



NORTHERN LIGHTS . 87

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MOTHER VISITOR . jan ross deetjen

I sit cross-legged on Mary's couch,
where I slept the night before: Now
sun-numbered
suspended
between night and day
dreams.

Against her wall is my old cedar chest,
a Jimi Hendrix poster above.

Mary is still sleeping.

The cedar chest:
I stare at it, stare
until appears another wall
and with the turn of a small brass key (now lost)
discover that inner panelled keeper
of linens and dreams
blessed by fragrance as sweet as any fresh-cut
cedar tree.

Under the window it sits
beneath priscilla tie-backs
covering sooty old panes that rattle
with the rumbling, screeching el trains
passing our Chicago apartment-hotel on Lake Street.

Bach plays his "Tocatta and Fugue in F Major"
on 78 rpm from Weinerts' Music Store.

Els still sway along tracks in the old neighborhood
where windows are boarded, rattles stopped
and where next door Bob's Music Store
is no more just dirt lot shattered glass
smashed cans
sharded brick
voices of silent hostility.

Cross-legged, I sit on Mary's couch,
where I slept the night before.

APRIL RITE . karen atwood

Just before noon
I hauled the birdbath
up the basement stairs.
It was time.

Outside the breeze was light, sun-warmed,
our recent foot of snow shrunk
to scattered patches. Chipmunks re-emerged
from burrowed darkness into glaring light,
and robins flipped aside decaying leaves
that mulched tall, budding daffodils.
Jays and sparrows circled overhead,
seeking, one surmised, the perfect site
for timeless rituals of bath and drink.

First I carried up the heavy pedestal,
cast in gray cement.
I rested briefly, a bit surprised
by my show of strength,
then toted up the basin.

Across the driveway, its usual spot,
beneath still unleafed maples,
I eased the basin down,
drew a pail of water,
scoured with Joy and wild abandon,
then rinsed, refilled,
noting wryly the bath did not stand level:
my work was out of plumb.

Later, that failing would be observed.
I would be chided, I supposed,
for hurrying Spring,
for lugging the bath
alone
up stairs, unrailed, unsteady.

No matter.
To me, it was simply time,
my rite an affirmation
a gentler season lay ahead.

MEMORIES WORTH EVERYTHING . kandy higley

Edith J., 98, a doctor's widow, sat in her
wheelchair at the nursing home. Her mind
was alert, filled with memories. In an
interview several months before her death,
I listened, fascinated. Dates escaped her,
but a wealth of details remained:

I was a nursing student when I met Dad. He was an intern
at Presbyterian Hospital and taught three of my classes. Bac-
teriology was one.

Four of us girls from the nurse's home went to a drug
store for ice cream. Dad's fraternity was right close, and
some of the fraternity boys used to come over, light a ciga-
rette and talk. They were interns, and they knew we were from
the Presbyterian Hospital. Two of them came over to talk, and
they got our names. In a couple days, the phone rang, and it
was for me.

"I met you the other night. Could I come over and call?"

"Yes," I said. "It's all right." So he came over to talk.

When he left, he asked, "Could I come again sometime?"

"Yes." He was very polite, so I said, "Yes, you can come
again." Well, then we took a little walk, and that was all
right.

If we nurses had anything doing, I usually asked him, but
I had no intention of caring for him or he for me. It was just
friendship.

One night--I'm cutting this a little short--we walked down
to town, no car, just walked. We returned to the dorm and were
sitting on a little seat right across from the mailboxes, where
we answered the telephone. We visited. He told me about
Georgia, and I told him about Michigan. Just general.

After a while, he said, "Would you accept my fraternity pin?"

Well, I thought that meant to be engaged, so I didn't answer right away. But after a while, I said, "Yes, I will. I'll accept it." But I couldn't wear it--only under my uniform bib. No jewelry, nothing while in uniform.

He was through with his internship and spent three months at Children's Memorial. Then, a Dr. Smith from the Arizona Copper Company called Dr. Lewis, a "big" man at Presbyterian. Smith asked if he could send one of the Presbyterian doctors out to Clifton, an Arizona mining town, to practice--to work, to work.

