

READER

Making music immortal

An interview with pipe organ
conservator Jeff Weiler

By PHILIP MONTORO 36

CANNABIS
CONVERSATIONS
PAGE 27

IN THIS ISSUE



ARTS & CULTURE

16 History *The woman who brought modern art to Chicago*



20 Books *An interview with writer H. Melt on being inspired by the range of trans life*

22 Collo-Julin | Curricula *A series of events celebrating educator and philosopher Paulo Freire*



THEATER

24 Review *The Last Pair of Earlies takes an intimate look to the Great Migration.*

26 Beyond Marionettes *Chicago puppet theater is on the move again.*

32 Plays of Note *Witchy games*

build The House of Baba Yaga, Lenny's back and funnier in I'm Not a Comedian . . . I'm Lenny Bruce, and Pump Boys & Dinettes brings diverse casting to an old favorite.

FILM

34 Movies of note *Belfast might use more drones than the Obama presidency, The Harder They Fall crams all of Black Hollywood into one Western, and Red Notice is a lot of sound and light with almost no substance.*



MUSIC & NIGHTLIFE

36 Montoro | Chicagoans of Note *Jeff Weiler, pipe organ conservator*

40 Galil | Feature *Damián Antón Ojeda, the one-man black-metal band Sadness, has attracted a cult following—and fleetingly climbed into the upper reaches of Bandcamp's sales charts.*

42 Shows and Records of Note *Previews of concerts including Circuit des Yeux, Tasha, and Charles Rumback, plus reviews of*

releases by Ben LaMar Gay, Mick Jenkins, Portrayal of Guilt, and more

48 Early Warnings *Rescheduled concerts and other updated listings*

48 Gossip Wolf *The Roadburners bid farewell to their charitable Bring It Up High Festival after more than a decade, and Nnamdi releases a heavily electronic new EP produced by his Monobody bandmate Conor Mackey.*



OPINION

50 Savage Love *Dan Savage gives four reasons why the problem is the person who wrote this week's letter.*

CLASSIFIEDS

52 Jobs

53 Apartments & Spaces

53 Matches

ON THE COVER: PHOTO BY MATTHEW GILSON. FOR MORE OF GILSON'S WORK, GO TO MATTHEWGILSON.COM

CITY LIFE

04 Windy Citizens *Our column about interesting locals is back with a mother-daughter duo.*



FOOD & DRINK

06 Sula | Review *A tiny strip mall storefront in the wilds of suburban Wheeling houses uncommonly good Malaysian food.*

NEWS & POLITICS

10 Joravsky | Politics *Aaron Rodgers goes to Trump's playbook to cover up his deceit.*

12 Isaacs | Culture *A classic rap narrative gets classical.*

14 Rhodes | Essay *We're here, we're queer, and we're at the beach.*

A NOTE ON THE COVER

BEFORE I INTERVIEWED pipe organ conservator Jeff Weiler for this issue's cover story, I spent three hours in the workshop of his company, JL Weiler, Inc., with photographer Matthew Gilson. I'd been curious about the business ever since learning that my aunt Nanette's long-time partner, Jeff, worked for Leek Pipe Organ Co. in suburban Cleveland, Ohio—but I was still completely unprepared for what I saw. The number of components in even the most modest organ staggers the imagination, and JL Weiler's staff can restore or re-create almost every one. They go so far as to braid historically accurate textile coverings for modern cables and refinish antique wood screws by blasting them with tiny glass beads. Weiler played several tunes on a small Wurlitzer

theater organ—the same instrument inside which he's standing in Gilson's gorgeous cover photo—and I could hardly believe the volume it achieved, even with no amplification at all. It was rock-show loud, so that we had to lean close and nearly shout to communicate. I left the workshop inspired, not just by the conservators' exhaustive attention to detail and devotion to their craft but also by the musical machines in their care—they represent one of the still-unsurpassed pinnacles of human ingenuity from before the advent of the transistor. I hope my interview with Weiler will help you feel the same way.

—PHILIP MONTORO, MUSIC EDITOR



TO CONTACT ANY READER EMPLOYEE, E-MAIL: (FIRST INITIAL)(LAST NAME)@CHICAGOREADER.COM

PUBLISHER AND PRESIDENT TRACY BAIM
PUBLISHER AND EDITOR IN CHIEF KAREN HAWKINS
EDITOR IN CHIEF SUJAY KUMAR
PRODUCTION MANAGER KIRK WILLIAMSON
GRAPHIC DESIGNER AMBER HUFF
MUSIC EDITOR PHILIP MONTORO
THEATER AND DANCE EDITOR KERRY REID
CULTURE EDITOR SALEM COLLO-JULIN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR JAMIE LUDWIG
SENIOR WRITERS LEOR GALIL, DEANNA ISAACS, BEN JORAVSKY, MIKE SULA
STAFF WRITERS ADAM M. RHODES, KATIE PROUT, KELLY GARCIA
AUDIENCE ENGAGEMENT MANAGER YASMIN ZACARIA MIKHAEL
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES TARYN ALLEN, JANAYA GREENE
LISTINGS COORDINATOR MICCO CAPORALE

VICE PRESIDENT OF OPERATIONS ANN SCHOLHAMER

DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL JOHN DUNLEVY

STRATEGIC INNOVATION DIRECTOR MARIAH NEUROTH

DEVELOPMENT AND MARKETING ASSOCIATE CHINYERE FARR-DOUGLAS
MEDIA PARTNERSHIPS COORDINATOR YAZMIN DOMINGUEZ

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT SANDRA L. KLEIN
SPECIAL PROJECTS ASSOCIATE SHAWNEE DAY
CIMA SUPPORT SPECIALIST SAVANNAH HUGUELEY

ADVERTISING

312-392-2970, ADS@CHICAGOREADER.COM
CLASSIFIEDS: CLASSIFIED-ADS@CHICAGOREADER.COM

VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES AMY MATHENY
SALES DIRECTOR AMBER NETTLES
SALES TEAM LENI MANAA-HOPPENWORTH, TIM OGDEN, TED PIEKARZ, WILL ROGERS, LISA SOLOMON
DIGITAL SALES ASSOCIATE AYANA ROLLING

NATIONAL ADVERTISING

VOICE MEDIA GROUP 1-888-278-9866
 VMGADVERTISING.COM
 JOE LARKIN AND SUE BELAIR

DISTRIBUTION CONCERNS

distributionissues@chicagoreader.com
 312-392-2970

CHICAGO READER L3C

BOARD PRESIDENT DOROTHY R. LEAVELL
TREASURER EILEEN RHODES
AT-LARGE SLADJANA VUCKOVIC

READER INSTITUTE FOR COMMUNITY JOURNALISM, INC.

CHAIRWOMAN EILEEN RHODES
TREASURER CAROL BELL
DIRECTORS ALISON CUDDY, VANESSA FERNANDEZ, KIM L. HUNT, JACKIE KAPLAN-PERKINS, DOROTHY R. LEAVELL, SLADJANA VUCKOVIC

READER (ISSN 1096-6919) IS PUBLISHED BIWEEKLY BY CHICAGO READER L3C
 2930 S. MICHIGAN, SUITE 102 CHICAGO, IL 60616
 312-392-2934, CHICAGOREADER.COM

COPYRIGHT © 2021 CHICAGO READER
 PERIODICAL POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, IL

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. CHICAGO READER, READER, AND REVERSED R: REGISTERED TRADEMARKS®

**CELEBRATE THE THINGS YOU LOVE
IN THE CITY YOU LOVE**

WITH THE PAPER THAT LOVES YOU!



**Arts &
Culture**



**Music &
Nightlife**



City Life

Cannabis



**NOMINATE YOUR FAVORITES
IN THESE CATEGORIES!**

**Food &
Drink**



**Sports &
Recreation**



Buy Local



**Best of
Chicago
2021**

**START NOMINATING
WED 11/17/21**

chicagoreader.com/best

WINDY CITIZENS

From Serbia to Albany Park

Our column about interesting locals is back with a mother-daughter duo.

By ISA GIALLORENZO



Ljubica Tatic and her daughter Milena Tatic Bajich
© ISA GIALLORENZO

Tucked in a side room during September's Taste of Serbia Festival (an annual event at Old Holy Resurrection Serbian Orthodox Church in Logan Square), Milena Tatic Bajich, 57, and her mom, Ljubica Tatic, 86, were simultaneously showcasing their passions (respectively, Nikola Tesla and textiles). Milena is the director of the Chicago chapter of the Tesla Science Foundation and also has a doctorate in clinical psychology. She is dedicated to spreading the word about her genius compatriot Tesla, and occasionally organizes educational exhibits about him. To bring a touch of color and beauty to her show, she displayed some of her mom's textiles, woven in their native Bosnia and Herzegovina from scratch. Here's what they had to say about their dynamic lives (as told by Milena, who translated her mom's stories):

On World War II

My mom was in World War II when she was about five years old. Her father and her brother were killed very early on in the war. Her dad was a learned man; he was a deacon at the local church and a grocer. Her mother and her other brothers had to go through the forests and hide out there because there were several different factions after them, including the Nazis. My mom says that because my grand-

mother got along with everyone, they were spared from being shot on seven occasions. She remembers they would beg people to let them stay at their homes, especially during the wintertime. Snow would be many feet deep, and they needed a place to lie down to sleep—even if it were on the floor. Those were tough times for my father too, who would also be running through the forest with his parents. He said they were so hungry they would eat leaves from the trees. They saw a lot of atrocities. But my mom fondly remembers a man named Jovan, who decided to risk his life to go pick some plums for the children. And a hardworking family, with very little land, that accepted my mom and her family into their own home. In the Serbian tradition there is a

hearth that you constantly keep going and is handed down from one generation to the next. Around that fire they served seven loaves of bread to my mom's family.

On the conflicts in their native land

Part of the conflict really comes from what was created artificially in World War I. Serbia had been under the Turkish Empire for 500 years, and it had finally gotten some freedom. Then WWI breaks out, and Yugoslavia gets formed—before Serbia itself had gotten back on its feet. Then World War II strikes and communism takes over. This is an area with several different factions based on religion, values, etc. And now somebody from somewhere else sparks a fire, and starts accusing others. That's

what went on in the 90s conflicts; World War II did happen and people did not forget, but still they lived together and traded with one another. Then somebody else comes along and easily creates a problem. You divide the people and then you can conquer them a lot more easily.

On her mom making textiles from scratch

My mom weaved that textile [on display at the church] herself, from scratch. [That entailed] shearing her own sheep, dyeing the wool, and then spinning it into a yarn. She used a big loom to make these textiles [about the size of a small room]. When she got married, she had a sister-in-law who taught her how to weave. She loved weaving so much my dad would wake up in the middle of the night and find her weaving. He'd ask her to go back to bed and say, "Come lie down, you're working too much!" This comes as a surprise to me: she's saying she hated housework but loved weaving. She was also a seamstress and made all the clothing that the family wore.

On life in Bosnia and Herzegovina

My parents lived in an agricultural mountainous area, where they would farm. They would drag their water from the well and bring the water home. My mom would often carry clothing down to the valley to wash them in the brook. Then she would carry them up all the way back home on this big stick that she laid on her shoulders. This was a big climb. When she was 17 she got married to my dad, who was also 17. When they were 13 they first met each other while traveling along a road on opposite sides. My dad grabbed her by her hand and told her they were going to marry. After that they would occasionally meet while they were watching their cows on these hills. And he would play tambura and sing for her. Like a little fairy tale. When he came to ask permission to marry her, my mother's mom took her away to another room and said, "That's a big family. There's 20 of them there. You are going to be like a slave. Don't even think about it. You're too young." She was pretty young, obviously. But they got married younger because this was a farming agricultural community. You had to work hard and there was no room for much more. And you had to expand your family sooner. Everything was made by hand.

CITY LIFE

It was hard to be a woman—you were working constantly. My mom had my sister when she was 20, and me when she was 28. We didn't have electricity or running water. We had a radio. That was it.

On coming to America

My dad's brother fled because he wanted to escape communism and have a better life. And so in 1964 he departed to Italy, and from there he came to the States. His sponsor was part of this church, Old Holy Resurrection. When my uncle came, he met my Aunt Barbara. She was half Lithuanian and half Polish, and didn't speak a word of Serbian—just English. My uncle didn't speak a word of English. Clearly love has its own language, because they had five children. They were the first marriage done in this church.

In 1969 my dad came here to see what it was like, in hopes of finding better opportunities for his children. After receiving our immigration papers, we landed in Chicago on April 30, 1971. I'd never seen a car or been on an airplane. I'd never seen people of different colors. I saw an African man for the first time on the plane; he was actually studying at a big university in Belgrade. He offered my sister and I a piece of candy in Serbian—our language—and that shocked me even more. So my world all of a sudden expanded into this amazing place. We first came to Albany Park, where there were people of all ethnicities. My mom worked as a cleaning woman—first at the John Hancock Center, then at the First National Bank of Chicago. She used to work from three in the afternoon to one in the morning. My dad worked two jobs, construction and cleaning. By 1973 they were able to buy a car, and later on a 12-unit apartment at Albany Park. My parents wanted both of us to have an education. I got my doctorate in psychology in 1994 and had my only child in 1998.

On an illustrious Serbian named Tesla

I became interested in [inventor] Nikola Tesla when I was in the seventh grade doing a science fair project and couldn't find anything on him; that was surprising, because Tesla was one of our most famous Serbs. The more you read about Tesla, the more you're interested in him. His mother was an inventor and through her, he was able to see things a little bit differ-



Bajich's display at Taste of Serbia included a stuffed Tesla doll.  ISA GIALLORENZO

ently. His father was a Serbian Orthodox priest and had intended for his son to go into the priesthood, but Tesla so badly wanted to go into mathematics and physics and the sciences that his father finally caved in.

It was the way that Tesla saw the future, he was able to see things all in his head. Every experiment that he ever did, he did it first in his head multiple times, and he would work it out because he was a synesthete. Then the first time he actually did perform the experiment, it would work perfectly, just like it did in his head. I found that fascinating. In 1893, he lit the World's Fair here in Chicago. There they were able to showcase all of Tesla's engines and his AC [alternating current] powered motors. When asked how he saw the future, he talked about his wireless technology and predicted people would use a small device to talk and see someone across the world in real time.

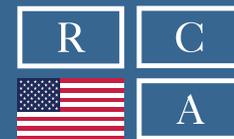
In 1894 he operated a wireless robotic boat on the water, and people thought he was doing magic. But profit was not his main motive: he was a humanitarian who wanted to provide free electricity to the whole world. He was not a freak. He wasn't mentally ill, as some people want to make it. He was a learned, cultured man who saw the world differently. And I think today, if we employ our own creative juices, we, too, can become like a Tesla, if we're allowed the freedom to do so and not be forced into producing the same old stuff that you see everywhere. 

 @chicagolooks

“You deserve recovery.”

KAT C. / RCA ALUMNA

Proven Addiction Treatment



Recovery Centers of America
AT ST. CHARLES

Open & Admitting Patients 24/7/365

In-Network with Major Insurance Providers

All Patients & RCA Staff Routinely
Tested for COVID-19



Recovery Centers of America (RCA) provides individualized, evidence-based addiction treatment. RCA has eight inpatient facilities located in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and now St. Charles, Illinois. RCA treatment centers have been named by *Newsweek Magazine* as the Best Addiction Treatment Centers of 2020 in their states.

To learn more visit [RecoveryCentersOfAmerica.com](https://www.RecoveryCentersOfAmerica.com)
866-407-1399



Clockwise from top: char koay teow, nasi lemak, murtabak, kuih talam © SANDY NOTO FOR CHICAGO READER

RESTAURANT REVIEW

The Malaysian family recipes at HD Cuisine are worth a journey

A tiny strip mall storefront in the wilds of suburban Wheeling houses uncommonly good homestyle food.

By **MIKE SULA**

There's one table and one small booth inside HD Cuisine, a tiny Malaysian restaurant in a suburban Wheeling strip mall. Altogether there's enough space to seat 11 people. If the weather's nice and your timing is right, you can enjoy your nasi lemak, beef rendang, or Penang Hokkien mee at one of two tables set outside on either side of the front door looking out on the parking lot.

It might not look very promising, next door to the only two other tenants, a Dollar Tree and a pizza joint with video poker machines. But if you're visiting for the first time—even if you're only carrying out, like most customers do—the most reassuring thing you can do before you eat is ask to use the restroom.

You'll be directed through a curtain into the kitchen along a narrow path between the stove and prep stations, which are occupied by four busy cooks, each one over the age of 50, with a combined kitchen experience of nearly 250 years. This is exactly who you want to be cooking your food.

Grandma Soo Teoh, at 81, has seniority, but her youngest son, Tony Tan, 53, is the head chef, who cut his teeth cooking for Hong Kong-based Star Cruises, and the Shangri-La Rasa Sayang Hotel in Penang. But the real boss of the operation is his oldest sibling, Lin Randazzo, who (along with Tony's daughter Mindy) works the front of the house, and who might have welcomed you with a seemingly obvious

question:

"Have you eaten yet?" she says. "We don't ask, 'How are you?' We don't say, 'Hello.' We see people in the market, we say, 'Good morning. Have you eaten?' If you say no, it's, 'Let's go have coffee now. Let's go to eat a bowl of curry mee now.' They eat. They talk. Then they go each their own way to buy. It's all about food."

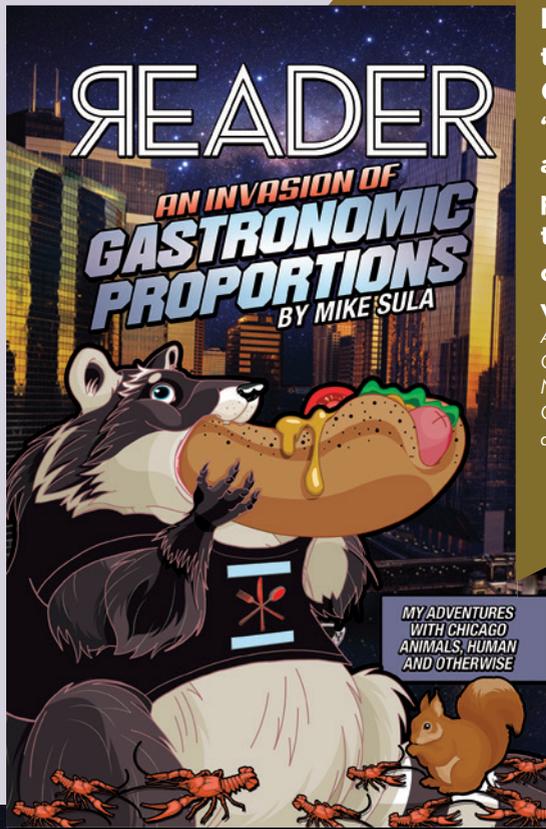
Randazzo is referring to Penang's sprawling markets populated by single-dish specialists. Her own mother (Grandma Soo) was such a hawker for a time in a coffee shop in George Town, Penang, selling curry mee, the thick, double-noodle soup combo; coconut gravy swimming with shrimp, chicken, bean curd, and boiled eggs. Before that, her grandmother made huge pots of soup and congee for visitors to her grandfather's medical practice. "Nyonya woman," says Randazzo. "My grandma never left the kitchen. That's her job."

