



*Friends of
Lorine Niedecker*

*Issue #31
Winter 2020*

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"



I was the solitary plover...



Landscapes By Diane Washa Exhibited

Artist Diane Washa attended the first Lorine Niedecker Poetry Festival in 2009. She made her way to Blackhawk Island and began a plein air painting (painting outside) of Mud Lake across from Lorine's cabin. The place captured her creative spirit and she has been a Lorine Niedecker ambassador ever since. The Friends of Lorine Niedecker used one of her paintings for our Festival image in 2015.

Washa is an award-winning painter who takes inspiration from changing landscapes. She creates paintings in an intriguingly abstract style that is rich in detail. She most often works en plein air.

Washa came late to her now-productive life as an artist. A business executive by day, she got more serious about her life-long passion for painting

in 2005. Several years later, Washa was exhibiting in galleries and at art exhibitions.

Her latest solo show, *Of Water, Air and Poetry: Perspectives en Plein Air* was at the Able Contemporary Gallery in Stoughton, Wisconsin, a short distance down the road from Fort Atkinson. All thirty of her paintings inspired titles from Lorine Niedecker's poems. Her paintings can be seen at

www.abelcontemporary.com/diane-washa

Experimentation excites Washa's art. Her continuing education in painting includes working side-by-side with artists doing nonrepresentational images in oil. Her landscapes are magical.

Diane is considering a series of paintings on Blackhawk Island in 2021. Stay tuned.

POETRY

Bittern

small, brown,
circum-

spect, hard
to place

its song
shy cough

subdued
renown

David Eberly



Orion
was once
called

Ou-rion

He went out
on a hunt
one day got

himself

up into star
light what
a ride

Steven Manuel



Snow's Lessons

You teach us well
the thousand varieties
of gesture:

soundlessness,
as of leaf unfolding--

mindlessness,
that is, the white
subtraction
from what is--

childlike-ness,
that is,
helplessness
to beauty--

the rhythm that coheres
in randomness--

the necessary separateness
between flakes--

Oh, and order—
reparation for creativity's
amplitude.

And of how mercy falls--
(By surprise).

Mary Lux

for a wing-bone

Lake Itasca, Mississippi's Source

The loon alone,
at far end of lake,
drifts decoy-still,

center of a widening gyre
of quiet
like a smile.

The roseate half-shell
of evening sky
thins to oyster pearl.

We campers wait,
on our fallen log,
for the chalk-cheeked moon

to rise, a geisha,
and gaze at all the
restless rites

of settling down
going on around us
at the edge of sight.

A goldfinch penetrates
the hooded firs
and disappears.

The bittern's last "*soaked pump*"
abruptly stops
in cattail reeds.

A goose's bossy honk,
herds his family west;
drops into an island's silhouette.

Green frog's last leap,
a spring-loaded plop,
ejects him from the swampy sedge.

A water strider skates
beside our feet
on water's silken sheet.

Whirligig beetle's
battery-powered spin
winds ever slower.

The last bluebottle fly
lifts off a pickerel's carcass,
replete.

Upshore, the great blue heron
coasts down this way
to stalk the shadows.

One by one
we, too, suspend
all motion, random talk.

As movement dies
around the sphere,
so rests thought.

Ringmaster loon,
now satisfied, sends up
his ice-age ululation

one last time--
then plunges into
night's black depths

of deep subconscious,
along with us,
in his antipodal dive.

Mary Lux



From the secret notes

Purslane

Wild weedy
little tongues

what wonder I keep
forgetting your name.

Wing

All my life:
one morning
I get you
cabbage white

empty space
either side
of the page
passing through.

Cutting

Remember where they cut you off.
remember which way is up.

Try to grow roots in a waterglass,
calligraphy searching for words.

Take in the broken angle,
and when they plant you out

and cover you up
don't choke like a corpse, hold on.

Forty-Watt Bulb

(Thinking of Lorine)

Another hundred-year rain this month,
such is exile. It came on suddenly,
the way the dead in my address book

came to outnumber the living.
Claudia, Edwin, Cid — who's left ...
Then it stops for now: My basement's flooded.

A forty-watt bulb
flickers overhead,
and I keep reading.

