

Funny Adolf

How do you hate this little man
 with a weakness for cream puffs,
 who couldn't make it into art school,
 liked dogs and wasn't good
 with girls? Who the hell wouldn't
 identify with the Chaplin grin
 and the penchant for a jig from time to time.
 The fall of France was winning the Super-loto
 you might say, enough excuse for joy.
 How do you hate a man who hates Jews
 but may have had one for a grandfather;
 even *putsch* has a funny sound.
 Or that buffoon Mussolini,
 what a mate for a song-and-dance!
 Who could roll his eyes like Step'n-fetch-it
 and scowled for effect while reading a book
 which, on close inspection, turned out to be
 upside down. Casting a movie you could maybe
 slip Hitler into a crowd scene, or use Benito
 as a Grade B heavy. Continue.
 Goering, for God's sake, you saw on TV
 last night, he's everybody's pompous ass,
 and Hess crashing in England — so long sucker! —
 a Nazi straight out of Marx (Brothers).
 That's your cast of villains. I can't hate them.
 I do the others.

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