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Riverwest Currents



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Vol 21 Issue 04 April 2022

\$\$\$ Show me the money! \$\$ Politics as fundraising

Editorial by Vince Bushell

Austin Greenberg interviewed Alderwoman Marina Dimitrijevic before the primary. I thought the final election would be more challenging if Dimitrijevic matched up with Johnson. But that was not to be.

Greenberg was anxious to get a opportunity to interview Cavalier Johnson. And so he did. The interview was long and I cannot run it in this issue because of limited space but it is on line at RiverwestCurrents.org

He delves into the morass that is campaign funding which impacts all levels of our government. He has some specifics to examine and Johnson answers his questions.

But Mayoral election were getting is not as exciting as it could have been.

Instead we got a run off between Johnson and Bob Donovan. Though he is a seasoned politician, Donovan is from another time. It is quite a contrast, Johnson a young man from the heart of the city with bona fides in the Black community versus the Irish politician from the South side.

Clearly Donovan is the more conservative of the two. More in tune with Milwaukee's political history, read that white.

I stated my support for Johnson last month. It is because of his background as a young Black man who has made it through effort and a dedication to the principle that he can dedicate his life to make Milwaukee a better place for all its citizens. And he focused on doing it through political action.

It is my hope Johnson can bring Milwaukee together. I mean North Side and South Side and East Side and that slice of Milwaukee we call Riverwest.

Both candidates know we have a huge challenge to get Public Safety done correctly. I do not think I have to go too deeply in how that has to be done. We still need the Police Department, but we need it done without prejudice.

I wish both candidates well and I have to admit it would be a pleasure to share a beer with either one. I have to confess, besides a good beer, I have a propensity to enjoy a nice glass of Irish whiskey.

You might be asking, hey, what about the title of this piece.

Email is quickly becoming a wasteland of advertisements and come ons, a good bit of scam and a significant portion is requests for political support, and by that I mean money. Money has become the lifeblood of campaigns. This has been to the detriment of our institutions.

It limits candidates to the wealthy or those who can get the support of those sources of money. This creates a bias that runs all the way up to our Senators, Congress women and men and the our President

I analyzed my daily swamp of emails. They can easily exceed 100 a day. Of those emails I receive requests for money by 15 to 20 a day asking for a candidate from anywhere from here to Texas and beyond.

Add those requests up and in a month and the sum is from 450 to 600 asks per month.

I have given to a few candidates in our state, and of course that just follows with pleas for more.

Television ads cost money and they are probably the worst way to learn about a candidate. They are either wonderful but slim tales about the candidate or overblown stories of how the opponent is related to the devil.

There have been many debates, at churches and on television and in the Journal Sentinel. I hope you avail yourself of those sources and not the 30 second spots on television in your decision making.

Develop public funding of campaigns

Public funding would help more qualified candidates get a chance to tell their story and vision for our government.

I am not suggesting that contributions of money has to be eliminated, only that it has caps and most importantly is transparent. All sources of funding should be publicly revealed by all candidates.

There is not a perfect way, but what we have is too easy to result in corruption as a means to gain power and is not representative of a democratic society.

Austin Greenberg's interview touches on this. He may be off base on what a mayoral candidate actually can do in the present political environment. But Johnson holds his own in the interview.

RiverwestCurrents.org

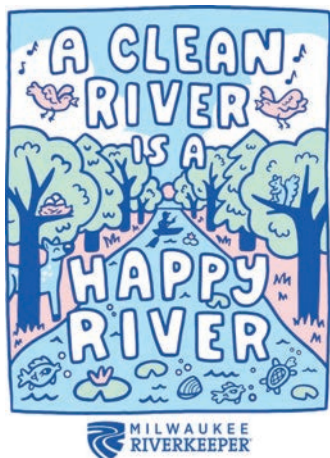
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TANNENBAUM ARMS

A serial novel. A first for the Riverwest Currents - Begin on Page 13

About the Riverwest Currents

by Vince Bushell

Our name comes from the process of the strategic plan for the area in 1999/2000. The participants wanted to brand it as Riverwest, to signify we were not the East Side. A previous paper published by the non-profit, ESHAC, that I worked on while it existed was called the *East Side News*.

Our focus may be changing as the world is a much different place now then it was in 2000. Information exchange occurs in a myriad of ways.

I am excited to publish a serial novel. Which is starting in this issue and continuing throughout this year. It has happened because of the Wednesday Writers Group at Woodland Pattern. I met Darlene Rzezotarski and we both were willing to make it happen.

In this issue is a editorial by former Editor Jan Christensen. She comments on a controversial editorial done by another writer and gives her opinion on the issue.

I thank Jan C. for contributing. But as in the previous piece, it is her opinion and part of the process of publishing is to allow free and open speech.

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Vote April 5th

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The True Value of Leisure

by Elisa Graf

If there are silver linings to be gleaned by living through a pandemic, learning to place more value on our time could very well be one of them. As daily life ground to a halt through lockdown and after, millions of us found ourselves with time on our hands. Though many jobs were lost and businesses shuttered, these stark conditions also gave many people a chance to re-evaluate their priorities.

In a November 2021 *Wired* article, Kathryn Hymes notes that people are now "...changing employers, 'downshifting' on the career ladder, or taking time away from the workforce altogether. With new clarity and savings from the Covid era, some workers have stepped back from precarious frontline jobs made brutally hard in the pandemic. Others report forgoing opportunities for money or status in exchange for greater flexibility and self-determination."

As a result, people are quitting their jobs in record numbers. According to the US Labor Department, an unprecedented four million people resigned from their jobs in April 2021 alone, leading observers to dub this period the "Great Resignation." This description, Hymes suggests, misses the point: "Taken on its surface, the Great Resignation foregrounds the language of job status, but misses a parallel, arguably bigger story: the radical realignment of values that is fueling people to confront and remake their relationship to life at home, with their families, with their friends, and in their lives outside of labor."

At another such historical moment nearly a century ago, when millions were suddenly jobless due to the Great Depression, the philosopher Bertrand Russell penned "In Praise of Idleness," an essay outlining the necessity for meaningful leisure for all human beings, and challenging our long-held cultural assumption that a person's value can only be measured by economic productivity. In a 2020 *New Statesman* article that notes today's relevance of Russell's argument, Max Hayward, Lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Sheffield, explains, "Russell believed that we don't only need to reform the economic system in which some are worked to the bone while others suffer jobless destitution, we also need to challenge the cultural ethic that teaches us to value ourselves in proportion to our capacity for 'economically productive labor.' Human beings are more than just workers. We need to learn how to value idleness."

Hayward points out that with GDP as our standard measure for success, "...we must deem one society a relative failure if its citizens earn on average £1,000 a year less than its neighbors, even if they have more leisure, play more sports, take more walks, read more books, listen to more music, and paint more pictures."

But, he says, this thinking dooms us: "The society that Russell imagines – one that invests in meaningful idleness – is truly revolutionary, not just because its economic structures have been reformed, but because it has changed the way it understands, and values, itself."

In his book, *The Art of Living*, Benjamin Creme, chief source of information about the return to the everyday world of Maitreya, the World Teacher, defines leisure as a God-given quality: "...[leisure

is] doing what you innately want to do, which is to be creative; it is the opportunity to be creative." He explains creative activity, coming from the soul, as the nature of life. He says that the art of living is in fact creative living, which entails all aspects of life. This is why, he says, leisure is essential.

Yet as a result of today's stressful living conditions, Creme adds, "Most people are so devitalized by repetitive work processes, by poor conditions, by the sheer deadness and sameness of their activities day by day, that creativity is almost the last thing you could expect."

In addition, as a result of widespread poverty and social injustice, mass numbers of people around the planet live deeply unfulfilled lives, dedicated only to earning enough to survive, therefore finding no opportunity for leisure. Creme argues that it is this enforced poverty that prevents the demonstration of the true inner spiritual nature of humanity.


The solution is the sharing of the world's resources so that every person has access to the goods to meet basic needs. Under Maitreya's inspiration, Creme explains, humanity will begin to see itself as one family, and make the required changes to create a saner, more just world for all. Among Maitreya's recommendations is a shift in social priorities so that adequate food, housing, clothing, education, and medical care become universal rights.

"Education for leisure," writes Benjamin Creme, "will release in people the possibility for the development of their inner skills, talents and potential in a way which could hardly be envisaged at present."

What might such education look like? To Bertrand Russell, it should be one of education's primary goals to equip the population with the necessary abilities, knowledge, and habits to enjoy creative leisure. Max Hayward suggests, "This would mean reform: access to higher education would need to be greatly expanded, while university and school curricula should place as much emphasis on creative arts and the pursuit of pure curiosity as on employable skills."

In these times of unprecedented global crisis, the freeing of human beings by the enabling of more leisure has the potential to promote a renaissance – the flourishing of human creativity that could truly transform our world.

"Leisure is doing what you would like to do, what rests the body, the mind, the heart, or which allows you the time to do for yourself something over and above what you do for the community."
– Benjamin Creme, *The Art of Living*



THE ART OF LIVING
Living within the Laws of Life
by Benjamin Creme

To discover more
about *The Art of Living* and the cover painting, "Soul Infusion" (from the book, *The Esoteric Art of Benjamin Creme*), please visit share-ecart.com/store/books

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RIVERWEST RADIO - WXRW 104.1 LP

Get involved! Keep neighborhood resources like WXRW!
by Ian Powell (Riverwest Radio board member)

Not every neighborhood has its own radio station. Riverwest Radio began in 2012 as a group of people interested in media, podcasting, music, and mostly all things audio. Our first iteration was as a 24-hour webcasting platform, but by 2016 we had evolved into a non-profit FM station. There's even a movie, *Riverwest Radio*, produced by Emir Buccaroz and featured at film festivals across the nation.

We've come a long way and worked hard to be true to our mission statement, which reads:

"Riverwest Radio provides a community platform for education, advocacy and creativity, as well as an outlet for marginalized and alternative voices in our neighborhood and beyond. We invite all Milwaukeeans not only to listen, but to take an active role in the production of their own show and become stewards of the station."

Today, RWR still Rocks On! The shows are an eclectic mix of culture, politics, news, and experiment. Whatever a show producer can imagine (within FCC limits), they can make and get on the air. Nowadays many of the shows are made remotely, as the storefront has been shuttered during much of the pandemic. But the diverse voices of our community are still being shared on FM and platforms like SoundCloud.

Like many other businesses and organizations, the pandemic hit us hard in multiple ways.

The financial situation has grown precarious even with the continued support of many generous donors and the tireless work of Martin Hallanger, who has been our program director for several years. Our ability to fundraise has been restricted to virtual events, and businesses that once may have underwritten programming now



must keep a tighter watch on their pocketbook.

Nonetheless, there are still true believers in the power of local radio and the role of diversity in building strong community. This is also an opportunity to revisit our mission statement and envision new and even better ways to fulfill a role. Should we have a bigger internet presence? Can we do a better job of supporting local creators and artists? Could we host a multi-media center where a new generation of makers can learn skills for creating their own podcasts, videos, web channels, etc. Perhaps 'Radio'

can mean a whole lot more than just FM bandwidth.

I believe that in these critical times, RWR is experiencing a healthy moment of introspection, and realizing a need to reach out once more to the community it wants to serve. The RWR board is meeting weekly as we dream up ways to build a bigger team of people interested in our mission. We hope that we can continue to grow in a way that helps build creative infrastructure in our community.

If you or someone you know might be interested in taking part in helping our continued evolution as a neighborhood resource, let us know. Contact us at Programming@wxrw.org

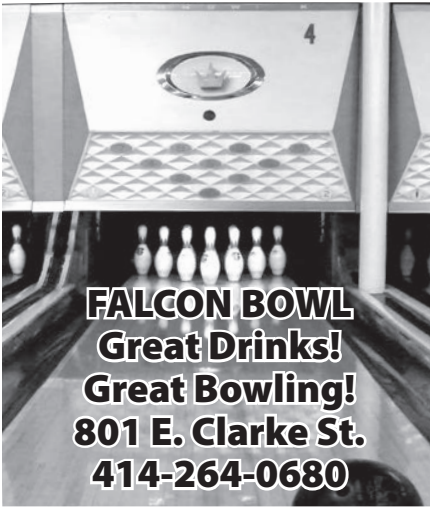
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Notes from a Bilagáana Lady
...in which your intrepid correspondent touches the Kryptonite...

by Janice Christensen

When the Black Lives Matter movement burst out of the hashtag universe into the streets, we all began living in a world that was forever changed, whether we realized it or not. It is a world where things that had long been invisible were now made visible. It was a world that demanded new understanding from all of us, and especially from us WPs.

The first reaction I had was, as our young friends love to say to us Boomers, To Kindly Take a Seat And STFU. It quickly became apparent that, like all WPs, I lived and moved through a world created to offer privilege to people like me. I tried to be aware and take some kind of action to make others aware of the situation. “No! Really, Mr. Burley Walmart Greeter/Door Guard, look at my receipt. Take your time. Check the contents of these bags. What? Why not?”

But anything I could think of do seemed, well, pretty lame.

Mahatma Gandhi said to Westerners who wanted to convert to an Eastern religion in order to be better, more spiritual people, “Don’t become a Hindu. Try being a better Christian.”

So that, perhaps, was a way I could contribute. I could begin by educating myself, and hope that a more useful, balanced life would grow out a new understanding. Perhaps I could become a better White Person. So I set myself to study, to listen, to find ways to learn that were not exploitative.

BUT! Of course, it’s also true that Silence is Violence.

So I have decided today to touch the Kryptonite. Because anything, ANYTHING that a White Person has to say about this situation is inviting disaster. Whatever we say will be wrong. We will make mistakes. We will stumble and fumble and say stupid stuff. Because we know absolutely nothing about what it’s like to NOT be a WP. We have to unlearn everything. We have to see things that are invisible to us. And we absolutely need to NOT DEFEND OURSELVES in this situation. Because our position is indefensible.

We live in a world specifically designed for us to succeed, and for others to fail. We cannot claim any success as our own. Our lives are built on the inequality of others. And we see those others every day. They are our neighbors and even, as much as possible, our friends. But every single moment, our comfort depends on their suffering.

And really, what can we say that will not bring offense? Just look at the imbroglio in our neighborhood resulting from the article by Tree Moore in the February issue of the *Currents*. Her comment that caused so much agita was this:

To begin my list of who and what matters, I am including living beings along with plants and animals at the top. Most of us are aware of the recent popular phrase, “Black Lives Matter.” The emphasis on “black” in this case has been created because there are those who believe that black lives do not matter, this phrase helps counter act that opinion...

