



*Friends of
Lorine Niedecker*

*Issue #24
Summer 2016*

I was the solitary plover



The Moth Visits Blackhawk Island

The Moth founder George Dawes Green (in black) and frequent Moth performers Elna Baker (front) and Edgar Oliver (with hat) visited Lorine's cabin in April after their Beloit College storytelling performance. They were guests of Chris Fink (in red) and Ann Engelman (not pictured). Also pictured is poet and early Moth contributor Chad Faries (in gray), making his first pilgrimage to Blackhawk Island.

The Moth is an internationally known storytelling group based in New York. The Moth Radio Hour is featured weekly on NPR.

Katherine Kuehn Exhibit Includes Niedecker Poem Piece

Chazen Museum of Art in Madison, Wisconsin announced an exhibit and event that includes the poetry of Lorine Niedecker. The exhibit, *Close Reading: Sewn Works by Katherine Kuehn*, opens on August 19, 2016 and runs for two months.

An exhibit event and poetry reading will be held on Saturday, September 24, 2016 at 2:00 p.m. in the Chazen Auditorium, 750 University Avenue, Madison.

To celebrate the words embroidered by Katherine Kuehn in the current exhibition *Close Reading: Sewn Works by*

Katherine Kuehn, the Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee and the Friends of Lorine Niedecker, Fort Atkinson, have organized a poetry reading. Kuehn, a letterpress printer, has embroidered Lorine Niedecker's poem, *Paeon to Place*, on an indigo-dyed scroll featured in the exhibition.

Actress Flora Coker of Milwaukee will read this poem. Poems by Nelly Sachs and Paul Celan will also be read. Kuehn has embroidered excerpts of the correspondence of Nelly Sachs to Paul Celan. Artist Kuehn will then introduce the audience to the exhibition.

I was the solitary plover

a pencil

for a wing-bone

From the secret notes

I must tilt

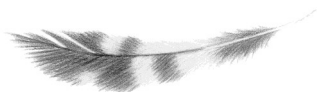
upon the pressure

execute and adjust

In us sea-air rhythm

"We live by the urgent

wave of the verse"



Green Lorine

Lorine Niedecker's poems immerse readers in the nature she knew: water, birds, rocks, and plants.

Plants, above all. Lorine's poems contain 298 references to plants or plant parts (flowers, leaves). One wonders what other poets surpassed that number in the same number of lines.

Trees and tree leaves shade the poems, with fifty-six references to trees and twenty-six to leaves. Leaves often symbolize ends: "and now I must rake leaves/with nothing blowing between your house and mine." Trees, however, stand for permanence, solidity, survival, the land legacy of her beloved grandfather, Gottfried Kunz. Trees also embody the mysteries of life: the poet has yet to learn the oak leaf's law.

Lorine planted flowers more often than food; yet her New Goose poems, written about the Great Depression, are thick with produce: potatoes, squash, cauliflower, cabbage, beets, peas, mushrooms, asparagus, corn, endive, lettuce, and rutabaga. In "The land of four o'clocks is here" a family of five look for their supper at "Half past endive, quarter to beets" but can find "nothing nourishing" (the title of another poem) but "common dealtout food."

Lorine lived with most of her poems' plants every day. Dandelions, ferns, sun-flowers, cattails, lilacs, thorn-apple, equisetum, violets, corn shocks, pickerel weed--these were her familiars. And above all, grass. How she must have loved discovering Asa Gray's letter to Increase Lapham: "Take special care of my pets, the grasses," for grasses were Lorine's pets as well. After she married Al Millen and began to travel, Lorine met unfamiliar plants whose names and properties she had to research. "Wintergreen Ridge" is thick with these exotics: wild orchids, lady slippers, horsetails,

club moss, Linnaeus's twinflower, Andromeda, Cisandra, the deadly Drosera. Fascinating botany: yet her poems listing researched plants never have the spontaneous intimacy of lines like "schools of leaves float downstream/past lonely piers" or "From my bed I see/the wind willow the grass."

