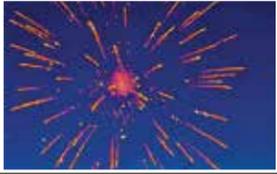


**JULY
CELEBRATIONS
SEE PAGE 2!**



Riverwest Currents



Chapter 4
December
1969
Tannenbaum
Arms
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FREE!

News You Can Use • Riverwest, Harambee and The East Side

Vol 21 Issue 07 JULY 2022

*A Note from the Publisher of the Currents
Vince Bushell*

Frank Zeidler, former Mayor and a socialist said;

“Neighborhoods are constantly changing.”

He predicted Riverwest would develop into an entertainment center in our city.

He was correct as far as I see it.

Living my life in Riverwest has been greatly entertaining.

Happenings:

It is the changing of the guard.

Lynn Okopinski is moving on from the Falcon Bowl
We will miss her.

Glen Klinger has sold Klinger’s East and is retiring.
Best to Glen and his family and great employees.

The Riverwest Coop & Cafe is in financial trouble.

We wish those moving on well.

Let us wait and see what happens at the Falcon

The new owner of Klingers has a popcorn business.

Stay tuned for what might happen at the Riverwest Co-op

Though I am certainly concerned, I am not a decider for the RW Co-op.

I resigned from the Board a while back.

I can promise that Paula Gelbke and I will try to find the best community use
for this wonderful building in a wonderful location.

Full Disclosure:

Paula and Vince bought the Coop building to enable the Co-op to happen.



RW24: The People’s Holiday is gearing up again!

Yeah, baby, it’s back! The Riverwest24 – neighborhood bike ride, party and all-around fabulous time – returns after laying low during pandemic times.

The Riverwest 24 may not have been obviously happening during the last two years, but it certainly never went away. The intrepid organizers and hardcore upholders of “The People’s Holiday” were still behind the scenes, planning and scheming and making the magic happen the way they do every year – just more quietly.

This year’s RW24 is spearheading the time of “the new normal.” According to Wendy Mesich, one of the organizers, “Bonuses are open to everybody from now on, and they can buy a t-shirt or just pick up the bonus manifest for free. But we want to keep that element as we go back to actually counting the laps for the race, too.”

In other words, you get to ride the neighborhood, make new friends, do some crazy bonus checkpoints and have a fantastic time again. In other words, make it your own. That’s always what it’s been about.

And in the immortal words of the RW24: Drive safe. Ride safe. Don’t Be A Jerk!



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Riverwest Currents
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Community Celebration
JULY 4th
in
GORDON PARK

Brought to you by:



St. Casimir Church *Bremen St & Clarke St*
9am Bike Decoration Begins
11am Parade Proceeds to Park

Gordon Park *Humboldt Blvd & Locust St*
12-3pm Local Entertainment & Activities for the Family

9:15pm Fireworks

Volunteers needed. Please contact Ruth Weill
 ruthweill@gmail.com | 414.350.2107

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The Riverwest Secret Garden Tour 2022

by Vince Bushell

I am happy to report, it comes again this July,
 Spaces full of green and color. A bit of art here and there.
 In this beloved neighborhood we call Riverwest.
 Some gardens humble but joyful
 Some gardens riots of color.
 Each gardener's vision on display.
 Maybe a lemonade for the parched is offered.
 Elaborate vegetable gardens filling backyards.
 A shady place to contemplate life.
 Visit one or visit as many as you can handle.
 Buy your ticket and get a map in Garden Park
 Across from Black Husky Brewery on Locust Street.
 These traditions we keep, despite the challenges.
 Wellbeing is only steps away.

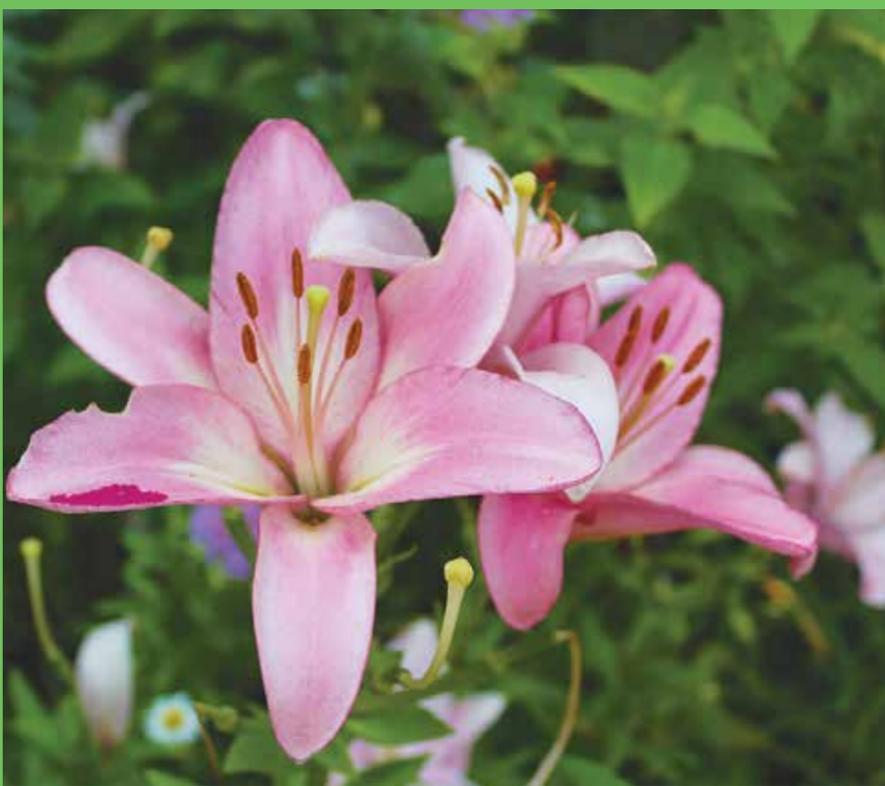


Sunday
July 10
11a.m.-4p.m.

Tickets: \$5

Available the day of the event at
Garden Park
at the corner of Locust & Bremen.

For more information, go to
RiverwestSecretGardenTour.com
or call 414-562-9025.



Gordon Park Splash Pad - Now Open 11 AM tp 3 PM



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www.riverwestcurrents.org

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Riverwest Currents is dedicated to keeping readers informed about issues and events important to those who live, work, and play in and around our neighborhood. We believe Riverwest and Milwaukee are good places to make a home or set up a shop. We want to help promote safe and affordable neighborhoods, embrace urban aesthetics, respect diversity, and help make Riverwest residents aware of opportunities available to them.

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The Worst Locust Street Festival



By Adam Krueger
It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. The uniquely named Worst Locust Street Festival took place on a warm sunny Sunday on the twelfth of June, on the intersection of Bremen and Locust. Complete with perfect summer weather, clear blue skies, this corner of the city offered plenty of food, drinks, dancing, and music from 10:00am to 6:00pm.

There was mouthwatering nacho mac and cheese and lemonade from Nature's Tasty Treats, the delectable popsicles from Chillwaukee, delicious hot dogs from Joe Dog, the aptly named Rockhaus Rusty's Roasted Corn! And the long-awaited return of the legendary sandwiches and subs from Scardina Specialties. Black Huskey Brewery provided their famous beer brewed on site, and from morning until evening the growing crowd was treated to the musical talents of three local acts. There was the punk-grunge and alternative sound of Floor Model, the eclectic indie styled and self-professed math rock of Mortgage Freeman, and the bluegrass band of Sugar Bush comprised of members of Chicken Wire Empire, the Milbillies, and Beyond.

It is hard to ask for a better summer day in Milwaukee and for many who attended it represented the best of Milwaukee summers. Though the events of the day very nearly did not happen at all after the cancellation of Milwaukee's annual Locust

Street Festival a mere three weeks before the day. After the longstanding effects of a global pandemic and a brutally long winter, many residents felt a strong need for a sense of normalcy. Furthermore, with inflation soaring, the jolt to the local economy such festivals bring are seen as essential to some.

As a result, the cancellation of Locust Street Festival brought about further frustration from much of the community who are eager to return to the exciting traditions of summertime. It was why Tim and Toni Eichinger, co-owners of the Black Huskey Brewery, were upset at the relatively last-minute cancellation of the annual festival due to reasons unspecified. Tim believes that if a reason is never given, it is never a good sign for solid reasoning or justification. Therefore, Tim and Toni decided to do something about it and the same day the two got news of the cancellation, they decided to put together their own festival.

Tim Eichinger says he is eager to help bring back the traditions that have been a staple of the area for decades but also looks forward to the changes a new festival can bring. With many past contributors to Locust Street Festival opting out, it allows room for others who want to participate bringing in new elements and ideas. Having only a short period of time to set everything up, Eichinger says he is aware that the festival has room for growth stating his

hopes for the Worst Locust Street Festival to continue and for new traditions to emerge while keeping the best of the old ones.

Kicking off the festival was the first beer run since the 2019 Locust Street Festival involving a small number of participants and as tradition dictates, Tim shot-gunning a Hamm beer. Immediately before the runners took off, local alderman Nick Kovac gave an impassioned speech about the beginnings of Locust Street Festival. In the early 1970's, the city of Milwaukee started tearing down houses and places of business on Locust Street from the highway through to Holton. Riverwest fought city hall and against all odds won managing to prevent the rest of the buildings immediately off Locust Street from being torn down. The first Locust Street Festival was in celebration of this victory.

For the past five decades, Locust Street Festival has existed to commemorate this accomplishment and to echo an important lesson from our past. When the city wants to tear down your home or place of business, you must not let them. Similarly, the Worst Locust Street festival carries with it a similar message about the present. When those traditions and those celebrations are prevented without rhyme or reason, once again, do not let them—and as always, party on.

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SKYLINE MUSIC SERIES

TUESDAY EVENINGS

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JULY 19: FUNK SUMMIT BASS TEAM
JULY 26: EXTRA CRISPY BRASS BAND
AUGUST 2: BETSY ADE & THE WELL KNOWN STRANGERS
AUGUST 9: URBAN EMPRESS & THE URBANITES
AUGUST 16: SCREAMIN' CUCUMBERS
AUGUST 23: DE LA BUENA



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SKYLINE MUSIC IS BACK!

COA Youth & Family Centers, a community-based non-profit organization, announces the return of their Skyline Music Series, seven weeks of Milwaukee music hosted at the Selig-Joseph-Folz Amphitheater at Kilbourn-Kadish Park. After a two year hiatus from traditional programming, COA's Skyline series will occur every Tuesday evening from 5:30-8:30 pm from July 12-August 23. This year's Skyline Music Series will include local bands, food trucks, drink vendors, children's activities, and more.

COA's Skyline music lineup features crowd favorites De La Buena, The Kal Bergendahl Project, Betsy Ade and the Well-Known Strangers, The Screamin' Cucumbers, The Funk Summit Bass Team, Extra Crispy Brass Band, and Urban Empress & the UrbanItes.

"For over ten years, Skyline has been one of our most popular community events in Riverwest, and we are looking forward to once again hosting a full summer of concerts," shares COA's Executive Director, Charlotte Cannon-Sain. "Please join us as we gather with our families and friends to celebrate Milwaukee music, food, and community."

Food and drinks from Pedro's South American Food, Flour Girl & Flame, Jmakin' Jamaican, Chillwaukee, Tostada by Maranta, Gathering Place Brewing Company, and Black Husky Brewing will be available for purchase during each night of music.

For more information, please go to: <https://www.coa-yfc.org/skyline/>.

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Amy Schmutte
 OWL Program Manager
 Older, Wiser, Local (OWL)
 The Jazz Gallery

OWL (Older.Wiser.Local) is a program created to serve, enlighten and educate area seniors (50 and up). OWL is sponsored by the Jazz Gallery Center for the Arts, along with Bader Philanthropies.

Meeting time: Thursdays 1pm - 4pm.

We are located at the Jazz Gallery Center for the Arts, 926 E. Center St. Milwaukee 53212. All people, ages 50 and up, are welcome. Gatherings are free of charge, with refreshments. Masking and distance is encouraged at this point. For those not vaccinated, masking and distance is required at all times.

Our **Radio Shows** debut on **Saturdays at 9am on Riverwest Radio, WXRW, 104.1FM.** Stream the show live on riverwestradio.com, if you can't get radio reception.

If you miss the radio broadcast, you can catch it anytime at:

<https://www.riverwestradio.com/show/owl-older-wiser-local/>

July 2022

Thursday July 7th, (In-Person): Artist Talk on Current JGCA Exhibits: AWE and Rising Arts Council on Small Wall, and the Main Exhibit "Abstraction + Space"

Saturday July 9th, (Radio): Karen Beaumont Presents: Reflections on Exile (Music & Literature)

Thursday July 14th, (In-Person): Vince Bushell of the Riverwest Currents: July 2022 Issue

Saturday July 16th, (Radio): Mikro Naut presents "The A.M. Book Report" an Ongoing Series about Decoding Discommunication

Thursday July 21st, (In-Person): DIY Art Workshop

Saturday July 23rd (Radio): Karen Beaumont Presents: The Well (Short Story with Music)

Thursday July 28th, (In-Person): Artist Spotlight on Elias Zaniniri, with Painting Demo (including emulation opportunity optional for attendees)

Saturday July 30th, (Radio): Paul St. Germain (Phoenix), Founder of "Loveisourfaith" Shares Philosophy



Listen to Riverwest Radio --Your Neighborhood RadioActive Station, FM 104.1

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Summer is here! With Ruth Weill

Community events, festivals, live music, and so much more for all to participate and have fun with their neighbors.