In the spirit of full transparency, I edited Tree’s article. I read this paragraph, embedded in a piece that was intended to examine the word “Matter,” and to help people think about what matters in life. Now, it’s my opinion that a woman in her 80s has earned the right to express some opinions about what matters (and, actually, anything else she might choose to write about). I understood her paragraph about BLM to give a nod to the emphatic use of the word, “Matters,” in this vital movement of our time. And to acknowledge the great need for this movement because, as she said, “...there are those who believe that black lives do not matter...” This is one of those things that remains invisible to so many White People. It is absolutely necessary for White People to understand that UNTIL black lives matter to EVERYONE, there is NO WAY that the offensive phrase, “All Lives Matter,” can possibly be true. And that lesson has to be stated over and over in as many ways possible until we all “get it.”

And we don’t get it yet. That’s why we need to talk about it. That’s why we need to touch the Kryptonite and swallow our pride and say the stupid stuff and take our medicine and work through to a new reality.

There was a day in the mid-1980s when I had a terrible realization. As a radicalized Second Wave Feminist, I was filled with rage and horror at what I had discovered about our culture, and the place of women in it. But there came a day when I knew, I KNEW, that this would not change in my lifetime. Probably not in the lifetimes of my daughters or any of the younger women and men that I knew and loved.

But I also knew that I had to stay involved in the long work of educating others AND myself, trying to make visible that which was invisible. Not only did White Men need to learn, but in order for real change to happen they had to give up so much of what made up their core identity. This was going to be a series of long, hard, battles, many of which would be lost. But they had to be fought. And maybe, over the course of generations, change would come.

And now, a few generations later, the changes we worked so hard to bring have only brought to visibility the need for MORE changes. Third Wave Feminism, Intersectionality, Fourth Wave Feminism – all so necessary and so hard. There is much wrong with our culture, and much work to be done to make it better. My own understanding of all the new changes in Feminism is superficial at best, and were I to engage in any kind of discussion of it

I would no doubt fumble and stumble and say stupid stuff. I have much work to do to educate myself. As do we all.

So back to our topic. One helpful tool I encountered at the beginning of my journey was a chart titled, “Racism Scale: Where Do You Fall?” It was created in 2017, and already it’s easy to identify problematic language in it. The phrase about “letting POC lead” leaps out immediately, as if there is somehow permission involved! The stupid stuff we say!

But nevertheless, it’s an attempt to look at things that have been invisible. When I first encountered it, I was uncomfortable to recognize some of my own attitudes in positions on the chart that made me cringe. But the chart does not suggest that ANY of us is NOT racist. It just helps identify HOW racist we are. And, one hopes, identify areas where we can do better.

There have been more lessons and contemplation since I first encountered that chart. Since moving to Cortez, Colorado, a few years back, it has been very helpful to learn about White “culture” through my growing acquaintance with members of the Navajo Nation, just to the south of us in New Mexico and Arizona.

The title of this piece uses the word “Bilagáana,” the Navajo word for White People. It was eye-opening to contemplate how many cultures have a specific word for White People. Indeed, we are The Other for a lot of folks. Some people call us White Devils, and I can’t say I blame them.

The Navajo call themselves “Diné,” which means “The People.” I heard a speaker explain that the word “Diné” means “five-fingered beings,” so actually, all people are Diné.

Living in proximity to the Navajo Nation has shown me from another angle how White People profit from the oppression of others. Did you know that uranium ore has a smell? It does. And sometimes there is a smell on the wind from the still-open shafts of abandoned mines. And people work their farms and graze their herds of sheep outside all day, and that smell is all around them.

Let me leave this discussion at this point. I’m sure I have said enough stupid stuff to get a lot of people riled. My final take-away from this Kryptonite-juggling session is this: Let’s talk. Let’s listen. Let’s do our best to spend some time with each other and do the hard work of shifting a paradigm. We – and by “we” I especially mean WPs – need to give up our privilege. And that’s hard, even if we are willing to do it, because there is still so much that is simply invisible to us.

It has been said that no one willingly gives up privilege. If change is to happen, privilege must be taken.


So, I guess, please. Take the privilege. I don’t know what that looks like, because there is so much I still can’t see. But I support it, whatever form it takes.

see chart and story in full on RiverwestCurrents.org

Notes from a Bilagáana Lady

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*APR=Annual Percentage Rate. Automatic payment may be required. Minimum \$7,000 new money and current Brewery Credit Union loans not subject to refinancing. Interest will begin accumulating at the date of loan signing; the first payment will include all interest accrued from the loan origination date. Membership eligibility required. \$100 Refinance Offer: Loan must be transferred from another financial institution or finance company. The vehicle must be used as collateral. Offer valid for a limited time and subject to change. Only one transfer per vehicle. Some restrictions may apply.

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.

Attention please: ANOTHER TIME CHANGE (out of respect to popular demand)
Our meeting time is Thursdays 1pm-4pm, starting April
We are located at the Jazz Gallery Center for the Arts, 926 E. Center St. Milwaukee 53212.
All people, roughly 50 and up, are welcome. These gatherings are free of charge, and refreshments will be provided. Masking and distance is encouraged at this point.

Our Radio Shows debut on Saturdays at 9am. Please tune in to Riverwest Radio, WXRW, 104.1FM. If your location does not pick up the radio signal, you can stream the show live on riverwestradio.com. We'll continue to retreat to all Radio and emailed Audio-Presentations, if Covid variants become a threat again. Science will be respected.
If you miss the live radio broadcast, you can catch it afterward at:
<https://www.riverwestradio.com/show/owl-older-wiser-local/>

Saturday April 2nd (Radio): Karen Beaumont's Recital Show: Piano Students Ages 4-81.

Thursday April 7th, (In-Person): Vince Bushell of the Riverwest Currents: March Issue

Saturday April 9th, (Radio): Hannah Marquardt and her children Elle(7) and Euro(4), on What it Means to Love one Another. (rescheduled from March cancellation)

Thursday April 14th, (In-Person): Local Artist Spotlight on Carol Rode-Curley.

Saturday April 16th, (Radio): Karen Beaumont's Dutch Program: Music and Literature.

Thursday April 21st, (In-Person): DIY Art Workshop. (finish up your Assemblage, or start anything you'd like to work on)

Saturday April 23rd, (Radio): Micro-Naut, "The A.M. Book Report" Decoding Discommunication.

Thursday April 28th, (In-Person): Artist-Panel Discussion on "You Want it How Big?" Mural-Artists Exhibition at the Jazz Gallery Center for the Arts.

Saturday April 30th, (Radio): Karen Beaumont's English Program: Music and Literature.



Bearing Fruit on a Post-Pandemic Stage

One Universe: devised and performed by Sarah Moore; produced by Cooperative Performance

by Corrie Tritz; photo of Sarah Moore by Peter DiAntoni

You wouldn't know it to look at her, but Sarah Moore is preparing to give birth. In fact, this Riverwest dancer and storyteller has been expecting for over two years now, ever since the seed of her new show *One Universe* first sprouted in 2019.

"It all started with ten minutes of storytelling that I put together for the Midwest Women's Herbal Conference," Moore recalls. "I ended up paralleling some personal stories with telling the story of the universe."

It can be challenging to fully flesh out an idea that is part dance, part poetry, and part birthing an entire cosmos live on stage. But Moore had recently connected with Cooperative Performance through her dance practice, and she decided to present the project at the company's pitch event in January 2020. The response was enthusiastic, and encouraged Moore to continue with the piece:

"I thought it was a really cool process, letting people bring ideas and present them, and having other people think about them...they provided support and a structure to develop what I had into a whole show."

Cooperative Performance (CP) formed in 2014 to break the traditional boundaries between performing arts disciplines and to build unique and moving experiences from the rubble. If you've ever taken a jog through Riverside Park, strolled the promenade at Villa Terrace Art Museum, or gone urban spelunking in any of the city's empty storefronts or firehouses, you may have tread the same path as their performers.

The organizational structure CP uses is also unique. Most co-ops that people are familiar with are either consumer co-ops, whose members purchase company goods, or worker co-ops that enable employees to share a company's profits. CP is a hybrid co-op—members might be audience-consumers, artist-workers, or (usually) some combination of the two. Each member has a voice in determining organizational leadership and in selecting which projects the company will produce.

Along with its co-op structure, CP maintains a 501(c)3 nonprofit status, allowing it to accept donations, volunteer labor, and grants to support artists' work.

At her healing arts studio, Pink House, Moore solidifies her words and movement, reflecting on her long journey bringing *One Universe* to life:

"When Covid first started, my friends said 'oh, probably it'll be about 2 years,' and I couldn't imagine. But now it has been. I feel like exactly the same person, but a very different person too. We've all gone through so much—the grief is hard to do alone.

"This is my first time consciously attempting to use theater as a social healing art, but that's really what it is -- telling our stories, processing, witnessing each other. Maybe it can't save us, but it can at least help us along."

One Universe performs April 8-16 at Sunstone Studios (127 E. Wells St.) in downtown Milwaukee. For information and tickets, please visit -- www.cooperativeperformance.org.

MILWAUKEE FRIENDS
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CONTEMPORARY WELCOMING

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TO JOIN VIRTUAL MEETINGS

SUNDAY WORSHIP: 10:15-11:15AM

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Embracing Spring with Riverworks Development Corporation

by Ruth Weill

Spring is in the air, well sometimes, and the season of neighborhood events and activities is slowly beginning. April showers don't just bring us flowers.

Friday April 22nd from 11-3pm is the 5th Annual Earth Day MKE Harambee Clean Up. Pick up supplies at Pete's Fruit Market, north lot, located at 2323 N. Dr. M.L.K. Jr. Drive. For more information, please contact harambeecleanup@westcare.com or 414-662-4254.

Saturday April 23rd from 10-2pm is the cleanup and workday on the B-Line Park, which runs from Richards/Keefe to the Capitol Drive bridge, on the Beerline Trail. Meet on the Capitol Drive bridge. For more information, please contact Amy at amys@riverworksmke.org or call 414-906-9650.

Sunday May 1st from 11-3pm Riverworks is hosting the 53212Marketplace Mother's Day Edition located at 3700 N Fratney Street, home of Amorphic Beer. Over 30 local vendors showcasing some amazing

products that would make any mom happy. One can find jewelry, art, hand-made candles, natural body products, books, specialty foods, apparel and much more. Buy some gifts and stay for a beer or a snack. For more information contact Ruth at ruthw@riverworksmke.org or call 414-906-9650

The Riverwest Farmers Market, located on the 2700 block of north Pierce (between Center and Hadley) begins on June 5. It's Held on Sundays from June through October from 10-3pm except for July 3rd. One can find an abundance of produce, flowers, bakery, cheese, eggs, meats, pickled veggies, jams, sauces, teas, coffee, kombucha, prepared foods, body products, art, craft, jewelry, apparel and so much more. Hosting over 35 vendors daily there is someone for everyone. EBT and WIC accepted. For more information, please visit riverwestmarket.com or email info@riverwestmarket.com Hope to see you with a picker in your hand, supporting local entrepreneurs or both. See you out there!

DNR Spring Hearing & Conservation Congress Input

Are you concerned about wildlife, conservation and environmental issues in Wisconsin? Here is your chance. Every resident of Wisconsin can provide input to the DNR and the Natural Resources Board on a wide variety of topics and issues coming up in April. The Wisconsin Conservation Congress has its annual Spring Hearing beginning Monday April 11 at 7 pm online. Normally this would be in person, but since the Covid epidemic it has been online.

You can begin providing input at 7 pm Monday April 7 and continue until Thur. April 14 at 7 pm. The link to information is at:

<https://dnr.wisconsin.gov/about/wcc/springhearing>

There are 3 categories of questions:

- DNR Advisory Questions (16) - DNR Department of Natural Resources
- NRB Advisory Questions (2) NRB Natural Resource Board
- WCC Advisory Questions (45) WCC Wisconsin Conservation Congress

Each has a link. I suggest you start with WCC Advisory Questions. These questions came from Wisconsin Conservation Congress committees made of delegates from every county in the state. Some of them began with a citizen resolution and then went to a committee. Some of the committees are:

Environmental (#11 and 12 are PFAS questions), PFAS PERFLUOROALKYL AND POLYFLUOROALKYL SUBSTANCES (PFAS) IN DRINKING WATER, These chemicals are used as fire retardant and fire control. They can get in ground water supplies and are a public health hazard.

Motorized Recreation, Fur Harvest, Wolf (#29 asks if you agree with a wolf population goal of 350 or less), Outdoor Heritage (includes questions about the use of bait, dog hunters and disabled hunters), Land Use, Legislative (#44 asks to ban the use of dogs to hunt wolves, #45 End Killing Contests).

If you don't have time to complete all of them, you can leave and return later without losing your answers. They will not be submitted until you get to the end and click on SUBMIT. You can answer YES, NO, or NO OPINION.

Who knows what will happen next year. Normally this is a live hearing with people being able to stand up and comment on any question they want. True democracy in action! Before Covid, it was also a live election for 2 delegates each year to represent the county you live in. There have been no elections for the last 2 years. Some of the seats have become vacant and they were filled by appointees, so I'm hoping we'll be back to voting in person next year.

This is a great opportunity to provide input! No other state has this. Please participate and spread the word to get others involved. The delegates are supposed to represent ALL citizens of Wisconsin so they need to hear from YOU! Thanks!

Barb Eisenberg, former Milwaukee County Delegate to the WCC

HARAMBEE

COMMUNITY



5th Annual MKE Harambee Clean Up

April 22nd 2022 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Pete's Fruit Market
2323 N Dr. M.L.K. Jr Drive, Milwaukee, WI 53212
Register at harambeecleanup@westcare.com
Text: CLEANUP to 414-250-8164
Call: 414-662-4254

Donations are greatly appreciated, please click the link below
<https://westcare.link/donatetowisconsin>



Riverwest Lower Eastside Neighborhood Strategic Plan 2000-2004



Health & Social Services

Housing

Education Communication

Recreation

Jobs & Economic Development

Public Safety



Riverwest YMCA Housing Initiative CDBG

Community Organizing, Housing, and Economic Development

Presented by: Riverwest YMCA Housing Initiative
Vince Bushell & Jeanne Geraci
December 31, 1999





Education Communication

Establish a neighborhood newsletter or paper was one of the goals to come out of the plan and published in 2000. The Riverwest Currents started out as a newsletter on 8x11 paper. A grant allowed us to begin publishing in a tabloid format. Much of the work has been done by volunteers from the beginning and it is still that way today. We do have to pay for printing and distribution. And I am happy to say that we do pay some of the writers. The paper does not make a profit. We have had many supporters of our efforts. Recently some big complaints as well. We try to keep communication open and safe. by Vince Bushell

McBob's Pub and Grill

4919 W. North Ave.
414-871-5050
Hours: Monday-Wednesday 10: am-10: pm
Thursday-Sunday 8:00 am-10:00 pm
mcbobs.com

by Cari Taylor-Carlson

When a companion and I arrived at McBob's at 11:30 on a Wednesday morning, the restaurant was quiet. Our server was singing along with the music and the sound was off on the TV behind the bar in this cozy pub. We were surrounded by early Saint Patrick's Day bling that sparkled everywhere we looked. By noon, all the tables were full and customers were waiting by the door. This confirmed what I already knew, McBob's has earned its reputation as a can't miss place to indulge in good bar food, whether it's the one-half pound of meat in the corned beef sandwich or the giant tacos, chicken or beef stuffed inside 12-inch tortillas. The restaurant has been around for more than 30 years and I quote from their website, "We under-promise and over-deliver."

