



by

Veritas Caput

(Part II)

*“He lifted the thick yellow hair from his forehead.  
The scar showed, pale and puckered, on his right temple.”*

Brave New World  
Aldous Huxley  
(1939)

*“You spoof of visibility in a freakfog.”*

Finnegan’s Wake  
James Joyce  
(1939)

Liberty’s Author had loved the High Lonesome ever since that turbulent moment when the whirling presence of God rushed down into his teenage mind with a wounded tornado roar:

“Excelsior!”

He rises up from the tent canvas and wobbles around his leaning spinal column like a weary gyroscope. Semi-erect. Thinking anew. Rocking to and fro upon his knees in a groggy trance of bisyllabic iambiance as if dancing on the death bed of some prior incarnation.

“i am, I AM!”

From the gley bog of last night’s funereal fog, his hell-harrowing headache has launched its nightmarish lift out of swamp bottom at the bright

morning advent of an indian summer sun just as Kahuna bursts tail-wagging through their tent door with his father's prized Washington Senators baseball cap. Purchased by Lincoln at a 1965 summer Saturday matinee Minnesota Twins vs Boston Red Sox knothole game, the young retriever has fetched it for him from the beer-scented bleacher seat near last night's campfire.

Feeling like some homunculus hatched as a "Little John" Barleycorn fart from an under-poached peacock egg, our cryogenic Daedalus, grounded for years on ice after being burned by the high heat of a mean beanball, tugs his tattered cap from her mouth, snugs it firmly down over a furrowed brow and messy camp hair, canine saliva drooling like soapy tears from his olive green eyes, striving to recall just how and when he'd originally misplaced it.

Long since pardoned from those eruptive bouts of prairie dog radicalism which once politically tempted him, his aging mind feels terminally oxidized into a kind of Copper Range weather vane, at one with Lake Superior's unforecastable atmospheric, hung gallows high here on this peninsula once called *Ke-wai-wo-na* or "Crossing Place" by its original Anishnabe inhabitants, with nowhere to really go but 'round, breeze-blown by an *a posteriori* experiment on pareidolia still awaiting solid empirical transfiguration, clothed only in what he's accumulated from coincidence and figuring perhaps, like flatulent hungover Falstaff, that it's 'better to be eaten to death with rust than scoured to nothing by perpetual motion'.

On the other hand...

" 'Tranquility Base here...' Lifting both arms parallel to the forest's water-logged floor, he fishtails his head from side to side in precise avian pivots. 'The Eagle has landed.' "

His 18<sup>th</sup> birthday present from NASA where the celestial watchmen of world freedom had not woken in vain. Or so it certainly felt on July 20, 1969, four years following that Excelsior tornado which transformed him into someone whose mirrored image reflected a sudden traumatic absence of self-recognition—"Who is that? That's not me!"—for he'd been then but a 13 year old boy subconsciously baptized by the soul-piercing shards of some ominously shattered stainedglass vision and tasked to piece it all back together without knowing why or how.

" 'By the waters of Minnetonka...' "

Athalia coos the Lakota Sioux's northern plain song into his amateur naturalist ear as he bangs the black-n-white keys of her parlor game piano,

all 88 of them facing a tomahawk chop sooner or later given enough parental patience on this Christmas Sunday morning where they sit side-by-side, MAJOR and minor, in strict rehearsal for their string-hammered rocket duet to *Mare Tranquillitatis*:

*“Moon Deer loved Sun Deer  
They loved through tears  
Waters forever”*

Unobserv'd, by way of fugue-state, he's privately return'd to the childhood of mother's house and his, steam-hoisted from that *faeth fiada* mist now swelling within him to resurrect the unfinished mansion of an inestimable mystery.

With copper “torch” in hand and mind's-eye adventuring, he gazes inwardly from his masthead crow's nest down past the wavy patina of fathomless time where pirate souls quicken and hearts drum submarine beats, our tent pole isolato dwelling not on annihilation but rather a necessary gathering of “20 Questions” he must perforce ask taskmaster Mom.

*“Again?”*

“Nineteen more times through this scrimshaw lattice and we'll winnow the wheat and chaff of your baby step ivories, son.”

*“Nine-teen?”*

“*Nine* years old thee may be now but soon a *teen* thouest will be and therein's your gut-bucket gospel truth!”

“O *brother...*” This being his latest fraternal exclamation of expressing masculine exasperation at her wily use of King James elocution for maternal manipulation which he'd adopted and co-opted courtesy of Dad who was “Man-of-the-House” AWOL during the holiday season way out west (and down under) in “Dreamland”, frankly yanked away from his cyber-engineering position at Honeywell by some esteemed council of eastern seaboard *eminence grises* for clandestine assignment on another code-breaking Navy sabbatical with “that damn ‘Underseas Systems’ project” (as Mom was wont to air-quote) which the Twin Cities defense firm had been Grey Ops'-ing at least since Dad transferred there three years earlier in the fall of '57.

“But a former Amphibious Corp Seabee me be,” he'd confessed in her ear when they hugged goodbye in November at Wold-Chamberlain

Field, “quarantined in an oceanic hive with one quiet brilliant beautiful voice periodically pinging the sonar of my personal conscience. Yours, truly...”

Lincoln couldn't confide to Athalia the exact location he'd flown for until Christmas Eve when, freed overnight from honeycombed captivity within a classified government facility harbored fathoms beneath drifting Groom Lake dunes nearly 30 nautical leagues northwest of Las Vegas, he let it slip, on an all too brief shore leave by way of a phone booth cubicled inside Pinky's Polar Bear Lounge, that “Sin City's making me seasick for Home Sweet Home”.