One plant particularly resonates with Lorine Niedecker, and that is the lily, which she invokes thirteen times. A lily always transcends the prosaic: what lies among the green lily pads, she asks: a dead fish--or a white lily? "Fish/fowl/flood/Water lily mud" begins perhaps her greatest poem, "Paean to Place," vividly establishing her Blackhawk Island milieu. In "The men leave the car," Harold Hein explores a northern woods, returning to hand her barely opened "green-white lilies" which, for ever after, she associates with his words, "No marriage, no marriage, friend." In "Club 26," as in dream or hallucination, her friends' talk riles "the shore like bullheads/at the root of the luscious/large water lily," while the roadhouse itself morphs into a white lily where they drink until "the stamens tremble."

Books were Niedecker's food, nature her intoxicant: plants her intimate friends.

Margot Peters

Save the Dates!

2016 Lorine Niedecker
WI Poetry Festival will be
October 14 and 15.

New Location!
Fort Atkinson Club
211 S. Water St. E

Details available on Page 11
Schedule updates will be posted to:
lorineniedecker.org/festival.cfm

for a wing-bone

POETRY

A Poem Takes Three Days

A poem takes three days.

One day to snatch a piece of news
from the passing hem of a muse.

One day to pin its mood
to a page and trim it.

And one day to sit
and simply watch it
burn its groove.

Sooner than three days'
dwelling is not enough.
It won't ring true.

The other fifty years
before these three days?
Practice.

Cynthia d'Este



To Be Two Trees

to be two trees growing
branch here knows branch there
roots talk in the earth

where creatures perch
leaves catch wind
rain falls through birdsong

Ursula Lang

Dead Leaves Invade the Patio

every leaf rigor-mortised
a clenched fist
more crunch than punch

small brown birds
hunched on patio-block
exhausted, lost

crumpled lunch bags
crows once munched from
wind-tossed

bunches of rats
plotting assaults
on the house

all skitter and scatter
helter-skelter
edged with frost

Georgia Ressmeyer



Your Second Heart

This is a false beginning
to get your attention.
The poem will start
in just a moment
after you have taken a breath
and centered your attention
not on me or the poem
but yourself
and how the poem
might stitch itself
to your second heart,
the heart that matters to you.

Michael Dylan Welch

From the secret notes

unseen until wind

for christina o'connor

(the window
from floor to ceiling that
fronts the house

with the wide eaves)

where you dug traprock
meadow soil with your hands & planted
a pantheon of bulbs, tulips, pansies that

sunny
wind-jambled afternoon –
for the next year

here now and now and now
an uncharismatic spring wrests from
an el nino winter its sputtering due

yet, flora fauna hormones in love
with instantaneous extremes
of temperature

will not be quantified –
their planetary connective tissue of
interdependencies,

the ways the robins
the finches
the barn swallows

approach that soil
beneath the eave facing
south toward you

swoop and slow their flight and

glide out of sight, as are you
most of the time yet,
i feel you here as i do the flowers

not yet broken through a cold surface,
the spring timid and voracious
as am i with these creatures who travel
this far on the wind
which some times lifts us
forward

no title

ordinary to
be with the purple and green and

goldfinch telegram
tercet embryosea

moonlit old home
torn fingernail

lovestrong

Donna Fleischer



Lorine Was (A Memory from 1964-1966)

I remember a quiet being
Here and then gone
A lady unknown
But seen afar
 She had a spirit
 Of her own
 Not like the others
 Beyond the comforts
 Of conformity
She was totally herself
Within her boundary,
Comforted by the waters
Of her Rock River Home.
 I knew her at a distance
 Wondering why:
 Was she terribly shy?
 Or did she retreat
 For a reason?

Janice Redford

I must tilt

Lorine

Traces

Tweets

and gargling cranes

She hovers near.

