

## Prayer Dance For Peace And Freedom

(A “Film-on-the-Run” by Girl Scout with commentary by Popcorn Bucket.  
For soundtrack accompaniment containing musical contributions from Havrylak Kern,  
Jack Jones, Toto, Kermit the Frog and Ian Anderson click: <http://tinyurl.com/mgkvagy>)

© 2017 Young Deer Enterprises. All Rights Reserved.

“Thou shalt have the whole land for your park and manor”

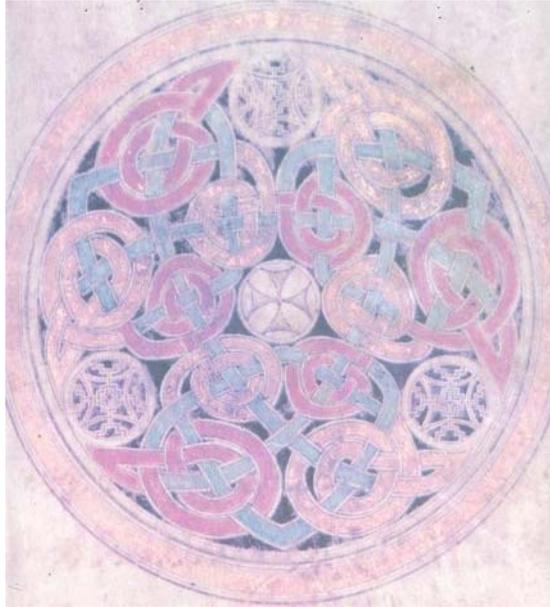
The Poet  
Ralph Waldo Emerson  
(1844)



*Father of Waters  
Pour Forth upon Earth  
Your Motherly River  
Of Life and Rebirth*

Digitally recorded during the advent of a “Public Education Outreach Pilgrimage” from Michigan’s Keweenaw Peninsula to the Mississippi Headwaters in Minnesota’s Itasca State Park, *Prayer Dance For Peace And Freedom* is the opening quarter hour (or “15 1/3<sup>rd</sup> Minute Agape”, as the director calls it) of a “Film-on-the-Run” about three Calumet High “Pageant Wagoneers” (Girl Scout, Ozawindib and Hank Davy) making an RV field trip in “Millennial Frontier Service” of the North American melting pot all the way up to Jasper National Park in Alberta, Canada by Christmas.

Girl Scout's "Love Feast" narrative, suffused with solastalgia (and directed at the upcoming Navel Academy's Middle East Peace Conference: "Roadmap For Peace"), is mottled with bountiful nature scenery and quick seemingly random flashes of videos and stills obtained from various historical society, university library and online archives. I recognized rapid outtakes of Native American deer dances; alleged Bigfoot and UFO footage; an eerily familiar woman and her daughter in the crowd at Monterey Pop; this illuminated frontispiece from the Celtic *Book Of Durrow* out of non sequitur nowhere



as well as parade-waving footage taken in Dallas on 11/22/1963 (with thankfully no Zapruder stills) and also some "Funeral Wagon" coverage shot on 11/25/63 (sub-titled as "The Founding Day Myth of Mass Television as a Unifying Media Technology"). But intercut amongst all this archival material was another visual thread spooled out of grainy black and white scenes drawn from an unlabeled 8mm film reel included within my 2007 "Thanksgiving-Hanukkah Gift" package, stylishly shrouded by a tie-dyed velour pouch, whose DVD transfer contains early 1960s home movie footage of twin boys deer hunting with their Dad, Christmas morning present-opening frenzies, cub scout hikes, boy scout campouts, sandlot baseball games, Guts Frisbee tournaments and a haunting cemetery visit to an unmarked gravesite, all of whose meaning and purpose for inclusion here I found personally strange and disturbing, recognizing as I did too many memories long suppressed or forgotten. On an accompanying CD there are a few MS Word and Adobe PDF documents along with, among many other pictures, this jpeg scan filled with strange esoteric drawings and poetic motifs, one of hundreds of pages rumoured to have been handwritten by a local musician (who'll remain unnamed) back in the 1980s and indexed here as *Grail Quest Fellowship Of Transcendental Voyageuring (Document #18)*:



