

Wyndham

Lewis

**THE  
JEWS**

are they human

**?**

---

---

George Allen & Unwin

*The Jews*

ARE THEY HUMAN?

*of similar interest*

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH  
THE JEWS

*by*

PETER HARLOW

*The Jews*  
ARE THEY HUMAN?

BY  
WYNDHAM LEWIS

---

LONDON  
*George Allen & Unwin Ltd*  
MUSEUM STREET

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1939

*All Rights Reserved*

*Made and Printed in Great Britain by C. Tinling & Co., Ltd.,  
Liverpool, London, and Prescott.*

## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
<i>Foreword</i> . . . . .	7
I. <i>What is a Jew?</i> . . . . .	15
II. <i>The Antisemite</i> . . . . .	28
III. <i>The Problem of the Poor, seen as part of the " Jewish Problem "</i> .	36
IV. <i>Nationalism and the Jew</i> . . . . .	45
V. <i>The Christian Religion and the Jewish Problem</i> . . . . .	51
VI. <i>The physical courage, and intellectual status, of the Jew</i> . . . . .	58
VII. <i>Jewish Honesty</i> . . . . .	69
VIII. <i>The Jewish Intellectual</i> . . . . .	78
IX. <i>The Jews and Finance</i> . . . . .	89
X. <i>Is " the Jew " out-of-date?</i> . . . . .	100
XI. <i>A New Deal for the Jew</i> . . . . .	109



## FOREWORD

“Jews are news.” It is not an enviable kind of limelight that beats upon the Chosen People. Everybody in England is talking pogroms instead of football-pools. This is because Germany, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Czecho-slovakia, and other countries, are freezing out their Jewish minorities, by means of what has been described as “cold pogroms”, and the British Press is full of accounts of these events, and the B.B.C. programmes ring with them.

The governments of those foreign countries regard their Jewish citizens as “undesirables”. It is the intention of the Hitler government, for instance, to have made Germany *Judenrein* in two years’ time. This would entail the migration of 600,000 Jews.

But the more or less empty places of the earth are mostly under the Union Jack. That, from our point of view, is the trouble. We do not fill them up ; so, sooner or later, somebody else will. To us, therefore, a great part of these landless people in flight will in the nature of things come. Are we to regard them as “undesirables” too ?

How are we to treat them and regard them ? That is a question to which without delay we have to find an answer. And that is what this



book is about. It is not about the territorial destination of these emigrants ; but the attitude of mind in which we should shoulder this particular White Man's Burden.

As to its title, "Are Jews Human?", there is nothing derogatory in that of course. A similar question provided the title for a very popular book about the English a short while ago.

Perhaps the Jews are the "human beings" *par excellence*. Perhaps that is the proper answer to the present question. It may be their questionable distinction to be that. Their detractors will have it that they are altogether too human to be comfortable. Or sometimes that is what they say, and sometimes they say that they are not human at all. However that may be, I shall make out a case for their humanity in these pages. Consequently the antisemite may throw this book to the other end of the room on the spot. It is definitely not his pigeon. It is destined for the ignorant, or inattentive, rather than the intolerant. It may provide a few people, in positions of some influence, with a background of common sense. It may slow down a fraction the emotional pendulum, whose silly oscillations we should all regard it as our business to check. Then this work, not of love, but of reason, will not have been written in vain.

This book is "a work not of love, but of reason." What has impelled me to write it is not so much motives of humanity, as the promptings of common

sense. There are great numbers of public men and women, and powerful institutions, appealing to our kindly emotions on behalf of the Jew. As a consequence, our kindly emotions are perhaps somewhat overworked.

From those emotions I shall keep away. I shall religiously avoid them. If you find my attitude disconcerting, remember that it is not to your sentimental nature that I am addressing myself. We owe something to our intelligence, as well as to our heart. And if we possess any intelligence, there are things that offend us because they are *silly*, quite as much as because they are not humane.

So I am not occupying myself here with the humanitarian aspect of the Jewish problem (though it is quite proper that that aspect of it should not be lost sight of); nor am I expatiating upon the humanity of those who give the exiled Jews a helping hand, nor the inhumanity of those who are expelling them from their territories. My appeal will be almost exclusively to your intelligence: but it is extremely unintelligent, it is as well to remember, not to be humane.

This is not the first book written upon the present phase of the Jewish Problem. It is one amongst

many. But it is unlike any of the rest, I think I can say that for it. The Jewish question is, in one form or another, a very well-worn topic. Most of the books about the present plight of the Jews are propagandist and partisan. In those books about the Jews lots of things are left out. They take the form of a polished, or more often an impassioned, advocacy.

I shall leave things out as well. I am not setting out, in this small compass, to cover the Jewish Problem. That would be absurd. I, too, am selecting what is necessary to my present purpose, which is a benevolent one, and intended, specifically, to promote understanding. But I am not white-washing, nor rose-tinting, nor manufacturing a halo.

There is one book which was published some months ago I would recommend everyone to get. That is Mr. Louis Golding's *The Jewish Problem*. It is a very persuasive and readable piece of work. It is most important that the general public should be acquainted with the historical backgrounds of the Jewish question, and there they get it in the first eight chapters. It is for those chapters that the book should be bought.

Mr. Golding is not a "pro-Jew". He is, of course, a Jew. There is no affectation, or convert-exaggeration, in his full-blooded semitism. He is the advocate defending a blood-brother whom he dearly loves. As such he is only useful, or is more useful from the merely practical standpoint, when he is describing the past than the present.

In the latter case the wound is too fresh for his testimony to be so valuable.

Most of the writers upon the Jewish Problem are Jews. The advantage of my book is that I am not a Jew. I have not so much as a drop of the blood of the Chosen People in my veins to bias me. God did not choose *me*—and I am not sorry. I am an outsider.

I will not disguise the fact that I should not care to be a Jew. Two thousand years of the sort of thing Mr. Golding so eloquently describes in his chapters upon the fearful vicissitudes of the Jewish People must impair the judgment, must make the survivor *too* single-minded. It would be small wonder if it left him mad. I would rather have my own pagan backgrounds. I should not like to number among my ancestors so many bleak religionists, to have behind me so many martyred generations.

But we who belong to the master-race cannot but reflect, as we peruse these bitter, ironical pages, written by an intelligent Jew, reciting the long tale of affronts, of torture, and of violent death up to as late as the Eighties of the last century, that we have a lot to answer for. Even, we cannot help asking ourselves whether a people who have suffered so much at our hands will ever be able to forgive us; and whether, should we ever fall into *their* hands, it would be an entirely pleasant experience.

That reflection, impossible to escape, is an integral part of the so-called "Jewish Problem",

along with the Jews' tremendous nationalism. As Gentiles we suffer from a guilty conscience. Rather like a master who for many years has ill-treated a servant, it is natural that we should not relish the idea of finding ourselves one day at that servant's mercy. It is the same sort of reasoning that makes the bourgeois averse to conferring power upon the working class.

In this respect we can put our minds at rest, it seems to me. The westernized Jew is a highly civilized person—"the human being *par excellence* perhaps" as I said just now. He is pleasure-loving, kind in his private life, and with an even pathetic desire to be friendly. He is as anxious to forget the horrid past as we should be to atone for it, if we consulted our humaner feelings.

As members of the master-race—who kept the Jews in kennels, wiped out the splendid Redskin, reduced the Aztecs to a cipher, imposed ourselves as overlords upon the "natives" of India—we should not be by nature meanly persecutory.

The Anglo-Saxon is accused abroad of having taken his magnanimity too far. But we shall always find that those among us who are the most ready to set up a *hutesium* and organize a witch-hunt, are our little snarling tikes, not our superb mastiffs. The Jews are not the only people we have ever ill-treated. The Jew is so full to overflowing with the sufferings of his people—and very properly so—that he cannot but forget that *other* people have ever suffered. Why, at this moment great masses of people are suffering, withering up, and despairing

beneath our very eyes. And they are not Jews.

It is only when we have weighed *all* the factors, that we can pronounce upon this whale of a problem. Mr. Golding says (p. 206) that "the return of the liberal traditions of the last century, both here and on the Continent, would . . . eradicate" all the present ills. That is not, I venture to think, a promising approach, as things are shaping at present, "both here and on the Continent." Those liberal traditions will never return. All that is over. To that Mr. Golding and his fellow-Jews must make up their minds. Nor can they bring those traditions back, however much they try. Both Jews and Gentiles played a part in building up that Liberal world. Both Jews and non-Jews played their part in its destruction.

But what then? *We*, on our side, are not savages. But there are only two attitudes that we can take up towards this "Jewish Problem" that has been thrust upon us. And one of these attitudes would compel us to act as savages.

There is perhaps a third position where we could be half-savages. But do we want to be savages at all? All that would be as bad for us as it would for those at whose expense we went *berserk* if we should ever be induced to do that. We have to live with our Jewish fellow-mortals. Our traditions will compel us to act in a certain way, as other peoples impose on them a certain behaviour. We could not lock a lot of people up in a corner of our cities and feed them on catsmeat. The Anglo-

Saxon could not do that. Let us understand ourselves, as well as the Jews, if we can, and realize that the only course we *can* take, being what we are, is the humane one. And let us be *thoroughly* humane while we are about it.

## CHAPTER I

### *What is a Jew?*

THE English have very suddenly become "Jew-conscious", as it is called by the antisemite. This has never happened in England before. And this new consciousness should be provided with a framework of some sort. Consciousness alone is so aimless. It is at the mercy of slogans and tags : it is a poor lost thing, just unreflective wide-eyed *consciousness*.

In this sudden awakening, naturally some people discover that they are antisemite—to their intense surprise. "I can't say I'M very fond of the Jews!" you hear them remark with a *moue*. An equal number of people discover the reverse. The latter are not usually so taken aback, since they are persons who had done a bit of thinking about the Jews in the abstract beforehand probably, for one reason or another. Their minds have been prepared.

I may say at once that I have been perfectly aware of the existence of the Jews for a long time. I know all about them. At least I have a fair working knowledge of them. I am proof against *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, and also



against invitations to pro-Jewish excesses. I neither regard the person of Jewish race as a devil nor as a darling. I do not even regard him as a martyr. There are no doubt great disadvantages, also great advantages, in being a Jew. The average Jew very sensibly takes the bad with the good, and he has a way of coming out on top—just as he has a way of going down to the bottom again. It always happens, both the latter and the former.

A long while ago I formed my opinion. Anything I may have to say is not, therefore, a hasty impression, following upon a sudden stimulation of my senses by the unexpected inrush of great numbers of refugees.

My contribution to this discussion, although denuded of all irrelevant emotionality, is of a very positive nature. It is on the side of the Jew. I am not "Pro-Jew"—not a partisan. But I respect the Jewish intelligence. I have no atavistic residue of dislike whatever for the Jew. I like him as well as I like anybody else : and persons of Jewish race, in their personal dealings with me, like me, I believe, as well as they like anybody else. That is a good hard-boiled basis of understanding which is perfectly satisfactory to me.

These private sensations of mine I should not regard as of any importance, nor worthy of record here, if they were not, as I believe they are, typical of the majority of those Englishmen who have moved about somewhat ; who have got to know one national from another—and who do not

regard all Jews as Shylocks, or all Frenchmen as fat frog-eating amorists.

I have friends who detest Jews, just as some people abominate cats. They cannot sit in a room with a Jew. The dark mongoloid eye, the curled semitic lip, arouses their worst passions. But mine is the more *typical* attitude I am sure. It is perfectly evident that in this respect we differ extremely from our cousins across the North Sea. And let us agree to differ upon that subject. A diverse world is better than one that is monotonously uniform—though it is infinitely regrettable that the middle-European should have exhibited so extreme a departure from the human norm.

To me a Jew is the same as any other man. I have never experienced so much as a touch, I am glad to say, of superstitious feeling regarding this particularly subtle brand of "foreigner", still enveloped in an aura of mediæval taboo. It's all one to me if a man's a Jew, provided he possess the qualities I like, which are the monopoly of no race. Very few people possess qualities we can greatly admire : but that's another story.

Declarations about the Jews, by publicists, and other public men, have been many and various of recent months, and many of them have been tainted with patronage, with sycophancy, with suppressed prejudice, or with a most blue-eyed *naïveté*.

With great sturdiness Mr. Compton Mackenzie, for instance, the other day, announced, in a newspaper article, "I do not fear the Jews"! That

of course is magnificent. But why the devil should he? Is it not to suggest—to say that—that there *is* something to fear? It is like standing under a *Cave Canem!* notice in the neighbourhood of a kennel, and protesting: “The brute is perfectly harmless. *Really* he does not bite! Look at me—*I'm* not afraid!”

If we are going to behave intelligently in the present delicate situation, that is a type of attitude that we must not strike. If we are going to take the opportunity of the presence of great numbers of foreign Jews to show how *brave* we are, how surprisingly intrepid, we shall make ourselves ridiculous, as well as being slightly offensive to those by no means unsharpwitted strangers at whose expense we are displaying so much grit.

One objection that has often been raised to the immigration of a considerable number of people of Jewish race into the British Isles, is that there is no room here for them. But that is absurd—there is no room for Englishmen! That has been quite obvious for a long time past. A few hundred thousand one way or the other will make no difference. We are so overcrowded already that a bit *more* will not matter.

Indeed, until we begin to show that we really care about our own destitute or semi-destitute people, we have no *right* to use that argument. The same parliament a majority of which (as was demonstrated in a recent division) regards ten shillings a week as enough for an old man or woman to live on—an old man or woman who

belongs merely to the "working-class"—to feed themselves, to keep themselves warm, and to provide themselves with a roof—such a parliament has no right to use people they are driving into the grave with worry, cold, and malnutrition as *an excuse*: as an alibi. A better excuse than that would have to be found, if we were to slam the door in the face of these herds of outcasts which are pouring in upon us.

Besides, the Jews will not stop here, or only a minority. We are getting too poor to be very comfortable people to live amongst. They will very sensibly move on to other places where there are better opportunities—more prospects for a vigorous future. Then, even if they did decide to remain with us, the Jews are one of the most industrious races in the world; and we are one of the least industrious. They will set a high standard of *hard work* at least, which it will be necessary for the rest of us to live up to. That will be most salutary. It is worth *paying* people to come here to teach us how to work! We could not have better instructors.

