



Our Harlequin Uprising From The Kingdom Of Chiaroscuro

by

Veritas Caput

“For the first time in his life, he felt a sense of possible purpose working itself out in history.”

Indian Summer
Henry Adams
(1899)

On a cloudless 10/10 Wednesday morning near the brilliant peak of another pied-dyed indian summer in the Keweenaw, 29 days to a New York minute after the World Trade Center’s North Tower was kamikaze’d by Al Qaeda hijacked Flight 11 from Boston, Havrylak’s hung-over head suddenly supernova’d with logarithmic dreamstuff while crossing a bible camp baseball field on his way to the Gitche Gumee Tabernacle.

Called up by two steaming sips of tea from his silver thermos cup, a ghostly pair of 12 point antlers sprang into sinuous being like unbottled genii, branching skyward past labor & material numbers he’d been mentally juggling since breakfast at The Hut where, while arguing with Coyote over a Halloween canoe trip out to the Gull Rock lighthouse, he sketched his last best guesstimate of an overdue foundation repair bid. A fierce September rainstorm had overflown the Garden City Dam and sent floodwaters rushing downstream past the ballfield where it undercut the creek bed close to one of the tabernacle’s corner footings that later resettled with a big sucking *thwuck*

and caused the whole holy place to sag (which is also when Coyote's controversial new "Gaea Spot" rose window imploded and let fly a fusillade of stained glass daggers into the *Proverbs* 3 verse — "**HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS**" — that was fastened in large copperplate lettering above the roughsawn cedar pulpit).

But this rehashing of that and his brisk walk were both brought to an abrupt stop at home plate where he froze motionless like some deer-shined St. Eustace epiphany turned velvet statue by pickup truck hi-beams. Arcing his gaze west toward Lake Superior, he sputtered aloud, in an odd Cornish brogue once voiced by his great grandfather, this obscure transcendentalist verse from Jones Very's apocalyptic poem *Terror* about the Kingdom of God's Son being "nigh at hand":

*There is no safety! Fear has seized the proud;
The swift run to and fro but cannot fly;
Within the streets I hear no voices loud,
They pass along with low, continuous cry.*

He sniffed the chilly air with a narrowing of nostril and prick of ear, the rubber soles of his all terrain running shoes root-tapping a tremor of hydropower dynamoed shoreward from the Keweenaw Current as it sluiced northeasterly one mile offshore, immense as the Mississippi auguring through Mardi Gras.

Soon a faraway look slushed over his sea green eyes. He recognized it as a symptom of the "Family Sickness" and ornately crossed eight fingers in an orante prayer stretch with both thumbs up, wishing he was a fish:

"O to be a *rainbow* in that mermaid *ri...ri...ver!*"

Ratcheting backwards on each "*ri...*", Havrylak's head whiplashed violently forward on "*ver!*" and sneezed a bucksnort of sinus jelly into a gust of lakewind that sprayed it straight back from whence it came along with an implosion of sublime dread that he would soon be travelling through a turbulent topographic ocean all his own, life-jacketed to an anarchic rollercoaster of bluegreen waves, taunted by beguiling sirensong, and praying for any fate better than that of luckless Douglass Houghton, Geologist Father of the late great "Copper Rush", who drowned in an autumn gale off Eagle River in 1845 and wasn't allowed to wash ashore until the following spring.

This whole wild finger of providence hath been my park and manor for over 30 years...

Still as the sundial gnomon on a Ben Franklin fugio he pointed forward into the rushing moment, flying through time to recapture some genuine remnant of his now too swiftly perishing past. The shadow *CATCH* of this present sunny purpose being that *TRUTH* could be revealed almost anywhere out there if only he could just echo-sound in on it and focus the foggy picture.

“Are YOU there?”

Rubbing cold hands above the campfire of garrulous static that crackled rudely through his cerebral hemispheres in gaseous discharges of supersolar confetti, he steeped like a celestial teapot of stereo pulsation as penduluming leafbags panked his eardrums with their puppet-strung plumb bob of artful thunder.

“Mind-mind Your-your Business-ness-ness, Son-son-son...”

A faint tremblor shook itself like some soaking wet bird dog miles beneath him and he glanced up at the wild blue yonder high above where two long contrails of a jumbo jet streaked northwestward across the sky, slowly puffing into pearl strings of christmas tree popcorn.

Would it too collide with some towering secular minaret one fine and future day?

He was just about to calculate the odds when an irritable wizard’s voice fried itself up out of this roaring white silence and spit like scalding corn oil from a red hot waffle iron into his left ear:

“Hey battabatta, c’mon battabatta...the world’s going to hell in a brown paper bag and you’re the Umpteenth Coming of Christ!”

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Stately navigating a sostenuto passage of Chopin's 6th Prelude in a key that wobbled between B and B^b minor on a rainwater swollen piano whose sagging strings were slightly in need of a stretch, Pastor Tess Kaputski, startled by a smudge of motion at the blurring periphery of her fingertip'd attention, focused eastward through a latticed port hole of their bible camp's tilting tabernacle in search of this new movement's source. She peered past a pair of cocoa colored cabins toward the picnic pavilion out in deep right field where an olive green schoolbus, freshly painted in clouds, flora and fauna with varying degrees of youthful precocity, stood parked like some bleacher section full of knothole kids watching a sandlot drama unfold before them. It was toward the precise location their attention *would* have been fixed that Tess then discovered the Copernican perturber of her musical orbit.

To The Headwaters Or Bust

Their rusting Blue Bird's original manifest had been fingerpainted over in bright fuchsia by a primitive scrawl and the frontier scout author of this hobo proclamation was currently bent over with his crooked hiking staff by the ball diamond's backstop, diagramming something in the loose sand around home plate. He whistled "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" through a chipped tooth and deadpan smile while levering back up to 23½ degrees from vertical with one brief dramatic pause, his homemade Biltmore stick held high like an orchestra conductor's baton, cruising the nearby timber for some vagrant inspiration. Then he dug both shoes into the chalkless batting box with a ritual huff and puff before gracefully lofting the former ash branch up over his left shoulder as if it were an acoustic guitar being bent a brute blues note.

There are those who would seize this sceptre and wield it for unspeakable purposes...

"So our long suffering trail guide has finally returned," sighed the good pastor with a mixed sensation of anxiety and relief.

Though mostly a stranger of late, Havrylak had turned a rather spooky looking 50 this past summer and his youthful countenance haunted Tess for a taboo moment with fond memories of a young cousin from the Prussian Jewish branch of their family tree who once described for her in aeronautical detail how he'd reconnoissanced a "Chariot Flight through the Seven

Heavens to God's Throne" only to return with an eidetic memory and the secret of time travel. She kept a faded black and white cameo photo of him secured like a sacred talisman in the secret drawer of her escritoire at the headmistress lodgings of the Iota Chi Sorority House up in Calumet where she's spent the past few years supervising an annual college flock from Finlandia.

Tess last saw teenage crush Joseph Enoch Leverenz in 1943 Konigsberg, furrowed forehead twinkling with shekinah light and finch-beak'd proboscis dipped toward the metacritique rhapsodies of *Aesthetica In Nuce*, carelessly oblivious to their Baltic seaport's Nazi presence and any risk he might have for camp interment ever since the Wannsee Conference deportment authorization had been given a year earlier, glancing impishly up from the plush comfort of his purple velour armchair as she exited their hotel lobby one snowy winter night to casually inform her that King Frederick's 22-paneled Amber Room was rumored to have been smuggled into town and soon would be put on public display.

An aching twinge twanged sternum-side and her right hand reached spontaneously up to prick its thumb on the thorn of a white rose leaning out like some child's shovel from that red plastic beach pail she'd strategically planted atop the piano and whose water level, due to an as yet unfixable ceiling leak, was up over the brim again and spilling.

"Ouch!"

Somebody is always at the drowning point, wrote Hawthorne of Hepzibah, and Reverend Tess, sucking her thumb like a baby now, whose delicate hands dipped Havrylak's infant head into the baptism font of downstate Owosso's Salem Lutheran Church one half-century ago, had grown ever more determined of late in trying to rescue her Copper Country *zaddik* from his long personal battle with a powerful wyrm partly of her own making.

But this was a task she wanted to accomplish without plucking out the mystery of his fugue state flashbacks or silencing his water-dripping whistle for in point of fact she had far too long encouraged his reckless visionary excesses like some fairy tale crone wand'ring events from an angelic plane whenever he skinny-dipped the storm vortices of Devil's Washtub or free-climbed the Phoenix Cliffs, striving to hear what his "Thunderbird" said with masochistic persistence while harnessing the broodish melancholy of those periodic distempers as if they were the floodgates to some frightening transcendence he was seasonally called to endure: a harrowing rivermelt of

rainsorrow from which he fetched his pained inpourings of musical design, patiently suffering each rhythmic creature to roll around and through him into prescient equations of organic life whose beautiful utility, sacrificial algebra and joy of desiring, tipsy with mere water, came to felt existence through the dance of his fingers on a guitar fretboard.

So Tess had begun to behave—as pious relation Robert Southwell once did toward *Venus And Adonis* enamoured cousin Will Shakespeare—in ways specifically engineered to steer Havrylak’s attention away from those byzantine hypergraphs of stellar myth gematria he’d fallen into branding upon deerhide canvases with such numerological zeal of late and turn his mind back bibleward by lowering him a literary lantern all her own, fashioned from the counter-*aufklarung* ruminations of fellow former Konigsberger Johann Georg Hamann and a theological re-thinking of her long beloved *Odes Of Solomon*.

All it took to hook his attention was one very well-crafted email with “Magus of the North” as her subject line and a wicked sick attachment (of which more on later).

A hard rain fell again last night as it had so often over the past two weeks and she heard something splash onto a pair of cedar logs that joined in rugged carpentry high overhead. *Sploosh* was soon followed by *poof* as those pooled raindrops which poured down from a gash in the roof flashing around the fireplace chimney had frightened a plump tree frog who first hopped onto a mushroom puffball fruiting up in powderous glory from the shorted-out wooden chandelier listing at an unplumb angle several feet above, the lily pad leavened for this spellbound prince, and then plopped down onto her keyboard which obligingly banged out a chromatic chord of mashed dissonance not to her own liking.

“Baa-*RUMP!*”

Thousands of brown spores trampolined out of a torn blowhole in the puffball’s breadloaf midriff like a bugle blast of manna and were rainbow-sprinkling down from that leapfrogged expulsion to where Tess sat who reached far too late for a skirt pocket handkerchief and sneezed all over her Schirmer’s Library sheet music. She might’ve already been in tears but it wasn’t too far from this song-filled bench that the camp’s last priceless Alice Reynolds blueberry-daubed serving bowl shattered into ceramic debris upon the bird’s-eye maple floor when an arthritic church elder tried to pinky yank a sugar cube past its hare-lipped orifice to sweeten his cup of coffee at their

recent “Shake The Foundation” conference when Gitche Gumee’s sanctuary policy passed through another contentious re-evaluation so getting all worked up over that little roof leak again was the last thing she needed this splendid fall morning.

Their antediluvian controversy over Coyote’s stainglass architecture—“Where’s Christ?” one respected fellowship member from Green Bay was overheard to grumble while inspecting that strange rose-shaped heart which bled out in rippling pink aureoles of light from the center of her planetary *Feliz Creatio Nativimom* after Havrylak installed the now notorious “Ovoid Window” last Earth Day—had apparently been resolved by a riparian Act Of God and this took some lingering pressure off Pastor K. over “harboring that fugitive” in the first place with (*sigh*) Havrylak being the once sanctuaried figure in question as first reported on Calumet television by WBKP reporter Patsy Lenz back in April 2000 not long after the Mount Bohemia re-zoning brouhaha which broke out between local protestors and the County Planning Commission right here within their memorial meeting hall’s quaint confines where Patsy’s sometimes boyfriend and aspiring photojournalist Lyle Shutter just happened to catch the ensuing slugfest on videotape.