He sweet-talked her then from an extravagantly lit stretch of neon skyline, plucking familiar heart strings every which way he knew, elevating his morose mood with an imported Russian vodka martini vibe, Death Valley dry, shaken British Empire style and punched up by a vending machine pack of unfiltered Camels whose cellophane wrap he uncrinkled with a curvilinear flourish of solitary disgust and social exhilaration, ditching thereby last New Years' Day pledge to hop aboard the tobacco wagon and “ride it smokeless til '61”, clanking down dimes like that profligate pacific theater persona he once poker-faced through a running numbers game of statistically risky prognostication and tilted roulette financing which underwrote a savvy bevy of promiscuous impersonations—sailing his fabled “seventh ocean” to oriental seaports in pursuit of gentleman rickshaw romances funded by gambling profits procured from loaded poop deck dice rolls and card-counting blackjack whose brief courtships led to implausible erotic denouements at the “Hotel Shanghai” he later multiplied and embellished into a prurient anthology of rarefied sex tales wryly raconteur'd with the shy monastic reticence of an upper midwestern rural sensibility anchored by a tenor church mouse belltone that never rang quite F Clef enough to suit the skeptical baritone chorus of his perpetually cash-poor shipmates.

But could a shadowy species of “spook work” have found shrouded cohabitation within that chiaroscuran spectrum moiring wide and deep beneath the bow wave of Dad's penitent pleas for wartime absolution, a twilit realm he'd carefully submerged beneath confessional misdirects with frothier surface admissions of mathematical chicanery and bungled pre-marital flings? Almost certainly. They christened their verbal double-talk terrain “Penumbra” for conjugal detours into a binary blackwhite code-language Athalia and he employed whenever conversing on nation state cloak-and-dagger, third world revolutions, extraterrestrial contact, extended family crises and other child unprivy what-have-yous at the dinner table and

it periodically emerged in alphanumeric strings of letters and numbers no child could untangle from any thesaurus except perhaps *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland* (though their ever curious son had unsurprisingly tried, commandeering a small spiral notebook, musket-loaded with pencil stub, laid like a blank napkin on his crumb-filled lap and standing sentry for scribbling on whenever gastronomical asides veered toward the inscrutable).

It was at one such crucial Sisyphean pivot during an erratic though incrementally upward sloping learner's curve (which he'd accelerated unawares through a disciplined navigation of diatonic music's dynamic unbalanced tonality whose shifting center of gravity, the "Circle of Fifths", his mother had adapted into rigorous scale exercises for he and her as a way of mnemonically capturing the emotional tension and resolution of she and Lincoln's arcane deipnosophistry) that...hmm, oh yes...the boy over-excitedly realized one night, while coughing up a half-chewed mouthful of spinach, those dinnertime subtext transfers of his deceptive parents nearly always coincided with the non-appearance of a new moon.

“ ‘I yam what I yam, I'm Popeye the Sailor Man!’ ”

Buckshotting a bit of spit spinach into both Athalia and Lincoln's eyes with a froggy sing-song affectionately if not quite accurately loyal to the cartoon seafarer's voice, their ebullient prodigy made what may one day be rhetorically catalogued by millennial historians as the boy's first inept attempt to enter into and triangulate one of his parents' encrypted dialogues.

“Equal temperament, my dear, equal temperament. Especially when we're dining.” Mom always knew just what to say. “Now what's all this about Popeye?”

“Sure, um yeah, could you please pass the olive oil. This salad's tasting a tad dry.” Scrawling down Dad's apparent *nom de guerre* then post-haste during their quickly whispered sparring match after she did:

*"Idlewild North" -investigate*

*Idlewild North... Idlewild North... What am I missing here?*

Interrogating himself subterra in present time as he withdraws focus from his hand-held orb and puts on hold this brief passage to the “Back-

Then” of 1960 when Mother and Son rehearsed their piano duet for a Christmas Day performance of *By The Waters Of Minnetonka* and Bach’s *Fugue In Gm* at Our Saviour’s in Excelsior which, as we will later see, did not quite proceed in the elegant way Athalia had orchestrated it.

Presently, with no one else to talk to, Havrylak nods at his kindergarten canine companion peeking in through the tent flap and tries to explain:

“You see the anatomy of this murder I’m private eyeing is a Cold War variation on Aelfric of Cerne’s medieval passion tale of the cruciferous stag transpierced for our sins and ever since that childhood tornado cross-haired me with the telescopic sight of some questing beast on the prowl, I’ve spent too much of this life subconsciously dosey doing a kind of arms-folded ghost dance macabre to shield me from the next shot.”

“WOOF WOOF WOOFWOOF”

“You’ve got the timing sequence down as close as it may ever get, girl, which says a lot for the acoustical precision of your floppy ears so have yourself a ‘Merry Dog-Star Christmas’ come next July for there could be no better way of undoing the labyrinthine laces of this asylum straitjacket that bandages my healed mind than by the joyful bark of man’s best friend.”

“WOOFWOOF!”

After clumsily contorting into a valiant attempt at his “Goodbye To All That” lotus position, Havrylak finds himself undressed-to-the-nones, skin deep in this sunrise chill, preparing to yank on his tree-climbing jeans from a naked squat when out of those blue leggings, head slowly pivoting 90 degrees, he telepaths Kahuna this futuristic divot of another dug up bone:

*And could there be any more humorous posthumous way than logging in ‘Au Revoir’ as my break-out passkey from that dolorous wound I’ve inherited? Come sail away with Indian Summer’s Son, Ol’ Shep, down this river toward a Big Lake maelstrom whose sublime turbulence might funnel us skyward on an astronomical flight to Polaris where we’ll howl the great musical mystery which can rejuvenate and transform our immortal souls!*

He’d re-lived that terrifying dream for the umpteenth time last night and woken up to yet another cranial explosion, strengthening his perilous sense that he still had one phantom foot planted in the Land of the Dead.