"Barney," Dr. Lewis asked one of his interns, "do you want to accept this, go out to this mining town in Arizona?"

Now Barney was a great lad to do laboratory work. So he said, "No, I don't want it. I tell you, though, ask Bill J. He might." So Dr. Lewis asked, and Dad was dying to make some money. He agreed to go.

In a day or two, he came over and told me he had had an offer, and it was too good to turn down. Would I get married, he wondered.

At the time, I had only two or three months of training to go. "Oh, no, no. I won't give up now," I said.

"I'll tell you," he said. They're only giving me a week to get ready, to clear up things to go out there. On my first vacation, I'll come--you'll be through--and get you."

"That'll be all right," I said.

In the meantime, Miss McMillan, our nursing superintendent, called me to the office and asked what my intentions were. She had a place for me. I said I expected to be married.

"That's nice, that's all right," she said.

I finished training in September. We were wed the following month and moved to Clifton. I thought I would practice nursing, but I didn't. No, I never practiced.

Well, Dad and I had lots of experiences together, and I have wonderful memories. I remember one time we were sitting in the kitchen at home, having supper. "Now, Mother, I'll never leave you," he said. And that still rings in my ears. He's always with me because I have memories. I live with him. It's lovely, just lovely. "I'll never leave you"--I can see him sitting there, saying that. It's so nice to think of those things. Memories are worth everything, everything.



. cindy behrendt

STONE'S THROW . jan ross deetjen

My wild child (within) should be
docile,
Like a fossil in a church stone.

My child also should be
mild,
A common pebble in an altar pile.

My child, I do insist, should be
meek,
A briny little granule in the Great Salt Sea.

. . .

But this child obeys me not,
Throws stones, and pelts
My mind-built holy spot.

This child upheaves
My sacred stack of rock,
And more,

This child does spit,
Spits on salt-hard lids,
And laughs at fresh-loosed tears.

. . .

My wild child is growing
strong,
Moving mountains, stone by stone,
Powered by Power beyond my own.

My wild child (within) should be
wild
and free.



. **bonnie ebacher**

APPRECIATIVELY . jeff fischer

hey . . . you

yeah . . . you

thank you

for your presence

in my life

you

encourage me

to go . . . beyond

myself.

LESSON IN REGRET . jan glime

As a nurse in Intensive Care, I routinely deal with life and death. When a death occurs, part of me has often been judgmental. I hear distraught family members exclaim, "If only I'd been kinder!" or "Why didn't I take more time?" and reason that if the survivors had been better husbands, daughters, or brothers, they wouldn't feel such guilt.

Sometimes, though, tables are turned, and a person finds himself in the same situation he may have wrongly judged another for. It happened to me.

Conventional wisdom goes, "If I had my life to live over, I wouldn't change a moment." Oh, but I would! I have a younger sister--had, that is, but past tense is still too difficult to use.

She was lovely and high-spirited, and I always admired her limitless energy. I never told her, though. It was hard to say and, besides, I was busy with family, work, school, the usual. We did things together, as I imagine most sisters do. She spent a weekend with me at nursing school and was a bridesmaid at my wedding. But I never told her how much she meant to me.

Last Easter, she turned up at my door in a rented bunny suit that could have fit Arnold Schwarzenegger. In that suit and having drunk several glasses of wine, she appeared more than slightly ridiculous. I can still picture the scene as she left, falling down the steps, sending jelly beans flying in all directions. And I can hear her contagious giggle as she ran down the sidewalk, the neighbor's dog hot at her heels. I don't think I told her how cute she looked or how she had brightened my children's day. I'm not certain I even said goodbye.

Soon after, an urgent call came from the hospital. I sped to get there, arrived too late. I witnessed anguish and despair like I've never known on the faces of my parents as they were told, "We did everything we could."

Now, at the loss of a loved one, when relatives tearfully exclaim, "I always meant to tell him" or "I wish I'd done more," I can truly empathize and share their grief. I hug them and answer softly, "I know, I know."

Perhaps this knowledge has made me a better nurse. Those who have observed these interactions seem to think so. But what a painful price to have paid to learn that lesson.