what she and her cohorts in artistic sport were trying to convey. This really is to be a *road* film after all, led by the open highway, and it begins with a postcard vignette filmed Thanksgiving Day at the Mississippi River Headwaters where our three intrepid emissaries wave and shout a “Wish You Were Here!” to the camera as Girl Scout then approaches the camcorder waving a tiny golden flag made from the hide of a “13-striped spermophile”. Procuring an antique copper timepiece (or is it a compass?) from her vest pocket, she swings it back and forth before the lens while voicing in French, from Mallarme’s *Le Faune Eglogue*, “A l’heure ou ce bois d’or et de cendres se teinte, Une fete s’exalte en la feuillee eteinte” (subtitled on screen in English: “When this wood glows with ashes and with gold, in the spent leaves wild carnival is held”). This is followed by a mysterious whisper: “Sssshhh, we’re all asleep in the same dream, the dimension of heaven is time and music shall untune the sky.”

Their film then flashes back to the Keweenaw Peninsula at Indian Summer’s height (which must have been shot in early October) where, after some fall colour tour footage taken from the RV, we find “Ozawindib” (dressed head to toe in light brown



fringed buckskin) and “Hank Davy” (wearing a flannel shirt and bluejeans) walking along the shore of Great Sand Bay on a windy wet-suited hyperborean surfer’s day:



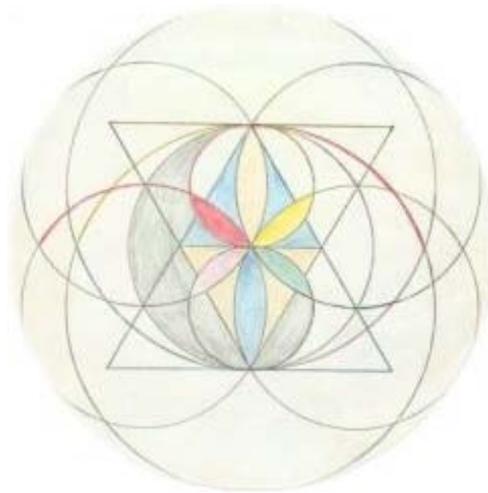
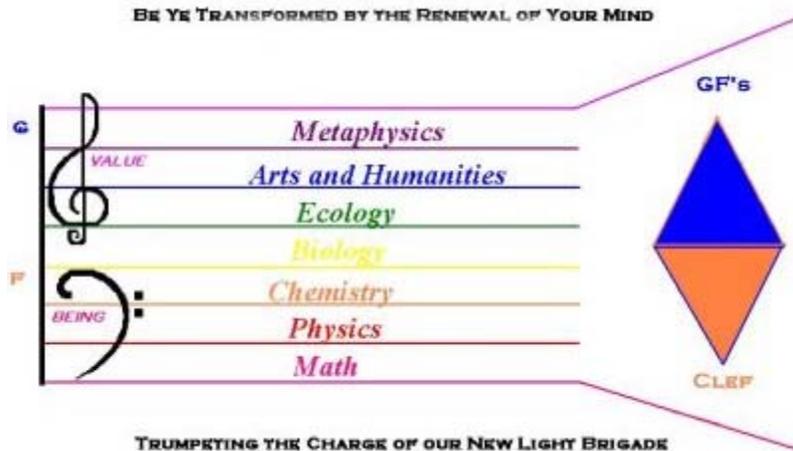
An Alberta Clipper had sailed down from Thunder Bay with a stiff enduring gust reminiscent of that blustery November day back in 1975 when the Edmund Fitzgerald sank to the bottom of Lake Superior's deep freshwater well. A few miles east of here last summer, a family vacationing from downstate Grand Rapids discovered along the shoreline what they believed to be a lost "Life Ring" from that ill-fated ore freighter and brought it to the Great Lakes Shipwreck Historical Society Museum in Whitefish Point for verification. The "Ring" later turned out to be a homemade tribute facsimile painted by an Eagle River lakeshore dweller who'd lost it in a fierce storm a year or two prior but it seems to be something pertaining to this locally controversial incident that our film's two young men, (twin brothers it now appears as the camera zooms in) get into an argument over as they walk. After raising their fists and nearly coming to blows, they suddenly laugh, shake hands, and run over to squat down behind a hollowed-out dune where Ozawindib pulls out a corncob pipe from his backpack which he proceeds to pack with "tea leaves of grass", light, inhale, and hand over to Hank Davy who draws tentatively on the stem before passing it back. The "Tea Leaf" that blossoms from a billowing puff of fog is an exhalation of shimmering autumn scenery shot through an arboreal tunnel-like logging road leading them to an overgrown cemetery where we watch various combinations of the threesome roam amidst sinking tombstones, strewing wildflower bouquets and improvised eulogies. Hemingway wrote that Nick Adams was "holy" and "serious" to write about "nature" like Cezanne painted it, and there are jazz-age pulses of that Post WWI aesthetic spirit infused everywhere inside this exuberant collage which ends with a brilliant undulating nightsky auroral display—the whole sequence pushed to starburst in blooming flashes of autumn foliage, rushing trout streams, turbulent lake eddies, drifted wintry moonscapes and crumbling copper mining ruins, all of it in impressionistic visual homage to that allusive blend of nature notes, a