Rock River beats its breast.

Spring erupts

We live again.

She doesn't even nod.

Margaret Schroeder



Absence

A prairie summer.

Her dress hangs on the clothesline.

Clear sky, cool dry air.

Breeze moves empty sleeves skyward.

Overalls wait to be pinned.

Windrow

Her things

ready for sale,

raked like grass into rows

before being scattered to the

four winds.

Mary Rowin

The Doctrine of Infallible Loneliness

somewhere hidden

in time's nothingness

beside the house

beyond the wind

beyond the lists of historic crowds

was planted eons ago this day

before the invisible dust of the sun

rested in the strange shade of the trees

before the inexplicable sickness of fear

filled the fields

that the iron birds destroyed

with the origins of memory that welcomes humanity

before yesterday and tomorrow

before the after

arm in arm with the sky

is the daunting possibility of the unforsaken dream

Saturday, March 19, 2016

mother elegy

Tom Hibbard



upon the pressure

Lorine and Daisy

by Margot Peters

Theresa Niedecker is the mystery in Lorine Niedecker's life. At best, there exist no more than twenty hard facts about Lorine's mother. One of them is that, though she was christened Theresa Henrietta, she was always called Daisy, though it's not clear why. It's also on record that Daisy was born on March 23, 1878 to parents Louise and Gottfried Kunz. She was one of three children; married Henry Niedecker on August 28, 1901; and died on Wednesday, July 25, 1951 at age seventy-three. That's five facts already.

Because we know so little, it's useful to remind ourselves of the world into which Daisy Niedecker was born in 1878 and lived until 1951. As a female she was expected, after the comparative freedom of girlhood, to marry: "Better dead than unwed!" Her chances of being educated past high school were virtually nil, as was the probability of her working outside the home for wages. She could not vote until 1920 when she was forty-two. When she married Henry, he automatically became head of the house in every respect. Money left Daisy by her maternal grandmother, Caroline Zeasar Kunz, who had speculated lucratively in land, automatically became Henry's after their marriage, as did her portion from the sale of her parents' Blackhawk Island hotel, The Fountain House. As a result, Daisy's sister Ida had to help her out financially from time to time. Daisy would have had few if any options for birth control and no legal power over the children she might bear. Man and wife (telling phrase) performing rigid divisions of labor: the man working outside the house as economic provider; the wife bearing and raising children and performing the unpaid work of cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and sewing. Motherhood, a woman's preoccupation from her children's birth through their adolescence, would be Daisy's fulfillment as well as her justification for being.

Daisy Niedecker, however, did not fit the traditional role. In that age of large families, she bore only one child, inviting criticism that she was "unwomanly." Nothing we know about her suggests that bearing a daughter was her fulfillment. Since Daisy is silent on the subject, photographs assume more than ordinary importance. There are none of Daisy and Lorine in a loving pose, while Lorine perches on Henry's knee, arms around Daddy's neck. A school friend noticed that Lorine, oddly, never spoke of her mother. We have, too, Lorine's accounts of Henry giving her money to go to New York, entertaining her friends, building her a cabin. Lorine bonded more strongly with Henry than with Daisy. And all her life Lorine preferred men to women.

In a photo taken when she was thirty-four, Daisy stands at the head of a group of five women. They are smiling, she scowls; they wear fancy dresses, she plain gingham. She is by far the tallest of the group, hence the line-up. In photos she is taller than her husband Henry, significant because women literally and figuratively looked up to their husbands. Yet early in her marriage Daisy was a great help to her carp-seining husband in decidedly non-traditional ways--a wife "who knew boats/and ropes," helped him "string out nets/for tarring," could shoot a gun, chop wood, and catch more fish than Henry: a competitive woman proud of her "male" skills and in ways tougher than her husband:

My man says the wind blows from the south,
we go out fishing, he has no luck,
I catch a dozen, that burns him up,
I face the east and the wind's in my mouth,
but my man has to have it in the south.

