

John Maynard (-Slightly irreverent but with a note of optimism!)

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What follows is a paraphrase of a new rendering of “John Maynard” in German by a creative group dedicated to constructing non-existent irregular verbs out of regular ones and breaking with grammatical conventions whenever possible. To be honest, the paraphrase provided is something of a “guess”, but what follows may not be too far off the mark:

1st stanza:

Who is John Maynard? Well, he’s our helmsman, but he is also like a brother to us the way he gives us drugs. He has saved us – he’s the King. He sacrificed himself for us – his praise we sing!

2nd stanza:

The *Swallow* flew over Lake Erie. Her decks were full of – you know what I mean – full of snow (and it’s not the winter of the year). From Buffalo to Detroit underway, we filled our lungs, inhaling deeply and puffing away. The passengers were already high, and no-one even thought about the cops. Then someone stepped up and asked Maynard, “How many joints left, helmsman?” He checked his supply and responded, “My guess round about four hundred.”

3rd stanza:

Well, we had a great time, smoked on and joked, when a cry was heard that pierced us to the marrow of our bones: “This is the police” echoed the wild cry, and – much worse – “This is the FBI!” We flushed down the evidence, but that plugged the johns – and still three hundred joints from Buffalo.

4th stanza:

The passengers were a mixed bunch and stood huddled in panic close together – from hasty inhaling they were already turning green in the face. Only the helmsman was still smoking undaunted – the dense smoke enfolding him. The mood was bad, our heads hung low – and still two hundred joints from Buffalo.

5th stanza:

The cops stopped the boat, but a cloud of smoke hung overhead. The captain grabbed his megaphone to address his helmsman hidden in the smoke: “Still smoking, Maynard?” “Ay, ay, sir.” “Get rid of that stuff real fast, Maynard!” “”Ay, ay, sir.” And passengers and crew urged Maynard on: “Hallo! Smoke another, John!” And still one hundred joints from Buffalo.

6th stanza:

The cops got on board, and John Maynard smoked the last joint, and before they could spot a wreath of smoke, John took a mighty swallow and the evidence was gone - he had smoked the last joint from Buffalo.

7th stanza:

Our brains all dizzy, our senses numbed – all were saved, except for one: Three weeks Maynard heard bells tolling, deep in his brain. He was unable to stand, his stomach convulsed and many a cookie he tossed, but he stood it through – but don't ask how.

8th stanza:

No-one can guess how grateful that city was. Shortly afterwards, a thousand billboards popped up proclaiming: “John Maynard, he inhaled for us.” He was soon elected mayor. Should he do it again – that would only be the consistent thing to do! – he might well be our next President.

[A “blind paraphrase” by Norman Barry]