The city of Milwaukee's July 4th Community Celebration in Gordon Park is happening this year although slightly scaled down from years past. Only one parade location, Bremen and Clarke, with set up and bike decorating beginning at 9am with the parade send off at 11am. There will be family friendly activities and entertainment until 3pm along with ice cream and rootbeer. Fireworks start at about 9:15pm. We still need a few volunteers, please contact Ruth Weill at ruthweill@gmail.com or 414-350-2107. Look for the ad!

Riverworks Development Corporation is hosting several events during the Beerline Celebration Series this season. Every 3rd Friday in July-September from 5:30-8pm is the **Music on the Beerline** series, along with a 53212Marketplace mini, various food trucks and family friendly activities.

Friday July 15 Twan Mack and DJ Bizzon

Friday August 19 Roxie Beane and Love Peace and Soul

Friday September 16 Extra Crispy Brass Band and Erotic Adventures of the Static Chicken

Saturday October 1 is the 2nd annual Beerline Shuffle. 3 miles of Art-Music-Unity. Registration for this awesome event begins soon.

Are you interested in what's happening on the Beerline Trail? The Guiding Lens, the resident led group assisting in the activation of the trail is always welcoming new members. Clean ups, beautification projects and branding are just some of the activities the group has completed so far.

Please visit www.beerlinetrailmke.org for information about everything related to the Beerline Trail.

The fan favorite event of the summer, the **Riverwest24** is back from **Friday July 29-July30 7pm-7pm..** Please visit www.riverwest24.com for more information.

Saturday August 13 11-7pm from Holton to Humboldt.....Center Street Daze Festival is back after its 2 year Covid hiatus. Look for the Art Cart Race, family friendly activities, live music, the classic Car show, tons of awesome vendors selling their wares and great food. Visit centerstreetdazefestival.com or check out the Facebook page www.facebook.com/centerstreetdazefestival. Please email centerstreetfestival@gmail.com for vendor opportunities.

Presented by **Riverworks Development Corporation** the **Riverwest Farmer's Market is in full swing.** Look for over 35 vendors each week featuring locally grown produce, flowers, eggs, meats, prepared food, bakery, cheese, pickled veggies, jams, sauces, kombucha, fair trade coffee, popsicles, body and wellness products, jewelry, art, apparel and so much more. Happening **every Sunday, minus July 3rd, through October 30 from 10-3pm on the 2700 block of N. Pierce Street** between Center and Hadley. EBT is accepted. A special thanks to our sponsors: Manyo Motors, The Riverwest Business Association and Riverwest Pizza. Please visit riverwestmarket.com or check out the Facebook page www.facebook.com/RiverwestMarket

It's Better on Center

by Ian Powell for Riverwest Radio

Someone told me once that the Chinese characters representing “crisis” and “opportunity” are the same or very nearly identical. A quick consultation with a browser reveals the idea to be a staple meme amongst motivational-speaker types and that the word in question is actually a combination of two characters, one meaning “danger” and one meaning “opportunity”. The truth of the matter is a bit more enigmatic than that, but the real point is that, for a long time, deep thinkers have recognized both the elements of danger and opportunity in what we refer to as a crisis.

Crisis itself is a strong word, and might raise alarm for many, but let me propose to use it in a gentler sense. As the Greek roots of the word suggest, crisis is a moment of decision, a place to choose, or turning point. If we frame “crisis” as a pivotal moment containing both danger (the possibility of unwanted change) and opportunity, perhaps we can gain a fresh perspective to give us courage in adversity.

In this light, let us consider one of my favorite topics these days: Center Street. I feel one would be an out-of-touch alarmist to say Center Street, at least the Riverwest stretch of it, is in a crisis. Many of the businesses appear to be doing well, most having survived the economic toll of a pandemic, and others popping up fresh from the ashes. People are strolling the streets again. Music

is in the air. It feels like people want to have fun again and local businesses are looking good by most appearances. Still, from my vantage at the Riverwest Radio, there is an eerie feeling of fragility to the recovery as we wait to see how inflation and a changing economy affect our community. This I will call the “danger”.

And yet there is also a sense of opportunity and hope. We did just make it through two years of relative isolation and many things do appear to be returning to a sense of normal. And there’s no doubt, I think, that the community is interested in seeing Center Street thrive and change for the better. Speaking for myself, I would love to see a campaign to slow the speeding vehicles that fly way too fast down the road. Who wants a freeway in the middle of our community?

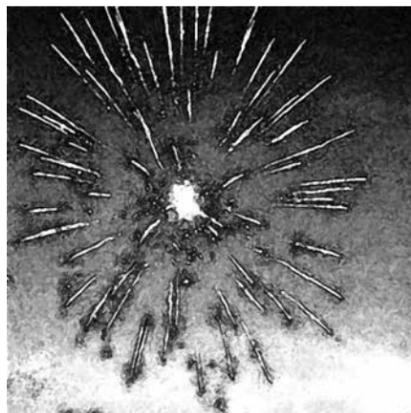
So while I wrestle with my own existential “crisis”, let me remind you to check out Riverwest Radio one of these days, either in person at the station (Saturdays 12-4pm), or on the FM dial (104.1FM). We have added a new weekly chalk calendar to the window for events that include a “Gnostic Liturgy” on Sundays at 2pm and a “Song Share” for all levels from 6-9pm on Fridays. There is also a new bulletin board in the entrance alcove that would love to host your news, ideas, and info about other community events. So until next article: “Meet You at the Radio!”

Art Cart Race on Center Street August 2014



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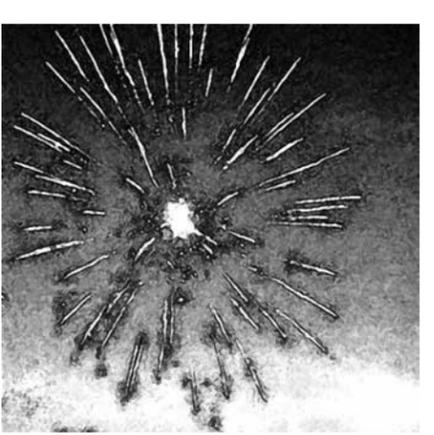
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Now Budget Director for the City of Milwaukee, former Alderman Nic Kovac shares his thoughts on being our Alderman for 14 years with Currents' writer Austin Greenberg.



Additional thoughts from Kovac will be posted on the Currents website by July 1.



A work in progress, Humboldt Boulevard construction late June 2022



A hiking trail on the Milwaukee River Greenway in June 2022

Nik Kovac served as 3rd District Alderman from April 15, 2008, until May 9, 2022, when he took over as City of Milwaukee Budget Director. Among his jobs prior to government service were writer and editor for Riverwest Currents. He spoke with RC the week of June 20th. Below is excerpts from the interview, edited for clarity and concision.

Kovac discussed the Milwaukee River Greenway. You will see that he stated that he had joined the RiverWork Group before he was elected, the following response is in the context of his work as alderman.

NK: The river work group started long before I was elected; I joined it before I was elected. Vince [Bushell, Riverwest Currents founder and editor], had been a part of it going back a long time, Ann Brummitt was one of the original conveners of it. The work group was always a coalition of interested parties, some of whom were neighbors, but a lot of whom were nonprofits, like the Urban Ecology Center, the River Revitalization Foundation, and the Riverkeepers. And so, they had a variety of goals. Those goals, as they came out of the work group and got put into proposed legislation, became primarily three different things: a zoning regulation, a clear-cutting ordinance, and stormwater regulations. The stormwater regulations – and I actually mailed a letter to all affected property owners, and got calls back from several of them, probably more than a dozen, and I either talked to them or made several different site visits to business owners and residents that may have had concerns about that legislation.

There was some pushback from the Department of City Development on how strict the zoning setbacks [building regulations to preserve vegetation and scenic beauty] would be. I don't know if I'd name names, but it was the people leading the DCD at the time. And some of them were being motivated by the development community, saying that less restriction is better than more restriction. To which I would say to them, what you want is smart restriction that works for everybody. Good zoning works for neighbors, but it also works for developers, because developers become neighbors. They all want to build, and they ought to want to build buildings that are contextual. If you build a building that is out of context, and somebody next to you does the same, then your building loses value. So, it should be a collaborative process. Now, I'm not so naïve that I don't think that there aren't sometimes going to be disagreements within that.

So we were talking a lot about the setback, and the DCD didn't even like the concept of the viewshed [the view

one has when on the trails or the river – whether or not one can see buildings, smokestacks, power lines, etc.]. To me, all zoning is contextual. So they didn't like the viewshed because they were like, 'well you live in the city, you shouldn't be afraid to see buildings.' I said, yeah, everywhere else in the city, I'm not afraid to see buildings, but I want to see good ones. When I'm walking down North Ave., or Locust, Prospect, Farwell, I want to see great buildings. But when I'm in a river, where I feel like I'm suddenly in the middle of nowhere wilderness, we've already got that context because of the bowl of this river valley, and the trees, and the steepness of the bluff, so why would I want one building to stick out of that?' And proof is in the pudding. As you get to North Ave., the context does change. There, there are like three or four buildings in a row on the east side of the river. The lot in between those three buildings, could be the fourth building with the exact same setback. So we had zero setback there because that was the context.

But then as soon as you get north of North Ave., it suddenly opens up into this majestic natural vista, for the most part. Obviously in winter it's different because there are no leaves on the trees. And I'm not saying you can't see a building here and there. But for the most part, you feel pretty isolated. So we thought, let's try to go with that. And also, as a practical matter, there weren't that many buildable sites that even would've caused this, because most of it's on the bluff anyway. So it wasn't actually that extreme of a position.

But there was pushback, initially. But, if it had just been me, rookie alderman versus the Department of City Development, I probably would've lost. But because I had a work group, and I had neighbors behind me, and we had done our outreach, and even the people who were a little cynical about it had at least had a chance to sit down with me for an hour and talk it through, I think it really helped, and we were able to get something that was pretty close to what we wanted in the beginning.

And there was some controversy from the County about the clear-cutting ordinance, so that one took five years to get done, but that, to be honest, was more about just one bureaucrat being power-hungry. Basically, the County just didn't want the City to tell them to do anything. It took us five years, frankly, and one particular bureaucrat retiring, for us to convince their successor that we're not trying to tell you what to do, but we legally couldn't make a rule for the whole corridor that didn't include everybody. As a practical matter, we were willing to exempt the County because we trusted them, but legally we wouldn't have then been able to enforce it, in between where the County was. So we finally got a County leadership at the parks level that agreed with us, so that's why that one took five years longer.

RC: One of your biggest regrets about your term, or lessons you've learned, is that you weren't able to get protected bike lanes onto Humboldt Ave. .

NK: Yes. In retrospect, we should've stuck with our initial position, which is, there isn't room. We weren't decisive enough. We tried to do something that, in retrospect, – you know hindsight is always 20/20 – we tried to put too many potatoes in the bag. We tried, and it increased our costs, because of inflation and everything, our contract costs all went up. It basically delayed the project by a year. And in retrospect, it was an unnecessary delay, because we basically went back to the original design, because trying to get separated bike lanes didn't fit without removing most of the trees. I know there are some people that say, 'oh, well you could've just gotten rid of the parking.' We explored that. Now, getting rid of the parking would've been a whole different community conversation that might've been controversial. But as far as I was concerned, as far as the Department of Public Works was concerned, it was on the table. So there is some misinformation out there, some bicycle advocates claiming, 'oh, they could've done it if they had just gotten rid of one lane of parking.' We could not have. Because we still would've had to eliminate one entire row of trees – either one of the curb lanes, or the boulevard lane. There wasn't room to fit that in without moving one of the three rows of trees, even if you fully eliminated a bike lane, because you had to make the road off-center then, to make it work, and then because you would've put the double cycle track on the one side, but then you would've had to move the boulevard. Now admittedly, we did lose the whole boulevard south of Locust, that's where the boulevard was narrowest, but north of Locust we preserved the boulevard trees, and we've preserved the overwhelming majority of the curb trees on both curbs. So there just wasn't a way to do it without significant tree loss. And in retrospect, we kind of knew that from the beginning, but we got so much pressure on it, and we agreed with the pressure in concept, and we tried too hard to make it fit. And in retrospect, it cost us a year and, you know, a significant cost increase.

So that is one I do regret, and I told you about my principle before of having public conversations, and we tried

really hard to do that, and one of my principles is, when you do have to make a tough decision, tell the people who are going to disagree with it first. Because the people that are going to agree with the tough decisions, I mean you can talk to them eventually, but they're going to be happy with your decisions, so you don't need to call them. The people you need to call are the people who aren't going to be happy, to make sure they understand why.

So we did that in this case – we convened a meeting of bicycle advocates, let them know. But the bicycle advocate community is big, and diverse, and not everybody was at that meeting, so some people are still harping on the sidelines, claiming things went wrong. And that would probably have happened anyway. You can't organize your policy around people that are going to troll you on social media, because that's just the new reality of the world we live in.

But I do think that in that case, we tried to be thorough, and transparent, and explore every option, but in retrospect, I wish we could've done better there. But I will say this, if you look back at the last decade and a half, we now have a dedicated bike lane, which was already in the works before I got elected, so I can't take credit for it, but it got installed – the Beerline bike trail just east of Humboldt. We installed the River Greenway, which is on Fratney and Wright. So we've massively increased our bicycling infrastructure in Riverwest; we just couldn't get it done on Humboldt. But we are going to get it done on Van Buren, south of Holton. I think there's a very good chance we're going to get separated bike lanes on Van Buren, because there's plenty of room there, and not very many trees in the way. So I think there's room on Van Buren, to do a road diet, to do a complete street there. So I'm very proud of the complete street approach for pedestrian safety, and for livability, for a sustainable future, environmentally and economically. And I think Mayor Johnson is behind that too. Obviously, everything is contextual though, right, you can't implement everything everywhere, you gotta have room for it. So on Humboldt we just didn't have room. The only way to have it would've been to cut down trees.