THE FUTURE IS NOW . david h. kessel

Heeding the call for newness in time,
One's thoughts remain on the past,
Knowing the future is there to come,
But expecting the present to last.

The present's the past when future arrives,
How time confuses it all!
And past is the present when future's to be:
As if a revolving ball.

But wait--there's a reason for all this chatter,
A point to be grasped in this timely matter.
Our reasoning shows the way, the "how,"
We come to know the Future is Now.

The past is gone--unable to be retrieved.
The present is constantly taking its bow.
Even its "presence" leaves us deceived,
And thus we're left with the Future as Now.

The past is shaped, the present elapsing,
No longer current, but kept for review.
Hence, the future is truly before us,
Let's start to live it, with me and you.

One final point for consideration,
It's important, make no mistake:
Whatever you make in the Now of your Future,
Just live your life, for its own sake.

ADVENTURE IN BUCKMAN WOODS . al rieter

NOTICE

Any similarity to persons living or dead could be intentional. Facts reported have been confirmed and verified to the best of my ability, but readers should keep in mind the amplification considered normal and correct for all hunting and fishing narratives.

Now many folks don't know I was once a hunter of some repute, before I gave it up. The man who taught me how to hunt was none other than Moon Sherburn. You may wonder how he got that name, Well, Moon was a child of the Depression, and his father used to cook a little corn in a copper wash boiler in the cellar to help make ends meet. One summer evening, the lad looked out the window at a full moon, and charmed with its beauty, called out, "Daddy, look at the beautiful moonshine." There were a few seconds of stunned silence before a large hand clamped across his mouth and he was advised never to say the word "moonshine" inside or outside the premises. Thereafter, the boy was known as Moon, and his real name faded into the mists of time.

I mention all this only to establish I had a first-rate teacher. Moon was a champion shooter with the National Guard Rifle Team and had a room full of trophies and medals. When he drew a bead on anything, it was hit. One of the first things he taught me was to have complete confidence in myself and my ability. He had it, believe me. Why, when Moon hunted deer, he took only one bullet. Any hunter worth his salt wouldn't need more than one. He was so confident that he didn't even load until he spotted a deer. Then, he calmly slipped the single cartridge into the gun chamber and--wham!--he had his deer, never any doubt.

With a teacher like Moon, I became a pretty good shot myself. I don't like to brag, but next to Moon, I was the best shot in three counties. Truth is truth, so why not lay it all

out like it was? I point this out so that the events I'm about to tell are rightly understood. I gave up hunting deer, but not because I couldn't shoot.

On a day perfect for hunting--clear and cold, with about two inches of fresh snow--I was out in the woods near the village of Buckman. I was hunting with a Springfield Model 1903, 30 caliber with a peep sight. In those days, a real hunter wouldn't be caught dead with a scope on his gun. I'd been there about an hour when out of the scrub pine a hundred yards off came a doe and right behind a big buck, his nose on her rump. With all my training, I remained calm and cool.



. andy nowakowski

I set the rifle's back sight for a hundred yards and reached into my shirt pocket for the single cartridge I carried, slipped it into the chamber, and closed the bolt. The deer hadn't moved a step. The doe was looking off to my left, and the buck still had his nose on her rump. I figured I'd shoot the buck through his left eye to avoid any holes in the hide. I calmly drew a bead and squeezed off the shot. The doe jumped maybe three feet in the air and took off like the boarder answering the dinner bell at his rooming house. With my accuracy, I figured the buck would drop right in his tracks, but to my amazement, he just stood there--didn't move a muscle. I took a couple steps toward him, and he still didn't budge. I could tell he was alive because I could see his breath.

Then I noticed a strange thing. The buck had something in his mouth, but I was too far away to see what. I glanced down at my rifle and noted the windage adjustment was set two clicks to the left. Lightning-fast calculations told me this would have put my bullet exactly nine inches to the left or right, across the buck's nose. I should have noticed this when I set the range.

I walked closer. The buck still stood there, stiff-legged like one of those cast-iron deer you see in folks' yards. I circled clear around him and waved my arms when I got in front. Still no movement. Then I noticed he had the doe's tail in his mouth. Well, this was just too much, but I figured it out. That buck was blind and the doe had been leading him around with her tail. I had shot it off slick and clean due to my windage error.