Truth be told, this whole last year and a half long sequence of behavioral irruptions from that aging mercurial musician had become stressful enough for her to invoke the blissful counterstroke of reclaiming first name “Vera” once again and retreating into a pastoral idyll of reclusive anonymity. Perhaps even complete that novel she’s begun and shelved umpteen times with nothing to show for it yet but boxfuls of stuffed folders whose annotated scribblings were inked in a panopoly of colours.

Vera as a new alias? Why not? She’d originally adopted middle name Tess as an allonym in her early teens when known only as “Der Kleiner Vorpommern” to the National Socialist’s secret police. She scampered through saltwater marshes and sandy pine uplands along the harsh Baltic coast, all while dodging an occasional misfired missile from Cape Peene-munde mind you, as one of many swift messengers for the “Schwarmerei” courier network who then epistle-linked the far flung village archipelago of their northern resistance movement cynosured by an hasidic mystic whose actual name was never mentioned aloud.

One of the besht...

This hushed pun was whispered in close quarters back then about the “Little Pomeranian” as if she were some kosher koan drunkenly perambulat-

ing like puppy love from nightclub to bar mitzvah through the post-war Borscht Belt which is precisely where Tess reinvented herself as a Catskills dinner theater waitress slash actress upon emigrating to the U.S. in 1944 soon after her less fortunate cousin Joseph fearlessly deduced his own imminent demise during a one-way train trip to Maly Trostenets.

But placing “Vera” on the front-burner again after all these years? It sounded too youthfully Old World now to her elderly New World ears and she felt instinctively wary about reviving any childhood House of Hohenzollern nobility pretenses she once fiercely guarded with feral growls of *sturm und drang* which probably still buzzed deep inside her like some great sleeping bee-wolf, right?

So it wasn't long prior to the Garden City damburst, in search of an inner light and inspired by a late August visit to the Holy Transfiguration Skete then under construction by Ukrainian Catholic Society of St. John monks along one of the many beautiful rolling but sadistically twisted stretches of M26 which erupt in unexpected fashion along the 20 mile drive between Eagle River and Copper Harbor, that Tess began to closely study a copy of the original Codex Syriac 9 text of the *Odes Of Solomon* she'd downloaded from Manchester University's John Rylands Library website, comparing it side-by-side as she went with a dog-eared sheaf of John Rendel Harris's 1909 translation ripped out of one of those cheap hardcover “Forgotten Books Of Eden” apocrypha anthologies picked up for nearly nothing from a North Beach bookstore sidewalk bin in 1963 and then giddily self-interpreted throughout that turbulent decade, carrying its precious pages along with her on various personal holy missions around the globe while yellow highlighting them in periodic china pencil fervors.

And it wasn't long after the Garden City damburst when Tess somehow reconnected with that beatific anointment described in Solomon's Odes as a “Living River” pouring down from on high which she'd first showered under like some satellite broadcast waterfall back in the summer of 1968 as hucksteress of her own scent shop, nightly gazing North Starwards from the rooftop gable of that knotty pine paneled yurt—loosely modeled on an old post card of Holy Roman Emperor Frederick the II's octagonal Castel del Monte she'd once pocketed at a bus stop in Apulia—where thirty-something former Big Sur bohemian T.V. Kaputski had put down driftwood roots (our Lady Madonna taking the recent George Harrison B-side advice that one could “arrive without travelling” perhaps) and begun peddling the northwoods aromatherapy of various evergreen resins for whatever peninsula encamped snowbirds or just-passing-through tourists on the automotive move were willing to risk following their fragrance-tempted

kids up that steep rickety balsam wreath adorned stairway to her xmas light lit Elektron Sensorium atop the Redwyn Dunes overlooking drop dead glorious Great Sand Bay.



It was a cantilevered beach shack chapel mobile-hung with wind chimes, tinkling bells, canary-filled cages and plaster bustettes of personal heroines and it stood sentinel there for 6 months in '68 like some western desert tumbleweed stuck between the prickly foliage of two giant juniper bushes shaded by an aspen grove whose lime leaves quaked and quivered until the arson fire that fall—unsolved to this day and still smelling like a dear departed skunk, its scent sack stilettoed, doused with cat urine and placed gingerly beneath an outhouse—set after a summer of rumours that she was selling drugs to Eagle Harbor teens, when the actual truth turned out to be it was *she*, fool on a hill of fine beach sand, intrigued by the All-American passion for experimentation in altered consciousness, who was getting peddled *to* by some of suburban Detroit's hippest high schoolers, children of the blue collar moon custom retooling their Motor City souls at beach bonfire song & guitar fests, on risky M26 joyrides or in solitary acts of stone-to-streetlight vandalism, estranged from television's molten images and journeying for the center of their hearts and minds on July vacation leave from the city that had almost burned down a year earlier.

All summer long a beautiful morning sang, piped inside and out from the concealed speakers of Tess's stereo, hippie folk music floating on a soft surf for the rascal beginning of something new like Joni Mitchell's *Song To A Seagull*, the Mamas and the Papas, Donovan's *A Gift From A Flower To A Garden*, Pentangle, Fairport Convention, *The Graduate* soundtrack, Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66 you name it, all different kinds of breezy cures for the summertime blues and you could breathe it fully in while exploring a bird watching trail out back that tiptoed between rare tulips and lilies and sparse cowlicks of rustling grass through an ecological faeryland of endangered dune marsh species she surrey'd down to provide "Mother Nature Lessons" for every Tuesday afternoon which concluded with a botanical sermon on the Golden Proportion at her personal shrine to Doc Ricketts near the mouth of Owl Creek where on at least one occasion she asked everyone to join in as she plucked her banjo and sang the song of the naturalist's wife.

If you were exceptionally lucky you might even drop by on a day when the Michigan Tech rocketry club was test firing some of their "Saturn .05's" at the Copper Falls stamp sands a half mile south downhill and you could have a binocular'd view of the corkscrew fireworks as you hiked happily along.

When Tess wearied of spinning platters there was always AM radio with its latest hit 45s sailing across the Great Lakes on fuzz tone guitars and bubble gum harmonies, south from CKPR in Thunder Bay during the day and north from WLS at night, clear as a cathedral bell all the way from downtown Chicago where a wailing banshee mayhem similar to that primitively drummed at the anti-war march "Pentagon Exorcism" she'd chaperoned Havrylak and a couple of his Calumet High classmates to Washington for last October would soon be sounded again along some of the Windy City's lakeside avenues from other rag-tag armies of the dissident night.

The interior space of her dunetop refuge sheltered several rows of ornately scrolled display cabinets purchased from local antiques scavenger Delbert Masser who also happened to be her nearest neighbor and their many shelves were decked out with polished agates and greenstones, quartz and copper crystals, storm-tossed artifacts, smooth glossy lozenges of colored glass hand-winnowed from peninsula beaches and someday maybe, knowing as she did a certain Smithsonian custodian, even a grey chunk of moon rock. None of these locally foraged specimens were for sale however though one middle-aged lothario affiliated with the Seaman Museum in Houghton did make a passing offer in June that made Tess blush with cupidity. If you wanted to splurge a bit with your hard-earned vacation cash there were a variety of exotic items to choose from such as turquoise jewelry

and *koumbologi* patience beads imported through a former Athens acquaintance she'd nicknamed "Magus of the South", Aquarian Tarot decks out of northern California and pagan literature from Llewellyn Publications in St. Paul for a tactile generation intoxicated by magickal thinking (Thomas Aquinas had counseled Tess to trust in the authority of her senses), UFO quarterlies employing questionable camera angles which found natural favor with Wham-O's "California Masters" when the whole team drove out from a Harbor Lights rental cabin to see TV's Sensorium (Julius T. Nachazel "Guts Frisbee" trophy fresh in hand, snatched from those local saucer tossers who'd invented the International Frisbee Tournament here using a Pluto Platter back in 1958) after Tess told them a post-match tale of an F89 Scorpion jet that had chased an unidentified flying object across Lake Superior back on November 23, 1953 until the two radar blips merged into one at 8000 feet about 70 miles north of Keweenaw Point and then a single remaining oscilloscope signature rocketed off toward Thunder Bay at speeds exceeding an F89's capability before escaping the Truax AFB radar screen as did any wreckage or survivors from the rescue boat spotters who vainly searched for such in the frigid wet days to follow.

But the main source of Tess's frugal income, as advertised every Friday in the Daily Mining Gazette, was yummy in the tummy sweet stuff like mint candies, milk duds, cream-filled cupcakes, mini fruit pies, dreamsicles and 22 flavors of ice cream (including the very hard to find "Tapioca Tundra") for weekend kids of all ages stored in a chubby white icebox idling nervously as an inexperienced shoplifter behind her low security cash counter. Every Thursday afternoon, when working the night-shift at Eagle Harbor's Hi-Boy Drive In where he sold pizza burgers and hot fudge sundaes to beach-bathing teens and other ambulatory vacationers, 16 year old Havrylak, who seemed perpetually headed for the sunshine of some girl's love every weekend of that coming-of-age summer, would pedal his bicycle built for two out to Great Sand Bay during the day by bucking one of them on his bluejean cutoffs lap, girls christened Mary Beth or Cathy Lynn or Bernadette but whom Tess invariably called "Daisy", both coming by to help lug the aforementioned confectionary goodies up that long stairway after which manual labors Havrylak would then tuck on an engineer's cap and commandeer the Lionel "Mystery Train of Peace, Love & Freedom" model track diorama he helped his godmother design and build one weekend in May and on whose locomotive grille in appreciation now perched a tiny green camouflaged infantry soldier like some Man from Mars whose pied face was sculpted of leaves, an alienish chimera placed there by Tess to symbolize Vietnam vets and the '67 Monterey Pop Fest's "Piping Faun"

wearing those elfin features she may have seen embodied in her own wild back-to-nature godson, leading the charge for a train ride that rollercoaster'd 'round a black hole at dead center entitled "Gravity Vortex Mystery Spot" and whose passengers included plastic figurines of anonymous astronauts, jail-house Elvis, the Beatles (in Nehru jackets naturally), Buffalo Springfield, the Monkees and the Beach Boys (sporting wide-striped surfer shirts and Hawaiian leis) queued in skip cars behind scruffy white-haired troll dolls dressed as dwarfish miners carrying tin foil lunchpails, toothpick pickaxes and dental floss coils of waxy rescue rope, all of them apparently in search of seven year old Ruth Ann Miller who'd plunged down the abandoned Tamarack #4 mineshaft two summers earlier and could not be retrieved by a Calumet & Hecla rescue team whose Boston bosses would soon cease their century-long Michigan copper mining operations forever.

33 years have passed since that apocalyptic year when irresistible liberal forces met immovable conservative objects with tragic results and now 'Snow White' wanted to bring the young girl up from her underwater imprisonment with Havrylak's help if only their self-professed "Sky Pilot For A New Millennium" could forego an upcoming Vision Quest along the Zero Declination Line led by his golden retriever pup, Kahuna, to "Grok the Cosmos at Keweenaw Point". After all, like Wemedge in Hemingway's *Summer People*, Hav still harbored that type-A temperment of a daredevil high diver. But if he couldn't, God Unwilling, she felt few qualms over enlisting the help of his twin teenage sons who didn't know the way to San Jose but were radical sport enthusiasts in their own right and had already conducted some serious spelunking down those few remaining uncapped shafts sequestered along the 120 mile long Copper Range so they wouldn't fear placing extreme game faces on to attempt some mission impossible of reaching down into that bottomless darkness and raising Ruth Ann's body so Tess could give the poor drowned child a proper burial.