Calendar JULY 2022

1 FRIDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Sinisterhood, 8pm
 BAR CENTRO Robin Pluer Quartet, 8pm
 COMPANY BREWING The Turn Up with DJ Biz-zon | July Yammetry! 10pm. \$5 adv / \$10 door
 GATHERING PLACE BREWING Gallery Night, 5-10pm feat. Andre Saint Louis
 JAZZ ESTATE Jamill Shaw Group, 7pm
 MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJ Paul H. 9pm start. \$7
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Thriftones on the patio, 6-8pm

2 SATURDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Steve Von Till with special guest Helen Money, 8pm
 BAR CENTRO Tony Barba and Richard Hindler, 8pm
 INVIVO WELLNESS FREE Community Class Yoga, 10:30 - 11:30 am. Register online at www.invivowellness.com
 JAZZ ESTATE Fred Boswell Jr., 7pm // Late Night Session Smoke n Mirrors, 10:30pm
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church parking lot -- 8:30-10:30am. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 MAD PLANET Non-Pop! 9pm start. \$Donations go to MKELGBT.org
 STAND FOR PEACE at Kinnickinnic & Lincoln Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm

3 SUNDAY

PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dance in Kern Park, 11am-12:30pm
 THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
 UPTOWNER Voot Warnings! (Before and? after the fireworks!)

4 MONDAY – INDEPENDENCE DAY

4th OF JULY IN GORDON PARK! (see ad in this issue)
 on Page 2
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Super Gentle Yoga w/ Sarah (9:30am)

5 TUESDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
 DINO'S Full Band Open Jam, 9pm til midnight
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO KIS Keep It Simple Yoga 6pm
 UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm

6 WEDNESDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Vansire, 8pm
 COMPANY BREWING Dungeons & Dragons Meet Up: Presented by Company Brewing and Von Trier, 7pm
 DINO'S Acoustic Open Mic / Songwriter's Night w/ Rich Travis. 8-11pm
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Grace In Action w/Claire (9:15am); Yoga w/Kat (11am)
 SHANK HALL The King Yellowman Show with The Sagittarius Band, \$20, 8pm

7 THURSDAY

BLACK HUSKY BREWING Thirsty Thursday -- \$2 off pours. 4-7pm.
 JAZZ ESTATE Heirloom, 8-11pm
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dharma Recovery Meditation group (6:30pm)
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Dave Bayles Trio, 6-9pm

8 FRIDAY

BAR CENTRO More Guitar with Denny Rauen, Michael Bootzin and Cole Heinrich, 8-10pm
 BREMEN CAFÉ Scumbag Fred; Vessel Deserted; Zooop; Gorilla Knifefight (9pm start)
 COMPANY BREWING Run Wilson with One South Lark and North Warren, 8:30pm
 JAZZ ESTATE Garrett Waite Trio ft Hannah Johnson and Sam Winterheimer, 5pm
 JAZZ GALLERY Don Linke Trialog -- jazz trio ft. Victor Campbell, Todd Richards and Linke (7pm)
 MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJ Andrew. 9pm start. \$7
 MIRAMAR THEATRE Twiztid -- ABK: Old School Oddity Show (6-10pm), \$25
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Dave Bayles Quartet, 6-9pm
 UWM PLANETARIUM Life of a Star. Discover how stars fused the chemical elements in our bodies in this live, interactive show. 7-8pm. \$6 general / \$5 UWM students. Due to the confined space of the planetarium, we strongly recommend that our visitors wear masks when visiting the planetarium, regardless of vaccination status.

9 SATURDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Deerhoof with special guest 9 A.M., 8pm
 BAR CENTRO Jennifer Lind Jazz Band, 8pm
 BREMEN BLOCK PARTY & BAZAAR 12noon - 8pm -- So much happening. Street hockey, a flea market, food truck, raffle(s), dunk tank and live music! So far the band list goes like this: Rachel Raven Jesse Guten, Sun Silo, Full Nude, Aluminum Knot Eye, Hawk as a Weapon, EOIN|BIJU, El Wrongo, Reasonably Average Flying Scorpions
 CIRCLE A Toadskin, Murder Generation (8pm); DJ Timmy 3times spinning 45s fuzz, funk & soul (10pm-close)
 GATHERING PLACE BREWING Brewery Tours, from 3pm
 INVIVO WELLNESS FREE Community Class Yoga, 10:30 - 11:30 am. Register online at www.invivowellness.com
 JAZZ GALLERY Jerry Weitzer -- creative jazz pianist extraordinaire (7pm)
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church parking lot -- 8:30-10:30am. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 MAD PLANET The Get Down, 9pm, \$7
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Dave Bayles Trio, 6-9pm
 SHANK HALL Christian Lopez, 8pm, \$15
 STAND FOR PEACE at LaFayette Hill & Lincoln Memorial Dr. Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm



UPTOWNER
TUESDAYS

UWM PLANETARIUM Summer Stars: Find summer constellations in the night sky and learn the stories behind them. 2-3pm. \$6 general / \$5 UWM students. Due to the confined space of the planetarium, we strongly recommend that our visitors wear masks when visiting the planetarium, regardless of vaccination status.
 WOODLAND PATTERN online Community Group: Readshop (12:15-1:30pm). Beginning to read Paul Metcalf's "Genoa"

10 SUNDAY

LINNEMAN'S Sigmund Snopek Documentary Sneak Preview -- Come check out filmmaker Nick Toti's brand new Sig doc! Doors 4:30, preview 6pm. No cover!
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dance in Kern Park, 11am-12:30pm
 RIVERWEST FARMERS MARKET 2700 block of N. Pierce Street, 10am-3pm
 RIVERWEST SECRET GARDEN TOUR 11am-4pm. \$5. See ad in this issue!
 THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
 UPTOWNER Alex Wilson Blues Band 3pm
 WOODLAND PATTERN in-person at Lynden Sculpture Garden Kitchen Counter Poetics, a workshop with Chuck Stebelton.

11 MONDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Comedy Open Mic, 7:30pm // followed by Music Open Mic hosted by Tlalók! Sign-up starts at 10pm. The stage is open to poets, musicians, other talents. Rappers welcome!
 LINNEMAN'S Poet's Monday! Doors 7pm, performances start 7:30pm. \$3 cover. Featured poet: Rachel Raven

12 TUESDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
 COA SKYLINE MUSIC SERIES Featured music: Kal Bergendahl Project. Event runs 5:30-8:30pm
 DINO'S Full Band Open Jam, 9pm til midnight
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO KIS Keep It Simple Yoga 6pm
 SHANK HALL Ana Popovic, 8pm, \$30
 UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm
 WOODLAND PATTERN @Juneau Park Poetry in the Park 2022, 6:30pm. Featuring readings from Portia Cobb, Lane Hall, Zack Pieper, and Durriel E. Harris

13 WEDNESDAY

BAR CENTRO Paul Silbergleit Trio, 8pm
 BREMEN CAFÉ Old Sap; Rent Strike; Old Wolves; MX Wander (9pm)
 COMPANY BREWING Deaf Trivia, 7pm
 DINO'S Acoustic Open Mic / Songwriter's Night w/ Rich Travis. 8-11pm
 LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: John Blair
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Grace In Action w/Claire (9:15am); Yoga w/Kat (11am)
 SHANK HALL Elf Power; E.R. Jurken. 8pm, \$13
 UWM PLANETARIUM Full Moon Canoe from Milwaukee Rowing Club Boat House, 1990 N Commerce Street. 7-9pm. \$35
 WOODLAND PATTERN in-person Reading Group: Ping Pong Book Club. 5:30-7pm. Currently

reading Meiko Kawakami's "Breasts and Eggs". A reading club for AAPI by AAPI.

14 THURSDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect AJ Lee and Blue Summit, 8pm
 BLACK HUSKY BREWING Thirsty Thursday -- \$2 off pours. 4-7pm.
 JAZZ ESTATE Cream City Hot Club, 8-11pm
 LINNEMAN'S Carry Nation & the Speakeasy; Steering Ships with Empty Bottles; Highlonesome; Dig Deep. 7-11pm. \$8
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dharma Recovery Meditation group (6:30pm)
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Dave Bayles Trio, 6-9pm
 SHANK HALL Adrian Belew, 8pm, \$40

15 FRIDAY

ART*BAR New Art Show Opening: CoPA "Happy Accident" starting 7pm
 BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Cordovas, 8pm
 BAR CENTRO Pete Billman, 8pm
 JAZZ ESTATE The Gil Jazz Combo, 7pm
 LINNEMAN'S Ben Harold & The Rising; Jorge Valentine. 8-11pm. \$10
 MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJs James Freshluggage and Nikki Spudnikk, 9pm, \$7
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Pine Travelers, 6pm
 SHANK HALL Griffin House, 8pm, \$20
 UWM PLANETARIUM Life of a Star. Discover how stars fused the chemical elements in our bodies in this live, interactive show. 7-8pm. \$6 general / \$5 UWM students. Due to the confined space of the planetarium, we strongly recommend that our visitors wear masks when visiting the planetarium, regardless of vaccination status.

16 SATURDAY

BAR CENTRO Shutter Step, 8pm
 BLACK HUSKY BREWING Woof Photo Session -- Unleashed with Love Dog Photography will capture your dog's personality, while you sit back and enjoy a (free) beer. \$25 (\$5 of which is donated to MADACC). 2-4pm.
 BREMEN CAFÉ Toadskin; Snailtooth; El Wrongo (9pm)
 CIRCLE A Big Clown (Memphis), Florida Brothers Band, Gorilla Knifefight (8pm)
 GATHERING PLACE BREWING Riverwest Food Truck Rally! Starts at 4pm. Food trucks, live music. Pedro's South American Food, Tots on the Street, Shorty's Grilled Cheese, Chillwaukee and many more trucks!
 INVIVO WELLNESS FREE Community Class Yoga, 10:30 - 11:30 am. Register online at www.invivowellness.com
 JAZZ ESTATE MJI Night, 7pm
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church parking lot -- 8:30-10:30am. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 LINNEMAN'S Doghouse Flowers; The Macchio Effect. \$10, 8-11:30pm
 MAD PLANET Lizzo vs Ariana Grande vs Taylor Swift, 9pm, \$7
 SHANK HALL Marcia Ball, 8pm, \$25

Calendar JULY 2022

STAND FOR PEACE at 43rd & Forest Home Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm

17 SUNDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Jarren Benton with special guest Taiyamo Denku, 8pm
 BREMEN CAFÉ Genau; Faux Fear (PA); Hobbyist (Chgo); Angry Fix
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dance in Kern Park, 11am-12:30pm
 RIVERWEST FARMERS MARKET 2700 block of N. Pierce Street, 10am-3pm
 RIVERWEST PIZZA, 932 E Wright Who's Your Daddy Trio, 6-9pm
 THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
 WOODLAND PATTERN in-person at Lynden Sculpture Garden Kitchen Counter Poetics, a workshop with Chuck Stebelton.

18 MONDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Comedy Open Mic, 7:30pm // followed by Music Open Mic hosted by Tlalók! Sign-up starts at 10pm. The stage is open to poets, musicians, other talents. Rappers welcome!
 LINNEMAN'S Poet's Monday! Doors 7pm, performances start 7:30pm. \$3 cover. Featured poet: Tim Knapp

19 TUESDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
 COA SKYLINE MUSIC SERIES Featured music: Funk Summit Bass Team. Event runs 5:30-8:30pm.
 DINO'S Full Band Open Jam, 9pm til midnight
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO KIS Keep It Simple Yoga 6pm
 SHANK HALL Hillbilly Casino, 8pm, \$15
 UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm

20 WEDNESDAY

BLACK HUSKY BREWING Tim Talks: Guided tasting w/ new theme each session. 6-8pm. \$25
 DINO'S Acoustic Open Mic / Songwriter's Night w/ Rich Travis. 8-11pm
 LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: It Came To This
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Grace In Action w/Claire (9:15am); Yoga w/Kat (11am)

21 THURSDAY

BAR CENTRO ABC's of Jazz with Joan Dadian, 7-9pm
 BLACK HUSKY BREWING Thirsty Thursday -- \$2 off pours. 4-7pm.
 BREMEN CAFÉ VAZUM (Detroit); Humid; Plvques; Spook-E (10pm)
 JAZZ ESTATE Heirloom, 8-11pm
 JAZZ GALLERY Jeremy Waun w/Social Caterpillar -- psychedelic folk & electronic (7pm)
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dharma Recovery Meditation group (6:30pm)
 SHANK HALL Sunny Sweeney, 8pm, \$15
 WOODLAND PATTERN hybrid Poetry Reading: Sue Blaustein and DeWitt Clinton. Poetry Reading in celebration of Sue Blaustein's new chapbook, The Beer Line (self-published, 2022), and

DeWitt Clinton's latest collection, Hello There (Word Poetry, 2021).

22 FRIDAY

BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Savannah Conley, 8pm
 BREMEN CAFÉ Man's Body (9pm)
 JAZZ ESTATE Deutsch/Harris Duo Explorations, 7pm
 JAZZ GALLERY Fest-A-Mania! Hip-hop showcase presented by Vegaz Valentine
 LINNEMAN'S Alley Eyes; Silk Stranger. \$5. 8-11:30pm
 MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJ Don Black, 9pm, \$7
 SHANK HALL Daniel Champagne
 UWM PLANETARIUM Life of a Star. Discover how stars fused the chemical elements in our bodies in this live, interactive show. 7-8pm. \$6 general / \$5 UWM students. Due to the confined space of the planetarium, we strongly recommend that our visitors wear masks when visiting the planetarium, regardless of vaccination status.