Now what to do? I reached out and took hold of the doe's tail and walked a few steps. Lo and behold, the buck followed. Well, I had me a real situation here. The doe, I reasoned, couldn't come back and lead him without a tail. And I didn't have another cartridge. If I went back to the village to get one, some other hunter would sure enough come along and shoot my buck. Then I came up with a brilliant idea. I tried it and it worked: I could lead the buck anywhere just by taking hold of the doe's tail.

I started down the road and led the buck into town, right

up in front of Gerhard Biese's hardware store. I parked him and went in. Gerhard wanted to sell me a whole box of cartridges, but I talked him out of just one. When I came out the door, the buck was right where I'd left him. If anyone had seen him, they'd probably thought he was some kind of statue since he stood there motionless.

I turned him around and started out of town. As I passed the Village Inn Bar, I saw Jason Neul step out on the porch. I knew Jase always kept a cud of Plow Boy about the size of a walnut in his left cheek, and I figured he was coming out to spit because he had his mouth sort of puckered up and drawn back. When he saw me going by, leading that deer, well, his eyes got big as silver dollars, and I swear he swallowed his chew because his jaw went slack and the lump disappeared from his cheek. He turned around and went back into the bar without a word.

I wouldn't be surprised he thought the whiskey had finally got to him. He never mentioned the incident, but his wife told me later how glad she was Jase had cut down on his drinking.

Well, I had my own problem--that big, blind buck. I'll admit I'd become rather fond of him, but what could I do? I couldn't scare up the doe and sew back her tail so she could take care of him again, and if I left him standing around, some hunter would come along and shoot him. Well, I did what I had to, but it was like shooting a favorite hound because he has distemper. It took all the sport out of hunting for me, and I never hunted again.

IDEA INTO FORM
. jan ross deetjen

Nobody can weld
steel plates together
without heat.
It takes a blue-tipped
vaporous finger pooling molten metal
melding fragments
of idea into form.

How can beings bond
without energy,
devoid of joy or anger?
Forms without content.

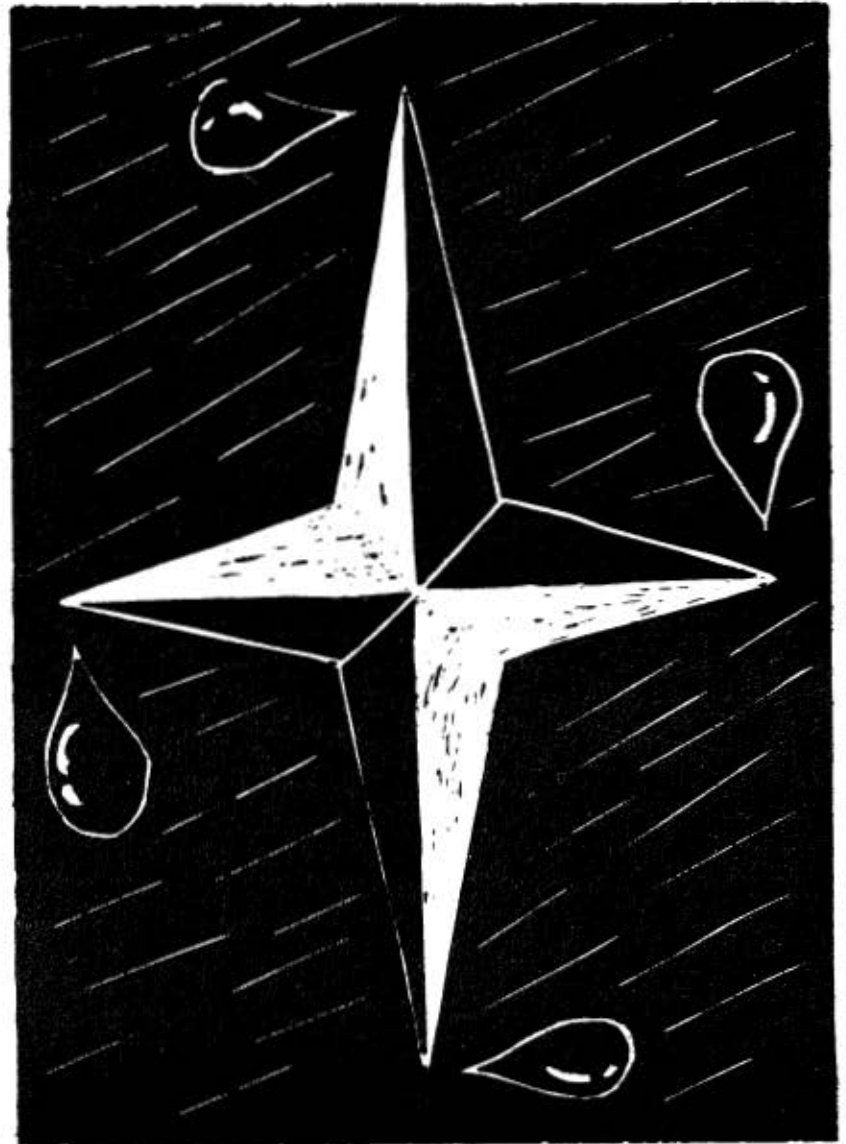
Give me rather terror
of a summer storm with lightning strike
that makes either
clean break or clean seam:
the hot breath of creative force
beginning again.