There is another thing that we might catch from them, with advantage to ourselves. The Jews are notorious for their kindness to each other. We might pick up a little bit of that spirit, even, from observing their humaner habits, in their dealings with one another. For it is certain that no German or Pole could be more inhuman towards a Jew, than we are towards our aged poor, or towards the Englishman or Englishwoman who is

down and out. Our "forgotten men" are worse pariahs even than any Jew is in a Central European city. We have our Ghettos, too. Our Ghettos are our *slums*. That is what we call our Ghettos. But in our Ghettos we herd and starve *our own people*. That is the difference.

In this matter of the present influx of refugees the average untravelled Briton is apt to make a fool of himself. We must remember that he is what may be termed *the Sentimental Savage*. He is liable to be foolishly sentimental to start with, and subsequently, with equally little rational prompting, extremely savage, in robot reaction. We have had many examples lately of these reactions of his.

There is all the more reason to give some thought to this because of the violent manner in which the people whom we shall be required to receive and to understand are being expelled from the places of their origin—the abruptness and force, therefore, with which they will be deposited upon a highly conservative palate. It is no great advertisement for them, obviously, that in certain countries the prospective immigrants are so disliked and despised that the inhabitants of those countries just won't have them there any longer.

The Poles even take it as a personal affront when the British Government restricts Jewish immigration into Palestine. A strained diplomatic situation ensues—Colonel Beck is scarcely on speaking terms with our ministers.

The Jews come to us *under a cloud*, to say the least of it. Let us put out of our minds entirely the disobliging, the compromising, circumstances of these people's arrival. If they are as unpleasant as some people say they are, we would soon react : we could always chuck them all into one of the numerous seas by which we are surrounded. But as a matter of fact we shall find that they are for the most part quite agreeable people, who, like other human beings, are not ungrateful if you treat them sensibly. And a few, at least, are far more intelligent than the general run of those who have given them the boot.

Let us refrain from furtively wiping away a tear when we catch sight of a Jew, travelling away from a persecution which is no new thing for him. The Jewish People—let us recall—have been doing it for a couple of thousand years. It is a purely Christian phenomenon, the Jew in flight from persecution. It is because of the unfortunate way he is tangled up with our religion that this is always happening to him. He has got quite used to it, we may safely assume : which doesn't mean, of course, that he likes it any better. And you cannot really expect him to love us as much as he *should*, seeing we are always liable to turn on him—get on our high horse, and trample him under foot, as if we were St. George and he the dragon.

Let us assure him that he's all right with us, so long as he observes our laws and respects our funny little ways—since we all, Jew and Gentile

alike, have funny little ways. So let them be respected.

Let us above all make him understand that we don't think there's anything *odd* about him—more than there is about any other man, who is at the best half an animal, and not such a remarkably impressive one at that—if we must come down to disagreeable fundamentals. So do not let us highhat each other, on account of some trivial variation, of pigment or of odour.

*How odd of God  
To choose the Jews*

sang Mr. Belloc once upon a time. It is an out-of-date little ditty that. The particular Bellocian antisemitism dates as heavily as a poke-bonnet.

To proceed a step further and to provide for extreme cases where the poorest and strangest of these refugees are concerned : do not let us, by the way, pretend to notice what he is up to, when our Jewish visitor proceeds to prepare his meat in a rather peculiar way. What does it matter to us ? Then all *orthodox* Jews wear their hats at meals. Many of those who will arrive will be orthodox—that cannot be helped. They come from Galicia and places like that, where they are still very orthodox. They will put their hats on when they sit down to table and take them off when they get up. Pretend you don't notice this. It is far better that way.—And what does it matter after all ?

Here is the correct technique if you are really awfully bad at handling foreigners. The extremely Jewish Jews, you have to say to yourself, have a number of habits—of which they are inordinately proud—which they will lose in a short while, in all likelihood, as a result of observing our vastly superior way of deporting ourselves. If you don't pretend to notice, one day the extremely orthodox Jew, even, will arrive at the dinner-table bareheaded. But if you begin nagging him about it the first time you see him, he will get obstinate (for they are an unusually obstinate race—one reason why they get into such hot water). And eventually he may begin wearing *two* hats instead of one. I have seen Jews in Poland wearing two hats instead of one. It must have been out of sheer cussedness and was probably the fault of the Poles. In fact, the more I think of it, the more sure I am it was the fault of the Poles.

In all these matters that are here under discussion there is no better model than the Chinaman. Let us take a leaf out of his book. The Chinese absorbed the Jews. And they did it by taking absolutely no notice of them.

Here is what happened. The Roman emperor Titus—an antisemite of the first water—destroyed Jerusalem. The Jews began their celebrated trek, which has continued ever since. In due course a bunch of them arrived in China. They were, we may be sure, at that time of day, an uncommonly *orthodox* bunch. The Chinaman squinted at them,



with a consummate tolerance, and went on with his business as if nothing had happened. And nothing had happened, as far as he was concerned.

Naturally he remarked—for the Chinaman is not unobservant—that the Jews had very definite notions as to how God should be worshipped, and the animal kingdom transferred from the field to the saucepan. These descendants of Abraham, with their customary arrogance, scorned chopsticks. They pointedly eschewed birdsnests. They avoided, with a consistency that amounted to offensiveness, rotten eggs. It made no difference. The Chinaman didn't mind a bit. It amused him. More rotten eggs for *him*, thought he !

It was, apparently, a very long story. But the end of it, the very end of it, deserves our close attention. (I have it from the learned rabbi, Perlzweig, out of his book, *The Jews in China*.) After century upon century of attempting in vain to attract the attention of the imperturbable Chink, the Jews gave it up as a bad job. They lost interest, at long last, in their own famous "peculiarity". They threw in their hand. They said what was the use of being a Jew ?

What was the use of being "a peculiar people," if no one noticed it or gave a damn ? The Jew lost more and more of his well-known characteristics. First his earlocks went, then his kaftan, then his nose began to stop growing so melancholy and so long, and took on a Chinese elegance and discretion. The Jew merged into the celestial mass. He grew a pigtail. He ate rotten eggs. He wielded

chopsticks as if to the manner born. He went everywhere with a traditionally mongoloid umbrella. He was a Chinaman—at last!

There is in Hong-kong (or is it Shanghai?) in the middle of a public place, a few old stones—of which no one takes the slightest notice. They are the remains of the *last* synagogue.

The moral of this simple history is that the Jew is just like anybody else. He has a really terrific theological twist, which was given him a long time ago by his theocratic rulers. But pay no attention to him (except, naturally, to take care that he does not put one of his celebrated financial armlocks on you—it's obviously your own fault if he does) and he will be quite content to go about his business, as industrious as an ant, and in the end, like the Celts, Picts, and Phoenicians, he will form an undistinguishable part of the British population. ·6 per cent more domineering noses is the worst that could happen, and probably a bit more intelligence.

There is another thing. The Jews are a small people.—I shouldn't have said that! For Heaven's sake do not become mawkish. Keep a stiff upper lip!—Well, the harm is done, so let us proceed. The Jews are, like "brave little Belgium," or plucky little Portugal, a nation of modest dimensions. There are twenty million Jews in the world. Three million more than jolly little Rumania.

Now, if, for any reason, it became impracticable for the Rumanians to remain where they are, it is absurd to suppose that the world at large

could not swallow them without turning a hair. The democratic West alone could do it easily. Why should it be otherwise with the Jews? Because they insist on being such a very *choice* people? But surely we can laugh them out of *that*. Because they are so diabolically clever? We could do with a bit more of that, I think!

In what I have said so far, I am conscious that I may have appeared to ignore a difficulty. In so severely eschewing the purely *sentimental* aspect of the matter, I have exposed what to many people may seem the weak spot in this transaction: namely, why should the British Empire submit to this miniature invasion, unless it gets something in return?

I see no difficulty about this myself. The British Empire is a ramshackle international institution, out of which no individual Englishman, unless he is a millionaire, gets anything at all any longer, except trouble.

But I have heard enough discussion on the subject to realise that this objection will be pressed, once the sentimental issue is removed; or, as in the present case, has been deliberately excluded. Remove the sentimental issue, and what is left? somebody may enquire.

The sentimental issue *cannot* be removed, in the first place—when it is Englishmen you are dealing with. But why should there not be a practical side to this question? This problem so rudely thrust upon us is capable of other solutions than purely altruistic ones. The people who are coming to

us are poor, but they have very rich relatives. This fit of unreasoning emotion will be succeeded, as we know so well, by something else when our pity cools. Antisemitism is often the aftermath of what is felt to have been stupidity.

I am not here suggesting we should indulge in mild blackmail, towards these people who are at our mercy. The humanitarianism of the English people is a perfectly genuine thing—a fact that foreign nations often miss. But the Englishman is a business-man, as well as a philanthropist. Probably it would be wiser to humour the fussy counting-house side of him, at the same time as his expansive sentimental one.

## CHAPTER II

### *The Antisemite*

IN this section I propose to discuss the antisemite. It will be better to say once more, before I begin, that it is not from the position of the "pro-Jew" that I am doing this. I have no weakness for the Jew—I just regard him like anybody else, say a Turk, or a Basque. And I have no animus against the antisemite, except for the tinge of resentment one must feel at the memory of hours of acute boredom.

Antisemitism is a subject that can be made very interesting when handled by a man of exceptional intelligence—such, for instance, as Weininger, or Mr. Belloc. Although I don't believe much in it, because of its dubious sensational features, it can be made amusing. But the average level of intelligence of the antisemite is extremely low. Consequently to listen to him is very tiring. At the end of a gruelling couple of hours, of intensive antisemitism, he almost succeeds in turning one into a pro-Jew.

It has befallen me more than once, after a particularly idiotic séance with an antisemite, to welcome a really very inferior specimen of the

Jewish race with open arms : to breathe in gratefully his Marxbrotherly cynicism (or such of it as he'd got) and to hope devoutly that, if changes there must be in our unstable world, the antisemite would not then be quite so numerous as is the Jew to-day. If one must have a glut of one of these two, I prefer it should be the Jew.

It must be almost as easy to get called a pro-Jew as it is to get called a facist. (And it is well-nigh impossible to open your mouth without being called a fascist). Perhaps I shall get called a pro-Jew for this present book. Perhaps like Mr. Vyvian Adams, I shall be called a "swab".

I am not in league with Mr. Vyvian Adams, however. I know that Mr. Adams was called a "swab" because of a newspaper paragraph. Here it is. It appeared in the *Daily Express* on December 7, 1938.

" M.P.—' SWAB ' "

" Mr. Vyvian Adams, M.P. for West Leeds told Leeds Jewish Women's Luncheon Club yesterday that since he had championed the cause of the Jews he had received an impressive collection of abusive letters, some signed, but most of them anonymous.

" The most recent one was from Manchester, and read : ' There is only one thing worse than a Jew and that is a pro-Jew. How much are the Jews paying you, swab ? ' "

If there is one person in England at the present time who cannot be accused of acting in a manner

that is conducive to the lining of his pocket that is, I think, myself. As a person who can scarcely be suspected of mercenary intentions, or of courting popularity, my testimony—however rugged, however great its informality—may be more valuable than that of the professional humanitarian.

There is only one danger. I have often been accused of opposing myself, deliberately, to anything that is popular, just in order to be “contrairy”. And now it may be said of me—seeing that antisemitism is on the increase—*of course* Mr. Wyndham Lewis comes forward and utters a kind word for the Jews. That is just like him!

I have not such a high opinion of the workings of the popular mind as to feel that this rôle, for which I have been cast, is such a bad one as all that. Any democracy would be a suffocating place were there not *some* people who made a habit of contradicting its emotional excesses. For if there is one thing more characteristic of a democracy than another, it is that everybody in it thinks alike.

But in the present instance it is not out of perversity that I champion, not the Jew, but an attitude of common sense regarding the Jew.

To talk all the time about anybody is a very severe test for the person thus singled out for discussion. Unless one is phenomenally interested in the Jews as a people, the antisemite is unavoidably a bore. One gets tired of the repetition of the word “Jew,” like an incantation. It is like

being alone with a philatelist, if you take no interest in postage-stamps. It is far worse than that, however. Since I have no quarrel with the Jews, to listen to violent polemics against them for hours on end is a more *active* experience than to listen for the same period to descriptions of water-marks, perforations, and dies.

The philatelist is a *lover* of postage-stamps. But imagine spending hours with a man who *hated* postage-stamps! If you were a philatelist you might be thrilled a little by a poor chap who had stamps on the brain, though in an opposite way to yourself. But not if stamps were just things to stick on letters as far as you were concerned and there was the end of it. Well, if Jews are no more your particular concern than are postage-stamps to the general public (and I am in that category) you will find the antisemite heavy-going. The "Pro-Jew" is better, but too much of him is enervating.

The antisemite falls into several distinct classes. The most common in England is of the ordinary patriot-brand. The British jingo antisemite, of the patriot-brand, is the worst of all, I should say. The German, if I am right, is more theological. He is more ferociously consistent. Julius Streicher has to me the look of a protestant pastor. He smells of the pulpit. There is always something evangelical in the teutonic *horror* of the Jew.

The antisemite can be, especially in England, quietly studious. That is another type. I once, when I was a schoolboy, went with one to the



East End of London. He took up his position under a lamppost in the Commercial Road upon a foggy night. He "put his pipe on," wiped his glasses, and got ready to enjoy himself. He gazed at the Jewish passers-by in a kind of rapt and gloating way. *He* now was rather like a Philatelist. These specimens of an accursed race were his postage-stamps. He caught his breath when a particular "beauty" passed—he plucked my sleeve or nudged me and muttered rapturously, "I say! Look at that one!"

I was at the time rather mystified by this sport. Since then I have met quite a few of the quiet and studious type of British antisemite. I knew one who used to attempt (unsuccessfully) to force his way into synagogues, especially the large synagogue in Great Portland Street. But his hobby was complicated by an interest in ecclesiastical architecture. He has since married a Jewess, having divorced his Gentile wife, and is probably as happy as a sandboy.

One is reminded, in this connection, of Baudelaire's sonnet which begins, "*L'autre soir, que j'étais près d'une affreuse juive.*" Horror abetting sensuality—with backgrounds of ecclesiastical architecture!