23 SATURDAY

BAR CENTRO Tanya Reed, 8pm
 BREMEN CAFÉ Bug Moment; glowingtide; Scam Likely (9pm)
 CIRCLE A DeadFinger LP Release Party, 8pm
 GATHERING PLACE BREWING Beer & Plant Sale, 2-10pm
 INVIVO WELLNESS FREE Community Class Yoga, 10:30 - 11:30 am. Register online at www.invivowellness.com
 JAZZ ESTATE B.D Greer Jazz Quartet, 7pm
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church parking lot -- 8:30-10:30am. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 LINNEMAN'S Amy Winehouse tribute (11 years after her passing)
 MAD PLANET Nineties by Nature! 9pm, \$7
 SHANK HALL Ruby Rose Fox, 8pm, \$10
 STAND FOR PEACE at 92nd & North Avenue Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm
 WOODLAND PATTERN online Community Group: Readshop (12:15-1:30pm). Beginning to read Paul Metcalf's "Genoa"

24 SUNDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Alice's Escape; Abaddon's End (10pm)
 RIVERWEST FARMERS MARKET 2700 block of N. Pierce Street, 10am-3pm
 THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
 UPTOWNER Alex Wilson Blues Band 3pm
 WOODLAND PATTERN in-person at Lynden Sculpture Garden Kitchen Counter Poetics, a workshop with Chuck Stebelton.

25 MONDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Comedy Open Mic, 7:30pm // followed by Music Open Mic hosted by Tlalók! Sign-up starts at 10pm. The stage is open to poets, musicians, other talents. Rappers welcome!
 LINNEMAN'S Poet's Monday! Doors 7pm, performances start 7:30pm. \$3 cover. Featured poet: Jeff Giese

26 TUESDAY

BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
 BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Laura Marano, 8pm
 COA SKYLINE MUSIC SERIES Featured music: Extra Crispy Brass Band. Event runs 5:30-8:30pm.
 DINO'S Full Band Open Jam, 9pm til midnight
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO KIS Keep It Simple Yoga 6pm
 UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm

27 WEDNESDAY

BAR CENTRO Paul Silbergleit Trio, 8pm
 DINO'S Acoustic Open Mic / Songwriter's Night w/ Rich Travis. 8-11pm
 LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: Nick Pearson
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Grace In Action w/Claire (9:15am); Yoga w/Kat (11am)

28 THURSDAY

BLACK HUSKY BREWING Thirsty Thursday -- \$2 off pours. 4-7pm.
 BREMEN CAFÉ The Oxleys, The Hipocrats, Ben Mulwana (10pm)
 JAZZ ESTATE Cream City Hot Club, 8-11pm
 PINK HOUSE STUDIO Dharma Recovery Meditation group (6:30pm)

29 FRIDAY – RIVERWEST24

The People's Holiday, 7pm – Saturday 7pm
 AMORPHIC BEER Brewery 201 Science Tour, 5pm.
 ART*BAR Mish*Mash is back! During RW24. Starts at 7pm. Featuring the exploits of Dead Man's Carnival!
 BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Laura Cortese & the Dance Cards with special guest Anna Vogelzang, 8pm
 BAR CENTRO Forrest Jackson, 8pm
 JAZZ ESTATE Heirloom Trio, 7pm
 JAZZ GALLERY Neural Goldberg -- experimental duo w/Jason Soliday, Chris Burns (7pm)
 MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJs Sage Schwarm and Mosh Wah, 9pm, \$7
 SHANK HALL Sam Price & the True Believers, 8pm, \$15
 RIVERWEST24! thru SAT 7/30 -- 7pm-7pm. Back in full force, with some changes
 UWM PLANETARIUM Life of a Star. Discover how stars fused the chemical elements in our bodies in this live, interactive show. 7-8pm. \$6 general / \$5 UWM students. Due to the confined space of the planetarium, we strongly recommend that our visitors wear masks when visiting the planetarium, regardless of vaccination status.

30 SATURDAY – RIVERWEST24

The People's Holiday – day 2, til 7pm
 BAR CENTRO Heirloom, 8pm
 DANCEWORKS STUDIO THEATER Get it Out There, 6 and 8pm. A concert featuring new work created by Milwaukee performing artists

from various disciplines. This performance is presented through the Danceworks DanceLAB summer concert series. Tickets: DanceworksMKE.org
 INVIVO WELLNESS Gongtopia Gong Meditation, 1:30pm. Tickets are \$30. Seating is limited. Register online at www.invivowellness.com
 JAZZ ESTATE Cosmic Endeavors, 7pm // Fred Boswell Jr. Late Night! 10:30pm
 KINSHIP COMMUNITY FOOD CENTER, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church parking lot -- 8:30-10:30am. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
 LINNEMAN'S MKE Music Night XXXI - A Bee-Gees Tribute! \$10, 7:30pm
 MAD PLANET Y2K!, 9pm, \$7
 SHANK HALL Preview party for documentary Taking the City By Storm: The Birth of Milwaukee's Punk Scene. \$10, 8pm.
 STAND FOR PEACE at MLK Drive & North Avenue Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm

31 SUNDAY

JAZZ ESTATE Blues & Poetry, 4pm
 MIRAMAR THEATRE Boys Of Summer Tour 2022 (1:30-5pm)
 RIVERWEST FARMERS MARKET 2700 block of N. Pierce Street, 10am-3pm
 THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
 WOODLAND PATTERN in-person at Lynden Sculpture Garden Kitchen Counter Poetics, a workshop with Chuck Stebelton. Reading, potluck. Starts 2pm.

Community Celebration
JULY 4th
 in
GORDON PARK
 Brought to you by:
 RPA Riverwest Business Association | City of Milwaukee | Milwaukee County Parks
9am Bike Decoration Begins
11am Parade Proceeds to Park
Gordon Park Humboldt Blvd & Locust St
12-3pm Local Entertainment & Activities for the Family
9:15pm Fireworks
 Volunteers needed. Please contact Ruth Weill ruthweill@gmail.com | 414.350.2107
 Thanks to Our Sponsors!
 Café Corazón | Nessun Dorma
 Black Husky Brewing | Gee Willickers
 Lakefront Brewery | Riverwest Pizza
 Art Bar | Truly Spoken Cycles | Rauen Guitars
 Riverworks Development Corporation

Riverwalk: Public art, the city, and the river

by Cari Taylor Carlson

Distance – Five miles round trip (on the west side of the river)

Start – 2134 North Riverboat Road
Parking – On the street

The Milwaukee River Walkway is a journey through the heart of Milwaukee with multiple views of downtown, magnificent public art, and the river itself, a fascinating panorama of life on and adjacent to the river.

The idea to utilize the Milwaukee River as a recreational corridor began to take shape soon after the multi-year river cleanup started in 1979 with the formation of the Water Pollution Abatement Project. As the condition of the river gradually improved, so did its potential to encourage use of this resource by locals and tourists.

In 1988, then Mayor John Norquist, spearheaded the Riverwalk Initiative with the intent to promote a walkway to connect business and leisure activities along the river. This was the beginning of a public/private partnership between the city and local business owners. Norquist authorized public spending while Gary Grunau spearheaded the creation of Business Improvement District #15 to raise funds for the project from the private sector. The Riverwalk was designed in the early 1990s and in 1997, the first section, -- eight downtown blocks -- were completed.

Now Milwaukee has a paved pedestrian walkway, a contiguous promenade on the west side of the river from the North Avenue Bridge to south of Clybourn Street, where it ends just short of the I-794 freeway.

It's also possible to continue into the Historic Third Ward on the east side if you cross the river on the pedestrian bridge just south of Juneau Avenue. For the sake of clarity, this walk stays on the west side through the Beerline, through downtown, and on to its conclusion at I-794.

The Walk

Head south on Riverboat Road, walk under the Humboldt Street Bridge, and watch for the concrete path on your left that leads to the river and the Riverwalk. The Beerline section follows the former industrial corridor, part of the railroad route that serviced Schlitz, Pabst, and Blatz breweries. Today, this part of the Riverwalk is lined with condos on both sides of the river, creating a river canyon in between these mid-rise buildings.

After you walk under the Holton Street Bridge, you will come to Lakefront Brewery where riverside tables invite a respite and a beer. The next landmark will be a wooden ramp that takes you up to Pleasant Street. Cross Pleasant and straight ahead you will see the Aurora parking lot. Continue into the lot and look for the paved trail that continues alongside the river. Now the Riverwalk takes you through Schlitz Park, past the world headquarters of Manpower Inc., and underneath McKinley Avenue, the final underpass on the walk.

The next street is Juneau. After you cross, note the sculptures on the left side of the Walkway. These four sculptures, part of the Elmer Winter Sculpture

Collection, were donated by Manpower. Vertical Spirit, followed by A Phoenix, Israeli Figures, and Crescimus, make up this remnant of the Elmer Winter Collection. Crescimus, a word that loosely translated means "together we grow" is the work of Elmer Winter, the founder of Manpower, Inc.

Just beyond the sculpture, look for the pedestrian bridge that leads across the river to the Riverwalk on the east side and follows the river through downtown and on to the Historic Third Ward. On the pedestrian walk, look for sculptures on the posts known as River Gems, an odd assortment of reclaimed objects repurposed as art by John Ready, a former jeweler. When sunlight strikes them, they resemble giant pieces of jewelry.

Across Highland, Paul Sebban's cast iron Limitation Bowls stand four feet high and appear to be giant planters. Don't be fooled. Despite their use as summertime planters, they are sculptural bowls, intended to be viewed as such.

In Pere Marquette Park look for the three sculptures. First there's Pere Marquette himself, larger than life, holding a cross in his left hand. This French missionary allegedly camped in the vicinity in the 1670s. Behind this bronze sculpture is a granite wall where there is a representation of a Native American in a canoe.

Nearby, Dancing Through Life by Schomer Lichtner, was inspired by dancers in the Milwaukee Ballet Company. At Kilbourn Street, the S.S. Core by Robert Smart, shaped like a globe, is made of repurposed end caps from propane tanks.

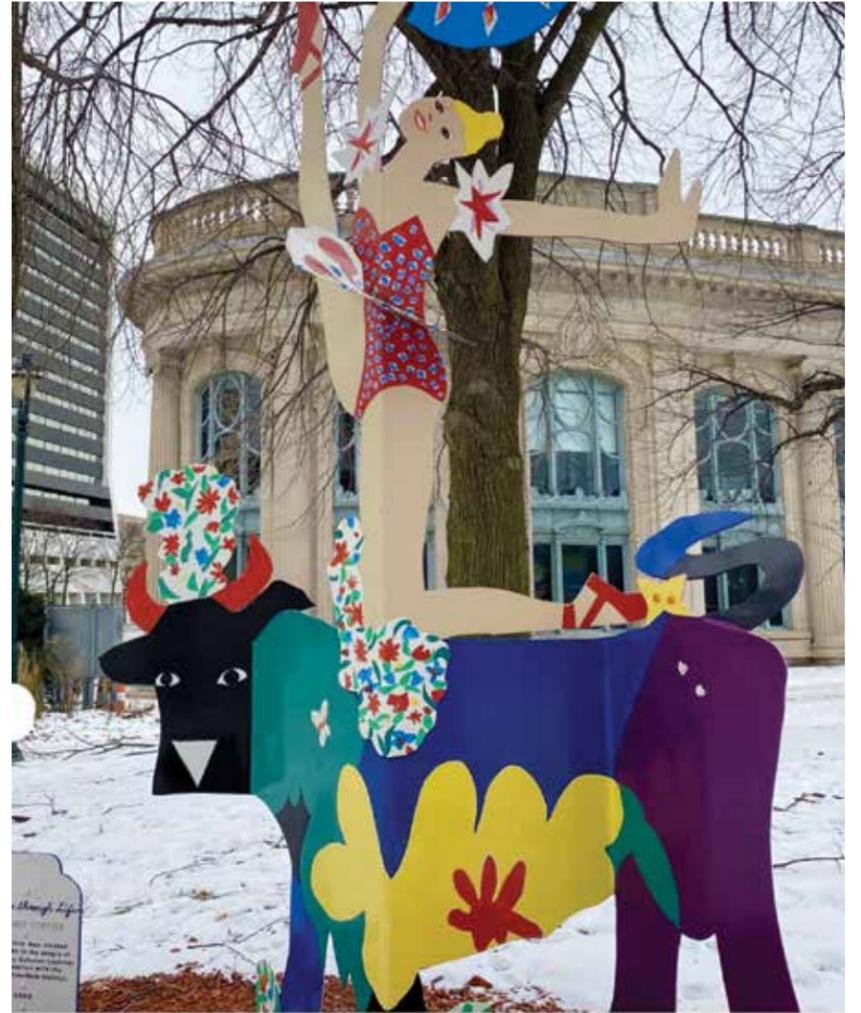
Beyond Kilbourn, Acqua Grylli by Beth Sahagian represents a mythical female figure. When combined with the adjacent bronze arch, she could be a guardian or a gatekeeper.

After you cross Wells Street, Rock Bottom Brewery suggests another beer break before you continue to the end of the Walkway.