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*"And here the paths, made or yet unmade, that told of
the need of boys traveling, always traveling to be men."*

Dandelion Wine
Ray Bradbury
(1957)

Rocking through a slow purposeful rhythm, heel & ball, front foot to rear, Havrylak's barely bent knees ellipsed in tandem narrow rotation while a cacaphony of kids voices came echoing through his head from some long ago afternoon spent mingling with Cornish cousins at the Twilight League baseball diamond over in Wolverine where family reunion pick-up games were once held whenever parental designs saw fit to making it happen.

"Ump's deaf dumb blind and cahn't see neitha!"

Grandpa Jefferson kibbitz'd mercilessly from his catcher's crouch close behind the boy while Dad stood seven stern feet tall leanin' in from atop his dented-crown pitcher's mound.

"Stawboard's gotta pasta noodle ahm!"

Nor would Havrylak be getting off duty free from this democratic dispersion of taxing insults.

"C'mon battabatta! Wave that bamboo stalk and show us what you AIN'T gaht!"

Then Pop's sneaky screwball stole down and away past the outside corner like some second-story thief a minute after midnight, methodically truth-pitching its travelling preacher's tent of near noon consciousness in Havrylak's circumvolving mind's eye:

Scene 1 of that cranial-numbing Big Binary Dream he received from his Float Popper Brownie on the Eve of 9/11

—That's *stee*-rike one battabatta hah ya swung yer balsa wood stem there an missed, Lefty! Pitcha must have *sumthin'*! A regular right-armed Mike Cuellar! *Hey...* 'member back when we boated out to Manitou Island on your 15th birthday! It was the same July that nut knifed eight nurses down in Chi-Town, Gemini 10 pilot Michael Collins took a 50 foot space walk and poor little Ruth Ann Miller fell down the abyss of Tamarack #4. We rented ourselves an aluminum Chris Craft for 30 bucks at the Frontier Store in Copper

Harbor and trolled for coaster trout till we reached the strait. You caught yourself a fine five pounder didn't ya? Wow whatta trophy beaut that fish was! Then we crossed over and trowled for agates along Manitou's northern shore where I seem to recall you rooted up the purtiest specimen of 'em all! After that we tracked an overgrown trail through the thicket into a wild apple orchard ringed by twelve tall standing stones whose lichen-patched pictoglyphs got your great little metronome tockin'. Didn't you guess then it might be an old Ojibway cemetery? Not *too* far off, Champ! Bet you've been back a few times since and think you've got it *all* figured out! A 'Gravity Vortex Mystery Spot', am I right? Or maybe some 'Dharma Bum Observatory of Diatonic Cosmology'? Perchance that's a stretch. Though would you be listening to an ol' swing band jazz cat like me if you thought you'd actually thunk yourself through the whole panoramic *colyalcolor*? What Grand Ol' Tale might be singing up there amidst the diamond twinkles for us to hear if we could just learn how to listen in?

There's a rolling language written on those rocks and wouldn't it be nice if their wavy runes symbolized so much *more* than what you or I can now imagine? 'An Orphic metaphysics beyond musical number and starry rotation was discovered by Pythagoras in the science of vibrating strings,' so the Calumet Opera House Phantom once said and I for one still b'lieve 'im! Y'ever stood atop Mount Bohemia's Fire Tower and gazed east along the Keweenaw Fault past Mount Houghton under an autumn night sky when the aurora borealis went flying by like a flock of taffy-tugging seraphim? The Big Time Chronography beyond Clock and Calendar may be far more curvaceous than we can fully spatially reconnoiter (or whose elusive shamanic ventry might be time signatured and temporally mapped out on those solder-ironed deerhides from your "Lightly Toasted Stars and Stripes" exhibit at the Summer 2000 Eagle Harbor Lighthouse Art Fair—jus' whut whir ya tinkin' dare, Romeo?).

Y'ever hear that slick chromatic licorice stick solo in Glenn Miller's *By The Waters Of Minnetonka*? The way it whistles itself sinuously around the shivering tonic and makes your kundalini climb it's caduceus tree? How about "Pine-Top" Smith's original 1929 version of *Boogie Woogie*? Like back in Flint when your Dad played the left hand while your Mom played the right and you bounced up and down between them on the piano bench? Ahh but you've been a Wiz O' Waukesha axe man ever since you quit piano lessons back in the 2nd grade haven't ya? *How High The Moon* came out just four months before you were born, written by a precocious Wisconsin kid who played country polka tunes atop beer-drenched indian mounds before wrapping his bronze wound life string 'round 20th century American music. Young Les Polfuss

played at the WLS Hayloft Hoedowns for all those rural podunks who were flocking then from midwestern farm life to downtown Chicago. He jazz-jammed with Art Tatum down on 47th Street and geek-tinkered with primitive recording devices in his hotel room before heading off to the Big Apple in '37 and then cross coast to Hollywood in '42 where he eventually teamed up with Colleen Summers—OH but that Hatfield preacher gal could harmony sing—the two of them going on to create those first reel-to-reel *sound on sound* recordings which made the later renaissance of L.A. studio multitracking possible. Meanwhile, Les's "Log" evolved into those solid body guitars that strummed, stroked, picked, plectrummed and twanged the sonic accompaniment of your glorious 60s teendom. Gitbox licks phonograph needle groovin' the youth culture of those tornadic times. No wonder every sniffing pubescent red-nose wanted a rocknroll 'lectric for Christmas back then though you like many were drawn to the hollow body acoustic 'cuz what lonely hormone-fizzing guy could possibly resist armin' one of those voluptuous sculptures tightly to his torso and copping a fingerpick, eh?

You were stuck back then in some nameless boondock village suburb of Minne-No-Place, wearing the guise of a wounded fawn seeking snowy refuge in remnant oases of the Big Woods and watery joy in Minnetonka lake swims, a self-amusing wild thing twistin' like that Excelsior merry-go-round whose rearing horses you so cowboyishly loved—tv western dreamin' 'bout runnin' from the law or chasing bad guys through those boulder fields jus' west of Lone Rock, California I 'spect—while the local coffee-house tunes of Bob Dylan, Curt Boettcher, John Denver and Leo Kottke filled your head with folk-pop, poor prairie fella. Didn't the Beatles serenade you in early '66 that the world was at your command? So why couldn't you rescue your sister Lorelei when she fell down the Sunset Strip rabbit hole out west that riotous summer, seduced there in search of showbiz stardom then losing her way in a labyrinth of Laurel Canyon love dens and Topanga Beach sex cabanas before getting pregnant by God Only Knows who? Kids from the midwest were so fearless and authentic back then, weren't they? Endless Summer was comin in! Did she truly sit in on an undrunken Jim Morrison poetry reading at Cinematique 16? Did she really nab a brief nightclub dancer gig in *The Trip* (and was Laurel the one in the blue dress, the nothing at all or just celluloid slices on Roger Corman's cutting room floor)?

You'll never know for sure because you headed up to Lake Superior Nowhere instead of chasing after her so find cold barley comfort if you can while hoisting a Blatz with those northwoods guitar logging buddies of yours in honor of "Rhubarb Red"! MEOW! Here kitty kitty kitty! Here puss puss. Here kitty kitty

kitty! Here puss puss. MEOW! Where's your Tiger, Raggedy
Andy? C'mon SWING!
—STRIKE TWO! (*bark'd their bespectacl'd ump and the Dog
Days of Summer officially fetch'd Fall's Rainbow from Havrylak's
future-questing gaze as he swung hard and foul'd his father's pitch
straight up into a fogging over sky*)



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+

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*“Even that vulgar and Tavern-Musicke which makes one man merry, another mad,
strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the First Composer.”*

Religio Medici
Sir Thomas Browne
(1635)

“Fog everywhere.”

Bleak House
Charles Dickens

(1853)

*Open the door of the tavern and let us go there day and night,
For I am sick and tired of the mosque and seminary.
I have torn off the garb of asceticism and hypocrisy,
Putting on the cloak of the tavern-haunting shaykh and becoming aware.*

A Love Poem
Ruhollah Khomeini
(1989)

“Boston Jack” Kern’s great grandson squats shivering in his portable Green Man Pub, scraping flakes of gold leaf from a garish ghost-peopled lottery ticket with that lucky indian head penny which he’s managed to pinch from the key pocket of his battered old bluejeans tugged on for this evening’s tasks. Coyote bought one of Al Sadak’s halloween-designed Ursa Major game cards last week at the Ojibwa Casino down in Baraga for our Sky Pilot’s good fortune so any kind of pauper’s payoff—*deep breath*—may now portend bad mojo for his Vision Quest on-the-fly—*Oyyy*—tearing the ticket into tiny pieces with bemused disgust and tossing them heavenward as an undertow of fog sneaks in on grey paws and goose pimples dapple his ribcage with frozen droplets of risen rain. There’s work yet to accomplish tonight and no time for frivolous worry over statistical improbabilities so he reaches down to pop open a 12 oz can of beer with one hand, raise a smoldering corn cob pipe with the other, and pursue the employment of his drooling nose as an index finger, squinting closely in on a court paper duct-taped to the pup tent wall while dipping down like Detective Bucket to that dark energy whirlpool at the bottom of his accelerating mind. Legal allegory looks very cool to our foot soldier of future chance here with a white cloud of smoke haloing him in saintly silhouette, illuminated by the light of an L.E.D. headlamp strapped around his chilling forehead (one of whose hemispheres searches for a Vision of Fatima while the other zeroes in on the sound of something further away, baying hounds and the trampling feet of torch-carrying villagers perhaps).

He plants his gaze on a patch of fading script at document’s bottom *...written with disappearing ink no doubt...* which appears to have been dashed off with an elegant splash of fountain pen panache:

Wanted: Dead or Alive

The alias summons, served at his deer camp trailer by Sheriff Ahonen yesterday morning, concerns a lawsuit concocted by plaintiff “Lord High Chancellor” Casper Jeffries himself whose protruding head was decapitated by chainsaw from a Fall 2000 re-election billboard that had been erected along a sporadically misty stretch of Highway 41 near the Cliffview Bar in Phoenix after spending a week or so rubbernecking down on northbound traffic with its stern ayatollah-like stare (probably because some anonymous artist had prepped the public mood by painting bushy eyebrows and a Dairy Queen soft serve turban atop his furrowed brow). This year old act of vandalism—or “political speech” as Aunt Tess counseled everyone to call it after Judge Jeffries labeled the incident a “juvenile beheading” in his Daily Mining Gazette interview—remained off the crime beat radar until DNA blood evidence was processed at a state lab linking said “butchery” to one of Havrylak’s twin sons (whether from Henry or David the test was incapable of distinguishing and neither of them were talking).

Hav believed this straw-stuffed suit was scarecrow’d up by Casper’s personal grudge against their family after Tess provided her publicity-shy godson secret sanctuary at one of Gitche Gumees Bible Camp’s log cabins all Summer 2000 long—smuggled in by Coyote and brashly registered there under the recondite cinematic pseudonym “Geoff Outlaw” just a stone’s throw from the county courthouse where hizzonah presided no less—until disturbing the peace charges stemming from that Mount Bohemia re-zoning fracas back in March were finally dropped when his late father’s older sister, Aunt Kathleen, pled her family’s case to Casper, personally plying him with an Irish lilt she’d less than mastered while reprising the original Maude Gonne Abbey Theater role in a 1957 revival of Yeats & Gregory’s *Caitlin Ni Uallacháin* at the Calumet Opera House:

“Yonder scuffle twas but a *wee* case of Thoo-*reauvian* civil disobedience, officer!”

In the event such sweetness of tone hadn’t worked she was poised to whack her blackthorn shillelagh across his shins until he just plain fell over.

“Tim-*brrr*...”

Cloaked in a hooded rain poncho and feelin’ like he’s a-fixin’ to freeze, our derelict ranger drains a few more millifathoms from the silver Strohs can and beams at its dancing royal lion clutching a sceptre in one

hand and a scroll in the other, thinking of everything his hands will soon be filled with. How has it all come down to this combustible rucksack wander-vogeling déjà vu...this foggy bottom consignment to a forest tavern fireplace where those revolutionary performance-art algorhythms of his merry warrior awareness might be rekindled anew?