But the great majority of antisemites are very militant persons, that is the first thing to remember about them. They are like A.R.P. zealots, whose watchword is *service*. They have a gas-mask to press upon you, that it is your *duty* to wear. It's no use your saying you don't want to be saved—

that it's too much bother—that you don't believe it keeps the gas out—that you don't believe there is any gas anyway. They will be very firm with you indeed, if you take that line.

With the genuine, common-or-garden, antisemite the idea is that “the country is in danger”, as it is with the air-raid warden. Not the most militant democrat, gnashing his teeth at a distant Dictator, could be more zealous. It is exactly the same passion. It is “Britain Awake!” as much with one as with the other.

The difference between the perfervid democrat and the antisemite however is this. The former only sees his Enemy No. 1 through a glass darkly, never face to face. He watches him—speechless with indignation—upon the films, strutting about and sticking his arm out, or in newspaper photographs, only. He has no experience of him in the flesh. He is separated from him by oceans and continents—luckily for both of them. Whereas the latter, he with a bee in his bonnet about the Jew, catches sight of *his* enemy at all hours of the day—in trains, buses, restaurants or shops : walking the streets of his (the antisemite's) city, as bold as brass, with his shamelessly crinkly black hair, and his usurious tobacco-coloured eyes. The poor fellow cannot put his nose outside his door but what his eye falls upon that *other*—that wrongly-shaped, that rather depressed-looking proboscis : the nose of his arch-enemy.

But of course if you are absorbedly interested in

anything, you seek opportunities of being near it ; of studying it, of enlarging your knowledge of it. And there is one peculiarity of the antisemite that is a little embarrassing.

Invariably the British antisemite has some bosom friends—usually his most intimate friends—who are Jews. He is unaware, in most cases, of their compromising origin (he assures you they are members of an old quaker family, or that “ they have Spanish blood ”). Or he may deliberately close his eyes to the horrible fact—Jews seem to exercise an invincible attraction for him. As the anti-semite in our climes is usually a rather rabbit-toothed, weakminded little man, one feels that this fascination belongs to the class of animal-magnetism.

However this may be, he persists in frequenting his Jewish friends, and in holding forth at great length on the subject of the Chosen People, whom he denounces as human garbage or as devils incarnate. They, being Jews, regard this as rather good fun, up to a point. But it is somewhat disconcerting for anyone else who happens to be present, who is neither a Jew nor a pro-Jew, nor an anti-Jew. I have often blamed my Jewish friends for encouraging their antisemites. But they never seem to tire of them, somehow.

I once met a Dutchman who never stopped abusing England and things English. From the time he entered the house to the time he left it his invective never flagged. I did not find it particularly amusing. So why do the Jews like the same sort of thing, against *their* ethos, so much ?—

Perhaps they don't. Or I suppose that maybe they regard it as the Jewish equivalent of "the White Man's burden."

The fact remains that the society of several of my Jewish friends is spoilt for me by the presence of their tame antisemite. Perhaps even worse than this is the woman of Jewish race who is married to an antisemite. I knew one antisemite who, I will swear, knew quite well all the time that he was married to a Jewess. He went on *something awful* about the Jews in her presence. It made my hair stand on end at times. But *she* was a highly intelligent woman: and she didn't like it at all. She just used to sit and stare at him unblinkingly. She definitely was not amused. But other Jewish wives seem very proud of their antisemitic husbands.

These few observations should perhaps be the prelude to the question as to whether the Jews themselves are responsible for the Antisemite: whether they incubate that particular animal. Is he a parasite upon the body of Israel?—The answer is in the negative. The antisemite is a gentile of disordered mind who has become what he is by brooding upon a bogey, rather as children used to develop epilepsy at the time Napoleon Bonaparte threatened an invasion of England. As the Jew is of a sardonic turn of mind (which endears him, personally, to me) and inclined to be mischievous, he accommodates this harmless lunatic, and plays with him as perhaps a good-natured cat might with an arrogant but laughable mouse.

### CHAPTER III

## *The Problem of the Poor, seen as part of the "Jewish Problem"*

I HAVE been using the word "Jew" as if there were *one* Jew in the world, instead of (as is the case) millions of people of Jewish race, differing culturally, and even racially, very greatly between themselves. We use in the same way "Frenchman", as if it were one thing and not complex; or "Englishman", or "American". It is unobjectionable to use these expressions in that way, provided one is aware of how conventional such terms really are.

Class—which to-day means money—makes a great difference for the average Englishman. "Jew" for him is apt to mean the least prepossessing Jew—a furrier in a small way of business, say; not certainly a foxhunting man.

The same man, educated and polished up, is very different from what he would be in the rough, whether Anglo-Saxon or Semite. Send the son of a Marrakesh ragpicker, or Polish tailor, to Eton and Oxford, and you get an exquisite product of aristocratic refinement as if by enchantment. Your reactions to him will be different to your instinctive

repulsion for the poor immigrant. Yet it is the latter, rather than the a little too prosperous business man of Jewish race, to whom your sympathy should go.

We, who are "ladies and gentlemen", would very much dislike to find ourselves confused, upon grounds of mere nationality, with eighty per cent. of our "nordic blond" brothers; with those cowed and tongue-tied persons of the "lower orders" who come into our houses, apologetically wiping their feet, in the capacity of plumber, gasfitter, or paperhanger; who touch their hat and call us "sir" or "guv'nor". *That* would be taking nationality too far! For class matters more to us than nationality of course.

I know that it would be in vain to attempt to convert the average middle-class Englishman or Englishwoman to a rational attitude as regards the Poor. There is that hideous Victorian saying, "The Poor are always with us!" which one still hears, to show how futile that would be. Yet, if we are to understand the Jewish problem at all, we must not shrink from however brief a scrutiny of the great sweated *garment-worker* class of submen—the Jewish Proletariat.

We say—at least I have said often enough—that neither our "clubmen" Governments, nor our even more unreal Labour alternatives, are a true reflection of the soul of the English People. The gulf that separates the Man in the Street from his political masters grows wider, and more impassable, every day.—May it not be the same with

the Jews? It is, after all, only fair, seeing that we point to the discrepancy between the insatiable *oldschooltie* imperialism of our Gentile governments and ourselves, to allow the Jew, if he wants to, to use the same argument about *his* ruling class—the rabbis and millionaires. I say *if he wants to*, for I do not know how far the poor Jew identifies himself with the rich Jew. But in a race that is so diverse, with its *Sephardic* and its Tartar elements, with its extremes of riches and of poverty, there must be great differences of policy and of outlook.

There is nothing quite so unpleasant as what might be termed *the boiled-shirt alibi*. It is the Anglo-Saxon's only defence against the stupid antisemite. When the antisemite has really let himself go, and—by virtue of the fact that he at least has a clear-cut policy and an aggressive technique—is carrying all before him, the Englishman invariably will fall back upon some Jewish friend of his, who has a Daimler, belongs to a better club than himself, and speaks English better than he does, probably, and protest that “a *good Jew*” is a real white man—a decent fellow and as good a chap as you could find. But it always turns upon *money* ultimately. It is always the *boiled shirt alibi*. And that is not the way to approach the Jewish Problem, or any other problem arising from racial antagonism or international competition.

I have repudiated any intention of converting the reader of this book to a more humane understanding of the problems of the Poor. This book

is about "the Jewish Problem", not about that much greater problem—namely *the Problem of Poverty*. Yet they are intertwined. As I have said, you cannot begin to master the Jewish Problem unless you are prepared to recognize how it is linked with the Problem of Poverty, and to turn your eyes—for however brief a space—upon the misery in which the great majority of all races live.

Furthermore, if we solved *our own* economic problem, we should automatically solve all the racial problems. It is the crops that rot, the fish that are flung back into the sea, the milk that is withheld from the starving children of our own people, that are at the bottom of the Jewish Problem, or at least they are complementary issues.

If I had undertaken to humanize a little the average English reader, in the matter of the vast herds of the urban poor, and had started operations with the *Jewish* poor, I should indeed have had my work cut out. For the Jewish poor, are, to the Western eye, almost intolerably ugly. Such facts have to be faced; they play a big rôle in the Jewish Problem.

The reaction of ten Public School-boys out of ten to a "Jew-boy", to a typical specimen of the Jewish slum, is immediate distaste. To lack of grace, it is further felt, this swarthy stranger adds a bumptiousness, a push, a vulgar swagger, which is irresistibly provoking. These are sensations that are not antisemitism: but they are the seeds out of which antisemitism comes undoubtedly.

A man begins by disliking instinctively a waddling



strut just ahead of him as he walks down the street—those board-like horizontal shoulders, those protruding ears. Next he resents the arrogance so provokingly painted upon the “oily” countenance—for like the Dago, the Jew is “oily” to Anglo-Saxon eyes. The smell of the cheap cigar puts the final touch. He feels he could have forgiven anything except that acrid whiff of cheap self-satisfaction—and, before you can say knife, antisemitism has lifted up its ugly head!

What is the antidote for this very general Anglo-Saxon reaction to the Petticoat Lane Hebrew, or he of Coventry Street of an evening? There is only one, and it is found in the New Testament. It warns the Christian, before passing judgment upon another, to examine himself for shortcomings. If this is done *thoroughly*, it effects an almost instantaneous cure. I will attempt to explain its operation.

First of all, urban life is less conducive than the agricultural or the seafaring to good looks. Admittedly poverty and overcrowding, such as you witness in the Jewish quarters of a great city, is not productive of the most pleasing human types. But when one of these undersized (because ill-nourished) offsprings of the Ghetto bursts his way out, has a pocketful of money and a posh suit of clothes, he rejoices and exults with a tactless abandon it is hard to equal. He is not cowed as is our proletarian. He gets a “chosen people” feeling on the spot.

Personally, I have no love for this overweening little figure. Who could? The educated Jew

deplores him as much as we do. But I have never felt really strongly about him. His jaunty gait amuses me. To the artist all is grist to the mill ; and the Jewish quarters, as Rembrandt found, supply as interesting material as any other part of the town—indeed, to-day, far more so.

This artist-principle could be taken a good deal further, I believe. The term “artist” covers more than the specialist in *seeing*, to which class I of course belong. And the artistic intelligence, however it may manifest itself, must always be tolerant. Being objective, it could not be otherwise.

If only politicians were more like artists in that respect ! But though many politicians—like Mr. Churchill and Herr Hitler—are landscapists, that is only skin-deep. They conform more to the religious type. It is a great pity. I suppose that what would be a vice in the artist is a virtue in the statesman however.

To return to these displeasing working-class Jews. Jewish poverty is a fearful thing. It is all the more fearful in view of the great wealth of the Jewish community as a whole. But is English poverty really so terribly attractive ? And does the fact that as a nation we have been for many years inordinately rich, make it any more so ?

To us, our eyes instinctively offended by something alien, the Jewish poor may seem more repulsive than the Anglo-Saxon poor. But if we detach ourselves a little, can we be sure that one is worse than the other ?

The Anglo-Saxon savage takes some beating.

The stunted, tow-haired, subman who inhabits the jungles of Notting Dale or Battersea is lower in the human scale than the Australian Black.

Herds of poor-whites—family-groups between the ages of eleven and one (or one *month* often) straggle towards our parks when the summer holidays begin. Harrow Road horribly exudes them, directed upon those Gardens where that great fairy of the middle-classes, Peter Pan, has his depressing habitat.

Seventy per cent. of the population of England—of which these diminutive bands of Yahoos making for the Parks are the neglected offspring—are of “submerged tenth” status. Only they represent a submerged seventieth. They are as bleakly abject as the poor of any nation, even the Chinese. The Board School merely teaches them how to *read*, nothing else. And that is an instrument of enslavement. Had they never been taught the alphabet, they would be freer.

Now if we come to the equivalent Jew, he merely looks dirtier because his skin is darker : instead of a sickly smell, like that of decaying flowers, the Jewish street-arab has probably a richer, muskier, odour ! Where people are miserably poor, they become like animals, irrespective of race. And in a competition of ugliness the Anglo-Saxon poor-whites of London, one of the two richest cities in the world, hold their own with any comer.

Last year I spent a week or two in Warsaw : on the last day of my stay I felt I had seen very

little of the outlying parts of the city, so I engaged a droshky. We made a tour of churches and palaces, or drew up in front of them, looked and passed on. Then at length the driver, speaking over his shoulder, announced : “ *Maintenant, messieurs et m’dames, nous nous approchons du Ghetto.*”

In this ex-czarist barouche, its seat a long way above the street-level, we charged into the Ghetto, the driver cracking his whip. Its crack had a strangely knout-like inflexion. Aged crones, spitting out curses, scuttled to one side : old kaftaned cripples hobbled out of the path of this rattling gentile juggernaut.

The driver relished this part of the sightseeing more than I did. He pointed with his whip and proffered obscure information. He slowed up to inform us of the proportion of Jews to Gentiles to be found in Poland. I gathered it was ten Jews to one Pole.

If anyone is desirous of forming an opinion upon the Jewish Problem they should visit the Ghetto in Warsaw. This inferno continued for miles upon miles—or so it seemed. “ There is nothing to compare with the swarming of Israel,” Henry James remarked in his *American Scene*, where he was describing the New York Ghetto. This *swarming* can be observed nowhere better than in Warsaw : but the percentage of diseased, deformed, and generally infirm persons is what strikes one most : that and the inexpressible squalor.

“ A man who survives the Ghetto in Warsaw is a superman,” I declared, to a nice antisemitic

friend of mine upon my return to London. "He should be given a gold medal." But my friend answered sombrely, "Yes. He comes here and we make him Lord D——" (my friend mentioned a prominent Jewish peer). "He deserves to be made more than a lord," I answered. "I would invent a special title for people who had survived the Warsaw Ghetto, reached the South Pole, or lived by their painting in Great Britain. I would have struck a special medal, which would take with it the rank of a field-marshal."

But, in thinking it over, I first of all would bestow this coveted decoration upon a few of our own veteran poor, our English poor. I would pick people who had had the roughest deals that even England can hand out. And I would take into consideration every disfigurement and physical blemish that great poverty entails. I would note all those bitter lines upon the face, that irreconcilable hostility or wariness in the eyes. Anything short of downright ugliness would be a bar. Any hint of gracefulness would disqualify them.