At Wisconsin Avenue take a brief detour to see Gertie the Duck, a bronze representation on the site of her nest on the bridge. Her efforts to hatch her six ducklings attracted worldwide attention in 1945. As Robert W. Wells wrote in *This is Milwaukee*, "If you asked someone who lived in Milwaukee in 1945 what he remembers from that year he's apt to say, 'That's when we used to go down by Gimbels and look at Gertie.' He may also recall that World War II ended that year. It's easy enough to remember when that happened – it happened about two months after Gertie was moved to the lagoon."

Just beyond Wisconsin, Fish Out of Water by Jesse Meyer shows a school of fish swimming along the Riverwalk in planters, adding more color and art to the walk. From here, it's two blocks to the place where the Walkway abruptly ends at Clybourn Street and I-794.

This is a walk you can enjoy many times. It brings you close to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Dr., formerly Old World Third Street, Wisconsin Avenue and the 3rd St. Market Hall, the Fiserv Forum, and multiple shops and restaurants. Because it can be accessed from several points along the way, you can make the walk a short outing or a day long riverside adventure.



Good bye - Good bye
To all my friends
It makes me sigh

Remember too

We shared the best of times
We even shared a tear or two



This is farewell
Life's a journey
I will miss you

Thanks for
everything!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dave Spar". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with large, sweeping letters.

7/1/1982 - 6/30/2022

Falcon Bowl Forever

TANNENBAUM ARMS

Darlene Wesenberg Rzezotarski

Dear Readers,

I offer a few thoughts as you embark on Chapter 4 of Tannenbaum Arms.

Who among you remembers living through the Draft Lottery ordeal of December 1, 1969? Readers born on September 14 between 1944 and 1950 especially—you might have felt you had lost by winning. To this day, most friends of this generation, when asked, will be able to blurt out their numbers. For some of us, December 1, 1969, was as shatteringly significant as Pearl Harbor was to the previous generation. With the drawing of a number, based on the date of birth, young men's futures were sealed by Uncle Sam. It was meant to make the draft fair; but ended up adding to the turmoil of this undeclared war that many found unjust. The generation gap became a chasm. In this fourth episode, "December," Jay and Lily confront the troubles of the era; yet strive to keep on an even keel with university classes, demanding tenants, and the holiday season. For younger readers, I hope you will gain a little understanding of this era and find its relevance to today's world.

DWRZ

The Author

"In the end, what saves the past is the stories we tell about it. It is our stories that take dead objects and boring documents and make them live again."

William Cronon

Numbers picked on 12.1.1969 -A I was number 250. vj bushell

1970 RANDOM SELECTION SEQUENCE, BY MONTH AND DAY

	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
1	305	086	108	032	330	249	093	111	225	359	019	129
2	159	144	029	271	298	228	350	045	161	125	034	328
3	251	297	267	083	040	301	115	261	049	244	348	157
4	215	210	275	081	276	020	279	145	232	202	266	165
5	101	214	293	269	364	028	188	054	082	024	310	056
6	224	347	139	253	155	110	327	114	006	087	076	010
7	306	091	122	147	035	085	050	168	008	234	051	012
8	199	181	213	312	321	366	013	048	184	283	097	105
9	194	338	317	219	197	335	277	106	263	342	080	043
10	325	216	323	218	065	206	284	021	071	220	282	041
11	329	150	136	014	037	134	248	324	158	237	046	039
12	221	068	300	346	133	272	015	142	242	072	066	314
13	318	152	259	124	295	069	042	307	175	138	126	163
14	238	004	354	231	178	356	331	198	001	294	127	026
15	017	089	169	273	130	180	322	102	113	171	131	320
16	121	212	166	148	055	274	120	044	207	254	107	096
17	235	189	033	260	112	073	098	154	255	288	143	304
18	140	292	332	090	278	341	190	141	246	005	146	128
19	058	025	200	336	075	104	227	311	177	241	203	240
20	280	302	239	345	183	360	187	344	063	192	185	135
21	186	363	334	062	250	060	027	291	204	243	156	070
22	337	290	265	316	326	247	153	339	160	117	009	053
23	118	057	256	252	319	109	172	116	119	201	182	162
24	059	236	258	002	031	358	023	036	195	196	230	095
25	052	179	343	351	361	137	067	286	149	176	132	084
26	092	365	170	340	357	022	303	245	018	007	309	173
27	355	205	268	074	296	064	289	352	233	264	047	078
28	077	299	223	262	308	222	088	167	257	094	281	123
29	349	285	362	191	226	353	270	061	151	229	099	016
30	164	---	217	208	103	209	287	333	315	038	174	003
31	211	---	030	---	313	---	193	011	---	079	---	100

TANNENBAUM ARMS - Chapter 4, December 1969

DECEMBER: WHEREIN THE YOUTH OF THE NATION TREMBLE OVER THE DRAFT LOTTERY, MORE INJUSTICES OCCUR IN CHICAGO AND THE WORLD, LILY SWAN AND LITTLE JAY BUY A BIRD; AND LILY AND JAY WRITE SEVERAL PAPERS, THROW A HOLIDAY SOIREE, AND WELCOME IN BABY NEW YEAR

The first day of December was chill, with a dusting of frost but no snow, with overhanging gray clouds scurrying towards the lake. It was the kind of weather that the Lost Lenore loved to prance about in, and she was eager for her early morning walk. She nudged Jay from slumber, her wet nose pushing on his arm. "Wake up, Master! Get your fur on. Where's my leash? Let's get going!"

Jay groaned and reached out to scratch her ears. "Is it that time already?" He had studied for a German test until after midnight. Now he felt that he really wanted to stay under those covers another hour.

Lily nudged him. "Your turn to walk her and she knows it. Just be quiet so you don't wake the Hatchling." She rolled over and put her pillow over her eyes.

"Eins, Zwei, Drei. Say Good Bye. Two, Three. Poor me. Two, Three, Four. Out the door." And he was up, grabbing for his jeans.

As he and Lenore were leaving, his relatively good mood instantly soured. He remembered that it was December 1, the day of the Selective Service Lottery. Now he was fully awake, confronting the future.

There had been a lot of muttering about this on campus. There had not been a lottery since World War II in 1942, but President Nixon and his cronies thought it might help their image and create more of an illusion of fairness, since so many people from inner cities and rural areas were getting drafted, while middle class boys schemed to dodge the draft legally or became perpetual students or had helpful family connections. Under the present system, the "oldest" young men who couldn't get deferments, or chose not to, were drafted first, starting with age 26 and working down. Jay knew he could be called if he lost his academic deferment and hoped that his chances might improve through the new lottery.

Jay realized the inequities. Academic deferments were helpful, but not everybody could be a college student—or wanted to be one, for that matter; but the thought of going to a jungle to fight in a war that seemed senseless and unjust, then maybe coming home in a body bag motivated plenty of students to stay in school as long as they could. He had heard that 130 young men had been killed in action just in the last two weeks of November

Jay also knew some people who claimed to be homosexual or handicapped with "bad backs." Someone even intentionally broke his arm in a door to become ineligible. Often family doctors were happy to oblige with health statements. One crony went to the draft board in full Nazi regalia pretending

to be a Neo-Nazi spouting racist slogans and was immediately rejected. He proudly boasted of this creative performance. And, of course, some took the religious route like the pious poet, Brother Peter.

"Selective Service," thought Jay. "Chosen. Final Selection. Special Invitation for Servanthood. Dictating our future." As Lenore tugged on her leash at the sight of a poodle down the street, Jay tugged back and resumed his line of thought. He recalled hearing about an incident a few weeks earlier.

The head of the Selective Service, Lieutenant General Louis Hershey, top dog in charge of the draft, had been in Madison. Wherever the old general went, there were bound to be protests. In Madison his car had been egged. Jay recalled hearing that a man followed him around and mocked him, wearing a "General Hersheybar" costume with all kinds of medals on his chest and a toy fighter jet dangling from his side. Jay had shrugged when he heard this. "What good would this do?" he questioned. "But, then, what good can another antiwar poem do? We all bear witness to history in our own way, I guess." The new lottery deal was supposed to end this hostility and institute a certain fairness back into who would be called. Everyone between 18 and 26 would be on equal footing, called to service solely by date of birth.

Instead, the mere thought of it already rattled the students. Jay felt relatively secure in his status as a student, at least for the time being until his graduation in June; but many of his friends were at risk. The drawing would be televised that night, and they were meeting at The Tux to watch the show on a large 27-inch screen.

His inner ditty continued, twisted and churned: "Eins, Zwei. We'll get by. Drei, Vier. Have no fear!"

He sighed.

"Or Drei, Vier. Have a beer. No, too early in the morning for that."

It would, after all, be a long day. Lenore spotted the red bricks of Tannenbaum Arms and tugged on her leash, pulling him back to the moment at hand.

The afternoons were shortening; soon it would be the time of the winter solstice. It was gloomy by 4:30 when Lily got home and put a frozen pizza in the oven, doctored with fresh mushrooms and onions. Val and Bob from the Poets for Peace stopped by and were urged to share supper.

Bob had recently joined a transcendental meditation group and was thinking how to incorporate his newfound outlook into his poetry. "I really dig Maharishi Mashesh Yogi. My girlfriend told me about him and I joined this group that she was already in."

Lily was curious to learn more. She had seen a group chanting in the mall by the union. "And... what does this do for you?"

"It brings us together and our hearts beat as one. Same overall guru as the

Beatles, but we have a local guru Sri Siddharta who has been trained by the Maharishi. He has given me a mantra. We all get mantras. Well, I can't tell you what it is. It's private. Pure sex. Has a meaning in Hindu. This has a great calming effect and I think if everybody did this, we could attain world peace."

"Well, it sounds a hell of a lot better than what's happening in Nam. Maybe Uncle Sam needs a secret word," Val opined.

"You all could join if you want," Bob offered. He looked around. "This kitchen is a perfect spot for meditation." He eyed the steam pipes running across the ceiling. "Some meditators claim to have out-of-the-body experiences. Floating above the whole world, looking down." He smiled at Lily. "You might give it a try."

Lily laughed, "Why do you say that?"

"You look a little stressed. The bright sky-blue color on these kitchen walls! Ethereal, and yet in a basement!"

Lily and Jay watched their pizza disappear. Lily privately thought that perhaps if their guests weren't wolfing down all the pizza so quickly, she might not be so stressed.

"Jay, you should eat faster," Lily nudged him.

After grabbing the last remaining slice of pizza, Val reached into his jacket pocket and brought out three chocolate bars. "I was saving these for The Tux, but let's eat these for dessert now in honor of Old General Hersheybar," he said, breaking them into their little squares and even placing a piece on the Hatchling's high chair tray as he spoke. Jay and Lily exchanged glances.

"Why not?"

The Hatchling picked it up and looked at it curiously, then shoved it into his mouth. A moment later, his face broke into a slobbery smile, chocolate running from the corners of his mouth. He had just experienced his first taste of chocolate.

"The Hatchling and I are happy to sit this one out," Lily said as the men were leaving. "Good luck to all of you. I expect a full report." She tried to appear calm but couldn't keep the edginess out of her voice.

It was a meditative walk through the darkening night. In the bar, the tables were pushed back against the walls to make room for extra seating. The 27-inch black-and-white television had been moved to the corner of the bar. People, mostly youthful males, were somber, hunched over their beers in spiritless conversation. Usually there was music blasting, but not tonight, Eddie the Bartender tried to create a more relaxed atmosphere by cracking a few bad jokes, but that only served to heighten the tension. Nobody really wanted to know why the chicken crossed the road this time.

"To get to Canada?" quipped a voice from a nearby barstool.

Precisely at 7 PM, the somber baritone voice of CBS commentator Roger Mudd sounded through the waves and the commencement of the drawing was viewed nation-wide.

"Thousands of people are huddling around their television sets all over the country tonight," Jay thought. His II-S Student Deferment was good for a few months, yet, then might become meaningless. "This is really the luck of the draw. Grad school might not be such a bad option if I can get accepted, but competition is stiff. Maybe we need a grad school lottery, too."

He looked around at the faces of friends and strangers gathered at The Tux. He understood that futures of thousands of young men between ages 18 to 26 all around the nation, were contained in those plastic capsules the size of Easter eggs, each harboring one of 366 numbers. First there was an invocation; then the drawings began:

NUMBER 258. That is September 14, the two hundred fifty-eighth day of the year. Assigned Lottery number 001. All young men born on this date between 1944 and 1950 would be first drafted.

NUMBER 114. April 24. 002.

"Second in line. Called up, for sure." Comments and barbs flew with each call. "I love my country, but this is just wrong!"

"I love my country. My country right or wrong."

"Wrong!"

Somebody let out a loud moan.

"I hope you get a low number."

"Fuck you!"

NUMBER 364. December 30. 003.

"Start celebrating early and then party hard this New Year's Eve."

A woman Jay did not recognize burst into tears and clutched the dark-haired man next to her. And so the hour progressed. Numbers were met with whistles of relief and hisses of disbelief. "Where did they find those students to do the dirty work of drawing the numbers?" someone questioned, noticing the procession of dutiful youths chosen to draw the numbers.

Occasionally the crowd responded in anger or sympathy as someone

acknowledged a date. Jay's friend Val had been born on Valentine's Day, not too happy to be 004. "Old enough to fight, but not old enough to vote. Canada's looking better every day," he shrugged. "I need a plan." He paused. "No, Jay. That's not how we operate in my family. I'll go. I could never face my dad if I didn't."

After the first 30 numbers were called, Jay began to relax. He had heard that was the projected number to expect to be drafted this year. Eventually he learned he was number 247, June 22. The luck of his birth had given him a reprieve, at least for this year. "The undeclared war already has gone on for five years, over 40,000 soldiers are killed. For what?" he thought. Jay knew a night of serious deliberation with friends lay ahead. He gave Val a light punch on the shoulder. "Let's go find Bob."