It's all good at McBob's, but for the record, corned beef rules. I used to think Jake's on North Ave. and the Wicked Hop in the Third Ward had the best corned beef sandwiches. Not to diminish those excellent sandwiches, but after a Reuben and a Corned Beef at Mc Bob's, I stand corrected.

These sandwiches are not intended for neatniks. Do not expect tidy slices of corned beef inside toasted rye. Before I took my first bite, chunks of impossibly tender seasoned meat fell out and this deluge of delish continued until I scraped the last of the meat off the plate with my fingers. All the sandwiches include American fries or garlic mashed. My mashed were lukewarm, a small detail easily overlooked and one that could have been a quick fix, had I asked.

Another popular sandwich, the Irish Meatloaf, was my companion's choice, only she went beyond the basic and ordered the BBQ Meatloaf Sandwich. Humongous slabs of meat suggested something more Paul Bunyon-like than a sandwich for an

ordinary appetite. Barbeque sauce, pepper jack cheese, and fried onions, were piled on top of two thick slices of meatloaf and created a rich, messy, sumptuous, four-napkin masterpiece of excess.

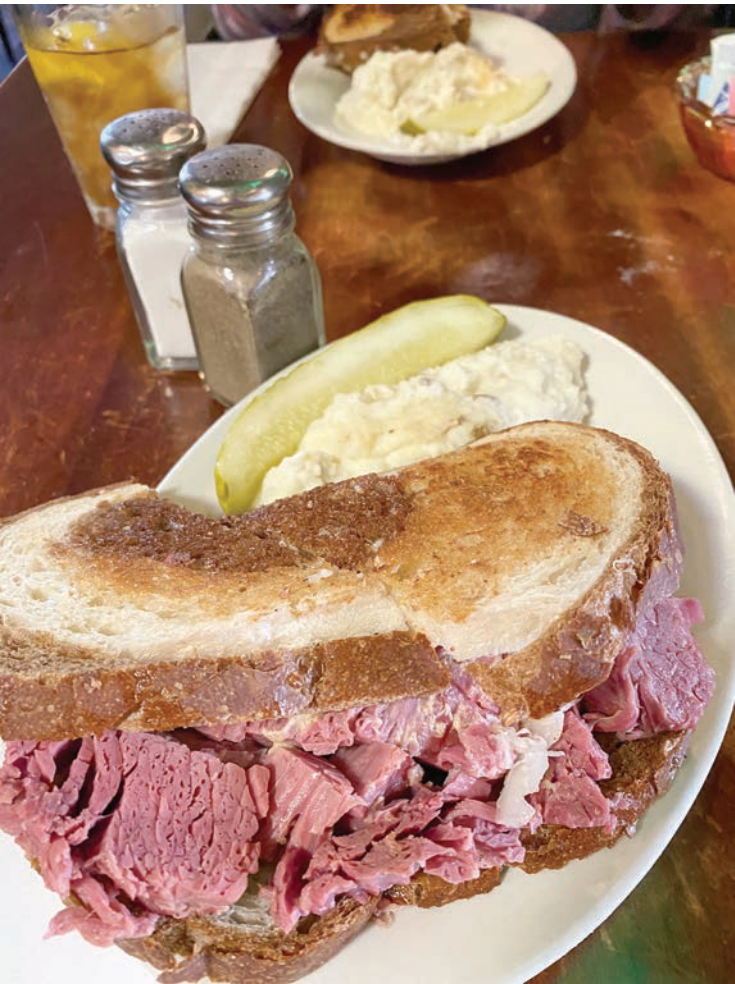
Also on the menu, there are several appetizers including a Scotch Egg. There aren't many places where you can find a Scotch Egg in Milwaukee so I seized the opportunity and took one home for later. A Scotch Egg is a hardboiled egg wrapped in sausage, breaded, pan-fried, and served at McBob's with horseradish mustard. One wasn't enough; that says it all!

In addition to sandwiches, you will find many more ways to get your corned beef fix at this pub. From Appetizers, there are Irish Spring Rolls and a so-called Mini Reuben, one-quarter pound of corned beef instead of the full one-half pound in the whole sandwich. If you want a burger, order the Highlander topped with the makings of a Reuben. Four Award Winning choices include, the basic sandwich, the Reuben, Corned Beef Hash, and the Farmer's Dinner with American Fries that also includes Mashed, Sauteed Spinach, and a slice of Bacon Bread.

On the breakfast menu, there's Hash, the McGinnity with three eggs served on top of the hash, the McBenedict, corned beef and poached eggs on toasted rye with hollandaise, and the Reuben Stuffed Hashbrowns.

There are many more delicious choices, too many to mention in this review. Here are three things I can write about Mc-Bob's with absolute certainty: you will not be disappointed with your meal; you will be served by friendly and efficient servers; you will never leave hungry.

Sounds yummy!Yum!Wow!



8 April 2022

Calendar April 2022

1 FRIDAY April Fools Day
ART*BAR Opening ArtCandy5 w/ Flood Brothers, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Gustav w/special guest Wristwatch, 8pm, \$18-20
BAR CENTRO Anthony Deutsch and Kenny Reichart, 8-10:30pm
COMPANY BREWING The Turn Up with DJ Bizzon | We Yammin' Again. 10pm. \$10 adv / \$15 door
GATHERING PLACE BREWING, 811 E Vienna Gallery Night, 5-10pm feat. Digital Portraits
HIGH DIVE Sauce Hound/Tigera/Cozy Danger/Chabooka // 8pm doors
JAZZ ESTATE Nineteen Thirteen. Doors 5pm. Show 7pm. \$12-13
LINNEMAN'S Alternative Radio (MKE punk); Running Tides, Whiskey & the Devil open the night. 7:30pm doors, 8:30pm show, \$5 cover
MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJ Paul H! 9pm-2am \$7
MIRAMARTHEATRE SubDocta - Strictly Business Tour. w/ Abelen, Zingara. Doors 9pm, tix \$25
QUARTERS ROCKnROLL Voot Warnings
SHANK HALL Southbound (Allman Brothers Tribute), 8pm, \$12-15
UWM PLANETARIUM Constellations of the Zodiac: Aries. 7-8pm. \$6 general; \$5 UWM students (Masks currently required inside all UWM buildings, regardless of vaccination status)
WOODLAND PATTERN online Screening: aCinema April program features Sancia Miala Shiba Nash, and more. 7pm. \$Give what you can

2 SATURDAY Ramadan begins at sunset
ART*BAR Levi Besaw, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Sarah Harmer w/ special guest Charlott Cornfield, 8pm, \$20
BAR CENTRO Sinne Eeg, Billy Peterson, and Will Kjeer. 7:30-11pm
COMPANY BREWING Craft brewers near the Milwaukee River invite the public to pick up litter along the river trails in honor of Earth Month. Breweries are Amorphic Beer, Black Husky Brewing, Company Brewing, Gathering Place Brewing Company, Lakefront Brewery and Sprecher Brewing Co. Meet at any of the breweries, help out and receive a free pint! 12noon til 2pm.
DRUNK UNCLE Lakefront Brewery event Drunk Uncle Presents: LakefrontMania II. (At the Drunk Uncle, 1902 S. 68th St) A record-breaking Lakefront tap takeover during Wrestling's biggest event, WrestleMania. 36 Lakefront beers on tap, all day open til close.
JAZZ ESTATE The Stephen Hull Experience, 7pm, \$13; Garrett Waite late night residency, 10:30pm, \$5
JAZZ GALLERY, Riverwest Radio 104.1 FM OWL radio (9am) Karen Beaumont's Recital Show: Piano Students ages 4-81
LINNEMAN'S Soul Speed; West Riviera; The Panoptics. 8:30pm. \$6
MAD PLANET Non-Pop.a night of diverse dance music from Get Moses, Tista, Quadi; live painting by Lisza Battikha, SuedeDragon, Koalrus; visual projections by VJ Brye . . . all to support the Sojourner Family Peace Center! 9pm-2am. \$7

MILWAUKEE CITY HALL, 200 E Wells Fun in the Rotun' -- A special day of fun at the Rotunda! Families with children ages 5 & under are encouraged to stop by and enjoy the following: A FREE photoshoot with famous photographer Terrance Sims. Delicious treats from Pete's Pops. Fun games, activities, and goodie bags. LIVE music by Milwaukee's Very Own, DJ Homer Blow. 10am-3pm
MILWAUKEE RIVER CLEAN-UP Craft brewers that neighbor the Milwaukee River are teaming up and invite the public to pick up litter along the river trails in honor of Earth Month. Breweries are Amorphic Beer, Black Husky Brewing, Company Brewing, Gathering Place Brewing Company, Lakefront Brewery and Sprecher Brewing Co. Meet at any of the breweries, help out and receive a free pint! 12noon til 2pm.
MIRAMARTHEATRE Rage. With Rolling Loud deejay Billy Nasser, opening DJ Dre Llam. Doors 9pm, \$15 adv / \$20 door
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 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!
STAND FOR PEACE at Brady and Farwell (focus on Julian Assange) Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm
THE COFFEE HOUSE, 2717 E Hampshire Eccentric Acoustic, 7:30-9:30pm. (As always, those interested in attending should check www.the-coffee-house.com the week of the show to check its status. All concerts will be live-streamed regardless of whether or not there is an in-person option.)

WOODLAND PATTERN online Community Group: Readshop -- Charles Reznikoff's Testimony. Online 12:15-1:30pm| \$Give What You Can
3 SUNDAY
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Lala Lala w/special guest Elton Aura, 8pm, \$16-20
DRUNK UNCLE Lakefront Brewery event Drunk Uncle Presents: LakefrontMania II. (At the Drunk Uncle, 1902 S. 68th St) A record-breaking Lakefront tap takeover during Wrestling's biggest event, WrestleMania. 36 Lakefront beers on tap, all day open til close.
JAZZ ESTATE Lynne Arriale, 7pm, \$20-27
LINNEMAN'S Denny Rauen, Peter Mack and Peter Roller perform solo guitar tunes, 7-10pm
LINNEMAN'S More Guitar w/Denny Rauen, Peter Mac, Peter Roller. Doors at 6:30, Show at 7pm, Cover \$6
THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
UPTOWNER Alex Wilson Blues Band 3pm
WOODLAND PATTERN in-person How to Haiku: Exploring the Power of Seventeen Syllables a workshop with "Darlin" Nikki Janzen. In-person. (All attendees must show proof of vaccination or negative Covid test within 72 hours. Masks are required.) 1-4pm. \$50 general / \$45 members. Scholarships available: A limited number of scholarships are available. Writers who are low-income and/or of marginalized identities are particularly encouraged to apply. Go to <https://woodlandpattern.org/workshop-scholarship>

4 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: Mario the Poet

5 TUESDAY MKE Special Mayoral Election
BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
LAKEFRONT BREWERY Movie Night: The Sandlot, 6:30pm
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm

6 WEDNESDAY
JAZZ ESTATE Evan Christian, 8pm, \$7
LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: David LaGrange

7 THURSDAY
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Haley Heynderickx w/special guest Matt Dorrien, 8pm, \$18
BAR CENTRO Paul Silbergleit Trio, 7:30-10pm
BREMEN CAFÉ Desperate Electric, The LOL, Dry Reef (9pm)
JAZZ GALLERY Vince Bushell of the Riverwest Currents (1-4pm)
LINNEMAN'S Morning Train: A Tribute to John Prine, feat. Jesse Voelker's Morning Train, Derek Pritzl. Show starts 7:30pm. \$12 adv, \$15 door
SHANK HALL Proglect. \$40, 8pm

8 FRIDAY
ART*BAR Darren Walker, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect NRBO, 8pm, \$25-30
BAR CENTRO Milwaukee Jazz Institute, 8-10:30pm
COMPANY BREWING Astral Hand + Credentials + BLOOD. 10pm, \$10
JAZZ ESTATE Cam Spann Group. 7pm, \$13
LINNEMAN'S Ben Bruns Band; Rustbucket Rye. 8pm, \$10.
MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with DJs James Freshluggage and Nikki Spudnikk. 9pm-2am, \$7
MIRAMARTHEATRE Fetish w/ Flynninho and Chomper. Tix \$15, show time 9pm.
SHANK HALL David Bromberg Quintet, 8pm, \$35
SUNSTONE STUDIOS, 127 E Wells ONE UNIVERSE conceived and performed by Sarah Moore. 7pm, \$25 (See story, page 5)
UWM PLANETARIUM Asian Universe (6:30-8pm). Explore our universe and Asian cultural perspectives. Two planetarium shows will feature live indoor stargazing and a storyteller. In between the shows, students from South Division High School will perform traditional Indian, Karen, and Lao cultural dances. Light refreshments will be served. This event is cosponsored by the Southeast Asian American Student Center and Sociocultural Programming at UWM.

