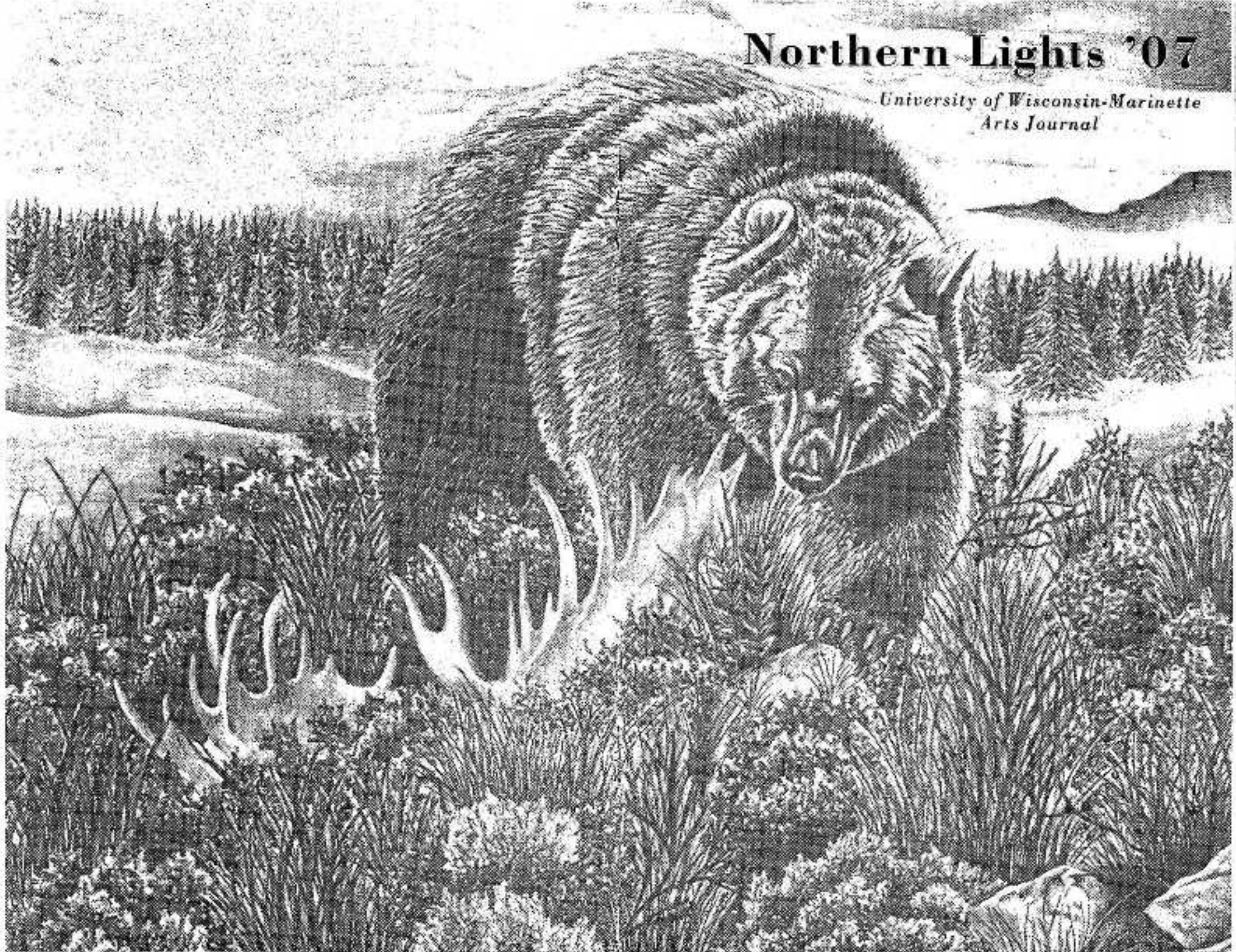


Northern Lights '07

*University of Wisconsin-Marquette
Arts Journal*



A FRIENDLY REMINDER
by Tim Dameuse

Falling ever so slowly, spinning towards our own fate
And though you cry out, lungs at the verge of collapse,
The veins strain and release all that you have once held,
All that you once cared for, and all you claim you ever will,
So, though I thought I cared for it, I find it funny,
But more so, I find it sad.

Follow your humanity and let it enfold your soul,
Never knowing where to go can be an ever twisting fate.
Cleansing yourself is far better than that could be,
But all know you would rather ruefully complain.
Your only regrets make a warrant for nonchalance
So, though it's more than we thought destined,
It's still so disappointing.

Follow your humanity and let it rend you whole.
But you will find the paradigm that you thought revealed,
But was it truly hidden? Can your sight fully find it?
The answer is the question and the question, the truth,
The truth is but a point and a ridiculed basis of view.
So, though you view everything from your mirror,
Remember closeness can be problematic, so
Follow your heart and reveal what was always untold.

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GOLD FISHES by So Yeon Cho

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Cover Art: THE PLAINS... by Broc Goldschmidt

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INDIAN DANCERS by Arthur Holman

Ketur told us an Indian dance troupe would live in our compound for a couple of weeks before they performed for the Bali Arts Festival in Denpasar. So when I saw a drop-dead-beautiful, brown-skinned, black-haired woman on a poolside deck chair, I wasn't surprised. She had her eyes closed. She was wearing a walkman, moving her feet to soundless rhythms, and posing mudras with her long, graceful fingers. Right away I deduced she must be one of the Indian dancers we were expecting. Hey! I had a course about logical arguments. I know about all that inductive and deductive reasoning.

Then two more black-haired beauties waded into the pool, and I deduced they, also, must be part of the Indian dance troupe. They were speaking English, but that, I reasoned, was the result of about two thousand years, or so, of British occupation. Did I tell you I made a C in logic class?

An Asian woman joined them; India is a tolerant country, no doubt. And when the tall, blonde Norse goddess joined them, I reckoned Indians were uncommonly tolerant and diverse people. I read a lot of pulp detective stories, too. I pretended to be asleep and didn't speak to any of them. I may be a risqué old roué (that's, more or less, French for Dirty Old Man) but I don't want anyone except Katherine to know it.

That night when we went up to the second floor balcony for Ketur's weekly Balinese Feast, there were eight of those drop-dead-beautiful women at our table speaking with voices like the cooing of turtledoves. Their hand gestures waved like flower petals in a summer breeze. Even their bare feet were beautiful. And one of the women seemed old enough for me to safely address without total fear of a sexual harassment charge.

Bowing gracefully at the waist, in my most suave and debonaire voice, I said, politely, to the (slightly) older woman, "Hello. I am Art Holman from Marinette, Wisconsin. I understand you are the dancers from India."

"Not quite." She inclined her head a scant half inch, broadened her smile slightly less and answered in a dry, flat, Midwestern accent. "We are the Indian dancers from Minneapolis, Minnesota."



INDIAN DANCER by Arthur Holman

IN A STEW
by Richard B. Peterson

Tightly bonded in common helix
Banded chromosomes of X & Y
Four nucleotides of a molecule
Begins the string that makes the human form.

Kin in all respects, except some genes
Show different sequences to shape the trait
We call unique, and differentiate
In minor ways, us from our fellow man.

A conception, which in ancestry links us,
As if the garden story were a fact.
Then in the testing we find the telling
Of heritage on the savannah to be true.

So why are minor variations held
Sacred for distinct and separate race?
From one origin, one mitochondria,
Our differences become the focal point.

As we all are intertwined, like lovers
Who have joined in coalescence,
What differences do we perceive and hold
Inviolable to raise us over all our brothers?

Perhaps religions draw hard distinctions
And assign God's favor to a certain tribe.
Yet even those with common doctrine
Split denominations into warring sides.

Or language could provide a demarcation
And divide us into many tongues.
Behold we crafted Esperanto
To unite our voices into one.