"A free drink of your choice to anyone in the first 100!" Eddie called out. "I-A is a terrible place to be. Glad I'm an old man of 53!"

"Bad joke," someone called out.

"Anybody have a Quaalude? I need something stronger than beer," a surly man in a camo jacket muttered.

No one wanted to go home.

It was the kind of night that called for camaraderie and commiseration.

Three days later, more bad news broke. The Black Panthers Party in Chicago had a rising star, Fred Hampton. He and friend Mark Clark were asleep in their Chicago apartment, Fred in bed with his girlfriend, when heavily armed police barged in the front and back doors—eight in the front and six in the back.

It was a surprise raid. They fired over 90 shots, dragging Fred's pregnant girlfriend from his bed and shooting him repeatedly.

The next morning, pictures of the blood-stained mattress and bullet-hole-ridden walls were on television. Jay did not hear this news until he was at Bolton Hall and took a flyer from the local Black Panthers group who were staging a protest.

Jay felt sickened by the never-ending stream of events that seemed to be endlessly unfolding. This one seemed particularly egregious. "We might never know the whole story," he ventured. He went through his class mechanically, listening to the conversations around him, but not feeling in a talkative mood. Instead of taking notes on a lecture on Goethe, he began a poem:

Eight marauders at the Front Door,
Six at the Back,
Pounce on
Nine sleeping Panthers
Clad in Black.
Ninety-nine bullets
Slamming through the night.
Seven minutes later:
No one left to fight.
Mark. Slain in the dark.
Fred. Dead.
In his bed.
And
Now
I
Let my silent rage bleed all over this page.

The hour dragged on. The professor droned on. Usually Jay loved to think about Faustian bargains with the devil and the finer points of the soul's incomprehensible depths, but today he couldn't wait for the class to end.

On the morning of the first snowfall deep enough to track a cat, Lily arose in a festive mood. "O, Tannenbaum!" she sang, dancing around the kitchen table with the Hatchling in her arms. Since they were in an English basement apartment, the snow drifted snugly halfway up the windows, giving Lily the impression that they were in an igloo. "Let's have a party!" she suggested.

Blue Jay sat at the kitchen table staring at the puffy marshmallow melting in his mug of hot chocolate. "Yeah. Along with writing a term paper, studying for exams, and finishing *The Tragedie of Joanie Fist* over the break. Oh, yeah. Sell my soul. Shovel snow. Give blood."

Lily leaned over him and took a sip from his mug. "So what? Stop worrying. We don't need much this year and the Hatchling's too little to know the difference. I think I'll make him a set of finger puppets. He's almost big enough not to eat them."

“This snow is nothing compared to Yooper snow. You could shovel this Milwaukee snow with a pancake spatula.”

Lily paused, intuiting that the issue not being discussed had to do with his parents and his sister Violet and not visiting them over the break.

Jay hesitated. “When I was a teenager, I couldn’t wait to get away from home. The isolation I felt inside me seemed to be the same as the isolation surrounding me.” He paused, “But now I don’t know....”

The sentence hung between them, unfinished.

Divergent lifestyles had created a distance greater than the 220-mile trip to Northern Michigan. Jay’s parents ran a ma-and-pa restaurant in Marquette, Michigan—Joe’s Do Drop Inn—and always had to mind the shop; the restaurant business had faltered but staggered on when the iron mines closed, and Blue Jay and his sister Violet had secretly re-named it the Few Drop Inn, except when Blue Jay was having one of his moments and called it the Don’t Drop Inn; or when really in a foul mood, Do Drop Dead.

The siblings knew that the tasty hamburgers fried up and smothered in onions were often made from venison illegally purchased at the restaurant’s back door from Ottawa Indians who did not feel bound by the hunting restrictions imposed upon them by the Department of Natural Resources. Being that one of Jay’s great grandmothers on his father’s side was a member of the Ottawa band of Chippewa Indians, the family felt a certain tenuous entitlement to venison.

“Here in Milwaukee, we have the building to attend to and papers to write,” Jay focused on the moment again, as if to convince himself, “so even if we could have borrowed or rented a car, the long winter’s trip would require more effort and cash than we can afford right now. And then there would be the possibility of a blizzard, and then what about our Kewaunee boiler?”

“And who would get Mrs. Grant her lamb-chops-dearie-from-the-loin?”

When classes ended for the Christmas Break, Jay sent a package with a set of sketching pencils for his sister and a box of chocolates for his grandmother. Lily created a necklace for Violet, made with bright, randomly strung Czechoslovakian glass beads that were sold at the Ben Franklin Dime Store for the ridiculously low price of ten cents a strand. Of course, they were randomly strung and had to be restrung on fish line in an esthetic manner but could be transformed into something quite charming. “One of these days, I will meet you in person, Violet,” she muttered as she wrapped the necklace in holiday paper. “I hope we get along because we are family and we both have a certain affection for this Blue Jay guy.” Jay also tucked in a picture of The Hatchling for his parents. He knew his mother would hang it on the bulletin board near the doorway at the restaurant.

Lily noticed his pensive mood and delivered a quick kiss on the top of his head. “I guess you’re feeling down because you didn’t go to the Spiro T. Agnew Anti-Military Ball and Peace Festival last weekend,” she attempted to joke. “You missed out on the Weatherman Christmas Caroling.”

To further try to lighten his mood, she began singing in falsetto, “I’m Dreaming of a White Riot.... I hear they wowed the crowd. Maybe the Poets for Peace could have done a few numbers.”

Jay forced a little smile accompanied by a shrug. “Let’s see. How about “God Rest Ye Merry Weathermen, Let peace signs you display....” Lily grimaced—not at the words, but because Jay could not carry a tune.

“You missed a great opportunity, home with your nose in a book. But it’s not too late to make amends. Let’s make our own party! A good party will cheer you up. You can invite your Poets group and I’ll ask all the tenants I know, and a few friends from my seminar. Since we live in this English basement, let’s have a Boxing Day Party. December 26 falls on a Sunday.”

Lily, as usual, began hatching plans. The enthusiasm in her voice did not strike a bright note with Jay.

“Yeah. With our luck, a couple of the guys from Apartment 6 would want to have a stoner boxing match.”

“Well, maybe then we should serve punch and let them get punch drunk. You could be the referee.”

Jay’s resolve began to weaken. “Um, if we do this crazy thing, let’s not call it Boxing Day. Maybe we should just call it a Holiday Open House,” Blue Jay volunteered, his spirits rising a bit.

“No! I know! Better yet! Let’s have a Holiday Soiree. I’ve always wanted to attend a soiree,” Lily countered. “We’ll keep it simple. Just punch and appetizers as evening falls.”

December continued to be busy, with many assignments catching up with Lily and Blue Jay that had been put off for the break. Removing the wax from the U-pipe under the sink in Apartment 6 took the better part of a Sunday afternoon that should have been devoted to studying, but Blue Jay went to get some information and tools from Ernie, the caretaker down the block.

“Wax in the pipes?” He shook his head incredulously when Jay told him about the job he was going to undertake. “Candle wax? What kind of idiots do you rent to?”

Ernie was a good mentor, only too happy to offer advice, along with a large wrench and a big tube of some gooey substance. “This here is what you call pipe dope,” he explained. “You’ve got an old building with old plumbing. Turn the nut gently or you might have a bigger mess on your hands than you’ve bargained for. Once you get the damn pipes apart, be sure the joints are dry. Them smear this dope around the threads before you put it back together.”

Jay nodded and thanked him, secretly hoping he could figure this out.

“If you need any help, kid, just give me a call. I’m only a block away.”

“Thanks, Ernie. You saved my skin again.”

The repair was accomplished without further damage. “I have to make this bad pun,” he whispered to Lily who was assisting. “Pipe dope for the pipe dopes.”

“We better finish up fast or we’ll get high just by breathing the air up here. Wanna keep a piece of the wax as a souvenir?”

“No, thanks. I already have enough in my ears,”

As they were leaving Apartment 6, Moissette popped her head out of the back door of Apartment 5, like a cat waiting to pounce. “Well, hello, you lovely twosome! I want to let you know that we have no more mice, but I saw two centipedes coming up the drain in the kitchen sink yesterday.”

“Well, we just took care of a major clog next door. That’s enough plumbing for one day,” Lily smiled defensively.

“May I suggest a little baking soda down the drain and run the hot water for a few minutes,” added Jay. “And if that doesn’t work, maybe you can catch some and put them in a fruit jar and keep them as pets.”

Moissette actually laughed at that. “Hey, guys, I was just kidding.” She closed the door.

The Civil War of Heat between Generals Grant and Davis continued to rage with almost daily phone calls and verbal skirmishes until Lily had the bright idea of shutting off some of Mrs. Davis’s radiators, thus improving everyone’s work and sleep schedules in the fine English basement apartment. Lily realized that having the blue wall phone installed in the kitchen just outside the nursery had been a mistake, but it was something they had to live with.

On the afternoon of December 17, Jay came in, tossing down his book bag and stomping snow off his boots. He was laughing his hearty laugh and picked the Hatchling up, folding Lily and the toddler in a big bear hug. “I kindly request a date with you tonight, Dear Lily, in front of the TV after this little one is asleep!”

Lily rolled her eyes.

“Gotta watch the Johnny Carson Show. You know that singer with the ukulele and the Captain Hook nose and the falsetto voice? Tiny Tim? The Tiptoe Through the Tulips guy? He’s getting married tonight on national television.”

Lily burst out laughing. “You wanna watch television? That’s a first. Sure!”

Jay and Lily settled in on the wicker couch that night, their eyes on the tiny black-and-white screen in the corner of the room. The marriage ceremony they viewed was a strangely solemn affair with a real clergyman, traditionally filled with the King James Bible’s Thee’s and Thou’s and admonitions to be slow to anger and not puffed up. The bride, Miss Vicki, was bedecked and veiled in white; the groom refrained from using his falsetto voice during the ceremony, and at the end they shared a chaste kiss, followed by a camera shot of Johnny Carson and live audience applause.

“Well, there. We saw it,” Jay said. “If I weren’t so beat, it would call for a poem.” He yawned.

Lily couldn’t stop laughing. “Unreal! Be nice to me or I’ll buy you a ukulele for Christmas. Wanna take a bet on how long that marriage will last?” Lily countered.

“That was pathetic Hollywood blarney. That’s the point I keep trying to make about television. Our simple courthouse wedding had more meaning than this charade.” Jay’s words hung in the air.

“Well, Jay, you fell for it.”

He got up and turned off the television with a dramatic flair. “Let’s go hit the feathers and experience reality.”

As Lily was vacuuming two days later, she contemplated the wedding of Tiny Tim and Miss Vickie. “Maybe we could expand this idea. Kangaroo courts featuring real kangaroos. Dog weddings. Find a husband for the Lost Lenore, maybe a basset would be nice, and we could rescue one from the pound and name him Edgrrr Poe. Dress them up and marry them off on TV.

Thousands of viewers having a little comic relief from ugly news.”

The door to Apartment 5 cracked open and Linda invited her in for a coffee break. Lily enjoyed Linda and was thankful for the chance to talk. She knew that the Hatchling was napping with Jay. Linda had been taking some classes at MATC to save on tuition, hoping to transfer to UWM’s School of Education after completing her associate’s degree.

“How’s it going, Linda? I don’t see much of you and Sarah.”

“We’re both busy with waitressing and classes. And Moissette flits in and out. God knows where she goes or what she does.” Linda disappeared down the long hall and reappeared with two cups of coffee.

“Sarah should be finished in June. I think she’ll stay on here over the summer, though. She’s been taking upholstery classes and wants to open a business. MATC put her in touch with some low interest start-up loans. Look at this.” She pointed to the floral, high-backed chair in the corner of the living room.

“Not bad!”

“She already has a name for her business: Sitting Pretty Upholstery Shop.”

“Maybe Lenny can throw some work her way. How about you?”

Linda shrugged. “One more year to go down there, keeping up the old grade point so everything will transfer. Now I’m finishing up European History from WWII to Present. The professor lives history, makes it real and immediate. Long Polish name, unpronounceable. He has this wild hair and mustache and gestures a lot and talks really fast with sort of a South Side slur. Sometimes I don’t even try to take notes—just sit there listening.”

Lily nodded. “I wish I had a class like that this time around. I could have used it for my sanity. I have this really pretentious newly arrived professor for my seminar. Ivy League. I don’t know who he thinks he has to impress. Not us. People say he’s a tough grader. Wants to make UWM the Yale of the Midwest. My other two classes are okay, though. I’m not real interested in statistics. It’s required for my Sociology major. It’ll be more fun when I can actually apply it to research.”

Linda held up a recent *Life Magazine*. “Have you seen this? Moissette brought it in. It’s pretty gruesome.” A close-up photo of a deranged-looking man with buggy eyes greeted Lily.

“The Love and Terror Cult. The Dark Edge of Hippie Life.” Linda read the headline slowly. They paged through the magazine, gazing at the photographs of cult members living on a ranch in the California desert under the control of a hypnotic leader named Charles Manson.

“The women look like throwbacks to pioneer days,” Lily mused, “And the men look just plain spooky.”

“They were not harmless crazies riding around in dune buggies playing cowboys and Indians, like the police thought at first. They actually committed those gruesome murders and were trying to start a race war. They almost got away with the murders, but one of the women was in prison for something else and she told another prisoner and they all got implicated.”

“I read that last month. Anybody rich and white deserved to be dead, in their book,” Lily replied. “Especially rich and white and famous. So much for hippie cults in the desert.”