John Martone



Lucia

Although I woke
at the usual time
the morning of Lucia Day
it was unusually dark

So dark, not a single streak
of light brushed the sky
So dark, not a pale wash
of pink tinted the horizon

For just a moment,
blackening fright arose
Maybe this day dawn
would not come

Elizabeth Harmatys Park



"Short pipe" purchased by Lorine Niedecker at Pipestone National Monument now held at Hoard Museum, Fort Atkinson

The Pipestone Pipe/Let There Be Peace

Nancy Shea

In July 1968, Lorine and her husband Al visited Pipestone National Monument in Minnesota. Photos of the trip are found in the digital archive: *Scrapbook of Lorine Niedecker's on travels in 1967-68 to Lake Superior, Michigan, Canada, North Dakota, and Minnesota. An artifact from this trip is returned to Wisconsin after 50 years abroad.*

At Pipestone National Monument, Red Minnesota Catlinite is still quarried only by the hands of authorized tribal members. The quarry is considered sacred and has been a place of peace. Archaeological evidence suggests that it has been mined for over 3,000 years by various Plains Tribes. Pipestone, traditionally used only for pipes, is mined from between layers of a very hard stone called Sioux Quartzite. The bowl of the pipe is carved from pipestone (Catlinite), and the stem most often made of either ash or sumac. The Pipestone National Monument has a visitor center, including cultural displays and an area where artisans sell their work. Lorine made a purchase there. As she writes to Cid Corman, "I never buy things on our trips but I couldn't resist two pipes..."

Lorine describes the two pipes and her trip to Pipestone in a letter to Cid Corman dated August 1, 1968. She describes the pipes: "My long pipe is called a ceremonial pipe and the shorter one the kind smoked individually for no special reason." She describes beading on buckskin strings tied around the stem and her plan to add feathers, but does not clarify which, or both, of the pipes has the buckskin on the stem. Lorine writes, "but when sometime I come upon the feathers of a dead male mallard I'll use those as the Indians did—they also used feathers from red headed woodpeckers and gold eagle." Lorine seems enamored with Pipestone and her pipes. "The Indians believed the stone was sacred, that the blood of their ancestors flowed or

froze in the stone." She describes displaying the pipes in a wall mounting along with a scimitar, or short sword, of Al's, "to get some peace represented along with the murderous thing."

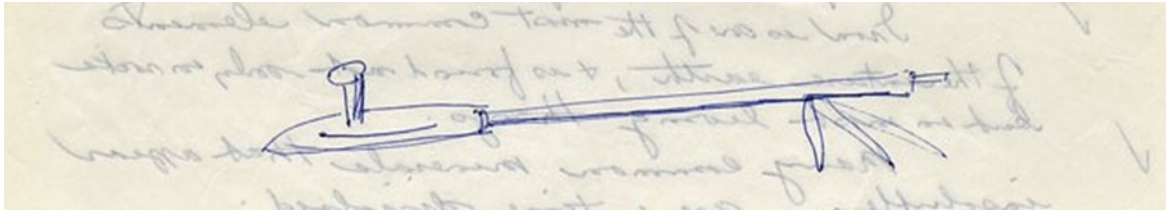
One of these pipes, which she describes as the shorter one, she gave to Stuart Montgomery in October of 1968. Stuart Montgomery of London was the founder of Fulcrum Press that published Niedecker's book, *North Central* in 1968 and *My Life by Water* in 1970. He visited Niedecker at Blackhawk Island when he was in the United States on a reading tour. She describes the visit in a letter to Cid Corman dated October 22, 1968, though no mention is made of giving Stuart Montgomery the pipe or how this transaction took place. Stuart Montgomery was the holder of the short pipe until he gave it to Jenny Penberthy in June of 2010.

Jenny Penberthy, a professor at Capilano University in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, has focused her research on Lorine Niedecker and has been the editor of several Niedecker books including *Lorine Niedecker: Collected Works*. In September 2018, Jenny Penberthy was in Wisconsin doing research and a presentation at Beloit College. She brought the "short pipe" back to Wisconsin and gifted it to the Hoard Museum. The "short pipe" is now held in the Lorine Niedecker collection. This pipe, like Lorine's poetry, has traveled the "regions," and for 50 years has been in the care of two individuals who played significant roles in bringing her poetry to the world.