The Tan family's ethnic background is a mix reflective of Malaysia's melting pot demographics—particularly the Hokkien, Hakka, and Nyonya Chinese ethnic groups—and so is the food they grew up on. "In Chinese culture we have all these different dialects, but we don't just focus on Chinese food, we have Malaysian food, and Indian food, in addition to Cantonese food, we have Hakka, Teochew, Mandarin." Not to mention Thai, Portuguese, Dutch, Arabic, Indonesian, and Filipino.

Randazzo settled in Rogers Park in 1992, ran a travel agency with her first husband, and then worked in banking. At the time there was no Malaysian food to be had in Chicago, and her hunger fueled a dream of opening her own restaurant. She's an accomplished cook herself but needed a professional. Even after the Flushing, New York-based Penang minichain opened its first midwestern outpost in Chinatown in the late 90s, she didn't stop thinking about it, especially after she moved to the suburbs.

With this idea in mind, she sponsored Tony's green card application, and in 2013 his experience landed him a job at the Penang in Arlington Heights. Meanwhile, life intervened; her first husband died, and she eventually remarried, while more and more of the Tan clan joined her here.

In late 2019 they decided the time was nigh. Randazzo locked in a low-rent lease at a former Middle Eastern catering space in the empty strip mall, and they began building out what has become HD Cuisine, shorthand for "Hawker's Delight." After two months the pandemic put the brakes on the project, but

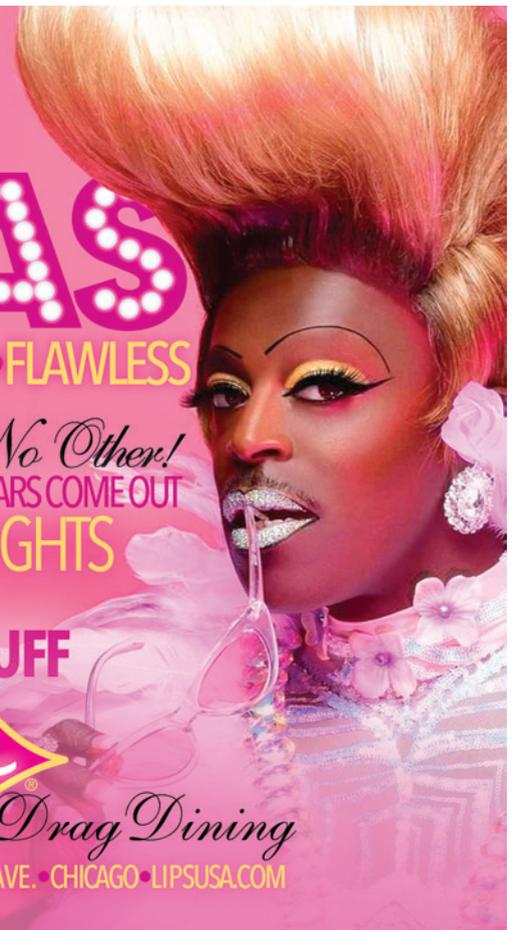


Don't miss the newest Chicago Reader "Best of" book, a collection of pieces from more than two decades of work by senior writer Mike Sula: *An Invasion of Gastronomic Proportions: My Adventures With Chicago Animals, Human and Otherwise.*

CHICAGOREADER.COM/SULABOOK

the **DIVAS**
FABULOUS • FIERCE • FLAWLESS

A Show Like No Other!
THE NIGHT WHEN ALL THE STARS COME OUT
THURSDAY NIGHTS
hosted by
RUFF'N' STUFF
Lips
The Ultimate in Drag Dining
312.815.2662 • 2229 S. MICHIGAN AVE. • CHICAGO • LIPSUSA.COM



The fire burned for three days, killing hundreds, and leaving a thriving city in ruins. Risen from the ashes, Chicago rebuilt as an economic and architectural marvel. But just who benefited from reconstruction efforts?

CITY ON FIRE
CHICAGO 1871

NOW OPEN AT



CHICAGO HISTORY MUSEUM

Discover the story behind the blaze.
Learn more and plan your visit at chicago1817.org



EXHIBITION SPONSORS



NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES



INSTITUTE of Museum and Library SERVICES

The A. Montgomery Ward Foundation, Bank of America, N.A., Co-Trustee

EDUCATION SPONSOR



Allstate. CHICAGO'S OWN GOOD HANDS

Established in part by the Elizabeth Morse Charitable Trust and the Elizabeth Morse Genius Charitable Trust, the Exhibition Innovation Fund has provided additional funding for *City on Fire: Chicago 1871*.

CHICAGO PARK DISTRICT The Chicago History Museum gratefully acknowledges the support of the Chicago Park District on behalf of the people of Chicago.



From left: Mike Randazzo, Lin Randazzo, Tony Tan, Mindy Tan, Sherri Tan, and Robert Tan © SANDY NOTO FOR CHICAGO READER

continued from 6

change in village code kept them busy rewiring the ceiling, delaying opening for more than a year.

But you could say that for all the economic stagnation the pandemic wrought, it didn't slow a sudden surge in Malaysian food around town. First there was the husband-and-wife Instagram pop-up duo Kedai Tapao. Then Victor Low of Serai, the city's only Malaysian restaurant, made it two, opening Lincoln Park's Kapitan, specializing in Peranakan, aka Nyonya cuisine. Last January Randazzo hung up her sign and by mid-May she was open, still unprepared for the long lines of curious eaters that deluged her on Father's Day wondering for months what the "Authentic Street Food"

her sign touted was all about.

"I want to let people know these are family recipes," says Randazzo. Among the mother and siblings, there are inevitable differences of opinion, but Tan knows how to execute them to scale in a restaurant setting. In the kitchen he's the boss, but it's hard to imagine him ever telling his mother she's stuffing her pumpkin-pork bao wrong.

The six-page menu is filled with familiar pan-Asian dishes, but it's important to zero in on the Malaysian ones, particularly two chicken dishes, ayam masak kicap and ayam masak merah; sturdy, full-flavored halal birds, hacked crosswise against the bone, hard fried, then braised in chili and soy, or an herbaceous chili-tomato sauce, respectively.

Otherwise the menu catalogs the most internationally represented Malaysian classics: murtabak, the Indian-style chicken-and-egg-stuffed, pan-fried pancake; or roti paratha, each served with a cup of curried dal. There's thick beef rendang, its smoldering spice concentrated in its dry braise; and rich coconut milk-based lamb and chicken curries. There are smoky noodle stir-frys, like ribbonary char koay teow or the relatively delicate mee goreng; and deep bowls of noodle soup such as Grandma Soo's curry mee, or the shrimp-based Hokkien mee, each covering the textural bases with a thick egg noodle and thin rice vermicelli combo.

But the menu alone doesn't reflect what this little kitchen is capable of. It seems like every

inch of the walls and windows is covered in full-color posters of less common specials, most of which are available anytime—or at least by advance ordering. (You can also find many on the website, designed by Randazzo's daughter Michelle.) There's the Penang assam laksa noodle soup, its broth packing a mackerel punch, and seasoned—when she can get them—with torch ginger lilies. And there's mee rebus, prawn fritters and noodles in a sweet potato gravy, along with the rich Hakka pork belly and yam dish kiu nyuk. The nasi lemak, Malaysia's national dish, is made Nyonya-style, the coconut rice grains tinted blue with butterfly pea flower, along with dried anchovy, peanuts, cucumbers, and a heaping serving of ayam Kapitan, or captain's chicken curry.

Grandma Soo salts the duck eggs for the minced pork congee pei tan chok, and she stuffs bao with barbecue pork, sweet custard, pumpkin, and dried bean paste, while Tony keeps tight control of the desserts, such as the painstakingly constructed, multicolored seven-layer rice flour pudding kuih lapis.

For such a tiny space there's a tremendous output of uncommon Malaysian food, all prepared with an ineffable sense of the homemade. Meanwhile, this small window on the Tan family's food is steadily opening wider. Randazzo's contemplating expanding into the vacant storefront next door, and her brother has a lot more specials up his sleeve, including a Thanksgiving feast: an Indian-style grouper head braised in coconut curry. On request he'll do a whole fish version too (sourced from nearby Boston Fish Market).

"Nowhere can you find this," says Randazzo. "If people are bored of turkey they can order this." 📷

🐦 @MikeSula

The 2021 One Book, One Chicago program is made possible by United Airlines and other generous donors to the Chicago Public Library Foundation.

CHICAGO HUMANITIES FESTIVAL

FALL 2021

Join us for in-person cultural events and conversations, including:



Saturday, Nov 13
Reva and David Logan
Center for the Arts

Teju Cole

In conversation with
Amanda Williams



Saturday, Nov 20
Symphony Center

Nikole Hannah-Jones

On the 1619 Project



Sunday, Nov 21
Music Box Theatre

Alan Cumming

In conversation
with Chris Jones



Tuesday, Dec 7
Harris Theater for
Music and Dance

Annie Leibovitz

On photography

Information and tickets:

chicagohumanities.org

WEDNESDAYS @7PM



**TICKETS ON
SALE NOW!**

CHICAGOMAGICLOUNGE.COM

5050 N. CLARK | 312.366.4500

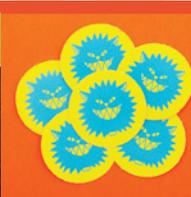
Busy Beaver Button Co.



**CONNECT WITH YOUR
AUDIENCE!**

**Buttons and stickers
make a statement**

- Cost effective
- Get 'em when you need 'em
- Made in Chicago
with solar power and love



3407 W. Armitage Ave. | Chicago, IL
773-645-3359 | orders@busybeaver.net



POLITICS

The lying game

Aaron Rodgers goes to Trump's playbook to cover up his deceit.

By **BEN JORAVSKY**

Just about the only good thing to come out of the Aaron Rodgers fiasco is that it gives us a textbook example of how MAGA finally gets its way out of a jam.

Almost as though the Green Bay Packers quarterback's behavior was orchestrated by Donald Trump himself.

First—they lie.

Then—deny.

Then prevaricate. Then obfuscate. Or maybe it's the other way around. When they're done with the 'cates, they throw a pity party—blaming the “woke mob” for the bad things they did.

Finally, when all else fails, they drag in Martin Luther King Jr.—as though somehow, he would approve of their idiocy. Then wait for the rest of MAGA to hail them as a hero.

Yeah, Rodgers followed the Trump playbook all right. Obviously, they got this scam down to a science.

OK, let's break it down, point by point, starting with the lie.

When asked point blank, “Are you vaccinated?” Rodgers answered . . .

“Yeah . . .”

As in—yes, the opposite of no. Meaning, he's vaccinated.

Then came a little soft-shoe obfuscation. As he said, “I've been immunized.”

Followed by some prevarication as he went on a winding filibuster that included this line . . .

“There are guys on this team who haven't been vaccinated . . .”

As though he wasn't one of those guys.

And this line . . .

“It's a personal decision. I'm not going to judge those guys.”

Again, as though he's not one of those unvaccinated guys.

Got to give you credit, Aaron Rodgers. You're good. If by good you mean bad—in a sleazy snake oil salesman kind of way.

Man, I haven't seen such a delicate dance around the truth since Bill Clinton denied he

Well played, Mr. Rodgers, way to work that MAGA magic. 📺 ALL-PRO REELS / FLICKR

had lied about having sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky by declaring, “it depends on what the meaning of the word ‘is’ is.”

Guess the only bipartisan part of Trump and his followers is that they've learned a thing or two from Slick Willie.

Why the ducking and dodging? 'Cause Rodgers wanted it all. He made his initial comments back in August, when Kirk Cousins, a self-confessed unvaccinated quarterback, was getting reamed for not doing what he could to protect himself and his teammates.

Obviously, Rodgers wanted to avoid that fate. But he didn't want the jab. Probably afraid of needles. This whole freaking anti-vaxxer movement is probably predicated on something as simple as fear of needles.

Anyway, that's where things stood until last week when came the revelation—Rodgers had COVID!

That sent MAGA into a premature frenzy. One of the more perverse aspects of MAGA is that they love it when a vaccinated celebrity gets COVID because it gives them an opportunity to say: see, told you the vaccine doesn't prevent you from catching COVID!

Even though, of course, no credible doctor has ever said it was 100 percent effective. No, the standard line—which we've all heard so many times we know it by heart—is that the vaccine reduces your chances of getting COVID (as well as the severity of the COVID you might get).

Meaning it also reduces your chances of giving it to others. Which is why doctors were so enthusiastic about the vaccine's potential to eventually end the pandemic.

But noooo, MAGA had to show they still didn't believe the pandemic was real. So, they resisted the vaccine. And the virus spread and more people died. In fact, a recent story in the *New York Times* shows that the COVID death rate is higher in red states than blue ones.

Back to Rodgers, who has now revealed he's unvaccinated. Caught in a lie, he counterattacked. Just like Trump.

He went before a sycophantic radio host and said he was being picked on by the “woke mob” and “cancel culture.” Surprised he didn't whine about critical race theory as well.

Finally, Dr. King. As Rodgers put it, “the great MLK said you have a moral obligation to object to unjust rules.”

OK, now I have to deal with this desecration of history.

First of all, Rodgers got the quote wrong. In his “Letter from Birmingham Jail,” King wrote that “one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws.”

Like the Jim Crow laws that kept Black people from voting.

He wasn't talking about protocols designed to protect the public from a dangerous disease.

Second of all, Aaron Rodgers, before you dishonor Dr. King by claiming him as your role model, know this . . .

He was killed in 1968. Shot dead in Memphis, Tennessee, where he'd gone to stand in solidarity with striking sanitation workers fighting for a livable wage.

So if you're going to invoke his name for championing a cause, you might want to champion a cause he'd believe in.

Such as pushing for a new voting rights bill that would undo MAGA's attempts to keep Black people from voting.

The people who rejoiced in the murder of Dr. King—and there were people who rejoiced in his murder—were MAGA's political antecedents.

Just like the people carrying on King's cause are the activists Rodgers scorns as the “woke mob.”

Rodgers is not the first—and probably not the last—MAGA man to use King to justify his cause. Though in the future, I'm hoping MAGA men look to historical figures more in line with their worldview. Maybe Robert E. Lee, or John Wilkes Booth, or George Wallace.

My guess is Rodgers will receive little more than a slap on the wrist for his prevarications. The notion that MAGA gets seriously punished for its beliefs is yet another MAGA myth.

Like the one about doctors saying vaccinations are 100 percent effective.

And the one that says Trump won an election he lost. Which is the justification for making it harder for Black people to vote.

You know, it's hard enough to make Dr. King's dream a reality. It's even harder when you're up against a mob of haters who play by no rules, make shit up as they go along, and cry like babies when you catch them in their deceit. 🗑️

🐦 @bennyjshow

POETRY CORNER

trans-sapphic sext no. 2

By River Ian Kerstetter

girls like us wake each day
to wring out yesterday's
survived again, touch up
yesterday's
don't fuck with me to face
the city one more time.
girls like us say a prayer
each morning to mom,
to the girls, to the earth.
it gets lonely i know. i
pray i catch your eye on
the train, can't help but
notice your
thunder rolling boots, the
way your shoulders cup
the sunlight, your colors
at once a defiance and a
song. could i be someone
you wake up to,
someone to comb
yesterday's misgivings
from your hair and polish
your shield until it
gleams; could i be
someone you let beneath
the armor to brush hair
and knead yesterday out
from muscles tired of
lifting, tired of shaking
the cold off; could i
be there when you let it all
down before the world
gets between
you and your light

River Ian Kerstetter is an artist, teaching artist and writer of Oneida and European heritage, who grew up in occupied Pueblo lands (Central New Mexico) and now lives and works in occupied Odawa, Ojibwe, and Potawatomi lands (Chicago). River's work traces interconnected queer, trans and Indigenous experiences, mixing memory and history with dreams of the future as a way of reclaiming her own identity and celebrating Indigenous and queer communities that resist erasure by U.S. settler colonialism and white supremacy every day. River works primarily in printmaking, design, poetry, and collaboration. River is currently a teaching artist at Marwen and a founding collective member of the Center for Native Futures.

Poem curated by H. Melt: H. Melt is a poet, artist and educator whose work celebrates trans people, history and culture. They are the editor of *Subject to Change: Trans Poetry & Conversation* and author of *There Are Trans People Here*, publishing this fall with Haymarket Books.

A biweekly series curated by the *Chicago Reader* and sponsored by the Poetry Foundation.

FREE online programming from the Poetry Foundation

Reading for Young People: Jillian Tamaki

A special reading for young people ages 8 and younger with the award-winning author

Saturday, November 13, 2021, 11:00 AM–11:30 AM CST

Celebrating the Poets of Forms & Features

Featuring poets honing their craft in this long-running workshop series

Thursday, November 18th, 6:00 PM CST

Learn more about resources and opportunities at
PoetryFoundation.org



BULL HORN

“The Sweetest Gift” is a grand finale for Reunion

Kristen Kaza and Elijah McKinnon, as told to Jamie Ludwig

Kristen Kaza: In 2016 Elijah and I had an amazing opportunity to take over the space that we now call Reunion. We had found that there was a real lack of workspace and accessible venues. We imagined a more welcoming space that engenders a feeling of home and belonging, and caters more to the unique and specific needs of our intersecting communities of LGBTQ+ folks, BIPOC creatives, and gender-expansive people. Our farewell exhibit pays homage to how the space continually adapted to the needs of the community; you'll see that shift the intention for the space, and how it was utilized and evolved over six years.

Elijah McKinnon: We've amassed a certain type of privilege with the ability to hold space for LGBTQ+ people and communities of color that are interested in exploring alternative ecosystems. There have been sort of waves or phases that mirror our political-social-cultural landscape that really speak to how resilient the community is in Chicago, and how powerful we are together. We inherited Reunion right before the 2016 Trump election, and specifically the Pulse nightclub shooting that took place in Florida. We held space for community during the entire Trump administration, in addition to the war on Black people and queer people and trans people, global uprisings, and yes, the pandemic. Though we began Reunion as a coworking space, we quickly learned that for it to be sustainable, it has to grow with community and in community. We branched out into creating residency programs that spoke to our times, and invited people in on regular programmatic opportunities for them to come in and activate the space in a variety of ways.

Coming into this bookend, we're looking at an era where the violence and true resilience of this community have had to be wedged up against each other for so long, and the violence is, unfortunately, going to continue. Spaces are going to come and go, but I think that the resilience and love that our community has showcased and wrapped around the space shows how we can continue to do this work in a variety of ways. The experiences and the people and the moments that have filled that space are a true testament to the legacy of community organizing and healing. That's something that is deeply entrenched in LGBTQ+ communities and BIPOC communities, specifically Black communities, because the only other option is to just embrace

violence as normal. Reunion has contributed to a history of holding space for people to be their authentic selves—which I think is a highway line to change the world.



PHOTO COURTESY PAUL OCTAVIOUS

KK: This was always a project that we aimed to adapt to the needs of the community, and so this is a good thing that we are able to transition. A farewell is a celebration, a farewell is an acknowledgment of what has come to pass and where we're headed. We hope people will take the inspiration and some of the skills they've developed and the confidence they've been able to hone into their future endeavors. Reunion is known as a physical space, but I think it is also a practice.

EM: A key piece of the farewell exhibit is inviting a lot of key stakeholders in our community who have helped hold and sustain space over the years. What's exciting is the exhibit—which will feature photography, artwork, ephemera, and all the wonders that have been shared over the years—sort of looks at a year over year circular exchange with our community, and how the people in our community have helped us build. By exhibiting and sharing various different elements throughout the exhibit, we can signify what our landscape has been over the last six years while also highlighting the joy and commitment to creative expression. It's going to be a beautiful show.

