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Vivian Shipley

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ICE FISHING IN MINNESOTA

You're in walleye world if, as thoughts grow stranger and stranger, you forget you failed basic math. Drive past rows of fish houses on Mille Lacs. Two hundred square miles, with ice three feet thick adds up to 17 billion cubic feet of ice. If one foot weighs 50 pounds, ice totals 850 billion pounds, in mammal units, the equivalent of 53 million mature African bull elephants. Add two feet of snow, times 200. Remember moisture content varies. Hard to say how much that snow weighs. You call it a lot. Maybe 348 billion pounds or 22 million more elephants stampeding Mille Lacs already burdened with 5,000 ice houses outfitted with anglers, pickups, snowmobiles, generators. Stop. Get a grip. Mantra Henry David Thoreau’s Simplify, simplify. Appeal of a fish house is cobbbling found wood, fulfilling rectangular fantasies in plywood, chipboard, scrap paneling. You could be right back in Harlan County with your uncles gathering like they were holding a construction convention on outhouses or in a Hooverville from the Great Depression. Borrowing an ax and boards from an Irish friend’s shanty, Thoreau built his home for $28.12 1/2. The 10 by 15 space was smaller than most
of Minnesota's fish houses. If Walden Pond had not
been shorn of ice by *Hyperborean* ice-cutters
each winter, Thoreau could have towed what
Emerson must have secretly labeled *shack* onto the ice.

Puncturing the skin of Walden Pond to fish for pickerel,
Thoreau might not have written about his root
cellar but described his hole as *a sort of porch at*
the entrance of a burrow. Starting to get strange, walleye
again, you can't stop yourself. Calculating Thoreau's
weight, you multiply it pressing downward
on the dark body of Walden. Control gone,
you hallucinate: Thoreau in Mille Lacs, fishing mostly
by feel, partly by sight; Thoreau in ice-house hypnosis,
with the long distance stare that comes from
focusing on what won't focus: the indeterminate
place in water where the line trails off into uncharted depths.