9 SATURDAY
ART*BAR John Gay. 9pm
BAR CENTRO Robin Pluer, 8-10:30pm
COMPANY BREWING Black Cow: A Steely Dan Revue. Doors 9:30. \$10
JAZZ ESTATE No Seatbelts! 7pm, \$13
JAZZ GALLERY, Riverwest Radio 104.1 FM OWL radio (9am) Hannah Marquardt and her children Elle (7) and Euro (4), on What it Means to Love one Another
LINNEMAN'S Bruce Dean and Then Some (BDATS); As Oak. Doors at 7pm, show at 8pm. \$8
MAD PLANET The Get Down, 9pm, \$7
MIRAMARTHEATRE Minnesota (support TBA). 9pm, \$22
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 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!
SHANK HALL Del Amitri, Wooldridge Brothers. 3pm show! \$35
STAND FOR PEACE at 51st and Silver Spring (focus on not using tax money for war) Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm
SUNSTONE STUDIOS, 127 E Wells ONE UNIVERSE conceived and performed by Sarah Moore. 7pm, \$25 (See story, page 5)

10 SUNDAY Palm Sunday
LINNEMAN'S Clare McCullough w/Simplified Characters, Koty Peter. \$10. 6-9pm.
MSOE KERN CENTER, 1245 N Broadway WMSE 20th Rockabilly Chili Fundraiser. 11am-4pm. \$15 adv / \$20 doors
SUNSTONE STUDIOS, 127 E Wells ONE UNIVERSE conceived and performed by Sarah Moore. 2pm and 7pm, \$25 (See story, page 5)
THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
WOODLAND PATTERN hybrid Haiku Slam and Poetry Showcase. Hybrid presentation online and in-person). 1pm. \$Give what you can. This event will be held in person at Woodland Pattern and online via Crowdcast, please register here: . (Those who would like to take part in the Slam must attend in person at Woodland Pattern.) Details to participate, etc at <https://woodlandpattern.org/>

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!
GATHERING PLACE BREWING, 811 E Vienna Trivia Night, 7pm
SHANK HALL Ours; Louie Lucchesi & Mike Benign; Damien Musto. 8pm. \$25 adv / \$30 door

12 TUESDAY
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Adia Victoria, 8pm, \$17
BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
COMPANY BREWING Big Dopes / Maybe Hazel / Man Random. 9pm, \$10.
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm
WOODLAND PATTERN in-person Community Workshop: Narrative Cartography with Liat Mayer. In-person. 5:30pm. Open to the public.

Riverwest Currents

13 WEDNESDAY
COMPANY BREWING Deaf Trivia! 7-9pm
COMPANY BREWING Deaf Trivia, 7-9pm
LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: Weston Craig
MIRAMARTHEATRE Lil Eazzy + Special Guests! \$30, 9pm
PINK HOUSE STUDIO Ecstatic Dance, 7:30-9:30pm, \$15

14 THURSDAY
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Chicago Farmer & the Fieldnotes w/special guest the Sapsuckers, 8pm, \$15-18
COMPANY BREWING Milwaukee Day Showcase: Fox Face, Shle Berry, Devils Teeth. 8pm. \$10 adv / \$14 doors
JAZZ GALLERY Local Artist Spotlight on Carol Rode-Curley, 1-4pm (in person)
SHANK HALL Billy Prine & The Prine Time Band Presents: Songs of John Prine, 8pm, \$35
WOODLAND PATTERN online Poetry Reading: Saddiq Dzukogi, thabile makue, Cheswayo Mphanza, & Romeo Oriogun. 7pm online presentation. \$Give what you can. Presented in partnership with the African Poetry Book Fund.

15 FRIDAY Good Friday, Passover begins at sunset
ART*BAR 80's Dance Party, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Jon Spencer & the Hitmakers w/special guest Quasi. 8pm, \$15-18
BAR CENTRO Jennifer Lind, 8pm
HIGH DIVE Aluminum Knot Eye
JAZZ ESTATE Jeremy Kuzniar trio, 7pm, \$13
LINNEMAN'S Floral Friday; Joey & the Knives; Tiqmmy; Outside Town. Doors 7pm, show 8pm. \$5
MIRAMARTHEATRE Jantsen; Smoakland; Jon Casey; Super Ave // 9pm, \$27
SHANK HALL Seaside Zoo (Grateful Dead Tribute). 8pm, \$10

16 SATURDAY
ART*BAR Jorge Valentine, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Rav, Kill Bill: The Rapper, Airospace, Scuar the Out of the Woods Tour. 8pm, \$15-18
BAR CENTRO Stephanie Lippert, 8-10:30pm
FALCON BOWL Replace Ron Johnson event! 11am-6pm. Meet the challenger, discuss the issues; nomination papers signature gathering event
HIGH DIVE Moonglow / Good Grief / Conspicuous Bystanders (MI). 10pm
JAZZ ESTATE Milwaukee Jazz Institute, 7pm, \$13-20
JAZZ GALLERY, Riverwest Radio 104.1 FM OWL radio (9am) Karen Beaumont's Dutch Program: Music and Literature
LINNEMAN'S The Bill Camplin Band, 8pm. \$10
MIRAMARTHEATRE TROP OUT no.13 : Hotel Garuda // Plaid Hawaii // XCVI // Grace Jenn. Show 9pm. \$10 adv / \$15 doors
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 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!
SHANK HALL STICK MEN featuring members of King Crimson Tony Levin and Pat Mastelotto. With touch guitar innovator Markus Reuter. 8pm. \$25
STAND FOR PEACE at Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Dr and North Av Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm



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Calendar April 2022

SUNSTONE STUDIOS, 127 E Wells ONE UNIVERSE conceived and performed by Sarah Moore. 7pm, \$25 (See story, page 5)

THE COFFEE HOUSE, 2717 E Hampshire The 35th Annual Earth Poets/Musicians Extravaganza, 7:30-9:30pm. (As always, those interested in attending should check www.the-coffee-house.com the week of the show to check its status. All concerts will be live-streamed regardless of whether or not there is an in-person option.)

17 SUNDAY Easter
JAZZ ESTATE JazzMen, 7pm, \$13
THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
UPTOWNER Alex Wilson Blues Band 3pm

18 MONDAY
BREMEN CAFÉ Comedy Open Mic, 7:30pm // followed by Music Open Mic hosted by Tlaló! 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: Xanadua

19 TUESDAY
BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
LAKEFRONT BREWERY Drag Queen Bingo, 7pm
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm

20 WEDNESDAY
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Robyn Hitchcock, 8pm, \$29.50
LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: Brian Miller
SHANK HALL Yak Attack! 8pm, \$15

21 THURSDAY
BAR CENTRO Jazzy Joan, 7-9pm
BLACK HUSKY BREWING Craic-y Hour, 6-8pm. Craic: the Irish word for fun, enjoyment, or good times. The Milwaukee Irish Dance Studio will be at the taproom on the 3rd Thursday of every month with an opportunity for members of the Milwaukee Irish dance community & the public to hang out, see students perform, learn about the Milwaukee Irish Dance Studio and more. We will also be offering 1/2 price pints of our delicious Kölsch!
JAZZ GALLERY DIY Art Workshop. Finish up your Assemblage, or start anything you'd like to work on. 1-4pm. In person
LAKEFRONT BREWERY Rock, Paper, Scissors Tournament. 6:30pm.
LINNEMAN'S Lunar Moth; Toadskin; The Mothman Cacophony. 8pm. \$5
TURNER HALL BALLROOM, 1040 Vel R. Phillips Av Stories of Riverwest Food Pantry: CHANGED BY KINSHIP. 7-9pm. More info at: https://kinship-stories.eventbrite.com

WOODLAND PATTERN hybrid Concert: Formations Series for New and Improvised Music *HYBRID* -- 7pm. \$10 general / \$9 WPBC members for in-person attendance

22 FRIDAY Earth Day
ALICE'S GARDEN, 2136 N. 21st Earth Day at Alice's Garden, 8am-8pm.
ART*BAR Jacob Webb 5pm to Nowhere, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Caitlyn Smith w/ special guest Kassi Ashton, 8pm, \$15-20
BAR CENTRO Forrest Jackson, 8-10:30pm
BREMEN CAFÉ Flying Fuzz, High Gallows, Shadows Taller Than Souls, Primal Enemy
JAZZ ESTATE Nathan Pfeufghoft, 7pm, \$12-15
LINNEMAN'S Andii; The Love-In; Fellow Kinsman. 7pm. \$15

Replace Ron Johnson!

Nomination papers signature gathering event
Do your part to replace Senator Ron Johnson.
Help nominate a challenger in Johnson's party's primary.

Come to the Falcon Bowl
(801 E Clarke St at Fratney)
to meet the challenger!

WHEN:

Saturday, April 16, 2022, 11am-6pm.
Sunday, May 1, 2022, 11am-6pm.
Sunday, May 21, 2022, 11am-6pm.

MIRAMAR THEATRE Gene Farris; D1rt M@ll ft. Imaginary Friend; Thomas Xavier; E-Rock // Tix \$18; show 9pm.
SHANK HALL Little Blue Crunchy Things (SOLD OUT)
UWM PLANETARIUM Secret Lives of Planets (7-8pm). \$6 general; free for students. Explore the mysteries of our solar system and what it would be like to call another planet home.

23 SATURDAY
ART*BAR Nightinjails, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Joe Pera w/special guest Carmen Christopher, 7pm, \$25 // 9:30pm (2nd show) \$25
BREMEN CAFÉ VomBom, Smoke Free Home, Secondhand Souls
DANCEWORKS STUDIOS, 1661 N Water St RESTORE ARTS FESTIVAL // 7:30pm // Tix: DanceworksMKE.org // This interdisciplinary program of dance and film specifically invites women of color choreographers and dance filmmakers to submit proposals of original works and dance films rooted in activism, ministry, and social justice. By Jade Charon provides artistic development support by inviting a panel of professional choreographers to provide feedback and mentorship to choreographers post showcase to push artists' work forward. This performance culminates with a talk back and facilitated conversation between choreographers and audiences to create strategies of art and healing in the communities.
GATHERING PLACE BREWING, 811 E Vienna Vienna Ave. Biergarten, 2-10pm. Beer, live music, food vendor.
JAZZ GALLERY, Riverwest Radio 104.1 FM OWL radio (9am) Micro-Naut, "The A.M. Book Report" Decoding Discommunication.

LINNEMAN'S Man Alive; Kule; Meadowbrook. 7pm. \$5
MIRAMAR THEATRE Opiuo. \$25-\$35. 9pm show
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 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!

SHANK HALL Little Blue Crunch Things (SOLD OUT)
STAND FOR PEACE at Greenfield and Cesar E. Chavez Dr. (16th) Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm

24 SUNDAY
BREMEN CAFÉ King Pari Mary Tour w/ Moonglow & Andrés Crovetti's "OBI"
SHANK HALL Mary Fahl, former lead singer of October Project. 7pm, \$25
THE GIG Bluegrass Sunday, 1-4pm
BREMEN CAFÉ Comedy Open Mic, 7:30pm // followed by Music Open Mic hosted by Tlaló! 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: David Press

26 TUESDAY
BREMEN CAFÉ Karaoke
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 924 E Clarke Food Distribution at St. Casimir's Church INDOORS -- 4-6pm. Proudly serving the 53212, 53211, 53217, 53202, and 53203 zip codes!
UPTOWNER Dave Bayles Trio 7-9pm

27 WEDNESDAY
LINNEMAN'S Acoustic Open Stage -- Doors, 7pm. Sign-up, 7:30pm. Show starts at 8pm. Featured performer: Garrett Waite

28 THURSDAY
BAR CENTRO Paul Silbergleit Trio, 7:30-10pm
BREMEN CAFÉ Floral Friday, Scary Canaries, and Tiny Voices
JAZZ GALLERY Artist-Panel Discussion on "You Want it How Big?" Mural-Artists Exhibition at the Jazz Gallery Center for the Arts. 1-4pm. In person
29 FRIDAY
ART*BAR The League of Eric's, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Robbie Fulks, 8pm, \$20-22.50
BAR CENTRO Juli Wood, 8-10:30pm
MAD PLANET Friday Night Retro Dance Party with Sage Schwarm and Mosh Wah, 9am, \$7
MIRAMAR THEATRE J. Worra // \$15-\$25, show 9pm
SHANK HALL Anais Mitchell, Samantha Crain. 8pm, \$25
UWM PLANETARIUM Constellations of the Zodiac: Taurus. 7-8pm. \$6 general; \$5 UWM student. Delve into the mythology and astronomy behind the zodiac. (Masks currently required inside all UWM buildings, regardless of vaccination status)

30 SATURDAY
ART*BAR Soulfoot Mombits, 9pm
BACK ROOM @Colectivo/Prospect Mike Duncan, 8pm, \$25
BAR CENTRO Tanya Reed, 8-10:30pm
BREMEN CAFÉ Dax Cameron, Shining Nothing and wht.rbbt.obj
JAZZ ESTATE Lesser Lakes Trio, 7pm
JAZZ GALLERY, Riverwest Radio 104.1 FM OWL radio (9am) Karen Beaumont's English Program: Music and Literature
LINNEMAN'S MKE Music Night with Secondhand Souls, Conundrum, Tlalok. 7pm. \$10
MAD PLANET Y2K! It's a dance party with the best in 2000-2010 hip hop, pop, indie rock, dance and more! Electronic DJs: DJ Andrew Optimist and The Milkman. 9pm, \$7
MIRAMAR THEATRE Dayseeker w/ Holding Absence, Thornhill & Caskets. 5pm, \$15-18 all ages
RIVERWEST FOOD PANTRY, 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!
SHANK HALL Crazy Shepherd 40th anniversary bash! Music by The Swivels and Bristlehead. Doors at 7pm. Music starts 8pm-ish
STAND FOR PEACE at Port Washington and Silver Spring Join Peace Action of Wisconsin for a weekly Stand For Peace, noon until 1pm

Older Wiser Local OWL
at JGCA 926 E. Center St.
April All Thursdays 1-4 PM
live at JGCA
All Saturday Radio Shows
9 AM Riverwest Radio FM 104.1

Saturday April 2nd (Radio):
Karen Beaumont's Recital Show: Piano Students Ages 4-81.

Thursday April 7th, (In-Person):
Vince Bushell of the Riverwest Currents: March Issue

Saturday April 9th, (Radio):
Hannah Marquardt and her children Elle(7) and Euro(4), on What it Means to Love one Another. (rescheduled from March cancellation)

Thursday April 14th, (In-Person):
Local Artist Spotlight on Carol Rode-Curley.

Saturday April 16th, (Radio):
Karen Beaumont's Dutch Program: Music and Literature.

Thursday April 21st, (In-Person):
DIY Art Workshop. (finish up your Assemblage, or start anything you'd like to work on)

Saturday April 23rd, (Radio):
Micro-Naut, "The A.M. Book Report" Decoding Discommunication.

Thursday April 28th, (In-Person):
Artist-Panel Discussion on "You Want it How Big?" Mural-Artists Exhibition at the Jazz Gallery Center for the Arts.

Saturday April 30th, (Radio):
Karen Beaumont's English Program: Music and Literature.