Reunion was founded by Kristen Kaza and Elijah McKinnon as a coworking space and incubator centering LGBTQ+ and BIPOC creatives in Chicago. After a remarkable six-year run, the two are closing the space, but not before celebrating the beauty and accomplishments of the space and its community with an exhibit called "The Sweetest Gift: A Farewell To Reunion Chicago," which runs November 11-20. Co-curated by Reunion event coordinator Omar Dyette and Ciera McKissick of AMFM Gallery, the exhibit will touch on moments throughout Reunion's history and spotlight some of the space's key contributors and events, including a wellness day and a comedy showcase before culminating in a closing ceremony. To find more information and purchase tickets, visit www.reunionchicago.com.

Bull Horn is an avenue to give wings to the stories that matter most. This series, from Red Bull in partnership with the Chicago Reader, invites guest writers, artists, activists, and community members to share their ideas and amplify timely, crucial topics they feel are important now.





LaRob K. Rafael and Steve Wallace  COURTESY
HEARING IN COLOR

CULTURE

‘Undying Love’: the Opera

A classic rap narrative gets classical.

By **DEANNA ISAACS**

Composer and tenor Steve Wallace says the first time he heard the Nas song “Undying Love,” the final track on the rapper’s 1999 album *I Am . . .*, “I immediately saw it as a verismo one-act with chamber orchestra, but I stored it away for a later time.”

It wasn’t until 2014, when Wallace was rehearsing the role of Turiddu in Mascagni’s verismo opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*, that he sat down and wrote the one-act he had imagined.

Nas’s “Undying Love” is the rhymed and tightly wound story of a man who returns from a weekend in Vegas with a surprise engagement ring only to find his intended in their bed with another man. He has a gun; soon they’re all dead.

Cavalleria Rusticana, and *Pagliacci*, the opera it’s frequently paired with in performance, are both stories of love betrayed, ending in death. These domestic crimes-of-passion plots were part of a late 19th-century

shift in which Italian opera turned from tales of gods and kings to dramas about ordinary people.

Verismo meant the realistic (if melodramatic) portrayal of life as the audience knew it.

This week, Wallace’s opera, also titled *Undying Love*, will premiere in a single, semi-staged performance at the Austin neighborhood’s Kehrein Center for the Arts. It’s a project of Hearing in Color, a Chicago nonprofit founded and led by another classically trained singer, bass-baritone LaRob K. Rafael, with a mission to present music that’s historically been excluded from the classical repertoire. WFMT is a partner in the production.

Wallace grew up in south-side and south-suburban Chicago (his early training included the Merit School of Music), but he’s been based in New York since, where he’s had a prolific, multifaceted career. Initially working mostly in hip-hop and R&B, but unable to

shake the opera bug (“I’d catch myself singing Rodolfo in the shower”), he returned to Chicago long enough to pick up a master’s in voice at the DePaul University School of Music, where, in 2011, he met Rafael, then an undergrad.

Rafael, a former Lyric Opera arts administrator, is now a host on WFMT. He launched Hearing in Color in 2017, after realizing “there was so much music I just wasn’t taught in school.”

“For the sake of learning about Mozart and Beethoven and Schubert, I missed out on the opportunity to study intensively the work of William Grant Still, or Margaret Bonds, or Florence Price,” Rafael says. Researching on his own, “I was finding all this music. My question was, why is no one performing this?”

Hearing in Color began as volunteer coffee shop recitals by friends that Rafael recruited. “It started with Black art songs, and then there were Latinx art songs, and then there were

kundiman, which are Filipino art songs,” he says. “All of this music that’s so often been overlooked, because white male European is the standard in classical music.”

And, while there have been recent calls for a “more expansive” story to be told on the operatic stage, Rafael says, they’ve typically been answered with “expansive stories being told through the lens of whiteness.”

“To see this kind of story being told, inspired by something so heavily entrenched in Black culture as hip-hop, but told through the milieu of opera and performed by Black singers, by a Black orchestral ensemble, and produced by a Black-led company, is something we don’t get to experience often. What can we do to address the inequities in opera? I think this is what we can do.”

Cavalleria Rusticana ends with a duel; *Pagliacci* with a knifing. Wallace, who wrote his own libretto (without incorporating any of Nas’s lines), and moved the setting to 1960s Queens, says the *Undying Love* opera is about “the human experience.”

The nuance of Nas’s story is that these are the options the protagonist is presented with, Rafael says. “The real villains are the societal pressures that make an individual believe they have no other choice but to go to the absolute extreme.”

The opera has a four-person cast, including soprano Whitney Morrison as the girlfriend and baritone Brian Major as the protagonist. Chicago chamber ensemble D-Composed will play the score Wallace describes as Romantic and polystylistic.

Because a lack of recordings is a barrier to accessing music, most of Hearing in Color’s performances are recorded and available to the public on the organization’s website. *Undying Love* is an exception: the performance will be recorded, but the plan is for a subsequent WFMT broadcast and, eventually, a ticketed video stream. 

Undying Love will be performed Fri 11/12, 7 PM, at the Kehrein Center for the Arts, 5628 W. Washington, hearingincolor.org, \$20.

 @Deannalisaacs

R|Store

Shop the *Reader*

chicagoreader.com/50

We are excited to launch our
50th Anniversary Reader Merchandise.

Get your Reader merchandise and show your support for Chicago's
free and freaky independent source for local journalism since 1971.





Clockwise from top right: Crowds at Kathy Osterman Beach in August 2021; Jacob Muñoz (left), Jhony Negron, and Chris Williams; Hans Devereaux wades near the shore KATHLEEN HINKEL

What makes Hollywood Beach and others like it welcoming to LGBTQ+ Chicagoans?

By **ADAM M. RHODES**

On the southernmost corner of Edgewater's Kathy Osterman Beach, the usual sounds of children laughing and waves crashing are drowned out by the thumps of a pop song, usually the vocals of a diva. By noon regulars have staked out spots along the shoreline, put up tents, and are well into sandy festivities.

You can expect to find a large and lively crowd between the Kathy Osterman Beach House and the rainbow beacon that serves as the beach's southern border, especially on warm weekends. Though most come in small groups or alone, the collective is like a beehive, each person doing a separate but connected activity. Here the queers have both officially and unofficially made the space theirs.

If Sidetrack and Roscoe's are weekend nighttime staples in Northalsted, Osterman Beach (aka Hollywood Beach) is the daytime counterpart, serving as both a precursor to evening festivities and a balm the morning after.

More than a few beachgoers told me that running into familiar faces is just a part of the experience at the beach. Mo, an Afro Arab bodybuilder, says the beach feels less claustrophobic and more relaxed than the queer bar scene in Andersonville and Lakeview. Johnny, a salt-and-pepper Daddy bear and Hollywood Beach regular, agrees. "It's kind of like going to the bars without the pressure or bureaucracy," he says.

Queer beaches, of course, exist outside of Chicago. In Miami there's the clothing-optional Haulover Beach, Fort Lauderdale has Sebastian Street Beach, and in New York City committed queers congregate at Jacob Riis Beach in Queens and on Fire Island in Long Island. New England harbor town Provincetown has long been known as a seaside haven for queer artists throughout generations, including Tennessee Williams, John Waters, and Ryan Murphy. Rehoboth Beach in Delaware is sometimes seen as a lesser known counterpart to Provincetown.

While Hollywood Beach is the more contemporary version of Chicago's queer beaches, the Belmont Rocks serves as its historic

predecessor. Local writer and historian Owen Keehnen fondly remembers the time he spent at the Belmont Rocks. Keehnen cofounded the Legacy Project in the city, which memorializes historic queer people on pylons throughout Northalsted.

Keehnen says the beach was a revolutionary haven for gay men to take up physical space, to be queer in public, and to be among others like them.

“This was at a time when our bars all still had blackened windows,” Keehnen says. “It just feels to me like the history of it is very tied to our liberation.”

On his website, in a 2017 piece titled “A Place for Us: LGBT Life at the Belmont Rocks,” Keehnen writes of his time at the Rocks:

“The Rocks were just as important to my socialization as a gay man in Chicago during that time as the bars were. Those memories were seared into my mind. The thought always brought a smile, and so many of the friends I had from my Rocks days are no longer around. Some have moved, but most died. Mostly from AIDS. The epidemic was brutal to the Rocks demographics. Not eager to show the ravages of illness in a speedo.”

The Belmont Rocks became such an institution in the local queer community that a feature about the limestone slabs and its visitors graced the cover of the *Reader* in 1980. The article was a personal and fascinating glimpse into the gay male community in Chicago at the time, with echoes of the same struggles and intercommunity strife still alive today.

The female reporter who penned the piece, Marcia Froelke Coburn, details overtly racist and sexist comments by patrons. One man accused her of wanting “punks from the south side to come beat [them] up” and another man reportedly told her to “take her tits somewhere else.” She notes a conspicuous lack of women at the space save for a few topless sunbathers that earned similar sneers and jeers from Belmont Rocks regulars.

An article in the *Reader* from 1998 details the decline of the Belmont Rocks as Hollywood Beach became popular beginning in 1990, but whittled down the Belmont Rocks’s main attraction and its likely downfall to the anonymous sex that the article says was rampant on the beach. The official death knell was a 2003 decision from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to bulldoze the jagged rocks and replace them with smooth concrete, a sanitization of the space. What was once the Belmont Rocks

will soon be the site of a long-awaited AIDS Garden, which has been in the works for more than a decade. After being delayed due to funding issues, construction of the garden broke ground earlier this year in June.

While Keehnen notes that Hollywood Beach is the Belmont Rocks’s chronological successor, he says the spirit of the two spaces is fundamentally different: the newer hangout is a space of assimilation, rather than liberation. He admits he doesn’t go to Hollywood Beach, at least partly out of nostalgia for the Belmont Rocks.

As much as Hollywood Beach feels like queer paradise, many remarked that the space still has its shortcomings. For one, the beach’s location far up on the north side is an inherent barrier to Black and Brown queers on the south and west sides. Hollywood Beach, with its mostly white patrons, suffers from many of the same issues of access that Northalsted has been grappling with for years.

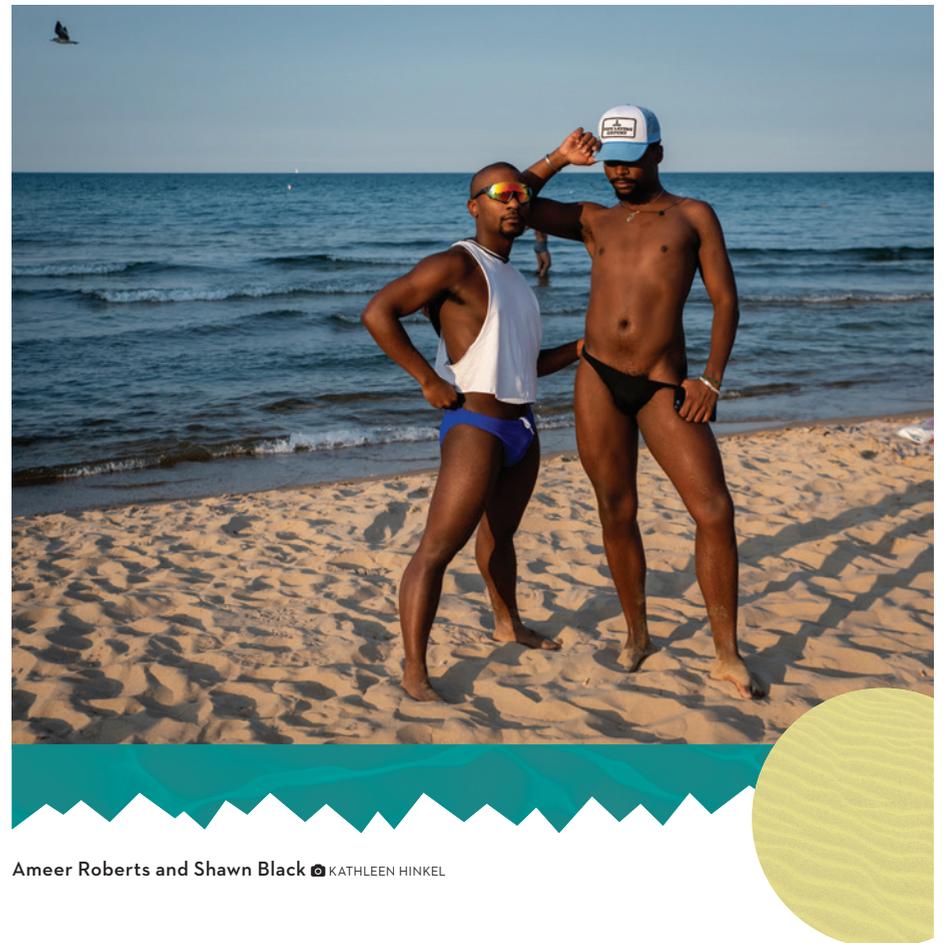
“I think it is reflective of people like me and that’s just any queer space on the north side,” says Kalob Gossett, a local HIV/AIDS educator who is a white, cisgender gay man.

As far as gender diversity, queer women seem to find it far less antagonistic than the Belmont Rocks. But women like Kathleen Hinkel are still the minority, followed almost invisibly by trans or gender nonconforming people.

“It’s definitely not a queer woman scene and so watching from afar I could see how someone like me would feel like they don’t fit in,” Hinkel, who took photos for this story, says. “Hanging out there I do feel a bit like a voyeur in a world that isn’t mine, but I’m not too shy and also work in bars so it’s a scene where I probably feel more comfortable and at home than a lot of other queer women.”

Still, Hollywood Beach is novel in its proximity to Chicago neighborhoods, and the ease with which many can access the beach from the north side or by public transit. Most queer beaches, like many longstanding gay bars, were purposefully difficult to get to or outright hidden. Jacob Riis Beach in New York City is flanked by an abandoned tuberculosis sanatorium and—as detailed in the Cut—requires a bus, ferry, or generous car owner to reach; Fire Island is an even further trek.

Even the Belmont Rocks, as close as it was, was visually unappealing and hardly conducive to the beach going we know and enjoy now. Hard, uneven rocks served as the shore,



Ameer Roberts and Shawn Black © KATHLEEN HINKEL

and the surrounding grass was patchy and full of weeds, as Froelke Coburn wrote.

Why do we need our own beach? It’s both simple and complicated. The easy answer is we want to be around our own people. But the longer answer is that these beaches exist as a reminder of how revolutionary it still can be for queer people to gather, particularly in public.

As debates still rage over the validity of trans people’s identities, as Black trans women are still targeted with violence and murder, as I *still* get stared at by straight people in Andersonville, sometimes we just need a break. A break from being on the defensive, a break from worrying about whether you’re going to get yelled at for how you dress, a break from feeling under attack.

There are pockets of Hollywood Beach crackling with sexual tension, without much (if any) action. As shirts and shorts come off, as beachgoers strip to their bathing suits, it feels like everyone is on their own personal runway, to see and be seen, to ogle and be ogled.

There’s power in a gay man being able to wear a thong without the glares of nearby straight families; in a butch woman feeling safe wearing board shorts and a compression top, rather than a bikini; in a trans person proudly displaying surgery scars like badges of honor; in having a space where we decide the rules of engagement.

I remember my first time at Hollywood Beach. I had worn a skimpy swimsuit to get in the spirit of the queer beach, but felt familiar pangs of nervousness. I walked past the beach house and the volleyball nets, closer to the rainbow beacon. I felt myself stand taller, my anxieties eased by the sight of fellow queers. Two friends joined, and we sat next to a gorgeous Black woman who was there by herself. After a drink or two, we talked about piercings, Northalsted, and our next tattoos. I remember very little else of the day, thanks to a dangerous combination of liquor and searing sunlight. But phone numbers were exchanged, along with the promise to come back. **✎**

🐦 @byadamrhodes



Katharine Kuh in her office at the Art Institute of Chicago, 1951. © STEPHEN LEWELLYN, COURTESY THE ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART

HISTORY

Kuh-Kuh

The woman who brought modern art to Chicago

By LIESL OLSON

The essay is adapted from the catalog of the exhibit "Chicago Avant-Garde: Five Women Ahead of Their Time," curated by the author.

On a November morning in 1938, Katharine Kuh stepped through the doors of 540 North Michigan Avenue, a large limestone building dominating a city block. Chicagoans referred to the commercial building as "Diana Court," after the bronze fountain of Diana by Swedish sculptor Carl Milles in the building's sunken courtyard. Nine glass murals depicting this Roman goddess of the hunt, etched by artist Edgar Miller, curved around the fountain. Water sprang from rivulets into a circular pool.

In the middle of the previous night—or perhaps early morning—the dramatic sound of shattered glass disrupted the building's interior calm. Somebody had broken in. Maybe it was more than one person, a band of midnight

vigilantes. They did not touch Diana, still suspended on her toes above the rippling water. Nor did they harm Miller's etched panels. And in Walden Bookshop and Socatch Bakery on the building's ground floor, the doors were bolted, the cash registers still safely locked.

The intruders must have charged directly toward the glass windows of the Katharine Kuh Gallery. Facing the courtyard, the space—two spare rooms with stark white walls—was the city's first commercial gallery to showcase 20th-century modern art. Kuh could see that her windows had been smashed, shards of glass splayed out like anger.

The gallery was filled with abstractions by the Spanish surrealist Joan Miró, who had declared in 1927 his intent to "assassinate painting." He flouted tradition and drew biomorphic forms of dreams and the unconscious. The *Chicago Tribune's* art critic, Eleanor Jewett, a major influence on public opinion, had called Miró's work a "labyrinth

of twisted ideals" and believed it posed "various challenges to a sane world." A generation older than Kuh, Jewett was the great-niece of the newspaper's conservative publisher "Colonel" Robert McCormick. (Even art reviewing was a racket in Chicago.)

But none of Miró's works had been damaged, which may have led Kuh to believe that the window smashers were after her, not him.

The culprits were almost certainly a group called "Sanity in Art," named after a recent screed of a book by Chicagoan Josephine Logan. "Sanity in Art" sought to stamp out modern art and protect "civilization" and its "masterpieces." They believed in "universal principles" and aimed to "rid our museums of modernistic, moronic grotesqueries." The movement attracted national followers but its force was in Chicago. Jewett sat on the board. Sometimes, the ladies of "Sanity in Art" would storm Kuh's gallery berating the art and the visitors who walked in.

These blue-nosed gatekeepers were a resilient vestige of the outrage over the 1913 "freak exhibit," the International Exhibition of Modern Art (better known as the Armory Show), which had drawn twice the number of visitors in Chicago than when it was exhibited in New York. The Armory Show was the first time most Chicagoans beheld the splintered figures of Cubism, the wild colors of the Fauves, and

distortions to sacred subjects—especially the female nude. Chicagoans were curious people, but in the decades following the Armory Show, Logan and her squad rode on a xenophobic tide taking over the country, an instinct to treat European and immigrant artists as "degenerate," and an intolerance for art beyond American borders.

How did Kuh possess the ability to see beyond convention, not simply to look, but to see? And how, in moments like this one, might she have felt?

Kuh is an extraordinary if under-recognized figure in the cultural history of Chicago, a singular force in the American modern art scene. Through her gallery and for decades later as a curator, educator, and writer, she powerfully shaped the city's relationship to modern art—across its institutions, personal collections, and civic spaces. To her credit, she did not simply ignore the reactionary impulse against modern art. Rather, she committed herself to educating people about the art of their time. With passion and precision, she understood art to be an expression of the moment, entirely bound up in the color and splash of its era. Art was history.