SPECIAL TIME . kelly hanley

So fast, yet so slow
Time went:

Talking, laughing, sharing
in such a confined, though freely accessible place
atmosphere perfect, clean and beautiful.
Nervous, excited tremors overcame,
though an unexplainable comfortableness existed.
Deep yearning, opposite debating conscience,
collided in a confusing scramble of questions.
Talking, laughing, sharing
over and over again.

And then, the avoided, yet inevitable
ending of time,
our special time.



. michael li donne

CENTENNIAL RETROSPECT

. carl e. krog

In the 1870's and 80's, with white pine lumbering at its peak, Marinette was a prospering sawmill town. The hard-headed lumbermen who owned the settlement, however, regarded it as an impermanent lumber camp and made no attempt to provide amenities. As timber production declined, lumber company executives in Chicago saw only cut-over lands and falling profits. They bought up timberlands in other sections of North America and left Marinette with limited forests and a limited future.

Thus, it fell to the townspeople to make the city's future. And Marinette began to take on the appearance of a permanent settlement. The city gained a hotel, a number of brick blocks, an opera house, library, department stores, streetcars, paved streets, water works, and sewage system. In spite of a shrinking tax base, as sawmill after sawmill closed, the city undertook an ambitious program of municipal improvements, using the tax from unregulated saloons to pay for them. This weakness for short-term planning characterized the city in the two decades of decline after 1890, as it had in the prosperous eighties. A marginal economy necessitated shortsightedness.

Until the 1890's, the residential sections of Marinette paralleled Main Street and the sawmills on the river. Most of the workers lived in this older section, built on low ground, close to their work. Members of the growing mercantile and professional community built their homes in a new area west of the central business district. What the city needed was a municipal form of government that could effectively marshal the resources of the entire community.

The town government, organized in 1855, had served the community for more than thirty years. Governing power resided in the three-man town board of supervisors, one of them acting as chairman. In the 1880's, the board consisted of lumberman A. C. Merryman and two clothing merchants. It supervised basic community services, fire and police protection, and held an annual town meeting in March to audit books.

Marinette doubled in population to 8,000 in the first half of the 1880's, and the need for municipal services became obvi-

ous. Two public meetings were held in January 1885 to discuss advantages and disadvantages of municipal organization. Merryman, who chaired the meetings, predicted incorporation would lead to higher taxes. Fellow opponents pointed out that Oconto and Fond du Lac had both acquired large debts from ambitious civic improvements after incorporation. Proponents countered that the neighboring city of Menominee, incorporated in 1883, had a tax rate comparable to the town of Marinette's. Furthermore, in Marinette, the town hall, three school buildings, and the fire engines were already paid for.