Do not in any case let our humaner impulses regarding the Jews as a whole be impaired because of the somewhat displeasing exterior of many of their poor. Conditions of extreme poverty, too, distort the mind as well as the body. We may have to teach some among those huddling masses not to bite, as well as not to stink. If you treat people like dogs, they acquire the habits of dogs. And that as I have remarked applies as much to our underdogs as to anybody else's.

## CHAPTER IV

### *Nationalism and the Jew*

NATIONALISM is a vast subject. I can do no more than touch on it here. Refer to it one must, in any discussion of the Jewish Problem, for the Jews are great nationalists. But they are nationalists of quite a different kind to the simple-hearted jingo with whom we are familiar among ourselves.

Nationalism is not a pleasure, a sport, or a source of self-satisfaction to the Jew. It is a mystical, an unwelcome, fiat. Or such, from observation, it would seem to be. I have never yet met a Jew who seemed particularly bucked about being a Jew. On the other hand I have never met a Jew who wanted to be anything else.

Bad conditions are always apt to stimulate excesses of nationalist emotion—nationalism that is of the more hearty and ordinary kind. It is a local huddling together against the outer cold. It is a mutual-admiration-society upon a national scale.

Jewish nationalism partakes of this huddling together: though *the mutual admiration*, which is so conspicuous in our brands of nationalism, seems to be absent in theirs. It is, however, much more formidable than merely local, political,

nationalist effervescence. It is a world-institution, as we know, and it is backed by an elaborate and ancient metaphysic.

The three great world-institutions against which Herr Hitler has set himself are the Catholic Church, the Jewish Community, and the Anglo-Saxons (the British Empire, with English-speaking America at the back of it). These three institutions are international, and universalist, in character and in outlook. So any perfervid nationalist would have to expect sooner or later to run up against them. Herr Hitler has taken on all three at once.

Unless Germany can make itself *Europe*, in the way that Napoleon wished to make France into Europe, by achieving a French hegemony—unless Germany can do that and so, in its turn, make itself a universalist institution also, the upshot of that unequal contest cannot be in doubt. Incidentally it seems likely that those three international, or universalist, institutions will cooperate politically, for the time being.

But suppose that the Germans succeeded in doing what the French under Napoleon failed to do—suppose they welded all the states of Europe into one Empire or Germanic confederation; what would become of German nationalism then? Obviously it would disappear. You would not hear any more about a “nordic race” or the Germanic “ethos”. Like the Romans—or the English—the Germans would have become internationalists. All nationalism, when it becomes really powerful, becomes internationalist.

The leaders of an expanding nation, at a period of revolution and violent growth, are never themselves "nationalist" in the sentimental or stupid sense. Alexander Hamilton did not like *Americans*. He may have liked "America." Napoleon was a cosmopolitan, a great European. De Valera may love Irishness, I do not know. But Ireland is a little, out-of-the-way, island. It would never be heard of again if England disappeared.

Nationalism (of any dimensions) is in fact merely a political technique, to put across something that is the opposite of nationalism. This, in the nature of things, must be so. To take it to its logical conclusion, it is a principle of denationalization—with the racial ethos that started it as the dominant flavour.

Where does all this lead? you will enquire. Well, it leads to a recognition of the fact that no single nation is of enough importance to make it desirable or in fact possible that all others should model themselves upon it: and therefore that nationalism, as such, is a parochial, and indeed a rather disagreeable thing. It is disagreeable rather in the way that a fuggy room is disagreeable. And an English fug, or a German fug—a French fug, or a Jewish fug—are equally oppressive. The "genre humain" of the French revolutionary song, is still the ideal. Nations *do*, undoubtedly, "stain the white radiance of eternity."

A German philosopher who was full of marvellous good sense—a "good European", as Nietzsche



would have called it—Arthur Schopenhauer, was named “Arthur” by his father “because Arthur is the same in all languages.” And true to the paternal teaching, Arthur Schopenhauer once declared that “a man who is proud of being a Frenchman, an Englishman, or a German can have very little else to be proud of.”

If I were asked to select my flavour for a universal human broth I should not choose a Jewish flavouring. I should perhaps vote for a French flavour. But then I do not believe that the Jew would want a Jewish flavour either.

As a matter of fact what happens, owing to the circumstances of their national life, which has resulted in an infinite fragmentation, is that the Jews rather regard that abstract human broth as Jewish, with here a Teutonic flavour, there a Brazilian—or a Gallic, or an Africaans.

Yet, in the end, it is unlikely that any nation, as the nations exist on the map to-day, will supply the dominant flavour for all mankind. Certainly the Jews will not. As to them, when all the present uproar is past and done with, they will in all likelihood supply a pinch of Jewishness in every community ; for they are much too vulnerable to survive in their present form, and there is no reason to suppose that the average Jew *wants* to survive in quite that conspicuous and uncomfortable way.

The English have given *an English flavour*, certainly, to a great many parts of the globe. Yet the English

would be very difficult to turn into nationalists. No Englishman is under any illusions about England. He is in much the same state of mind as far as that goes, as was the educated German of the time of Goethe.

This detachment of the Englishman about things English is one of his proudest possessions. He is proud of not being proud. What is more, it is one of those things he *should* congratulate himself upon. But such detachment has its dangers; if, that is, we attach importance to mere national survival.

The longevity and success of the Jewish people is due to an absence of detachment. They have always been locked into an illusion of the rightness of Jewishness—the *rightness* not being synonymous with *agreeableness*, for they had not our pagan predilection for what is pleasant. Rather the contrary.

To the Englishman, however much he may objectively admire the German state system—for the power it confers upon the State in its dealings with other states, and in the ordered security it confers upon the individual, within the rather harsh and forbidding framework of its iron laws—no Englishman would desire himself to see England become a system of that kind.

Most Englishmen, I believe, would rather belong to a politically weak state—but a state in which they were not interfered with too much and did not have to make themselves into political ciphers

—than belong to a strong state, where they all had to move like the legs of a centipede, at the word of command. And the Jewish all-of-a-pieceness is likewise, I think, unsympathetic to us. The Jewish family-system *we* should find oppressive.

We—the Anglo-Saxons—are at the parting of the ways. Perhaps, in order to survive as a *powerful* nation, we may have to take a leaf out of the Germans' book—who took a leaf out of the Jewish book. And so really all these questions, or "problems", are as much ours as they are anybody else's.

## CHAPTER V

# *The Christian Religion and the Jewish Problem*

IN considering the Jewish Question, we must remember that that is not a question that *we* can settle. Catholicism is a "question"—even a "problem"—also. Such things we discuss, for our own guidance : we cannot affect the issue.

Is Great Britain an episode in the history of the Jews? Would that be a true statement? It is worth formulating it, at all events, if it helps us to recognize the dimensions of the Jewish Problem. It is a "problem" because it is so big. All big things are problems—for smaller things.

The patriot-mind would scornfully repudiate the statement that Great Britain is an episode in the history of the Jews. But the religious mind—the mind of an ecclesiastic teaching Jewish history (the Old Testament) as one of the main functions of his calling—would answer, if he were truthful, *yes*.

The Roman Empire became the Roman Church. The British Empire is a feeble thing compared to the Roman : and it does not look as if any universal cult will be there to prolong it, when it peters out as a political institution.

Whatever answer you give to the question

regarding the British Empire, seeing that profane empires are less important than sacred ones—seeing that the Christian religion is a form of Judaism—Jewish history is, to say the least of it, as important as English history. King David or Nebuchadnezzar is of more universal moment than King Henry VIII of England or William the Conqueror. It is this obvious fact that makes “The Jewish Problem” so insoluble, or so insoluble upon Hitlerian lines. For Christianity is not dead, nor will it die just yet.

The antisemite has been saying, in recent months—“Why is the world turned upside down because of the Jews? What immense power (political as well as financial) the Jews must have to make us all talk from morning till night about Jewish affairs—which after all are not English affairs!”

But great as is undeniably the influence of the Jews politically as well as financially, it is not because of that that the entire European and American world is in a turmoil about Hitler and Mussolini’s action against the Jews. It is because they are “the Chosen People.” It is because they gave us our religion. Whether it is a good religion or a bad religion is neither here nor there. It is the only religion we’ve got !

It is a paradox, if you like (for the Jews regard the Christian religion as a disgusting heresy, which in its time has caused them a great deal of suffering) : but to attack the Jews is to attack Jahveh or Jehovah. And Jahveh is the God to whom we pray when we enter our churches.

Such churchmen as Dean Inge try to distinguish Christianity from Judaism. "Christ's disciples collected what they could remember of His teaching," Dean Inge writes, "and in course of time the Church possessed a sacred Book, the New Testament, which in the Anglican Church is the final court of appeal. . . ."

"After some hesitation the Church adopted, as inspired by God, the patriotic literature of the ancient Hebrews. We could not be without the Old Testament, but there have been times in Church history when it has been used with too little discrimination. It has sometimes been quoted in support of bad causes, such as slavery, belief in witchcraft and ferocious patriotism."

We could not get on without this "patriotic literature of the ancient Hebrews," Dean Inge admits, you will observe. But the passage I have just quoted will leave you in no doubt as to that divine's attitude to the Judaic end of his cult.

All attempts in the past to separate the God of Justice from the God of Love—from Marcion downwards—have failed. For better or for worse, the Jews and ourselves worship the same God, and the Founder of our religion was a Jewish carpenter's son, in the region of Galilee where British Tommies and Arabs are at this moment engaged in a guerrilla war: which also is because the Jewish God and ours is the same, whereas the Arabs have a different one. Whatever people say about the pipe-line from Irak, or the Suez Canal, we should not be sending fresh battalions

every week-end to Palestine, to secure a national home for the Jews, if it were not for our religion.

But these backgrounds of religion operate in different, and indeed opposite ways. For although the Jews are responsible for our religion, they were also responsible for the Crucifixion. All the tribulations of the Jews are related to this latter fact. And the root of the "Jewish Problem" is to be looked for there.

The Reformation came from Germany—not from England. And the *religious* status of the Jew—as "the betrayer," as "Judas Iscariot"—is much more powerfully entrenched there than it is here. It is, in a sense, because we are *less* religious that we are so much more tolerant of the Israelite. And, by the way, let us thank God at this point that we *are* more tolerant. Thank heaven that we are less fanatic and are less possessed with religious—or *post-religious* which is the more correct definition of it—passions.

The antisemite of the European Continent is a *post-religionist*. In his energetic spirit works still, at high pressure, the gothic, the mediæval, obsessions of the faith into which he was born. And in that faith—apprehended fanatically and over-literally—the Jew is beyond question the villain of the piece. He smells of brimstone: he has the Evil Eye. He eats Christian children. He betrayed once—the supreme betrayal. He will *always* betray.

The very language of national-socialist polemics

shows that this is the case. The Jew "pollutes" the pure nordic spring, when he casts his "criminal" eye upon the rosy cheek of a Rhine maiden. Almost, lustrations are obligatory after you have touched a Jew by mistake—as the most observant of us is apt to do. All this terminology belongs to the trade of the religionist. It is superstitious.

But we must remember that if his persecutor is superstitious and sentimental, so are many Jews too. I will swear that there are Jews who actually enjoy Herr Hitler: I do not go so far as to say that they *encourage* him. But I do, under correction, assert that they—how shall I put it—are painfully flattered!

For the Jews are after all the great religionists of the West. That we must always bear in mind. They are not pagan, like us—or like many of us. And is it true, I wonder, that a couple of religionists, out for each other's blood, prefer one another nevertheless to any third party, who has not "got religion."

There are of course plenty of Jews who are emancipated from these ancestral obsessions—those are the Jews of my predilection. Those Jews who commit suicide at the times of persecution, they are obviously of a different order. For them we can feel nothing but a sympathetic horror.

In what I have just said I daresay I may have been influenced, in retrospect, by that most amusing of antisemites—himself a Jew—Weininger. His book is one of the classics of antisemitism. His



main contention was that the Jews were the *female race*. And he was consumed with a ferocious antipathy for all females—as well as being extremely sensual. You may imagine his predicament. Eventually he committed suicide (upon the doorstep of Beethoven's one-time house) because, he said, he just had to run after the girls,<sup>1</sup> in spite of his implacable disapproval of all that was not male. He seems to have been a man of little sexual resource. But he was a highly entertaining antisemite.

I am sure, however, that it was far-fetched to suggest, as I did just now, that there are *any* Jews who like Herr Hitler ; or even that there are Jews to be found who *admire* Herr Hitler, as certainly there were Englishmen contemporary with Napoleon who greatly admired that tremendously dangerous Corsican. There would have been found no Englishman at all to admire Bonaparte if he had put England to the fire and sword.

I read that in a speech of Dec. 10 last, Lord Rothschild spoke as follows, at a meeting organized on behalf of Jewish refugees :

“ We have,” he said, “ no primitive ideas of revenge against Germany for what it has done to our co-religionists. Like all other peoples, we have evolved since the time of the Old Testament ; and that much quoted phrase, ‘ An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ is dead and forgotten.”

That is a welcome and reassuring utterance at

<sup>1</sup>Sex and Character.

the present moment, from a person who occupies so influential a position in the Jewish community. It is, I think, to be noticed, in the matter of "evolving" away from Old Testament thought, that the further he travels West, the greater is the distance that the Jew puts between himself and the *Lex talionis* or the primitive scriptures of his people.

The English are justly "proud of their Jews," and the Americans have accepted theirs as human beings—namely, simply as Americans. But we must always remember that if the Jews *were* vindictive, they would not be "monsters" or in any way mysteriously different from us, because of this: since in quite recent years, and without going back so far as the Old Testament, people have shown themselves revengeful, and pretty "primitive" too.

Also, we are none of us, either Jews or Gentiles, so "enlightened" as all that! We shall have to do quite a lot of "evolving" before we put a sufficient number of years between ourselves and the Spanish Civil War to feel really safe and entirely emancipated. No Old Testament "patriot" could be more savage than the patriots and antipatriots who are contending there. It is probably too early yet to speak of Evolution. Or rather, it is better that we *should* speak of it—and we should be grateful to those who do so: but we must not expect too much, in these barbarous generations.