mixture of the actual and the fictive, which Henry David Thoreau wrote and reshaped in fine gospel fashion on an idyllic series of “romantic excursions” that eventually took him as far westward as Redwood Falls, Minnesota, one year before he died of tuberculosis in 1862 at the age of 44.

All of this breathtaking nature scenery abruptly shifts in segue-sync to *The Windmills Of Your Mind* where we return to the Mississippi Headwaters a hundred yards or so from which Ozawindib sits like an evergreen “drinking the living water of eternity” in meditation amidst the conical shaped burial mounds which bump up here and there in Itasca State Park. It is near dusk, Thursday November 22<sup>nd</sup>, and we are given the distinct impression that Ozawindib is that “Le Cerf Agile” who has been conjuring (or imagining) all the foregoing indian summer leaf peeping and auroral theater. He yoga squats in “Solomonic Ode” contemplation upon a silver snow-slide saucer, strung up in colored xmas lights, bandana’d by a bright twinkling L.E.D. headlamp and crowned with a reindeer velvet yarmulke, rocking gently side-to-side like a grandfather clock pendulum. Inspiration is where you find it and across the mound from Ozawindib sits Hank Davy, “sketching perhaps a Pythagorean rendition of Black Elk’s Harney Peak Vision of one large Sacred Hoop encircling smaller hoops with a Flowering Tree at its center that shelters the children of one mother and one father” as Girl Scout notes in her travelogue-screenplay.

The Fire Tower atop Harney Peak is where I had my Boy Scout cap hula-hooped off into oblivion by a blast of mountain wind at the end of our troop’s 50 Mile “Silver Arrow Trail” hike back in the summer of 1967 (which some folks still remember as the “Summer of Love”) and Girl Scout may be obliquely referring here to an anecdote of that time-stopping wilderness moment I shared with cast members at last winter’s wrap party for *King John*. “Or,” she writes on, “perhaps Hank sees it as a compassed choreography draft for Ozawindib’s evolving prayer dance or maybe the cross-section of some rhapsodic trumpet blast whose wildflower he christens *Jeffersonia poetica*.”