“The high king goes hiking and (*urrrp*) hiccups haikus!”

‘Axing of the first tree was civilization’s origin, son!’ Jefferson mentored young Havrylak one summer vacation four decades ago while the boy helped him construct a cedar sauna at his summer camp in Copper Falls. If by helping, of course, you mean interrupting the family work flow every few minutes with such arcane zingers as: “A deer fly does 600 miles per hour! Didja know that Grandpa? I saw it on *The Incredible Praying Mantis*. Mantis re...relig...religiosa is its scientific name. Bet they’d make great trout bait, huh?”

On the other hand, and not long ago either, Coyote informed Havrylak of the vast Mayan mahogany rain forest around Palenque where Popul Vu prophecy held that when its last great tree was felled the sky will come crashing down. In light of her admonition, he’s decided to give the widow-maker’s ambition of their late lonely “Leaning Giant” a fighting chance by pitching, directly beneath it’s mammoth base, that moth-eaten Army Surplus tent whose door flap he now crawls through one toke over the line paranoia-ing-ing over whether His County Lordship might have really let out the dogs.

“Heeere girl!”

Kahuna had disappeared into the darkness and was tracking an acrid olfactory epiphany down by a bend in the river where her human companion reeled out three nice trout late this afternoon. Standing up to stretch in the soft rain, Havrylak hears her shaggy steps *squlch* the mud as she sniffs for a pile of fish guts now hardening into pahoehoe beside the Montreal’s stippled current whose level has swelled most satisfactorily from all the precip of late. Truth was dog whistling in the dark out there somewhere and if anyone could help him sonar it down it was she (though, like he with Grandpa long ago, young Kahuna hasn’t been much help so far). Over a rebuilt campfire, whose first flickering crackles were extinguished when the young retriever shook her sopping strawberry fur right beside it, he eventually got around to frying up two nine-inch brookies and a can of corned beef hash for dinner (half of whose greasy delight he shared with the terminally famished puppy).

“Cheers, Old Boy!”

Giving his beverage one last bottom’s up, he toasts that 17 inch brownie also caught along a stretch of looping marly streambed not far from the white pine’s broken crown. It had pleased him to release the plump veteran and watch him fin casually upstream, as if nothing of any consequence had occurred, away from that dense tamarack swamp he himself must paddle past tomorrow afternoon when, with earnest discipline, his Fast for a Vision will begin. In preparation for this imminent absence of nourishment, he plans to cook for breakfast six farm fresh eggs and two thick slabs of Canadian bacon prior to sculpturing a large upper limb left hanging when the goliath conifer toppled. It is from this branch he intends to carve his millennial facsimile of a Sumerian dugout canoe complete with its own whittled figurehead of Inanna. He’d held up that spoon gouged *objet d’art* after Coyote dropped them off in the Estivant Pines parking nook at dawn and received a faint quavering horizontal shake of the head from her through the windshield just before driving away—having decided against joining these intrepid voyageurs (or *particeps criminis* as Judge with a Grudge might have it) at High Rock Bay in three days to paddle across the strait—which was Coy’s coy way of saying he and his canine sidekick must be headed out of their mind again.

“C’mon girl, let’s move it! Only my Asherah can point us toward perfectimundo now!”

Yelling back toward dawdler Kahuna while trudging out of the majestic cathedral grove dressed down in camou and roped to a snow saucer bundled with plastic-wrapped cargo that slid six feet behind him, his wheelless Radio Flyer, beyond an abandoned meadow parterre where a petite bearskin lovecouch and fancy Atlantic Grand wood cookstove once stood amidst star-patterned flowerbeds in quasi folk quilt arrangement back in the early 1970s like some bucolic hippie kitchen out of *In Watermelon Sugar*; carrying his backpack, chainsaw and bush guitar down into a zigzagging quarter-mile stretch of rancid muck whose only evidence of destination was signalled by a sparsely spaced series of orange flags tied to spiny shoots of red osier dogwood darting up here and there around eye level—*hmmm*—when a brainwave finally blooms that his on-again off-again District of Columbia common-law wife might be *ON* to something after all.

What if our canoe doesn't...you know...float very well? Will the Queen of Heaven be able to rescue us then?

Barely a hundred yards from their campsite to be, after balancing over a mossy log that straddled the Montreal, he'd dunked his canteen in the rising river and paused to peer up past a fractal collage of tangled cedars toward the once towering clump-topped dragon, possibly with a pasodoble playing in his ear. Is this how Nick Adams strode toward the bullfighting ring, holy and serious to write about country?

It was an isolated *Pinus strobus* that voracious logging crews missed sawyering nearly a century ago and until 1987 the largest living tree in Michigan. All 7 foot 2 inches of her fabled diameter. All 20 feet of his monstrous girth. All 40 yards of its angled ascent. All 600 years of an earthly stay. Or had it been over eight centuries old? An errant 1980 campfire had so hollowed out the lower trunk that accurate measurements were made next to impossible. It may have been a solitary twig that took no notice when Thomas a Becket lost his head in 1170 CE.

Whistling for Kahuna till his oat-straw stream drips dry, Havrylak zips up and settles himself down on the campfire's leeward side where a curling wisp of smoke unblankets its signal into his wandering eye. He inhales the coded vapour and coughs back an enigmatic reply addressed to the resident *genius loci* and his own ghostly ancestors while the fickle blaze licks that way and this, rainproofed by a pagoda overhang of spruce boughs, and northwestern gusts of Alberta Clipper shush down in high seas thrill rides over the Keweenaw's central copper bearing ridge whose open wound fissure veins enriched those first 19th century Cornish immigrants cast adrift on a snowy peninsula where true & magnetic north briefly meet to feng shui their ch'i through one of the oldest mountain ranges on Earth.

Orienting an east face position upon pine needles with his boy scout compass, he slides off the plastic sleeve of that Jonsereds 630 he purchased in 1986 from Wally Pasquale's dealership in Bootjack just a month before the saw salesman went on his now infamous "Historee Massacree" with a Husqvarna at the Lake Linden Historical Museum's logging camp diorama after his anorexic wife left him for its curator slash smorgasbord chef and filled out quite nicely. Both makes were Scandinavian in any event and Havrylak's "Inga Binga" had served him quite well over the years, though only for outdoor forms of scenery chewing, needing but a single piston replacement after spending too many afternoons one summer razing an

advance army of tag alder who'd cloned themselves into acres of lowland *lebensraum* which surrounded his deer camp trailer with such a thicket of impenetrable occupation that on the sultry August day his cylinder scored he hallucinated "Yoda" staring back at him through wiggling humidity waves until flipping up his shaded visor to see that the bewhiskered swamp dweller envisioned was actually a pregnant calico cat who'd been apple tree'd by his godawful noisemaking and whom he climbed up to rescue and adopt on the spot, dubbing her "Dagobah" in the diminutive Jedi's honor.

He has no trouble picturing himself as an alien green gnome tonight, perilously seated beneath the Estivant Pines magnus windfall. Snow White's 8th Dwarf "Gloomy", to put a Disney face on it, swaggering into this northwoods ecosystem unarmed with erudition and aching for a sword fight with Fate.

Coyote had advocated a more slumbering lumberjack approach to his forthcoming Tarzan tightwire act which apparently involved the gymnastic operandi of a prehensile prosthesis:

"Hang upside down while you buzz out your Dream Boat,
Slothy."

It was facetiously offered with an eyebrow-jiggling oeilade over pasties, sweet rolls and coffee, lots of coffee, last night at the Parkside in Calumet (eating out being their most frequent *modus vivendi* of late) where they worked through the dead beat poetry of his living will with help from a notary public recommended by Tolkinghorn & Associates who'd loyally represented him *in absentia* through a bizarre "Five-Fourteener" constitutional show trial held at the Houghton County courthouse in early 1974 when he was charged with property rights violations so complicated that only a mare's-nest of Gilded Age legal assumptions on the aggrieved party's part could account for it.

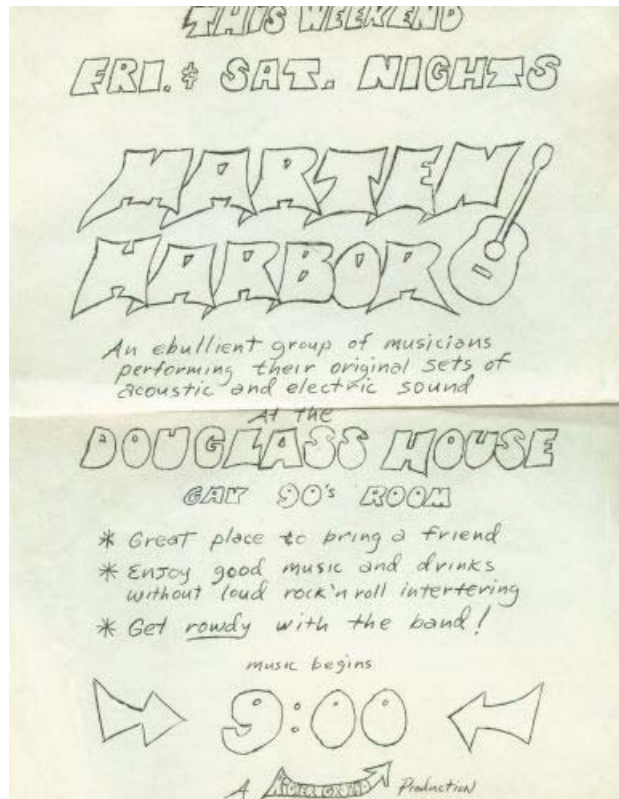
He swivels the unwieldy machine this way and that in his calloused hands then sets its oily armature down like the seat of one of his teenaged bicycling ingenues onto an already soiled bluejean lap. Soon the sound of a round file grinding forward against steel tooth trombones his cochlear tubing with tones only a vulcan's squeezebox could play as tinsel shavings sprinkle his knuckle and familiar voices scratch a flint of nostalgic friction upon the antique phonograph revolving inside his retrosonic head. When campfire flames gleam on the contoured blade of each new cutting edge, he rotates his

chain forward to its next curved incisor. Thirty teeth surround the twenty inch bar which is two less than those imbedded by his own mouth and while he works along their elliptical course a gunmetal tang of pressed fingers sliding upon stringed fretboard philters upward into his nasal passages with the scented jangle of strummed guitars and fingerpick'd banjo from *Canada*, an original tune played long ago by his college band at "The Dog House" whose first verse sighs forth with a glum whimper of golden melancholy:

*The cold and hungry crouched on sidewalks through dark winter
In cardboard shacks all scrawled with poems
At the station pineboard coffins lined the platform
Bound for poor towns and broken homes*

It was Hockey Night in Houghton on Christmas Eve eve 1973 and the Gay 90s Room of the Douglass Hotel, where Marten Harbor held house band status for a short season, would soon be packed with Saturday night puck fans stampeding a slippery block upwards in blinding snow from stone cold Dee Stadium where Michigan Tech's Huskies had just iced their opponents in overtime on a breakaway by some flashy freshman out of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, putting everyone in a pie-eyed party mood.

*Copper fields of harvest grain fading slowly as the time
Everything is left behind
Down rusting rails on this train
Fields will fold into the hills I've got to find*



Tramping across Sheldon Avenue and into the Douglass House with their Sorel boots and hooded parkas out of the howling winter hinterland midway through set one, a choo-chooing locomotive of “Toots”—those engineering wunderkinder for which MTU had long been justly renowned—snatched handfuls of the band’s publicity flyers from a table in the entrance foyer and before you could say “Look! Up in the Sky!” the restricted air-space was crisscrossed with semi-identifiable flying objects two of which, by some astronomical unlikelihood or damn good aim, struck Havrylak simultaneously in each eye just as he was switching mid-song from guitar to banjo and about to Scruggs-roll the hoedown conclusion of *Canada*, causing him to stumble backwards off the stage where he was fortuitously snagged by Pike Maulson, their business manager-sound engineer-roadie-driver and all-around BMOC who was preparing to place a five pound block of dry ice into a beer cooler half-filled with hot water and click on the portable fan behind it so as to blow in a fog bank for their pick ‘n’ grin finale the exact why of which no one ever really thought to question because it always mesmerized the crowd and undoubtedly would this time too though just a bit out of sync for the fact was their brooding conscientious objector’s draft-dodge train trip had come to an unscheduled stop not far from Sault Ste.