Kuh did not often discuss the emotional terrain of her career. In the extensive interviews that she conducted at age 78 with art historian Avis Berman in 1982-83, Kuh looked back on many situations when she took risks in a male-dominated art world (and among its matrons of respectability). But she avoided talking about her love affairs, unless it was *My Love Affair with Modern Art*, which is the title of Kuh's posthumous memoir, completed by Berman and published in 2006. What's more, Kuh did not dwell upon the physical pain that was part of her life and which likely informed her extraordinary capacity to understand the revolutions in artistic expression taking place across the world.

Kuh was struck with polio as a child and spent ten years in a plaster body cast. She was schooled at home, where she was given a visual education by her father, a silk merchant, who traveled and collected prints, and by her uncle, who furnished her with art books. Her mother gave her books to read, like Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, which moved and inspired her. One summer, when she was 12 and bedridden,

she read the encyclopedia from cover to cover. “I found it full of interesting things,” she told Berman. “You know, I just read everything I could lay my hands on because there was nothing else to do.” Perhaps the immobility of her body gave her a great mobility of the mind. She developed her vision through lying still and looking closely.

Kuh’s passion for travel as an adult was partly a result of her experience with the tedium of staying in one place. Kuh regained her health enough to attend Vassar College, where she found an influential art history teacher in Alfred H. Barr Jr., who would become the first director of New York’s Museum of Modern Art. When she returned home to Chicago at the age of 21, she took off her five-pound body cast and decided she was done with it. She soon met George Kuh, a widower and businessman 12 years her senior. A former University of Chicago football star, he was tall and handsome, and she decided to give up a PhD in art history to marry him.

The couple moved to the northern suburb of Highland Park, where Kuh found life to be restrictive and intolerable. Few people there appreciated her expertise. George Kuh assumed that his wife would devote her time to the care of the house and his young son from his first marriage. He did not approve when she found work in the art section of a bookstore downtown and began to teach classes. And, because of her polio, she was advised by doctors not to have children.

Kuh opened her gallery in the Diana Court Building in 1935, right after her divorce, and she vowed never to marry again. The gallery was a daring enterprise by a young divorcée, as she would have been called. “I needed to live a life I believed in,” she told Berman. “I wanted to make a total break.”

Unquestionably, Kuh had more privileges than others—family wealth, an elite education, whiteness. But she was Jewish at a time when assimilation was still difficult. And she did not choose an easy direction, confronting opposition every day to what she was trying to do. She showed the work of artists who, like Miró, were unfamiliar to most Chicagoans. Kuh usually installed the work herself. Sometimes students from the School of the Art Institute would help her, unpacking wooden crates and measuring inches between frames. She fed them picnic dinners in the gallery’s back room. Occasionally her mother watched the gallery when Kuh could not be there. When Kuh mounted the work of Russian émigré Alexander Archipenko—one of the few artists

that morning

did you kneel / at the window’s gaping mouth / watching the day shine from the glass /
or step through it, avoiding the lingering teeth / or push open the door / then stand /
as though in a field of small flowers stricken by frost / telling yourself each small burst /
was ice shattering beneath your feet / not the fruits of each hour /
climbing and descending / stretching through the hurt /
when weeks had passed did you cut yourself, forgetting /
that this violence lingers and lingers / did you wonder even once /
whether it was all worth saving

—Eve L. Ewing

whose work she sold—he was shocked that she did not have anyone helping her with what he called “the dirty work.”

She loved it all, though—studying art up close, talking and corresponding with every artist about how they worked and what it meant. She was an excellent listener and conversationalist; artists trusted her. She exhibited the work of Anni Albers, Wassily Kandinsky, Fernand Léger, Isamu Noguchi, and Pablo Picasso, among many others. She was the first dealer in Chicago to treat photography as a fine art. She took seriously the art of advertising and displayed the typographical work of Chicago designers. She did not have money to produce catalogs, but she asked Frank Barr, a Chicago printer, if he would create postcards for her openings. He created perfect little masterpieces of typographical precision.

“The artists just poured in because there was no other place except the Arts Club [of Chicago] to see the kind of thing I was showing,” Kuh later recalled. Hungarian-born artist László Moholy-Nagy arrived in the city in 1937, soon followed by architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, both fleeing Nazi Germany. “They never missed a show,” Kuh remembered. “So it changed my life.” When she displayed the work of Swiss-born Paul Klee, Mies looked at each work for ten minutes, admiring the exquisite draftsmanship, the delicate colors. He shouted, “Wunderbar! Wunderschoen! Wunderbar!” Later, when it was clear that Mies would not return to Europe, Kuh sponsored him for citizenship.

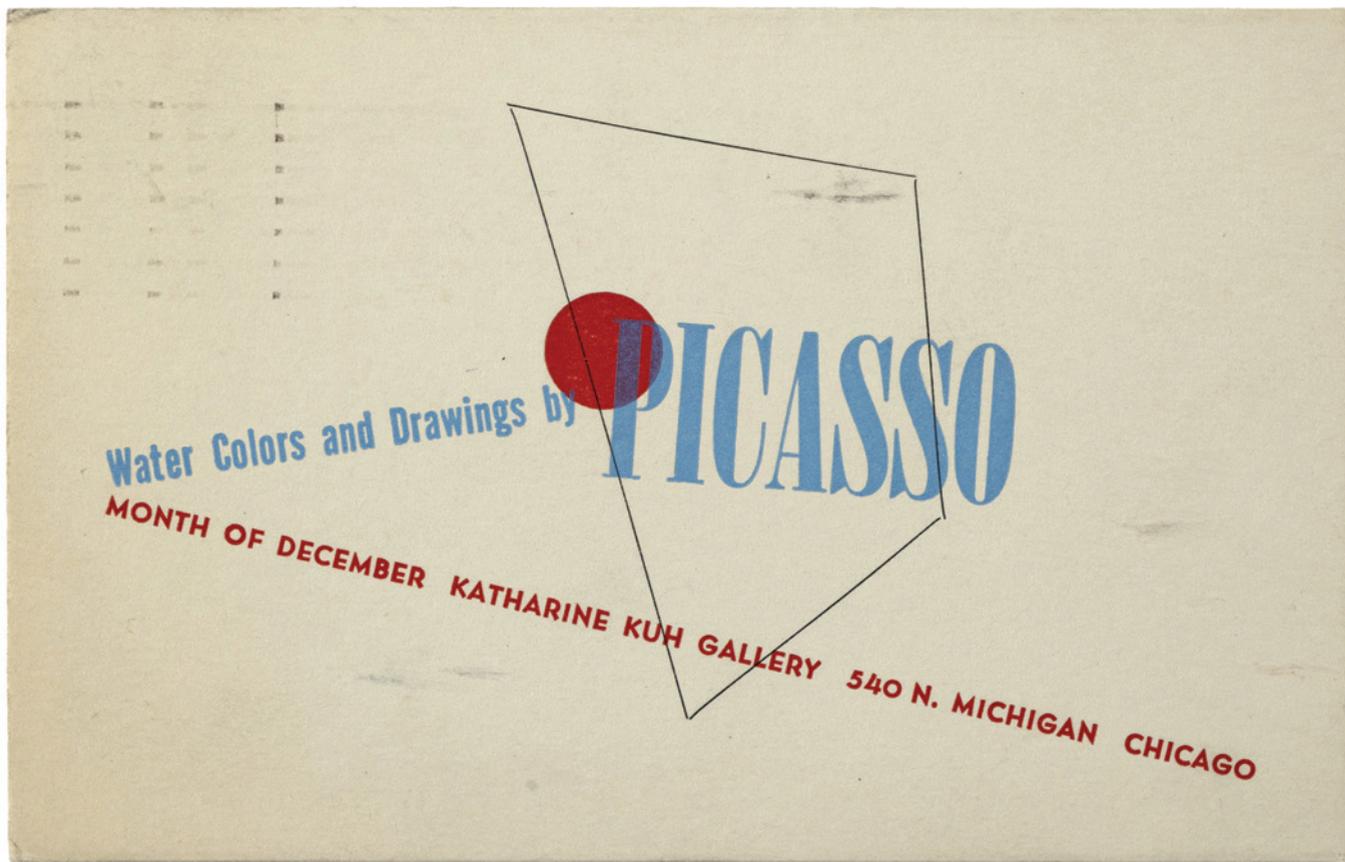
The gallery was a room of her own, an act of independence, and an adventure devoted to the art of her times. Some visitors, of course, saw only her, not the art. Kuh was black-haired

and stylish, with dramatically arched brows, and she was regularly propositioned in her gallery when she was there alone. Writer Nelson Algren walked in, scrappy and strong, and after a few hours demanded that she go to bed with him. He stormed out when she said no. She had a passionate affair with the Guatemalan-born artist Carlos Mérida. “Kata,” he called her. She spent several summers with him, when her gallery was closed, in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico—long a center for the visual arts—where she taught at one of its art schools. Back in Chicago, she lived in one large room on Wabash Avenue but spent most of her time at the gallery. “I was alone. I was free. I met people from everywhere,” she told Berman. “Anyone interesting from Europe who came to Chicago visited my gallery. I was always there, sitting there. And I talked to all of them.”

How does a woman find her freedom? Where does it come from? Is freedom something that a woman discovers herself, or is it legislated by the world in which she lives? Kuh exhibited provocative, groundbreaking art before the major social transformations and legal achievements of the 1960s. Hers was a country where a woman could not get credit in her own name; where she could not work without spousal permission; where she was forced to quit if pregnant; where, in the state of Illinois, she could not vote unless she used her husband’s surname. When would things change? Then as now, the assurance of real social and political “progress” was never guaranteed. If she found freedom, it was by realizing the limitations of the world and imagining beyond it.

Kuh saw wild experiments everywhere in Chicago. She liked the midwestern strain of surrealism in the work of Gertrude Abercrombie, who held parties filled with artists, writers, dancers, and jazz musicians at her home in Hyde Park. Kuh visited another surrealist, Julia Thecla, who lived alone with a chicken and rabbit and created images of childlike wonder. She showed the work of the artist Charles Sebree, a multitalented Black man who danced with Katherine Dunham’s company. Kuh noticed that Sebree entered the gallery and left with her supply of postage stamps, which he sold. When confronted about it, he told her that it would be “dishonest” for him to change because “after all, we are good friends.” Times were hard for artists in Chicago during the Depression, but hardest for Black artists. In the heavy-lidded eyes of Sebree’s portrait subjects, Kuh recognized a seer.

Kuh crisscrossed borders in her city and blithely challenged ideas about what could be considered “beautiful.” One of her friends was the sociologist Horace Cayton Jr., coauthor of the landmark study *Black Metropolis: A Study of Negro Life in a Northern City* (1945). From 1940 to 1949, Cayton directed Parkway Community House, a social services center at 51st and South Parkway, which served the needs of the residents of Bronzeville—the center of African American life in Chicago. Kuh was connected with the arts initiatives at Parkway, which were essential to the center’s programming. Kuh was also involved with the Julius Rosenwald Fund, which supported African American arts and education by building schools and funding fellowships for artists and writers. Kuh’s story, however, is not



Chicago printer Frank Barr designed these postcard announcements for the Katharine Kuh Gallery, Chicago. Carefully composed, angular and bold, featuring a prominent word or name, the postcards capture the kind of cool, playful modernism of the art that Kuh regularly showed.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

continued from 17

about being a white patron to Black artists. Her friendship with Katherine Dunham, for instance, was about shared commitments and mutual esteem.

The sheer discipline and physical beauty of Dunham's dancing must have mesmerized Kuh. A pioneer of dance anthropology, Dunham fused modern, balletic, and Afro-Caribbean elements in her choreography. She was stunning to watch. In the late 1930s, Dunham directed Chicago's "Negro Unit" of the Depression-era program the Federal Theatre Project, where she met John Pratt, a white costume and set designer who became her longtime collaborator and husband. At openings at Kuh's Gallery, Dunham would arrive with Pratt, both impeccably dressed, radiating elegance. But on streetcars and in restaurants, the interracial couple got only hostile looks and bigoted comments. Kuh put them at ease, like a "guardian angel," Dunham would later say. In 1941, Kuh vacationed for a few weeks with Dunham and Pratt in California, where they rented a beach house in Malibu. Remembering Kuh on this trip years later, Dunham described "a deep feeling of warmth" between the two women, a kind of intellectual and emotional

sisterhood.

Kuh was forced to close her gallery in April 1942, when the war had made it difficult for her to secure art from abroad. She was soon hired at the Art Institute of Chicago, though it was through the back door, as a temporary replacement for the museum's publicist, who had been drafted. Kuh managed to get control of an ill-lit space at the museum—she described it as one of "the ugliest things you ever saw . . . a prison"—that had been used by the museum's education department to stage what she considered conservative and boring instructional displays. It was called the "Gallery of Art Interpretation," a dull name that she was stuck with, but she transformed everything else about it.

Mies van der Rohe agreed to redesign the space for free, as long as he was allowed to smoke cigars, and together they turned the space into an entirely new kind of experience for visitors who may have been skeptical about modern art. Kuh used innovative materials—driftwood from Lake Michigan, color charts, ceramic figures—and drew surprising comparisons between works of art across time periods, for example, likening modern advertising designs to Persian manuscripts. Her

commentary was spare: She wanted the first taste of modern art to be an unexpected experience in visual comparisons, not a reading assignment. In her droll words, she created a "sugar-coated education." Museums across the country took note, modeling instructional galleries after hers.

Kuh was also deeply knowledgeable about the art of non-Western cultures. She was behind the Art Institute's purchase of a major collection of ancient Peruvian textiles at a time when the museum focused on textiles from Europe and the United States. She journeyed through Alaska on six different trips over many years to study Native visual art. In 1946 she was commissioned by the U.S. Office of Indian Affairs to explore the condition of totemic artifacts in Alaska and to advise on their restoration and preservation. She described her report as "detailed and passionate" and was devastated by the government's inadequate response to safeguard "our most distinguished native heritage."

She was often exasperated by institutions (including the government), but she operated within, around, and in spite of them. In 1947 she cocurated a pathbreaking exhibition at the Art Institute, "Abstract and Surrealist

American Art," which caused the galleries to be "thronged with people" according to the *Chicago Tribune*, yet another signal of how everyday Chicagoans were curious about modern art, even while conservatives of the city were not.

In 1951-52 Kuh orchestrated the award of a long-running prize funded by Frank G. Logan and Josephine Logan of "Sanity in Art" fame. The Logan Medal and Purchase Prize went to abstract expressionist Willem de Kooning's monumental *Excavation* (1950), a layered composition of interlocking parts structured by small explosions of color. Was this brilliant subterfuge? The purchase prompted a fight from the museum's trustees, many of whom volubly expressed hatred for the painting's extreme abstraction. Perhaps she pointed out to them that the painting is animated by dynamic figures—birds, fish, human eyes, noses, and teeth. Or perhaps this was not the point. She saw that the breakup of traditional forms was an expression of her times, a signal, an arresting visual act.

In 1954 Kuh became the Art Institute's first curator of Modern Painting and Sculpture. That year she gave Mark Rothko his first museum exhibition, writing beautifully about the "moods" of his luminous abstract canvases, "sometimes somber and smoldering, sometimes ecstatic." After Kuh orchestrated in 1955 the purchase of Jackson Pollock's *Greyed Rainbow*, the newspapers announced "Kuh-Kuh Must Go." Pollock created his revolutionary work by moving with dripped and poured paint around a large canvas on the floor. Jewett derided Pollock's work for being indecipherable. Years later, when the *Chicago Tribune* asked Kuh to write a piece for their Sunday section about the New York City art world, she wrote back, "Kuh-Kuh is not available."

Always working toward change, Kuh was a woman we might now call a fighter. She was constantly overextended, and her doctors warned her that she might have a stroke. But she was passionate about art and the collections she was building. In 1956 she became the first woman to curate the exhibition in

ARTS & CULTURE

the American Pavilion at the Venice Biennale, a show she titled “American Artists Paint the City.” Because no woman had ever represented the United States at the event, government authorities gave the title of U.S. commissioner to Dan Rich, the Art Institute’s director. Kuh and Rich were longtime collaborators and romantic partners. But there was no question that, for this major undertaking, Kuh did all of the work.

When Kuh made her “total break” in 1935 to establish her gallery, the political climate was strangely more open—or indifferent—to her vision than it later became. The shattering of her windows foretold things to come. By mid-century, the rising tensions of the Cold War and McCarthyism’s blacklisting of Americans who were supposedly sympathetic to communism created a hostile environment for artists and curators who aimed to challenge convention, take risks, and assert both aesthetic and political independence. When Kuh left the Art Institute in 1959, it was in large part because of its deeply conservative right-wing board members. The board had not supported

Rich when he was questioned by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) and refused to identify the political stances of art-world figures. Kuh was also questioned by HUAC but did not disclose this to the board. By this point, Kuh also realized that, because she was a woman, she was being significantly underpaid. She tried to organize a union, but few of the museum’s other curators were willing to join her. Rich moved on to another directorship, and, reluctantly, Kuh resigned and settled in New York.

She again found her footing and freedom, becoming art editor at the *Saturday Review*, writing for a wide public about how to see and understand art. She returned to Chicago nearly once a month, she told radio personality Studs Terkel in a 1966 interview. At that point, Kuh had just published *Break-up: The Core of Modern Art* (1965), a book that traced how modern artists from Van Gogh through the Abstract Expressionists exploded conventional modes of representation to explore new ways of seeing. “Break Up” was always a key concept for Kuh, an idea about the fundamental

restructuring of art and life expressed in the exciting visual experiments of modern artists. Like the work she championed, Kuh shook opinion as much as she formed it. Despite her institutional power—or perhaps, because of it—she was a woman who welcomed the shattering of windows. **✎**

I extend my gratitude to art historian Avis Berman for the oral history that she conducted with Katharine Kuh in 1982–1983, which is housed at the Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution. I also thank Susan Rossen, who has deeply contributed to my understanding of Kuh’s life and work.

Poet, activist, and educator Eve L. Ewing wrote five new poems inspired by the stories of “Chicago Avant-Garde: Five Women Ahead of Their Time.” In this poem, Ewing imagines Katharine Kuh entering her gallery to find the windows shattered, likely the work of art reactionaries who hated modern art.

✎ @liesmolson



SHOP EARLY IN ANDERSONVILLE



COOLEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE NATION

#ALWAYSANDERSONVILLE



@avillechamber

@avillechamber

@andersonville

andersonville.org

USA CYCLING

WE CHAMPION™

Cyclists

CYCLOCROSS NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

DECEMBER 2021 • DUPAGE COUNTY, IL

Cantigny Park | December 7-12

For more information or to purchase spectator admission, visit DuPageSportsCommission.com or scan below.



H. Melt's new collection comes out from Haymarket Books this month.  LEFT: HAYMARKET BOOKS; RIGHT: MERCEDES ZAPATA

to as-yet-unrealized spaces like temples, museums, and entire cities that meaningfully reflect our messy, overabundant lives. Melt emphasizes that the goal is not to create utopias, free from adversity, but to instead keep imagining what feels possible to build toward worlds we may yet inhabit.