NEIGHBOR SPOTLIGHT: Brandon Currie and Cody Hollowell of STRYV 365

by Ellen C. Warren

Repeat after me: STRYV 3-6-5! Yell it if you want to because the energy of transformation is powerful. It's dynamic, like the people who are running it. That's Brandon Currie PhD, CEO. And Cody Hollowell JD, VP. They have created an organization with feet on the ground, working to counteract the impact of trauma experienced by young people, and the legacy it leaves in terms of pain, misbehavior, self-defeating choices, and low self-worth.

"Our goal is to help people. Not talk about it. Do it! You can't just stop trauma. Things occur that are out of our control. Our goal is to counteract it with a positive."

In its third year, STRYV 365 now has their offices located at the corner of Locust and Pierce Streets. Once the municipal hurdles have been jumped the signs will broadcast their residency here in Riverwest, which they chose as a location in no small part due to its diversity across racial, social, and generational lines. "Different ages, and ethnicities and cultures, that's what we're really about," says Brandon.

Riverwest is invited to get to know STRYV 365's work. And, if interested, come on board to help as a volunteer or take a training to be a coach. "We're interested in finding ways to unify and connect to the entire community. And bring individuals together. That's how you create change. And it starts with your office or your home."

Creating change is fundamental to Dr. Currie. "I'm always thinking ahead. The past is gone, but we can learn from it." Looking around and asking "Why?" leads to an action-based approach to doing something about it.

Growing up in Milwaukee, Brandon attended Brown Deer High School, where his tennis playing garnered him two state championships. At Butler University (Bachelors in Elementary Education) he was a hall of fame tennis player which he followed with fifteen years D1 college coaching.

His master's degree was earned in School Counseling and Psychology. Brandon's desire to potentiate and manifest change grew beyond the work he was able to do as a school counselor, although he calls them "Super Heroes" because of all the amazing help they give without recognition. He went on to Indiana University for his PhD in Urban Education.

Cody, who grew up in several places on the East Coast with the longest period in Boston, came to Milwaukee to attend Marquette University's Law School. Drawn to Marquette by their Sports Law program, considered the best in the country, he has now called Milwaukee home for seven years.

Brandon entered Cody's life as the result of an internship he held with a non-profit agency that sponsored an exhibition game in 2018 between Dr. Currie and James Blake, former No. 4 World Singles and No. 1 American Singles Tennis Champion.

"As we got to know each other," says Cody, "I learned more about who he was as a person, in addition to being an athlete, and I was really inspired about what he aimed to do. I knew that it could complement my childhood dream of being a sports agent because no one talks about the social-emotional side of people in general, but specifically athletes, and all the

pressures they deal with. So, I thought 'this is something I want to be a part of.'"

In a nutshell, STRYV 365 helps youth and trains care providers in breaking the cycle of trauma by providing empathetic intervention to overcome that trauma and create a better future.

And how do they do that?

Brandon explains, "To simplify it, there are two arms to what we offer. The first piece is directed towards training the trainer. We're offering professional development to educators, mentors, coaches, facilitators, anyone interested ... or currently working with youth. From programming to teaching ... we work with them on professional development, on how to model behaviors with those individuals. Modeling and building effective, long-lasting relationships. How you implement the necessary strategies and techniques to counteract the trauma ... that these individuals are experiencing ... is customized to fit the needs of that partner."

He continues: "The other arm is the actual curriculum that was developed especially for the youth, which focuses on going through steps which include lessons and activities ... so they have a better understanding of how to react to situations. It's our behavioral change process ... consecutive activities they go through. Again, it's customized to fit each program and partner ... it's after-school programs, in-school programs like life-skills classes.

"We connect to a lot of PE Classes. They have their unit, say, on basketball ... we add our lesson plan and attach it to the unit ... we're learning about basketball but in addition we're also finding opportunities to use the social-emotional piece and attach it to basketball. ... If you're playing a sport, and you're dealing with other individuals you have to know how to interact with them, how to collaborate, communicate. You have to understand how to be empathetic, patient, build trust. All these are key factors that build resilience and understanding.

"Another example: If you're on a basketball team you're not going to win every game. Every call's not going to go your way. You're not going to play every minute. At some point you're going to have struggles, which creates an opportunity for you to trigger either a negative response or a positive one. So, if I get pulled out of the game or substituted, I could be upset, yell at the coach, pout. Or I could say, 'Right now this is what's best for the team. I'm tired. I need to regroup, reframe my approach. And it's a chance for me to cheer on my other teammate who's been cheering me on all game.'"

"This is what we do for the kids ... help them to look at things differently, reframe things, change their approach to decision making, thinking before they act. The other magical piece is that once they go through the process enough ... you're conditioning them. If you do something enough times, it becomes a part of you. They then start modeling that behavior for other kids. They become kind of the coaches or teachers. Peer to peer guidance happens in this space also."

Cody further clarifies, "We call one the direct services, where our coaches are in the schools or organizations working directly with youth instilling this curriculum. And there's the indirect service where



we're working with the caretakers, facilitators, coaches, essentially adults, who then, themselves, are working with youth, or other adults who work with youth.

"For our direct services we are partnering with the Medical College of Wisconsin. The direct services is a laboratory where the curriculum is constantly being tested, being updated to include the latest science, and the way the brain works, how it responds to adversity and toxic stress. That's where you get the efficacy, where you monitor attitude changes in youth. If you can prove that, you're evidence-based. That shoots STRYV 365 to another stratosphere in terms of being different than a lot of other social-emotional learning groups."

STRYV 365 presently has eleven full time staff members involved in their direct services. The indirect services encompass a much greater playing field, working with the existing leadership of the "fully

bought-in" organizations who recognize that positive connection is essential. "We want the positive influence, the supporter, the person who is truly invested in (the youth) as an individual. When they have that they feel valued, worthwhile. They know they're here for a reason and do matter. The decisions they make matter because they matter. That's when you start seeing the change."

Brandon and Cody hope you will join them at a STRYV 365 Bowling Fundraiser to be held on Saturday, May 21, from 4:30 to 8pm at Bowlero on west Burleigh.

For more information or to contact STRYV 365 go to their website at www.stryv365.org

Riverwest Elders Guiding Vision: *We are a diverse group of Riverwest and nearby neighbors, over 50 years old. We come together to share wisdom, live to our full potential and give back to the community.*

A Conversation About Voting”

“Lorraine Jacobs, Susan & Stuart Leopold, Eileen Ciezki,

““My grandmother could not vote. I treasure my responsibility and right to vote.” (Juliana, RW Elders)

There is so much talk swirling about VOTING. The negativity makes me both sad and crazy angry. I believe that voting is the engine which makes our country run. Politicians, policy makers and budgets all depend upon voting outcomes for decisions. As you will see below, the path to “voting for all” has been a long and winding path in this country.

I attended a workshop offered by WISDOM-Milwaukee, including information on EXPO (EX-incarcerated People Organizing). They work to improve the lives of those incarcerated, to end Mass Incarceration and to restore formerly incarcerated people to full participation in our communities.

Were you aware that “Wisconsin removes the persons’ right to vote if they are serving any portion of a sentence for a felony conviction. (WI Statute 6.03(1)(b) NOTE: This exclusionary time includes prison, jail, and while on community supervision, which can extend many years beyond their release date. EXPO members decided they could work to build voter turnout by encouraging and educating others. This engagement is called “Relational Organizing”, defined as “friends, family and neighbors reaching out to people they know for a “conversation about voting. Current research shows the effect of this inter-personal approach is longer and stronger than virtual options. (netrootsnation.org)

You can too! Invite friends to join you. Learn about voting with MyVote Wisconsin, myvote.wi.org

Talk with family and friends. Set up a Voting Buddy system, learn together, go to the polls together.
Make it social!

Wisdom shared by Susan & Stuart Leopold

“Our family has had three generations of poll workers helping ensure safe, lawful and free public voting. We have assisted voters in wheelchairs or in medical transports for curbside voting. We put in many long nights counting ballots and delivering them to the municipal building. My right to vote and express my will by voting is a precious freedom and should be exercised at every election. We participate in Early Voting and recommend it. We proudly wear our “I Voted Early” stickers which spark conversations. Absentee ballots, obtained by mail and returned postage paid, are available to those unable to get out to vote. Helping a neighbor with a ride to the polls or signing as a witness for the Absentee Ballots ensure this right is available to all.

Wisdom on History and Our Responsibility by Eileen Ciezki

I have voted in every election-no matter how small or local--since 1968, my first election. I grew up in a family where my mom and dad never missed an election. To me, voting is a right, responsibility and a privilege that every American should be able to exercise.

Short United States Voting History
(adapted from: “Voting Rights: a Short History” Carnegie Corp. of New York, 11/18/2019)

1870: The 15th Amendment ensured that folks couldn’t be denied the right to vote because of race.

1920: Women nationwide won the right to vote with the ratification of the 19th amendment.

1924: The Snyder Act of 1924 admitted Native Americans born in the U.S. of full U.S. Citizenship.

1962: Congress passed the 14th Amendment, outlawing the poll tax requirement

1971: The 26th Amendment gave the vote to 18 year olds.

1982: Congress passed a law extending the Voting Rights Act for another 25 years, requiring states to make voting accessible for the elderly and people with disabilities.

Early 2000’s, states and the Supreme Court have whittled away some voting protections, including reappearance of state barriers. Bills are introduced to stop this suppression.

2021: The Freedom to Vote Act bill and The John Lewis Voting Rights Advancement Act Bill were introduced but not acted upon.

Our Responsibility: Vote, help others to Vote and advocate for bills/laws which restore fair and equitable access for all to Vote.

VOTE LIKE YOUR RIGHTS DEPEND ON IT.

ACLU Voter

Riverwest Elders April Calendar

Wisdom Lunch
2nd Tuesday, April 12, Noon
Shorewood Colectivo

Birthday Lunch
4th Thursday, April 28, Noon
Ma Fischers

RWElders Artist Exhibit
Weyenburg Public Library-Mequon
during May & June
Ride Shares will be organized for
tour of exhibit and lunch in the area



April 5th, 2022



SUNNY DAYS

FOOD & SPIRITS

2500 N Dousman St

OPEN 7 DAYS PER WEEK

LOTTERY TOBACCO HOOKAH

FAMILY OWNED

A Walk in Cambridge Woods

Distance – Two miles
Time - One hour
Attire - Sturdy shoes
Where to eat - Benji’s Deli, 4156 North Oakland Avenue
Start - Urban Ecology Center, 1500 East Park Place
Parking - On the street

by Cari Taylor-Carlson

Once there was a small neighborhood adjacent to the Milwaukee River, barely north of the Locust Street overpass. Half a dozen homes were shoe-horned in between the river and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad right-of-way, now the Oak Leaf Bike Trail. This former neighborhood was, and continues to be, known as Cambridge Woods. It got its name from Joel Parker who was instrumental in the development of the neighborhood and who was once the chairman of the Cambridge Law School at Harvard. This former neighborhood alongside the river, now known as Cambridge Woods Park, along with Cambridge Avenue, and today’s Cambridge subdivision, all share the name of the Harvard Law School in Cambridge Massachusetts.

The original Cambridge Woods, now a ghost town, is seldom seen except by a few intrepid runners and walkers who scramble down the bluff to a trail that hugs the east side of the river.

For the less intrepid, this walk takes an easier route to the river trail by starting at the Urban Ecology Center and following a gentle trail that leads gradually downhill to the river and the former Cambridge Woods where you will see a few graffiti-covered concrete foundations, crumbling stone walls, and home-sized indentations in the bluff. These are the sole remnants from this once bustling neighborhood where residents had their own electric grid, sewer system, and despite their proximity to the river, their own well.

Imagine living that close to the river while a city grew up on the bluff above you, out of sight, making this a bucolic paradise. Well, almost paradise. Thanks to their extreme isolation, the residents’ route from the city on top of the bluff to their homes was problematic. Winter was manageable. They accessed their homes by crossing the frozen river from the west thanks to the North Avenue Dam that kept the river wide, shallow, and frozen.

After the ice went out in spring, the way home was no longer an easy stroll across the ice. If you think only the hardy chose to live in Cambridge Woods, you might be right. As Carl Swanson described in *Lost Milwaukee* in 2018, “... in summer they had to park on Cambridge Avenue, cross Locust Street, descend a flight of wooden stairs to a tiny railroad platform and cross three sets of tracks before finally arriving at home.”

Families lived there until a plan to build a parkway from North Avenue to Hampton alongside the east bank of the river forced their exit. Think of it! There would be no Riverside, Hubbard, or Estabrook Parks as well as no Urban Ecology Center, and instead of these green spaces, there would be a four-lane parkway and of course, riverside condos.

By the time residents killed the plan, the occupants of these homes by the river had moved on.



The walk

This walk begins by the parking lot for the Urban Ecology Center. Walk across Park Place and straight ahead you will see a paved trail next to the sign for the Milwaukee Rotary Centennial Arboretum. Follow this trail and turn left on the paved trail that comes up right away. Follow this trail to the kiosk and turn left again. Keep going straight on this paved trail past a bench until you see a split rail fence, and on your left, steps going down. At the bottom of the steps, follow the gravel trail which will take you to the river.

Turn right and soon you will come to the Locust Street overpass and the end of the Centennial Arboretum. Here the gravel trail becomes more rugged and as you walk north you will begin to see the concrete ruins of homes that once populated Cambridge Woods. Some are covered with graffiti, others barely visible in the weedy undergrowth. Behind the crumbling foundations are remnants of rock walls, perhaps retaining walls for these homes built into the bluff.

As you walk north you pass steep stone steps that lead up the bank, a wooden dam on the river that’s a leftover from the days when the Schlitz Brewing Company harvested river ice, and a stone wall on the bluff made of limestone slabs.

After you pass an opening to a tunnel, the path widens and becomes less rocky. On the left look for a giant rock, most likely a glacial erratic. If it’s an erratic, it was transported by the Wisconsin Glacier approximately 20,000 years ago and left behind after the ice melted. It may have come to its final resting place alongside this trail from a location hundreds of miles away.

After you pass these markers, watch for a steep gravel path on your right that will take you up the hill to join the Oak Leaf Bike Trail. Turn right and walk south on the trail, past the Urban Ecology Gardens, to a fork in the road. Take the upper trail, walk under the bridge, and soon you will see Park Place and the end of this walk.

You have glimpsed Cambridge Woods, an oft overlooked piece of Milwaukee’s history, a ghost town, easily viewed from a trail that offers a peaceful saunter alongside the Milwaukee River.