“*Au revoir, past life. Per aspera ad astra, tomorrow.*”

Stripping last night's duct-taped alias summons off his pup tent wall with an irritable snatch, he flips the legal document over and abandons that fourth dimensional otherworld he's been voyaging through to ogle at a "hands-in-the-air" glamour mug shot he'd snapped and printed of flame-haired Faline Jeffries standing tall in close-up focus before the three-story tall Snowmometer rising like a launch pad rocket just uphill from the Phoenix Cemetery along Highway 41, rebel daughter of that Keweenaw County judge whose fountain-penned footnote signature on capturing him "dead or alive" has, sure as shit, now completely disappeared from view.

Eyeing Cupid's crimson heart tattoo, pierced by an arrow and crouching in a curvaceous nook above her left shoulder blade, Havrylak sighs, revisiting that violet hickey he'd recently puckered it with. Panning up from the artisinal needlework of Laurium's Purple-People Parlor, he spies her mischievous smile and chatoyant gaze, so reminiscent of Amarantha's, which now activates some 'too-soon' species of nostalgic swoon over that romantic excursion they'd embarked on last Saturday at the Keweenaw Mountain Lodge after he and Coyote finalized their official separation.

Would Faline fulfill her promissory note concerning their tryst in the mist this afternoon at the old Excelsior Mine? His great-grandfather Japheth discovered that profitable *fossiure* in the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century on a cliff hanging high over Lost Lake after being led there, according to family legend, while on the hunt for a ghostly and elusive albino buck. Or has she since been assigned something far more slinky and feline as part of His Honour's ongoing paper chase? Judge Jeffries was rumoured to be a Knight of St. Hubert after all so perhaps his legal boundaries really *knew* no bounds.

Glancing down at his reflection from that triangular facet on the copper icosahedron which had earlier transfixed him, he returns the ruddy talisman to his rucksack where it will rest as dead weight until an opportune moment of future fetching when that "imprisoned lightning" which quickens its slick surfaces has been recharged with living illuminations from his past.

Though its final form was forged on a late spring afternoon in 1989, the "Torch" first fell into his hands like a "Hail Mary" meteorite touchdown pass from heaven in the shape of that pigskin-shaped protuberance he'd hacked off Jim Paul's infamous "Ontonagon Boulder" 20 years earlier within the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History "following a steamed oyster lunch at Harvey's on Connecticut Avenue whose briny morsels of salted sea meat I chased down with one musty ale too many on an afternoon over-populous with fellow protestation and random tumult at the November 1969 Anti-War Mobilization that epochal day in Washington D. C. painful memories of which now mirror through a kaleidoscope darkly" as his pink-

slipped submission to the 1975 *Osawatomie* political journal, *To Piss On An A Priori Fire*, would later testify.

And though but a micro-chip off a father-block coined “Kitche Manitou” by some summer roaming Anishnabe who once revered it, this stolen spark, despite being misplaced for nearly 20 years, will guide Havrylak like lambent candle flame through a cloudy lens along rugged trails he’ll seasonally lose and find through each vining trial and error decision that zig-zags him forward: a slow but steady pilgrim’s progress abruptly accelerated when the re-found flickering jewel of his “Aquarian Age” theft is laser-cut at an MTU metallurgy lab one fine May day in 1989 (the 29<sup>th</sup> to be exact) where, after “19 nervous alchemical breakdowns”, he’ll finally engineer that geometrical “Jack O’Lantern” whose near virgin elemental purity, tainted but by a sleek crescent arc of silver ore, will develop within him a “red light” beacon for steering this thin contaminant through a dark room aperture of cinematic revelations as far as the resolution of his imperfect photographic memory can clearly sail.

Once tugged from safe harbour out into “open water” by his copper icosahedron’s conductive power however, this pulsing capillaried embryo of Havrylak’s inner “lighthouse beam” will swiftly genesis into an erudite headlamp for his hand-held multilocational transvoyageuring GPS vehicle, eyeballing him through more times and places he could have ever imagined possible and it all crested like some epic tsunami with a sudden unexpected instantaneous “Inhabitation of History” ~*SYNCHRONICALLY AT ONCE*~ though *just* once whilst pulling an alma mater inspired all-nighter originating at Eden House (Room 531 to be precise) where he’d briefly holed-up to accommodate his yeoman work schedule. Normally housing an oil-and-water mix of engineers and foresters when “Da Tech” was at full session, in early June it sat all but empty at the west end of Wadsworth Hall’s top floor except for he and Inga Huskiverna who huddled there late Saturday after finishing micrometer measurements and electromagnetic readings on that “crown specimen” discovered through what she’d called a “Kaisersbart Expedition” of splitting finer and finer hairs before reaching “Ico 2.9” on their 20<sup>th</sup> try at 11:59 AM EST when they executed the last critical Memorial Day “guillotine slice” so close to high noon even Robin Hood would’ve tipped his greenwood cap to her “precision circumcision” methodology of splitting Zeno’s arrow.

**Clip 1 comprises pages 1-8 of *Book Of Life (Part II)***



**Clip 2 comprises (roughly) pages 31-44 of *Book Of Life (Part II)***

“Mauch Chunk!”

Lincoln dearly loved the juxtaposition of those two words ever since they first passed from his father’s lips whenever Jefferson narrated journal entries about a boat and train trip he took from Calumet to Mauch Chunk in 1906 to visit with fellow Cousin Jack miners from Cornwall and explore the revolutionary constitutional origins of America in nearby Philadelphia.

“It’s a Jim Thorpe time warp!” Dad confided to young Havrylak about that coal mining town once named *Mawsch Unk*—after a Delaware Indian phrase for “Bear Place”—which officially exited history circa 1953 to honor the late great Carlisle Indians football star whose third wife smuggled his corpse there by train from Oklahoma after the family funeral then sold it to Mauch Chunk in exchange for a gravesite monument and the renaming of their river town, once advertised in travel magazines as the “Swiss Alps” of Pennsylvania, after a legendary athlete who’d never once visited there when he was alive.