There Are Trans People Here comes paired with a study guide (coauthored by Melt and educator Rabiya Kassam-Clay) and features pieces of a collaged poster of trans people from the Museum of Transgender Hirstory & Art as section breaks; it's an ongoing invitation to both trans and cis people alike to imagine what it will take to ensure that trans life can flourish.

In a recent interview, the author discussed being inspired by the range of trans life, imagining real-life spaces that can affirm trans experiences, and the dual role of happiness and pain throughout their poems.

Annie Howard: Collaged images of various trans people appear as section breaks throughout the book. Can you explain how and why they appear?

H. Melt: All of the images are from a collage I've had for many years. It's a poster created by Chris Vargas, founder of the Museum of Transgender Hirstory and Art, and one of his projects was to make a poster with a couple hundred trans folks in one place. It sits right above my writing desk, and it's something that I look at every day, always in my line of sight. It has historical figures, it has people at protests, people in costumes that they're performing in, screenshots from TV or film. It's just a beautiful portrait of the range of the trans community: it has athletes, filmmakers, artists, writers. It's led me so many different directions and made me curious about so many different people. There's also Chicago folks in the poster, people that I've known and worked with personally, other people who I admire, people whose art and literature I've watched or read or listened to. It's a piece that keeps on giving

BOOKS

'I need to know trans joy exists in order to imagine myself living in the future'

An interview with writer H. Melt

By ANNIE HOWARD

Trans joy and pain gently mingle in poet H. Melt's new chapbook *There Are Trans People Here*, out this month from Chicago's Haymarket Books. The poems in this collection give the reader a sense that all the pain and suffering the world inflicts on trans people is something that can be overcome, transformed, and understood. Though our lives are far harder than they should be, we

still find ways of living into the world we wish to inhabit, building new possibilities while still mourning those who will not get to be there to celebrate with us. When I spoke with Melt last month, they explained that while grief is a familiar emotion that settles heavily on trans people, "I need to know trans joy exists in order to imagine myself living in the future." It's a delicate, emotional balancing

act, but one that feels natural in the writer's lucid, patient prose. Melt has published several previous chapbooks, including 2018's *On My Way to Liberation* for Haymarket, and edited *Subject to Change: Trans Poetry & Conversation* (Sibling Rivalry Press, 2017). In their writing, quotidian struggles like accessing trans-affirming health care and dealing with hostile landlords are balanced with peaeans

TEACHING TRANS HISTORY WITH H. MELT AND RABIYA KASSAM-CLAY
Webinar for K-12 educators. Wed 11/17, 7 PM,
onearchives.org.

and always sparks my interest.

Very real places, like spas, city streets, and temples create settings for many pieces in the book. What's the goal in writing about these kinds of environments?

Place is a central theme in my work. Edie Fake is a huge influence on that, and *Memory Palaces* in particular is a big influence on my work. I was trying to think about some of the experiences that I've had in various spaces, as well as the experiences that I wish I could have in places where I can't feel affirmed, including the temple I grew up going to. There's a poem, "All the Missing Sweetness," about my relationship between gender and Judaism, imagining a trans temple that is rooted in anti-Zionism and Palestinian liberation, transformative justice and repair, and queer and trans joy, while also still practicing the tenets of Judaism. I was trying to create some of the spaces that I needed, but also reflect some of my real experiences in some of the existing spaces that I'm not able to be a part of.

One of the key themes working through the book is the way you write about the twin realities of happiness and trauma within trans life. Why are those seemingly disparate forces so important to consider together?

I don't think that joy and grief are separate. In the study guide, one of the themes that [Kassam-Clay] picked up on was the dual presence

of both death and the future ringing throughout the collection. I didn't try to write poems that were utopian in any way. Even within the moments of joy, like in the poem "Trans Care," which is largely and mostly about people caring for me, it still starts in a place of being denied the health care that I'm asking for, dealing with these intrusive questions and painful experiences to get to the loving and affirming experience of feeling cared for.

It was a challenge for me to center trans joy in the poetics. It was reflective of a shift that I was trying to make in my own life, and something that I want to see more of generally in trans art and literature. In "On Trans Street," there's trans music, dancing, health care, and teachers, but there is still mourning that we're going through. It's not that violence isn't happening. It's not that people aren't dying. I don't want to create a world that's purely utopic.

But I want to think about what would it look like to go to someone's funeral and have their chosen name be used in writing and not their dead name. What would it mean on Trans Day of Remembrance to have zero murders to remember and commemorate, and instead be able to honor people dying from natural causes? There is a particular joy in being able to grieve. I'm deeply disinterested in the idea of separatism, and I don't think that joy and pain are separate entities. There are many painful elements of being trans, but that doesn't mean that there's not also a lot of joy. 

 @t_annie_howard

ARTS & CULTURE

TAKE ME TO THE TRANS SPA
by H. Melt

where I can get my nails done
with my mom, without
toxic chemicals

let me change
in the locker room
soak in the jacuzzi tub
cool down in the pool
with a strawberry daiquiri

let me sweat in the sauna
& in the back room where
glory holes are filled
with fingers

let there be deep tissue
massages, drag bingo
on Mondays, clothing
swaps on Tuesdays

let there be a hair salon
sliding scale electrolysis
& lavender shampoo

let there be eyeliner tutorials
tips on beard trimming
& preventing hair loss

let there be an abundance
of ferns, aloe plants for
soothing scars &
a weeping willow
outside our doors

let us be beautiful
on our own terms.

artist, writer,
performer?

CREATIVE SOLUTIONS FOR
CREATIVE PEOPLE

*Supportive, Affirming, and Goal-Directed
Psychotherapy and
Hypnotherapy for Adults*

MAX K. SHAPEY, LCSW
Located in Downtown Evanston

847-877-1940

www.maxshapey.com
maxshapey@aol.com

Blue Cross Blue Shield Preferred Provider
Cigna Preferred Provider

FREE SINCE 1971

FREE

IS NOT
FREE

chicagoreader.com/donate

 Howard Brown
Health



Sign Up for Health Insurance
Before January 15, 2022

Email InsuranceEnrollment@howardbrown.org
or call 773.388.1600 to schedule a free virtual
insurance enrollment appointment.

Hablamos español

We are excited to launch our Chicago Reader Tote Bag

Get your tote today and show your support for Chicago's free and freaky independent source for local news and culture since 1971. **\$25 (includes shipping)**

chicagoreader.com/store



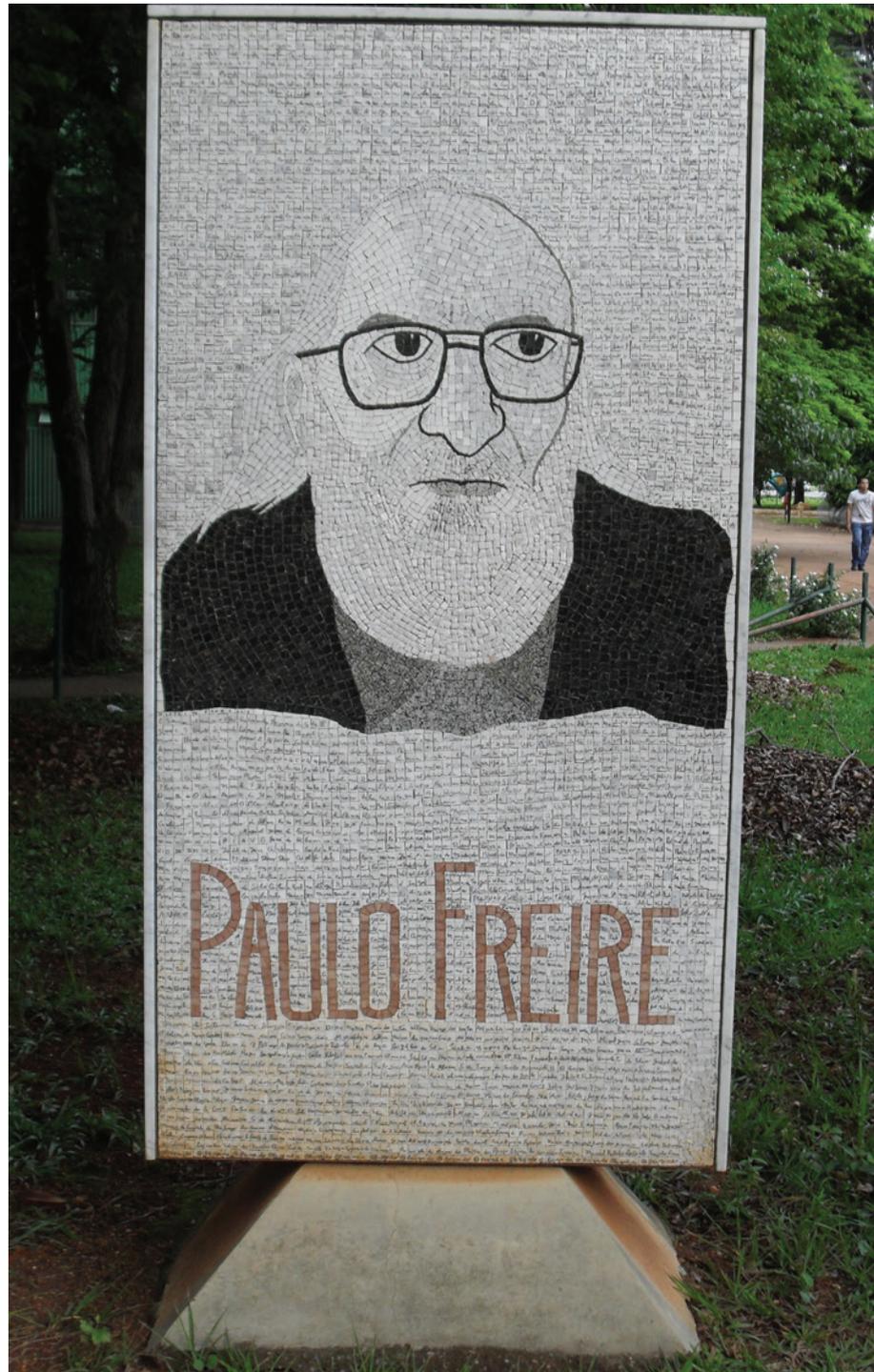
ARTS & CULTURE

ONLINE CURRICULA

Do-it-yourself critical pedagogy

A series of events celebrating educator and philosopher Paulo Freire

By SALEM COLLO-JULIN



A monument to Paulo Freire at the Ministry of Education headquarters in Brasília. BRANDIZZI/WIKIMEDIA

THE YEAR OF EDUCATION/PAULO FREIRE CENTENARY

Next online events Sat 11/21, Sat 11/28, and Sat 12/19; more information is at hothouse.net

The Brazilian educator and philosopher Paulo Freire, who passed away in 1997, was a proponent of radical social transformation using education to foster the development of a globally critical consciousness within his students. He advocated for using what's now known as critical pedagogy, and his writing and work have influenced artists, sociologists, and community workers alike. Freire's book *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, first published in Portuguese in 1968, became a benchmark for critical pedagogy. His theories combine some tenets of Marxism, especially the concept that education is a political tool, with Freire's own lived experience teaching the poor in Brazil and realizing that his students would not be able to achieve their full potential as humans unless their education was able to address the root causes of their oppression.

Freire would have turned 100 this fall, and Chicago arts organization HotHouse is celebrating his legacy over the next year with "The Year of Education/Paulo Freire Centenary," a multidisciplinary series of public events running through April 2022. The celebrations kicked off in September with the release of an online, do-it-yourself style curriculum (still available on the HotHouse website) that offers readings, a list of films exploring Freire's legacy and related contemporary topics, and even music suggestions exploring protest songs and samba, itself a music genre started by Afro-Brazilian communities that were forced to work in sugar cane plantations by the Portuguese.

The Year of Education upcoming programs include a film screening and discussion with a focus on Indigenous voices (Saturday, November 21, starting at 7 PM online), and more events to come each month featuring scholars and writers responding to Freire's work. Updated screening information (many will be available to watch for free on HotHouse's Twitch and YouTube channels) is available at hothouse.net.

As HotHouse writes in their introduction to their symposia of readings and online screenings, "We have witnessed a great reckoning in this country, where the divide between the joyful who dance, make music, find occupation in creative pursuits, and those who turn first and longest to violence and a lack of imaginative avenues to resolve heartbreak and disenfranchisement become ever more visible." 

 @hollo

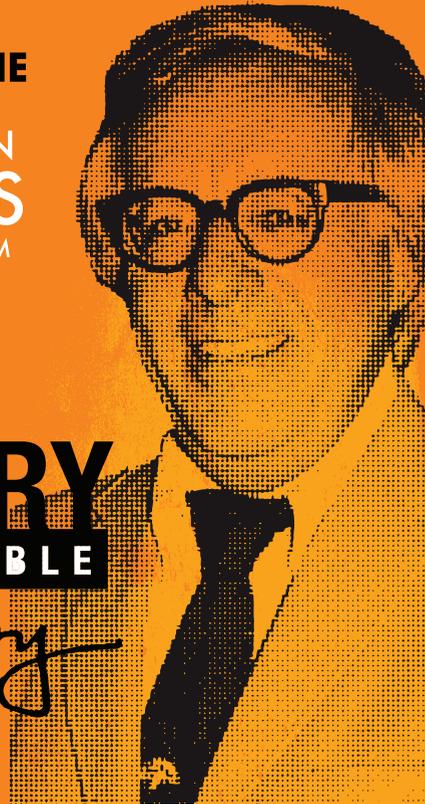
A NEW EXHIBIT AT THE



RAY BRADBURY

INEXTINGUISHABLE

Ray Bradbury



NOW OPEN
in-person & online

FREE with museum
admission

Scan the QR code
now and experience
INEXTINGUISHABLE



AMERICAN
WRITERS
MUSEUM

180 N. Michigan Ave.
312-374-8790
AmericanWritersMuseum.org

Connect with us:



READER



Find **hundreds**
of **Reader-**
recommended
restaurants,
exclusive video
features, and sign up
for weekly news at
[chicagoreader.com/
food](http://chicagoreader.com/food).

HARRIS THEATER
MILLENNIUM PARK

Ragamala Dance Company

***Fires of Varanasi:
Dance of the Eternal Pilgrim***

December 2, 2021 / 7:30PM



Photo by Nadia Halim.

“An excellent company... their devotion to Bharatanatyam and to treating that lineage as a living language is always radiantly clear.”

— *The New York Times*



The Last Pair of Earlies ■ MICHAEL BROSILOW

REVIEW

The chill of other suns

The Last Pair of Earlies takes an intimate look at the Great Migration.

By **DAN JAKES**

Before it was retrofitted into an upscale wedding and corporate events hall, the landmark Motor Row building at 2400 South Michigan was home to the *Chicago Defender*, the iconic Black newspaper of record that in no small part empowered and facilitated the Great Migration of Black southerners to northern cities during the early 20th century. Inscribed in the lobby floor of the building were the words of *Defender* founder Robert Abbott: “No greater glory, no greater honor, is the lot of man departing than a feeling possessed deep in his heart that the world is a better place for his having lived.”

There are echoes of that sentiment—both auspicious and foreboding—in the fictional characters of Joshua Allen’s new two-act Great Migration-set drama, whose dreams and best-laid plans of creating a legacy and a new life are tested on Chicago’s south side. Dual timelines play out in the marriage of Wayland (Marcus D. Moore) and Della Rose Early (Shadana Patterson): one in the formative days of their relationship in 1921 Mississippi, the other after nearly two decades of drifting

apart in 1939 Illinois.

Entrepreneurial in spirit, a young Wayland (Jonny Morrison, glowing with grit and optimism) tells audiences what inspired him to be a self-employed shoemaker and seller during one of the play’s more poignant and evocative speeches. One of his more acute boyhood memories, he confides, is the sound of a white man clacking around the hardwood floors of his home in well-fitted leather shoes, inspecting and quality-checking the housekeeping labor of Wayland’s mother. To instill that visceral sense of power and dignity for his own family and community, Wayland believes, would be to create a legacy that thrives through generations.

It’s a vision not quite shared by his young and pregnant wife (Demetra Dee, full of hope and resolve), whose sense of self is firmly rooted in the south. The land of her upbringing is the devil she knows, and the north—Black bull economy or not—is the devil she doesn’t. And she’s right to be suspicious. The eagerness of white employers to extend their hands to welcome Black southern transplants would turn

out to be less about reciprocity toward their fellow man than labor shortages triggered by fierce anti-immigrant sentiment reignited by World War I. In the north, Black men and women would go on to find the same exploitation, just with different fine print.

The Last Pair of Earlies marks Raven Theatre’s first in-theater project after its 19-month pandemic hiatus, as well as its first

RR THE LAST PAIR OF EARLIES
Through 12/12: Thu-Sat 7:30 PM,
Sun 3 PM; no show Thu 11/25, Raven
Theatre, 6157 N. Clark, 773-338-2177,
raventheatre.com, \$40 (students, active
military, and veterans \$15).

show within its new Equity CAT agreement. And it’s a fitting and impressively scaled selection for the company’s newest era; director Wardell Julius Clark’s finely cast world premiere production feels well-aligned with Raven Theatre’s aesthetic, as do Allen’s vivid words. In an interview with actor and writer Ron Fassler, Allen cites Tennessee Williams as an incalculable influence, along with Eugene

O’Neill, and there are structural and spiritual reverberations here of Lorraine Hansberry and August Wilson.

That appreciation for midcentury American realism is mostly an asset in Allen’s narrative-driven play and Clark’s production, though there are some drawbacks to the mostly traditional approach, especially when certain key climactic beats don’t quite land as their format would suggest.

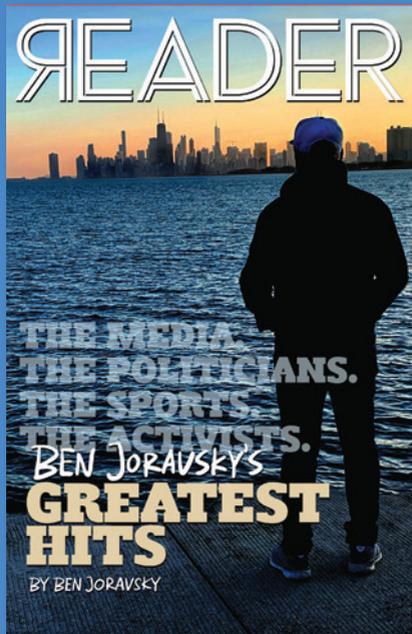
One illustrative instance involves a fraught, impromptu dinner party consisting of a single Cornish hen split four ways between overlapping love triangles. All signs point to the encounter being deeply uncomfortable, maybe even dangerous, but it’s largely played for laughs, lowering the story’s temperature during a pivotal moment to that of a more lighthearted morality play. Granted, they’re thoroughly enjoyable laughs—as elder Della Rose’s confidante and friend Myrna Lee, Tarina Bradshaw is a funny and gregarious force, embodying the secular, city-loving modern woman Della Rose has no interest in becoming. Likewise, as church deacon and platonic flirt Jimmy Riley, Keith Illidge endears himself to both Della Rose and the audience, blurring lines between emotional infidelity and basic human neighborly companionship.

Though it’s an ensemble piece, much of *Last Pair*’s emotional resonance rests on Patterson’s shoulders, and the grounded range she accomplishes against some of the more vintage Williamsian tropes of her character (shuffling back and forth in a house dress, longing for her traveling husband’s return, losing her grasp on the real world) is a compelling feat.