The large pipe is mentioned by Lorine in one of her last letters to Louis Zukovsky dated November 9, 1970. She describes preparing for Cid Corman's visit that occurred November 15, 1970. Lorine writes about Al building a bookcase that will hold a ship model of the Cutty Sark, the scimitar, and the "large Indian peace pipe." The whereabouts of the "large pipe" is yet unknown but, as history does, it will likely turn up.

Continued next page

upon the pressure



Close up of Niedecker drawing of a ceremonial pipe from: Niedecker, Lorine / Lake Superior American Lake Series-Ft. Library.
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WL.FALakeSeries>

The Pipes are mentioned in letters published in:

Faranda, Lisa Pater. *Between Your House and Mine: The Letters of Lorine Niedecker to Cid Corman, 1960 to 1970*, Duke University Press, 1986. (pg. 168)

Penberthy, Jenny. *Niedecker and the Correspondence with Zukofsky, 1931-1970*, Cambridge University Press, 1993. (pg. 361)

See also:

Penberthy, Jenny. *Lorine Niedecker: Collected Works*, University of California Press, 2002.

Niedecker notes, photos and her drawing of a ceremonial pipe at:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WL.FALightGreenScrap>

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WL.FAMinn>

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WL.FALakeSeries>



Teaching Lorine Niedecker in a Massive Open Online Context

Max McKenna

I first encountered the work of Lorine Niedecker the way I suspect many people do—with the poem "Poet's Work." It was not part of any class assignment; rather, it was printed on a notecard and stashed among other scraps and pamphlets in a room at the Kelly Writers House, an arts organization on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, where I was a work-study student. The card had been part of a program that the Writers House had

hosted at some point, I'm not exactly sure what. To this day, that's still how I prefer to encounter Lorine's poems, out in the archival wild, although that kind of happenstance has gotten harder and harder to engineer.

I didn't *get* the poem at the time. Back then, I thought poems were something to be gotten. But it stuck with me. It seemed to share in a terse sense of humor I always loved, probably because I was never much good at it.

Some years later, while working as an Administrative Assistant at the Writers House, I was tapped by the organization's director, Professor Al Filreis, to serve as a teaching assistant for an online poetry course he was designing for Coursera, an initiative out of Stanford that was partnering with institutions across the country to develop online versions of their signature course offerings, everything from STEM classes to lit classes. Al wanted to adapt his brick-and-mortar class on modern American poetry, known around campus as English 88, into a massive open online course, or MOOC for short. Early on, it was decided that the course should foster the same intimate seminar environment, which was a challenge, given that there stood to be tens of thousands of enrollees in the MOOC (that first year, we had more than thirty thousand people sign up).

Al's MOOC was called Modern & Contemporary American Poetry, lovingly abbreviated to ModPo. Less than four months before going live, Al convened his panel of teaching assistants, of which I was one, for a marathon video shoot that resulted in more than seventy hours of taped video discussions of each of the poems on the course's syllabus—this formed the backbone of ModPo's content. In order to model an accessible and collaborative approach to the material, the videos were shot with minimal preparation and the participants had varying degrees of familiarity with the texts (poetry was not my

execute and adjust

main interest back then; I had concentrated in my BA on European modernist fiction). This is still how I prefer to discuss poetry, and it was during this time that I had my second formal encounter with Lorine Niedecker.

ModPo's pedagogical gambit is to use the figures of nineteenth century poets Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson to articulate two distinct poetic trends that would emerge over the course of the twentieth century: toward the maximal and toward the minimal, although this is, of course, a delightfully juicy oversimplification. Niedecker enters the syllabus as a Dickinsonian, a writer who prizes concision, the radical power of the imagination, and poetry's capacity to be a site for feminine agency, especially in times and places that lack it. Like any good syllabus—or at least any syllabus of good material—the categories get hazy, and we could easily dash them all with a simple example: how can a poem like "Paean to Place" be anything but a work of midcentury Whitmanianism?