“Things can turn ugly on a dime. Maybe you could research this for one of your sociology classes, Lily. Devise a public opinion survey.”

“How could anybody get this far out, and what kind of women would follow orders from somebody like that? Gives everybody in the counterculture a bad name,” Lily replied. “And ironically it happened just around Woodstock.” She sighed. “I really should get back to work. The dust bunnies are multiplying as we speak.”

“I’ll bring the magazine down for you guys when everybody’s done with it here. Anyway, I always enjoy my little chats with the Hatchling and Lenore.”

And with a final sip of coffee, Lily resumed her cleaning duties.

The Hatchling demanded increasing attention. He experienced things by tasting them—everything from pencils with enticing erasers to morsels of dog food spilled on the floor. He crawled around the apartment until the toes of his shoes became scuffed and the knees of his jumpsuit became worn. Lenore followed him around, occasionally nudging at him to keep him in some imagined order, until Blue Jay and Lily began to wonder if there were perhaps also some shepherd blood in her. Blue Jay bought the Hatchling a little orange tambourine at the Ben Franklin Dime Store.

Although Lily did not think this toy was baby-proof, Blue Jay tried to teach him to shake the tambourine when he wanted to be picked up rather than crying. “Hey, little Jay-Jay, play a song for me!” he sang to the Hatchling in a loose, nasal imitation of Bob Dylan. “You’re not sleepy and there is no place we’re going to-o-o-o.”

He shook the tambourine and the Hatchling grabbed for it and tried to shake it, too. Now, the real trick would be for the Hatchling to use the tambourine to summon his parents in the middle of the night instead of crying.

Lily went shopping for new tennis shoes but decided to take a sight-seeing detour through the basement of the downtown Woolworth’s. This was a place of wonder, with gleaming kitchen wares spread out on counters next to discounted towels and linens, next to baby clothes and school supplies. It smelled like a carnival, with the heavy scent of the roasting hot dogs slowly basking on the rotisserie. There was no music, but the shuffle and bang of workers with carts and the subdued conversations of patrons created a dreamy background. As they approached the back of the store, Lily pointed out a large tank of bright goldfish to the Hatchling. She lifted him close to the glass so he could watch them swim.

When the novelty of this wore off, the Hatchling discovered the parakeets nearby. He reached out for one and squeaked. There were perhaps thirty birds in a large wire cage, vivid green and blue, with smart black feathers on their wings and yellow hooked beaks. No sweet music here; they seemed to be communicating in raucous burps while hopping about and occasionally pecking each other or vying for a spot on a little trapeze.

Suddenly it struck Lily. This was the perfect Christmas gift for Mrs. Grant! Shoes could wait. “What do you think, Jay-Jay?” she asked. “Gramma Grant will really be surprised. Which one shall we get her?” Lily observed the interactions among the parakeets.

Since she had been reading Riesman’s *The Lonely Crowd* in her Social Order within Human Species class, a requirement for her major, she often thought about “inner-directed and outer-directed” people. “Is it possible,” she thought, “that birds and dogs and other species might also have an inner or outer direction? And if so, which type of bird would make the better pet?”

“Outer-directed, of course,” she answered herself. “That way, it will actually interact with Mrs. Grant, easing her isolation with its gregariousness. In that case, I should look for the parakeet that is paying the most attention to us.”

She stuck her finger in through the bars on the cage. At that point, a blue-breasted parakeet with a slightly manic cast to its eyes hopped over and nipped her finger.

“You’re the one!” she laughed, and keeping an eye on that particular parakeet, she rang the bell for service.

“Burp!” it answered.

The Hatchling laughed and kicked in his stroller and tried to reach for the birds. The nearby cages and the packs of birdseed finished off the shoe budget.

The next morning the presentation was made to Mrs. Grant. Lily thought this was something the whole family could do together, but Jay balked at the idea. “How do you know she wants a bird? Maybe you should have asked her first, Lily. Maybe she hates birds.”

“Well, in that case, I guess we will have a bird,” Lily replied.

With the Hatchling under one arm and the bird in its cage draped with a blanket, she proceeded up the stairs and knocked on the door.

“Um, Mrs. Grant, we have a present for you. We thought you would like this.” Lily hesitated, doubting the sense of this gift for the first time. “I can come up and clean the cage if you need a little help,” she added.

Mrs. Grant’s face broke into an incredulous grin. She graciously received her gift, although seemed somewhat taken aback by its unusual nature.

“Well, Dearie! What a thought! I am sure it must be kept very warm. It is a tropical creature, is it not? We must keep the apartment warm now at all times!”

Mrs. Grant looked around the room and hesitated. “Why don’t you just set that cage over here on the buffet close to the radiator? What pretty, bright feathers! And can I get you a cup of tea?”

Lily relaxed. The bird was going to have a good home here. “Sure. I’m on vacation. That little cup in the wires is for water. And I brought you extra seeds, and I can come up and change the sandpaper in the bottom of the cage whenever you call me.”

It turned out that this was an anti-social bird that refused to repeat words but chirped in gibberish incessantly all night unless a tablecloth was thrown over the cage. By Christmas Day, it had developed a fine knack for spitting seeds out of the cage. Lily suggested to Mrs. Grant that she name the parakeet Tennis Shoe, since it was bought with money intended for shoes, but Mrs. Grant decided the parakeet was female and named her Messy Bessie.

After returning to the English basement, Lily dashed off a card to her mother, hoping she was still living at the same Tulsa address. “Mama’s putting a big kiss in this envelope, Hatchling,” she smiled. “This is for your grammy. It might get there a little late, or it might not get there at all, but that’s okay.”

Christmas Day was a busy time, preparing for the Boxing Day party. Lily had acquired an album by Leonard Cohen for Jay: Songs from a Room. Jay, in turn, presented Lily with Bob Dylan's Nashville Skyline. Lily made cupcakes for the soiree, singing along with the album; and also made a small cake for the family, in celebration of the Hatchling's half birthday. They gave him a fuzzy little brown bear. He shook it and tasted its ear, then smiled and said, "Bah!" and made his favorite throaty growl.

That evening, instead of studying, Lily listed all her son's accomplishments in her sociology notebook:

Crawls around on the floor. Interacts with Lenore and all other people. Says, "Hi," Enjoys being read and sung to. Has two teeth. Slurps from a cup. Throws food on the floor when he is full or doesn't like it or wants attention. Puts everything in his mouth. Sleeps with a toy tambourine. Plays peek-a-boo and giggles when you make a face at him and say, "Boo" or growl like a bear. Growls back.

By the afternoon of the Holiday Soiree, the English basement apartment smelled of spruce and twinkled with miniature lights. Blue Jay had found a vintage round oak table cast out at the curbside a couple blocks away and had rolled it home like a big hoop. It now stood draped in a colorful red and green plastic tablecloth, loaded with Christmas cookies, punch, and a crockpot of chili. Artistically arranged around the table were three wooden chairs garnered from the Goodwill Store and toted home on the bus, interspersed with three folding lawn chairs of various styles. The Lost Lenore and the Hatchling, sensing the excitement in the air, scuttled from one end of the hall to the other.

Over coffee that morning, Jay recalled the generosity of the neighboring building super, Ernie Warner. "He helped us out so much. We just have to ask Klara and Ernie, even on such short notice. This will be an excuse to get Lenore out for a little exercise before the crowds arrive."

Promptly at three, the doorbell rang. Larry and Lenny stood at the door with a bottle of cranberry wine. "How did you know it's my favorite?" Blue Jay asked. "I'm from cranberry country, you know. Upper Michigan. That's about all we can grow in the bogs up there. Along with mosquitos and rabbits and Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer, of course. And frogs..."

Ernie appeared with his wife Klara bearing a plate of Lebkuchen. "This is one of my specialties," Klara announced. "I hope you like them. We had them every Christmas when I was a girl in Germany." The spicy cookies filled the food table with the rich scents of cinnamon and nutmeg. Lily decided she couldn't wait and snatched a cookie immediately.

"Delicious!" Not to be left out, the Hatchling made a grab for it. Klara laughed, "Maybe he could have his own cookie. It's all healthy ingredients."

Next came Mrs. Davis like one of the magi, bearing a large jar of Ma Baensch's herring, her two canes clomping on the wooden floor, followed by Mrs. Grant. While everyone was busy helping Mrs. Grant down the stairs, Lenore took the opportunity to go sightseeing around the neighborhood. She didn't wander very far lest she miss the excitement on her home turf. She did, however, manage to run around the corner and scratch at the door of her poodle friend, who was not receiving guests, and to take a little detour to leave a generous stain of yellow on the neighbor's pristine snow.

She then huddled shivering beside the door until such time that Moissette and Linda arrived, both festively dressed in white satin blouses with long red velvet skirts and capes. Moissette had embellished her outfit with a sparkling tinsel bow and earrings the size of silver dollars shaped like Christmas wreaths. Their third roommate Sarah had to waitress over at the George Webb's, so she sent her regrets; but Linda had baked fudge brownies for the occasion, and Moissette was carrying a large poinsettia.

When Lily opened the door, Lenore lunged inside with a whimper, almost knocking the poinsettia out of Moissette's arms. Lily was startled because she had not even realized that Lenore had gone for a stroll on her own.

Two tenants from Apartment 6, Mel and Dan, sauntered in. They were in jovial moods, reeking of weed. "Scott's coming momentarily," Mel informed them, plopping two bottles of chianti down on the round table, both tenants helping themselves to heaping bowls of chili, all the while handing out fliers advertising the expansion of the Underground Switchboard. This was a special emergency hotline that desperate hippies or yuppies or wannabes could call anonymously for problems ranging from drug overdose, to suicide, to homelessness.

Dan lifted his voice: "You know, we need to get the word out. This group has performed a real community service for a couple years already and now they're expanding into the basement of St. Mary's by the Water Tower.

They will have more services, too, even a free clinic."

"Once again I have underestimated the human race," thought Lily, "most specifically at this moment, The Sixes of Apartment Six."

"We pitched in and bought a mimeograph machine. This is the first flier we've printed," Mel boasted. "We're gonna specialize in drug and dealer information. Besides reporting on rat finks and pigs, we are going to research and print information on drugs and let folks know when there's bad stuff out there. Gonna call it Weed Sheet."

"I don't think the Civil War Generals will need that," Jay laughed, as Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Davis received the Underground Switchboard informational flyer with puzzled expressions.

"This is a great service," Lily read. "Specially trained phone counselors can offer advice on many troubles and make referrals to professionals if it looks really serious. Says here you can ask about drugs, legal contacts, places to crash, abortion, and anything else that's bothering you. Nothing will be reported to the authorities. They're offering free switchboard training." She paused. "I wish I had more free time. I wonder if you can bring babies along. I would be interested in working for them at some point."

"Much needed around here on the East Side," Moissette observed, launching into a tale of a friend whose parents kicked her out when she came home stoned, and she tried to sleep all night in the Greyhound Bus Station until they kicked her out, too. Apparently she then made her way in the night to Tannenbaum Arms, where she found refuge on the couch the occupants of Apartment 5.

Lily was interested. "When was this? What happened?"

Linda and Moissette exchanged glances. "Last week just at the start of break. It all worked out just fine. She called her brother in the morning and he came and picked her up."

"Um. Actually, she might be coming to the party here tonight. We invited her to crash. Her brother, too," added Linda. "We knew you wouldn't care."

More Apartment Sixers made their appearances. Bongo Bob arrived, with his loopy smile and glazed eyes. He had brought along his favorite ceramic bong, which Blue Jay made him leave in the back hall. Mel had brought along his girlfriend Marsha, who had brought along her guitar and two of her friends, Bella and Ruthie. They were involved in a folk music group and had traveled to Woodstock, enjoying a Summer of Love and Music. After a couple glasses of punch, they filled the room with Woody Guthrie and Joan Baez songs, interspersed with classic Christmas carols.

Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Davis sat side by side on the wicker couch but didn't converse much since both suffered from a bit of deafness. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, as Mrs. Davis tapped both canes to the thrum of the guitar. Moissette adjusted her silver bow and carefully lifted the rhinestone hem of her skirt as she sat beside Mel, trying to enchant him with her news of her upcoming trip to Paris. Mel, however, inched away and kept ogling Bella. All the tenants were present except Mrs. Hopkinson, who sent her regrets along with a crisply folded twenty-dollar-bill as a Christmas bonus.

The Civil War generals seemed to have declared a Christmas truce and left together as evening fell—which is always around five p.m. in late December when the days begin to get longer. The Poets for Peace groupies straggled in and out throughout the evening, replenishing the food supplies on the round oak table with their gifts of wine, home-baked bread, cheese, and cookies. Coats formed a wet, woolen mountain on the bed and Lost Lenore, exhausted from the effort exerted on her neighborhood tour, as well as domestic herding responsibilities, burrowed into the coats and fell asleep. The Hatchling was cooed over and passed around from person to person, eventually falling asleep on Linda's lap.

When the music broke, Larry amused the remaining guests with tales from Milwaukee's past glory when it was marketed to prospective German immigrants as "The New Athens." One Samuel Tannenbaum, disenchanted with the oppressive terms for doing commerce in the Old World, was lured by this propaganda to Milwaukee. Here he established a dry goods store in the area on the east bank of the Milwaukee River called "Juneau Town." The business thrived, expanding into food and beverages, as well, eventually becoming a stylish "department store."

Samuel Tannenbaum became a friend of the Beer Barons, Gustave Pabst and Emil Blatz, selling their foamy product by the bucketful to citizens who found it preferable to Milwaukee water. As the city expanded northward, Samuel's son saw the opportunity to expand the family fortune in real estate holdings; thus, Tannenbaum Arms was erected, eventually given as a wedding gift to Samuel's granddaughter, who had fallen in love with an itinerant stock boy while patronizing the ladies' department of her grandfather's store.

