

Rudolph Crashes 'Flint Wargasm' Christmas Party

-or-

Destination Moon

*"Who's that flying up there? Is it a bird? (NO!)
Is it a plane? (NO!) Is it the Twister? (YEAH!)"*

Let's Twist Again

Chubby Checker

(1961)

*"—and suddenly their whole act gets side-swiped by some crusty
drifter who looks like something out of an upper Michigan hobo jungle."*

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

Hunter Thompson

(1971)

Feeling pumped up enough to peel a twisting black patch upon curved white cement, Havrylak slid the balsam fir needle scented envelope addressed to Amarantha's last known Ann Arbor safehouse into a General Motors Institute dropbox on Chevrolet Avenue and revved his "flaming tornado" T-Bucket. Her christmas card would belatedly arrive of course, perhaps even post-mortem if today's "Performance Peace" didn't go well, making him wonder whether it was kosher to insert his autographed RSVP for the Weather Bureau's "National War Council" pep rally being held at Flint's Giant Ballroom toward which he was perilously hot rodding in subversive counterterror search of some ad hoc armistice song 'n' dance.

Lovingly chopped and channelled from the rusty chassis of Jefferson Kern's '23 Ford back in the early '60s, Hav's customized coupe was the acetylene handiwork of his inventive father Lincoln, a 1948 cooperative engineering graduate of GMI's Buick Motor Division whose August commencement procession, held at the Industrial Mutual Association Auditorium less than a month and a half after Philly Republicans nominated Owosso-born Thomas Dewey for what would prove to be an infamous run at the White House, was Mendelssohn's *War March Of The Priests* followed

by a chorale chaser of Procter & Sullivan's *The Lost Chord*—a traditional alma mater yoking his Owosso fiance Athalia found scripturally troubling.

“To hell with it then...” squealing sidewall rubber from the campus curb with his door panel decal depicting fire chief helmeted Dennis the Menace armed with an axe inside an orange-tongued whirlwind grinning chastely back at crosstown traffic, he goosed a speedy beeline for the Bluff Street Shell station and topped off his illegally enlarged gas tank at *20 cents a fucking gallon, man*, falsettoing along with Jan & Dean's summers old hit 45 which still drag raced around his sentimental head whenever he filled up, gearing into an inevitable groove-ending rendezvous with breaking glass:

*All the girls wanna take a ride with me
Cuz there's only one seat in my Bucket T
My Bucket T, Bucket T, Bucket T, Bucket T*

-----snip-----

Inspired by Amarantha's Sleeping Bear Dunes campfire retelling of those San Francisco Diggers who disrupted Tom Hayden's keynote speech at the SDS Drawing Boards camp meeting just north of Kalamazoo two summers earlier, backpacked Havrylak commanded the ballroom stage barefoot, giddy and dressed down under like some Tasmanian daredevil twirling in from out of an antipodean time zone for a hot June barbecue.

But where on earth has my beloved Jesse James Gang soulmate disappeared to now this sad winter's day? Gone MIA?

He hefted his sunburst Gibson J50 guitar from its hardshell dreadnought case and banged out an open A chord on the 5th fret of that shiny new acoustic-electric given him by Grandpa Moses Ziegenhagen at their Christmas family gathering Thursday in nearby Owosso. After flashing its stars & stripes back panel at platform's edge—water slid with an “Old Glory” decal copped from Captain America's motorcycle gas tank in *Easy Rider*—he aimed his rat-a-tat-tat communique at that drug-fueled wargasm session moshing chaotically before him until a scattershot of turning heads about-faced with what they may have truly believed passed for paying attention but the karate chop cacophany of hoops and hollers that had been ricocheting

floorward in raucous fashion off the ghetto concert hall's tall timbered ceiling ever since Havrylak got frisked for weapons at the blood-stained entryway dropped at most a mere decibel.

So, with a frisbee'd flick of his flatpicking right hand, he pointed roofward to that gigantic cardboard Tommy gun hung like a dogfighting Fokker in some rural Red Baron Fatherland hangar and which, through an increasingly erratic weathervane-like motion, must surely have been mis-firing upon an epic-sized "Enemies List" wall poster one of whose bullet targeted names was a California governor named Ronald Reagan:

"EVERYBODY UP!"

Borrowed from Laurium-born Lincoln's treasured 1st edition copy of *The Knute Rockne Story*, Havrylak wolf-howled it's marching order with a screeching Jim Morrison style fingernails-to-chalkboard summons.

"Buono sera, Tupamaros! What d'ya say we go 'Get one for the Gipper' and just forget this crazy Battle of Angiers stuff."

He'd fetched the film schtick straight from Phil Silvers mouth as heard in a Gina Lollobrigida movie one steamy Saturday night at sprawling Dearborn's mammoth Ford-Wyoming Drive-In that past unimaginably miraculous summer and was feeling way too pleased at his arcane *King John* juxtaposition when, with a phlegm-marbled cough of Milwaukee schitzpah, kibitz'd the first catcall of the afternoon from some weatherwoman wearing a brown mini jumpsuit Amarantha would have never been caught dead in:

"That's *Algiers* you honky *A-hole!*"

OK, focus now...when sacking Rome, must do as Rome-sacking Visigoths do...

"Do you wanna know what it's actually like to live in a real time whirlwind? Well let's have a Prairie Power Pow-Wow right Now-Now and furiously discuss it! Did any of *YOU* experience firsthand the fierce Flint-Beecher tornado of 1953? Well *WE* did! My pregnant Mom and I chased the bug ugly hairy ass hindquarters of that homicidal storm in Dad's black Buick Special all the way home from a gynecology appointment in Owosso where America's most numerologically anomalous cyclone struck back in 1911, toppling the Salem Lutheran Church steeple and prophetically

unleashing a persecutorial leviathan that hunted down our family for 54 years. Here's a clue for those of you who aren't good with numbers in your kool-aid state of mind: *eleven*, *Eleven*, *ELEVEN*—plus two more *elevens* cuz it hit at 11:11 pm in the second week of November can ya *freakin'* believe it?! And by the time we reached our modest Flint bungalow near the corner of Seneca & Pasadena that sweltering spring night more than 100 people had perished along the Coldwater Road just mile or two north of us.”

“Stab a fork in it, Job!”

“*Theerrre* you go again. Let me simply state that it's positively fourth street true and for the providentially attuned to which way the wind really *is* blowing here are its meteorological bullet points:

- November 11, 1911 (2 deaths) in Owosso.
- June 8, 1953 (116 dead) in Flint. The first twister ever captured on film.
- April 3, 1956 (18 dead) from Hudsonville to the west side of Grand Rapids. Michigan's second deadliest recorded funnel. A monster F5 seen snaking along the northwest horizon from our basement window high up in Kent Hills just down Herrick Street from a water tower sentinel that watches over the Fair Plains Cemetery to this very day.
- May 6, 1965 (16 dead) in Excelsior and beyond. The Minnesota F4 coup de grace bringing it all back home when my suburban teenage neighborhood got sucked skyward as a pop chart Dylan single named *Subterranean Homesick Blues* stalled without a bullet at #53.”

Then he courteously duckwalked through a 1949 Christmas hit medley of Gene Autry's *Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer* and Yogi Yorgesson's *I Yust Go Nuts At Christmas* until the angry bee-stung hive came swarming in.

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(to be completed someday)