Do borders declare our human state
Or are they but boundaries often changed?
Are we defined by politics of man
Or by inherent values bestowed at birth?

As our dissimilarities seem no cause
To provoke the disagreements which divide,
What then but gender would provide a case
Of mutation for a happy difference?

[GREY GLASS AND GREYER SILVER SKY]
by Jonathan Tesch

grey glass and grayer silver sky
foundered shores 'neath gull-wings lie
calm and quiet, nothing stirring—
but long and lonely sea-shore's cry

harken to that song of old
when mariner with chests of gold
would cross the waves want after fortune
before red banners bold

etched in that place of countless sand
that ever-shifting stone-infested land
the names there written never last
for in uncertainty they stand

but soft doth whisper every name
that mother sea with cold waves claim
upon that sand that standeth mute
eternally enraptured into fame

how great the sorrow that the young
have forgotten ocean's tongue
and now do naught but gaily laugh
where once the lover's song was sung

but never more shall wintry foam
mark the trails where ballads roam
for gone now is that ancient lore
the waves shall whisper nevermore

I SOUGHT SLEEP
by Gabriela Derusha

I sought sleep
And found her snuggled
Up against my pillow
Still wide awake,
Eager to explore uncharted
Mind muddles
And past events.
When I kindly
Reminded her of tomorrow
She raced into my tomorrows
As if she were
The sole owner
And manipulator
Of them,
So instead
I counted sheep
And bored, sleep
Slept.

MY HAND IS STILL THERE
by Steven J. Jensen

It's amazing what time can do, it makes us age, separates us, and heals our wounds. For a time, you spent a lot of it in heartache. You had an anger that saw for miles, an enmity as pure as sunshine, a sorrow that kept you up at night, a hate that filled your every waking moment. And being tough is something you know about because you had to be strong to keep going in life, to keep yourself from dying.

Instead of you controlling the emotions of rage, they controlled you. For some reasons the demons no longer haunted you, but you became your demons. You were not the one I remembered. Your eyes became filled with a mad fire, and I no longer saw your soul. You soon went into solitude, and it turns out I no longer saw you at all.

I tried to make my presence known. I called out, "I am still here. I'm near. Where are you?" I tried to enter the darkness, but it wouldn't have me. Why? I offered my hand, and you could have reached for it. You did not reach for my hand, and you left home. Did the dark follow you? I heard you went someplace else; a place warm and loving; a place to think and let things go. I hope the warmth will make you well again. But, will you come back one day?

Here at home, it's just me. I still continue to walk, study and grow. I face the sun every morning, I go out and I do what I do and the days come and go. The sun rises and the sun sets, the wind blows wherever it pleases, and the stars shine whenever they shine.

At times before I lay my head at night I wonder where you are. Are you still there, in that dark? Will you one day come out and come home; back to yourself, back to your spirit?

At times before I turn away from the moon, I pray that we'll meet up again one day and take on the world. Only time will tell. Just know this. My hand will always be there and I can always call out. All you have to do is reach and answer. No matter what you do or wherever you go, you will always be my friend.



JOHN SINGER by So Yeon Cho

HALLEY'S RIDICULE
by Darwin Adams

Summer's first outsider was greeted with hardy enthusiasm as the citizens of Menominee emerged from a long hibernation to welcome winter's conqueror. A vanguard of balmy southern breezes heralded the season's arrival in sweeping pronouncements across the clear blue waters of Lake Michigan. Henes Park, the city's premier lakefront attraction, hosted a throng of infatuated admirers. Others peregrinated about the countryside in carriages and a few automobiles, shaking off cabin-fever on rural joy rides. Streets were crowded with venerate constituents of the beaming sun. It was fortuitous that the first splendid showcase of Sol's warming rays occurred on a Sunday. The local newspaper was as euphoric as the sun-drunk populace: "The world was clothed in the rare vestments of summer yesterday and for a whole sunspecked, tropic day and a cool breeze-laden night it beckoned to a winter-chilled populace to venture forth and thaw out."

While the city basked in the first bona fide summer day of 1910, a troubled man in deep thought watched a group of ebullient young men play a pick-up game of baseball. Only at the insistence of his wife and daughter, the man, a local blacksmith, reluctantly came to Henes Park for an impromptu picnic. Sitting beneath the canopy of a majestic maple, the detached man viewed the joyful capriciousness of summer with dark reservations. The blacksmith wondered how these felucous, cavorting people could be so impetuous. With brazen audacity, they had the temerity to scoff at and dismiss the unequivocal evidence of the world's imminent demise. With only ten days left until Armageddon, the fools frivolously squandered their last days playing a meaningless game in the rays of a sun that would soon be complicit in their destruction.

Some of the nation's most esteemed astronomers had calculated the end of the world with scientific exactitude. The celestial apparition, Halley's Comet (visible at intervals of approximately every 76 years since 240 B.C.) would make its final appearance on May 18. Incontrovertible projections precisely determined the intersection of the comet's trajectory with the orbit of the earth. Although a comet-earth collision was universally ruled out, the effects of the two-day passage of the gaseous 25-million, mile-long tail would be disastrous. Retracted sunlight would condense and trigger atmospheric explosions and meteor showers. A concentrated beam of energy would circumscribe a scorched trail around the planet before the entire atmosphere peeled away to expose the world to untold horrors. Earthquakes, tsunamis, and spontaneous fires would precede the cataclysmic end. The scenario was exactly as the ancient prophets revealed in

MOMENTS IN TIME
by Ashley Swarhout

precious moments come
as I watch them go
too afraid to move
too afraid to cry
my life seems fine
boring and dull
nothing to do no one to tell
my life has gone straight to hell
the laughter's stopped
the jokes are done
my world is so much fun
the lights bright the music loud
there's so much fun all around
yet I sit and wonder
why I did what I did but now I know
the choice I made was true
and saying good-bye was the only thing to do
even though I still cry for you
my life is back the burden gone
so good-bye love may your life be great
for now mine is free from your fate

THE ISLAND AT 3:30 PM
by James LaMalfa

A dome of stillness settled over us,
Late summer heat permeates
All things.

Motionless leaves hang suspended,
As the cusp of summer is breached.

We glimpse the sea of autumn gold
Hovering just below our sensibilities.

The shadows of a late afternoon sun
Stand out like cubist strokes of paint,
A northern landscape by Picasso.

A lone cello sings a solitary sonata,
His only audience.

This fragile moment can be broken
By any sound of civilization
And is.

The growl of a motorcar
Re-engages my cinema flow of thoughts,
And time, once immobilized,
Moves on.

August 15th, 2006

the Books of Daniel and Revelation. Inevitably, the Last Judgment was ten days away.

The blacksmith had tried to persuade his wife and daughter of the gravity of the celestial prognostications. He implored them to make spiritual peace and prepare for the Coming. His concerned wife listened patiently, but the blacksmith sensed a patronizing posture. Normally supportive throughout their relationship, she was silently unconvinced. His teenage daughter was more transparent. Eyes rolled back into her head and barely perceptible sighs betrayed a thinly concealed embarrassment. She stopped bringing friends home rather than risk being humiliated by her father's fervent warnings of impending doom. The decided blacksmith seemed nonplussed by salvos of skepticism and ridicule. At the blacksmith shop and on the streets, stifled snickers and aside instructions were obliquely tossed about in cowardly fashion. Friends that he had known for years breached or curtailed conversations when the subject of comets arose. Emboldened youths catcalled insults as they sped by on bicycles and passersby averted eye contact. Despite their perfidy, the stalwart blacksmith doggedly preached to the unwilling.