Marie and out of that musical silence rose a murmur of self-conscious chuckling around the room.

“Know any Tull?!” one Toot yelled out from some dim corner in the interim of uncertainty that followed.

“Passion Play!” smacked back smirking Dave Dawkus, slouching on the stool behind his microphone and keenly gauging their audience’s mood through the blind-slat of his slitted eyes. “Long story short: Hare loses his spectacles but has a spare pair.” Danny McCann banged out a ragtime rimshot tag off B7-E in bent note blues style *bum-bum-bum-bumbum... bum-BUM* and whatever other Jethro Tull aficionados may’ve been present got their little laugh from that as out of the fog (and seemingly out of the past), with five-string banjo still intact and hanging at an acute angle around his neck, Havrylak strode to the front of the stage like some spoof of visibility liberated from an amnesiac’s asylum wearing a primitive pith helmet to whose brim was stuck a lit candle—an industrial age artifact “borrowed” out of a boarded up shafthouse in Allouez he later explained—then began ranting into his vocal mic about usufruct, proprietary reform and the horrors of Vietnam as if they were inextricably entangled all the while holding up this mint condition hardcover of Dickens’ *Bleak House* which Grandpa Jefferson had also “borrowed” (from the C & H Library in Calumet a half century earlier just to stamp a vague return due date on it and not long before the most valuable books in that extraordinary collection were secretly shipped back east upon stockholder request—to the elite archives of Harvard Yard’s “Houghton Library” historical ironists wryly claim—when Big Copper profits began petering out and unemployed miners grew mercenary as their Beacon Hill overseers).

By convoluted vent’s end, he’d huddled Woody Guthrie, Teddy Roosevelt, Thomas Jefferson and John Muir together on stage in a group hug like the Four Horseman of the Apocalypse, neighing:

This Book is my Book, this Book is your Book!

Bust Big Trust!

The Earth Belongs in Usufruct to the Living!

Ager Publicus!

Sizing up this druidical autodidact unveiling mixed-bag mind games on drunken rink rats from behind itching contacts at a front row table and sensing some *pro bono publico* possibilities of his own, the great grandson of one of Calumet & Hecla’s Boston corporate brahmins, an ambitious

young attorney not long out of Harvard Law, burdened by either a generational weight of rich ancestors guilt or some benevolent paternalist sense of allegiance toward his family's former colony—and quite likely the only other hockey acolyte in earshot familiar with the Latin phrase for “Public Land”—drew that ebullient young musician into his penal crosshairs as Havrylak slipped a rectangular piece of paper from his wallet, set it aflame upon the wick above his brow and flicked it outward past their fourth wall into murky space.

A moment later it dive-bombed out of the umber smog onto the big white “H” of our lawyer's crimson letter sweater like some unlucky gambler's stogie and promptly scorched a small black patch into its woolen fuzz.

“Could have sworn that was my library card,” o'jeez'd Havrylak the instant after he launched Exhibit A.

“Hmmm...what have we got here? U.S. Government property?” grinned Casper Lodge Jeffries, nabbing the smoky evidence off his chest and dipping it into his daiquiri before deciphering what readable words remained as the Dog House house band barked out the rest of their signature tune with a crazy Canuck camaraderie that leapt through the hula hoop of twilight haze on a banjo-powered waterfall of wishful thinking:

*When you find your place the stars will bring the day
And the sun will shine through the night
When the mountains call on your cabin wall
The echoes will pierce the light*

*While the seasons fly and you wonder where you have been
While the seasons fly and you wonder where you have been
While the seasons fly and you wonder where you have been
While the seasons fly and you wonder where you have been*

Havrylak heard that bluegrass chorus clickety-clack through his brain like sleet pellets on a cold tin roof while jet plane bound for Calgary, New Year's Day, after orchestrating his own fake drowning death off the boulder breakwater at north Portage Entry with some reticent help from his friends in the Park Rangers Music Co-op who stashed a pile of his running clothes in one of the many gaping crannies there then delivered his handwritten suicide note to the proper authorities.

“The first telescoping carnage of a trainwreck-in-progress,” best friend bandmate Darcy Schilling privately lamented as those once **HIGHER**

GROUND fantasies precariously clinging to the commercial potential of their eccentric folk-rock tunes in small college town USA thudded back to the earthly realpolitik of OPEC's Big Oil embargo.

Driving north along Alberta's "Great Bear Trail" from Banff the following February (where he'd apparently been inhaling their hot spring fumes rather than studying the Law of Unintended Consequences), Havrylak mailed this postcard-from-exile to the Houghton County courthouse thus reviving those baroque property rights charges which had been reluctantly dropped in honour of his alleged demise:



Found my Log Cabin Home, 20/20 Vision and
A Pond Hockey Piece of the Canadian Sky

Beauty, eh?
HK

When Vietnam War student deferments ended in the final year of the 1960s, Havrylak had drawn #120 in the birthday-based lottery so his chances of actually being drafted ranged from infinitesimal to nada but this proved to be of no legal relevance whatsoever in the prosecutorial circus to follow.

Nor did his 1st edition contribution of *Bleak House* and *The Return Of The Native* to Houghton's high school library which stood a couple-three steep blocks straight uphill from the courthouse.

An April Fools Day revelation that Casper and he were actually fourth cousins once removed made for less mockery than Jeffries' sensational same day accusation that Havrylak might be "intimately" involved with a year round archery deer-poaching ring, but it did help to undermine the overall credibility of his polysemous legal case and those magical thinking layers of syrupy abstract rhetoric created thereof which presently pancaked onto a hung jury's lap. So when the mistrial was finally declared on May Day, Casper confided under informal oath to a Mining Journal reporter after a few bourbons at the Library Bar—one long kitty corner from Houghton's courthouse building and just downhill from the Dog House—that he too may have been "irresistably seized by an allegorical impulse" and rendered "temporarily insane" as the defendant himself likely was on Christmas Eve eve.

Not even the Park Ranger aiding and abetting charges stuck as there was no proof of any organized collusion.

One year later at the height of spring's thaw, only a few days after Saigon's fall, Havrylak took himself a blue rental canoe from Fort Frances, Manitoba and snuck back into America across the Rainy River with amnesty ungranted, an early Kootenay strain of BC Bud and reasonable doubt about how authentic the nature of his guilty conscience really was.

Disguised by a pony tailed mullet, tinted granny glasses and Jeremiah Johnson beard, he flew in under the radar two stories above the scene of his purported felony by renting an 8 x 15 foot room for \$30 a month on the 3rd floor of the Douglass House Hotel under the hippie nom de plume "Mabona HeartLyre" where he started reading the first two silver and blue volumes of *The Gulag Archipelago* and a gold paperback of *Gravity's Rainbow* given to him by a former Polynesian financier named Ponzi Bonsai after Havrylak described the Chinook practice of tribal potlatch to the South Sea refugee while riding a ski tram cable car up to the mountaintop chalet overlooking Jasper National Park. In return, Hav handed Ponzi his dog-eared copy of the countercultural bum's handbook *How To Live On Almost Nothing* and gracefully exited with what he believed to be a ceremonial Japanese bow.

By May he found weekend work on the hotel's top floor as a Progressive Rock DJ at WHDF where he read diary entries from his late grandfather's turn of the 20th century *Red Jacket Journal* between liberal anglophile airings of Pink Floyd, King Crimson, ELP, Genesis, the Moody Blues and Yes, yes especially Yes, inaugurating each program with a looped

recording of Chris Squire's eight-note bass chime riff in 7/8 time from *The Fish* squeezed under this fourteen syllable bilingual tourism voiceover:

“Come U.P. Hither and Say Oui to Lac Superieur!”

Early one morning after the Saturday night radio show, while pulling a guitar all-nighter with his dual cassette boombox and a cheap bottle of apricot wine, he found himself sympatico jamming through the thin wall with a nuclear physics grad student from Tehran who was playing haunted modal ululations on his Fender Stratocaster from a Pignose amp in the room next door. They met at an All-You-Can-Eat Sunday Brunch Smorgasbord in the hotel dining room that noon, struck up a fleeting friendship over their mutual fondness for Led Zeppelin's *Kashmir*, and nervously laughed about the royalist plumage of Persia's pilfered Peacock Throne.

By July he was selling cashew granola, lentil beans and organic peanut butter at the Keweenaw Co-op just across the Portage Canal where he caught the attention of a freckled blonde girl who picked up supplies every few days for an agrarian commune in the Finnish immigrant farming district of Waasa by regaling her with his “Former Weatherman” tale of helping to spring Timothy Leary from San Luis Obispo's federal prison in 1970 and procuring him safe passage to Algeria.

That September, somewhere between Squeaky Fromme and Sara Jane Moore's attempts to assassinate President Ford, after submitting his Jack London inspired “To Piss On An A Priori Fire” poem for the underground and in loco parentis staff of *Osawatomie* (whose opening verse, ‘Lee Harvey Oswald was the First Weatherman’, came parodied back in pig latin on his pink rejection slip), Havrylak and Jaana drove out east with the hard-earned profit of their summer labour and a tangerine-flake fruitcake tin full of “Kuparisaari Kecksy” brownies as vacation reward, non-stop all the way to her sister's seaside cottage in Asbury Park where they swam in the Atlantic surf, chewed salt water taffy on a boardwalk pier carousel and took the Jersey train for Penn Station to spend a marathon day roaming hard times Manhattan, first to the northern end of Central Park then back south to Battery Park, stopping on their way up along Avenue of the Americas at Rockefeller Plaza to audition on a lark for some comedy sketch show NBC would soon be airing live on Saturday nights, then racing full-speed down Broadway in mutual dare as blue collar kids were born to do before the drum machines of discotheque ticktock'd in, an unrepentant athletic tear all the way from Horace Greeley Square to the World Trade Center where they whimsically harmonized on “Here we come to save the day!” and twisted

like time-warped refugees of the Peppermint Lounge for a terrified captive elevator audience while ascending to the just opened Observation Deck at which Mohammedan altitude both gawked down on Lady Liberty's copper torch and puked up their homemade dessert treats from a smiley face case of Big Apple vertigo when someone behind them let drop that government eviction charges against John Lennon had finally been rescinded.

What young Faneuil Hall congressman-to-be characterized the Twin Pillars of Atheism and Materialism as American Idealism's greatest enemy when he proclaimed on Independence Day 1946 that the Right of the Individual against the State is the Keystone of our Constitution?

Letting this *Jeopardy* answer puff subversively forth like a trick question in the sweat lodge of his memory-bingeing mind, Havrylak wipes the chain saw's bar tip grease from both hands with a fistful of bracken fern, shishkabob's a ballpark frank and two marshmallows to the tip of a willow stick, then barbecues them slowly over a crumbling dolmen of orange charcoal while Kahuna yawns at his side.

"If only that were Bin Laden's weiner live on web-cam, eh?"

"That you again, Jefferson?"

"Mind-mind Your-your Business-ness-ness, Son-son-son..."

He finds gothic consolation in Grandpa's "just passing through" with that steam room lesson Peter Tork took from the bearded swami in *Head*, where history is described to the Monkee as being simply one system of beliefs deposing another in successive fashion with our electronic media being but the latest propaganda box separating us from the Reality of the Now.