But there was another person from Havrylak’s past who found a passion in those two words too and who, as former field marshal of her cheerleading squad at Pioneer High in Ann Arbor, had idolized that Olympic hero after suffering through an intense pre-teen tv movie crush over Burt Lancaster’s “Man of Bronze” portrayal in *Jim Thorpe, All-American*:

“Mauch Chunk,  
Grand Funk,  
I’m Your Captain,  
Let’s Get Drunk!”

Amarantha and Havrylak were camping at Sleeping Bear Dunes on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan over Thanksgiving weekend a frigid fortnight after playing an “Off Off Broadway” role, as she later described it, at the November 15<sup>th</sup> Anti-War D. C. Mobilization and was fully into “pom pom mode” after quarts of Strohs orbited their campfire ellipse, clinked like

bronzed satellites between a coterie of friends whose standup-sitdown “Go Blue” waves of contagious enthusiasm toasted her protest era signature move of leaping up to lead a Wolverine cheer for “The Revolution”.

“It’s time we put our student bodies on the line in 1969 like revolution number nine and wind outward like a golden chain from this starry night’s white rose cynosure into an organic dance of eternal life!”

They’d just begun to sway and stretch along with this impromptu declaration of Amarantha’s emerging New Age vocabulary when Chance “Gold Rush” Petoskey, voted Pioneer High’s Class of ‘69 “Most Likely to Move to the Land of Fruits & Nuts”, suddenly pointed his finger toward a shiny silver disc surfing cloud to purple cloud across the western sky. Was it a “flying saucer” signalling some alien message to them about their place in the world to come? After all, hadn’t they been tossing frisbees that afternoon while speculating about life on other planets? What *was* really up there?

“Excelsior!” yelled Amarantha.

And so they did, time and time again, leaping “ever upward” with levitational abandon until the sublime limit of their political aggravation with America’s foreign policy imperatives had been pushed to the ceiling.

“Is everything on the level?” queried Chance.

“More to the point,” quipped Amarantha, “are we all plumb?”

Havrylak strumm’d a catchy conga then in syncopated samba duple time while they dervished on Sleeping Bear Dune’s beach sand around their driftwood bonfire, chanting like Sufi supplicants until Amarantha pirouetted to an abrupt stop and shouted “Let’s Get Back to the Drawing Boards and Draft a New Blueprint for the House that Jack Built!”

Amarantha rapped a snapping finger stump speech she would’ve delivered with thumbs-up spunk, had she been afforded the opportunity, at an SDS gathering held northeast of Kalamazoo two summers prior when San Francisco’s “Diggers” met with a group of Ann Arbor SDS politicoes morally enraged by the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Resolution which had enabled LBJ’s massive troop buildup in the spring of 1965 and created that Vietnam War which led to thousands of young men’s deaths among whom was her older brother Jack, killed by friendly fire in a hazy jungle of no-man’s land.

Lakewater chill goose-pimpled their unblanketed limbs as they dreamt (soundtracked for Chance, who'd borrowed from Havrylak the oddball beach read of Keats' *Endymion* with its "silent wheels" and "celestial hum" of Venus's "silver car", by the Ventures 1961 guitar version of *Ghost Riders In The Sky* heard over WLS just before dozing off), all snuggled around a former inferno sputtering its last volcanic embers into dormancy until the frost of sunrise arrived with curling blue whitecaps that crashed on the beachhead aftermath of their ecstatic outreach to an ecological history of America whose long co-evolutionary narrative they'd barely begun to grasp.

"You know it *might* be merely a feral placebo energizing your whirlwind imagination," Amarantha offered her breakfast antidote when Hav confessed his dowsing of "Kitche Manitou's Great Spirit Power"—from that Copper Country artifact they'd just heisted in Washington—after burying it beneath his silicon pillow last night like a tooth left for fairyland reward.

"I felt launched like some frontier psychonaut into a prescient dreamworld flight through all of space with endless time to spare."

"Call your starship *Endover*," she suggested, "you know, after that big cube you can spin on its axis which was installed last year near the Michigan Union's front steps. The rock that keeps rolling, end over end over end. *Could* be your black box *kaaba*, Kemo Sabe."

"Thanks, Tonto. Think I'll stick with *Mauch Chunk*," he replied. "Really like the ring of it."

Havrylak returned then to what lay in his shivering lap as barely naked Amarantha stretched on a wet suit and snorkeled her icy "Ursula Undress" swim in search of bivalves for breakfast, he dog-eared political intrigue, as she flip-flopped about, from Muad D'ib's eco-messianic desert adventures with the water-bearing "fremen" of Planet Arrakis in Frank Herbert's epic sci-fi novel *Dune* while promising, in homage, to compose a whole album side song-cycle named *Mantis* (which he indeed later did).

An anti-diversionary Great Lakes Water Policy fashioned by the dehydrating rigors of personal poverty ala St. Francis of Assisi was the contemplative prayer mood he pursued during his Sunday fast in honor of those 100 American servicemen who'd done likewise on Thanksgiving Day at a Vietnamese hospital in Pleiku, whistling for seagulls to flutter overhead while he mused about *Dune*'s Planetologist Liet-Kynes advice on cultivating an urgent 'ecological literacy among the people'.

He surfed motionless like an anonymous 17<sup>th</sup> century "Digger" within the pristine sanctity of his own shallow sand trough, calculating how best to

employ “Mauch Chunk” in evangelical service of a generational dream devoted to cultivating an “American Commons” everyone could share. It would be his “Civilian Conservation Coop Community Garden” shout out to those multinational corporate hoarders of real estate *au naturel* whose true motives were in question (for he too, even though defining himself as more of an I.M. or “Independent Moderate”, had found himself swept up in the politically activist spirit of his time along with most everyone else he knew).