The few people who gave the warnings some credence did so anonymously. A reporter wrote that certain unidentified residents were delaying purchases until after the 19th of May "expecting a collision that will do dire things about that time." North of Menominee, disciples of doom were distributing pamphlets in rural areas forecasting "all kinds of catastrophes due to the visit of the comet." Public wariness towards comet-paranoid doomsayers was reinforced by sporadic instances of bizarre behavior. Those hopelessly afflicted by comet fear built shelters stocked with basic survival provisions. Hucksters successfully sold "comet pills" to the most gullible who craved immunity from lethal comet gasses purportedly released at contact with the comet's tail. In California, a "comet-crazy" shepherd nailed himself to a crude wooden cross. The self-crucified man was distraught that the end of the world was near. In Oklahoma, a cult leader received "a revelation from God that the world was to end" and that "the heavens would be rolled up like a scroll following the contact of the tail of [Halley's] comet." According to the religious fanatics, atonement, and therefore avoidance of eternal damnation, could only be effected by the "blood sacrifice" of a virgin. An alerted sheriff learned of the grim ritual and with a posse of six deputies rescued a sixteen-year-old girl slated to be the offering.

A large, growing segment of the public, dubious of comet-inspired scenarios of doom, found that comet tracking was a great pretext for mock celebration. "Comet Parties" were quite "the rage" throughout the country. Countdowns to

Halley's arrival were as celebratory as any New Year's Eve party could be. Taverns ran specials on "Comet Cocktails" to attract mid-week revellers as "Comet Fever" gripped the irreverent. Many couldn't resist lampooning the alarmists as doomssayers were mimicked in high carnival.

But some of the party crowd had disturbing second thoughts. On the morning of May 18, the supposed day of reckoning, approximately 50 "responsible" people reported a highly perceptible gaseous smell that they interpreted to be "comet gas." Breathing the alien odor resulted in dizziness, headaches, and much consternation. For a few panicked minutes, they experienced the unsettling feeling that maybe they were wrong to scoff at the alarmists. But a late morning shower washed the odor and the trepidation away. Somewhat relieved, Menominee's nervous denizens waited in anticipation for 8:30 that evening when, as the headlines blared, "the magnificent wanderer in the heavens [would pass] the Earth" as "the eyes of the world were anxiously watching its passage."

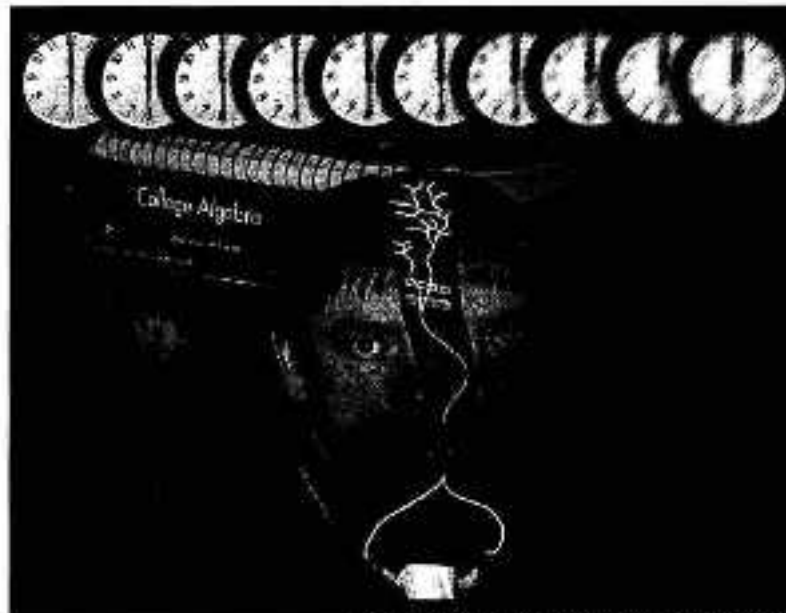
That same morning, the blacksmith left Menominee...without his wife and daughter. He wanted to spend his last earthly hours with close ones living a few miles outside the city in the town of Birch Creek. The blacksmith begged his spouse to accompany him to the Ascent, but she elected to stay in Menominee.



DRAWN-IN by Sonia Alonzo

often as I experienced the shameful happenings by speaking English.

However, finally I found my improved speaking ability through many embarrassing situations since I have been in America. Then I changed my attitude from shame to enjoyment about the fact that I cannot communicate very well with native speakers. When American people ask me, "What did you say?" I can answer proudly again and if I misunderstand or speak incorrect sentences, they explain about my mistake in detail, so it is good for me. I have learned to enjoy speaking English after changing my attitude. Now I can feel delight as I gain victory when native speakers understand what I am saying even when I speak English with long sentences. My attitude changed from feeling embarrassed to feeling the power of language.



SPLIT: A SELF-PORTRAIT by Paul Peterson

I told him again, "Could you ride me to school tomorrow morning?" Suddenly, my host father and mother burst out laughing looking at me. I wondered why they were laughing. At last, my host mother told me when they stopped laughing, "You have to say, 'Could you give me a ride?'" Many Korean students say it like this, but that meaning is about sex as in "Could you have sex with me?" I was very embarrassed but I could not do anything but laugh. I learned different meanings of "ride" through the shameful mistake.

My embarrassing experiences also appeared from problems of pronunciation. It is important to speak English with a melodic line, pitch pattern and rhythm, while we do not have melodies and rhythm in Korean. Sometimes American people told me when they heard Korean, "Its sound is thick and flat." My Danish friend enjoys teasing me about my English pronunciation when I pronounce "ch", such as in "church" or "lunch."

One of my Korean friends also experienced a ridiculous happening concerned with English pronunciation at a restaurant. A waiter asked her, "Would you like something to drink?"

My friend answered him, "Just water." After a few minutes, the waiter brought three butters to her. He heard her pronunciation as "butter." At that time she was embarrassed and when she came home, she felt very depressed due to her English pronunciation.

I have experienced the embarrassing event such as my friend's experience. Last semester, in ESL class, we had conversation time with a partner; my partner from France asked me "What did you eat for breakfast?"

I told him, "I had just snacks for my breakfast." At that moment, he looked very surprised and asked me again.

"Did you eat snakes? Can you eat snakes?"

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"No, I'm just questioning."

I did not know why he was surprised, but a little later, I learned the reason when he answered the teacher about me. "She ate snakes for breakfast."

The teacher, as well as my classmates and me, were surprised by his answer. The teacher asked me again, "Did you eat snakes?"

"No, no, no, I ate snacks for my breakfast."

This relieved the teacher's and my friend's confusion. Now, I can laugh about my embarrassing happenings, but when I experienced them, I was completely depressed and frustrated about my English ability. Before coming to America, I did not know how much it makes me feel oppressed to be unable to communicate with other people. Many times I wanted to return to my country as

She contended that if the world were to end that night, one of them should be with their daughter who absolutely refused to flee. It was a weak excuse. Their daughter hadn't seen either of them for the last week. Sympathetic friends had agreed to board her while her father persisted in preaching fire and brimstone. Resigned to the rebuttal, the blacksmith lovingly kissed his wife and choked out a tearful farewell. Hitched to the carriage and ready to go, his faithful horse waited to take him to Birch Creek.

One of the local papers could not resist publicly ridiculing the departing blacksmith. That very day, a smirking article headlined "Menominee Man Fears the Comet" and subtitled "Blacksmith Leaves City for Day to Spend Supposedly Last Hours with Relatives" ran the evening edition. It read: "A Menominee blacksmith, early this morning, left for his home in the county to be with his brothers and sisters during what he believes will be his last hours on earth for he thinks Halley's Comet will end all earthly existence and cares tonight. The local man...decided to see his relatives again before he went to the great beyond. The fellow's name is withheld because he will probably be back at his forge Thursday shooting little comets of his own up the chimney from his forge, and just a little vexed at himself for getting 'cold feet' over the comet talk." That evening, at her friend's home, his extremely embarrassed daughter read the article.