However unconventional Daisy could be, she could not be criticized as a housekeeper. "Daisy, she was an extremely fastidious housekeeper," remembered Lorine's high school friend Ernest Hartwig. "She kept the wood floors of their house polished and never let anybody into the house." Important to her daughter, living on treacherous Blackhawk Island, Daisy "knew how to clean up/after floods." But Lorine fought Daisy's obsession. "BP [BP for Bean Pole] the ole worker. "What a drudge she'd like to have made of her daughter! A clean drudge."

Another fact. Shortly after giving birth to Lorine when she was 25, Daisy began to lose her hearing, then quickly became stone deaf. Her doctor, Frank Brewer, told her that childbirth caused her deafness. If only subconsciously, how could Daisy not have blamed Lorine in some way for her loss of hearing? Her "big, blind ears" ached, she stuffed them with cotton lint to keep out the cold. She became withdrawn and bitter. Henry "Saw his wife turn/deaf/and away," Lorine would write in *Paeon to Place*. Although her cousins Adeline and Arvella believed that "At times it seemed as though she could lip-read," night after night her mother and Lorine sat in silence together. Lorine mourned that her mother could not hear ducks blast off the water or the sora rail's musical descending scale. "Did she giggle as a girl?" wondered Lorine, unable to imagine a cheerful mother. Daisy no longer helped Henry tar his nets, withdrew from friends and family, refused to join relatives at card playing. "Her hearing was a sad thing and difficult for both Uncle Henry and Lorine," said a cousin, Edna Niedecker. She stopped going off the Island, even out of the house except to walk her red dog. In Lorine's words, her mother became "moored to this low shore by deafness."

By the time Lorine entered high school, Henry had turned for sex and companionship to Gertrude Runke, a neighbor only three years older than Lorine. An easy-going man, Henry took few pains to hide his infidelity from Daisy, sleeping most nights in the quonset hut

execute and adjust

near their house, where he stored gear and where Daisy served his seining crew noon dinner. With Henry's infidelity, the conventional family myth totally self-destructed. If Daisy had turned away in deafness, she now turned further away in anger and contempt. Henry bought a fancy new car instead of a truck (Daisy would never learn to drive: women did not drive family cars in those days). "A hummingbird/can't haul," scoffed Daisy, the double entendre stabbing Gertrude as well. Henry liked to go around Blackhawk Island after floods helping people. Daisy, scornful: "He's out soothing everybody today--an old soothe-see--er. I suppose they'll all decide to live on a little just because he's been to see 'em . . . He's got one eye on one neighbor and the other eye on the other one so of course there's none for home." Jealous of Henry's popularity, sociability and, overwhelmingly, of his sexual relationship with Gertrude Runke, Daisy became even more obsessive about keeping an immaculate house. Housework became her sanity, a way to control something Henry's infidelity had fouled.

Daisy could also be critical of her daughter, who had none of her skills with boats, nets, wood-chopping, cooking and baking. Who was, in fact, a dreamy young woman with terrible eyesight, buried in books or scribbling in a notebook, off in her own world. "Good-bye to lilacs by the door," writes Lorine quoting Daisy's complaint during a spring flood

and all I planted for the eye.
If I could hear--too much talk in the world,
too much wind washing, washing
good black dirt away. . . .

I've wasted my whole life in water.
My man's got nothing but leaky boats,
My daughter, writer, sits and floats.

No wonder then that Lorine left home at twenty-five to marry the Blackhawk Island farmer Frank Hartwig. The escape was temporary. When the marriage failed, Lorine had no option but to return home. What saved her sanity was the discovery, in 1931, of the poet Louis Zukofsky's work in Poetry magazine. She wrote to him, he replied: they struck up a correspondence. When he realized his daughter was serious, Henry gave Lorine money to travel to New York to stay with Zukofsky, trips Daisy strongly disapproved of. In 1936, Zukofsky and his friend Jerry Reisman visited Blackhawk Island. Daisy was so upset that her daughter was living in sin with Louis that she could hardly speak to the New Yorker who, during his stay, kept his distance at all costs. Lorine also "avoided her mother as much as possible," said Reisman, "because of the tension between them which apparently had existed for years." Naturally Henry was welcoming and genial and showed the New Yorkers how to shoot his guns.