“WHEEL to wheel, it’ll be a Sleeping Bear Movement of Frontier Wagons Hitching their Progress To Time’s Revolutionary Motion,” he chirped to an endangered yellow-breasted Kirtland’s Warbler who’d landed improbably on his shoulder from a nearby Jack Pine like a solitary scouting party of sunrise, wondering just when and how he might sharpen this vague “Participatory Parkocracy” argument with a sense of pointed urgency, some place and time where he could put his body on the line in defense of “Nature is my Religion” environmentalist James Oliver Curwood whose Norman Castle museum in Owosso he’d scaled illicit entrance to that summer as “Godfrey of Sherwood” for a midnight love-in with Amarantha’s “Maiden Miranda”, all in rehearsal for doing likewise in Washington on behalf of a larger, if larcenous, purpose.

So just *rediscovering* his forgotten flame-orange pirate booty in Jefferson’s garage on Christmas Eve 1988 not only twanged some freakish lost chord in Havrylak’s unconscious fretboard memory, it also sent his beanie spinning over whether this heisted trinket amputated off the Smithsonian’s glacial erratic, which Wisconsin’s receding glaciation had scraped up and dropped behind millennia ago on the shore of what would become the Ontonagon River, might serve as a clairvoyant conduit of electromagnetic wisdom which could help guide Lincoln out of his cruel marathon of intermittent delirium, graced by only a “placebo effect” or not and perhaps on Havrylak’s part out of sheer despair, for no other therapy had yet solved the mystery of that head injury befelled by his father from an auto accident near Fenway Park after attending the Twins ill-fated 1967 season finale battle with Boston’s Red Sox for the American League pennant.

And it might have been the best gift Havrylak ever received out of the blue whether he believed the missionary ghost of Rene Menard had given it to him as the lodestar for a future “Keweenaw Point Vision Quest” or not.

But then there arrived this encore present: a glossy hardcover copy of *Let The Word Go Forth* “Santa” left for him early Christmas morning before the children had awakened, sleigh mail’d by Dad in a moment of charitable

clarity from Excelsior and shelf'd at eye level between red stockings hung with candy canes behind their twinkling multicoloured balsam like a rectangular mirror for he to see something of his own reflection in.

Perusing President Kennedy's 1962 "We Choose To Go To The Moon" speech with inspired nostalgia for a trip back in time, Havrylak clapped the book shut and began telling Coyote about his 1969 adventures with Amarantha in Ann Arbor and how he might recast them for the current re-launch of his "Radio Free Japheth Big Lake Ministry" broadcasts from Lincoln's Bambi Airstream—"Bard of the Holy Ghost?" she tasked her inner scholar. "Or has Penelope returned to haunt his dreams as a political muse?"—"But dear," she butted in to remind him of that video taken by her of he shirtless, hanging on for dear life, atop twirling Endover singing some song from the old *Camelot* movie musical on "Census Day" 1980 in Ann Arbor which had poetically coincided with an annual April 1<sup>st</sup> Fools Day "Hash Bash" celebration and led to their becoming unexpectedly re-acquainted.

*RE-acquainted?*

*Well, yes...*

*Unexpectedly?*

*For Havrylak, almost certainly...*

For yes, even after she'd announced their shared history together later that crazy quilt afternoon of interwoven street theater and just prior to "Open Mike Folk Night" at The Ark where Havrylak had volunteered to debut *When Music Comes Inside* while she video-cammed him singing it, he found it difficult to even picture "Coyote" as Aunt Tess's apron-string clinging adopted daughter Raquel who'd attended family gatherings during his high school years before all of them moved abruptly away in 1968—he (with Jefferson) downstate to Ann Arbor and she (with Tess) overseas to Europe.

"You threw your indian head penny up into the air where we sat on the Michigan Union steps, hands held, praying for peace, and I shouted out 'Heads', remember?"

"Chief Liberty!"

It was his nickname for that 1890 "One Center" Jefferson brought back to the Copper Country from Philadelphia in 1906 and ceremonially passed to Havrylak on Manitou Island 60 summers later at the central dolmen of a William Stukeley inspired standing stone circle Japheth had erected in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century as part of an antiquarian druidical revival he'd

become enamoured with. The quarried red and white stones were secretly boated out one summer from Jacobsville and erected by chain and pulley on top of what Japheth believed to be an ancient indian mound shaped like a hibernating mother bear and cub in mutual foetal position after he'd heard rumours about such ursine earthworks discovered elsewhere in the Upper Midwest (as Havrylak confirmed years later while visiting ancient animal-shaped mounds which had escaped European immigrant plows high above the Mississippi River now federally preserved at the Effigy Mound National Monument in northeastern Iowa just upriver from Prairie du Chien.)

Havrylak still carried that sacred penny in his wallet's secret pocket where it had garnished a garish if faint verdigris patina over the years, garden ripening along with his affection for its nearly infallible flipping ability to land largely in his favor. So when he slipped this greening red cent out of his faded blue jeans backpocket and flicked it up in the air again with a confident thumbnail grin, he winked at Chief Liberty's serene feminine profile as Coyote opted for "Tails" this time with another unlucky guess.

"Holy Toledo, Kyot! It's a Transformational Camelot!" Havrylak exclaimed just as he did in 1980 only now recalling when and where he'd first heard Lincoln read it aloud for in fact he *had* just read that curious phrase *aloud* at the Bambi Airstream, as originally spoken by Japheth's second wife Anna in the May 29, 1905 birthday entry of Grandpa Jefferson's *Red Jacket Journal* though he didn't tell Coyote so. "Guess I'm goin' for another orbital ride on Endover," Havrylak breathed in with a bittersweet 'round round, get around, I get around' Beach Boys bravado as Coyote exhaled her Northern Californian satori sigh of sad retrospective karma, knowing *which* "Endover" he *really* meant while watching him scrutinize Chief Liberty's spacy stare from the back of his trembling hand.

After mounting a spiral staircase up to the polyhedral lamproom of Eagle Harbor's Lighthouse they stood beside that crystal sculpture of its now stationary fresnel lens, looking north toward Ontario's distant boundary over jagged ice jams trapped like river timber in an inexorable slow motion collision between Keweenaw's conglomerate shoreline and stormy Superior.