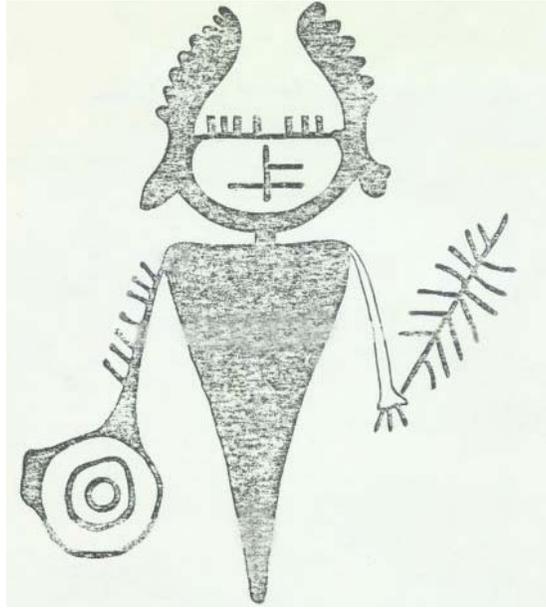
The second drawing, suggests Girl Scout, nicely grafted to the above mentioned diagram, “reminds us from Gregory Bateson’s *Steps To An Ecology Of Mind* that an evolutionary understanding of every ecosystem and even the human mind itself, both of which are ‘necessary and inevitable functions of complexity wherever it occurs’, can be apprehended from ‘the study of the interaction and survival of ideas in circuits’.”



*“Mine, after all may be an utopian dream, but being innocent, I have thought I might indulge in it until I go to the land of dreams, and sleep there with the dreamers of all past and future times.”*

The quote is from a November 25, 1817 letter that Thomas Jefferson sent to Portuguese botanist, Abbe Correa de Serra, writing of his dream for a public education system in America and, as Ozawindib stands up from his crescent-shaped saucer and begins to dance, he utters it aloud after which 3 (or is it 4?) rifle shots ring out and an explosion of casino chips scatter to the ground at his hopping feet. Girl Scout’s screenplay notes here that “This Jack-of-all-Trades, Electrician, Plumber, Brick Layer, Roofer, Sawyer, Carpenter, Handy Man, Architect or Someone Like Him has gathered together every broken piece of his former selves but one. The top of his head. And it is this last piece, diving down like a halcyon, which our wounded polytechnician must now begin to renovate and repair. The sudden pain and now faltering rhythm of his dance imparts to him that this sacred deer park is where he first lived and died many lives and centuries ago and thus it must ultimately be here, where ancient Woodland Indian mounds with bodies buried head-to-knee in fetal position have been excavated, that he will find what he has so long been searching for.”

In the 18th and final chapter of *Walden* Thoreau wrote “Direct your right eye inward, and you’ll find a thousand regions in your mind yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be expert in home-cosmography.” Well ‘home-cosmography’ has always been the topographic specialty of vision-questing shamans who sail between this ordinary world we all share together and an ever-evolving lake current map of the speculative cosmos as if embodying the American “Mabo the Melodious” (from Barry Fell’s *America B.C.*)



or European Cernunnos (raising up his Ring Bearer’s “Torc of Circular Unity” in one hand and the “Ram-Headed Fish-Tailed Serpent of the Celtic Calendar” in the other):



those “creative thinker” and “personal conscience” archetypes of western thought who unveil their transcendental voyage through the vast waters of knowledge and being to reveal yet unschooled artistic and scientific destinations for others to explore at their own whim or will, their own pace and time. “The druids teach of the stars and their motions, the world, the size of the lands, natural philosophy and the nature of the gods” wrote

Julius Caesar in *The Conquest Of Gaul*. But now today the whole earth has become home territory and as Ozawindib slumps down in mortal grief, the film rushes forward through random acts of recent kindness volunteered by our joyful threesome (delivering bags of groceries and gaily wrapped presents to a local food shelf and charity toy bin, preparing and serving food at a homeless shelter soup kitchen, playing at a musical fundraiser for hospital and rest home care, giving an elementary school poetry reading, ringing Salvation Army kettle bells, planting white pine seedlings in the Ottawa National Forest, picking up beach and highway trash along with a few other noble and chimeric freelances in the spirit of the season as they travel slowly across Michigan's western upper peninsula to Duluth, where they will spend a long night partying with one of Girl Scout's former Finlandia sorority sisters).