An Introduction to Tannenbaum Arms

“One of the jobs of art is to go to the impossible places that other disciplines such as history must avoid. To art, we enlist the imagination to bring what’s lost back to us, to bring the dead back to life. This resurrection is, of course, just an illusion, it’s a fantasy, a dream, but dreams matter somehow to us.”
Stephen Spielberg speaking at the site of Lincoln’s Gettysburg Address, November 19, 2012

Welcome to Tannenbaum Arms—a venerable three-story apartment building situated a few blocks away from a university campus—home to a diversity of tenants from ages 3 months to 87 years. The novel unfolds over the course of a school year—from September-1969 to June-1970. Lily and Jay, building caretakers and university students, live in the basement apartment with their infant son. They experience this turbulent era of US history through daily trials of personal and societal import—student strikes, academic challenges, the trial of the Chicago 7, the December 1st draft lottery, the first Earth Day celebration, Kent State and My Lai protests—all the while raising their son, maintaining their somewhat tenuous relationship, and doggedly attending classes. Throughout, they stay the course with the lives of their tenants, whose problems range from candlewax-clogged drains to fires, from lost keys to lost souls fleeing in the night.

I extend the deepest gratitude to my writing group whose ongoing encouragement and suggestions challenged me to complete this novel: Carla Luna Cullen, Rufina Garay, Shlomo Levin, Lisa Minetti, and Jenny Motl.

DISCLAIMER:

Although many actual individuals, events and locations are referenced, this remains a work of fiction, informed by life experience. Except for cameo appearances by Patrick Small and C. George Rzezotarski, the main characters emerged from my brain after a frightful headache, fully clothed in their suits of armor.



The fictitious building

This is a novel, not to be confused with an actual historical account, although a close reader of a certain age might be able to discern parallels between fiction and memory. I began this novel in 2008 when Alexander McCall Smith wrote an installment novel in the style of Charles Dickens for The Daily Telegraph of London. He challenged his readers to do the same. I took the dare, and relied upon my personal experiences to craft my stories; which I am delighted to share here in Riverwest Currents as a serial novel, as intended.

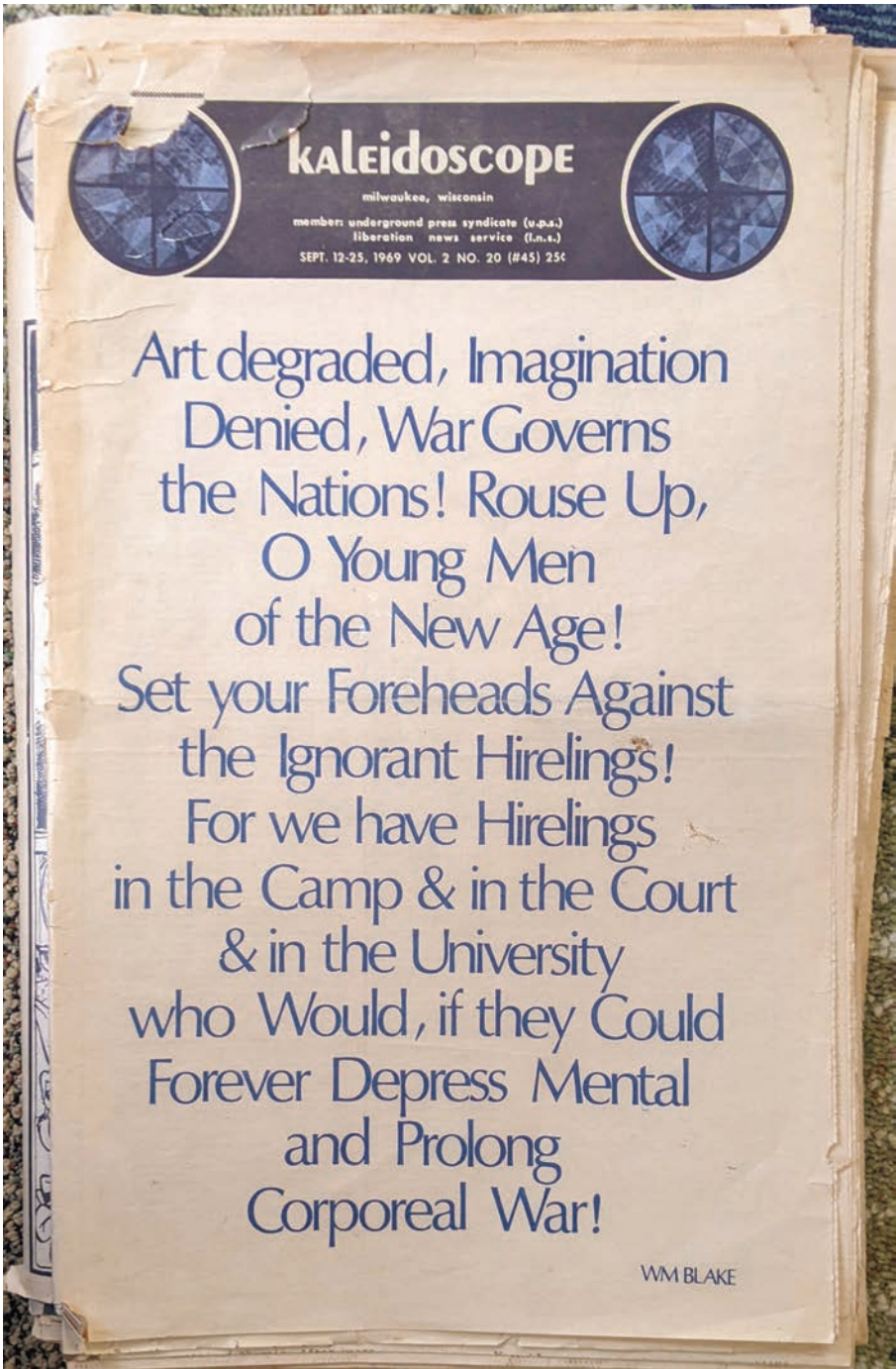
More than a half-century has passed since this unique and crucial period defined us. Every generation creates its own cultural reference points. These touchstones often are misconstrued or dismissed by subsequent generations, as the cultural narrative continues to reshape itself. We are enigmatic children of our times; we are all time travelers. Thanks to this wonderful newspaper for the opportunity to share these stories.

Darlene Wesenberg Rzezotarski

Special thanks to my friend and vigilant proofreader, Virginia Small.
Special thanks to Janine Arseneau, my writing cohort from Woodland Pattern and to Vince Bushell of *Riverwest Currents*, who encouraged the resurrection of this novel.

All good...

Riverwest Currents Inc.
Riverwest Currents.org
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Kaleidoscope cover September 1969

TANNENBAUM ARMS

Darlene Wesenberg Rzezotarski

“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

September 1969: Wherein late bloomers Lily Swan and Joshua (Blue Jay) Haakens become caretakers of a six-family apartment building just two blocks from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee campus where both are students. They decide to inhabit the somewhat musty basement apartment where they can live rent-free in exchange for cleaning the halls, tending the boiler, and renting vacant units.

You’d never know it was September, the way the sun beat down. And you’d never know that the young man and woman pausing in the middle of the sidewalk in front of the red brick building were anything other than random passers-by. If you looked a bit closer, what seemed a navy blue backpack was actually a canvas and aluminum back carrier with a baby nestling in it.

They blended in with the university area crowd—she with her walnut-brown hair parted in the middle and hanging straight below her shoulders, he with his red curls bursting out of his scalp like a white-boy Afro, both wearing various shades of denim.

“Well, the building looks solid enough to me,” the young man observed. “No excess anything. Just a straightforward building. Not much grass to cut, considering it’s on a corner. Pseudo-grand main entryway, tall enough for giants to pass through without stooping. Tannenbaum Arms. Where’d they come up with that name? Six mailboxes. Carpeted stairway visible through the glass. Looks like it goes up all three floors, two apartments on each floor. I don’t think we’re expected to do windows.”

“It doesn’t look like anybody ever does windows.”

The young woman grabbed the foot of the red-headed child she bore on her back, a miniature version of the young man, but naked except for a diaper and a necklace with jingle

bells and beads. “Hey, Hatchling!” She tickled his toes through his sock. “Whaddaya think, Blue Jay? Shall we just keep walking?”

He tugged at her sleeve. “C’mon, Lily! Let’s go for it! Let’s not mention that we have a dog, okay?”

“By the way, do you see The Hatchling’s moccasin anywhere? I wonder where he lost it.”

Because of the oppressive heat, it was almost a pleasure for Lily and Blue Jay to walk down the five musty concrete steps at the rear of the building to the cooler lower level for their interview with the property representative. The apartment had been referred to in the classified ad as an “English Basement Apartment,” creating the image of geraniums and crisp criss-crossed curtains and respite from a bustling city scene. In reality, it definitely was a Wisconsin basement--damp, with small windows running the length of the building overlooking another building twelve feet away—except for the front, where the two windows might prove great for viewing the shoes of anyone passing by on the sidewalk. And it felt so cool—almost like air conditioning.

Because it was September, classes were about to start at the university where Lily was beginning a master’s degree in sociology and Blue Jay, about five years belatedly, was finishing his bachelor’s degree in English. The idea of a building caretakership was Lily’s bright idea after talking to a friend at the Well Baby Free Clinic, and she forged ahead with glib-tongued determination.

Their appointment with the property manager seemed to be going well as they moved through the apartment. After introducing himself and shaking hands with Jay, making momentary eye contact with a forced smile never leaving his face, Mr. Gerhart Dreschler kept a respectful distance from them, as if his tweed sports jacket might suddenly sprout a peace button on its lapel if he got too close. His well-trimmed hair seemed glued to

his scalp—was that hair tonic or sweat?--and he kept checking his watch.

“Yes, Mr. Dreschler, we’re fully trained boiler operators,” Lily asserted. “We apprenticed with the Werners down the street.” She gave a warning glance to Blue Jay. Actually, they were trained in nothing, but her baby clinic friend had a friend who was a genuine building super who had said they could use him as a reference. This was a matter of urgency precluding honest responses. Finances were tight, with a combination of scholarships, work-study jobs, student loans, and occasional trips to a blood center, which offered cash for their rare O Negative blood.

As they walked through the hall, Lily pondered, “How can he wear that wooly jacket in this weather?” She was prone to interior philosophizing, even under tense circumstances: “Clothing really makes a personal statement. *Twixt Tweed and Denim*. It could be an impressively large coffee table book emphasizing the generation gap. We could have a picture of Jay standing next to Mr. Dreschler on the cover. Trendy bell bottoms next to wool trousers with razor-sharp creases....”

She pulled herself back to reality as the tour continued. “Jay, this could be The Hatchling’s room. It would be quiet here off the kitchen. And there in the front under the porch, that could be our study. What do you think? If you need a break from studying, you can always have the view of the sidewalk.”

The apartment had the unmistakable aura and odor of basement, yet it was spacious, with worn wood floors running the entire length of the east side of the building. The boiler pipes decorated the ceiling, but were high enough that no one would have to stoop to get past them. Out the windows, perhaps ten feet away, one could peer into the utility rooms of the neighboring building. “I could talk myself into this, maybe hang a spider plant from the pipes in the kitchen,” Lily thought out loud, taking one final look around before leaving the living area. Under her breath, she added, “Free rent!”

They crossed a small courtyard beneath the fire escape and entered the laundry room. “Here’s a bonus,” said Mr. Dreschler. “You are allowed to mark five dollars in quarters with red nail polish for your laundry at these pay machines. When the maintenance people come at the end of every month, your marked quarters will be returned to you. In exchange, you are expected to keep this laundry room in tip-top condition.”

“That seems doable!” Lily said, eyeing the moldy-looking floors that seemed not to have been touched in years. “Just get me some bleach and I’ll shape this up in no time.”

She had been insistent on using cloth diapers, necessitating frequent pilgrimages to a laundromat, so the vision of nearby washers and a pocketful of gleaming red quarters floated like a beckoning angel.

Blue Jay reinforced their air of expertise when the grand tour proceeded across the walkway, past storage bins, to the adjacent boiler room that ran the length of the street side of the building. “Ah, yes!” he smiled knowingly. “You have a Kewaunee boiler!” tapping its side like it was his long-lost friend.

The boiler was an awesome spectacle, rusted in places, with metal patches where there must have been leaks, pipes branching out in all directions like the rays a metal octopus. Jay thought it looked to be a hundred years old. In the far corner was a dingy room that must have once been a coal bin. Jay figured that was the source of the sour smell permeating the lower level.

Lily knew from talking to Ernie Werner, the obliging building super on the next corner, that the important safety measure would be to check the balance of steam and water level in the glass gauge on the side at least twice a day when the boiler was running. Obviously, the boiler was not turned on at this time, and the gauge itself looked filled with rust. The whole thing

looked like it needed to be relocated in a dump and nobody would miss it. For a moment, Lily pictured the building exploding in a Vesuvius of steam and had second thoughts. She exchanged a glance with Jay. Reassured by his broad grin, she held her tongue.

Mr. Dreschler looked them over, glancing curiously at the baby boy that Lily was wearing in a contraption on her back, and paused.

Their future financial lives hung in his gaze. Lily surmised that they looked like refugees from another world from the perspective of this gentleman in his well-tailored jacket, this expertly coifed man accustomed to those hand-rolled cigars bulging in his shirt pocket—but she need not have worried. “You sound knowledgeable, and most people don’t want to live in an English basement.” He hesitated, “Oh, not that it isn’t cool in summer and warm in winter, being half underground.” He then offered a further gesture of intimacy and friendship. He lowered his voice. “I had to evict the last caretakers for drunkenness. They seemed okay, but they couldn’t hold their liquor. Tenants started calling me directly at all hours of the night.”

Jay smiled, “Well, you don’t have to worry about us with that problem.”

He continued, “Be prepared for occasional flare-ups. That’s only normal in the caretaking business. This building used to be all sedate older people, but now it’s a mix of all types. The neighborhood is changing, and we can’t leave units vacant too long looking for Mr. and Mrs. Perfection. You’ll have to work out relationships on your own. I don’t want to be bothered with their squabbles.”

Lily quickly picked up the conversation, thinking it best to change the subject. “By the way, this is our son Joshua Peregrine.”

Mr. Dreshler nodded, “Peregrine? As in pilgrim?”

“No. Peregrine, as in falcon. He’s three months old now,” she added, hoping that would work in their favor. “Christmas Day will be his half birthday.”

He smiled dismissively at Lily and nodded at Blue Jay. “That’s a fine little boy you’ve got there. Are you a Wisconsin boy yourself?”