"The last time we saw each other before that wild day in Ann Arbor must have been at the Battle of Michigan Avenue when I was just a kid half your age, running hand in hand from those helmeted cops with you and Mom. Do you remember 'OM-ing' with Allen Ginsburg and Terry Southern in Lincoln Park?"

“Was that the cicada hum I heard all around us? I thought somebody’d turned up an AM radio to the white noise buzzing between WCCO and WLS.”

“Eastern philosophy hadn’t yet turned you on?”

“An ‘Om’ was just an ‘Um’ for me then and still is so fret not for I found my secret mantra on a ‘Journey to the East’ two summers ago at Keweenaw Point and may return there someday to update it but what I want to really know now is whether what happened in Chicago led Vera Tess to flee expatriate across the Atlantic with you in tow?”

“That and the misguided behavior of whatever primitive local misanthrope torched Mom’s Elektron Sensorium while we were in Chicago. Did you ever discover who the arsonist was?”

“Still awaiting word from Judge Jeffries so don’t hold your breath but everything that was happening then sent Jefferson and I that autumn to Ann Arbor for his nine month stint of guest lectures at Hill Auditorium on Calumet’s labor relations history which had come to a screeching halt with the final union strike against C & H in August. I spent my senior year at Pioneer High where I learned to love the irreverent academic spirit of a college town where both Senator Kennedy’s Peace Corp proposal and the Anti-War Movement were born but five years apart.”

“Remember our Liberty Street Dance at Mr. Flood’s Party?”

“Of course I do, even though I didn’t realize it was *you* I danced with then that afternoon.”

“It wasn’t mere April foolishness which brought us together on Census Day. I had serious help from Mom and an old Psychedelic Ranger.”

“*Who?*”

“One of John Starr Cooke’s former grail knights for northern California’s neurochemical crusade! More fanciful than chanciful to your ears perhaps, but Mom once told me she was present at Cooke’s final ‘ONE’ Ouija board session for the ‘Aquarian Tarot’ in Carmel-by-the-Sea on November 16, 1963 just a week before that awful assassination which blew this country apart. Did she ever tell you about that?”

“I remember squatting like a dharmabum face to face with Aunt Tess on the Elektron Sensorium’s octagonal rotunda beneath a copper chandelier I’d hung for her in June as she showed me these 22 paintings for an Aquarian Age Tarot card deck created by some ‘wheelchair wizard’ living in a cliff-top house above the sea who’d come up with that Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In at Golden Gate Park which in turn led to the Summer of Love. Apparently that whole cultural phenomenon began with a conjoining of seven planets in the constellation of Aquarius on

February 5, 1962. She later cut out photos of those tarot trump cards from a 1967 issue of the San Francisco Oracle, pasted them to cardboard backings and then practiced her tarot divination skills until she felt confident enough to give a reading. She asked me to shuffle the cards, all of whose names and symbols had been transformed from what they were in the original medieval deck, and then set them down cardboard side up on the floor between us. The first, and as it turned out, *only* card she would overturn was the ‘Nameless One’, formerly known as ‘The Fool’. Cooke’s painting portrayed him carrying two scrolls, one opened and one closed. A spider hung over his head, which Tess identified with the constellation of Cancer, and he was accompanied on the trail by a chimeric two-headed creature that was half cat and half dog. She then claimed, as a ‘Delphic Prophetess of Apollo’, that this card pointed the future way forward into my ‘New Frontier’. And that’s all I can recall for her reading suddenly turned into my surprise 17<sup>th</sup> birthday party as a bunch of teenage friends from the harbor ran up the steps to interrupt us so she put the deck away and invited them in. After that, all she kept talking about was Charlemagne, pointing up to the new chandelier and winking at me, God knows why. Even now, when I squint my mind’s-eye, I can still see those burning sticks of balsam incense which filled the air and all those poplar leaves fluttering in gusts from an offshore breeze that blew through the eight screen windows of her static-charged ‘Amber Room’ and sent modal tones of her Gregorian chant wind chimes ringing like dozens of tiny reindeer bells while I blew out all but one of 17 candles on an angel food cake.”

“You know we visited the Abbaye de Cluny where she’d sent for those chimes that very winter but *please* sweetheart, tell me what happened next,” urged Coyote, sounding curiouser and curiouser...

“Well, after everyone left, we walked the calico cat she called ‘Dog’, named after that San Francisco song from a couple summers earlier, through a lifting fog all the way down her steep stairway to sand-drifted M26 where she verily verily’d, like some seeress afterthought, that my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday would be ‘momentous and forever change me’. We never got another chance to complete her tarot reading and one year later to that *very day* after you both had flown overseas to London or Paris or wherever—”

“Finally Belle Ile in fact, off the southern coast of Brittany.”

“—okay, *not* the one in Detroit, so...where was I?...O while you were off gallivanting around the Bay of Biscay, a few of your Mom’s former frisbee friends helped me turn 18, the legal draft age for America’s lunatic war machine running amok in Vietnam and yet I still couldn’t even *vote* for Christ’s sake! But I’d dutifully registered two days before man



landed on the moon and for the first time in my life felt a sense of existential terror. What clear-thinking boy back then *wouldn't* have harbored thoughts of searching for some way out? Mine was a college deferment that lasted six months followed by the fate of a lottery draw. My lucky number was 120.”

In the end it turned out to be a handful of Wham-O's victorious “California Masters” entourage, fresh from their second straight capture of the Julius T. Nachazel trophy at Eagle Harbor's annual International Frisbee Tournament, who helped Havrylak make personal, if peculiar, sense of it all that epic summer evening along Great Sand Bay's endless arcing crescent, “Little Big Sur” of the Keweenaw from their Pacific Coast Highway perspective, and just one steep helter skelter dune dash down from M26, upon whose vast beautiful bleached blond beach whitecaps would crash baptismal bubbles under a cleansing Canadian clipper that came sailing through their souls after sunset to drive the fog of war away as Neil Armstrong took his giant “small step” onto *Mare Tranquillitatis*.