For all its reverence for traditional, language-driven theater, the hardest punches in *Last Pair* are packed by a series of wordless or dreamlike moments, including Myrna Lee performing emotional triage on a broken Della Rose by brushing her hair; a frenzied, distraught table clearing; and the inspection of a freshly cobbled shoe—all moments heightened by Christopher Kriz’s original instrumental music and sound design. Allen’s newest work is a loving (if somewhat tempered) testament to the Black pioneers who reshaped Chicago, and a bittersweet portrait of lovers who set out to change themselves—and at the peril of their marriage, succeed. **■**

@DanEJakes

BEN JORAVSKY'S GREATEST HITS



235 pages / perfect bound /
5.5" x 8.5" size
Available in paperback and PDF download

Ben Joravsky's Greatest Hits is a collection of profiles and features hand-picked by Ben from his 40 years of writing for the Reader. Each article offers a distinctive portrait of an activist, politician, writer, or sports personality who has left an indelible imprint on Chicago.

chicagoreader.com/store

MESMERIZING. ACTIVATING. REVELATORY.
RIVETING STORIES THAT LINK PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

JANUARY 19 – FEBRUARY 26, 2022



Timeline²⁵
Theatre Company
25TH ANNIVERSARY
SEASON

MAY 8 – JUNE 18, 2022



**FLEXPASSES
ON SALE
NOW!**

LEARN MORE: 773.281.8463 | TIMELINETHEATRE.COM

THE ICONIC GEN-X ACTRESS & COMEDIAN COMES TO THE DEN!



TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW AT WWW.THEDENTHEATRE.COM



Vanessa Valliere's *The Date*, part of the Chicago International Puppet Theater Festival's *Living Room Tour* JOE MAZZA

BEYOND MARIONETTES

'You have to respect the power of objects'

Chicago puppet theater is on the move again.

By **MAX MALLER**

In July, as COVID-19 restrictions began to lift and the Chicago performing arts geared themselves up to resurrect, the Rough House Theater Co. headquarters at coartistic directors Claire Saxe and Mike Oleon's home in Humboldt Park morphed into a puppet rehearsal palace.

Rough House's anthology production *House of the Exquisite Corpse* wouldn't be opening at the Chopin Theatre for another three months, but there was plenty to do. Lighting designer Connor Sale was in the attic studio with a mock-up of a puppet booth, experimenting. Grace Needleman, as what Saxe calls the show's "puppet consultant," crisscrossed the yard tinkering with prototypes. Joey Meland, a

musician friend working with puppets for the first time, had the use of Saxe and Oleon's apartment on the second floor to play around with speakers and contact microphones. Oleon spent the day building ghouls and monsters in the property's dedicated puppet garage. "It was the dream fully realized," Oleon says.

Over in the South Loop, at about the same time, Blair Thomas, doyen of Chicago puppetry, was realizing his own dream: opening the new offices of the Chicago International Puppet Theater Festival inside the Fine Arts Building on Michigan Avenue. The Festival and its workshop, the Chicago Puppet Lab, took up their new permanent residence this summer in the same building—and possibly

the same set of rooms—where, in 1916, the Little Theatre under Ellen Van Volkenburg first performed its landmark all-marionette *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It's believed that Van Volkenburg coined the word "puppeteer" in her program notes to that staging.

Brimming with energy after a long pandemic hiatus, Chicago puppet theater is undergoing a time of transition. For years a small, close-knit community, the scene is concentrated on the inclusion of new voices and perspectives while at the same time upping the bar of quality and codifying itself into an ever more professional art form.

For the Rough House folks, the project of inclusion starts with technical decisions having to do with craft. Saxe and Oleon subscribe to a notion of puppetry that doesn't conceal its inner workings from the viewer, equating transparency in performance with access at the level of community.

"Every puppeteer has their own choice about how they deal with the fact of the puppeteer onstage," Saxe says. "We feel like the puppet magic comes from seeing how it all

works."

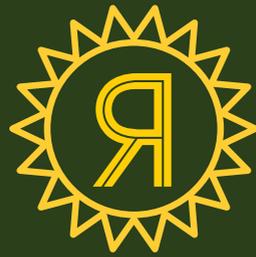
"Anybody can make a good puppet show if they're just provided the time and the space and the resources to be able to do it," Oleon adds.

Sorting through objects with me in the puppet garage, Oleon demonstrates this principle using a puppet arm from *Exquisite Corpse*. "You think, 'Oh my god, it's got a radius and an ulna, it's got five moving parts to it.' But it's basically a grabber; the audience-brain assigns life to it."

"Imaginations are strong," says Saxe.

Simple, transparent machinery complements the outreach Rough House practices through their winter puppet cabaret *Nasty, Brutish & Short* at Links Hall. Widening the circle of puppetry is crucial to Thomas as well, who has taught puppeteering and design at the School of the Art Institute for 30 years. In devising and building puppet elements for playwright/director Mary Zimmerman and Lookingglass Theatre, Thomas makes use of a method known in-house as "open hand," which is about laying bare the mechanism in real time behind spectacular creations like the giant squid in 2018's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, or the massive boar—made of aluminum, very thin plywood, and a skin of mesh—and diminutive puppet of the female character Thomas built for a 20-minute scene of dialogue in *Mr. and Mrs. Pennyworth* at Lookingglass, written by ensemble member Doug Hara. "I like the exposure of the artifice, because it allows the audience to either watch how the thing is done or forget how the thing is done, and sometimes move back and forth between them," Thomas says.

These goals for the art form coexist in Thomas's mind with aspirations to see puppetry enter the same rarified spheres of culture as ballet, opera, and the symphony. Founded in 2015, the Puppet Festival is an 11-day, citywide event dedicated to, in Thomas's words, "raising the bar for the art," where local practitioners (including Rough House, who will remount their *Invitation to a Beheading* at next year's installment, scheduled for January 20-30) can exchange ideas with guests like Phillip Huber, who designed the marionettes for the film *Being John Malkovich*. Evening-length works of puppet theater are hard to come by, but Thomas hopes to see the festival become a breeding ground for puppet plays that are long-form, elegant, and sophisticated. (The Puppet Festival presents the *Living Room Tour*, a series of benefit performances in private venues in Evanston, ➔



CANNABIS CONVERSATIONS

An exploration of cannabis and hemp topics from multiple perspectives: medical, historical, social equity, ecological and more.

Featuring:

The Making of a Cannabis Doctor

My Block, My Hood, My City: Inspire with opportunity, and ensure people have what they need to succeed

Brought to you by:

Green Thumb Growing for Good, and NeuroMedici

THE CANNABIS PLATFORM

a Reader resource for the canna curious

nuEra

A NEW ERA OF CANNABIS



Close to Downtown!



Free parking and buses & trains nearby



Friendly dispensary staff for best product suggestions



nuEracannabis.com

CALLING ALL FRIENDS IN CANNABIS!

The Budrista platform is a cannabis industry and lifestyle project. Its purpose is to support the healthy and balanced lifestyle of cannabis industry workers. Budrista functions through various outlets such as educational programming and recreational events. By signing up, you'll have first access to our events and programming!

elbudrista.com/sign-up



FOLLOW US @elbudrista



NeuroMedici

by Dr Consalter

Your partners in health and wellness.

READER 420 Find out today if medical cannabis or infusion therapy is right for you. Telemed available!

Serving medical cannabis patients since 2015.

www.neuromedici.com 312-772-2313

BLISS SHOP

CANNABIS ACCESSORIES & CBD

4809 N PULASKI
(773) 997-9238 BLISSCBDSHOP.COM

THE CITY IS SPEAKING... AND WE HEAR YOU.

#cannabisequityncc

expungement know your rights careers in cannabis

www.naturescarecompany.com

DISPENSARY 33

DISPENSARY33.COM

WEST LOOP RECREATIONAL DISPENSARY NOW OPEN



Reader 420 Companion Book

A cannacopia of fun!

CBD / cannabis recipes, psychedelic drawings to color, word puzzles to stimulate your brain, growing tips, and more!

Print and digital versions available.

chicagoreader.com/420book

To advertise, email ads@chicagoreader.com

Who is Dr. Mauricio Consalter?

An integrative health M.D. that specializes in alternative medicine for chronic pain and mental health conditions.

BEST OF CHICAGO 2020
DR. MAURICIO CONSALTER
BEST CLINIC TO GET A MEDICAL CARD

Introducing Dr. Mauricio Consalter, MD

paid sponsored content by NeuroMedici, featuring Dr. Mauricio A. Consalter, MD

Q: Please introduce yourself! Who is Dr. Consalter?

MC: Hello! I'm an MD who specializes in integrative treatments such as ketamine infusion therapy and cannabis-based internal medicine for patients who struggle with severe chronic pain and mental health conditions.

Q: Why did you choose the cannabis industry?

MC: Back in the 90s when I was completing my residency for medical school, I worked side by side with patients diagnosed with terminal cancer. Seeing the way cannabis improved these patients' quality of life, pain, and mood instantly intrigued me. When the cannabis certification program started in 2015, I knew I wanted to be involved and offer cannabis certifications to patients who were struggling to find treatments for severe chronic pain and mental health conditions.

Q: What do you do?

MC: I specialize in cannabis certifications through telemed (virtual) consultation so patients can register for their Illinois medical cannabis card. I encourage my patients with qualifying conditions to get their medical card because it saves them money (up to 40 percent in recreational tax); they can access exclusive dispensaries and products only available to medical patients; patients are first priority at dispensaries; and they are given the option to grow their own medicine if desired.

Q: You've won Best Clinic in Illinois to Get Your Medical Card for two years in a row. What makes you stand out?

MC: I think our amazing team and genuine care for our patients set us apart from any other medical cannabis practice. When you book an appointment with us, you become a part of a community that wants to see you succeed. We spend countless hours a week speaking with our patients, walking them through the certification process, and going the extra step to help our patients reach their health goals.

Q: For whom is medical cannabis an option?

MC: Medical cannabis can relieve so many conditions that cause severe pain and/or mental illnesses. The list for qualifying conditions includes more than 30 conditions and ranges from PTSD to traumatic brain injury, migraines, cancer, and more. What sets cannabis apart from so many other treatment options are your wide range of product options. When you're a medical cannabis patient, you are able to speak with a patient care representative, sometimes referred to as a budtender, to help you find the best products to support you on your health and wellness journey! If you are thinking about getting a medical cannabis card, you want a provider you can trust. Go to drconsalter.com to book your telemed appointment as soon as the next day. For more information on medical cannabis, visit our Instagram or Facebook @drconsalter.

This sponsored content is paid for by NeuroMedici Healthcare by Dr. Consalter. Since 1999, Dr. Consalter has always been dedicated to providing compassionate, personalized, one-on-one medical care to each and every one of his patients.

2381 N. Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, IL 60647 | (773) 227-2687
www.neuromedici.com | drconsalter.com | Appointment only



GROWING FOR GOOD with Green Thumb

My Block My Hood My City: Lighting up the south side this holiday season

Featuring Ernesto Gonzalez, marketing manager/media relations for M3

Q: Tell us a little bit about My Block My Hood My City!

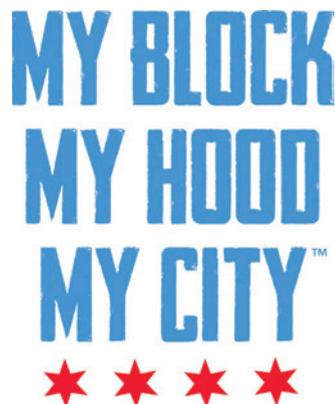
Ernesto Gonzalez: Where to start, huh? My Block My Hood My City (or M3 for short) is a nonprofit organization here in the city of Chicago that has two distinct focuses. The first one is working with youth throughout the city to introduce them to opportunities, cultures, and experiences through our Explorers Program. We take approximately 150 youth to different explorations around the city and sometimes around the country! We strongly believe that when you show youth better, they do better.

Our second focus is community engagement. This is where we work with block clubs and community organizations/partners to assist and strengthen their projects. Whether it's helping block clubs become more self-sufficient through our trainings or working with other community organizations to create an even bigger experience, our goal is to serve the communities in divested parts of the city according to their needs.

Q: Let's talk about the youth outreach portion of your work; how did that start and how can people reading get involved?

EG: The Explorer Program is truly the genesis of M3. Our founder/executive director, Jahmal Cole, was volunteering at the Cook County Juvenile Temporary Detention Center, and realized that a lot of the youth there had a lack of experiences. Their perception of life outside their own neighborhood was dismal. So Jahmal decided to reach out to high schools and work with them and take these youth to explorations. Now in order to make these explorations happen, we rely on companies that are willing to open their doors and

expertise to our youth. If you have an interesting job or work at a company that offers internships, reach out to us!



Q: That's amazing! It truly feels that M3 has their hands in many different projects here in the city. With the holiday season approaching, I know that My Block My Hood My City has a big event coming up—can you tell us a little bit about that?

EG: On December 4 we will kick off our 4th annual "Be a Part of the Light" initiative, which, in short, is a great way for all of Chicago to come together on 55th and King Drive and help light up hundreds of homes. The south side of the city has historically been overlooked, and during the holiday season it is comparably less festive than other parts of the city. We want to break that norm and show families and youth that live in the area that they deserve the lights and festivities that other parts of the city get.

When Jahmal started this initiative back in 2018, he took a leap of faith and decided to start this on one block on King Drive. With the help of small donations from all across the world and people coming from all over the city (and

beyond) to help out, this initiative has grown from one small block to covering all of King Drive from 35th to 115th! M3 is dedicated to decorating hundreds of homes and light poles throughout this stretch.

We say this a lot here at M3: "Help a Neighbor." M3 can also be seen as the bridge that brings the whole city together, and what better way to do that than the holiday season. When we do events we usually do them in neighborhoods that are less frequented by Chicagoans. We believe that the best way to create a safer city is to bring it together and create a more interconnected city. Whether you live in Lincoln Park, Wicker Park, Pilsen, or Chatham, we can all come together for a day of service and fun.

Q: This all sounds amazing and we can only imagine the amount of work needed to pull this off. Tell us, how can people help?

EG: Simple, there are three ways to help us this holiday season. We are still asking to get more homeowners

signed up to get their houses decorated. You can also sign up to volunteer on our kickoff or on the 11th of December to decorate said houses. Lastly, if you can, please donate to the initiative. Whether it's monetary or through our wishlist, any contribution that you give is both appreciated and needed to truly bring out the best experience for the south side of the city. You can do this and much more on our website at www.ForMyBlock.org.

We like to leave people with one simple question, and that is: "What's something simple I can do that will have a positive impact on my block?" We advocate for people to step out of their comfort zone and be the change they want to see. It all starts on the block level and anyone can do it. Whether you live in an apartment building or in a residential neighborhood, get to know those who live near you and you will organically create a safer, tight-knit community. Thank you all for your time and we hope to see y'all out there with us on December 4.



This is a sponsored content series, paid for by Green Thumb Industries. Learn more about My Block My Hood My City at formyblock.org.

Green Thumb

FIND THESE RESOURCES AND THE REST OF THE EXPUNGEMENT AND COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT SERIES ONLINE AT CHICAGOREADER.COM/GROWINGFORGOOD



**THE
ILLINOIS
CANNABIS
CONVENTION**

DEC. 4-5, 2021

THE CHICAGO HILTON
720 S. MICHIGAN AVE.

Exhibit Hall Hours:

Sat., Dec. 4: 11 am-5 pm / Sun., Dec. 5: 10 am-4 pm

**150+ VENDORS
100+ SPEAKERS**

**THE LARGEST CANNABIS INDUSTRY
EVENT FOCUSED ON ILLINOIS!**

necann.com/2021-illinois



Nick Lehane's *Chimpanzee*, part of the *Living Room Tour* (also slated for the 2022 Chicago International Puppet Theater Festival)  RICHARD TERMINE

continued from 26

Bronzeville, and West Pilsen, November 11-13. Visit chicagopuppetfest.org for information.)

“What it takes is the time for people to slow down and look at what the performing object has the capacity to tell us. What is the wisdom in the material world? And when people start to understand that and they start to be responsive to that in performance, then things start to emerge—the work starts to emerge,” Thomas says. He recognizes the tension between democratizing the form and refining it at the same time, but says he’s not daunted by that. “I find it very easy to engage people with the art form,” he says. “It just takes a generosity of spirit to find their contributions inspiring and lead them to the next step.”

For many artisanally minded puppeteers, both the expansion of puppetry’s reach and its elevation as an institution are questions

of technique. Elsewhere in Chicago, practitioners are finding their way into new territory by focusing on storytelling. Manual Cinema, who combine shadow puppetry with camerawork and live orchestration to dazzling effect, headed to Cal Performances in Berkeley last week for their first show with a live audience since the pandemic started, performing *Frankenstein*, which toured previously in Chile and the Yukon. “We think a lot about story,” says coartistic director Sarah Fornace. “When we’re pushing into new techniques, we think of different styles of story. How does this technique push the story forward?”

Will Bishop, director of production at Chicago Children’s Theatre, also foregrounds story in his puppet adaptations of books like Leo Lionni’s *Frederick* and Brian Selznick’s *Doll Face Has a Party!* for younger audiences. “What are these tales, and how can we transmit them in

as clear and concise a form to young people as possible?” he asks. Still, one of the lessons of the pandemic was in the virtues of stripped-down presentation, as Bishop cobbled together online content in his kitchen using printed cardstock. “We made the first *Frederick* video in two weeks. It was so fast and crazy.” Since those frenzied days, thinking about access at the material level has already yielded new opportunities for collaboration at CCT, like *The Relocation of Nokwisi*, written and narrated by Indigenous playwright Robert Hicks Jr.

For the puppet community, access takes many forms, depending on who you ask. Sometimes, it’s about paring the medium down to its barest mechanisms. Other times, it’s about getting as many people as you can into colorful animal heads and parading them down Upper Wacker on Halloween, rain or shine. Frank Maugeri, founder of Cabinet of

Curiosity, is of the latter persuasion. Many of the artists in Chicago puppetry were students and apprentices of his and Blair Thomas’s at Redmoon Theater. The prevailing approach among that scene today, whether at the storefronts or the larger houses, is intimate and indoor. Maugeri’s shows hew more toward a puppetry of pageant and spectacle. When we connected, he was with his collaborator Jack Dwyer in an improvised work garage on loan from the city downtown, applying finishing touches to an oversize light-up owl mask and a bubble-machine tricycle that runs on a car battery.

Puppetry “is a fascinating, powerful, adult medium when constructed and developed by those who understand it,” Maugeri says, “and the country—Jack, do you need scissors or something?—the country has wrestled with maturing the medium for some time.”

We talked puppet history and design as Maugeri geared up for Arts in the Dark festivities, but he was especially eager to have me meet the group of high school students, from the organization Teen Artists’ Creative Oasis (TACO), that would be wearing his colossal owl, lion, and bunny heads during a brief puppet “interruption” at the Palmer House the following night. I followed the parade there and met Annabelle Tuma, Iggy Torres, and Josh Priester, juniors and seniors at The Chicago High School for the Arts and Lane Tech College Prep, still out of breath from carousing across the ballroom in full puppet gear. It was a thrilling experience for them.

“I think Cabinet of Curiosity does such amazing work,” Tuma says.

“In a way you have to respect the power of objects,” Priester adds. “You have to understand it as an extension of yourself.”

Torres, an artist, shared a similar experience. “You have to relearn how to maneuver your whole body. When you do it right, you really feel the movements with the object you have.”