On another occasion, working in Madison for the Federal Writer's Project, Lorine invited her colleagues Edwin Honig and Vivien Hone to Blackhawk Island. Their impression of her parents was identical to Zukofsky's and Reisman's. "Lorine's mother was awesomely gaunt, tall and silent," said Honig; "her father, an easy-going hunter-fisher-farmer, not regularly employed, was a good storyteller." Vivien Hone was more perceptive: Henry "lived in a modest house on the banks [of the Rock River]. Lorine's mother lived in an adjoining house and never spoke to her husband. The cause of that silent civil war was never made known to me, but what a hostile environment for [Lorine] the child."

Finally Lorine could not bear to live with her unhappy mother any longer. In 1946 Henry built her a cabin, and though she had to hike to her former house to draw water and had no indoor toilet, she escaped Daisy's silent daily war with life--though not the financial consequences of Henry freely handing over property and money to Gertrude Runke in exchange for sex, an arrangement Gert's husband thoroughly approved. Daisy did drop in unexpectedly on Lorine from time to time, once looking like a bandit with a kerchief over her face to keep out the cold, once to tell Lorine she'd seen a mirage of a brown house, though when she'd looked closer it was only dry canes by the roadside. A haunted, desperate woman.

About this time, Lorine confided to Aeneas McAllister, a young Blackhawk Island neighbor with whom she was not a little in love, that Daisy "had gone off her rocker" and that "Gert Runke helped." At the same time she made it clear she considered her mother's madness no excuse for Henry's infidelity. Their conversation seems to have happened after Daisy burned down the house:

She grew where every spring
water overflows the land,
married mild Henry
and then her life was sand.

Tall, thin, took cold on her nerves,
chopped wood, kept the fire,

In us sea-air rhythm

burned the house, helped build it again,
advance, attack, retire.

Gave birth, frail warrior--gave boat
for it was mid-spring--
to Henry's daughter who stayed
on the stream listening

to Daisy: "Hatch, patch and scratch,
that's all a woman's for
but I didn't sink, I sewed and saved
and now I'm on second floor."

Henry built a new two-story house in 1947 and husband and wife moved in--on separate floors. Daisy hasn't "struck anywhere normal since," Lorine told AEneas.

Increasingly, Daisy was also suffering from mitral valve decomposition, a heart problem for which she'd been treated since 1943. Still, she tried to keep an immaculate house, though now Lorine was forced to help. "BP, Henry and I washed yesterday. I could do it alone if I could get the others out of the way. [BP] shook so, said 'I always get excited when we wash. It's a skunk, tho, this bad weather. These rots will have to hang in the house all day.'" More her mother's daughter than she cared to admit, Lorine then walked back to her cabin to lacquer her own linoleum and varnish her mopboards.

By 1951 Henry believed he'd have to commit Daisy to the County Home for the insane. She was finally admitted to the Jefferson Hospital when doctors decided that her confusion was due as much to morphine and digitalis as to mental breakdown. "Don't you omit these visits," Daisy told Henry and Lorine when they came to see her. On July 25, they rose to go at the end of visiting hours. "Wash the floors, Lorine," Daisy cried frantically, "wash the clothes and pull weeds." Shortly afterward she ate her supper and fell back dead. She was seventy-three.