Like Apollo winging it out of Delphi in his “Swan Boat” to mythical Hyperborea, Havrylak had turbo-propped north to the Copper Country on July 4<sup>th</sup> in a “Blue Goose”—named after the North Central Airlines tail fin mascot—upon Jefferson's oracular urging (and against Amarantha's wishes) to tune up and refinish Dad's rusting T-Bucket which had been parked in their summer camp's garage at Copper Falls ever since Lincoln's accident in Boston, patiently waiting for someone to take her on a nice long spin all the way back to where, like some motorized cast iron roman chariot, she'd once rolled off a now long disassembled Detroit assembly line in 1926.

Just as Orpheus was the son of Apollo, so too was Havrylak a Child of 1960s America and he brought, along with his banged-up camping guitar, a fruit crate stacked with record albums bought during his senior year at Pioneer High from the short-lived Howling Wolverine Head Shop in downtown Ann Arbor. Soon they were blaring from a porch stereo perched on an end table next to that lacquered wicker rocking chair where he studied his grandfather's 1907 first edition copy of Jack London's *The Iron Heel*, reading daily from Avis Everhard's narrative about the capitalist system's ‘pig-ethics’ and how ‘When the word goes forth, the labour hosts of all the world shall rise’ in some inevitable international ‘revolution’. These davening sit downs were accompanied by dark interior detours spent worrying about Amarantha's downstate involvement with the Weathermen who had convinced themselves that 1970 was going to be the ‘Year of the Revolution’. Their paranoid martial psyches, Dionysian group orgies and millenarian cult temptations was no place for the first love of his life to call

home. Some of them were so acid-addled by now they were more likely than not to hop on a sawhorse waving a six-shooter and yell “Giddy Up!”

He tempered each mental anguish ambush with another round of knuckle-blistering work on the T-Bucket countered by an hour or two of hacking weeds with the crescent blade of an antique scythe in his grandfather’s terraced hillside horticultural experiment whose native perennials he’d discovered a month overtaken when he arrived due to Jefferson’s extended absence—for his visiting labor relations lecture series at the U of M wasn’t scheduled to end until late August. And it was in the rocky soil refuge of Jefferson’s garden that Havrylak started to develop his own ideas of what it might mean to be a “Weatherman”. Standing like a scarecrow with the scythe by his side, he breathed in an atmospheric philosophy drawn from the “Wisdom Tradition” that circulated through his head as a whispering whirlpool turbulence whose susurrant cyclonic gospel blended in varying harmonic ratios from the *Song Of Songs* and that oldest of Judeo-Christian hymnals, Tess’s cherished *Odes Of Solomon*, which he once memorized many verses of. Like Emerson’s ‘Poet’, he daily reaped the natural currents of a universal being circling through him with that invisible ‘aetherial fire’ suffusing the cosmos, as pre-Socratic philosophers and the oracles of Apollo described ‘God’ in a polytheistic free-for-all era before Monotheism’s centralizing priesthoods arose. Pining motionless in merry meditation like some bulb-lit evergreen planted in a grassroots paradise, that rotating motion flowed through him with a kinetic theology centrifugally gathering scattered thoughts and tingling his apical meristem in gymnospheric delight to sprout the crowning bud of an iridescent angelic halo that three passovers of a solitary raven bore exculpatory witness to.

He called these daily motionless mentabolisms his “Back To The Garden ‘I AM’ Pirouettes” for they whirled round a calm centering rosette-like eye within his skull which foresaw and flowered the expanding frontier circumference of an *avant-garde* paradisial musical consciousness, once lost, that now pollinated his eardrums as he agonized through two weeks of wrenching, hammering, hacksawing, riveting and welding until his fingers bled and his arms ached in agony: a muscular prelude for the more restrained crafts of sanding and painting and buffing and polishing to follow all while his high-piled jukebox of vinyl records, shuffled randomly each morning like a deck of esoteric game cards, dropped one by one onto his spinning roundtable to serve up the psychedelic sci-fi rock sounds of Jefferson Airplane’s masterpiece *Crown Of Creation* or the Monkees box-busting anti-war surreal pop soundtrack from *Head* (with enthusiastic help from Green Bay linebacker Ray Nitschke no less); that unforgettable eclectic potpourri

of eccentric tunes and cameo characters cast in the Beatles experimentally hypercreative six-sided *White Album* or the pyrotechnic guitar wizardry and plaintive vocal wailing of *Led Zeppelin I*; Jethro Tull's bluesy debut on *This Was* with its bizarre cover or Spooky Tooth's bone aching vocals in *Spooky Two*; the boisterous irrepressible jazz-rock arrangements of *Blood, Sweat & Tears* and *Chicago Transit Authority* or the Moody Blues' *In Search Of The Lost Chord* + *On The Threshold of A Dream* whose pair of exploratory dreamtime excursions nearly a year apart had fermented as one within his brewing skull by July; Neil Young's haunted melodies and garage guitar jams with Crazy Horse on *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* (whose *Cowgirl In The Sand* would serve as a melodramatic dream interpretation multiplier during his November campout with untameable Amarantha at Sleeping Bear Dunes in the carnal aftermath of their audacious Smithsonian theft); that frenzied contagious guitar strumming on The Who's messianic rock opera *Tommy*; Poco's pioneering still unsurpassed country-rock album *Pickin' Up The Pieces* and those rich stringent folk-rock hippie harmonies of *Crosby, Stills And Nash*; the sole possessor pleasure of hearing an obscure British import featuring Nick Drake's signature fingerpicking and haunting melodies on *Five Leaves Left* when no one else he knew had even heard of him or Francois Hardy; and finally, after all his garage and garden labours were finished and he sat comfortably see-sawing Jefferson's rocker as Great Sand Bay's sinking sun became a rosy candle that glowed under the lake, his day's dual "coupe de fin" encore coda began with a ritual dropping of the tone arm onto the spiral grooves of *Bucket "T"*, B-side of The Who's *Magic Bus* followed by *Revolution*, B-side of The Beatles *Hey Jude* both of which had been released at the augustan end of last year's "Hi-Boy" summer and whose 45 singles he'd slipped into his flannel shirt on a double dare at the Howling Wolverine Head Shop one autumn afternoon in 1968 enroute from skipping school at Pioneer High on a joy ride to the Arboretum with laugh riotous Amarantha in her gold flaked SuperBeetle which she'd dubbed, after a brief immersion in the Egyptian *Book Of The Dead*, "Khepri", believing then in a few of her more private apocalyptic moods that it might someday become their good luck charm—a funerary vehicle for passing through the Underworld toward some dialectical form of rebirth and immortality if "The Revolution" failed.