Maugeri corralled the ensemble and Dwyer toward the buffet and out the door. Sweaty and inspired, these newly minted puppeteers squeezed their masks into the elevator, waved goodbye, and headed home for the night. 

 @mallerjour



Pump Boys & Dinettes at Porchlight Music Theatre CHOLLETTE

OPENING

Don't look back

Artistic Home's *Eurydice* falls a little short.

The Artistic Home's production of *Eurydice* is, to use a word dropped throughout the show, interesting. On one of the first cold Saturday nights of the year, I left the production (directed by Kathy Scambiaterra) ambivalent. Sarah Ruhl's upheaval of the ancient myth is gorgeous and juicy, layered with a disdain for macho mythology and a fatalist treatment of womanhood. In that respect, I appreciated the story's timeliness. We're in the middle of an extinction event where our cultural stories of power are revealing themselves to be fragile; gender is a trap that's truly (thankfully) under fire.

Additionally, the supporting cast clearly understands the assignment. I'm especially keen on Todd Wojcik's oozy and intuitive takes on the Nasty Interesting Man and the Lord of the Underworld—he steals all of his scenes with an unsettling and authentic energy. I kept waiting for him to show up. I also have to give a gold star to Javier Carmona's tender performance as Eurydice's father, a character invented by Ruhl. The dude knows how to pull some heartstrings.

Unfortunately, it's our *Eurydice* (Karla Corona) and Orpheus (Steven Cooper) who flatten things. Ruhl's script calls for the couple to be "a little too young and a little too in love." I imagine she meant something along the lines of horny teenagers; play it with the chemistry of children in a sandbox. When most of us look back, we know that wide eyes and eagerness aren't the only signs of one's love. —**KT HAWBAKER** *EURYDICE* Through 11/21: Thu-Sat 7:30 PM, Sun 3 PM, Den Theatre, 1331 N. Milwaukee, 773-697-3830, theartistichome.org, \$34 general, \$15 students.

Cabin in the woods Witchy games build *The House of Baba Yaga*

Adolescence is like living in a haunted house made up of your own newly confusing flesh and psychological demons. So it makes sense that horror narratives so often bring together creepy cabins and horny melodramatic teens. In Emma Smart's *The House of Baba Yaga*, the teens are a quartet who find out too late that the woodland hut they've chosen for naughty school-night shenanigans actually belongs to the titular witch—a staple of Slavic legends whose domicile stands on chicken legs and whose intentions are sometimes ambiguous, at least according to folklore scholars.

Not so in this Impostors production (directed by Stefan Roseen), in which Emily Gulbrandsen's witch makes it pretty clear that she intends for the house to win in the games she sets up for the kids in her clutches. The four fall into recognizable categories: party girl Ursula (Anna Sciacotta), nerdy Willow (Jaclyn Jensen), wounded outsider Fred (Asya Meadows), and the object of Fred's affections, princess Piper (Alexandra M. Hunter). As they fight for their lives, they also reveal secrets. Will learning more about each other give them the insight they need to defeat their captor? You'll just have to see it to find out. I'll just say that Smart thwarts our expectations with panache and swagger, even though some of the performances felt a bit hesitant opening night and the tone switches between earnest and campy were uneven.

Gulbrandsen has a ball with her wicked witch, and the spooky lo-fi production elements (Ethan Gasbarro is technical director) bring a goofy fun house aesthetic to balance the increasingly dark storyline. It's not the most assured haunted-house story you'll ever see, but

Baba Yaga has enough jumps and twists to hold interest over its 95 minutes. —**KERRY REID** *THE HOUSE OF BABA YAGA* Through 11/20: Thu-Sat 7:30 PM, Sun 3 PM, City Lit Theater Company, 1020 W. Bryn Mawr, theimpostorstheatre.com, \$20 reserved, \$15 general.

Lenny's back And this time, he's funnier.

The last time I reviewed Ronnie Marmo's one-man show on Lenny Bruce, in October 2019 (then running at the now-closed Royal George Theatre), I was overwhelmed. Marmo's performance as Bruce was good, but Bruce's curse-filled material just didn't have the liberating zing I remembered as a kid listening to his records or watching Bob Fosse's 1974 biopic *Lenny* (in which Dustin Hoffman played Bruce). Instead of opening minds, and breaking down walls, Bruce's jokes now felt akin to the glee-filled nastiness haters and trolls indulge in on the Internet, and in the loonier fringes of Congress.

The current incarnation of the show (still under the direction of Joe Mantegna) feels very different. The show is sharper, feels faster paced, much more animated by the spirit of Bruce's righteous anger. And it is much, much funnier.

I don't know what accounts for the change, but I have some theories. For one, Marmo, who also wrote the show, has clearly been tweaking the show over the past two years, cutting and shaping the material to emphasize Bruce's bracing iconoclasm but also avoiding bits that might be misinterpreted (such as the one in which Bruce performs a litany of ethnic and racial slurs, including the N-word).

It could also be that the current venue, Venus Cabaret Theater, is a more comfortable performing space than the Royal George's awkwardly long, narrow

backroom cabaret.

All I know is, I laughed a lot more this time around. Bruce, at his best, was a king at getting laughs between the jokes, by playing off the audience in front of him, and Marmo has mastered that. —**JACK HELBIG** *I'M NOT A COMEDIAN . . . I'M LENNY BRUCE* Through 12/4: Thu-Fri 8 PM, Sat 3 and 8 PM; also Sun 11/28, 3 PM; no show Thu 11/11 and 11/25, Venus Cabaret Theater at the Mercury, 3745 N. Southport, 773-360-7365, mercurytheaterchicago.com, \$69-\$79 (portions of proceeds benefit the Lenny Bruce Memorial Foundation).

Pump it up Porchlight's season opener brings diverse casting to an old favorite.

As a first-time viewer of *Pump Boys & Dinettes*, a nearly 40-year-old musical that showcases the depth and breadth of Black acting, musicianship, and choreography, I was surprised (though I shouldn't have been) to learn that Porchlight Music Theatre's racially diverse casting was the exception, not the norm. Under the direction of Black Ensemble Theater producing managing director Daryl Brooks, what's old becomes new, inclusive, and an incredibly fun 90 minutes of frothy musical theater. Brooks even engaged one of the show's original writers, Jim Wann, to add a new song that honors the Black experience in the South.

Early on in the show, the good-humored and instrument-playing group of gas station attendants and dinette servers offer up this homespun adage: "Worry is like a rocking chair—it gives you something to do but it don't get you nowhere." What follows is an antidote to all our COVID-related worry and a solid choice as Porchlight's return to live theater. Things could feel corny with the emphasis on catfish, pie, and the occasional road-kill-scented car freshener, but *Pump Boys*, while light on plot, is an engaging jukebox of catchy anthems, soulful ballads, and innuendo-filled musical comedy. Melanie Loren and Shantel Cribbs are standouts as sisters Rhetta and Prudie Cupp, serving up laughs with "Tips" before slowing things down with "Sister," a melancholy homage to a difficult childhood. Frederick "Ricky" Harris is a doo-wop rock star on "Serve Yourself" and carries his physical comedy and emotional range throughout, while Rafe Bradford as Eddie is the straight man every group needs with bass riffs for days. —**MARISSA OBERLANDER** *PUMP BOYS & DINETTES* Through 12/12: Thu 7 PM, Fri 8 PM, Sat 3 and 8 PM, Sun 2 PM; also Thu 12/2, 1:30 PM and Sun 11/21, 6:30 PM; no show Thu 11/18 and 11/25, Ruth Page Center for the Arts, 1016 N. Dearborn, 773-777-9884, porchlightmusictheatre.org, \$45-\$74.

Identity crisis Trap Door's cast can't overcome a shrill text.

Michael Mejia directs Laura Ruohonen's 2003 exploration of power, identity, and freedom in Trap Door Theatre's return to in-person performance. Loosely based on Queen Christina, the 17th-century Swedish monarch who abdicated because she couldn't rule on her own terms, Queen C pays only cursory lip service to period specificity. The message is spelled out at

THEATER

the top with a farcical nature video about the hideous angler fish. The powerful female basically absorbs the tiny male until he becomes a tiny sac of gonads attached to her rough, spiky epidermis—a kind of genetic Pez dispenser, accessed only when necessary for furthering the species.

The queen is at war with her mother—a deranged personage who only appears via video—as well as suitors, friends, and functionaries. Her only solace is an ancient eel who lives in a seemingly bottomless well on the royal grounds. She's dazzled by its mythical ability to produce hundreds of eggs without hardly ever having to eat.

Every Trap Door production I've seen is distinguished by fierce, fully committed, in-your-face acting, and this one's no different. Usually this passionate delivery is enough to lift even wanting material, but not this time. While the queen's desire not to be defined by others—whether by gender, sexual preference, or in any other way—rings true and is of the moment, there's a shrill, portentous tone to this text that even this talented cast can't overcome. The use of video is also distracting. The play seems more confused about its identity than the queen herself. —**DMITRY SAMAROV**
QUEEN C Through 12/4: Thu-Sat 8 PM, Sun 11/28, 7 PM; no show Thu 11/25, Trap Door Theatre, 1655 W. Cortland, trapdoortheatre.com, \$20 Thu, \$25 Fri-Sat (also two for one Thu).

Busy signals

The Wind Phone blows through family dysfunction.

The setup of Madelyn Sergel's *The Wind Phone* is tried and true: Trap several people with complex personal history in a room, and let the hidden secrets and long-simmering resentments take it from there. In Sergel's latest, the trapped are estranged sisters Ellen (Elizabeth Rude) and Jenny (Susie Steinmeyer) and their mother, Patty (Maggie Speer). Patty's reached the stage in her dementia diagnosis where she can no longer live on her own, even with Ellen's daily assistance. While Ellen's been basically live-in help for years, Susie's been off making documentaries—or something, it's never quite clear—about the oppressed peoples of the world.

Sergel's dialogue makes Susie problematic at best, but *The Wind Phone* isn't interested in exploring Susie's career of making cash from documenting other peoples' traumas, all of them way less privileged than she is. Instead, we get roughly two hours of the sisters unpacking their own traumas. Among them: addiction, abandonment, sexual abuse, and dealing with a parent in the grips of an incurable disease, among others. It's a lot. Directed for MadKap Productions by Wayne Mell, the issues come in ultimately predictable waves, the ensemble diving exhaustively into the characters' crashing emotions as alcoholism cedes the floor to deep-rooted sibling rivalry and the rest. The title refers to a pay phone in Ōtsuchi, Iwate Prefecture, Japan, where people come to call their dead relatives. It's a marvelous concept (I suspect I am not alone when I confess that long before we had what were initially called "car phones," I had a plastic Fisher-Price superglued to my dashboard that I'd regularly use to check in on my grandparents). But *The Wind Phone* rattles through Big Topics as if it's ticking off boxes rather than telling a story. And subjected to overheated monologues, it loses its power. —**CATEY SULLIVAN** **THE WIND PHONE** Through 11/21: Fri-Sat 7:30 PM, Sun 2 PM, Skokie Theatre, 7924 Lincoln, Skokie, 847-677-7761, skokiet-

heatre.org, \$38 (students/seniors \$34).

RR Dancing delusions
Chicago Danztheatre and REIDance
double down on madness.

Months of confinement and isolation inform two introspective, retrospective works on a bill shared by Chicago Danztheatre Ensemble and REIDance this November, and one thing is certain: never has an apse looked more like the inner curve of a cranial vault, and our activities within the bone-white walls of Ebenezer Lutheran Church seemed more like the harried jostle of neurotransmitters humming uneasily through a perturbed system.

Lanterns flicker merrily then eerily on a patterned rug and a ring of books in REIDance codirector Michael Estanich's *The Attic Room* (2011). "There's a map of the world I can see . . . You have to squint your eyes to see it," says a forlorn and fragile Corinne Imberski, nose and eyes obscured in a mask that makes her look like an owl (designed by Brenda DeWaters). She curls and uncurls like the paper she holds in her hands. They all wear these masks here, and the strangeness of mouths after 20 months of muffled speech makes their beaked and feathered heads even more uncanny. Paper cranes spill onto the floor; a rug becomes an island, then a sinking ship. The dancers speak and yelp, become birds and stairs, dangle on the border between the joy of play and the terror of delusion.

Swathes of translucent fabric spill onto the floor for CDE director Ellyzabeth Adler's *The Yellow Wallpaper* (2003), adapted from the 1892 story of a woman on a rest cure for a "temporary nervous depression" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The diagnosis and the cure are her husband's, but the story belongs to the nameless narrator (Cheryl Cornacchione, who says as much with her face and her feet as her speeches). Making movement central to the telling enhances the sense of her suffocation: in the foreground, clipped dialogues occur between the woman and her condescending caretakers (Andrew Kain Miller as her husband John, Ginger Leopoldo as his sister Jennie)—in the background, writhing motion by a silent ensemble (Venice Averyheart, Shalaka Kulkarni, Sarah Franzel, and Adler) forcefully roil into view.

The casting in this production is standard: the main characters are white, the supporting ensemble, mostly people of color. Yet, in the context of Gilman's story, rather than reinforce the usual marginalization in social (and theatrical) spaces, this choice broadens and probes the theme of marginalization more generally. With obsessive monologues that describe the colored wallpaper as something sickly, "unclean," "confusing," "strange," and "foul," uttered within a white church overlaid with the dark silhouettes of the ensemble, a narrative often interpreted as feminist comments more generally on the fear and oppression of anyone defined as "other" in a culture dominated by white men. As a portrayal of the origins of a shared illness, if charity begins at home, so does tyranny.

Before, between, and after the performances, an exhibition of visual art, curated by Siobhan Kealy, offers more entry points to the evening's meditation on madness and what true things the mad can reveal. —**IRENE HSIAO** **THE YELLOW WALLPAPER AND THE ATTIC ROOM** Through 11/20: Fri-Sat 8 PM, Ebenezer Lutheran Church, 1650 W. Foster, danztheatre.org, \$20 advance, \$25 at door, \$13 students 16+, under 16 free. 



HUBBARD
STREET
DANCE
CHICAGO

SEASON
44



FALL SERIES
RE/TURN

NOVEMBER
18, 20 + 21

TICKETS START AT \$15

Performing at



Fall Series Lead Sponsor

Sandra and Jack Guthman

HUBBARDSTREETDANCE.COM 312.334.7777

LIVE THEATRE IS BACK WITH PORCHLIGHT MUSIC THEATRE

PUMP BOYS
Dinettes

"THERE ARE FEW BETTER WAYS TO SPEND 90 MINUTES... EXCEPTIONAL"
- CHICAGO TRIBUNE

NOW PLAYING THROUGH DEC. 12

PHOTO BY CHOLLETTE

PORCHLIGHT REVISITS
Nonsense

THIS HEAVENLY MUSICAL RETURNS FOR ONLY THREE PERFORMANCES!

NOV. 17 & 18

PORCHLIGHT MUSIC THEATRE

All Performances at
The CENTER
The Ruth Page Center for the Arts
1016 N. DEARBORN ST.



PORCHLIGHTMUSICTHEATRE.ORG



NOW PLAYING

Belfast

I legitimately thought the first several minutes of writer-director Kenneth Branagh's "most personal film" were a commercial for tourism in Ireland. Shot in color using drones and playing alongside a tune by Van Morrison (whose songs populate the film's soundtrack overall), this cheesy preamble sets the tone for what's to follow, a feel-good sojourn into Sir Branagh's humble past. But, à la Alfonso Cuarón's *Roma*, the rest of the film is in atmospheric black-and-white. This semi-autobiographical, coming-of-age chronicle centers on young Buddy (Jude Hill) and his family in Northern Ireland's capital city. His father (Jamie Dornan) is a joiner, often away for work, while his mother (Caitriona Balfe) stays home with Buddy and his older brother; the paternal grandparents (Judi Dench and Ciarán Hinds) live nearby and frequently pop in. This takes place in the late 60s, so it follows that the prevailing conflict is the Troubles, the decades-long civil war that's simplified here as having been waged between the region's Protestant and Catholic residents. Buddy and his family, all Protestants, are caught in the crosshairs; there's violence in the streets, and local militants are dissatisfied with his father's reluctance to participate in the discord. It isn't all doom and gloom, though—none of it's doom and gloom, really, with Branagh injecting good-natured humor and cloying sentimentality at every turn. Much of the filmmaking is superfluous at best; cameras randomly peer up behind furniture, and it's possible more drones were used in this film than during Obama's presidency. It's amiable, even enjoyable at times, but that's about it. —KATHLEEN SACHS PG-13, 97 min. Wide release

RR *The Harder They Fall*

Both the black and white hats are Black in *The Harder They Fall*, a new spin on the Western genre by director Jeymes Samuel (aka The Bullitts), which centers the Black cowboys, mixing fiction with the revival of real cowboy legends. Jay-Z is a producer which means that the soundtrack rocks, featuring heavy reggae influence

and tracks from heavies including Jadakiss, Kid Cudi, Seal, CeeLo Green, Fatoumata Diawara and Ms. Lauryn Hill, and many others.

Jonathan Majors (*Lovecraft Country*) plays the affable Nat Love, torn between romance and revenge, inexorably drawn towards his nemesis Rufus Buck—a deliciously evil Idris Elba. From the very first scene, blood squirts and sprays freely and corny jokes pepper the script. Tonally, this lands closer to a slapstick-infused Tarantino-inspired caper than the grizzled, deadly serious westerns of yesteryear. Visually, the color palette is bright and saturated, the set starkly illuminated and shadowless, visually popping like a candy-coated Wes Anderson dystopia.

The casting attempts to cram all of Black Hollywood into one film, including LaKeith Stanfield, Damon Wayans Jr., and the indomitable Delroy Lindo as Bass Reeves, whose character was recently popularized in *Watchmen*. However, colorism and sizeism unfortunately mar this noble effort with the inexplicable casting of Zazie Beetz (*Atlanta*, *Deadpool*) as Stagecoach Mary, who was a larger and darker-skinned woman. Dazzling the screen once again, Regina King plays Mary's nemesis Trudy Smith. The script passes the Bechdel test, gifting its women generous screen time and a few badass scenes together. Stealing the show is Danielle Deadwyler as Cuffee, hilariously mean-mugging the whole film.

Hardcore western fans may lament the lack of dirt and grime, as well as a camera that slowly lingers in reverence over the open plains. The story isn't particularly inspired, and the fight scenes could use a bit more sophistication. This is a flick that doesn't take itself too seriously—nor should you. *The Harder They Fall* is about creating space for fresh new voices and audiences in a well-worn genre, in a fun, stylized way. Leave your sadlebags at the door and mount up for one hell of a ride! Yah! —SHERI FLANDERS R, 130 min. Netflix

Lair

A distraught family has to come face to face with their personal demons . . . and maybe some literal ones, too. If that tagline feels familiar, don't worry: it's not just you.