Writing Zukofsky about the funeral, Lorine's tone was matter-of-fact, even cheerful. "[I]t wasn't hard to go through it because I kept thinking how music and church meant nothing to BP, she couldn't hear and she never went out. . . . As it was, she lay there looking not too much like herself, far from it all, noble at last, as unique as she was when she lived. Christian burial for a barbaric genius." Henry hinted that Lorine would get \$3,000 Daisy had left, and she planned, with a little of the money, to buy a new fur coat. (Nothing more, however, was heard about the \$3,000 and fur coats.)

Far more moved than she let on to Zukofsky, Lorine turned Daisy's last words into a poem:

Old Mother turns blue and from us,
 "Don't let my head drop to the earth.
 I'm blind and deaf." Death from the heart,
 a thimble in her purse.

It's a long day since last night.
 Give me space. I need
 floors. Wash the floors, Lorine!--
 wash clothes! Weed!

Daisy mourned that she had spent her life on and in nothing. What would have made Daisy's life something? Being able to hear, certainly. A faithful husband, yes. Most important, one feels, equal partnership in Henry's various businesses: her own space, right to her own money. A daughter who did not sit and float. No daughter at all?

That daughter, however, gave Daisy immortality. If not for Lorine, Theresa Niedecker would be a statistic buried in the archives of the Jefferson County Union. Besides talking about Daisy in her published letters, Lorine wrote more than twenty poems either about, quoting, or including her mother. Thirteen of these she wrote after Daisy's death, far more than she would write about her father, who died three years later. "I hear the weather/through the house/or is it my breathing mother." Walking Wintergreen Ridge in Door County with her second husband Al Millen years later, she stops abruptly: "I suddenly heard/the cry/my mother's." A year later she wrote her finest poem, Paean to Place, a hymn of praise to her parents and to her to life on Blackhawk Island; and an admission of her bond

"We live by the urgent"

with Daisy: "My mother and I/born/in swale and swamp and sworn/to water." A year before her death Lorine still could not forget Daisy. In Subliminal she mourns "Night/the sag of day/My mother/all the years/no day."

Lorine grieved far less for her father. After all, Henry had led a pleasant life pretty much on his own terms. Daisy's tormented spirit, however, tormented Lorine. Describing her mother as "tall, tormented/dark infested," Lorine plumbs the depths of Daisy's unhappiness in a poem written two months after her death.

What horror to awake at night
and in the dimness see the light.
Time is white
mosquitoes bite
I've spent my life on nothing.

The thought that stings. How are you, Nothing,
sitting around with Something's wife.
Buzz and burn
is all I learn
I've spent my life on nothing.

I'm pillowed and padded, pale and puffing
lifting household stuffing--
carpets, dishes
benches, fishes
I've spent my life in nothing.

But Daisy did not spend her life in nothing. Though Lorine thanks her father for "a weedy speech, a marshy retainer," she found a deeper source of poetry in her mother's colorful, uninhibited, colloquial speech. Daisy, who "spoke whole chunks of down-to-earth (or very earthy) magic," gave her daughter poetry. Zukofsky envied the gold mine Lorine had close at hand, told her she was right to spend half her time copying and editing her mother's conversation. "Time for BP to write me a poem," says Lorine, when having difficulty with "Horse, Hello." We hear Daisy's voice in New Goose poems like "Mr. Van Ess bought 14 washcloths?/Fourteen wash-rags, Mr. Van Ess?/Must be going to give em/to the church, I guess" or "The museum man!" written down just as her mother spoke it:

The museum man!
I wish he'd taken Pa's spitbox!
I'm going to take that spitbox out
and bury it in the ground
and put a stone on top
Because without that stone on top
it would come back.

There are few examples of a cheerful Daisy, but in March 1946 when the Rock River rose eight inches over the driveways, Lorine got a lift to town where she bought a pair of man-size hip boots. Back home, Daisy insisted on trying them on, so Lorine pulled on Henry's boots to see if they were even heavier. Suddenly some Swiss music sprang from the radio. Lorine began to dance and suddenly there was Daisy, laughing and capering, and clapping her hands.

