



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

I have made a fantastic discovery! I must share it with you before I explode. It is such a discovery that, perhaps, I shall get a Nobel Prize for social economics, or something. What I have discovered is that, while we, Chinese, accept gweilos (white people) – and, even, sometimes, haak yan (black people) – into the family circle, the Jews never accept non-Jews into their family circle, at least, not totally. (Non-Jews, in the language of the Jew, are called, 'goys'). Quite a discovery, isn't it? I am certain that the reason for the non-acceptance of goys into the Jewish family circle is that there is a terrible fear that such an acceptance may taint the blood of the Jew. The pure blood of Moses is most important to fundamentalist Jews, you know. Of course, Moses had a big and curved nose, as everybody appreciates, and this nose continues to distinguish Jews from all other ethnic races. In order to preserve big and curved nose of the Jew, which is known in anthropology as nosism, goys must be excluded from marrying into the religion. Yes, that is correct, my Dear Grandchild, a Jew is not an ordinary person, but an integral part of the circle of Judaism: His country is Judaism; and, his Jewishness must be displayed from afar. Hence, the sign of a Jew is his/her big and curved nose – when he is not wearing a yarmulke, that is (Jewesses do not wear the scull cap –yarmulke – of the male Jew). I once asked a Jewish man the reason that he wore a fedora, on top of a yarmulke. He answered: 'In order to remind me of the fact that I am a Jew.' I replied: 'But you have a very big and curved nose! Isn't that enough? Even God can see that from Heaven!' While Jews are very strict about who is permitted to enter the gene tree of a Jewish family, when it comes to making money, there is a slightly different philosophy from the paterfamilias. I have coined the expression, which is bound to make me, internationally, famous: When it comes to a woman, there is no Jewishness (as far as the hot-to-trot, virile man is concerned); when it comes to money, there is no holiday (as far as the greedy man is concerned). This expression needs some explanation for people, who have not studied the phenomenon of the fundamentalist Jew, so I shall explain. You may have noted that Jews are bi-holiday inclined, at least: They take their Jewish holidays, as well as the Christian holidays and any holidays that they can, legally, take. So, for a fundamentalist Jew, he will leave the office or shop floor at least two hours before the sun sets on a Friday afternoon in order to be able to attend synagogue for the Shabbat (Friday) services. While Passover, Chanukah, etc, are important holidays for the fundamentalist Jew, he will, also, accept the holidays of the Christians as his own: Christmas, Easter, etc. And in Hongkong, the Jews, also, take all of our Chinese holidays as their own – and demand to get paid for them, too! Therefore, the Jew gets paid for his Jewish holidays and, also, he gets paid for the holidays of the Christians, the Chinese, and anything else that furthers his cause. However, when there is a lot of money to be made on a religious holiday, regardless of whether or not it is a Jewish holiday or a Christian one, he will suspend religion while he goes about the business of enriching himself. Make hay while the sun shines, he will rationalise. Hence, when it comes to money, there is no real holiday, Alternatively, all holidays are fare game when there is no money to be earned.

Now, about women, it is a similar situation. When the sap is rising in a young, fundamentalist male Jew, his religion is put on hold while he helps himself to a little of the forbidden fruit. It works in reverse, too, of course, so that when a young and comely Jewess is smitten by a man, who is non-Jew, she puts a towel over the Torah

while she takes a bite out of the non-Jewish 'apple'. This is not unlike that which is written in the Old Testament: You know, the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? Hence, for a virile Jewish man, when it comes to a comely woman, of any race or religion, there is no Jewishness. It could be held, of course, that that is just human nature. I would agree. Religion is all well and good, but money? Sex? Well, that is something else, again. In order to validate my findings, I went to see a rabbi and asked him about the Jews and Jewesses. He maintained that the Jew is special. I asked him: 'Does that mean that (a) the Jew is better than the goy? (b) the Jew is equal to a goy? or (c) the Jew is worse than the goy?' The rabbi looked at me through his whiskers and dark, horn-rimmed glasses and said: 'Well, the Jew is, certainly, not equal to a goy, and, certainly, the Jew is not worse than a goy.' So, I said to him that that leaves only category (a) – the Jew is better than the goy. To this, the rabbi commented: 'You said it, not I.' Not completely satisfied, I then sought out a new graduate from Technion Institute of Haifa, Israel, a young lady, who had majored in comparative religions. I asked her: 'Would you marry a man, who was not a Jew?' She replied, curling up her lower lip: 'Never! Our family has remained pure for centuries. Who am I to break the mould?' 'Whom would you like to marry, then?' I pressed on. 'Well', continued the fresh graduate, 'I would only marry for love, you understand, and I would accept a very rich, successful Jewish man from Tel Aviv, as my first choice. But, I would not say "No" to a very, very rich Jewish man from Haifa ... if I could not find a very rich suitable Tel Aviv man, or, my family could not arrange a good match for me.' She kept repeating, throughout the interview, that the only kind of man that she would marry would be a Jew from a good family, one who had plenty of money, and one who was an Ashkenazi (one who embraces Jewish orthodoxy and whose family, originally, came from Europe). 'But that is fundamentalism!' I exclaimed. She said: 'No! It is a fundamental principle of orthodox Jews. That is not fundamentalism, but just good common sense: Keep the good stuff for ourselves!'

Oi! Oi! Oi!

Well, must go.

Love you.

The Chief Lady of Hongkong

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