Funny part was, no Egyptologist he, Havrylak mistakenly thought she'd christened her car "Jeffrey" which spawned a queasy vibe of paranoid jealousy into their relationship for a "Jeffrey" (with long blond locks like his no less) there *was* in that group of SDS radicals whom she'd warily begun consorting with. Consequently, every time *A Song For Jeffrey* spun around

to play on the aforementioned Jethro Tull album he pictured her VW's gold flake paint job and saw significant precedent for not spraying any of it on his T-Bucket. And this, among other lyrical references which hit a little too close to home, is why Havrylak's daily blast of the singing 60's multitudes from that fecund record collection began to take a gravitational toll on his frail attenuating attention span so by the time this accumulative squashing came to its inevitable two-week conclusion, the ground of anticipation had been thoroughly fertilized for his fatalistic acceptance of an unforeseen comet impact which would launch him up to inspirational altitudes from a lonely crater of depression on the very same afternoon two space-travelling earthlings jetted down onto the desolate grey lunar surface in what appeared to be a glittering golden-legged spider while Apollo 11's third astronaut orbited in singular vigil with their command module some 60 miles above.

And that "groovy" black grail dish which came sailing toward him like a sonic frisbee as if generously tossed his birthday way by NASA itself? *The Soft Parade* by name. A just released Doors album which he paid for along with a tip for gas on Friday the 18<sup>th</sup> at Fahrenheit 213, another short-lived record shop from that meltable era located near the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> & Elm in Calumet where he was let off by the store's owner who'd picked him up hitchhiking along the Eagle Harbor Cutoff road and thus provided Havrylak an incentive to venture a courteous look inside. He'd rode uptown to register for the draft and purchase those 1969 license plates which would give his ready to rocknroll T-Bucket a legal right to drive down the road and then hitchhiked back to Copper Falls with a 33<sup>1/3</sup> rpm platter that would serve up premonitions of his millennium-to-come metamorphosis two mornings later.

TV reception was always *iffy* in Eagle Harbor and on Sunday the 20<sup>th</sup> an incoming fog bank had fizzled their only available channel into a hissing anaesthetic buzz of fuzzy snow...

*[2001 retro-aside] Snow white as all those male musicians of my early record collection, one might argue, which may have found its apotheosis in the Beatles' film-length 'White Album' itself whose unexplicable sequence of indecipherable songs probably had a disproportionate influence on my compositional disposition after its November 22<sup>nd</sup> release in 1968. There was in fact one brief melody on the 'White Album' which, though I won't reveal it's identity quite yet, became for me what that "little phrase from Vinteuil's Sonata" was for Swann in Proust's 'Remembrance Of Things Past' as it too transformed the temporal architecture of my undying soul*

...but since Havrylak had been trained to always “Be Prepared” and still felt loyal to that merit-badged Boy Scout he’d once truly tried to be a living exemplar of, there was perpetually tucked in one of his blue jean pockets a battery powered crystal radio shaped like a little rocket ship, long ago assembled by he and his Dad, that travelled along with him wherever he went. And where he’d chosen to travel in his Hi-Boy upgrade of Lincoln’s Model-T for an inaugural spin was down that roly-poly wending route along Sand Dunes Drive for the purpose of re-visiting the charred remains of Aunt Tess’s Elektron Sensorium at Great Sand Bay whose once friendly laid-back California bungalow atmosphere he’d been craving ever since he flew into the Houghton Airport and hired a pair of taxis to transport himself and his cumbersome luggage north to Jefferson’s summer camp at Copper Falls.

What if he could excavate an agate, a greenstone or an amber patience bead that had sunk incognito beneath the sand after last autumn’s arsonous atrocity? Might his now expatriate Godmother return one day and rebuild? Maybe even write that novel she kept promising to begin?

But before leaving camp, this being then the Celtic ken (and yen) of his Tassajara zen—as taught by Aunt Tess in the icy waters of “Devil’s Washtub” near Copper Harbor last summer in counterpoint to that hot springs version she’d experienced during the “Summer Of Love” at a new monastery tucked in the Santa Lucia Mountains south of Carmel—he riveted, with spring coils sensitive to every itty witty bitty bump in the road, a hand-painted “beating heart” tattoo right above his vehicle’s rear bumper.

Its artistic inspiration was *Wild Child*, saviorific opening tune of the Doors new LP, side B, which he’d dropped his phonograph needle down onto for first listen by accident or providential intervention while gobbling a brook trout and blueberry pie breakfast on the morning of his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Scrawl a ruby red Valentine heart with the word “**Hi!**” in black Gothic font at its pulsing copper center and you’ve primitively lettered the gregarious greeting of his scarlet embroidery. No “M” for Mom. Nor “A” for Amarantha. Not even a zigzag lightning crack or Cupid arrow piercing straight through it. Nope. Just the English alphabet’s eighth and ninth letters punctuated by an exclamation point as if this were his bobble-head shout of brotherly love. And that’s what our friendly neighborhood astronaut brought back with him as he steered earthward from Jefferson’s ridgetop camp to an Eagle Harbor splashdown and a glorious party for all at Great Sand Bay.