I think she must have giggled as a girl.

Sources:

Lorine Niedecker: *The Collected Works*, ed. Jenny Penberthy. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 2002.

Margot Peters, *Lorine Niedecker: A Poet's Life*. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2011.

Niedecker and the Correspondence with Zukofsky, ed. Jenny Penberthy. Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press, 1995.

Lorine Niedecker to Louis Zukofsky, unpublished letter of 26 February 1946, in the Zukofsky archive, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas-Austin.

wave of the verse "

CONTRIBUTORS

Cynthia d'Este is a Wisconsin native whose nature poetry has appeared in magazines, newspapers, small press editions and regional anthologies throughout the U.S. and has been included as class material at Edgewood College in Madison. Other lyric work has been musically composed and performed by the Milwaukee Chamber Orchestra and by Present Music, Milwaukee's internationally acclaimed new music ensemble. She founded and ran Prairie Light Press, publishing original poetry, from 1994-2004.

Donna Fleischer's poems appear in literary journals and anthologies worldwide, including *A Glimpse Of* (Athens, GR), *A Vast Sky*, *Bones* (England), *Contemporary Haibun*, *Esque*, *Exit Strata*, *Fiera Lingue* (Bolzano, IT), *Kō* (Nagoya, JP), *moongarlic* (England), *Naugatuck River Review*, *Otoliths*, *Poets for Living Waters*, *Presence* (England), *Spiral Orb*, and *The Marsh Hawk Press Review*. Her fourth chapbook, *< Periodic Earth >*, is forthcoming from Casa de Cinco Hermanas Press, Colorado, 2016. She makes her living by assisting the University of Hartford's departments of biology and chemistry as an office coordinator, and by living on a small traprock mountain ledge.

Among **Tom Hibbard's** recent credits are poems in *Cricket Online Review*, *Solitary Plover* and contributions to an Egyptian international poetry anthology. Hibbard has had reviews and essays published in recent issues of *Big Bridge*, *Galatea Resurrects* and *Word/For Word*. His poetry collection *The Sacred River of Consciousness* is available online at Moon Willow Press and Amazon. He's working on finishing a new poetry collection titled *The Global People*.

Ursula Lang is a geographer, interested in cities, how people live, and environmentalism. She grew up on the Great Plains of North Dakota, and near the headwaters of the Mississippi River in northern Minnesota. Ursula now lives in Glasgow, Scotland, where she is researching postindustrial urban landscapes.

Margot Peters is an accomplished and award-winning biographer whose many books include *Lorine Niedecker:*

A Poet's Life, *Unquiet Soul: A Biography of Charlotte Bronte*; *The House of Barrymore*; *Design for Living: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne*; *May Sarton: A Biography*; and *Bernard Shaw and the Actresses*. She lives in Lake Mills, Wisconsin.

Janice Redford is a retired Spanish teacher (taught in Cambridge, Fort Atkinson and Sun Prairie Public schools). Afterward, she taught adult courses for Madison College and Viterbo University. She currently lives along Koshkonong Creek in rural Cambridge and works as a free lance writer.

Georgia Ressmeyer has published fiction, numerous poems, an award-winning poetry chapbook, *Today I Threw My Watch Away* (Finishing Line Press, 2010), and a full-length poetry collection, *Waiting to Sail* (Black River Press, 2014). She lives in Sheboygan.

Mary C. Rowin was born and raised in the Dakotas, but she has lived near Tiedemann and Stricker's ponds in Middleton, WI for many years. The ponds and the neighborhood provide inspiration and solace. Recently, Mary's poems have been published in *Postcard Poems and Prose*, *Portage Magazine*, *The Avocet*, *Blue Heron* and in *The Best of Kindness*, an anthology of the *Origami Poems Project*.

