

# GRUNION

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Here's something that might interest some of you. On one of her recent albums, Marlene Dietrich recorded translations of a couple of American folksongs, PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON and BLOWIN' IN THE WIND. I of course copied down the lyrics to the Dylan song as readily as if it had been a Tolkien song, and found out that it had been completely changed in translation, and it occurred to me that somewhere in fandom there might be other folksong fanatics who would be interested in such a thing:

## DIE ANTWORT WEISS GANZ ALLEIN DER WIND

Wie viele Strassen auf dieser Welt,  
sind Strassen voll Tränen und Leid?  
Wie viele Meere auf dieser Welt,  
sind Meere der Traurigkeit?  
Wie viele Mütter sind lang schon allein,  
und warten und warten noch heut'?  
Die Antwort, mein Freund, weiss ganz allein der Wind,  
Die Antwort weiss ganz allein der Wind.

Wie viele Menschen sind heut' noch nicht frei,  
und würden so gern mal es sein?  
Wie viele Kinder gehen abends zur Ruh',  
und schlafen für Hunger nicht ein?  
Wie viele Träume flehen bei Nacht,  
wann wird es für uns anders sein?  
Die Antwort...

Wie grosse Werte von Geld gibt man aus,  
für Bomben, Raketen und Tod?  
Wie grosse Baute macht heut' mancher Mann  
und lindert damit keine Not?  
Wie grosse Sprunghöhe muss erst noch geschehen,  
damit sich die Menschheit besinnt?  
Die Antwort...

%%%%%%rabbit%%12%%  
A couple of belated comments on dwp 45:

BARRY GOLD: I never claimed to be a Tolkien fan. But as a Tolkien fan, of course I wasn't serious in accusing Celebrian of adultery. After all, I could be sued for that...

JAYN ELLERN: Thanks. I just may join your Church. Do you have any pamphlets or propaganda that will explain it to me? The duties you mention sound like they're right up my alley. Just send me the dewy-eyed neofenne, and I'll be glad to ~~initiate~~ convert them.

FRED PATTEN: Glad to see you've let Lon Atkins into Apa L. But what's Dave Kyle doing here? By the way, Phil Salin thinks he might start sending in a zine on the back of Grunion every so often, which I assume is all right, since he is considered a LASFASian-in-exile.

Ah, me. Another page to fill up. Well, last night I woke up about 3:30 and had a desperate need to write a poem about summer. I am not a poet, but often I'll 'need' to write a poem. Some of you will know what I mean. Anyhow, I dashed it off, still half asleep, and this morning when I looked at it, it looked pretty good, for me. But it is still obvious when reading it that my natural medium is prose, and that this is a poem in form only. But I got to fill this page somehow.

Lairë Annun-na-Taurililómëa

The sun descends behind the trees  
and the shadows coalesce.  
The quiet is so friendly that  
I have to force myself to hear  
the crickets and the frogs.

A need within me stirs; Outside,  
the path leads into the woods, and  
I follow, knowing murky wonders  
await me past each turn, apparitions  
never seen in daylight.

I stop, watching a leaf fall and  
drift gently to earth. I know that  
only here is satori to be found. I think  
of stuffy men in churches; but music  
arises within my head and flows out of  
my ears. I pick up a flower and say, "Thou art God,"  
wondering how the Elves said it.

\* \* \*

In other words, I took a walk in the woods at twilight the other day,  
and it was nice.###

I can't think of anything to say, so here's another poem I wrote about  
a year ago, and revised into this form a few months ago; but I've for-  
gotten what it's supposed to mean.

i-nepalanovi diolor-silla

i-nepalanovi diolor

lyarrë-lairë ilyedor;

ilyedinóth er-calandhras

ilimma dinco diolas

irúvare tindómenar,

no-lómë síla dúmenar:

i-palanithil elmandir,

onië tarmerí palandir.



DAVE