So if the human body's central nervous system cannot definitively discern between a real and a vividly imagined experience, how can the mind's true liberation ever be fully achieved from our a priori amber rooms with their faulty code and fraudulent memes that we keep inheriting and passing on from generation to generation?

In the spirit of solitude he rebuffs his own rhetorical question and recites as best he can remember a verse from the end of Shelley's *Alastor*:

“ ‘O that the dream of a dark magician in his visioned cave, raking the cinders of a crucible...were the true law of this so lovely world!’ “

Somewhere in the Hindu Kush mountain range, a tall, wicked and wealthy doppelganger of Shelley's sorcerer preens his long beard before a cave wall mirror, rehearsing Al Qaeda's next video for internet upload and eventual airing on "The Peninsula". He contemplates quoting from the same British poet's *The Revolt of Islam*, which praises both revolution and the growth of the human mind towards perfection, but thinks better of it and riffles through his Koran in search of some pious homily or obscure precedent. He wants to get the reference just right because America has accused him of launching four guided missiles from the Persian Far East in the name of a Muslim creed they say he's ruthlessly hijacked. To make matters worse, their Infidel Literati seem obsessed with casting him as the "Bad Guy" for what will surely become another cheesy Hollywood docudrama.

“ ‘A vessel of deathless wrath...lone as incarnate Death!’ “

If, as Emerson wrote in *The Poet*, the religions of this world are the "ejaculations of a few imaginative men", then Havrylak himself may have something to contribute beyond the crystallized gospels of Mark, Mohamed and Marx for it is the nature of the imagination "to flow and not to freeze". He's been in search of an aquarian vocabulary for "The Revolution" ever since childhood and suspected even then he would have to hide in Nature and pass as a Fool for a long season. Unlike Jack London's doomed Yukon chechaquo in *To Build A Fire* however, dearth of imagination had never been Havrylak's failing—at least not since intuitively discovering the paleolithic art of self-immolation at age 13 while shivering up a metabolic inferno beneath drooping pine boughs and descanting chickadees in a decaying cemetery near Cliff Mine one Christmas vacation weekend, waiting for the ghost of his great grandfather to appear.

“Ancient Cornish Proverb: It's the already snookered who snooker the new snookees.”

His first meteorological rapture may have been the palest of pilot-lights but he kept it lit with a natural talent for promethean alchemy until the neural glow was tempered by stormbursts of snowflake eidolens that flurried through his brain like little cut up stars, semaphoring their swinging lanterns through a recombinatory syllabary of rhythmic structures which condensed into an earthen rain of alluvial impressions that refreshed his mind with inspired bardic thoughts made out of everlasting life before evaporating up into another atmospheric turbulence and regenerating the creative cycle.

*If you transform language you transform consciousness
If you transform consciousness you transform people
If you transform people you transform the world*

He will have to build and rebuild the dreampower fire of this limnological weatherworld time and time again before his Cosmic Grok is over which is why he's brought along an unusual talismanic match head. The Alpha & Omega of Platonic Solids to be precise. Lifting a baseball-sized icosahedron-shaped chunk of pure virgin copper from his rain poncho pocket, he gazes into one of its 20 triangular faces and sees reflected that bright nippy November day during the D. C. Mobilization when he stole into the Smithsonian and cold-chiseled it off the once legendary "Ontonagon Boulder"—which Copper Range Chippewa long ago claimed was an earthly embodiment of their Creator—as a touring cast of *Hair* sang "The Age of Aquarius" to a massive anti-War crowd gathered around the Washington Monument.

He is about to explore that extraordinary day even further when spooked Kahuna suddenly lets out a yelp. Cuffing a fold of her neck fur, he slips the "Torch" back into his pocket and listens carefully within this crossing place of cold dry northern air plunging under a warm moist southern front where, between near foghorn and distant train whistle, something large sounds afoot in the dark wood's dense mist (though neither sniffing bloodhound nor nosy search posse as best he can tell).

"To our health..."

Donating the entire cornstarch-coated hot dog to Inspector Haruspex, Diviner of Entrails (who proceeds to cheerfully devour it), he retrieves his transistor radio from another pocket and dials up a CBC newscast out of Thunder Bay which trickles forth like glacial melt into their attentive ears:

More Afghan civilians were killed by U.S. air strikes in Kabul today.
Muslim gunmen charged into a Christian church in Behawalpur, Pakistan and killed 15 worshipers.
Israeli tanks left Bethlehem after Prime Minister Sharon gave the go ahead for withdrawal.
A memorial service was held today at “Ground Zero” where the Twin Tower ruins continue to smoulder.

Headlamp constant as the North Star but a bit wobbly on his feet, he stands up to pee on their dying campfire after hearing these sobering reports and baby steps a staggered line from sylvan barstool to waiting tent where he zips in the two of them, kneels through a brief spasm of lower back pain and yanks on long-sleeved Carlyle—”Carlyle” being the dismembered man embossed upon an *Anatomy Of A Murder* sweatshirt bought for 28 bucks at the Globe down in Ishpeming during their 40th anniversary celebration of Otto Preminger’s jazz-scored courtroom classic back in 1999. He stares there from this penitent cloth, a cubist portrait of drawn-and-quartered body parts, as if soon to be raised from the dead through its exhausted inhabitant who will be using him for a pajama top tonight.

Half dollar age Havrylak, who once staged his own melodramatic twenty-something death out of fear for the law’s long arm, has now willingly given himself up to the “B-Side” role of *Leviticus* 16’s Kid #2: scapegoat’d to an autumnal wilderness in lamb-like payment for those infantilizing iniquities of his own boom-boom generation who’ve successfully toilet-trained him for this tortuous sacrificial throwback performance of Jean Jacques Rousseau’s “Primitive” within the decoupled railroad cage of Johnny Come Lately’s dilapidated caboose. Safe-housed here under federal protection like some cryptozoological specimen engaged in a lifelong double-blind experiment over the Meaning of Destiny as America chugs toward an uncertain future, he’s been asked to patiently renovate and reassemble the split ruins of that bombed temple from which the future will be built.

And while he works *a covert*, those who monitor this providential tragicomedy via the extraterrestrial heights have found a charitable way to encourage his vizier’s progress. Thus, arising on cue like harvest maidens from some granary floor sleepover to gyrate a willowy milkmaid *danse du ventre* upon that letterbox rectangle of flapping canvas where an alias summons once hung, here come Iota Chi Sorority’s “Parapsi Sisters”—led by former Wolverines cheerleader Amarantha scissor-kicking the air with maize & blue pom-poms—dreamstreaming a 5D “holo” clip whose virtual

“That would be *baseball* bat, Tess. Do you have the decryption algorithm?”

“Seven Bridges of Konigsberg, Millennium Edition session key, right here on floppy disk.”

“Flap it in front of his nose when he walks in. They played three sets at The Vug last Saturday night and you know how their Crystal Grotto Room messes with his mind’s eye everytime he works there.”

“The natrolite strobe sparklers that corkscrew of copper shrapnel lodged in his corpus callosum and lights him up with July 4th fireworks.”

“That *what?*”

“Just think of it as a bad penny reappearing on his MRIs. Old war injury. A mere schlieren. Never mind, dear. Tell you all about it some sunny day over a Copenhagen Quark spritzer.”

“How about right now?”

“Northern fog rolling in. Can barely see him.”

“*Okay* then,” ruefully twirling an index finger around her right ear, “so maybe uncertainty *can* be a wonderful thing. Anyway, on top of that, we had an argument at breakfast over our annual paddle out to Gull Rock and I told him I’m not doing ‘The Canoodle’ this year. We’re still in separation mode and it may stay that way. By the time we left The Hut though he seemed almost lost in an otherworld tranquility considering what you’ve put him through all week with your wiggly little email attachment.”

“What’s a wee worm between loved ones?”

“I believe they call it cryptoviral extortion, Mom.”

“I believe in this case my honorable cause justifies holding Hav’s files for temporary ransom. It’s not like I gigolo’d his computer into becoming a back door zombie. Besides, it’ll teach him to double up his hard drive.”

“That’s between you, Gitche Gumees and your Magus of the North but head’s up on another potential storm front, he also caught wind of the girls’ dig out on Manitou Island.”

“From whom?”

“Couldn’t say for sure. A Finlandia archaeoastronomer and one time inamorata perhaps? He hasn’t threshed the wheat from the chaff of it yet and I pled ignorance when he brought it up so *please* keep me out of it.”

“Are you at Iota Chi?”

“Baking venison pasties in the kitchen.”

“Is this Sibelius playing?”

“*Swan Of Tuonela* on WGGL. Karl Haas show. Land of the Dead is his theme today.”

“I *thought* I heard an English horn. Appropos for a funereal Victorian wouldn’t you say?”

“*Former* funeral home and please don’t remind me. There may be trouble brewing in the twilit hereafter. Our Helsinki heiress claims she overheard an outbreak of purgatory chatter from a quartet of Cornish mining captains about shepherding some of the recent pass-over’s topside.”

“She probably dreamt it.”

“Or left the Nokia on beneath her goose down pillow. Either way, Hella’s organizing a ghost vigil up in the attic commons on Halloween night where they’re planning to sing in ‘Pagan Easter’ with a ‘People’s Chorus for the Second Awakening of the Dead’.”

“Should we be thankful to our head carpenter in providing this performance space for such a populous international séance? Calumet was built upon a century full of entombed miner catacombs and we must have more gables upstairs now than Quincy #6 had when it burned down back in the late ‘50s.”

“Nine!”

“His ‘Sisterhood of Edifices’.”

“Is *that* what he’s come to title it?”

Throwing back her forehead with a high-five palm bump and nimble athletic recognition that the sororal quote in question was pynch’d out of an 1851 Nathaniel Hawthorne novel Havrylak plunged steeply into soon after receiving a vacation postcard of Salem’s “House Of Seven Gables” from his father just before the Boston car accident. A blowup of that wintry missive now hung as the apical rung of a ladder-like triptych down in the late mortuary’s embalming dungeon—dual-use remodeled years ago into a red light darkroom and white styrofoam’d recording studio—above enlarged reprints of the Quincy Hill shafthouse and its steam hoist cabled man-car whose 30 miners hunched like human cordwood while psychologically harrowing themselves for another descent into an unforgiving underworld of shadowed stopes, tornadic air blasts and the constant fear of falling ceilings:



“Hold on, Coy, gotta catch this!”