## CHAPTER VI

### *The physical courage, and intellectual status, of the Jew*

IN this chapter I will attempt to reduce to common sense the legend of Jewish inferiority. It is not, I had better repeat, on account of the *beaux yeux* of the Jews that I am impelled to do this, but for the sake of the Anglo-Saxon, who is so prone to make mistakes about other nationalities. So I will answer the antisemites case against the Jew, or that part of his case designed to diminish our esteem for the object of his dislike.

A method of some kind is indispensable, for demolishing a hostile picture, either of another person or of another race. The same holds for a sex. If we substitute sex for race, we will find there our clue, which will lead us to the best method. Let the common sense about the "sex-war" supply us with our method for dealing with propaganda against a race, or that disobliging cartoon, labelled "Jew", which is one of its results.

At the time of the Women's Suffrage agitation in Great Britain those who were against granting any privileges to women had a set of arguments that were always confidently advanced—until, in

the course of the controversy, they were discredited. These were to the effect that a woman was too volatile, too sentimental, too impulsive, too unpractical, too unmethodic, too intellectually inferior, a creature to be invested with political power, which she would only misuse. Also, she was a born liar.

It was not very difficult for a few able debaters (men, of course) upon the woman's side of the controversy, to turn the tables upon the he-man faction. They pointed out, with considerable plausibility, that all those allegedly "feminine" attributes were just as much masculine attributes. It sounds very simple. It is: but it was surprisingly effective.

If it was said that women were sentimental, what was there more sentimental than a man in love? As to a man's friendships, they are of course upon so high an emotional level as to remove them entirely from the business-like plane upon which a woman selects her intimates. Who has ever heard, for instance, of a friendship between a rich woman and a poor woman?

The woman's side of a courtship (to return to that) is highly emotional, but a little suspect withal. The really dog-like faithfulness belongs to the man rather than to the woman. Those "adoring eyes" of the young bride are more spectacular than anything the bridegroom can compass, but they probably should not be taken too literally.—That is how the counter-attack would open.

Having demolished the myth of the creature

of sentiment, the woman's advocate passed on to the question of man as a practical being, and woman as the reverse. All these arguments are now commonplaces. Women are more practical than men—we all know that : all the hard business sense in a *ménage* comes of course from the feminine end. The typical woman's view of almost everything is more hardboiled than the man's. And as to *hysterics* ! Poor man has been so found out, that people are apt to wonder how he succeeded in controlling himself and passing himself off as the "stronger vessel", in those days when women, shrieking hysterically, would leap upon chairs to escape from mice. Honour obliged the man to remain on the floor. Why did he never faint?

Last of all came the *intellectual inferiority* charge. That presented no difficulties. It was true that usually woman had something better to do than to study hydrodynamics, or to weave philosophical systems. She left such things to that unpractical dreamer, Man. But in poetry she was pretty good, as witness Sappho. Rosa Bonheur was as good a painter as any man. For these arguments were conducted in the market-place, where people were not likely to be bothered with niceties, and Rosa Bonheur had as often-repeated a name as Rembrandt. Lastly, in sheer shrewdness the woman's intellect was more than a match for the man's, it was not difficult to show.

Now there you have a method that is peculiarly adapted for use in routing the antisemite, because

sex-generalities enter a good deal into his hostile analysis of the Jew. The Jew, it is asserted, is *feminine*—receptive rather than creative, over-emotional, with far less respect for the truth than George Washington, and he is a parasite, too, as the woman is. So you see how handy the above method should be in dealing with the antisemite ?

It can, as a matter of fact, be very easily demonstrated how nearly every disobliging thing that is said about the Jew can with equal truth be said about the Gentile. It is unnecessary for me to catalogue all of these. Having supplied whoever desires to use it with the method, he has only to get to work with his tame antisemite ; or with the Club bore, who is probably one.

Meanwhile, with reference to a group of disparaging criticisms of the Jewish race which have close and obvious analogies with the sort of criticism that used to be reserved for womankind, I can, in passing, perhaps be of help.

It has always been said that the Jew is not distinguished for his personal courage. He is yellow. The best cure for that particular illusion would probably be to confront the man who was possessed of it with a bunch of tough New York Yids, and see if he could scare them.

There are plenty of westernized Jews, of sedentary habits, who are timid enough. But then our office-workers, of the purest Norse or Germanic stock, tend to become soft. What has always struck me about the Jew has, on the contrary, been his temerity, not his cowardice. The risks he is

prepared to run in pursuit of his personal interests are astonishing. When I was in the Anti-Atlas Mountains, on the edge of the "dissidence", and was passing through the village of a Shiekh whose reputation for gentleness was not of the highest, I remarked, under the shadow of the first of the two castles that dominated it, a couple of houses, and, dressed in black, a few people standing at one of the doors. These, I was told, were the Jews. Probably they lent money to the Shiekh for his wars. But under certain circumstances, not difficult to foresee, their position would not be an enviable one. The Shiekh in that neighbourhood thought very little of having a man murdered if they coveted his land. And the pasha of Taroudant would have Jews beaten within an inch of their lives to extort more money from them. So in the depths of the Anti-Atlas Mountains this handful of Jews lived dangerously, all right. In the travels of Mungo Park you encounter Jews in the remotest part of sub-equatorial Africa, where they had penetrated long before any European. Furthermore, they were extremely unpopular, and quite defenceless.

In Russia under the Czars the Jews must have been pretty tough. All that certainly is not so picturesque a bravery as the knight in armour's, or Nelson's at Trafalgar. It has more analogies with the "dogged" endurance of the explorer. But it does not connote a tendency to run away from trouble.

All the history of the Jews, however, demon-

strates that they are not weaklings, but very much the reverse. Their values are not our values ; and they have a different way of exhibiting valour. A very little reflection will show that, schoolboy heroics apart, the courage of the Jew has been very great.

But then schoolboy heroics are the bane of all our reasonings. It is the price we pay for belonging to a military aristocracy, for which huntin' and fishin' and scrappin' are the really elevated pursuits.

The moment we manage to discard the standards of the eternal schoolboy, we recognize that bravery is not a monopoly of the dominant sex, but that women are equipped with a full complement of fighting-glands, though their courage is more discreetly displayed : of course, too, the ham-like fist does not come into it.

The Jew, when he possessed a country of his own, had armies of course, and he yielded to none in the unpleasant ferocity of his military principles. As the country was not large—to-day we should refer to it as "brave little Palestine"—it was overrun by the great military empires near which it lay. And at last the Roman Empire wiped it out altogether in a fit of antisemitic fury, and this "brave little people" were scattered.

They turned out to be quite good business-men, like their first cousins the Phœnicians. And henceforth they had no opportunity of displaying their martial qualities, since they had no country, and so no army.

It was scarcely to be expected that they would



shine as military heroes in the armies of other people. They were not interested in war, since it was not *their* war. Their only interest in wars was, as one would expect, economic. They were interested in it for what it put into their pockets. And if we reproach them with that, have not we, or our trading community, profited by other people's wars before now? The part that English troops played upon the continent of Europe prior to 1914 was small, numerically. We financed other people's wars, we sold them arms, but we did not fight any more than we could help. And, it is not perhaps amiss to add, it was very stupid of us ever to have departed from that extremely sound principle.

The big rough Polish and Russian Jews are a different race of men—as indeed they are largely a different race altogether—to the type of person who supplied France with its earliest physicians, or who, as the flower of the rabbinical schools, gave to Europe such a philosopher as Maimonides, or later, Spinoza.

We are informed—by the antisemite—that what is called “Jewish fascism” is the product of this more physically active, partly tartar, variety of Jew who comes to us from Russia. They are the people, we learn, who favour a more active policy in Palestine: instead of periodically submitting to an Arab pogrom, and having a few dozen of their throats cut, of going out and doing battle with the Bedouin bands. But this is not from the horse's mouth, but only a bit of antisemitic gossip. It may not be true.

I have said enough, I think, to put in a more intelligent light the alleged physical timidity of the Jew. I will now turn to the charge of *intellectual inferiority*, or of "uncreativity". And I would ask you to note that it is the same charge that it is customary to proffer against women.

That charge, as far as it goes, is well founded, inasmuch as there is no outstanding Jewish painter, like Michaelangelo, musician like Bach, or poet like Shakespeare. And these three intellectual giants are all male, as well as "Aryan".

Really the answer to this is the same for the Jew as it is for the woman. It is a little difficult—or it was—for a mother of a family, or for an odalisque, to paint the Sistine Ceiling, or to compose quantities of fugues.

The social disabilities of the Jew in Europe, up to the Nineteenth Century, accounted, quite certainly, for the relative insignificance of his artistic or literary output. Even Spinoza had to de-Jew himself before he could take his place among the christian philosophers—although in fact he always remained a disciple of Maimonides.

It is not generally recognized how very *national* a plant what we call "*genius*" is. Sebastian Bach was the ultimate outcome of Church Music, the most brilliant member of a family of organists and court-musicians. It is evident enough that no Jew, similarly talented, could, by any means at all, have come to produce that music, which was the flower of what was to him an alien "ethos". Nor of course would he have wanted to.

How exceedingly national a product Goethe, the German "national poet" was, it is unnecessary to point out. No Jew could conceivably have written like that, because he could not have thought or felt like that. No more than a member of an Anglo-Saxon colony, settled in Japan, could become the Japanese national poet, could a Jew have occupied such a rôle as that of Goethe or Schiller, nor the minor one of Hölderlin, say. This would not be a question of talent, but of something else quite different.

The same of course would apply to the Great Russian novelists. Nobles like Tolstoi or Tourgeneff, or such extremely Russian Russians as Gogol or Tchekov, could not have come out of a Ghetto. Again, not because there was not plenty of intellectual energy there, but (1) because the Jews were a people apart, with ways of feeling of their own, and (2) because the Russian public would not have given the same encouragement to a Jewish man of letters.

Of course, there may be something more than this. How is it that the Romans were good *littérateurs*, but that we have no Carthaginian books at all? Gsell, the French historian, says that this is because the Carthaginians experienced the contempt of the militant business-man for letters and for the arts ; whereas the Romans, like us, were playboys and artists, as well as empire-builders.

Why have we no scrap of writing from a Carthaginian source, telling us something about the amazing travels of the Carthaginian seamen ?

enquires Gsell. Those travels were more remarkable than anything undertaken by the Romans or the Greeks. And his explanation is that it was *business closeness* on the part of the masters of Carthage. That accounted for this absence of the travel-book. Just as a trading-company would scarcely encourage its prospectors to babble about what they had found, or its agents to gossip about new markets they had discovered, so the masters of Carthage thought that the less idle scribbling that was done the better. They preferred to read the books of their easygoing Roman neighbours.

There may be something of this kind to take into account, where the question of the contribution of the Jews to European art and letters is concerned. But seeing that of recent years the Jews have been much more active (as is suggested by such names as Proust, Matisse, and Stravinsky) it is not necessary to go any farther than the conditions under which these flowerings of the spirit occur. The more carefully you examine the rationale of such a masterpiece as *The Idiot* or as *Hermann and Dorothea*—the psychological roots of it—the more easy it is to see how an Israelite could not have produced it: not because he was not intelligent, or “creative” enough, but because such a blooming is very strictly conditioned, in an ethnical or social framework.

That will terminate my analysis of one of the most discussed aspects of our present subject. In

a recent book of mine, *The Mysterious Mr. Bull*, I advanced a theory which I think should also be considered. The *average* intellectual endowment of the Jew is much more considerable than is the case with his Gentile neighbour. The Jews *share out* more than we do—they are more communist, in the ordinary sense. And they share out their intelligence among other things.

Is it with us a compensatory fact that, being more stupid in the mass, we shoot up higher, when we do shoot up, in dazzling concentrations of intellectual power, and so produce what we describe as “genius”? For “genius” with us is an individual thing. Whereas *all* Jews are a sort of little geniuses.

It is a very interesting subject, apart from its practical importance in the present context. In any study of the *causes* of the flowering of genius which dug deep enough down into the chemistries of the matter, the history of the Jewish genius would be drawn upon, inevitably, as evidence. And the fact that it has not been *genius*, but *talent*, is a highly significant fact.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Jewish Honesty*

GOING to sleep, and waking up, are extremely delightful. But to be fully awake is an uncertain affair, it may be nice or it may not. With knowledge it is of course the same. The entire, the circumstantial, truth, upon any subject, is not so satisfactory as the beginning of awareness, or the time when consciousness is blissfully departing.

I am afraid that I may have reached a point in this study where, for the purposes of popular enlightenment, I have said as much as it is wise to say. These reflections are occasioned by the somewhat harsh aspects of the truths which must be explored in this chapter. Eternal misunderstanding has dogged the Jew. It is as expedient for us, as it is for him, that they should be banished. Is the best way to do it, to put *all* the cards on the table, or only a selected few?

I have assumed that my reader would be a person who has some knowledge of the world, and who has become aware that it is a singularly wicked world. I have taken it for granted that he is a person who realizes that we are still half-animal—and only partially sane, or half the time mad. I

have taken it for granted that he has learnt to recognize one of our major activities, war, was just like Crippen's little show, only a million times bigger. When a country's "honour" is mentioned as being "at stake", in the popular press, I have supposed he has learnt to read *dividends* for *honour*: money is recognized as justifying murder upon any scale and the killing may be effected by any means, however repulsive. These few instances define the type of knowledge I have been assuming in a fair proportion of my readers.

This is an ominous beginning perhaps. If I were about to discuss the alleged "perfidiousness" of British Governments, I should not have to take such precautions. But the Jew is "in a spot" just at present. And the charges I have next to deal with are at the root of the prejudice that has for centuries handicapped him. What I am referring to is the alleged Jewish disregard for Gentile ethics in the conduct of business.

It is because I think that money does play too great a part in the life of the average Jew—though that would be extremely untrue of many—that I find this a difficult subject to handle.

When you are dealing with a stupid man, you can afford to give nothing away. *No points at all* can be conceded. And the antisemite, as I have indicated, is not blessed with much intelligence. In argument, to put forward a picture of a Jew upon whose shoulders wings did not sprout, and in whose mouth butter would not melt, would be regarded by him as a triumphant confirmation of

his indictment. So *how* human may we make our Jew? That is the problem.