In an early video, Professor Al asked his panel of "students" to declare their preference for either the Whitmanian or Dickinsonian mode. I took the side of the Dickinsonians, in no small part because we had just discussed Niedecker's "[You are my friend]." That poem's ending flourish, "nothing in it / but my hand," wowed me with its masterful one-two punch of melancholy and attitude, which I usually associated with the best punk music. I'm not sure what Lorine Niedecker would think of her hands becoming fists in this gloss of mine, or whether it's juvenile to graft the punk aesthetic back onto somebody who died before punk music even existed (a classical music fan I know once flipped at the characterization of Mozart as "a punk rocker of his day"). But in any case, I was converted.

ModPo has been offered every fall since 2012, in ten-week sessions that run from September to about Thanksgiving. I've served as a teaching assistant each year, helping to monitor and foster text-based discussions in the course's online forums. These forums are what allow students to participate and interact, and they operate a bit like social media, with students making posts in response to the video discussions, seizing on words, lines, and concepts in each of the assigned poems—which now number in the hundreds—and commenting on each other's interpretations. The result is an organic,

freewheeling intellectual conversation spanning time zones, geographic distances, and intellectual interests.

ModPo is a living project that expands with each iteration. We regularly get thousands of participants, some of whom have returned from previous sessions. There's now a sizable ModPo community made up of people from around the globe, discussing poets as varied as Allen Ginsberg, Susan Howe, Bob Kaufman, and Charles Bernstein.

There is a palpable interest in Niedecker among students new and old, and each year, as we come up to the Niedecker unit in ModPo's second week, I'm reminded of the connective power of her work. Of the three Niedecker poems included in our regular syllabus, "Poet's Work," "[You are my friend]," and "Foreclosure," it's "Poet's Work" that perhaps resonates the most (there's a reason why it's a chestnut in Lorine's oeuvre). This is in no small part because ModPo students tend to be non-traditional learners, in the sense that they are often older than typical undergraduate students and may have already led entire careers in fields far removed from literature. For many members of the ModPo community, poetry is either a budding interest or a long-forgotten passion, and a central aim of the course is to make poetry a little less academic—that is, to make it accessible and to demonstrate how easily and richly it can fit into your everyday life. This is in many ways the story of "Poet's Work." The poem is a rebuke to that figurative, advising "grandfather" we all have in our lives, the one who tells us to get a good job (i.e. to grow up from such frivolity as poetry). It's an alternative vision of work as something intensely personal and edifying, where you can never be laid off. And that vision has proved remarkably unifying.

Maybe in spite of herself—or at least in spite of the solitary life she led—Lorine has helped build communities. "No layoff from this condensery" is something of a rallying cry in ModPo, which is funny to say of a line from a poet whose thought otherwise evades such easy summary (contemporary poet Rae Armantrout is another example from the ModPo syllabus of a poet who manages to write with equal pith and utter mystery). It's not only the pathos and personality of Lorine's work that makes it so effective in a massive online format; it's also its form. Her haiku-like poems have the ability to

In us sea-air rhythm

circulate like memes. It wouldn't be surprising to come across "Poet's Work" in some corner of the internet and to be halted, even just for a moment, by its humor and complexity, the way that I was that day at my work-study job, rifling through that box of scrap paper.

In early 2019, I was given the opportunity to design my own "mini-course," a deep dive into one poet's work that uses the Coursera site and other resources of ModPo and that is offered outside of the regular ten-week session. Such mini-courses have become a common feature of ModPo.

By then, I had been living some years in the Midwest, and I wanted to work with a Midwestern poet. Who better than Lorine Niedecker? I was aware of Lorine's cabin up in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, although I had yet to make the drive from Chicago. And I knew the general beats of her biography, although I had never lingered over them. I checked out some books from the public library and began my education.

I discovered poems like "[My friend tree]" and the poems for Paul Zukofsky. I learned of her life, difficultly intertwined with both nature and the caprices of unkind men. Out of my research came a monthlong course, which ran in February of 2019, centered on eight poems, culminating in a weeklong online discussion of "Paean to Place." None of the course's several dozen participants (save a few; see below) had been to the place Lorine describes, and yet the idea of "place" that she articulates in that poem needs no geographic referent. For some students, that place reminded them of Florida; for others, it was an emotional and psychic destination that anybody might travel to. A placeless place we might all meet in—is that not the utopian dream of the internet?

