

JUNE 2022

SIDE NOTE



A short story to warm you up.

It was during the Cold War. I went home by bus after work in W. The bus was packed with factory workers, and they were unusually loud and irritable. Outrage, fury, frustration and anger were directed towards the Russians who had invaded a neighbouring country to re-establish Soviet Communist rules. Whether Prague was in Hungary or Budapest in Yugoslavia didn't really matter, the great holy wrath was aimed at the Russians, the notorious villains. The big, deeply felt sympathy was for the poor victims, all brave do-gooders.

The 'badies' should all 'be put against the wall', gassed, hanged, slayed as in the Middle Ages, all males castrated. The whole population should be exterminated since it consisted only of barbarians and Mongols anyway, this pig gang starved...

It took about four stops and a genocide of historic proportions was planned.

At some point, philanthropic feelings stirred inside me, and I said to my neighbour that we actually hit the wrong ones with our hatred of Russians. I imagined that at the same moment in Smolensk or Leningrad a bus load full of tired workers like ourselves was riding home to their families after eight hours of hard work. With the only difference that they spoke Russian and ate Borschtsch instead of Roesti. But they still were flesh and blood.

And that one couldn't make the ordinary people responsible for the politics of the silverbacks, that would be the same here..., but I didn't get that far...

... in between two bus stops the bus had to stop, and I got thrown off the bus pretty rudely, out into the wind and cold rain, accompanied by the wise advice of the angry crowd, 'you should go to your friends in Moscow by foot , you damn communist pig'...

Subsequently I cycled to work from Toess to Oberi in any weather.