Butter *does* melt in the mouth of the Jew, that is the worst of it. There are plenty of dishonest Jews, and when they are crooked, they are remarkably thorough. The more imagination a race has, the more conspicuous in their peculations its criminals are.

But it is perhaps to the existence of something that is common to all Jews, but that is not specifically criminal—an antisocial something, the results perhaps of centuries of outcast status, that most prejudice can be traced. It is a sort of *irresponsibility* that is akin to that of the artist, or if you prefer, the child. Then an intellectual arrogance accompanies this, and does not improve matters. They are, after all, the Chosen People, and get that Chosen People feeling so easily. To be spoilt by God is worse than being spoilt by a doting mother. And as Christians we are bound to concede them this unique privilege. That makes it very awkward.

A further complication is that at this stage I have to confess to imperfections in John Bull. (*He* thinks he's rather a pet of the All-Father as well!) But as a matter of fact the English have such an unassailable, such a worldwide, reputation for stupid honesty, that nothing one could say would affect that. So let us proceed.

Now the Jew seems to me just as honest as John Bull. But he has not the same reputation for honesty, which is unlucky for him. Even he is



more *honestly dishonest*, if you know what I mean.

If you are not very well-up in politics, it may surprise you to hear that honesty, under the present capitalist system, is an impossibility. We speak of "rackets", borrowing an American word. But all competitive business is a racket, and often a particularly criminal one. Often a Jew gets the blame, because of his sinister reputation, for some racket at the bottom of which is a dear old bluff John Bull all the time.

The London Householder—to go no farther than that—is engaged in a daily combat with a gang of invisible crooks, who swindle him over his rent, his lighting and heating, his food and other domestic supplies ; everything that is a necessity of life. I am a London Householder and I know all about it. Can we describe that system—which is after all administered by men like ourselves, not by God—as fair and honourable ? If you give it a moment's serious thought you will recognize that we cannot.

In the money game as played by the Anglo-Saxon there are rules. If you do not observe them, you are branded as a "criminal". And the Jew does *not* always, with quite the same respectful snobbery as us, observe those rules.—It is whispered that the Insurance Companies are slightly antisemitic, for instance. But anyone with even a slight knowledge of the scrupulous standards of honour, the paladin-like magnanimity, of our Insurance Companies, could scarcely do otherwise (when no one was looking) than pat the fellow on the back who caused them to disgorge a little of their illgotten wealth.

The legend of the business unreliability of the Jew is deeply entrenched, and at this moment it forms the subject of much casual discussion. "The Jews are News." It is inevitable that they should be discussed more and more, for they show no sign of ceasing to be front-page people.

I have no statistics upon which to base an opinion. I have examined books that record the details of bankruptcies up-to-date ; but I do not know exactly what those figures signify. What I do know is that the economic and political system for which we are all responsible is so absurd and so unjust that I should feel myself a very objectionable hypocrite if I gave myself airs regarding a person who had availed himself of some hole in the net of an oppressive chicanery.

I have gone straight to what is supposed to be the darkest issue between the Jewish people and those among whom they live. Commercially they are said to be a disintegrating element. Amongst our stately business institutions to have a lot of them knocking about is like letting loose a troupe of Marx Brothers, that is the idea. It is like having a poltergeist in the bank vaults and the counting-houses.

Well, all I can say is that the idea rather amuses me. I have always been attracted by Poltergeists. As in watching those American-Jewish comedians, Groucho and Harpo, my sympathy is always with them—and I think, to judge from the laughter in the audience, that everybody shares my view—so my sympathy is with their counterparts in the

real world—which, of course, from day to day grows more like a Marx Brothers film.

The European lunatic asylum is an institution for which we are responsible, not the Jews. Being in Rome, they do as the Romans do. If at times they do it with excessive gusto, and are madder than the maddest of us, that is only one effect of their proverbial high spirits.

While we are on this subject of disintegration—the most ticklish subject of all, in any fundamental discussion of the Jewish Problem—let me turn to politics. There, as in the commercial sphere, the Jew is apt to be disorderly. He is the poltergeist in the woodpile.

But so that my intercession may be more effective, I would remind you that all that I have written in the course of my career betrays an almost morbid love of order. I may add that I much prefer an honest man, if I can find him, to one who is not. I have even given myself infinite, and quite unnecessary trouble, in an attempted salvage of what is now almost completely destroyed—the remnants of our civilization.

That chaos however has become chronic ; it is getting a pattern of its own. I detect an *order* even of sorts once more. We can find our way about nicely, having adjusted ourselves to it.

The Jewish intelligence is more logical in many ways than, and I daresay quite as orderly as, ours. This system is a system of our making, and the Jew (small blame to him) does not think much of it.

He is at no pains to disguise his disdain. His intervention in politics—in straight politics—has been, I believe, from his point of view, a mistake. We all make mistakes and that I believe has been his. Seeing how favourably he was placed, as the money-power behind the Throne, it was unintelligent to interfere with the Throne, as he on occasion has been convicted of doing. It was a mistake of the same order as that of the woman, when she insisted on having the Vote.

It is said that the looker-on sees most of the game. And it must be remembered that the Jew has been always the looker-on : until recently he was not admitted to the status of player at all. This has been partly his fault ; for the Jewish community has been an absurdly and primitively exclusive one.<sup>1</sup> Partly it has been ours, because we have looked at him askance. But, as a spectator, he has got a clearer picture of our political game than any of us who participated have possessed. We were under the spell of the play, he was not. Disraeli, to take a concrete case, made rings round the English politicians of his time. And he made them a present of some exceedingly good advice—I mean the Conservatives, of course—which they were too stupid to follow. They were “ the stupid party ”—so it was not surprising.

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above I have read Mr. Golding's book, *The Jewish Problem*, where he points out that this charge is peculiarly unfair. The conversion of a Christian to Judaism was punishable with death. Under these circumstances the Jews sort of got in the habit of not making converts. Yet we blame them for their religious exclusiveness !

It would serve, I think, no useful purpose to proceed any further, to a detailed examination of the Jewish rôle in politics. Unless you bar the Jew from all rights of citizenship, as the Germans have done, you cannot expect him to be seen and not heard, or to refrain from expressing an opinion upon matters that concern him as a citizen as much as they do anybody else. In the nature of things his politics will be libertarian, since he belongs to an, until recently, oppressed minority.

To-day, as our own proletarianization proceeds apace, and we more and more come to occupy, in our own land, the position of an oppressed, alien, minority—in spite of the fact that we comprise ninety-nine per cent. of the population—we cannot regard libertarian politics as amiss.

Seeing that he cleaves to his ancient religious observances, and is therefore to that extent distinct and apart, and to some degree a nation within the nation, it would be more sensible of the Jew to stand somewhat aside, like, say, those of the Catholic Communion in Great Britain. This is a disability. But it is a disability that he would share with another powerful sect; and even in the United States of America it is almost impossible for a Catholic to hold the supreme office of state.

In many ways the Jew is too honest, too direct. He has not the makings of a good diplomat, for instance. An Italian, or even a highly trained Englishman, can beat him hollow at the arts of the dissembler. His intelligence is of a particularly uncompromising order. He does not see things

as we do, or at all events as the typical Anglo-Saxon does, through mists of sentiment. He does not lie without knowing it (one of the most disgusting things to watch), nor does he, I think, lie for the sake of lying. In fact he is rather absurd when he is telling a lie : you can see what he is doing a mile off. It is *entirely* our fault if we are ever deceived by him, in fact.

So let us leave it. I have made out a case, and I think it is a good case, for the Jew possessing no monopoly of guile, and being in many respects more straightforward than we are. His misdemeanours in the commercial field are largely a myth, or at worst they are no more heinous than other people's. The ancient bias against the Jew accounts for the rest. All men cheat. We have our own ways of cheating, the Jew has his. We prefer our own, that is all there is to it. So much for one of the most inveterate of our superstitions.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *The Jewish Intellectual*

I AM not a politician but an artist. As an artist I approve of the Jewish intelligence : its taste for fine things, its gift of intellectual sympathy. Being an artist, with the particular bents, too, that are mine, I could not do otherwise.

Let doctors, dentists, lawyers, actors, professors and clerks act each according to his lights. But as far as I am concerned if a refugee artist is a good one he has my blessing, for what that is worth. That is my attitude, as an artist, upon the Jewish Problem, as it affects the vexed question of the Jew taking up work in England.

There is something more than this, which ensues from the nature of my calling. My mere occupation determines my attitude, political or otherwise, towards the Jew in general. A little intelligence, a little understanding of the things in which I am principally interested, matters a great deal more to me than the colour of a person's hair or eyes. And the Jew is consequently much more my cup of tea than the Anglo-Indian military gent or the monocled Junker—or even than the most clean-limbed and golden-haired eurythymist, I say it with all due

respect for "*mens sana in corpore sano*" and "muscular Christianity".

If I were a eugenist or a politician I might feel quite differently. If I were a woman I am sure I should. I should only like gardees—and I should insist upon my gardee being "county" and as dumb and wooden as possible. But being what I am, I am all for the "highbrow". So it would be impossible for me to feel as Herr Hitler would about Spinoza or Heine or Proust.

To come down to the present time, Paul Klee, a Jewish artist of German nationality, of very unusual talent, and a refugee, I would exchange against a whole regiment of Pomeranian grenadiers—and this is in no way derogatory to those splendid fellows. It's just the way that as an artist I am compelled to feel; just the way an artist feels about a grenadier.

Klee, to me, is like a slice of putty-coloured cheese full of maggots to a gourmet—his pictures are, as a matter of fact, a little "high": they adapt themselves to that particular simile. My eyes light up when I catch sight of a canvas by Klee. But if I were a mother-of-men—instead of a painter of pictures and writer of books—I would probably swop all the Klees in the world for a single well-knit infantryman.

I had a purpose in using this cheese simile: for something that we all have to take our stand about in these years, is the so-called "decadence" controversy with which Europe is overshadowed. For Anglo-Saxon countries, just as much as German



countries, can very easily come to hold strong views on the subject of "healthy" art. A school of painting with a mission to "build bonny babies" is not by any means unlikely at some not very distant date, within sound of Bow Bells.

My position as regards all this is perfectly clear. Athleticism is not the royal road to a mighty art. Hiking cannot assure fine landscape painting. Such is my opinion. The eugenical excellence and athletic prowess of a sporting aristocracy invariably spells—such is the teaching of history—stupidity. It is an extremely destructive stupidity from the standpoint of the artist. The "officer-type", the "hunting-man" type, the "clubman" type even, comes to pride itself upon its denseness. It is just as proud, in the end, of being insensitive to art, as to being insensitive to danger or to physical pain. One of the most obvious forms of "toughness" is to be perfectly impervious to the seductions of fine prose, good acting, or a beautiful picture.

As Englishmen we are better able to form an opinion about all this than are the Germans. For we have in England what is left of the stupidest—the most pathologically dense—military aristocracy that the world has ever seen. The Junker is a highbrow compared to our lot.

Every day and all about us we have ocular evidence of what results from exalting the military and sporting virtues above all others. It results in the contemporary English Stage and Cinema, the Royal Academy, *Punch*, British Commercial Art,

Bestsellerdom in literature, the domestic villa-architecture of our suburban countryside.

These splendid fresh complexions, these flashing blue eyes and tumbling golden locks (which begin as "Bubbles", and end, telescope under arm, upon the quarter-deck) are tremendously attractive—especially to the woman's or to the eugenist's eye. But all this rude health should be made to keep its place in the scheme of things. It should never be exalted as a canon of all excellence. It should be recognized as an inferior thing, taking with it well-defined and universally recognized intellectual handicaps. The ruling intelligence, if such a thing existed, would hold the animal-world in check.

But that philosophy defeats its own ends, even upon the plane of action. Ultimately the nation that disdains the intellect, and omits to exercise it, loses in the struggle for existence. The playing fields of Eton, where the muscles are exercised, does not win battles. One Waterloo proves nothing. There may be other Waterloos. I can see Eton losing. I am astonished that Eton has kept its end up as long as it has.

When the Germans lecture us, as they do, they are apt to forget that in their cult of sport and their exaltation of Action, they are only being copy-cats. They are imitating the Englishman. They are in reality lecturing their master.

Let all foreigners take warning from us, however. The Eugenist always ends in the Carlton Club—or White's. His Merchant Marine shrinks in tonnage and in personnel; his fields go out of cultivation—

his palladian pleasaunces are either occupied by sharepushers and gramophoneneedlekings or become choked with weeds. Rascals in red shirts orate upon the plinth of his Nelson's Column. That is how the poor chap ends.

These are the things that happen to a nation where for centuries to be "strong i' the arm and weak i' the head" has been the admired rule, and all mental application has been discouraged, or existed beneath a boycott.—Our German mentors should take these facts very much to heart. The religion of Action brings with it a jealous hostility to art and to letters—to artists and "scribblers". And then the high-priests of Action are so often intellectuals *manqués*. That is another thing that has to be taken into account, in the times when action-systems are beginning.

If I were a politician my material would be human beings, and in the nature of things I should be restricted to one sort of man—if I were an Irish politician, to Irishmen; if a German, to Germans; if a Spanish politician, to Spaniards. It would be rather as though I were an artist who lived in a country the natural resources of which would supply me with only *one* pigment—say the colour red. So I should paint *red pictures*, of course: unless I were allowed, unpatriotically, to obtain a few greens and blues from foreign parts.

All those tendencies which are in the ascendant to-day—though as yet Anglo-Saxony has escaped—towards a localizing of artistic expression, and

compelling the artist to toe the arbitrary line of the map-frontiers of his particular nation, must of course be resisted with the greatest energy. We must never allow the politician, perforce restricted to one medium as he is, to restrict us.

Lord Baldwin declared (as a politician) that his frontier was the Rhine. I feel cramped inside that petty barrier. I feel as an artist that my frontiers are the Yangtze-kiang, the Danube, and the Mississippi. If the geography of the moon were familiar to me, I should have a frontier there as well.