The small community of our mini-course led me to other communities near to home. Some of the participants, I soon learned, were members of the Friends of Lorine Niedecker. And so that September, I travelled to Fort Atkinson, where I put faces to names of people I had so far known only in cyberspace; where I saw the town that enters however obliquely into so much of Lorine's work (you can't realize this until you've been there); and where I saw the cabin where Lorine once lived. Like that, an abstract world of words and ideas became material. Part of me felt like I had done it all backwards. But it was perfect nonetheless.

Lorine Niedecker: Beautiful Pieces, Well-placed Fragments

Tom Montag

Editor's Note: this is the text of a presentation that was given at the 2012 Lorine Niedecker WI Poetry Festival

I want to look at four of my favorite Lorine Niedecker poems, to examine what I call "well-placed fragments" in her work. The poems are: "Depression Years" (*Collected Works*, p. 165), "[My friend tree]" (p. 186), "Hospital Kitchen" (p. 205), and "Lake Superior" (p. 232).

What do I mean by "well-placed fragment?" On the one hand, I am the kind of poet who believes that any individual poem is a fragment of a greater work, a greater poem, which is the poet's life work - all one poem. Each poem is a "fragment" of the poet's life-work. But this is not the kind of beautiful fragment I want to talk about.

Instead, I want to look at the individual poem as it is made from fragments or made into fragments, which is the case in much of Lorine's work. We can speak about Lorine's "fragments" in those two ways:

1. that she starts with a fragment to make into the poem; and/or
2. that the finished poem itself exhibits fragment-like qualities.

A fragment might properly be defined as: (1) "a part detached from the whole;" or (2) "something incomplete: an odd bit or piece." With Lorine's poems, I'm using the word mostly in the first sense, "a part detached from the whole," but there are also times that we see "the odd bit or piece."

What kind of poet is Lorine? She is a *lyric* poet who *leaps*. She is not a narrative poet who gives us beginning, middle, and end, and all the necessary parts between. She is not a philosophical poet who leads us from argument to argument. She is not a formalist who must fill out the line or the rhyme (though her lines *are* often strictly measured).

Lorine is an objectivist, which is to say, she gazes intently at the object and wants us to see it as it is. She doesn't want to mediate between us and the object, except that we see the world that she sees.

She doesn't tell us how she feels. She doesn't tell

"We live by the urgent wave"

us what to feel.

In a sense, she is something of an imagist poet, presenting images, leaping from image to image. In a sense, she is a haiku poet, and -- as with Basho -- in her poems the frog must jump. That is to say, the particulars of the poem must leap to greater meaning. In a sense, she is a mosaic artist, someone who puts together a shard of this, a shard of that, a shard of something else, to make the poem something greater than the sum of its parts. This is especially the case in her longer poems, especially "Lake Superior."

I know there are a lot of people who will argue with what I say about Lorine's poetry, and that's okay; in fact, that's good. Every set of eyes should see Lorine's poems differently, just as Lorine saw the world differently than the rest of us.

"Depression Years"

Early on, Lorine held radical political views, explored automatic writing as a way into deeper meaning, and appreciated the "folk" materials at hand around her. Her poem "Depression Years" makes use of some of those materials. Lorine assumes a "mask" here, speaks in a voice not her own, one which belongs to a Depression-era woman. In these lines, Lorine becomes someone else, and speaks as that woman would speak. Note, first, that this is not the whole story, but only a portion of it, meant to represent the whole.

Lorine uses the material in Lorine-like ways: it is pithy; it is a cutting observation about society; it exhibits her customary sense of humor, even in the face of the seriousness. (What humor, you ask. She rhymes "*New MADrid*" with "*they did*.".) The poem seems whole and complete in her handling of it, yet doesn't it sound like a fragment of conversation?

"[My Friend Tree]"

Isn't "[My friend tree]" the quintessential Niedecker short poem? It presents personal material without becoming sentimental. Lorine would never be sentimental. This one instant in her life, this one fragment, reveals everything about her life, doesn't it? If you know this poem, you know Lorine. What are the three important elements in the poem? First, (My friend) *tree*; second, *I* - Lorine (who sawed you down); and, third, the sun. A beautiful fragment: the tree, Lorine, the sun.