A majority voted down a motion against incorporation at the second public meeting, and no further action was taken. Two years later, in January 1887, residents learned from the Eagle that a private meeting had been held to discuss securing a city charter from the state legislature. Isaac Stephenson, the most influential of resident lumbermen and the acknowledged community leader, had decided it was time to incorporate.

Later that month, it was reported that the new city charter would provide for the following elective offices: mayor, city clerk, treasurer, assessor, aldermen, and three justices of the peace. Fire and street commissioners would be appointed. In finished form, the charter contained several interesting provisions: taxation limited to 2% of assessed valuation; no bonds to be issued without popular consent; limitation of city bonding to no more than 5% of assessed value. The charter also specified a 30-day residence requirement for voting--an attempt to disenfranchise transient lumberjacks.

In March 1887, J. A. Van Cleve was elected first mayor of the newly chartered city, to serve with ten aldermen representing five wards. Thus, Marinette, a former lumber camp, joined the ranks of Wisconsin cities.



. jenny hausfeld

YOU CAN SEE IT FROM HERE (for Bill) . jane yarbrough

All winter it didn't snow, not much.
I watched gun-metal skies over a muddy, leafless silence
and waited.

Christmas came. Multicolored lights
strung in trees glared on the garish complaints
of beaten grass--brown deterioration, no protection.
We seemed so vulnerable in our piney grove.

But native sons and daughters said, "Just wait!"
And I did, playing with the troikas of my mind
as they slid across a white rolling landscape:
Clippity-clop, jingle jingle clop.

"Unseasonably warm," the weatherman said
with a smile in his voice, day after day,
winding through airwaves infectious glee and expectation.
January, February, March--vernal equinox.
We seemed ripe for spring in our piney grove.

I put away my troikas and pulled out trillium, violets,
azalea and flowering dogwood, for old time's sake.
I saw deer standing fat and fearless, blending with wild lilac
here on the wood's edge--the world's edge (Remember, Bill?)
with its grand vista of known beauty and possibility.

The windchimes of our northwoods, those gently blowing popples,
took me away, across the river, over forests, to the bay.
I rose with the new season, willing myself to drift
among puff-ball cumuli.

But the clouds too soon accumulated above forgotten islands.
It snowed.

I wanted a blizzard, a devastating storm to match my anger.
I had to blot out the memory of too many dreams deferred.

Did you see it?
Do you see it?
Can you understand?

Some of you do. You took me in.
I am your troika rider, your violet gatherer, your storm child.
I am one who loves the piney grove.



. tracy maas

CRYPTIC MESSAGE . rob worth

confusion
all around me
confusion all within
I crouch within my corner As all the world BEgins To spin
HElplessly, so helplessly i plummet Deep into the sky
as the EArTH rips frOm my Feet, i realize it is tIME to
die.

UNFORGIVENESS . lydia bedwell

Unforgiveness
weaves a tortuous web.
A mother's unforgiving takes root
in sons and daughters.
Issues go unresolved. Bitterness
and personal welfare take precedence
over selflessness, care, concern.
And, once in place, the unforgiveness hardens.
Year after year, it calcifies,
until original battles cannot be recalled;
only resentments and hostility remain.

And who wins when everyone loses?

Take care whom you harden your heart
against, lest God,
remembering Pharaoh,
send plagues to your door.
Be quick to forgive the slight,
the annoyance, the bruised ego.
Be quick to choose life
for your soul.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW . debra le may

What the world needs now is someone to cherish
this land, to gently give it a guiding hand.
What the world needs now is peace in every mind,
not hatred or revenge of any kind.
What the world needs now is love on every side,
not threats that make us want to hide.
What the world needs now is for all men to be free,
to enjoy what they want to be.
What the world needs now is for all folks
to be on their way, not just someday
or tomorrow, but today.



. maria wagner

THE GOAT IN A BOAT

. pat boshen

There once was a goat
Afloat in a boat
Who ate his coat
For lunch.

He steered with his tail
While reading his mail
And on rusty nails
Did munch.

One bright sunny day
He drifted away
From places close
To home.

He fought with a whale
In a tight tin pail
And said, nevermore
Will I roam.