

A BRIEF VISIT TO BAVARIA

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Nov. 30, 1970

The forests of Bavaria are ancient and dark, a gloomy place, fit but for trolls, goblins and unemployed poltergeists, a shadowland which knows not the difference of night and day--woe to the man or woman who lingers there.

In the midst of that eerie place, there is an evil swamp, and in that swamp an island, moss-draped and dank, where the Golem thrives. And in this Grimm place, Tinker the troll and his band of ~~knave~~ knavish kind.

Through this forest, there is a path, along which real folk must perilously pass to reach the pleasant places on the other side. A treacherous path, filled with prankish turns and branchings, on which many have tragically lost their way. And where this pathway reaches the darkest places, there is Tinker's band waiting to mislead the unsuspecting.

There, the path branches, the right to the Golem's lair, from which few victims have ever returned. The left toward the city beyond.

"Which way?" the traveller asks.

The band of trolls, which seems to have been sleeping, stirs. Tinker curses the traveller: "You stupid scumbag, to rouse us from our fantasies! You have set our dreaming back three hundred years!"

"Please--I merely wish to know the way," the traveller protests.

At the sound of Tinker's ravings, the other imps have begun to awaken. With imbecilic leering, like the chorus of frogs in an ancient Greek drama, they echo their leader's rantings:

"... 'stupid scumbag!'"

"... 'three hundred years!'"

"A vote!" Tinker proclaims.

"A vote!" the imps respond.

"To the right!"

"To the right!"

the imps and Tinker declare...by bote of eighteen to nothing.

And so, another human being is sent to his probable destruction, while the trolls cackle and perform their ancient Pleistocene Landler behind him.

It does not always end that way.

For the sake of humanity, the pathways through the evil place are occasionally patrolled by huntsmen innured to the pranks and spells of the unholy crew. Thus, the traveller is sometimes saved from the Golem, as a guide overtakes him in time.

Enraged at the traveller's safe return from the rightward path, Tinker's trolls leap and stamp the earth, emitting such inhuman cries and shrieks as are never heard outside that forest.

"You sent me to the right," the traveller rebukes them.

"A lie!" Tinker yowls.

"A lie!" the grimacing lesser trolls repond.

"It is you who lie," the guide accuses them.

"A vote!" Tinker shouts.

"A vote!" the trolls respond.
"We said 'to the left'" Tinker proposes.
"...to the left" the trolls accede...eighteen to nothing.
And then, the trolls begin their unholy, vulgar song and dance.

"What's right is left
And left is right;
It's all the same to me..."

And, with jumping and shrieking and stamping the earth, and grimacing as if to frighten the truth away, the lugubrious ~~XXXX~~ Gopak proceeds, and while the traveller and guide go their leftward way, they hear the receding voices of the impish crew:

"What's right is left
And left is right;
It's all the same to me--
Tee he-he, tee-he-he..."