At Birch Creek a small group of faithful believers prepared to meet God. They sang, prayed, and embraced. Their gaze was directed to the eastern skies but clouds obscured Halley's tail and consequently a clear view of the Rapture. The only portent of astronomical note occurred towards dusk when the Northern Lights were briefly visible through a rift in the northeast cloud cover. The vigil stretched into the night and early morning hours. Dawn gave way to another brilliant, sunny day. It was eerily similar to the glorious day the blacksmith had spent at Henas Park ten days ago. Had their God forsaken them? Had the ancient prophet of Revelation misled them? As the wandering comet departed on its aphelion orbit from the sun, the betrayed believers felt the sharp sting of Halley's ridicule. They slowly dispersed without uttering a word.

The blacksmith, visibly shaken, returned home. His wife didn't know what to say and thus remained silent. It was well because what he needed now was solitude. He trudged off to his personal sanctuary: his shop. Normally, comfort came from the pages of the Bible. This day, consolation was poured from a bottle. The rest of the beautiful summer day was spent gripped in an intoxicating stupor.

It was mid-afternoon of the next day when he awoke with a thudding hang-over. When his wife came to the shop inquiring if he wanted anything to eat, he told her he would be along momentarily. The forge was stoked to a white heat

and an anvil was placed near the burning coals. He selected a ten-inch piece of iron pipe about an inch in diameter, placed a 38-caliber bullet in one end, and balanced it on the anvil with the loaded end over the forge. He stood in front of the other end with the pipe at stomach level.

A neighbor happened to be passing by the shop when she heard the explosion. Rushing into the building, she saw the blacksmith leaning against a work bench, bleeding profusely, with his clothes on fire. The stunned neighbor put out the fire and went for help. In the meantime, the blacksmith's wife and a local storekeeper arrived at the scene. When the storekeeper hysterically asked what happened, the blacksmith said, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I'm alright." His frantic wife summoned an ambulance.

Bleeding and scorched but still alive, the blacksmith was conveyed to Saint Joseph's Hospital. As the ambulance pulled into the emergency receiving room pavilion, a trolley carrying the blacksmith's daughter drove by. She remembered thinking, "There's another poor man badly hurt," never imagining that the dying man, who would expire within fifteen minutes, was her father. That shocking revelation came when she returned home.

A coroner's inquest investigated the cause of death. The responders were subpoenaed and the police report and investigation were entered into testimony. The jury was befuddled. For them, it was inconceivable; what ever could have caused this? They decided the tragedy was neither a suicide nor a homicide: "We, the undersigned, find that the deceased came to his death from a bullet fired into his abdomen. From whence it came or how fired we are unable to say."

*The quotations in this story are from actual newspaper accounts, extensively documented by the author. Space restrictions prohibited their inclusion in this publication.

CONFUSING SECOND LANGUAGE

by Min Jung Kim

Since I came to America, every day I have had opportunities to meet American people and get unique experiences. Especially, the most impressive experience in my whole life is learning language. I have realized how it is difficult to communicate with a native speaker. I have never thought of the deep power of language, such as the way it can make friends, express emotions and ask questions. In Korea, I was able to converse easily with other people whenever I wanted to tell them something because of my native language, so I did not realize how much language is precious in my life.

These days, I spend a great deal of my time thinking about how I can speak English very well. Speaking English gives me pleasure as well as excites me, but sometimes I feel frustrated and anxious because of a native speaker who told me it is difficult to understand my English pronunciation. When you read about my episodes in America with regard to my second language, you can understand my frustration and you can realize how it changed my attitude about speaking English though feeling embarrassed and ashamed.

When I came to America six months ago, I was so confused speaking English between English and Korean. At that time, I supposed that I needed two brains, one which helped me to think in the Korean language and another brain for speaking English. I could not find anything in common between English and Korean. The Korean language has quite different structure, letters and pronunciation than English. These do not matter when I speak short sentences like "I love American food," but when I speak a long-winded explanation about a situation or story, it is too hard to speak English. English includes an order of sentences such as subject, verb and object, whereas Korean people speak in order of subject, object and verb. Therefore, my English tutor said to me, "When I talked with you the first time, I had to guess your saying because sometimes you skip verbs and articles in sentences." Actually when I speak to native-born Americans, they ask me, "What did you say? Can you repeat or can you speak more loudly?" At that time, I became so embarrassed and my face turned red in front of them. I endeavored to improve my English skills, but many times I felt frustrated about my weak English-speaking ability.

My embarrassing happenings while I communicated with native speakers continued. One night, I asked my host father, Jim, to go to school the next morning:

"Could you ride me, Jim?"

He asked me, "What did you say?"



GREATEST GUITAR SOLOIST OF ALL TIME by Broc Goldschmidt

38



CEMETERY GATE by Kayla Bauer

11

NIGHTSCAPE
by James Harris

I watch the twilight fade
On comes the night
Fading light
Darkness so bright
Lovely nocturnal cascade

Creeping in with grace unobtrusive
Like death unto the old
Comforting cold
Awe'd and unknown
A blackened face so elusive

I embrace the coming darkness
Drifting to oblivion
Hoping to rest my head
On the hearth of illusion

I'm torn between light and dark
Black and white
Life and death
Free me from one or the other

I fear life but want to live
I fear not death but don't want to die
I walk the paradoxical line
Between self-love and self-hatred

Sleep is my only peace of mind
When slumber is cast
It never lasts
It ends too fast
Only to begin again the day I've left behind

then was the musty, sweetly, almost putrid aroma that we had grown so accustomed to through the last day released. The welcoming aromatic combination of wild flowers, freshly mown grass, cedar trees and moist lake air came rushing at us as a pleasant reward from enduring the long trip. No melody could sound as sweet as the orchestra comprised of the gravel road beneath our tires, the slow breeze of air coming through the windows, birds calling from the trees, the neighborhood dog barking to the left of us, and Bob Muellman, (the road's unofficial lawn critic), on his green riding mower to the right of us all performing in unison. To the untrained ear it was more than likely just normal noise and racket, but to me it was like a host of angels serenading my triumphant return home.

Looking straight ahead down the road, I could see the familiar dead end sign immediately under the private road marker. A thicket of trees to the left concealed the small cottages and summer homes that were scattered ever so carefully to maintain a balance between privacy, natural beauty, and community. Each tree, lawn, and shrub was greener than what I had remembered from the last year and seemingly more detailed than I could recall.

As the van followed the road on a hard right, we sat at attention in breathless anticipation. Our thoughts were filled with glorious sunny days spent swimming in the lake, testing lake water and sunscreen all afternoon, seeing the rays of the sun dancing across the water and creating a dazzling show of lights. I could hear the spish splash of water and feel the goopy glop of mud from the lake bottom that would serve as ammunition during our battles with the neighborhood kids. I was longing for the hours I would spend on a rainy day darting in and out of the open garage door as if it were a dance number written by nature for my sister and me to star in. I could almost taste the creamy, chocolatey hot cocoa that was always waiting for us after receiving our fluffy, outdoor fresh, clothesline dried towels following our rainy day performances. Sitting there, I was thinking about the soon-to-be-realized dreams of days so lazy and long that I was sure, if I hoped hard enough, would never end.

The van would slowly descend down a minor hill revealing to us my grandparents' olive green ranch style house. Panning from left to right, we would take it all in almost as if it were our first time laying eyes on such a sight. Beige fiberglass doors with shiny chrome handles covered the dual-stall twin garage doors. A big bay window was set back behind evergreen hedges neatly manicured to border the lower edge of the window's line. The cherry varnished front door welcomed us with three small windows stepping up from left to right inside of it. Then finally two sets of double hung windows, bracketed with black shutters on either side, made up the front view.

The security, safety and loving feelings that would embrace me while there and haunt me while away is what inspired me to write about those most joy-filled and anticipated few minutes in my life that lasted not just a brief time, but remained always in my heart. Those five minutes represent a flood of positive emotions that mark the most wonderful and memorable times of my childhood.

