THE TERRIBLE JEWS

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The Terrible Jews by Abraham Myerson

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ABRAHAM MYERSON

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By One of Them

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PREFACE

Concerning Slender-Mindedness

Study for a moment the generalizing folks. They get hold of a case and blow it up into a law, as a child blows up a toy balloon. They know an Irishman who drinks, so they say "All Irishmen are drunkards"; they met a Frenchman who shows too great a weakness for dress and they break out with "All Frenchmen are coxcombs"; they hear of a woman who has been a bit free and so the aphorism "All women are false." To distinguish these people from the feeble-minded let us call them the alender-minded. The slender-minded mislead themselves and those who are unwise enough to heed them.

The height of slender-mindedness is reached in Anti-Semitism, and especially in the Plot idea. This notion is directly descended from the ritual superstition, the one which declares that Jews need Christian blood for their Passover ceremonies and which has been responsible for untold multitudes of Jewish deaths. "All Jews are plotters," says the new slender-mindedness, "seeking to destroy civilization, for their own welfare." Since the latest proponent of this wild generalization is an American of great prominence, he finds plenty to believe him, but fortunately, the great mass of the American people, sane and tolerant, find his statements either repellant or amusing.

Now, there are two ways of meeting folly. One is to attack it with reason and argument, and the other with satire and humor. Reason and argument are as effective against foolishness as a club is against a feather pillow. You can knock it as hard as you please but it remains the same old pillow, and only the wielder of the club suffers. But satire is a nice pointed sword, and with the first onslaught you scatter the feathers to the winds.

The slandered have no better weapon against the slanderer than satire, and the best technique is the gentle art of "going the other fellow one better." If he says "You lie from the moment you wake until you go to sleep at night," murmur softly, "Ah, my dear friend, if you but knew that I lie all night as well!" If he insists that you are full of wickedness and malice, tell him in the most approved goat-getting style that you have just finished your task of stealing pen-

mes from blind men and tomorrow is your day for making sandwiches of boiled babies. Don't contradict him or show anger, for the most of the world believes with Shakespeare that "it is the galled jade that winces," but add folly to the slanderer's folly until the whole structure of hate and silliness crumbles through its own weight.

This booklet which is, let me hope, entitled to the term of satire, has very little malice in it. I cannot say it has none, and if I did no one would believe me. I have no real prejudice against the Mr. F. Livver of The Terrible Jews, though I confess that I am glad I can now afford a better car than he builds. I have no doubt that he is the best intentioned fellow in the world, though I am convinced that he has added a few streets to that hot place which is paved with good intentions. Indeed when some of my friends have said "Ah, let him go to H-l," I have raised my hand gently but firmly and reminded them that if he did he would try to interest Satan in a plan to get all the boys out of the fires by Christmas, a plan of which every conservative must disapprove.

I find it rather exciting to be one of a wicked race, and as I go along the streets these days I find myself slinking into corners and thrilling with pleasurable fear whenever I meet a policeman. Mr. F. Livver has thus added zest and joy to my life and I sincerely hope that fighting the Terrible Jews has done the same for him. I hope some day to meet him, and I am sure my professional experience will be somewhat extended as the result.