A German artist whom I interviewed a couple of years ago, gave me the full political programme for the new German art. He agreed that a great deal of the painting that had been done in Europe during the last forty years was excellent as mere painting. But, he added, some of it might as well have been painted in Japan as in Saxony or Normandy or Cornwall. To this answer I took exception. In the most friendly way I insisted that what was good in Japan was good in Saxony : and that there was no manner of painting a man's face, or painting a landscape, that was more appropriate in one place than the other. But I could not make him give an inch : he stood unshakably upon his doctrinal line, of a specifically teutonic art.

Art is not a dialect, however. It is a high-language ; and, within certain obvious limitations, it is a universal one. Korins wave-screen (in the Boston Museum) would have been perfectly

intelligible to Albrecht Dürer, though if Korin had asked him the time of day in Japanese he would not have understood him.

The countryman of Dürer would however have argued, that, although the German artist might understand the painting of the Japanese master it would not have been *his* way of doing things to produce a wave like Korin in his famous screen.—Certainly one cannot imagine Dürer doing a wave in the way that Korin did. But that was a pure accident. It was nothing to do with the *Boden*, with the soil, of Germany. It was an accident in the strictest sense of the word, which had no analogy with the grapes produced by the soil of Burgundy or Champagne, or the lovely little potatoes of the Channel Islands, or the less succulent ones of Tenerife.

The same influences that caused Korin to do things in that way might quite well have drifted westward, and resulted in Europeans adopting those formulæ.

Viking art, and Celtic art, are much nearer to the Japanese than is Dürer. And if it had not been for Greek naturalism, and the researches of the Ionian anatomists, it is probable that Dürer would have been very like Korin : for some of his best landscapes do, in fact, resemble the classical Japanese of the pre-Korin period.

But the conclusion of this argument is as follows. We, to-day, are not in the same situation as Dürer. His position was comparable to that of an artist arising in a Pacific Island community. He was

isolated, we are the reverse. To us the entire world is open, with its multiple modes of artistic expression. Unless we artificially shut ourselves up, we cannot observe these rules of school geography. To-day it is as unnatural for us to be nationalist, in our picture-making, as formerly it would have been natural. Finally, nationalism may be good as politics, but it is absurd as art. Or to put this in another way, it may—or it may not—be a good thing to be out-of-date politically, but the artist condemns himself to impotence if he attempts it.

To show the lengths to which the political bias—plus straight ignorance of other countries—can go, I will add another item of my conversation with this German who was such a full-blooded Nazi doctrinaire. He was a sculptor. I remarked that we had a few good sculptors in England. Among them I mentioned Henry Moore. He nodded. He said he had seen photographs of things Moore had done. He said he did not like them. “Of course, he is a Jew,” he added. I laughed at this, and assured him that whatever Moore might be he certainly was not a Jew. “Moor—Moore!” my German friend exclaimed. “Yes, he is a Jew. What Englishman ever had a name like Moore!”

Ah “Mornings in Ebury Street,” thought I! Or perhaps “Brook Kereth” would have seemed a pretty semitic bit of work to my German friend. I wonder.

It is true that German artists—painters, sculptors

and so on—are like English artists, in this respect ; they are as a rule incredibly ignorant people. I do not suppose you would find a German journalist or novelist talking like that : but it does throw into relief the kind of errors into which politics can lead the art practitioner. We have seen the same thing happen, with *class* substituted for *race*, in the case of the less intelligent communist.

Now, the Jew, in his rôle of interloper, is accused of undermining our culture ; and in the arts of architecture, painting, or sculpture, producing himself, or encouraging or conniving at the production of by others, works of art that contradict and seek to supersede the native tradition.

This accusation is well-founded. That, as a matter of fact, is precisely what the Jew does. And it seems to me that he is rendering us all a signal service in doing so. We should, I think, thank the Jew for being so unorthodox, and shaking up our stale old artistic stock-in-trade as he has done ; not revile him.

What is regarded as the *tradition* in almost any modern European state is a bad tradition : it seldom goes back more than a century, and is a record of progressive decay, and of more and more commercial standards. All that is *native* about it is that it illustrates the local way of being dull.

Why should an Englishman be condemned to write novels like Galsworthy (the most popular British author on the Continent), paint pictures like Luke Fildes, or write music like Elgar, for

the rest of time? I explained to my German colleague, for instance, that James MacNeill Whistler, who was not a Jew, was yet regarded in England when he first came on the scene as a very devil of subversion, who threatened to undermine all the best English traditions of painting (and since the Anglo-Saxon can never think of anything without mixing it up with morality, of morals as well). His gentle little *Nocturnes* were described as "a pot of paint flung in the face of the public."—Imagine if England had been going nationalist about that time! Our poor friend, who described himself as "the gentle master of all that is flippant and fine in art," would have been flung into a concentration camp. The "Butterfly" would have been broken upon the true-blue British wheel.

Lastly, the Jew is said to be responsible for the creation of "monstrosities". And to that, too, he must plead guilty, I think. But "modernist" art (1910-1940) is not fuller of monsters than Gothic art. It is precisely the "nordic" imagination that has been most prolific in deformities. It is not a "healthy" art, if you compare it with that of the Mediterranean civilization. It is a sick art—with its Strinbergs, its Nietzsches, its Dostoievskys, to take three names from the last flowering of the Gothic genius in literature.

The Jewish influence is not, as I see it, quite so beneficent in this connection. The northern imagination is quite full enough of nightmares without encouraging such a reinforcement as the



Jewish imagination is apt to provide. All the same, it is unreasonable to accuse the Jews of originating this pathologic streak. The European in his own right is a pastmaster in terroristic imagery. He did not need the Jew to teach him that.

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Jews and Finance*

WHAT I shall be considering in this chapter is supplementary to the last, but it also might have found its place in Chapter VII. In yet more detail I am about to examine the charge against the Jew of being not only a destructive element in European civilization, but the prime source of all the disintegration which we see going on around us. It is my argument, that such an accusation is self indulgent; it is to blame this stranger in our midst for troubles which we have brought upon ourselves, by our own actions.

Many Jews took part in the destruction of Russian Czarist society. That is of course indisputable. But can anyone pretend that that society was worthy to endure? Had it not within itself the seeds of violent dissolution? It was a peculiarly inept society, by turns brutal and maudlin. Bakunine, who was not a Jew but a very typical Russian—he was in fact a professing antisemite—typified the violent forces that that society raised against itself. And without the assistance of Jewish agitators those forces would have, in the end, overthrown it.

But let us go back a century and a half: and let us repair to a country which had no Jewish minority, and which was so newly-settled that no Jewish adventurers had yet had time to get there. I refer to the United States of America: and the period that would be ideal for our purpose would be the decade succeeding the War of Independence.

To the average English reader the United States seems a long way off. The war by which the American colonies secured their political independence will seem still farther. But there is no country whose destiny is so closely linked with ours as the North American states; and there is no chapter of history so well-adapted as that for studying the incubation of a great modern nation. What happened round about 1790 decided once and for all the future national physiognomy of the U.S.A. The American economic system has been a tariff system "from that day to this". And "dollar diplomacy" was the doing of Alexander Hamilton (the maker of modern America): his *First Report on Public Credit* set America upon that path. All the main features of American political life were settled in those short ten years or so after the close of the war with England.

Hamilton's proposal that *the Continental certificates be refunded at par*—that first operation in the 1789 Congress—meant (I quote W. E. Woodward) that "swindling was on the way to becoming a national tradition (in America), to be held in high esteem, provided it was legal and sustained by eminent counsel. . . . Everyone with a feather's weight of

foresight knew that swindling was henceforth to take its place among the dignified arts and sciences. . . . At that time no one had ever heard of a holding company, and few had heard of a stock exchange. The glittering promoters had not yet arrived."

Into the details of that financial operation I need not enter, except to indicate that "by far the greater part of the domestic debt was in the shape of *soldiers' pay certificates*, which had been issued during the war." It was in swindling the ex-soldiers out of these that this particular ramp consisted. The Christian nations have always excelled at maltreating and swindling their ex-servicemen. And the new-born United States was no exception to the rule.

In these "dignified arts and sciences" of ours, to which Professor Woodward refers above, Jewish business men certainly have distinguished themselves since those early days. Their names adorn our peerage to prove it (for we reward conspicuous mastery in *those* sciences and arts with splendid titles). But if the antisemite can show me a Jew at the elbow or in the entourage of Alexander Hamilton, the creator of the present-day United States, I will agree that my case is fatally compromised. It is quite certain, however, that he cannot do so, for there were no Jews there.

Or take the organization at that time, under federal auspices, of a central bank.

"Jefferson saw the subtle import of Hamilton's plan. The intention was to capture—through the

instruments of bank-credits and note issues—the control of money and the control of production. Jefferson realized that the power to regulate prices would be in the hands of a small group of bank directors. By means of loans and discounts, and in other ways, they would be able to enrich their friends and impoverish their enemies. Their power to create artificial wealth, by the emission of bank-notes, would be large and subject to few limitations.”

The terrific usurious system of bank-capital, that fairyland of Credit in which we wander like herds of lost souls at the present day, *is all our own doing*, or the doing of men of our own race. Aryans like ourselves conceived it and established it ; and it is better that we should realize that, and not blame it onto somebody else. It is important that we should realize what follies, and what crimes, *we* are capable of. Otherwise those crimes and follies are liable to be indefinitely repeated, if a scapegoat can so easily be found.

We live to-day in the back-wash of a great war. Slump has followed slump, and we none of us can see how it can end, except in further convulsions. Germany suffered for a time more intensely than we did, with the results that we all see to-day. But the whole of Europe has been crawling about like the asphyxiated occupants of an ant-hill hit by a shell, for nearly a couple of decades now.

In connection with that “problem” which is the subject of this book, it will be highly instructive to dwell for a moment upon that much smaller world—a Europe *en petit*—of the American States,

and compare our chaos with theirs. We shall discover at once that our lot, bad as it is, is no worse than theirs. I will quote a few more passages from the same authority, who describes with considerable vividness the unspeakable mess into which those thirteen States (which were in fact thirteen free republics) were thrown, as a result of their first great war.

The right of suffrage in that infant-America had been restricted to people of property: "the practical effect of these restrictions was to deprive the greater part of the inhabitants—including the veterans of the Revolutionary War—of any share in the government. In 1790 the number of New York freeholders who would qualify in an election of State senators was 1,209; this in a State of 340,000 population. A year or two after the war the common people, who had borne the burden of suffering and fighting, were thoroughly disillusioned.

"The war was followed by a profound commercial depression which lasted from 1783 to 1788. . . . Imagine fifteen or twenty different kinds of money, all in a state of depreciation and rapid fluctuation. Nobody knew what anything was worth in money; all calculations as to profits and incomes were mere guesses. . . . The money in circulation was paper, and a financial expert was needed in every counting-house to determine what it was really worth. A man in business was like a blindfolded player at a roulette table. Consequently, merchants were impelled to mark up

excessively the prices of their goods, in view of the risk. The State authorities could not prepare sensible budgets ; salaries and wages varied from month to month in purchasing power, although their apparent value was constant.

“Taxation was high ; much higher, indeed, than it had been under British rule. In Massachusetts the direct taxes amounted to fifty dollars a year for every man, woman, and child in the State or \$200 for a family of four. Three-fourths of the farmers in the State were in arrears to the tax office. Necessarily so, as most of them never saw so much as one hundred dollars in cash in the course of the year. The newspapers of the time were full of letters of complaint about poverty, taxes, and mortgage foreclosures. Imprisonment for debt was legal in every State, and the law was rigorously enforced. Men of culture and cleanly habits were thrown into lice-infested jails among thieves and ruffians because they were unable to pay a few dollars. . . .

“In the post-revolutionary period the American people were befuddled and mystified—as they are to-day. The depression was a crisis of plenty. The soil was fertile ; it produced abundantly. Nevertheless, the farming population grew poorer and poorer, while shrewd speculators in currency became wealthy ; mortgages were foreclosed, and seized property, sold for a tenth of its value, passed into the hands of those who were prepared to buy. Lawyers, swimming in a deluge of fees, waxed fat and pompous. Moneylenders had a grand time as

interest rates went up higher and higher. A tide of luxury flowed through the upper classes of Boston, New York and Philadelphia; a tide of poverty flowed through the homes of working men and back-country farmers. . . .

“The farmers in the Western part of Massachusetts had not heard that prosperity had returned. In the fall of 1786 they were at the point of desperation. Their homesteads, by the hundred, had been sold over their heads to satisfy mortgages or to pay delinquent taxes. They could raise plenty of food and livestock, but the selling prices of their products were too low. They begged the legislature to make horses and cows legal tender. Of course, this proposal was considered absurd and was voted down.

“After the livestock currency measure was laughed into oblivion, the impoverished farmers picked up their trusty rifles and began a series of shotgun reforms. They dispersed the courts and drove the judges in terror from that part of the State.”

These few passages will have provided you with a close-up of conditions, a century-and-a-half ago, in a society, like ours at the present time, suffering from the after-effects of war. It saved itself by passing under the novel domination of bank-capital, Alexander Hamilton being the good fairy who brought order out of chaos—but at a price. And all the Warburgs and Baruches of the present day are merely shadows of that gentleman. The



Jewish banker was not the first in the field. It is to the Anglo-Saxon banker—not to go so far back as the Lombard banker—that we should address ourselves when we find that we have been overreached. For it is to the system—and not to any individual, at any particular moment, working it—that we owe our undoing. And it is the system that we have to change. It would be no use hanging a thousand men, or ten thousand, if the system remained.

In a book about the Jewish Problem a dissertation about conditions in Massachusetts after the War of Independence may seem far-fetched. What is more, the particular account selected by me for quotation contains assumptions which would antagonize and puzzle the Plain Man, for whom, for instance, a “state bank” is a pretty sacred thing, and “money” sacrosanct. Even to the educated classes the true inwards of the credit-system is a closed book.

It is not merely because I took my illustration from another hemisphere, and went back to 1790, that I may have mystified many of my readers. It is much more because the Plain Man has not the remotest idea what the economic landscape of his own time looks like. 1939, looked at with the eye of an up-to-date economist, would be just as strange as 1789. Indeed it would have the aspect of a surrealist canvas, which he certainly would not accept as the world in which he lived, if it could be painted for him.

Yet abuse of the Jews—to return to them—is meaningless without such backgrounds ; or it is mere childish ill-temper at finding, here or there, a frizzy-haired foreigner who can perform your own juggling trick better than you can yourself.