ANTICIPATION
by Eric DeBenedetto

As far back as I can recall, my family has moved residences often. The first memories of our "house of the moment" were in a small community outside of Neenah. Shortly thereafter, I recall living in a home in Oshkosh briefly. Moving from there, my parents settled on a home in the small town of Winneconne, a little town fifteen minutes outside of Oshkosh. Following my kindergarten year, my mother and father decided it was time for a big move. They packed up our big yellow van and a pull-behind trailer, and we headed out for the panhandle of Florida to a little town named Navarre almost dead center between Destin and Pensacola. Once there, we continued to move from one house, school and community to the next. The reasoning, be it a distaste in employment, residence or neighborhood, never seemed to make sense to me; I was still very much a child and those reasons really meant nothing to me. All I knew was that I had to continue to try to find friends and fit in as nothing ever more than the new kid in school and the neighborhood. Although we moved around a lot, I took great pleasure in the one home that was a constant for me, my grandparents' house.

Maybe I didn't usually fit in, or feel like I belonged anywhere else, but during the summer vacation from school, I knew I had a home. Tucked down a private road where the pavement ended and the dirt road began, about 10 miles out of Winneconne, was my grandparents' home. I knew I belonged there and that I fit in with my friends and neighbors there. From the week school ended for the summer until the week it started again in the fall, my sister and I quite literally lived there. My parents never had a lot of money but they always did well enough to get by; however, on their budget there was no way a plane ticket for four could be afforded. This meant the journey to the summer haven my sister and I longed for was surely going to be a long and boring 24-hour van ride from Florida to Wisconsin that would undoubtedly be the closest thing to non-stop as one could get when chauffeuring a family of four. Eating and sleeping were done in the van and the only stops were at convenient rest stops for my parents to use the facilities and switch between driving and navigating. The commodity of sleep, for the purposes of this trip, skyrocketed in value for my parents. The navigator would take advantage of the opportunity to invest in a few winks between guiding us through major cities like Birmingham, Louisville, Indianapolis and Chicago.

The greatest part of the trip was the last mile and a half. As we pulled up to the intersection of County K and Clarke's Point Road, my sister and I would snap out of our full, day-long hibernation to the sound of crunching and crackling gravel under the tires of our parents' road-weary Dodge van. Dust now covering the once brilliant canary yellow paint appeared on the old Dodge as a battle scar of the long trip. Our hearts began to race as our adrenaline and anticipation levels skyrocketed. The speed limit slowed to 15 miles per hour there, and as if it were scripted, Mom and Dad would both crank down their windows next to them; only



IN LOVING MEMORY by Broc Goldschmidt

REGRETFULLY EVER AFTER

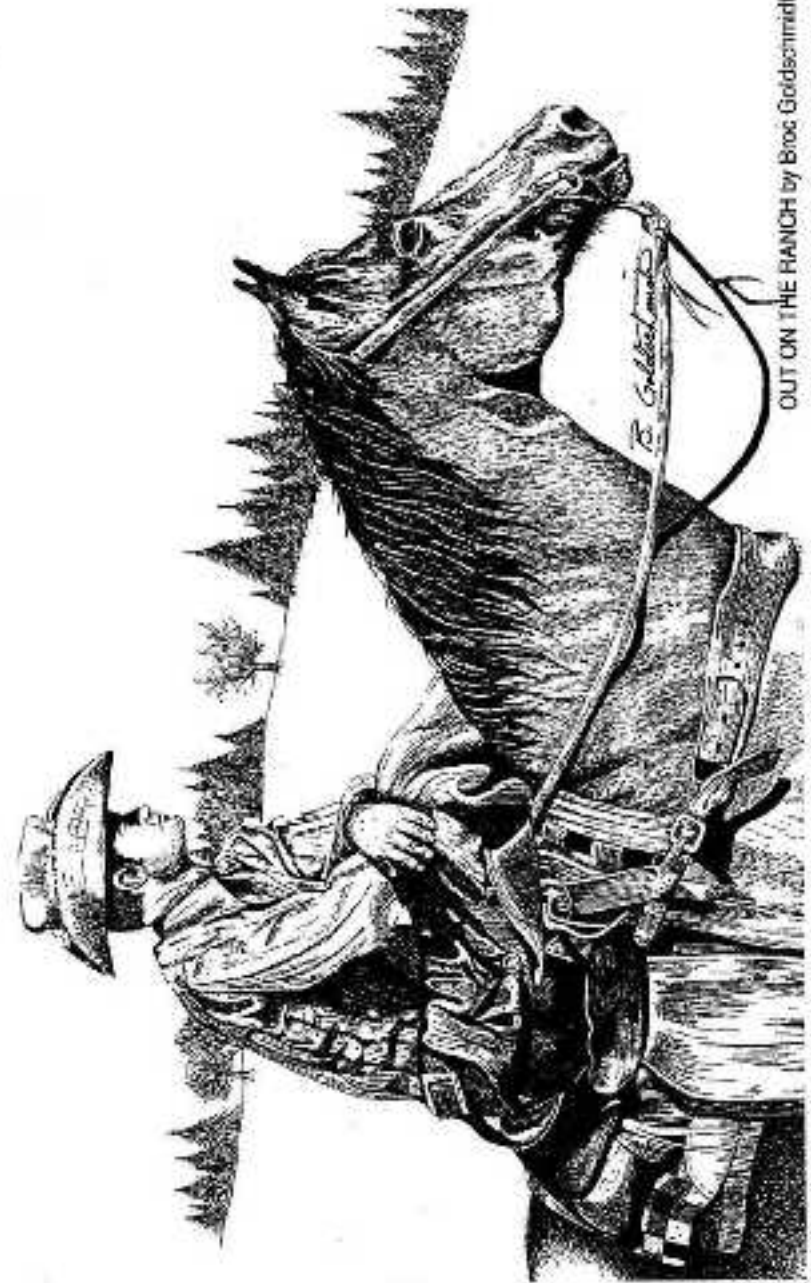
by Anthony B. Shaffer

This is by far the hardest decision I have ever made. What made it so hard? I suppose I should start from the beginning. It's the only way you'll get a true grasp of my situation.

I was young and stupid, and thought I knew everything, thought I was invincible. I was riding the roller coaster of life and was enjoying every god damn minute of it. So when a somewhat illegal business opportunity arose, I dove right in. Only problem was, I didn't have the appropriate funds to get the wheels turning, and obviously I couldn't walk into a bank and tell them I'd like a loan to buy a few kilos of blow. Instead I dug my hands a little deeper into the shady side of life, and found myself a good old loan shark. Man, you wouldn't believe what four kilos of cocaine looks like, bagged up all nice and pretty like. Tell you the truth, I couldn't even tell you. The bastard screwed me, he screwed me real good. Oh, the eight ball he let me try out was real enough, and I mean it was some good shit too. But you remember when I said I was young and stupid? Well, turns out I was really stupid, because the rest of my "cocaine" was nothing more than powdered sugar. So there I was still young and stupid with a bag of sugar and \$300,000 in debt to a loan shark. He wasn't one of those nice loan sharks you hear about either. No sir, this man was a bad ass, and he'd cut my damn head off if I didn't get him his money back, along with the extra cocaine I said I'd give him. So here is where I made my next stupid choice. I picked up and ran. I got on bus after bus. Didn't give a shit where I ended up, as long as it was out of New York.

Well, when buses couldn't take me any farther, I flew, and found myself on the sunny beaches of Hawaii. Thousands of miles away from my old life, my problems would never catch up to me there, or at least that was what I hoped. Life was pretty good from that point on. I got myself a job and worked hard. Worked my way up the ladder to a management position. I mean it wasn't great money or anything, but it paid the bills with some extra to spare. I met this knockout of a gal and fell in love. Crazy girl even married my stupid ass. We had a son two years later, great kid. You know, everything was still going real smooth.