Blue Jay shook his head, “Well, almost. That is, I’ve lived here the past six years. I’m actually a Yooper.”

Mr. Dreschler looked puzzled and raised his eyebrows in an expression that Jay interpreted as alarm. “A Yippie?”

“No, a Yooper. That’s what we Upper Peninsula Michigan folks call ourselves.” He paused. “As opposed to city slicker, you know.” This was Jay’s attempt at a joke. “I traded Lake Superior for Lake Michigan.”

Mr. Dreschler hesitated, as if swallowing this rare tidbit of information. “If you’re really interested in this caretaking business, I think we can work something out. Free rent and eighty dollars a month. You keep the cleaning supplies stocked. Keep the building clean, the snow shoveled, the grass cut, the tenants happy. Also, show any vacant units. I make the final decision on rental, but I take your judgment into account. At present the units are all filled. Agreed?”

Lily and Blue Jay nodded at each other. “Agreed.” Their sighs were audible.

Mr. Dreschler extended his hand, first to Lily and then again to Blue Jay. They solemnly shook hands.

“When would you be able to start, assuming you pass the background check?”

“Well, we could move next weekend,” Lily said, trying not to appear too eager, visions of extra money dancing behind her green eyes.

They walked him to the front of the building and watched as he pulled away in his gleaming black Buick.

“Let’s walk around the building and have a look out here,” Jay suggested.

“Sure. And then let’s go to the Ben Franklin and buy red nail polish!”

The semester began three days before they moved. They borrowed a car from a member of Jay’s poetry group, rented a U-Haul, said a happy goodbye to the one-room efficiency over a head shop on the Lower East Side, and packed and lugged and juggled baby care and classes. The not-so-trivial matter of the boiler operator’s license would have to be faced soon enough. Classes had started and moving, studying, and settling in was an all-consuming task, not to mention that The Hatchling was off his feed in this new place and was waking up nightly around 2:00 AM ready for action.

Lily drifted through the days in half-sleep. “At least this place doesn’t reek of patchouli oil seeping in through the floorboards. Don’t worry about the boiler operator license. It’s a long time before it’s gonna be cold enough to turn on the rusty dragon,” she advised Blue Jay

Boiler procrastination was fine with him. He was already begun composing a lengthy poetic drama, *The Tragedie of Joanie Fist*, for his advanced creative writing class, in addition to his other sixteen credits. “Ich spreche Deutsch!” he said aloud, then cleared his throat and repeated the phrase with an exaggerated guttural sound on the letter R. “Ich Spgrgrgrgreche Deutsch!” He sighed, a bit insecure about his latest attempt at linguistic acquisition, a required six credits of a foreign language for the liberal arts diploma—three per semester. He had dropped a Spanish class during his sophomore year, showing little aptitude for foreign tongues. Now he needed the German class to fulfill the requirement before his targeted June graduation. “June!” he smiled to himself. “Just around the corner. Sure.”

Six years of student loans were piling up. Graduating in June had become urgent and serious with the birth of his son; although he was the type of person who could have remained a perpetual student, could have been happy, happy, happy as a raven, evermore. Of course, perpetual studenthood was no longer an option.

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On Monday morning after the weekend move, Lily posted a handwritten notice beside the mailboxes in the front hall:

Notice to the Tenants of Tannenbaum Arms:
This is a message from your new caretakers. We live in the English Basement apartment across from the laundry room. We are students at UWM and have arranged our class schedules so one of us will be in residence at all times. Please leave a message in the box by our door to notify us of any special building concerns. In case of a building emergency, please call us. As soon as we get a phone, we will post the number. (Of course, if it is a serious emergency, just call the fire department or police department, which is just what we would do anyway.) Our son Joshua usually naps between 1 and 3 PM when we are lucky, so please do not disturb during those hours unless you are reporting an emergency. We try to get him to sleep by 7. We look forward to meeting all of you and taking care of this building. All the best for good days in a good place, Lily and Joshua, AKA Blue Jay

As she was standing back to admire her work, a tall woman who looked as old as Mother Time herself came walking up the front steps, propping herself with two canes, the handles of a bulging shopping bag looped through her right arm. Her gray hair was pulled back in a neat bun and she wore a gray sweater to match.

Lily stepped forward to hold the door open and reached for the bag to help her.

A look of disdain came over the woman’s face and she raised her cane at Lily, as if to strike her.

“No, thank you! I can take care of myself,” she half snarled.

“Well, sure,” Lily said. “You must be one of the tenants. I’m Lily and I’m half the team of your new building caretakers.”

“Pleased to meet you.” She paused and forced a little smile. “I’m Mrs. Davis. Mabel Davis. Apartment 4. And now I must be on my way. As you can see, I’m carrying quite a load here, and I don’t want my ice cream to melt.” She made circles in the air with her cane, waving it in Lily’s direction.

“Yes, I have to get back downstairs anyway. I left my son in his crib. You might want to read the notice when you’re not so loaded down,” Lily said, stepping out through the door and almost skipping around to the back.

“Well, Hatchling,” she said when she returned to their lower level, “isn’t it super, being a super! Did you know that your mommy is a super-duper super? And Mrs. Davis is so-o-o friendly!”

Blue Jay had made it a habit to take an early morning walk this canine pre-nuptial contribution to their union. Procured during his Poe-infatuation Phase, Lost Lenore was a Humane Society dog of indeterminate

Figure4:The parapet at 209 N Holton Stfeatures hand made tiles fromSouth Milwaukee.

origin—perhaps some mixture of beagle and poodle, with a little goat thrown in. (The beagle part would account for the floppy ears, black spots, and talent for putting her head back and howling at the sound of every siren, no matter how distant. Further speculation informed them that a poodle ancestor might have given her the wiry coat, and somewhere back in the lineage, a remote goat had instilled a penchant for chewing all pillows and shoes left near her nose.) “She’s fifty-seven varieties, just like every other red-blooded American,” Blue Jay had pontificated. “Why should our dog be any different from the rest of us?”

On the first day in their new apartment, before leaving for class, Jay took the Hatchling and the bounding beast on a quick morning constitutional. A block away, he ran into two people, one of them vaguely recalled from last spring’s European History class, but who now wore his hair long and sported a chest full of protest buttons. “Jay, Man! Remember me? Peter Thomas. We’re meeting tonight at the fountain for a little action.”

Lenore tugged at her leash, eager to move on. Jay shrugged. “They’re trying to impose a curfew, but this won’t happen. It’s a revolution. We won’t be fucked with!” he continued. “A little bit of Chicago in Milwaukee, but pigs are pigs.”

“I had enough of Chicago in Chicago, Pete,” Jay countered. He pushed back recent disturbing memories.

Lost Lenore tried to jump up and lick Pete’s face, but Jay pulled her back.

“This here is my friend, Krazy Wayne.” The bespectacled man in the army jacket covered with peace signs nodded. “It will be a night to remember.” Lenore tried to embrace him, “Whoa, Beast! Maybe leave your dog home, Dude.”

“Krazy Wayne earned the stripes on that jacket. He served in Nam, but he came home hating that hell hole,” Pete continued.

Krazy Wayne bowed mechanically three times and squinted, reminding Blue Jay of the movements of a cartoon character. “I’d rather not talk about it right now. Almost got ground up in the big meat chopper. Lost too many brothers. Up with the fuckin’ revolution!” he rasped, his voice taking on a noticeable edge. Abruptly, his temperament changed as he focused on the Hatchling. “Looks like you took the married-student-fatherhood route to dodge the draft. Not too shitty, except it’ll take eighteen years to get out of that deal.”

At this change of tone and attention to her human baby brother, Lenore’s hair began to stand on end. Jay pulled hard on her leash, backing off.

“Uncle Sam doesn’t care about my paternity. Up with academia and down with Lost Lenore. Time for me to get back to work. Can’t make it this time,” Jay shrugged, remembering how just a couple years before, the gathering place around the fountain next to the tall water tower was a place people could actually go to for respite. He and Lily used to sit there and gaze out at Lake Michigan and contemplate the fate of the cosmos. Lily had made up a story about a wizard living in the water tower, looking out protectively over the East Side. Now this park had become a small battleground. “What happened to the wizard?” Jay checked himself as he almost spoke these words out loud.

“Peace, brother!” And they continued on their way. When Jay returned, he did not mention this meeting to Lily. The activities around the fountain had begun to escalate nightly, but there was enough to deal with right here, even more than enough. Even too much. Let this phase of the revolution be fought outside their small domain, was his opinion. He embraced Lily in a big bear hug, grabbed his backpack, and was off to class. “Here’s hoping for a quiet afternoon.”

As he walked the five blocks to campus, his thoughts went back to his dues paid marching on the raucous streets of Chicago during the 1968 Democratic Convention. “A nightmare of societal break-down, all the way around,” he thought. “Worthy of a poem, but how to express the indignation and taunts and rocks of the protesters, the indiscriminate clubbing by officers going into blind rage, the helicopters hovering overhead like noisy pterodactyls. The fear of death by drubbing.” He paused near campus and contemplated some cumulous clouds with dark underbellies breezily sailing along towards Lake Michigan. “I need to get back to Grant Park someday,” he mused, “to see it again, to get over the memory of being blinded by teargas and crawling along on the grass like a

centipede to hide in some bushes.” The germs of a new poem infected his brain.

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“Dress the Hatchling, leash up Lenore, walk them both, buy some food, unpack some boxes, find my Psych text, feed the Hatchling, read the assignment, line up supper, get ready for class....” Lily sang the morning agenda as she pulled the child from his baby seat and spun him around in a little dance.

Aside from the fact that she couldn’t find a book required for her Population and Social Interaction course, therefore could not do her homework, the morning passed exactly as planned. The tenants seemed to be sequestered in their quarters; and the sky, not visible through the windows of their basement apartment, began to darken into rain. “I can get used to this,” she thought. The ground itself was ear-level, and as raindrops splashed and splattered outside, they created an unlikely symphony of water-weather sounds. She snuggled next to the Hatchling on the big bed and was lulled into dreamless sleep.

At noon, Blue Jay trotted through the door and was greeted with a quick kiss and a few words: “Be sure to hang around for the phone man and do some unpacking if you can.

We still have a mess here. Let me know if you run across the Ehrlich book, *The Population Bomb*. It has a gray cover with dire messages about dead babies on it. It’s got to be around here somewhere. I’m supposed to have it read by next week.”

Blue Jay threw his soggy jacket over a kitchen chair. Lost Lenore bounded up to him as he sat. “It’s raining cats and DOGS, Lenore! Dogs!”

“ Oh, and I made you a ham sandwich, and there’s orange banana Jello in the fridge. Love you!”

Lily grabbed her umbrella and sloshed her way to the university.

Blue Jay propped his book on the table, hoping to cover a chapter before the Hatchling would wake up.

In theory, beginning on this day with their boxes almost all unpacked and the building set to right, life was to settle into a routine. Blue Jay had scheduled his classes for the morning, since he was a morning person; Lily had the afternoon slot, except for her “Impact of Puritan Morality on American Society” seminar, which met Wednesday evenings. In theory....

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Wednesday afternoon began serenely enough. Blue Jay snuggled The Hatchling in his arms and sang him poems from Blake’s *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, until The Hatchling fell asleep in the midst of “Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?” Ever so carefully, Blue Jay carried his little bundle into the nursery off the kitchen and gave a silent cheer as his son remained asleep. Retreating to his study, Blue Jay resumed work on *The Tragedie of Joanie Fist*.

Both father and son were jarred back to reality by the urgent ringing of the doorbell, which resounded from some undisclosed location deep within the anteroom, its harsh ring more like the alarm on an elevator stuck between floors than a self-respecting English Basement domicile’s doorbell.

“Yes?” Blue Jay called, rushing to the door. “It’s just me. Moissette from Apartment 5. I’m locked out. I’m wondering if you have a key....” She stood in the doorway, her love beads hanging to her waist, her black dress clinging to her from the rain, which had already moved out over the lake.

“Well, sure. Hang on.” He grabbed an impressive bunch of keys from the kitchen table. “C’mon in while I find out how to do this. You’re the first one to need a key.” Since the doorbell had awakened The Hatchling, Blue Jay picked him up and unceremoniously put the screaming child into his bouncy seat, as he ruminated over the keys. Mr. Dreschler had not informed them about which key went to what, although they had noted that the apartment keys were double-locked in a metal box in the anteroom, just next to the fuses.

The Lost Lenore, having heard the commotion, roused herself from her spot on the front windowsill and scampered in, greeting

Moisette as a long-lost friend.

“Your dog is very presumptuous. It assumes I want to be kissed.”

“Sorry.”

“Well, kisses can be wonderful, but not from a dog.” In a manner she was sure many admirers perceived to be coy and winsome, she smiled at Blue Jay, who didn’t notice. “My hair is a little soaked from that cloudburst. Sorry if I am not presenting my best image.” She shook her head, sending her mass of dark strands swirling in all directions.

“Sorry. Down, Lenore.”

The dog reluctantly backed off.

“She thinks everybody loves her.”

“Well, I’ve always been a cat person. In fact, some people say I resemble a cat, with my slanted sloe eyes.” She smiled at him, edging closer. “What do you think?”

“I think I better go check for your keys before The Hatchling gets hungry. You know these babies. Always demanding something. Milk. Burping. Diaper duty. Biscuit break. German lessons,” he began ad-libbing as he tried various keys. “Bingo!” He opened the case. “What apartment did you say you were in?”

She sighed in mock frustration, “Apartment 5. At least the rain stopped. Come up for a drink whenever you need a break from the baby-and-dog scene. We’re all grown-ups living up there.” With a toss of her head and a wink of her eye, she flounced out into the musty hallway.

He handed her the key. “Thanks. Just shove this key under the back door when you’re done. I’m going to have to get The Hatchling to sleep again so I can get some work done.” He gestured to the random cardboard boxes around the kitchen.

Moisette stood in the doorway, “Doesn’t he have a civilized name?”

At that point, Lenore saw her chance to make a getaway and streaked past Moisette, bounded up the steps, and disappeared.

“Well, isn’t that the cat’s meow?” laughed Moisette, slinking away up the basement steps and disappearing around to the front of the building.

Blue Jay reached for The Hatchling and the dog leash in one fell swoop and ran outside calling for Lenore, who was arching her back on the neighbor’s lawn, leaving a generous deposit of potential fertilizer. Just then, a woman flew out, camera in hand. “Get that dog off my grass! Immediately!”

“Ma’am, I’m trying to do that. Never mind. I’m your new neighbor. I’ll get it cleaned up, but first I have to catch her before she’s hit by a car. She has no street sense.”