And listen to it: *friend, attend, friend, down, sun*. The only *ee* sound in the poem is tree. The weight of the sounds here falls, fittingly, on *end* - "friend," "attend," "friend." "Down" and "sun" both drop down. Would we quibble with "sawed" instead of "chopped" or "cut?" You chop or cut a tree down, you saw it into logs, or boards. But neither "chop" nor "cut" resonates with "see," which is the point of the poem - she wanted to *see* the sun, so she *sawed* the tree down - using a *saw* to *see*.

There is an oriental clarity in this poem, typical of Objectivist poetry. Lorine doesn't speak of her feelings, but lets the things of the poem speak for themselves. She doesn't tell us what to think or feel. She doesn't tell us what *she* thinks or feels; yet this is a very personal poem, and one full of feeling. Again, as with "Depression Years," she doesn't have to give us the whole beginning, middle, and end of the story, but only the right pieces, the fragments which make a greater whole.

"Hospital Kitchen"

"Hospital Kitchen" is another very oriental poem, very cool, clear, and crisp; yet again it's made of very personal materials. We assume it was written of a single small instant of experience while she worked housekeeping at the hospital. This a single piece broken off her day, not the whole day. It is an American haiku, brief, clear, imagistic, and vibrant with meaning.

At the stanza break, it makes the leap that haiku must make, from thing to greater meaning. The information is presented in "proper" order, for the "cleaned stove" is what opens out to reveal what has been going on. "Return" and "cleaned stove," if not an exquisite kind of rhyme, have terrific resonance or echo - the RE and CLEA sounds at beginning and end. Lorine doesn't tell us about her whole job, nor her whole day on the job, nor even the details of cleaning the kitchen. And yet she tells us so much with this small fragment.

"Lake Superior"

How does one write a *long* poem? By setting fragments of several short poems together around a single encompassing image, or theme, or idea. "Lake Superior" is the story of Lake Superior, of its geology and history, and the story of Al and Lorine's trip by car around the Lake. The individual parts of the poem are small, each 16 lines or fewer.

of the verse "

Some elements of the poem are **geological**:

*In every part of every living thing
is stuff that once was rock*

*In blood the minerals
of the rock*

Some are elements are **historical**:

Radisson:...

Long hair, long gun

*Fingernails pulled out
by Mohawks*

Some are **personal**:

*The smooth black stone
I picked up at true source park
the leaf beside it
once was stone*

*Why should we hurry
Home*

What does the poem mean? "In every part - stuff that once was rock," she says. "Beauty - impurities in the rock."

Impurities in the rock might explain Lake Superior, the lake and the poem, and might also speak to the principles underlying Lorine's poem-making. "Impurities in the rock" - those fragments of which I have been speaking. For it is not the smoothness of things that one makes into art, but the roughness of things - the roughness which catches us, that which stands out, leans out of place, that which doesn't quite fit, which is broken off, which is not like the rest.

We know that Lorine had a couple hundred pages of notes behind the writing of "Lake Superior." Yet only thirteen pieces of those notes come into the poem. "Lake Superior" the poem is fashioned from these fragments, the way "In every part of every living thing/is stuff that once was rock."

Here's a thumbnail of the poem:

1. In every part of every living thing...
2. Iron the common element of earth....
3. Radisson...

4. The long canoes...
5. Beauty: impurities in the rock...
6. Priest-robed Marquette grazed/azoic rock, hornblende granite...
7. Joliet - Entered the Mississippi...
8. Ruby of corundum/lapis lazuli...
9. Wild Pigeon...
10. Schoolcraft left the Soo...
11. Inland then...
12. The smooth black stone...
13. I'm sorry to have missed...

Out of these fragments Lorine makes a greater whole. And she does it by creating a mosaic - small pieces are set in place to create the larger picture. As if Lorine is saying: "This and this and this and this, see how this is Lake Superior."

In all these poems, Lorine allows the piece or part to represent the whole. In an Oriental (and Objectivist) way, she lets the seen thing speak for itself. She uses sound to help to control and unify her fragments. What should be obvious is that Lorine, despite her poor vision, is excellent at seeing: seeing the exact detail to select, seeing which details to set next to each other, seeing what resonates and shines in the moment she presents it.