In the fifteen years I was in Hawaii, I never told anyone about my past. Figured I had escaped my old life, thought it would never hunt me down. Well, turns out I was just being stupid all over again. Cause that's when all that bad karma of mine came back to haunt me. Just four days ago, when I came home, the front door was slightly ajar and the house was completely silent. I knew something must be wrong, but I ran in anyway fearing for my family. That's when something hit me in the back of the head and I went out like a light. Woke up sometime later, tied up in a chair, in an old pole building somewhere. And you



OUT ON THE RANCH by Broc Goldschmidt

came back in the kitchen, I was still on the floor in all that water, crying because of what had happened and because my arms hurt and the babies were crying because they could hear me crying and it scared them.

Mama stood in the middle of the kitchen with her hands on her hips and hot water all over the place and me still crying, and she looked around for a long time. She must have thought about Papa's dying and him being in Viet Nam and the barn that burned down and half ruining our tobacco crop one year and when Grandpa sold that circus pony Mama made a pet of and the Bangs disease the cows caught from some new cows Grandpa had brought to the dairy so we lost the herd and about having to quit school to chop cotton when she was nine.

Then she said, very slowly and quietly, "Well, shit."

Mama had been saving that word for forty-nine years. All the regrets she ever had were packed into that word. All the tears she had ever held back and all the pains she had ever felt were wrapped into that one word. If he had used all the obscenities and all the profanities and all the creative insults he had learned in the Marine Corps over the past ten years, they couldn't have said as much as Mama said with that one word.

Well, that word was so good and so right and so perfect for the time and place and circumstance that we both started laughing. Sometimes, I've heard, a person just has to laugh to keep from crying, but this time we both laughed until we cried. That was when we both knew we would make it through the winter of '65. I don't believe I have ever, before or since, loved any human more than I loved Mama at that moment. And it felt good.

In '73, Joan Baez recorded a Robie Robertson song about the winter of '65, that one a hundred years earlier. What does she know about winter?



WILD AND BEAUTIFUL by Bruce Goloschmidt

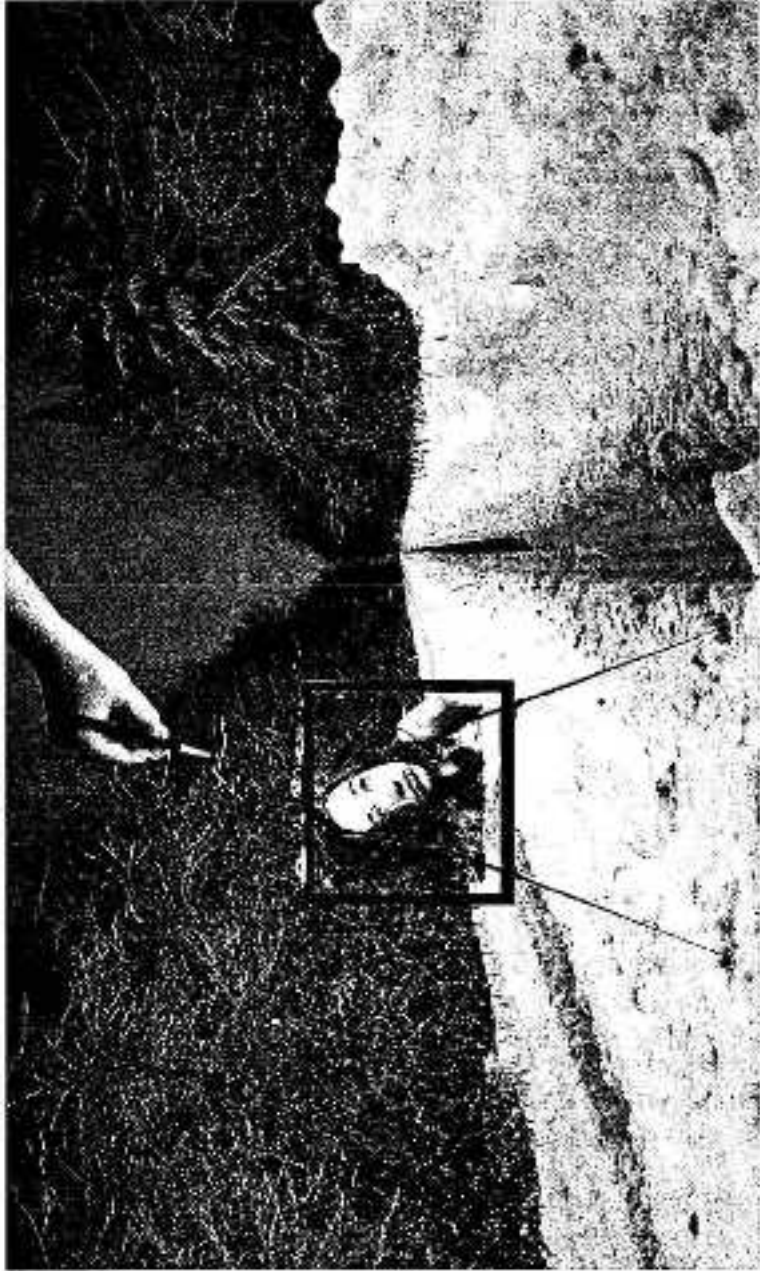
know who was looking me in the face? That piss ant of a loan shark I had borrowed that money from so many years ago. I tell you what, he was freaking pissed. He told me I owed him over a million dollars now. Told me he knew there was no way for me to get that kind of money. But he had other ways for me to get even. That's when this guy's associate brought in my wife and kid. The look of fear in their eyes will haunt me until the day I die. He told me about the deal he had for me. He had a plane ticket for me to some city in Wisconsin, and the address of an old friend. Kill him, he told me. Kill him and I'll wipe your slate clean. That is when I got cocky, spit in his face, and screamed at him to kill the bastard himself. The only thing that got me was a black eye and a broken finger. He told me that my family and I could go back to our normal life if I did this for him. He said something about how he couldn't bring himself to kill his own father. So there I was. I had to do it. I mean I had no other options. I couldn't risk going to the cops. The man would kill my family, so I hopped on a plane and was on my way. That flight was horrible. My mind began flooding with guilt. I mean was this in any way the right thing to be doing? Killing a man to save my own family? Taking from him what no one could ever return? Why? Because I screwed up as a kid, because I couldn't let that man do the same thing to my family, my wife, and my son? There would be consequences I told myself. I've hidden this skeleton in my closet for far too long, and I surely wouldn't have a family any longer even if I went through with this. But I made my decision. I was going to kill this man. I would do it to preserve my family's innocence, and their lives. At least I figured that would be ethical, that would be the only redeeming quality I brought to this situation. It was my only way out.

I killed him, officer. I killed him good. Even took the picture to prove it to that asshole loan shark. I went back to Hawaii; the man released my family as he said he would and told me I would never see him again. I came straight over here officer. The loan shark goes by the name of Paul, probably catch him at the airport if you hurry. I know this doesn't make what I have done right. I know it doesn't make up for anything I've done in the past, but I hope it's at least a start. This is my statement officer, and I gladly turn myself in. Oh, and tell my wife I said I'm sorry. She should still be in the lobby.

By December snow had piled deeper around the old farmhouse than any of us could remember, but it didn't stop the drafts through the house and it didn't stop the pipes from freezing. First, the pipes to the chicken houses froze because when the old dairy barn burned, no one thought about putting water pipes very deep under ground. No one thought about much, then, except how nice it would be to have running water in the new dairy barn. Then Grandma said if those cows could have running water, she could too; and pipes were run to the house. But they weren't buried much deeper. Some deeper, but not much. For a week or so we hauled water in old milk cans from Hoover's house to the barns. Mama would get us up about first light, so we could feed and water the hens before the kids woke; then she would pick up the eggs and run them over the grading scale and pack them on flats. Two and a half dozen eggs to a flat, and sixteen flats means forty dozen eggs to a case. Lord knows how many baskets she had to pick up in three hen houses and how many cases of eggs she had to load into our panel truck before she had to go in for her mill job, while I made our little messie and, mostly, looked to the babies. Then the pipes in the house froze.