Klara was interested. "I came over from Germany in the 30's. These stories are new to me. Tannenbaum. Do you know, in German that means fir

tree?"

Linda nodded. "We are still a German enough city that even our mayor sings *O Tannenbaum* and we light a big tree by City Hall to open the season."

Another glass of punch, another tale... this one, Larry said, was a sad but true holiday story about a schooner that sank in 1912 after leaving Upper Michigan with a great load of Christmas trees. Every year it would travel down and dock in Chicago. The captain would string lights from all three masts, so the ship looked like a giant Christmas tree and put everyone in a holiday mood. Churches and many poor people were given free trees.

"Nobody knows for sure why it sank," Larry added, "but later the captain's wallet floated up."

"That's worthy of a ballad!" Blue Jay interjected. "Somebody should write one."

"Mais oui. Maybe you, mon cher," Moissette winked. "A little bird told me you're a writer."

"Jay, you're about fifty years behind the times," Lenny laughed. "It's already written."

A refill of the glasses, a toast to the residents of Tannenbaum Arms, and Larry reeled off another ship-sinking tale. "This one," he said, "is even sadder. This explains how the Irish lost their dominant role in Milwaukee politics.

"Um, Larry, maybe not..." Lenny interjected.

Larry stopped abruptly and looked around.

"No! Don't stop!" Lily spoke up. "This is us. This is our history and we should know a little bit of it."

"Have you ever noticed that all the Irish people seem to live in Chicago? The kids don't even go to school on St. Patrick's Day down there. The mayor throws green dye in the river and they have a parade.

"Anyway, in 1860 many of the best Irish families of Milwaukee went on a special cruise to Chicago and back on a ship called *Lady Elgin*. There were four hundred passengers from Milwaukee on board. Just think of all those Irish folks, dancing the night away.

"Then a schooner collided with the *Lady Elgin* and it sank! The shore was four miles away and just about everybody died. That damn lake is a cold killer, three out of four seasons. Amen and God rest ye merry gentlemen."

"End of the partiers and end of the tale," said Lenny with a grin.

"Well, let's hope we're not all on a sinking ship of another sort," was Lily's response. "That was a great story, Larry, but let's talk about something more cheerful.

"Sure. How about some of that pound cake? Or perhaps a fudge brownie?" Larry smiled. "And maybe I can persuade you to have a St. Patrick's Party here in March, Lily and Jay. This is a great party space. We could even do gymnastics off the pipes on the ceiling. And I'll have more tales lined up."

"No, I think we should host," interrupted Lenny. "By the way, Lily, I was noticing your ever-so-elegant chair arrangement. If you like, I can get you a matched set the next time I re-do someone's habitat. The trend nowadays is for sleek, sparse lines and people who think they're in the avant garde are hiring me to throw out the good old classic furniture from Grandma's attic and replace it with the moderne look. Would you like?"

She didn't pause. "I'd like!"

"Well, then, Merry Boxing Day."

"Same back to you."

Shortly after midnight, when all the problems of the world had been discussed but left unresolved, when several fine poems had been read, when all the songs had been sung, the guests claimed their coats and boots and trudged out into the night to the front door of Tannenbaum Arms as a light snow began to fall.

In parting, although all the wine had been consumed, with all the guests' offerings there was more food left over on the table than when the party had begun.

"Oh, Tannenbaum, Oh, Tannenbaum, how lovely are your arms!" Lily sang into the empty hallway as she locked the door and turned off the Christmas lights. Blue Jay had dozed off in his favorite easy chair. Lily tiptoed up and kissed him on his forehead. He did not stir. She sighed. Then, in most uncharacteristic fashion, she reached down and removed his shoes.

~ * * * * ~

In comparison, New Year's Eve was a slow boat ride to China. Both Lily and Blue Jay had research papers to work on, since the semester would come to an end in just nineteen days. "Whoever thought up this schedule is diabolical," Blue Jay complained, looking up from his trusty Underwood Olivetti typewriter. "I wish they would end the semester in December. I am ready for

a new start, and this semester is just dragging on."

"Yes, but if we weren't such procrastinators, we could have been out partying by now." She paused. "I can't help thinking.... this year we had Americans walking on the moon. Humans on the moon talking about a great leap for mankind. I'm not feeling it. We had the Summer of Love, but the world showed little love back, even too much hate. Joshua, my dear, what do you think 1970 will hold in store for us?"

"It's a new decade. I'll never stop hoping. Maybe our country will get back on track. End the damn war. Build schools, not bombs. Free college tuition."

"An end to racism. Equality for all."

"Ha! Maybe the Yoopers will find gold in their dead iron mines and it will be the start of another Gold Rush."

"Maybe I'll get a little closer to finishing my degree and find a real research job, Jay. Or maybe I'll take the quick route out and just get certified for teaching. College life gets weirder every day."

"And more imperiled. Maybe I'll get a poem or two published and land a good creative writing fellowship for grad school somewhere like Iowa. At least I have to finish the BA by June."

"Better start applying. Get a positive attitude. Line up those letters of recommendation. Maybe we should go somewhere warm," Lily added. "The Hatchling will walk and talk and grow up in a happy southern place, but we will go Up North to Marquette every summer and visit your folks and go on hikes along Lake Superior and you can teach The Hatchling about his one drop of Ottawa blood.

"Up there, Lily—it's God's country. It's home. For me, Lake Michigan just can't match Lake Superior. Lake Superior is alive. Sorry. Don't get me started on that." He smiled and reached for her. "Happy New Year, Lily, my love!"

"Happy New--."

At that moment the doorbell rang insistently, repeatedly. Blue Jay sighed, "Let's play Guess-which-Tenant-is-Locked-Out."

Just then, they heard the jingle-jangle of a little tambourine from the nursery.

"Oh, no! He heard the doorbell, too! But the tambourine! He's learned it! I taught him that!" Blue Jay beamed.



Tannenbaum

"Oh, Tannenbaum, Oh, Tannenbaum, how lovely are your arms!" Lily sang into the empty hallway as she locked the door and turned off the Christmas lights. Blue Jay had dozed off in his favorite easy chair. Lily tiptoed up and kissed him on his forehead. He did not stir. She sighed. Then, in most uncharacteristic fashion, she reached down and removed his shoes.

Restaurant review
by Cari Taylor Carlson

Beans & Barley
1901 E. North Avenue
414-278-7878
Hours: Open daily 8am-9pm
beansandbarley.com

Beans & Barley buzzed on a recent Saturday morning. There were couples, families, singles, senior citizens, teens, and three burly men in the booth behind me enjoying Electric Green Smoothies featuring spinach, kale, and parsley. Breakfast has always been popular at Beans and this sunny Saturday was no exception. They serve breakfast from 8-11am Monday-Friday, and on weekends they offer an expanded brunch menu from 8am-2pm.

My Broccoli Cheddar Feta Quiche, made with Yuppie Hill eggs and served with mesclun salad and a bowl of fruit, had a tasty flaky crust. It was filled with chopped broccoli and enough cheese to satisfy this cheese lover. Mesclun salad added a tart voice while the fruit bowl overflowed with strawberries, grapes, and melon. Some variety of quiche is available weekdays as well as weekends. Also, on the Monday to Friday menu you will find Eggs-to-Order, Buttermilk Pancakes, Almond French Toast, a Tofu Sampler, and Huevos Rancheros. If you want Eggs Benedict, Biscuits and Gravy, or a Frittata, come on a weekend.

The following weekend I returned with a companion, a former east side resident who noted as I have many times, "This place has the quintessential east side vibe."

I ordered a Frittata because it's only available on weekends and who could resist a blend of caramelized onions, mushrooms, and leeks, served over roasted potatoes, and finished with melted Swiss. It was everything the menu promised, an open-faced omelet bursting with veggies inside and out.

We started with a Bloody Mary and a Jack Rabbit. The bloody was delish and included the classic toppings, a pickle and a toothpick lined with green olives. The Rabbit was less satisfying. If you were a rabbit perhaps you would appreciate this healthful drink made mainly with carrot juice which turned it into an unappetizing orange-brownish color. Even a hint of vodka and ginger couldn't rescue it, a drink I would add to an "acquired taste" list.

In the plus column, the Eggs Cubano, was a simple meal of scrambled eggs topped with cheddar cheese and served with black beans, salsa, and flour or corn tortillas. However, the real winner in our opinion was something we shared from Appetizers: the Mexican Sampler, a cup of guacamole, a cup of Mexican rice with corn and black beans, salsa (mild, medium, or hot) and giant tortilla chips.

Nothing fancy, but for \$5 it was a meal on a plate -- a generous plate at a restaurant where you can expect everything on the menu will be oversized, healthy, fresh, and attractively presented.

The restaurant is a large, cheerful room filled with light from tall windows facing North Avenue. It feels spacious and offers a sense of privacy, despite many tables and booths, perhaps because it has an unusually high ceiling. Often the walls are filled with a selection of local art.

Full disclosure: I've been a fan since Beans opened as a small neighborhood health food store in 1973. I remember when they began serving food in 1979 and the horror I felt when Beans exploded in flames and burned to its foundation. This happened in 1993. It felt like a miracle when they reopened the following year with a new deli, more tables, and a small market for local products.

Beans is so much more than a restaurant where they serve creative food. It's a playground for food lovers. It's too easy to linger at the deli with its beautiful salads and entrees and despite a full belly from a restaurant meal, gather a few more irresistible salads and entrees to enjoy at home.

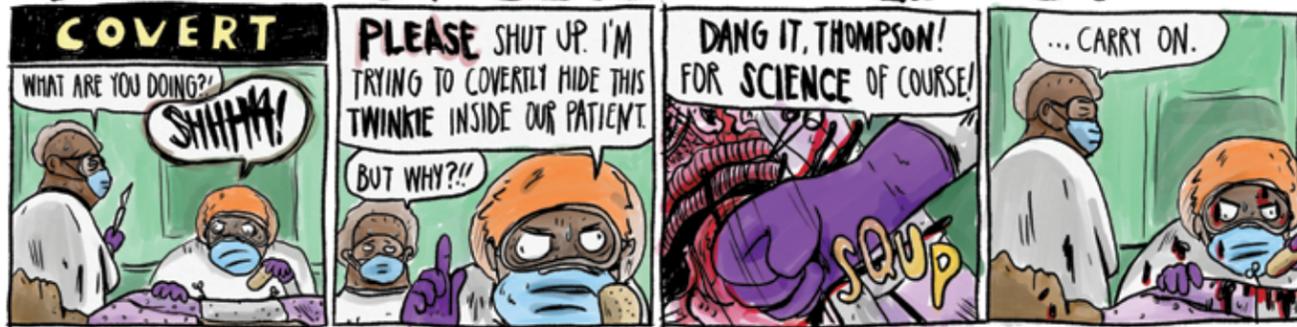
With the plethora of new restaurants popping up all over Milwaukee, it's good to remember and to support the ones that have been around for a while. Once you have a meal at Beans you will want to return often because you know whatever you order will be healthy, tasty, fresh, and reasonably priced.



Currents Comix Page

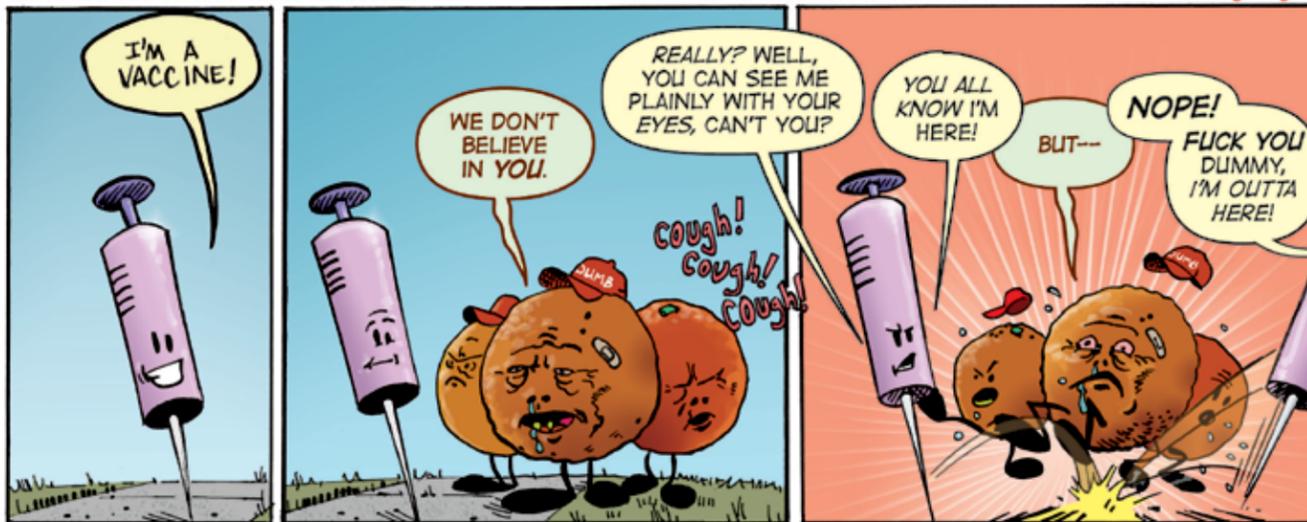
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The Dodo



ANGRY KAT: ZOMBIE PROTOCOL

by Luther Hall



WHAT HAUNTS ME @ NIGHT

Ben Spohert



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