Vera Tess screech'd the piano bench across an unwaxed stretch of bird's-eye flooring then kneeled in front of that hexagonal port hole she earlier spied him through, zoomed out a 35mm focus just under the lintel of porous mist cresting upon her sublime subject, and snapped—*God is a poet, not a mathematician, and the poet at the beginning of days is the same as the thief (coming quickly like a deer) at the end of days*—skull-cracking open, between nervous trigger squeezes, cabbalistic kernels of J. G. Hamann's *Aesthetica In Nuce* (glossed with a *Song of Songs* insertion) which she'd planted like poppy seed bites of hamantaschen for his spiced sustenance (madeleine crumbs slyly leading to the poison fruit mouse trap of an arsenic-laced attachment) throughout that trojan horse email sent seven days ago to her "Sundance Kid" whisker'd guitarist-at-large, pawing the dirt now in a balletic posture of leonine resolve, who'd stubbornly arrived with enough jack screws to ballast the sunken corner of her tipped prayer ship—*your hand moves over the harp and the strings speak...there went forth a stream and it became a river great and broad for it flooded and broke up everything and it brought water to the Temple*—diaspora lantern light lifted from the 6th Solomonic Ode of Jewish Christianity's earliest hymnal which may have been intended more for her own aquarian nourishment than his, banished as she's been to this abandoned mining colony like St. John was to Patmos by Emperor Domitian, a snow-globe wonderland asylum of mute eggwhite where she eventually hoped to write HER "Revelation of Jesus Christ", but until that happy day skipping forward to Ode 9:11—*put on the crown in the true covenant of the Lord*—and 12—*for their book is the justification which is for you*—silent scriptural charms sent to succour him from the seemingly solipsistic labours of his 'Sirius B Manifesto' and 'Holy Wood Star Forest Charts'—*just before she went missing hadn't pregnant teenage Lorelei, in a scarlet fever fit of self-righteous spite, handed out mimeo'd "Star Maps" to all the kookiest looking transients she could find babbling to themselves along Sunset Boulevard during the Summer of Love?*—upon whose symbol-scorched buckskins he'd 'geomatrafied' his own regenerative stellar myth origins (distilling Red Giant down to White Dwarf over sprawling seasons of "Morning Star" implosion like frost patterns fetched from water vapour and etched onto burnt windowpane) within a northpoint rosette whose iridescent mandala compass-steered every astral wormholing love affair he'd consummated over the years with songbirds distant, famous, rich, unavailable and at times even dead who sang their immaculate contraptions to him through the sun-freckled radio waves of a speckled-fawn night sky—*the dove fluttered over the head of our Lord Messiah because he was her Head and she sang over him, and her voice was heard*—'Mabona HeartLyre' angelically showering their castle fortress Hollywood aviaries via a 50 foot ham

antennae from beneath his Boston, MI deer camp ceiling's halo-shaped
flourescent fixture with the *ex ore Christi* folk poetry of many compassion-
ate abiding *paidagogos* tunes—for they who are joined to him who is immortal truly
will be immortal and they who delight in the Life will become living—

“Building a New World Schoolhouse for our Old World Muses
With the Arts, Sciences & Religions of Experimental Creativity”

Seconding an earlier epiphanette as the film roll of her godson's
shrinking visibility closeups rewind, Gitche Gumee Bible Camp's retiring
pastor, back on the phone with “adoptionist” adoptee Coyote—*Holy Toledo,*
Mom, what on Earth are you proposing now?—blurled out a suffragette couplet
from *Japheth's Lost Theology of the West*, that brave sibylline poem
Havrylak's great grandmother Jenny wrote during a whirlwind Finger Lakes
courtship with westward moseying Bostonian Japheth “Jack” Kern after they
met on July 20, 1848 at the Wesleyan Chapel Women's Rights Convention
in Seneca Falls, N.Y.—*like the arm of the bridegroom over the bride, so is his yoke*
over those who know him so let this priest of the muses sing for you fair maids and youths
to learn—optically saddling then upon her damp silver-flecked batsman's
dissolve that hilarious 10:10 clock face double exposure portrait ^{clicked} ...and
... ^{clicked} in a frog crouch from an initial-knived window sill atop Mount
Bohemia's rickety fire tower during “Daisy” —*O dear her first name too now*
surely escapes me...Holly? Sara Lee? Merilee?—O'Herlihy's ‘Luminist Dada’
phase when she had Hav cowboy handstand a penduluming hobby horse
he'd filched from some backyard Raymbaultown junkpile and proceeded to
lug up there along with them whose rusting springs creaked like a calcareous
fen full of arthritic spring peepers in the XX'd steelwork's rotten pine roost
where he balanced upon it upside down as the cat-scratch'd remnants of a
“Bicentennial Independent” Gene McCarthy for President bumper sticker
spangled across his dangling dong & nutshells—skillfully foregrounding,
atop this “Crossing Place” peninsula's tallest man-made elevation, stillfully
improbable through infinite time and space, their obscure unsung little
bioregional Great Lakes “Frontier's End” while the shutter of her late
father's camou green 1933 Boy Scout Brownie ^{ticked} ...and...*ticked*



Phone shouldered to crook of neck in mid-listen with paled face befuddlement, Coyote glanced sideways down at the sourdough pasty she'd just flopped like a fish catch onto her flour-powdered counter. Squeezed into an elongated orb by the oval stoneware simulacrum of a circular pastry stamp pottered two millennia ago in Egypt for "Lamb of God" liturgical cakes, the raised relief map of its toasting topside fumed with a mint incense of rosemary and thyme as "Tess" touched base at the out-of-tune piano, *plink plinking* dissonantly along with Ravel's *Pavane For A Dead Princess* whose maiden voyage ruddered into the looping canals of her labyrinthine inner ear like a clunky tramp steamer from Iota Chi.

It was in the qui...quicksilver maelstrom of a freak autumn blizzard that Penny fish...fishtailed Hav's Hi-Boy right off the Brockway Mountain precipice, mused Vera as Tess's hand stuttered gallantly onward. Burst that cop...coppertoned dreamboat into a funeral pyre of midnight sun she damn well did now did...didn't she

"As you may well recall, Penelope O'Herlihy used to recite Jenny Fitzgerald's poetry during some of those revolutionary Radio Free Japheth deer camp broadcasts that Havrylak shortwaved from his old man's Bambi Airstream to a global roundtable back in the late 1970s."

Through a 13 mile crow's flight roughly paralleling U.S. 41 from Eagle River to the withered Metropolis of Copperdom, that witchcraft'd caprice of an "Old Flame" reference wooed our former California orphan wirelessly off-guard, piloting pitch imperfect from mom's pitter-patter keyboard to daughter's Christmas lit kitchen—videocamming as Coy soon would her annual *Nutcracker Suite* cookery sketch with their multinational rookery for a traditional British holiday pantomime to be followed by a food 'n' pillow-fight harlequinade if Dinah Columbina (El Salvador's "Screwball Kachina") or Noughty McNaughton (Scotland's "Loch Ness Begotten") have any sophomore sway—and upon stirring their stilled conversation's

punchbowl with that nostalgic spoonful of bittersweet medicine, Vera stared imploringly into a snowglobe replica of Empress Maria Fyodorovna's "Peacock Egg" which she'd shaken to flake-swirling commotion just moments before dipping down into Ravel's Paduan melody. Her secret wish was to liberate the bluegreen bird from its golden tree—as one still can with the 1908 Faberge original—and watch him strut his wind-up "surprise".

[fog shrouded aside] Might thawing teardrops wrung from my eye-tail'd feather dance re-envision the masculine lead and father their frozen lives back into forward motion?

"So I'll bet you a Canadian nickel that *Japheth's Lost Theology of the West* inspired our painted lady's attic renovation."

"Is that the dodecahedral with Queen Elizabeth and a beaver?"

"We could flip for my '68 nickel buck Voyageur instead. It's got Liz II and a *pair* of paddlers."

"How about an eleven-sided Loonie?"

"Has Havrylak been propositioning you with his ornithological 'Primum Mobile' hypothesis again?"

"Just winging through new measurements for the tabernacle foundation with him at breakfast I guess," blushing like an autumn apple, "though he *did* say I'm still a ten."

Indeed he did as they parted amicable company with an affectionate hug and shoulder slug near Kearsarge's WPA Stone Boat after breakfast less than an hour ago from whence he dutifully motored in copasetic dereliction toward the bible camp abode of that persuasive taskmaster who'd personally served a computer sabotage summons on him in one last ditch effort to enlist the generosity of his more-than-able hand—*thus in the ironic wake of our wholly unexpected and negligently underinsured flash flood debacle, a dirt cheap foundation upraiser you shall become*—though it's not clear whether his laid back flirtation with cheerfulness will prove to be pleasing enough as miffed pre-Emeritus Reverend T.V. Kaputski swatted a palsied piano hand windowward at his present dalliance with disappearance on this once sunny morning in an irritable affectation for the herculean effort it had taken on *her* part just to rope his physical presence into *these* parts for a brief spell.

"It's always up to the last possible minute with our tin roof tarrier isn't it?"

Echoic sighs of feminine exasperation whose mutually crisscrossing waves collided like hot rod particles above the Gratiot River northwest of Mohawk and crashed skittishly down over a toy soldier'd skatework of jittery Jesus striders on very thin ice.

[fog shrouded aside] As if godmum's the un oo'll be partin' they roof gully rainwaters, aye mates?

“Did you know that 91% of Keweenaw County is pure liquid? Proportionally more H₂O than any county in *all* America. That's because Isle Royale's included thanks to Ben Franklin. Learned it just this morning.”

“Wonderful news, poppet. Have you notified Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau?”

*Far better yet
Ye olde wet nurse
Wunderground dot com's
Where I suckled this verse*

After weighing that potty mouth riposte retrieved from some past tit-for-tat which ballooned her head with a singsong foil for skewering Vera's sarcasm, Coyote popped it into pink bubblegum oblivion and launched this drier submersible: “Did you know Cousteau's Calypso Expedition sent down a flying saucer shaped mini-sub to photograph the Fitz in 1980? They found it 88 fathoms deep nearly 22 nautical miles from the mouth of the Big Two-Hearted River. Your 'Dr. Do-Little' taught me that too. We sang about it in a surf wipe-out chorus performed at the Hiawatha Folk Festival back in '82—

Little Sou Coupe dove like a Fightin' Foo
And filmed the Mother Ship broke in Two
Twas a 3 Sisters Wave sank her 29 Sailor Crew”

“*Amen* then...” liver-spotted knuckles dropping back down onto a discordant scrum of adjacent ivories, “just like PT 109 and I'm sure your harmonies sounded *most* salutary but before you go flapping off on some wild goose tangent here, my roundabout *point* is this: Jenny's poems were packed in that humongous hope chest Havrylak winched down from the widow's peak soon after Suomi signed the lease in '88 which is when he started remodeling Tintagel's top floor for Iota Chi's inaugural flock.”

“Are you posing some terribly important riddle here, Mom?”

“*Quite* terribly, dear. Surely you must realize. The cold snowy Christmas Eve Penelope Guinevere O’Herlihy, in folk-musicologist search for infamous Italian Hall, first knock knocked on Tintagel’s 7th Street door? *That* is when the healing of your hubby’s rough diamond head truly began.”

Though ‘The House That Jack Built’ is what Jefferson Kern once fondly coined it, today their 1905 Queen Anne’s bronzed door knockers bilingually read, right to left, then left to right, in bold bible black letters:

לגאתנת TINTAGEL

Paleozoic sounding perhaps...perhaps...but neither fossil nor fragile, Tintagel’s solomonic blueprint was melodically bequeathed to 30 year old Jefferson after Japheth’s death by his father’s fraternal order of Arthurian Transcendentalists with a twin-pillared “J & B” ceremony employing royal geometric oaths sung between Ionic columns in Euclidean rapture from the ruminant scroll of a “gothic constitution” grooved by an archaic rhythmic tongue whose time-signatured sonnets had been branded centuries earlier upon the spotted hide of a Goonhilly Downs roebuck fawn netted not far from where “Arthur”^{*} now squatted in listless preservation, officially logged onto the British architectural record as “Antennae One” and unofficially mooning skyward from the serpentinite heath toward an elusive Pleiadean crooner operatically championed in secretive SETI circles as the “Lost Albigensian Chanteur”.