“Immediately! I’m calling the police!”

“This whole world has gone insane,” he thought. He made a lunge for Lenore, snagging her by her rear right paw as she attempted to flee. “Good dog. Great dog. Wonderful dog!” he crooned. Riding under his father’s left arm like a sack of flour, the Hatchling, thinking this was a great game, began to gurgle in a deep-throated, wide-awake way.

“Yeah, this is a new game. Catch-the-Pup, to be followed by Clean-the-Poop,” said Blue Jay.

Back in the apartment, The Hatchling was once again lulled to sleep and Blue Jay, forgetting about Lenore’s deposit on the neighbor’s manicured lawn, began to focus on outlining his semester-long creative writing class project, a blank verse drama, *The Tragedie of Joanie Fist*. Since it had begun as a contemporary re-interpretation of Goethe’s *Tragedy of Johann Faust*, Jay debated adding a scene about the death of the Old Society, which had sold its soul to the devil, replaced by a New Age of love and peace; but that no longer rang true. Although he had been busy making ends meet on the night shift at a Stop and Shop Market and could not go to Woodstock the past summer, he wanted to incorporate the notion in his play that 70,000 people could peacefully enjoy one another’s company with mud and music; but only one week before Woodstock, on the other coast, a pregnant movie star, Sharon Tate, and her friends living in a Hollywood mansion were brutally stabbed to death and the word PIG written in her blood. How could he encompass this vastness of good and evil within the human heart with his poetic drama? He lost himself in contemplation.

Five minutes later, the doorbell rang. The Hatchling began whimpering in his crib. A voice called out, “Telephone Man!” A second, sterner voice called out, “Police!”

“Well,” thought Blue Jay, “maybe it will take a few days for things to

fall into a routine.”

It turned out that the nephew of the neighbor was a police officer who was perhaps overstepping his duty when he issued a warning ticket to Blue Jay, who somewhat belatedly located a plastic bread bag and a spatula and went to clean up Lenore’s offering of fertilizer. The telephone man was not at all fazed by sharing his visit, and all went well with the installation of the device that was to prove itself a total nuisance over the next several months by ringing at all the wrong times.

As evening settled in, after a brief time at home, Lily hiked up to campus for the first meeting of her Wednesday seminar, which meant that Blue Jay was eating supper with The Hatchling, who thought that getting mashed peas and apple sauce all over his face was great fun, especially when he could make a bubbly gurgling sound with it. Blue Jay ruminated over his elegant supper of peanut butter and jelly sandwich and tall glass of milk--which, the ads assured him, had been produced from contented cows. A song came on the radio—something about a woman named Suzanne who had a supply of tea and oranges from China. Blue Jay stopped in mid-chew and turned up the volume. Tea and oranges certainly was more poetic than milk and peanut butter. The voice sounded rather cow-like, but the words! This was poetry set to music, not music with a rhyme thrown in! This was an amazing poet!

The DJ’s voice came on as the music faded. “This is Bob Reitman, WUWM-FM, playing favorites, starting with the title cut from the 1968 album by Leonard Cohen of Montreal, Canada....”

As Reitman announced the next Cohen song from his new album, *Bird on a Wire*, Blue Jay asked himself, “Where have I been for two years? Buried in my great night shift at Stop and Shop with Muzak, or with books and babies. Or baby.” He resolved to duck into a listening booth at Schroeder’s Books and Records for a full album listening session as soon as he had a chance.

Perhaps they should go to Canada, he thought. Then imagine... life skipping out on student loans, without burning draft cards, without a Vietnam Undeclared War, without student strikes and sit-ins and without police teargassing taunting Yuppies “Let’s see. We take our student loan money, and instead of paying the tuition, we simply get on a train and go to Montreal. We find out where this musician lives and we knock on his door. ‘Hello, Mr. Cohen. We are political refugees. No, we are poetical refugees from Milwaukee, USA. Can we please camp in your back yard? What? You’re just going on a concert tour? What a coincidence. My wife and I are trained in property management. We are a team. Fifty-fifty. Do you have a boiler? We could take care of your house while you’re gone. What? You’re just borrowing this pad from a friend? Oh....’ ”

So much for that idea. Even his daydreams took a realistic twist these days. “Hey, squawky Hatchling, how about going on a little stroll?” This was a well-known technique for putting the child to sleep, leaving Blue Jay with a long evening for further contemplation and, quite possibly, some studying.

At ten PM Lily came home, too tired to talk. By 10:05, she had kicked her sandals off and was brushing her teeth. The doorbell rang. “Get it, Jay,” she effervesced through the toothpaste.

“Can’t you get it? I’m half naked.”

“Oh, great,” she stomped to the door. “Yes?”

“Hi. I’m Craig from Apartment 6. I’m locked out.”

“I’m your caretaker. I’m rabid and foaming at the mouth. I’m insane. Lemme get you a key.”

Craig stood there not knowing if he should laugh or run. He had played football in high school, but now that he was a college student, he preferred the drinking team and proudly wore his expanding six-pack stomach, which tonight hung over his jeans like the hangover he’d have the next morning. “I’m sorry to disturb you,” he mumbled, as she came forward with the key. He lifted his right hand in a V sign, while attempting to twirl the keys in his left. “Peace!”

“It’s okay. Just shove it under our door after you let yourself in,” she gurgled. “Don’t stumble. Maybe use the front stairs, not the fire escape tonight,” she couldn’t help adding, noticing his somewhat inebriated condition.

She rinsed her mouth. “That’s it. No more interruptions. Let’s post a note that we do not answer doorbells after 9PM. This job could eat us up if we let it.”

When Lily got like this, sometimes the best tactic was diversion. He reached for her, putting his arm around her and pulling her close. “Hey, I heard this great song on the radio. Leonard Cohen. Canadian poet. Wanna move to Canada?”

“Yeah, sure. Along with everyone else playing draft dodgeball and their cousin. Leonard Schmeonard. This is home. Even if I hate what the country is doing with Nixon’s damn war, I’m red-blooded. They can’t get rid of me that fast. I prefer Hendrix twanging out ‘The Star Spangled Banner.’ Anyway, it was a long day. I’m too tired to talk.”

“I have a solution for that,” Jay countered. “Let’s hit the feathers.”

Their class schedules seemed to be moving along and the semester began to take on a life of its own. It looked as if the tenants were all quite reasonable with their demands. Craig introduced a new roommate in Apartment Six, a transfer student from Cleveland named Joe who figured out after two weeks that he couldn’t take dorm life. He and Craig were off to a protest at the new Performing Arts Center, hoping to disrupt the grand opening. “All the big shots will be there,” Joe proclaimed. “Tickets are \$100 apiece. What normal person could afford that?”

Craig flashed a poster: “Down With Fat Cats, Up with People.” He grinned. “Ready for the outside show.”

Jay and Lily declined an invitation to join them, with growing awareness that opportunities for protest would be constant.

Near the end of the month, the Students for a Democratic Society confronted the ROTC program on campus, believing this military group had no place on campus. The afternoon classes in Bolton Hall were disrupted by a parade of protestors making their way through the halls. Lily heard the chants from her second-floor classroom.

“One, two, three, four, We don’t want yer fuckin’ war!” competed with the professor’s drone, and disheartened students stopped taking notes.

Looking around the room, the professor sighed and said, “You may use the rest of the period to work on your assignments independently. Class dismissed.”

“Good that I have afternoons and Jay has mornings,” Lily remarked to her friend and fellow student Pam as they left the room. This semester they had this statistics class together, and managed to save seats for each other. “Jay would be joining the marchers by now, I’m sure. But I think we will go on the protest march this weekend, just walking from UWM to the War Museum. It should be non-violent enough to deal with and I want my voice to be heard. Well, maybe not heard, but I want to be present. You know. Bearing witness. Nixon has it really wrong.”

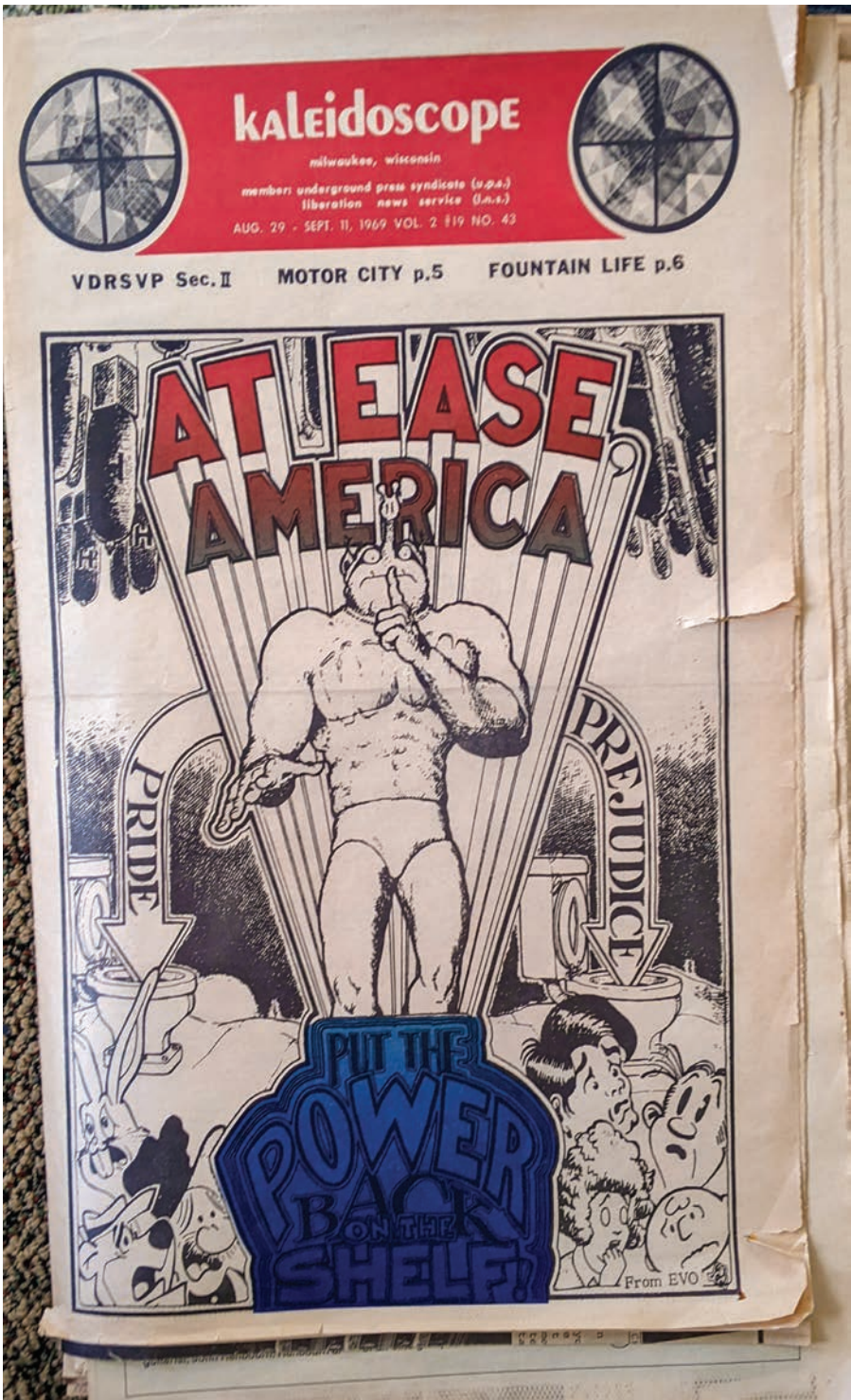
Pam shrugged. “Tough all the way around. Damned if you do; damned if you don’t.” Since meeting Pam last spring in a Sociology of Education class when she was juggling the end of the semester and advanced pregnancy, Lily was relieved to find a friend she could relate to openly, who could be counted on to understand her situation. “You should switch to a practical master’s like me,” she advised. “Education. Always a job in that market. That means, a paycheck. What will you ever do with that degree in Sociology? Go on for another degree, and then another, and then what?”

Lily realized that Pam had an opinion on everything and knew when to just laugh; although she thought perhaps Pam was making a good argument in favor of an education degree.

Class had been dismissed twenty minutes early, so they walked to the Union for coffee and rare conversation time. Pam was a single parent. She had a two-year-old daughter who was truly in her terrible twos. Her mother was assisting her with childcare. “You get to look forward to acting-out behavior with Little Jay,” she said. “It can’t be helped. And the way people are conducting themselves, there is way too much acting out for me.”

Lily laughed. “Well, I keep my *Dr. Spock Baby Book* handy. I think Little Jay is right on target for almost four months. He likes to smile and put things in this mouth and drop food off his tray.”

The corridor was littered with upturned trashcans and chairs. They stepped cautiously. They crossed the mall, littered with protest flyers and



more overturned trash cans and benches, making their way to the student union.

“Damn this useless mess. I think I need a brownie and goop,” Pam stated, referring to a favorite campus treat consisting of a large slab of a very chewy chocolate brownie with an added swirl of ice milk from a dispenser. “A little sweetness to temper all the bitterness flowing through the air.” The near-empty dining hall seemed a surprising island of tranquility.

“Good that they didn’t drain the goop machine,” Pam remarked. They plopped down at a nearby table absorbing the clatter and hum of the cafeteria that surrounded them, blocking out all thoughts of war, discussing the challenges of motherhood.

“I heard a rumor. There is a possibility of establishing a drop-off daycare center for students with young children. I would be happy to work there a few hours in exchange for Molly getting to stay there when I’m in class. I hate listening to my mom’s self-righteous martyrdom. She loves Molly, but she says she already raised me and my brother and that was enough. She only half means it, but I get the point.”

“Maybe she just wants to be appreciated,” Lily remarked. “But you know, according to Spock, daycare could help the children socialize with each other. Learn to get along, and all. I was just reading about that.”

“Molly could use a little socialization. Sorry to say, she bit her three-year-old cousin for grabbing her favorite bear. No harm done. No tooth marks. Lesson learned, I hope.”

Both women shared a laugh over this.

“Keep me posted if you hear anything, Pam.” Lily scraped the last bit of chocolate from her bowl. “I better run. I have the evening shift tonight. Jay has a poetry group and I have trash duty at Tannenbaum Arms.”

~ * * * * ~

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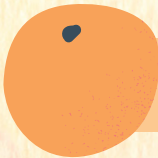
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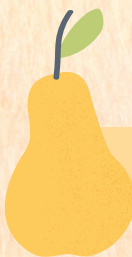
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