What I have just been quoting conclusively demonstrates that the Aryan or Christian peoples took all the necessary steps to get themselves into their present mess a long time since, before the Jewish financier appeared on the scene. The Jew has not occupied a prominent place in European society for more than a half-century. Certainly at the time of the early Congresses presided over by Washington, of which I have been speaking, he was still safely locked up in his Russian Ghettos, except for a handful of pedlars and merchants, who exercised no power at all. The Astors, for instance, who were among the earliest Jewish settlers in America, were furriers or dealers in gems, not financial wizards or *Bankleute*.

It is through finance, with its usurious technique, that the Jew is said to exercise undue, even a preponderating, influence. Is not the Jew the eternal Shylock ? as the Antisemite will say. Yet, as Mr. Golding points out, why, in the first instance the Jew became a moneylender was because he was not allowed to be anything else. The Chinese, who are the moneylenders of the Far East, are much more efficient usurers, and as jolly about it (according to all accounts) as the Jews are morose. Moneylending *cannot* be the natural trade of the Jew, or he would be more genial in the pursuit of it.

As to the financial power of the Jews, they may certainly wield more power in that field than any man, Jew or otherwise, should ever have been allowed to acquire. *How* much is a matter for the expert and statistician to decide ; less, probably, than is supposed. All bankers are not Jewish—would that they were ! Nor were the Jews responsible for that unnatural system by reason of which we all suffer so much at this moment. “Poverty in the midst of plenty” is the handiwork of that ferocious “individualist,” the Western European. It bears his hall-mark, I am afraid.

If I might be allowed a certain brutality of expression, I may say that I should prefer to be swindled by a stranger than by a personal friend or relative. That is only human nature. And I have a sort of aversion for being fooled and robbed by one of my own kind that goes far beyond my feelings when that happens to me at the hands of an outsider. I resent it a great deal more when I find a rosy-cheeked Anglo-Saxon pillar-of-the-church picking my pocket, than when I find that I have allowed some swarthy stranger to do the same thing.

Figuratively, those are my sentiments. And that accounts for my impatience with those who come to me with inflammatory discourses about the Jews. How simple the “Jewish Problem” would be if it were not for our own crooks and their unholy “vested interests” !

The brutality of expression in which I have chosen to express myself here is not a purposeless

lapse. It would be doing a disservice to all Jews if one appeared inclined to *whitewash*. They require that no more than we do: there is no occasion to hide up the large-scale Jewish speculator: we and the Jews should compare notes on our respective malefactors. If we could match crook against crook, I would put my money on our boy—for preference the Bottomley type—any day of the week.

To conclude: Dollar Diplomacy—as the distinguished American historian, Professor Woodward, has enabled me to show—began as a mammoth swindling of their own people, of the Many by the Few (and what goes for Dollar Diplomacy goes for the political bludgeon of Sterling, too). Both those who did the swindling and those who suffered it were “white men”, of the best Aryan stock. That is the pity of it; and that is what makes such ugly nonsense of the diatribes of the antisemite.

## CHAPTER X

### *Is "the Jew" out-of-date?*

IN a libel suit the trouble is, that, whatever the issue, the mud that is thrown sticks. It is better, therefore, not to go into a libel action if you can help it. However triumphantly you may prove that it was *not* you who wrote the poison-pen postcard, embezzled your employer's money, beat your wife, or murdered your partner by pushing him overboard and got away with it, you will remain, in the public mind, with a question-mark against your name, as someone vulgarly associated with wife-beating, embezzlement, or murder.

There are, however, cases where the libel in question received such publicity that there is nothing for it but an action at law. And the libel upon the Jews, or the "defamation" of the Jews, is to-day in that category. It has received such world-wide advertisement, that if one is going to discuss the matter at all, one cannot pick and choose between the charges. One has to examine charges that are sometimes quite absurd.

It might, after all, be us, one of these days.

We might find ourselves obliged to demonstrate that John Bull was not *really* such a liar, thief, sneak, intriguer and general bad hat as he was made out to be. That time may, of course, be not far distant. But if for two thousand years that sort of thing had been going on—and John Bull, had, meanwhile, acquired rather a guilty and surly look, poor fellow, which would be natural enough—our task as defendants would be a stiff one. And since the English have their full quota of crooks, the least misdemeanour of whom would be seized upon triumphantly as damning evidence of all Britons being criminals, we should have our work cut out.

In the foregoing pages I have been asking—Are the Jews worse thieves than other people?—more prone to homicide?—more fond of power?—are they factors of corruption in Western society? and so on, because half the world is inclined to say that they *are*. Our half of the world, especially the Anglo-Saxon countries, will not hear of this defamation. I think that our half of the world is right.

As I started by saying, I cannot see Englishmen and Americans deliberately locking up a lot of people who had settled amongst them in a corner of their cities, putting a notice board over the gate of this closed quarter *Moral Lepers Live Here! Beware!* and refusing to let them own bicycles, because the rude ringing of their bicycle-bells might offend Nordic pedestrians, or be regarded as an outrage by owner-drivers of a loftier

stock.—To state it is to realize that it can't be done. It would arouse so much sympathy among us for the people subjected to this treatment, that it would defeat its own ends. Why, we are even sorry sometimes for our own slum-people.

There is another fact to be reckoned with in this connection. Our foreign critics laugh at us for liking people of Jewish race. The taunt is justified. Inasmuch as the average Britisher gets on extremely well with the Jew (better than the American does, I think), the foreigner is quite correct. His laughter, however, is the result of applying his standards to us.

It would seem that the Jew supplements something that is wanting in the British make-up. It is much the same as the case of the Irishman, who does that too. The almost maudlin liking of the average Englishman for "Paddy" has been one of the oddest features of the strange relationship between these two island-peoples, the Irish and the English. And, although it manifests itself quite differently, an equally genuine regard for the Jew has always been a feature of English middle-class life, at least throughout "the English century", since the triumph of liberal ideas.

It is perhaps unnecessary to explain; the reason is not far to seek. The Englishman has an expression that is revelatory. He will say: "I picked his brains", of another man, more highly endowed intellectually than himself.

He is not at all ashamed of this burglarious

operation, or of having a certain shortage of "brains" himself. That is nothing to him. He has a great contempt for the intellect. On the other hand he recognizes that a certain modicum of brains, or of intelligence, is necessary to rub along in life. And a "brainy" person he regards as a useful sort of bird to have round. He develops a sort of affection for him, such as he bestows upon a horse or a dog.

The social inferiority of the Jew—an inferiority that has never quite been outgrown, even in present-day England—enabled the Englishman to feel a deep regard (as he would for a faithful animal) for this companion so much more "brainy" than he was.

It has been a good working arrangement, this, between a lazy and stupid master and a sharp-witted underling. This relationship has gone all through English life, from the Mayfair levels down to modest business circles. *Chacun son Jew* is an English saying, commemorating this situation.

For an analogy to this, think of a not very energetic solicitor, let us say, and his expert clerks. As a solicitor once said to me: "I don't do that stuff—I've forgotten how to do it. I have a dog for wills—I have a dog for conveyancing, and so on. Why should I worry? I do the social-contact stuff." This lordly attitude is typical of the southern Briton. Although many Englishmen are highly intelligent and great workers, still more are inclined to be lordly and parasitic,



if they get the chance. (Need I quote "the British Workman", and his well-known antipathy for work, to prove my point?)

This system has, up to the present, worked pretty well. Naturally, it depends upon a surplus of wealth and a surplus of power, which the British community may not continue to enjoy. But the position of the Jew in this system—whom we may visualize as the brainy "clerk", doing the work of a rather sleepy, genially arrogant John Bull—has been very satisfactory at least to John Bull.

Just as Mr. Bernard Shaw has supplied the Englishman with a ceaseless stream of oracular intelligence, sparkling with "Irish wit", for the past thirty years, providing *bon mots* for all occasions, so Disraeli supplied him with a Tory political philosophy and a witty gloss upon his political institutions. In social life in England the Jew has been a civilizing and humanizing influence ("so artistic") that has been greatly appreciated and which he would feel rather lost without.

Industry and brains have been rewarded in the end, as often happens, with money, and of course with power. But the Jewish partner (as he has now become) is not the head of the firm. His name is not the first on the notepaper: and Jewish power is nothing like so great in England as it is supposed to be even by people who are not antisemites.

Our foreign critics are surprisingly ill-informed

of the structure of English social life. And certainly they seem to have no understanding of the actual *affection* which, in English middle-class circles, is felt for the Jew : so much so, indeed, that "Jew", or "Jewess" as those terms are understood in Central Europe, have very little meaning for us. The English not only have no "Jewish Problem". They have no Jews.

For my part I am open to persuasion, I should not close my ears if somebody argued that this whole relationship between the Jews and ourselves was a bad thing, and should be overhauled. I should listen carefully ; but I should never be convinced. I do not believe that you can change a people very much. And the English People have suited themselves in this matter. They would abandon this friendship with the Jews at considerable risk of vitally impoverishing themselves. They say this of other people, that those nations who expel their Jews will find out their mistake. Whether events will prove they are right or not in that respect, such a remark would be true for England, I think.

But getting on so well as they do with this very ancient, learned, and resourceful people, why should they break off this relationship? Furthermore, all suggestions that they *should* do so makes them naturally very cross ; and it is highly inadvisable for those fanatical foreigners to attempt to force such a non-British set of values upon them.—What is one man's meat is another man's poison is a good old English

saying. This relationship may be poison to *some* people, or may be regarded as such by them. But it is not so regarded by us—not by the average Englishman.

In all this discussion so far I have left entirely out of count a not unimportant factor—namely the feelings of the Jew himself. What does he think about it all, we may well ask ourselves? Well, Mr. Louis Golding can tell us all about that. And that is why it is important to read his book, as I have recommended my readers to do.

From our side, we cannot understand, much less solve, *The Jewish Problem* unless we put ourselves in the shoes of this strange historical personage, labelled “Jew”, about whom we are all talking—rather as if he were not there! What does it feel like to be talked about—we must ask ourselves: to be patted on the back, to have funds opened for one, to be abused, forgotten about, and suddenly remembered, and generally treated as the “odd man out”?

That the Jew has an affection for his hearty British friend, just as the latter has for him, is I believe, a fact. But in the end, of course, the Jew must be accepted into full partnership in a concern in which he plays so important a part. And that full and unreserved partnership is not yet his. We must lift from him the threat—all threat—of a possible return to an original inferior status. Until we do that, it would not

be humanly possible that he should not—at times, and in moments of impatience—like us less than we like him, and act accordingly.

Either we must determine and bring to a final end that partnership altogether—which is what the antisemite proposes, and the antisemitic nations put into effect, but which is as impracticable for us as it would be inhumane: or we must admit to full equality this intelligent "alien" who has become one of us. I do not see any half-measure that can succeed.

The prime essential in the solution of the "Jewish Problem" is to eradicate entirely from our minds all prejudice or superstition about the Jew. It is a pity the word "Jew" cannot be dropped. Cannot a nation change its name by deed poll? It would be a good thing if it could.

At the risk of offending the more orthodox Jew, one might even say that it is a pity that that religious and nationalist organization that is Israel, which isolates the Jew, cannot relax, or even disappear. For if there were no Jews, there would be no Jewish Problem.

This sounds like an impertinence, I am afraid. But it is not so. To a "good European" it seems a pity that there must be "Frenchmen", "Italians", and "Germans" any longer. And it is certain that, in the end, those troublesome political distinctions will disappear. It is natural for us to wish that such things should come about *quickly*. That is all I meant by expressing a wish

that there were no "Jews" any more. Those occasionally charming and not seldom intelligent people who have been born into the ranks of the Chosen People, whom we all of us know, and whose acquaintance it is our privilege to enjoy, would still be there to make our lives more amusing, but they would no longer have that pernicious little monosyllable branded—however faintly—upon their backs.

We are all of us a little anachronistic. And "the Jews" are an anachronism, like the rest of us. "The Jew" is just as much out-of-date as "John Bull" !

## CHAPTER XI

### *A New Deal for the Jew*

IN this last chapter of my short book I will draw what seems to me the necessary conclusions. Any intelligent discussion of the "Jewish Problem" must, I think, lead to much the same results.

(1) The "Jewish Problem" is not inherent in the nature of the Jewish People, but in (a) the character of the Christian nations, and (b) their attitude towards the Jews.

(2) It is the Christian nations who have taught the Jews bad habits, not the other way round.

(3) We Anglo-Saxons and other Europeans, should reform ourselves: by so doing we should be liquidating the "Jewish Problem." Our own undesirables, and the more irresponsible elements among the Jews, would be discouraged simultaneously, and would disappear.

(4) Our attitude to the Jews was in the first instance the outcome of our religion.

(5) The Jews did not like the Christian "heresy", as they considered it. They insisted,

with consummate lack of tact, upon their own religion. They were an opposition shop. Our priests reacted violently. Also the part the ancestors of the Jews were described as playing at the climax of the drama of our profoundly sensational cult, gave our forefathers a horror of them.

(6) As objects of dislike, and even of *horror*, they became at once cowed and sullen. This reacted unfavourably upon their disposition, as it would have done upon ours.

(7) With Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century "enlightenment" all this tended to diminish in intensity. At last the Anglo-Saxons discovered, to their surprise, that the Jews were human after all.

(8) Then a nation of fiery pastors, gone pagan—and military to the marrow—but still full of gothic superstition, turned upon their Jews and drove them forth, denouncing them as devils in human form, who were after their girls. Other nations followed suit.

(9) That brings us up-to-date. All is naturally confusion. All these "refugees" are headed for the Anglo-Saxon world.

(10) What are we to do? Are we to go back and begin all over again (but without the excuse of Christianity) thinking of these people as accursed, as unclean, and as branded with the mark of Cain?

(11) There can be only one answer to that : a unanimous NO. Of course we cannot.

(12) But we must do something more active than just not go back. We must make up for the doings of the so-called "Christians" of yesterday—who degraded the Jew, and then mocked at him for being degraded. We must give all people of Jewish race a new deal among us. Let us for Heaven's sake make an end of this silly nightmare once and for all, and turn our backs upon this dark chapter of our history.