It wasn't anybody's fault. Jan was just a wee babe, and Bud was just past two years, so we kept them in the middle room where the only stove was in the whole house. There was a fireplace in Mama's room and a coal fire grate in the front parlor, but we didn't try to keep fires in them. By the time Mama came home near midnight it was too late to try to warm her room and that coal fire grate Grandpa had put in before John L. Lewis took the miners out on strike would only take an eight inch chunk of wood, which was about useless trying to heat a drafty old farmhouse, even though that was the tightest room in the house. When Papa laid down a tongue and groove floor we could see that the thick walls of the parlor room hid notched logs laid when this whole house was just one room. So at night Mama put on her flannel gown and a pair of Papa's old socks and cried herself to sleep. I took the babies to bed with me so they wouldn't freeze. Then we hung a blanket over the doorway from the middle room to the kitchen to hold in the stove's heat.

First, the cans in the kitchen cabinets bulged. Then the jars of food Mama had grown and canned last summer broke. And then the pipes froze under the kitchen sink. When Mama came up from the egg house, water was spraying all over the kitchen. Hot water, because that was the pipe that had burst and the incleum was curling up and I was on my hands and knees trying to stop the water spraying with towels and rags and my arms were all scalded from the hot water and I didn't know what else to do. Then Mama went under the house and turned off the water at the heater and the water stopped spraying. When she



MYSELF ON TRACK by Kim Bruesch



UW STREAM by Kayla Bauer

WOULD WORDS BE RAIN
by Richard B. Peterson

Would that I have one corner of the earth
To do with just as one's old heart desires,
How would such a plot be looked upon
By generations who would judge the past?

What legacy was marked upon the land?
What waters flow? Will gentle winds excite
The sense of purity and dry the eye?
Alas, there are no corners on the sphere!

Ocean currents patrol the deep and kiss the shore
Then feed the cycling winds with living mist
Which falls upon my patch and feeds the seed,
In turn, then feeds the things that feed my soul.

Earth, wind, and water: gifts to be unwrapped,
Shared by all living things in planned concert
Of dependency and mutual respect,
Creation in the sea, the air, the land.

I am but part of its energy shared
Calories burned. An offspring of the sun.
To use only what a careful life requires
And leave a modest footprint of my time.

To protect our water is a sacred trust.
Man's laws, at best, restrain the worst.
In our hearts we must pledge to do our best
To hold, preserve, the reservoirs of life.

THE WINTER OF '65
by Arthur Holman

Papa died in November. He took Papa to the hospital on his way to California, on his way to Viet-Nam, and never saw him again. He never spoke to him again, either, not even on the phone. He wrote a few times, but what can a son say to his dying father? "California is colder than I expected. Wish you were well?" Or how about, "The mud here is very deep. Sorry you are dying?"

They cut Papa open about the time he reached California, and when they saw cancer had spread from his crotch to his Adam's apple, they sewed him up with big stitches and sent Papa home to die, and sent him on to Viet-Nam. I guess it was the worst winter we ever had, and Papa's dying was just the start of it. After that, the weather turned cold.

There were about twenty thousand chickens on the place, and not a rooster among them. There were chickens in the old dairy barn and chickens in the fancy Reynolds Aluminum Controlled Environment Chicken House and the rest in the shed-roofed pole barn Papa built, by himself, and which worked better and cost a lot less than the fancy aluminum house. Mama said she couldn't run the place, but somehow she did. During the depression she had had to quit school in the ninth grade to chop cotton because she was the second oldest, and there were a lot of kids to feed at home. I guess that was the only regret she dwelled on, when she grew older. She told her kids about it so often they all managed to go to college, sooner or later. But that is another story. This one is about that winter.

Snow came in November, a rare and beautiful thing for school kids in Carolina; a rare and fearful thing for a couple of women in a drafty old farmhouse with twenty thousand chickens and a pair of babies needing looking to. I would look out our long gravel driveway every morning, looking for the mail carrier; looking to know if there was a letter from him or, please God, no, a letter that starts, "We regret to inform you..." And every day, it seemed, the snow covered a little more of the still green orchard grass on the east side of the drive where Papa had built a wooden plank fence and painted it white to look pretty against the tall grass. And every day, it seemed, the snow covered a little more of the short brown pasture grass on the west side of the drive where Papa had strung tight barbed wire on black locust posts, dug deep, to hold in Angus cows and White Face bulls and the pretty white calves they threw. Mister Hoover, from across the highway, used the scraper blade on his tractor to keep the drive open, else Mama couldn't have worked her second shift job at Fieldcrest Blanket Mill in Spray, nor could we haul water when the pipes froze.

dry area of land, green with young wheat, south of my city. Other machines had gathered there, but not all that had been launched had survived. We lost some of the corps when parts of the flying machines failed, others when they collided or when they were turned over by powerful waves of air and could not right themselves. French arrows or bolts had struck none.

As for the French army, it had been shattered. Many knights of noble birth had been captured, including the king, Charles XII. His commander, Pierre de Bayard, escaped with a fragment of the original infantry and cavalry, but no bronze cannon or bombards had been retrieved. They were mired in water and mud.

It took several days for the water to subside and when it did, the bodies of men and horses became visible. French prisoners were commandeered to bury the dead so disease would not break out.



UNTITLED by Kathy Dolato

To protect the air is only just.

To live in freedom we must freely breathe.

All living creatures hold a given right

To a resource preserved on their behalf.

Earth's crust is full of treasures rare

To be used or loved in common welfare.

Reserves used sparingly, then used again.

Enjoyed as privilege, not as ordained right.

I've become protective of my little place.

Some invasive species have come to call.

Whether human kind or foreign plants,

They all impact the natural habitat.

So I strive to leave no trash or blight behind

Then wonder if this wee small bit of work

Could then be held in general as a course

Of action, or inaction, on a grander scale.

Surely, as I view myself as one small cog

In community, when side by side, thrives

In dependency on a given order

Protecting all species of my given space.

Indebted to the prophets of Gals,

Whose words fall on the soul as drops of rain.

As nourishment in participation

For bio-justice on a living earth.

THE SOURCE
by Gabriella Derusha

Plunging my tool
Into the soft earth,
I dug a hole
And placed a tender plant
Into it.

Pushing the dirt
Around the small plant,
I set it straight
And poured water slowly
Around it.

Singing a song
About the new spring,
I thought about life
And the hope I had
For it.

Placing a plant
Into the rich soil,
I saw the source
And became a part
Of it.

As I circled to the north, still rising, I could see the onrushing fury of the pent up waters bearing down on the French infantry. Two infantrymen carried one pike or spear and they were deadly at close range, but how does one combat an enemy of such elemental force as water, which sweeps all before it? I could now see a vast sheet of brown water boiling across the plain of Lombardy.

I scanned the air around me and saw that many of the flying corps had landed. Only I remained in the air. The water from the canal had now encircled Milan but there was some high ground still uncovered where I could land my machine. Instead of turning south and erecting the shutters on the wings to descend, I allowed the machine to climb.

No effort was needed on my part as the warm air pushed me upward with as powerful a wave as the great flood of water below me. I was now so high I could see the snow covered caps of the Italian Alps. All borders had disappeared. I could see only the green and brown land below. Blue serpentine rivers and tiny toy-like villages dotted the plain. Leonardo had given mankind wing but he would never see this sight. He could not fly because of his advanced age.

