

World War II was over. Everyone once sang of how great and simple the noble Russian people were. Now all were busy squawking about how lousy the psychotic degeneration of ancient Greek civilization, the inheritors of the schizoid double eagle double cross Byzantine whackos who had had laws like everyone has to cry once a day, the evil control freak Russians were. It seemed weird that now the Jew killer Russians were to be used to get the jerks in America to ignore their ruthless striving to demolish their own Selves. Sure enough, the International Commie Conspiracy replaced the International Godless Conspiracy which had replaced the International Jewish Conspiracy as the main threat to the advancement of Homus Boobus. How heart breaking in years to come to see millions of poor sheep sticking to incredibly dull jobs, eating up cardboard shit, and buying tons of plastic crap they didn't need at all, pretending with the most glorious high and mighty lies that they were really lucky because most of the people in the world didn't get useless crap, that their dead souls were not dead, and that they hated and feared the most poor,

**Shit-on, and miserable people in the world.  
My grandmother, a very difficult and yet a  
Very easy person to understand, would spit:  
No one has to prove they hate the Russians:**

Did you see that really  
Refined, intelligent one  
Gallop the ghetto  
Riding waving a  
Curved sword on  
A swerved horse:  
Then just watch!

As he suavely cuts  
My nice little  
Cousin's  
Sweet

Little Flower Off! Where? In the Street!  
Head Of course!

In a pool of blood!

Be good!  
A horse can go  
Around the world, Thief  
Of father's money,  
Robber of mother's food,  
But he'll still come  
Back a horse,

I looked out the window of our colorless school room in a late afternoon that fall and saw the old village lamplighter take his short wood ladder off his shoulder, lean it against the iron street light, climb up slowly, open the door under the glass dome turn up the gas and light it with a sparker and nod his cold nose into its glow. Something besides the war has seemed to have ended. I fall into a vision: All is atomic light. The gates of paradise. The glass doors open. Stainless steel heavenly hosts collide screaming: "This way to total useless shit!" Chrome cherubs and seraphim puffing steel cigars in double breasted aluminum tuxedos sing: "Are you a rush in?" As Millions Of brass angels sing, "You better buy a lot of crap or you're un-American! Rush in on all four brain ounces! Buy what even Dostoyevsky feared to gogol up or pushkin!"