 50 cents postage</i> | |
| Some Mistakes of Moses | Robert G. Ingersoll |
| Philosophy of Humanism | Corliss Lamont |
| One Woman's Fight | Vashti McCollum |
| The Mistakes of Jesus | Wm. Floyd |
| The Spirit of Youth | L. A. Muller |
| Our Rationalist Heritage | W. Hoops |
| \$2.00 each All 6 books for \$10.00 | |

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