2019 Blackhawk Island Writer's Workshop was held on Saturday, September 28. Lisa Fishman was the group moderator.

Solitary Plover

CONTRIBUTORS

An independent scholar and poet, **David Eberly** is coeditor, with Suzette Henke, of *Virginia Woolf and Trauma: Embodied Texts*. David was fortunate to have met Cid Corman and to have heard Lorine Niedecker's voice from a tape recorder Cid balanced on his lap sitting in the back of his Japanese restaurant on Boston's Newbury Street.

Mary Lux is a Milwaukee poet, publishing in print and online and in a number of anthologies. She often takes inspiration from the upper Midwest's "north country," from Wisconsin's terrain, its history, geography and landscape, and from the lives of her Wisconsin pioneer forbears. She was introduced to the beauty of Lorine Niedecker's poetry years ago through Woodland Pattern Book Center.

Steven Manuel is editor of *from a Compos't*, a poet and lives in Asheville, NC.

John Martone's work can be found (among other places) at his scribd page:

<https://www.scribd.com/john-martone-2968>

Max McKenna is a writer and editor living in Chicago. Since 2012, he has served as a teaching assistant for the massive open online course Modern & Contemporary American Poetry ("ModPo"), which is offered by the University of Pennsylvania through Coursera. For more information on the course, visit www.coursera.org/learn/modpo.

Tom Montag's books of poetry include: *Making Hay & Other Poems*; *Middle Ground*; *The Big Book of Ben Zen*; *In This Place: Selected Poems 1982-2013*; *This Wrecked World*; *The Miles No One Wants*; *Love Poems*; and *Seventy at Seventy*. His poem "Lecturing My Daughter in Her First Fall Rain". has been permanently incorporated into the design of the Milwaukee Convention Center. He blogs at The Middlewesterner. With David Graham he recently co-edited *Local News: Poetry About Small Towns*.

Elizabeth Harmatys Park is a Wisconsin native, a sociologist, and a peace and prison volunteer. Her poetry has been published in journals and in the *Wisconsin Poetry Calendar*. She is a past recipient of the Jade Ring First Prize in poetry awarded by the Wisconsin Writers Association.

Nancy Shea is a member of The Friends of Lorine Niedecker. She is grateful to Jenny Penberthy for pointing her in all the right directions to research this article.

Lorine Niedecker Events, 2020

Please check lorineniedecker.org for updates.

Friends Of Lorine Niedecker – Solitary Plover Study Group Gathering, Fort Atkinson, WI

Saturday, February 29, 10:30 - 11:30 am. Send email to contact@lorineniedecker.org for location.

Dwight Foster Public Library, Fort Atkinson, WI

April 1-30 Kathy Kuehn exhibit, Jones Gallery
Artist and printer Kathy Kuehn will exhibit her indigo dyed panels. Each contains a hand sewn poem by Lorine Niedecker.

Wednesday, April 1, 6:30 pm - Reception and Artist talk, Jones Gallery. Kuehn will discuss the inspiration for her work.

Wednesday, April 29, 6:30 pm - Nat'l Poetry Month Reading, Kathryn Gahl, 2019 winner – Council for Wisconsin Writers Lorine Niedecker Prize.

Woodland Pattern Book Center, Milwaukee, WI

Saturday, April 25

1 pm - Niedecker Potluck Lunch - Niedecker-inspired dishes, sign up for the potluck at woodlandpattern.org in April.

2 pm - Screening of Cathy Cook's Niedecker documentary *Immortal Cupboard* followed by a panel discussion between Cathy and publisher David Wilk.

Hoard Historical Museum, Fort Atkinson, WI

Saturday, May 9

10:30 am – 4:30 pm - Lorine's Birthday Party

Celebrate Lorine with birthday cake and a scavenger hunt in the museum for Lorine Factoids.

2 pm - Presentation of new artifacts for the museum Niedecker Collection including the Peace Pipe and Lorine's cedar chest where she kept correspondence.

Blackhawk Island, Fort Atkinson, WI

Observational Walk Workshop - Tentative fall 2020. Check for updates.



The Solitary Plover

Winter 2020 Issue # 31

Published by the Friends of Lorine Niedecker

Editor: Amy Lutzke

Poetry Editor: Tom Montag

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



The Friends purchased and mounted this plaque indicating the Niedecker cabin's place on the National Historic Register in November, 2019.

*Friends of Lorine Niedecker
209 Merchants Avenue
Fort Atkinson, WI 53538*