When we return from these charitable acts to the Mississippi Headwaters, "Ozawindib curls motionless on the ground as a snowflake-spotted fawn cautiously ambles in to nibble at the cedar sprig placed behind his ear. It is *Kauyumari*, the Little Deer Ally, who guards access to the great *nierika* or doorway to the other side, and his starry hide has brought a new heavenly awakening for this sleeping prophet who now rises from the ground and limps over to lake's end where he vigorously stirs with a canoe paddle that Aquarian Source which flows in every direction from North America's Geographic Dead Center, friction-stick igniting the Fire of that new Star Story he must now fetch for everyone". Girl Scout and Hank Davy then dash into the shot to hug and join hands with Ozawindib before the trio of Polar Bear Club devotees retreat a few steps and take a running leap into the icy waters of Itasca shouting "Time, Rhythm & Motion! Truth Against The World!"

Lame Deer once said "Wakan Tanka pours a great unimaginable amount of force into all things" and their tumultuous cannonball splash segues into another burst of aurora borealis footage that drains down through a whirlpool of circling debris interwoven with violent clips of floods, tsunamis, volcanic eruptions, exploding car bombs, atomic bomb tests, raging forest fires, earthquake aftermath damage zones, starving refugee camps and other calamities which finally opens up into a huge tornado snaking ominously over a deserted prairie landscape beneath the graceful emergence of an overarching rainbow.

Might this be our long awaited "Rainbow Connection" I found myself asking when, sure enough, by the bewitchment of this clever dame, something wonderful this way came. A verdant closeup of Kermit the Frog appeared from *The Muppet Movie* singing his now world-famous song while one twin croaked "U-Zhoo-Frucked!" and the other burped "Chai!" in guttural bullfrog glee between swigs from a quart of beer being hoisted and passed between Ozawindib, Hank Davy and Girl Scout around a lakeshore campfire where they feasted on turkey and pumpkin pie, traded animated tales, strummed on guitars and harmony sang along with their shape-shifting "Green Man" until the sky untuned above them.

*Our Boy Naturalist Father returns again and again  
Hitching his Frontier Wagon to the Old North Star*

In *Anima Poetae*, Lake District poet and philosopher Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote that the streams of knowing and being have a common fountainhead, a “mysterious source whose being is knowledge and whose knowledge is being” which he biblically equates with the great wellspring “I AM”. In that same vein of existential wisdom, those who’ve survived the deep Thoreauvian dive to the “Hard Bottom of Reality” can posit in humility with reasonable experiential confidence that “Imagination and Faith are One”: a biospiritual truth which eastern and western religious mystics have been teaching us about for centuries, drawing on sacred literature as varied as the Upanishads, the Bible and the Koran. And because Faith & Imagination are of one and the same piebald dream-stuff, that “Love of Liberty” planted within each personal heart and mind, we should find it a worthy even altruistic task to transcend our ever-battling spiritual vocabularies and harmonize this organic unity in mutually symbiotic service to the Great Good Biosphere Mother Earth upon which we all live, love and die whose abundant yet fragile ecological health we must forever protect, encourage and steward wisely between us.

Put more simply, in that seasonal solstice Christmas prayer which annually guides the better angels of our diverse human nature: “Peace On Earth, Good Will To All.”



### **WELCOME HOME EVERYONE**

For the Calumet High Theatre Players, I’m “Popcorn Bucket”, wishing everyone here a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.