Margaret Schroeder lives in Fort Atkinson, with her husband Paul, close to the Rock River. Her day job is working in the field of mental health in private practice. She enjoys being "boots on the ground" for The Friends of Lorine Niedecker and founded The Solitary Plover Study Group which is dedicated to preserving the legacy of Niedecker through group reflection of her poetry.

Michael Dylan Welch recently served two terms as poet laureate of Redmond, Washington, where he also curates two poetry reading series. His latest poetry book is *Seven Suns / Seven Moons*, from NeoPoiesis Press. His poems, reviews, and essays have appeared in hundreds of journals in twenty languages. Michael founded National Haiku Writing Month (www.nahaiwrimo.com) in 2010, and his personal website, devoted mostly to poetry, is www.graceguts.com.

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE – Subject to Change
Lorine Niedecker Wisconsin Poetry Festival
October 14 and 15, 2016
Posted From Wisconsin

Friday

8:00 – 6:00 Dwight Foster Library is open **Library**
Lorine Niedecker Room opens for reading, writing and quiet reflection

9:30 – 4:30 Hoard Historical Museum is open **Museum**
Exhibits include the Lorine Niedecker Room and Native American and regional history. Gallery Exhibit *Along the River*

Festival Info, Maps and written information for self-guided touring of LN relevant sites including her cabin on Blackhawk Island and gravesite will be available at the Museum and Library

5:00 Café Carpe opens for dinner **Café Carpe**
6:30 Open Mic - Come read your poems or your favorite poems—Nick Demske, Moderator
7:30 After Party at Café Carpe coordinated by Dot Kent, group poetry and word games

Saturday

7:30 – 10:00 Poetry at the Farmers Market **Parking lot across from Library**
Featuring *Fox River Poetry Company* (Paul Wiegel \$5 poetry commissions)

8:00 Poetry Cafe and Poetry Store Open **Fort Atkinson Club - NEW LOCATION**
Registration, freebies, exchanges, free Wi-Fi, light refreshment; Poet's book shop
Wisconsin Poet Laureates Recitation Project-come recite your favorite poem for posting
Festival Info, Maps and written information for self-guided touring of LN relevant sites.

9:00 Festival Welcome and Introductory Remarks - Ann Engelman

9:10 David Wilk; *Putting the Poet in Her Place.*

10:00 Solitary Plover's Dot Kent: *Henry James' letter to a friend and Lorine Niedecker's "Sorrow Moves in Wide Waves."*

10:45 Break

11:00 Norma Cole with Ronnie Hess and Paul Smyth: *LN: Beyond English, Beyond Home.*

12:00 Lunch

1:00 Wisconsin Poetry Festival Open Mic — Angie Vasquez, Moderator
(Sign up in the Poetry Café)

2:30 Poetry Round Tables
These small groups will encourage discussion with poets about how they create poems.
Group A: John Walser (Lorine Niedecker Poetry Award winner) / TBA
Group B: Kathryn Gahl (Wisconsin People and Ideas fiction winner, 2015 and 2011)
Pat Moran (Winner of the Grayson Book Poetry Prize)

4:00 Keynote – Oscar Mireles, Madison Poet Laureate; title to be announced

5:15 Photo at poetry wall- Closing meal at Paddy's

More details, complete descriptions available at lorineniedecker.org


ABOUT US

The Friends of Lorine Niedecker is a non-profit corporation. There are no staff, just devoted volunteers. Our goals include preserving and expanding the legacy of Lorine Niedecker, as well as, offering educational materials, access to archives, a semiannual newsletter and events as time and resources are available. We are supported through donations and grants.

Donations are always welcome and are fully tax-deductible.

The Solitary Plover is issued twice yearly, in winter and in summer. Sign up for the email version on our website.

Friends of Lorine Niedecker
209 Merchants Avenue
Fort Atkinson, WI 53538
(920) 563-7790
www.lorineniedecker.org
Find Lorine on Facebook



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209 Merchants Avenue
Fort Atkinson, WI 53538*