I continued to rise and could see the Piedmont of Italy's western coast. On the horizon was a thin silver of blue, the Tyrrhenian Sea. The air was growing colder, not hotter, far above the plain of Lombardy. As my master had often stated, the Greek myth of Icarus was not science, only fancy. The sun could not have melted the wax of young Icarus' wings, it being an incalculable distance away.

I could no longer hear the sounds of battle below, but could imagine men rushing desperately for high ground around the city walls of Milan, only to be met with fire from my master's banks of cannon, firing volley after volley into closely packed infantry. The only sound was the wind playing upon the wings of my flying machine.

Best that I descend, I thought, from this new ocean, which we had only just begun to explore, an ocean without harbors, islands or boundaries of the sort that men presently knew.

I knew that war as we know it had been changed forever. The opiate from above, the novel and rapid firing cannon, the devastation caused by the wall of water that must have drowned or carried away many French soldiers, were more terrible than bombs and knights armed with spears. Perhaps Leonardo's bank of mirrors had come into play burning men and horses like so many insects. Could war itself have become so terrible that men would cease slaughtering each other and find other means to mediate their discord?

Reluctantly, I raised the shutters and my machine descended. I aimed for a

SOLITUDE
by Gabriella Derusha

I cherish solitude
somewhat more
when I see birds flitting
and branches swaying
in the wind,
when the fragrance
of summer takes
my breath away.
Then my reverie
becomes exquisite
as the Master
touches my soul
and I know
I'm not really alone



THE FLYING MACHINE by James LaMalfa

lower released a load of stones in a sling, the rope tightened and the flying machine was catapulted skyward.

Finally my turn came.

I encircled my waist with a leather belt attached to the pine bar we rested on, to keep me from being flung out of the machine when it was launched. But it allowed me to move from side to side or backwards and forwards so as to change my center of gravity as I was taught by Leonardo. An instant before I was hurled into the air, I recalled the first flight at Mount Crecci. The flying machines had changed since then. They could turn and climb on the rising wind and land without breaking apart.

My reverie was interrupted by the handler who would signal to the men at the top of the launching tower.

"Are you ready, Signor Melzi?" he asked.

"Andiamo!" I shouted, and my flying machine shot into the blue sky of Lombardy as if I were a bolt in a crossbow.

The wind tore at my face. I squeezed my eyes to clear them of tears. I moved back on the pine bar under me so the front of the machine pointed upward as I had been taught.

The sun was now halfway to its zenith and I looked for dark plowed fields as master told us to, also soaring birds, which ride the winds. I felt a bump as if my flying machine had entered the rapids of a river, and moved to the left so as to turn left. I looked about for my companions and saw many of them, some higher than I was, some lower.

All were beginning to circle like the soaring eagles we all studied, for they were masters of the air. I felt my machine rising and continued turning. I could see Milan below me and as I came round again, could see the Italian Alps below, and at some distance, the French army. To the rear of the infantry would be the bombardiers preparing to fire huge bronze bombards, lofting their three hundred pound balls against the stone walls of Milan. When a breach was made, the infantry would advance followed by the cavalry. They would pour into the breach and loot and kill in my city, my Milan.

I continued circling and watched an eagle ride the wind off my right wing. We were brothers of this new realm, he and I, but my task was much more deadly than his. As I tacked into the wind much like sailing a ship, I could see the massed infantry of the French below.

A puff of smoke showed me where the bombards were, so I tacked and continued north to position myself ahead of the wind. Leonardo had cautioned us to allow for the wind blowing our missiles as they fell. We did not wish to drop them



AMBOISE (PORTRAIT OF ANGIOLA) by Glenn Trybom

THE DA VINCI DIARIES: WAR IN THE AIR
by James LaMalfa

"The bird I have described ought to be able by the help of the wind to rise to a great height, and its joints should be made of strong tanned hide, and sewn of very strong raw silk."

"The man in a flying machine has to be free from the waist upward in order to be able to balance himself as he does in a boat, so that his center of gravity and that of his machine may vacillate and change when necessity requires...a change."

"The destruction of these machines may come about in two ways, the first of which is when the machine breaks, the second is when it turns edgewise...because it ought always to descend into a long slant...to a level line."

"BIBLIOTECA DELLE LETTERE" Leonardo da Vinci

On the ninth of June, 1510, the French appeared at a great distance off from Milan. But we had been well informed of their progress. Our outriders had observed their movements and my master's signal mirrors had transmitted their movements to our commanders.

On the day the enemy appeared, we communicated to all of the corps the need to be ready. The flying machines were placed on their rails, ready to be launched. The catapult had been tested for months.

All of the corps had flown in the machines, but not carrying the glass spheres with deadly vapor as prescribed by Signor da Vinci. Their structures had been improved, being made of young pine and covered with linen which had been rendered impervious to water with many coats of varnish. Although Leonardo himself would not take part in the coming battle, he constantly instructed us on the dangers and vicissitudes of flight in the river of air, as he described the sky.

We had learned to move our bodies about on the pine bar under the wings, a full 30 braccias in breadth. We learned to watch the horizon so as not to cause the flying machine to turn over. The shutters on each wing, when erect, would cause the bird to descend. Warm air over plowed fields would raise us above the wind if we did but circle. On days when the sun did not shine, we could only descend, so all prayed that when the attack came, it would shine forth.

Only two of Leonardo's assistants had joined the flying machine corps, Marco d'Oggiono and I. We were both short of stature as recurred. Many members of the corps were formerly employed as jugglers, mimes and saltimbancos, with no penchant for war. But the extreme peril Milan faced made warriors of all. Fra Pacioli and Leonardo had determined through their computations that only one who is nimble and of slight weight could be sent aloft in the machines.

The filling of the glass spheres was done outside and with great care. When filled, they were stoppered with sealing wax. Each sphere was contained in a leathern web, which held it to the wing. A pull on a rod above my head would release the glass spheres. We had performed this maneuver many times with wood spheres, saving the poisonous balls for actual war, which now loomed.

At an early hour after the cock had crowed, the flying corps gathered in front of the Vercellino Gate where they would be launched. My master had prepared maps of the plain before Milan so accurate that one would have sworn he had flown above the land below. But he never did take to the air.

Above our launching area flew the flag of the Republic of Milan, a rampant stallion on a field of red. We watched it closely, as we could only launch into the wind. The winds of the river of air above us often proved changeable, so the rails from which they were launched could be moved to accommodate them.

As we huddled in the cold, which one felt even in early summer in Milan, each was silent. I said a prayer to the Virgin Mary, Saint Ambrose and carried a Saint Christopher's medal that my mother had given me before she died.

We knew that not all would survive the coming battle. Some mishaps occurred during the months when we had learned to fly the bird machines. Some machines failed. Some men died, some were injured, but others stepped forward.

The sun was now two fingers above the horizon. The herald on the city wall let forth a blast on his trumpet, which told all that the French were on the move.

The night before, the captains of each corps, heavy cavalry armed with lances and pistols, crossbowmen, carabineers on the ground armed with harquebuses and myself as leader of the flying machine corps, met with our two commanders. They told us that we faced French bombardiers and cannons, numbering sixty each corps, two thousand German landknechts and seven thousand French regular infantry armed with pikes. In numbers the Milanese forces were almost equal, but we had aliee the French had no knowledge of.

Upon the lighting of powder that produced red smoke on the city wall, those manning the sluices restraining the waters that had gathered behind the dam holding back the waters of the Martesana Canal, were to pull on ropes and open the sluices. All of the land corps had been warned to abandon the field of battle when the red smoke was seen above the city wall.

One by one the members of our corps climbed into their flying machines. A hook was attached to the skids underneath. They tucked their feet up, inserting them into stirrups, which allowed us to move the shutters on each wing.

Upon the command to launch the flying machines, men at the top of the