^{*} Arthur being that virgin parabolic dish into which poured the first transatlantic television feed of July 1962 from American rocket-launched “Telstar”, Mother Earth’s original orbital communications satellite, grail-cupping thereby, in vitro mirror homage, Marconi’s seminal 1901 longwave signal sent to Newfoundland from Cornwall’s Poldhu Station. And that curvaceous swaddling of those discrete atmospheric dribbles gave baby steps not only to a Tornados tune of the same name but also, according to afro-urban London legend, its “Jungle Fever” B-side as well, both of them revolving their novelty blues prints through black vinyl grooves needled upon record players the whole world over including eleven year old Havrylak’s in the idyllic Minnesota lakeside carnival town of Excelsior, a curiosity stoked cub scout hurtling time traveller thought experiments a priori past even the pre-paleozoic on that same atomistic jostle of stochastic liquidity by which Einstein vindicated Democritean Theory in early 1905 just as Jefferson’s fraternity began work on Tintagel, and who considered his youthful self none too special for it, relatively speaking that is, until something meteorologically terrifying wormtower’d down in the spring of 1965 and transformed his boyhood soul forever—exactly 18 days after he cracked apart and swallowed whole this “Brownian Motion” Easter Egg, painted

for the premonitory merit badge purpose of faintly simmering the molecular heat and feverish kinetics his prenatal adolescent metabolism would soon hatch fiery birth to:



Scrambled skyward by this unexpected footnote and the reverberating clank of a rotary phone against Coyote's kitchen wall, we pre-empt an initiatory tour of how & why "Jack's House" was cumulatively carpentered for a later chapter and jetstream back to that fugue-state dreamtime of Havrylak's ghostly childhood ballfield where, in wry plaintive defiance of punchlining readers sequential expectations with some third and final fog shrouded aside, he could be heard whistling a hermit thrush-like lamentation whose disconsolate coloratura, as simply sung at The Vug last Saturday night in Calumet after coldly hibernating through a 20 year hiatus, still lyrically led with:

*Woman made blue
Do you hide your face from me in the webbed winds of winter?
A wounded peace has settled on this land
White flags rippling
I should send her this love song for her heart's surrender
When music comes inside
It takes me faraway and leaves no one here*

He tapped his crooked bat serendipitously upon homeplate and felt himself sailing back in time to the skid-marked brink of Brockway Mountain Drive's rollercoaster escarpment near a chipped Civilian Conservation Corps fieldstone barrier whose masterful rock masonry might have once repelled his primitive mobile from skyrocketing off into blizzard oblivion if only she had steered just a wee degree starboard at the last second.



Freed like an eye-tailed harlequin from the blinding white asylum of Vera's shattered snowglobe to strum his campfire psalter at bluff's edge, wing-sandal'd Havrylak wound himself up into the watchman's stance of a sundial gnomon, pointing skyward in providential search of some architectonic inspiration while tick-tocking anarchically down to a reckless swan song pledge of "Divining Time's Mystery or Diving into History".

He could thank (in part) for this surprising (if not preposterous) *deus ex machina*, the quick-wristed paw of a large silver tabby tomcat, Tintuna by name and connoisseur of can-opener overtures by fame, who'd mischievously hydroplaned Pastor Kaputski's "Peacock Egg" like an ornamental hockey puck across her slick piano top onto the rock hard bird's-eye floor where it promptly burst into a pyrotechnic explosion of 50 tiny stars.

Unbound from a golden bough and flown thus to hanging cliff top, our motley caped magician spied over hawk and raven hunters gliding on wind gusts far below, feeling the full weight of that punishing afternoon following Penelope's midnight accident when he rappelled down Mount Brockway's steep conglomerate profile to retrieve her lifeless body.

Catapulted half-dressed from the Hi-Boy roadster at treetop impact, she'd splashed unconscious into a large pond not far from the burning '32 Ford that Havrylak's father Lincoln had souped up for therapeutic reasons

after returning from the Pacific theater of WWII with coded Navy secrets submarining his radio operator's head and a depression era conscience poisoned with the prodigal carnage wrought by twin mushroom clouds.

He found her in six feet of icy tranquil water with barely a bruise. Keweenaw coroner's report officially read: "expiration by drowning". The upside-down wreckage of Lincoln's custom hot rod convertible was left to rust in cliff bottom opprobrium, charred beyond recognition.

Now this former ecotopian SDS outlier, who fled to God's Country from downstate Michigan in late 1969 for a pastorage retreat of impeccable zeitgeist timing, stood sentimental sentinel on Anniversary One of that brutal "XX Day" (October 10, 1978) he'd arrived too late for rescue, still brooding in survivor's guilt and soon to experience his second spiritual visitation from an intrepid Twin Cities hitchhiker who'd come childlike soul searching three years earlier for the tragic site and true story behind Woody Guthrie's *1913 Massacre* only to mistakenly stumble upon Tintagel's dissident refugee.

He pow wow danced in frugal grace, riffling through the illustrated pages of his tattooed memory in hopes of recapturing some genuine remnant of her screwball iconoclasm and perhaps even a larger historical purpose for their brief ham radio hey day promoting planetary freedom from the humble spaceship interior of Lincoln's Bambi Airstream.

The cop...copper bosses may have kill...killed Joe Hill, but they'll never conquer you! Time su...sure flew whenever we were havin' fun, right my mer...merry weatherman?

Her whispering presence had first arrived during REM cycle the night before at their shiny silver trailer studio near Boston where he'd slept over after an astonishing discovery in Tintagel's attic.

The studied stammer was a wink and nudge to their shortwave sig... signals flying through space, break...breaking up at times you see, and a hum...humorous way of telling him posthum...humously that he was truly being contacted by she but it proved to be mere prelude for romancing her "guitarist-at-large" to the mountaintop for an unusual conjugal rendezvous.

Aurora borealii stormed the starry-black bear country of Ursa Major and Minor with flickering torrents of kaleidoscopic color as Japheth's "float copper brownie" tore up the dance floor beneath a foldaway bed left uncantilevered since they last slept there. He'd found the kiln-forged creation (along

with a queer set of instructions) in Jefferson's giant cedar *coffre* that very morning where it had lain hidden all century long in a hollowed-out bible whose flap lock he'd managed to jigger open with Aunt Kathleen's antique nutcracker pick. It was rubeola in tint and ring (or horn) toroidal in shape (imagine an unleavened bagel with a pinprick doughnut hole, toasted), and its revolutionary surface had been grooved by a hard steel geometer's compass which Japheth, in tribute to William Blake, used as an intaglio stereotype to ink northpoint rosettes onto tanned buckskins which he then painted in for a series of "illuminated travel guides" designed for his Grail Quest Fellowship of Transcendental Voyageurs whose underlying fluorescent pentimento could be revealed if one knew the correct solvent to apply as Havrylak accidentally discovered when he hung Jack's map of Manitou Island (or "Great Spirit Isle" as some early cartographers labeled it) onto the glow-wall of his Harbor Lights rental cottage in Eagle Harbor and switched on an ultraviolet ceiling lamp revealing thereby a delicate trail of tiny deer hooves gamboling past idiosyncratic pictographs toward an archaeological anomaly unearthed there by his great grandfather in the late 19th century.

In memory of that turbulent cloudy pillar which thrust its fractured stainglass mystery into his 13 year old mind, Havrylak twirled the copper disc like a fortune dreidel over and over on the Airstream's "Four Seasons" linoleum, trying to imagine some immense dimensional revelation within before placing it beneath two pillows for good luck and solemnly invoking Kitche Manitou, the Great Spirit, who long ago taught the Ojibway people that, of all living creatures, human beings were given the greatest gift of all:

The Power to Dream



As a Celtic Twilight poet once deduced from the double-gyre, Havrylak found literary parallel for his life-altering tornado and all that's

come after in Flaubert's unwritten fable *La Spirale* (described in Yeats' *A Vision* as the tale of "a man whose dreams during sleep grew in magnificence as his life grew more and more unlucky, the wreck of some love affair coinciding with his marriage to a dream princess"), and now that logarithmic *Spira Mirabilis* nova-bloomed its golden proportions within our man-of-many-turns mind's eye like a kingdom of heaven homing beacon as he paced steadily in place at one of Brockway's many variations on the epic "Lover's Leap", sensing a faint cascade of underground movement as the mineral friction of a rare fault line growl sharpened its dull canines on petrified dinosaur bones seven geological strata beneath his excited feet.

"Qwite pwobably da pwerforated Pewabic Amygdaloid,"
Penny pitched in from paranormal proximity with an 'Emily Fudd' schoolmarm's voice she once loved to annoy him with before dropping out of Columbine character, *"whose piscatorial bubble-wrap of bladder-shaped vesicles, ballasted millennia ago by scalding cupric precipitate, provided a couple-three generations of Quincy Hill miners with reliable excavation work and an occasional shiny pocket almond for the home souvenir collection"*.

Two hands moved over the battered old bush guitar.

Six bronze strings spoke with bardic vibration.

He smited out a rude concatenation of mystic chords whose fretboard progressions rang gongs of liberty from those grieving memories which held him captive beneath the wild blue sorrow of an indian summer sky.

His fallen songbird uncloaked behind him like grey-eyed Athena to Odysseus with her collegial presence of *experimental creativity* and crowned his head with a sparkling halo, harp-plucking the algebraic loom of her elegaic mood through an undulating glissando of visionary leaf-woven light seeded by Cloud Nine's angelic crystalline sphere which fell to melt those frozen teardrops of his polar fortress and baptize him "North Star" with a flaky lake country Princess-Kay-of-the-Milky-Way voice she once honked like Mother Goose by megaphone from her "Aqua-Millennial" fortune-telling concession stand on a carnival midway at the Minnesota State Fair.

*Warm feelings freeze in this crying crystal breeze
Who'll fire the spring sun's resurrection?
Spill out your fears through the fountain of my tears
In allegiance to our Ancient Romance
We will teach each deer to dance
Until they've branched their crowns*

*Wave through me your watery wings, love
I won't let you drown*

Prior to last Saturday's gig at The Vug, Havrylak fished out a handful of plastic spools from the ceiling cubby hole above a 50 gallon aquarium that had curiously survived the '65 tornado though now sat fishless but for a broken ceramic frogman. He listened to "Radio Free Japheth" reel-to-reel recordings of Penelope's voice for the first time in two decades, weaving caged lion circles through Lincoln's Bambi Airstream until a verse from one of Jenny Fitzgerald's old suffrage poems caught the curiosity of his ear: "We are the Maiden all forlorn and the Man all tattered and torn, rejuvenating democracy with the science and art of our creative schoolhouses where we'll teach each deer to dance until the whole world revolves 'round child's play."

It was broadcast on Havrylak's 25th birthday after a July 20 sojourn to Jukuri's Sauna, not far from the Gipp Memorial in Laurium where, while taking turns with the water ladle over a steaming beach rock stove, they navel-gazed an adult children's tale winding outward from the northern night sky's median zenith, an "Ancient Romance" between the mythical survivors of some "Great Stellar Shipwreck" whose "Aquarian Nativity Play" in "True Love's Ur-Garden" sang of the "Two Watercarriers Turning Time in Tandem", pouring forth the "Waters of Eternal Life" from their "Bucket Brigade of Participatory Democracy" to defend the "Ground of Being" from "Cruel Austerity's Fire-Tongued Dragon, Gold-Hoarding Wurm of Humanity's Common Abundance, the Draconian Serpent of Yore".

Yes, that same avant-garde hippie earth shaker who once christened Havrylak the "Human Chronometer" for his phoneboothless ability to "fetch Greenwich Mean time on a dime" in the middle of nowhere on a moment's notice, had appeared from some musical sphere of everywhere and endless duration to flush him upward out of swamp bottom onto an elevated pulpit to announce his unerring news whence, though offered the rapturous freedom of transmigration through all of spacetime's infinite organic continuum, he withdrew back, shy grey caroler, surprising us, and gamely wound up here.

*On the dark shores of my despair
I break a threshold
Bittersweet and clear
My tranquil lake mare lures me
Into her frontier room
A softly shuttled loom weaves through me*

One final dolorous refrain from the “Land of the Dead” this fickle aeronautical morn, a capella warbled in like a wind-blown air past that cracked latticed portal near which Pastor K. nursed a moveable oobleck of epidermal shivers. If she was the “Dead End of Literature” then he must be “Where the Music Begins” and so, with her secret wish of emancipating him fulfilled, Vera Tess gazed up at a treasured photo diptych—one from Flint, one from Excelsior—then fingered fluently along the tilted fault between F and F# minor on an off-kilter Acrosonic upright belonging originally to her favorite cousin Athalia, our mist sequestered composer’s biological mother from whom he’d imbibed his first prairie fire music lesson, “By the Waters of Minnetonka”, and whose piano survived when she did not for a fierce dark wind had taken her faraway and left little boy blue a homeless child.



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