Left to right: Caitriona Balfe, Jamie Dornan, Judi Dench, Jude Hill, and Lewis McAskie in *Belfast*. © ROB YOUNGSON / FOCUS FEATURES

Lair attempts, with some success, to put a spin on a seemingly tired trope in horror by intersecting elements of the supernatural, family dramas, and police procedurals—but its overwhelming familiarity far outweighs any novelty found here. Shot on a microbudget (after being picked up and then consequently dropped by FOX/Disney a week into shooting) and completed during the pandemic, Adam Ethan Crow's debut feature begs the question: does "the devil made me do it" hold up in a court of law? Ben (Oded Fehr) is accused of murder, but he claims he was possessed by the devil. When an occultist and friend tries to clear Ben's name, he rents out his late father's London flat to an unsuspecting family and sets up cursed objects to catch and summon a spirit on camera. *Lair* is truly terrifying in its best moments, but it lacks depth and real momentum overall. Outside of *Lair's* more forgivable mistakes stemming from it being a first film, maybe the most cardinal sin is the underutilization of Fehr. —CODY CORRALL 96 min. Prime Video

Red Notice

In *Red Notice*, FBI profiler John Hartley (Dwayne Johnson) is on the hunt for renowned art thief Nolan Booth (Ryan Reynolds). When a mysterious informant, "The Bishop" (Gal Gadot), frames the pair for a massive robbery, the duo is forced to go on the run, trying to clear their names and stop the largest heist in modern history.

Directed by Rawson Marshall Thurber, *Red Notice* is heavy on action-packed set pieces and light on sensible plot. There's a charming repartee between Johnson and Reynolds, though at this point Reynolds's rehashing of the wisecracking anti-hero is running more than a bit thin. There are a lot of globe-trotting setups in line with most contemporary action flicks, but the settings offer little more than backdrops to ridiculous scenarios where our heroes survive situations that would put any mere mortal in the morgue. Suspension of disbelief is the phrase of the day here, with a shout-out going to a rocket-launcher-fueled prison escape, and a special mention going to a bull goring. *Red Notice* is a lot of sound and light with almost no substance; like the plot of the film itself, none of the many bullets that whizz around ever seem to find their targets. —ADAM MULLINS-KHATIB PG-13, 116 min. Netflix, Marcus Theatres, Cinemark

RR *The Souvenir: Part II*

British writer-director Joanna Hogg's *The Souvenir* (2019) and its follow-up are among the best autobiographical films ever made, comparable to the

self-referential masterpieces of her countryman Terence Davies. In them, she taps into the indefinable qualities of memoir and cinema that make these modes so powerful yet often so recondite. The second part of this mesmerizing diptych takes place in the late 80s, with Hogg stand-in Julie (Honor Swinton Byrne) mourning the death of her secretive, drug-addicted boyfriend, which occurred at the end of the previous film. She's searching for answers while reinvesting herself in film school and aspiring to make her thesis project based on her experience with Anthony (Tom Burke, who appears briefly in the most audacious sequence, riffing on the character's appreciation of Powell and Pressburger). In addition to her emotional pain, Julie contends with the doubts that plague her artistic ambitions. This isn't just a film about a filmmaker, but a film about filmmaking; the origins of Hogg's practice, vis-à-vis Julie, are laid bare but remain as enigmatic as ever. Building on her performance in the first part, Swinton Byrne is stunning, conveying with her sheer presence what words alone cannot. The character of Julie's mother (played by Swinton Byrne's real-life mother, Tilda Swinton) is more fully realized here, and Swinton, too, is striking in her understated yet impactful performance. Hogg's artistic choices—from how she composes shots to the film's excellent soundtrack—formulate something that isn't easily explained and is fathomable only in the viewing of it. —KATHLEEN SACHS R, 108 min. Landmark Theatres

That Cold Dead Look in Your Eyes

Onur Tükel's latest film takes a page—or several—out of the pretentious art school handbook. Shot in black and white, spoken in French, and set in Brooklyn, *That Cold Dead Look in Your Eyes* feels much more interested in how it will play to the NYU Tisch crowd than the actual mystery it is trying to unfold. The film follows down-on-his-luck Leonard (Franck Raharinosy)—who is already lacking in stability as he finds himself on the brink of losing his job, his girlfriend, and his home—as he starts to be consumed by surreal visions. *That Cold Dead Look in Your Eyes* gets too caught up in its own tropes for the most part: pervy photographers, creepy clowns, and roped-up models seductively covered in chocolate syrup for the sake of art to boot. As a result, the film doesn't have a lot to say about the distortion its protagonist is facing and the potential answers that lie in the heart of the city. By the time the hallucinatory mystery reaches a climax, it's far too late to establish any semblance of emotional resonance. —CODY CORRALL 92 min. Vudu

Providing arts coverage
in Chicago since 1971.

READER
www.chicagoreader.com

THE
LOGAN
THEATRE

THIS WEEK AT
THE LOGAN

SELENA
NOV 12-15 AT 11 PM

CHILDREN OF MEN
NOV 16-18 AT 10:30 PM

2646 N. MILWAUKEE AVE | CHICAGO, IL | THELOGANTHEATRE.COM | 773.342.5555

27TH ANNUAL **BLACK HARVEST FILM FESTIVAL** NOVEMBER 5- DECEMBER 2

CELEBRATE CHICAGO'S BLACK FILM FESTIVAL *ALL MONTH LONG!*

<p>35mm</p> <p>NOV 12 & NOV 20 EYIMOFE (THIS IS MY DESIRE)</p>	<p>With Will Smith</p> <p>NOV 17 AT 7:00PM KING RICHARD</p>	<p>New 4K Restoration</p> <p>NOV 18 AT 6:00PM CHAMELEON STREET</p>	<p>Filmmaker Q&A</p> <p>NOV 19 & NOV 20 I'M FINE (THANKS FOR ASKING)</p>	<p>Melvin Van Peebles</p> <p>NOV 19 & NOV 20 SWEET SWEETBACK'S BADASSSS SONG</p>
---	--	---	---	---

SISKELFILMCENTER.ORG/BLACKHARVEST

GENE SISKEL FILM CENTER SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago

164 N STATE STREET
CHICAGO, IL 60601

wttw

BMO Wealth Management

GILEAD

ComEd

5 CHICAGO



CHICAGOANS OF NOTE

Jeff Weiler, pipe organ conservator

“There’s a satisfaction in knowing that our work will survive us by generations. That’s something that makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.”

As told to PHILIP MONTORO

Jeff Weiler in the lobby of JL Weiler, Inc., with the restored console of the Wurlitzer Opus 2132 organ that was originally installed at the Paramount Theatre in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1930  MATTHEW GILSON FOR CHICAGO READER

Pipe organ conservator Jeff Weiler, 62, founded what became JL Weiler, Inc. in 1983. The company’s workshop near 18th and Canal employs ten people, who work to restore, install, repair, and maintain pipe organs in churches, theaters, concert halls, and educational institutions. Until the industrial revolution—and arguably until the development of the telephone relay in the late 19th century—these instruments were the most complex machines devised by humans. Even the most modest pipe organ is a huge piece of musical technology, extending far beyond the console with its keyboards; the largest can have tens of thousands of pipes and weigh 150 tons or more.

JL Weiler’s smallest projects last 12 months or so and cost a few hundred thousand dollars; the biggest, most involved jobs often take three to five years and run to \$1 million or more. Locally the company has worked on the organs at Symphony Center, Bond Chapel, and Saint John Cantius Church, among many others. It’s also restored the instrument at the State Theatre in Sydney, Australia, and is just

beginning work at the Peking Union Medical College in Beijing, China. Other gigs have taken JL Weiler to Memphis, Tennessee; St. Gallen, Switzerland; and Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. The company is also rebuilding the organ console from Chicago’s Portage Theater, to be installed in the Egyptian Theatre in DeKalb. The rest of the Egyptian’s instrument—pipes, blower, relays—will come from the Rialto in Washington, D.C., demolished in 1940. Much of JL Weiler’s work is devoted to extending the longevity of such classic theater organs, using materials and techniques employed during their heyday a century ago.

I grew up on a farm in Iowa. My mother was an organist, so I had exposure to the two pipe organs in the little central Iowa town in which I was reared, and I was just captivated by the mechanism and the sound. That provided a pretty all-consuming interest from the time that I was four years old.

At JL Weiler our work ultimately boils down

to three things: thanks, respect, and love. We think about the people who crafted these instruments, maybe 100 years ago, maybe 150 years ago. And we see the evidence of their work, we see the marks of their tools. We also think about the people who have played these instruments. We think about the occasions at which these instruments were played, some of them very important. We think about the positions that many of these instruments occupy on the international cultural stage. And we are humbled by that.

What that philosophy means is that for the instruments in our care and the instruments that we restore, the work is guided by the original. We do not wish to leave tracks. We at all times wish to avoid what I call the “canine instinct.” If you have a particular instrument that has existed in a specific way for perhaps 90 years, who are we to change it? Why would we think that we know more than the people who created it? To be completely vulgar, we don’t want to piss on it! Unfortunately, there are those who do.

Jobs vary from a full and complete historically informed restoration on the one hand to, at the other hand, simple, regular tuning and maintenance. We also specialize in conserving the original tonalities of these instruments. Our work as restorers is not necessarily clean-cut and straightforward, because many times we’re called up to reverse changes that occurred in the history of the instrument because their owners wish to recapture something that was lost.

We have a colloquial term in our business for instruments that have been *visited*. And when I say “visited,” I am speaking in italics. That’s our way of identifying intrusive changes. “Nuking” means the introduction of modern technology, typically solid-state control systems. This is the means by which the organ console communicates with the actual organ. Very often, the instruments we work on use electropneumatic relays—an electropneumatic binary computer. Those are the things that people throw away! It’s easier and cheaper to make that equipment obsolete, in

the eyes of many. So you might have a roomful of electropneumatic machinery that is quite easily replaced by a couple of shoeboxes full of integrated circuits.

We never wish to criticize, because the events may have occurred decades ago—who are we to feel that we can fully understand all of the conditions that went into making revisions to important instruments? Hindsight affords us the opportunity of perspective. But sometimes the answer is clear that in order to preserve an instrument, it needs to be returned to a previous state. When we have an opportunity to reverse those changes, that is “denucking.”

We replicate equipment or we restore vintage components. The practical side of all that is, the original equipment was created with its eventual restoration in mind. The artisans who crafted all of these parts knew that in 60, 70, 80, 90, 100 years we could come along after them. These instruments can be restored. When a foreign technology is introduced, that concept goes out the window. The modern equipment can't be repaired—it must be replaced.

Our project recently completed in Sydney, Australia—when I first evaluated that instrument, what I found was utter chaos. Parts had been dismantled and strewn around, parts were missing, parts had been very poorly rebuilt, parts had been damaged by the ingress of water. And that is about as difficult a restoration as we've ever undertaken.

The console of the organ had been radically altered. When the consultant asked what I thought, I was able to speak fairly frankly in a private conversation, and I said, “Well, it looks like the uncovered corpse at the scene of a horrific accident.” They seized upon that, and they wanted to make their console look exactly as it did in 1928. The National Trust of Australia and heritage authorities for New South Wales as well as the City of Sydney considered the instrument to be intrinsic to the cultural history of Australia. So all of the extra effort was warranted.

Coming into our lobby, you're greeted by a gold art deco Wurlitzer pipe organ console. The console was originally built in 1930 and installed with all its constituent pipes and components in the Paramount Theatre in Nashville, Tennessee. That console was discovered in a barn in Evansville, Indiana, sitting uncovered under a leaky roof. Because of its rarity, we thought it would make a very interesting restoration project—the console itself had to be reduced basically to a flat pile



Several stops on the 1926 Wurlitzer Opus 1414 from the State Theatre in Minot, North Dakota, restored largely by interns through a program JL Weiler has developed with the Music Institute of Chicago. **BY** MATTHEW GILSON FOR CHICAGO READER

of lumber and bags of rusty screws.

Part of our work involves getting in the minds of those who came before us, figuring out how they did things. In this case, we learned about gesso finishes. It gave us an appreciation for the conservation of art finishes—what makes something look authentic, and how can we re-create it when we have to? And when it no longer exists, reintroduce it?

That console does have importance to the work we do in the shop, because we're able to move it into our assembly room and connect it up to sections of other organs for testing purposes. And I just think it's beautiful—I like to look at it!

What happens when you depress a key is an incredible synthesis of electrical engineering, pneumatic engineering, and artistry. You are harnessing electricity, you're harnessing wind, as we call it (in pipe organs, we don't say “pressurized air,” we say “wind”), in a very efficient way. This was cutting-edge technology 100 years ago, and it's never really been surpassed. So with a 12-volt direct-current contact being made, you are able to put tons of mechanism in action. It's simple principles being applied to colossal machinery, with the end result being spectacular music making.

You're creating music with the wind because it's entering the pipes, but the means by which all of this happens, what we call the action, is really quite beautiful. Because you have basically simple mechanisms, when distilled down I think your mind can get around

all of that quite readily—but what happens in a large instrument can be mind-boggling, because you have simple mechanisms that are multiplied thousands and thousands of times.

These instruments are very mysterious to many people, and that's part of their charm. So much of what is happening mechanically and electrically is remote. Sometimes they see an organist seated before the console, which they think is the organ—that must be all there is to it. They rarely understand that what they're seeing is in fact the smallest part.

The combination action in the console—whereby you can preselect certain groups of stops, and when you press a piston they go to that setting automatically—it's through electropneumatic means that that is achieved. A small leather-covered bellows, by being allowed to exhaust to atmosphere and collapse, could make a pipe play; it could activate a stop and make it move on the console; it could close multiple contact switches, multiple contact relays; it could move hundreds of pounds of lumber in order to make the instrument more expressive, to make it louder or softer. Some of these bellows could be seven-eighths of an inch by an inch—they can be very small. Yet they can achieve all these results.

The fact that we are restoring all of these mechanisms, and we go to the extremes that we do in order to restore them in the manner of the original, is to allow others to come after us and do the same thing over again. Instruments that have been restored and conserved in this manner, all that will be required for their future restoration can be found in a barn-

yard: animal hides, the leather, and the animal collagen that we use for an adhesive, that comes from rendered hides and bones.

As long as those things exist, these instruments have virtually an unlimited lifespan. The process of restoration is involved, it's labor intensive, it's expensive, but it also resets the hands of the clock. When you think about this work needing to be done perhaps every 75 years, it's not really that expensive at all. You can kind of amortize that, if you will. Obsolescence is introduced with modern materials.

Predecessors of the instrument that we now regard as the pipe organ go back to antiquity. We can find examples of pipe organs that are 400 years old that we would be very comfortable with—we would recognize them, we would know how they worked, how they played. Everything is done mechanically. There are direct mechanical linkages from the keys to the wind chest upon which the pipes stand.

There are organs like that—mechanical-action organs—being built today. Those typically aren't the ones we're called upon to restore, but there is a great tradition in organ building where everything is done mechanically.

Prior to the widespread use of electricity, big organs required a group of men to “raise the wind.” They were pumping bellows, very often in a room adjacent to the organ. Because their work was very important any time the instrument had to be played, they became orga-

MUSIC

continued from 37

nized in some cases, and you had these organ blowers' guilds. For little organs in country parishes, the wind could be raised by one boy, and he would be called a "bellows boy." Big organs, it may take six or eight men, and it was hard work. They were huge, and you'd be operating big levers. The bellows were called feeders, and might be six feet by eight feet—it's a tremendous amount of cubic feet per minute. Sometimes you're using your arms, sometimes you're using your feet—there would often be a rail above you to steady yourself, and you were using your body weight.

Then other things like steam were used to operate the bellows. Sometimes gasoline engines and, in this country, water engines were used to operate the bellows. Beginning before the turn of the last century, electric motors were fixed to bellows. And then finally, turbine-style blowers, which are still used today.



This 90-year-old machine, restored by JL Weiler, braids a new textile covering over modern cables to give them an appearance consistent with the vintage cables they replace. **BY** MATTHEW GILSON FOR CHICAGO READER

We deal with church organs, we deal with concert hall organs, we deal with pipe organs in educational institutions and those in theaters. The theater organ is by far the most recent innovation in organ building. The period of about 1910 to 1930, there was so much innovation, and there's been relatively none since. We've been waiting for over 100 years for something else to happen, and it really hasn't—there's been no significant development.

Theater organs were created as the voice of the silent film. The intention was to provide the resources of an entire orchestra to a single performer. These instruments were all about entertainment. They're about "Hooray for Hollywood," not "A Mighty Fortress."

The theater organ is all about *multum in parvo*—much from little. Even the largest theater organ is comparatively small when considered alongside its brothers in the church or in the concert hall. But through their unique mechanism, they are able to produce kaleidoscopic effects that cannot be produced by these other instruments.

It's a distinctly American musical instrument—they were created here, initially. They're intertwined with art and music and theater and cinema and showmanship—many of the players back in the day were revered like rock stars. They were paid incredible amounts of money, and they were a tremendous draw.

This was a time when the public at large loved the organ as a musical instrument. These were titans of tone—instruments that were

felt as much as heard. There was something very special about going to a movie palace and seeing a silent film with 2,000 other people, accompanied by a musical instrument that could move you in such profound emotional ways. So in that sense, I was just born too late.

Theater organs sound distinctly different. They embody a complete orchestra—they include very specific orchestral voices. There are pipes that sound like violins. There are pipes that sound like flutes. There are pipes that sound like clarinets, oboes. And in addition, there are actual percussion instruments that are playable from the console—glockenspiels, xylophones, marimba harps, celestas, and traps, such as snare drums, bass drums, cymbals, tambourines, castanets, triangles.

And then there are effects built into these instruments specifically for the accompaniment of silent film: an ocean surf effect, bird whistles, Klaxon automobile horns, doorbells, horses' hooves, boat whistles, it goes on and on. And all of these things are actuated through harnessing wind and low voltage direct-current electricity, just like everything else. They're sophisticated, they were the last word, and they remain the last word.

The Chicago Theatre just last month celebrated its centenary. The Chicago Theatre is still home to a Wurlitzer organ—in fact, it's the oldest original-installation Wurlitzer organ extant. Sadly, it is in poor condition. It needs a full restoration. It's a cultural icon.

The history of Chicago and these instruments, the history of the movie palace—these are all inexorably intertwined. Famous musicians came here to play these instruments at theaters like the Chicago, the Granada, the Marbro, the Paradise. Most of these places, long gone. The Oriental. They would have organ concerts at the beginning of the day.

The leading builder of theater organs, Wurlitzer, was by far preeminent. They're basically the creators of the theater organ as we know it today, through incorporating the work of Robert Hope-Jones. What he was able to create has had a lasting effect on organ building.

It was an incredible time in motion picture exhibition, it was an incredible time in cinema history, and it's certainly something to be celebrated and venerated. But once movies learned to talk in 1927, you didn't need the theater organist anymore—and you certainly didn't need one on the payroll. Many were kept on because they were a draw in and of themselves—they were an added attraction, and they were bringing people in. The Chicago Theatre continued using its organ up until about World War II or so.

The Chicago was what was called a "presentation house," where you would have a film, but you'd also have a band on the stage and singers, maybe, and the pipe organ. That happened at a number of places throughout the United States—they all had vaudeville stages. They were built primarily to exhibit motion pictures, but of course part of that whole experience involved live entertainment. You would

have an orchestra in the pit or onstage, you would have acts of vaudeville, and then there would be the organ and the silent screen. All for 35 cents. We have nothing like that today.

Probably the last, greatest example was at Radio City Music Hall, where they would have lavish stage productions in association with a motion picture. And a big part of that was their mighty Wurlitzer pipe organ, which they advertised—there were proud of it.

The application today is much more limited—that we understand. You don't need to have a pipe organ in a theater anymore. It is a former fixture of a bygone age. But that doesn't mean that they don't have value. Where they do exist, there's an opportunity to make them a feature, to celebrate them, to celebrate the history. People do that—and those are our customers.

In the church, there's a growing interest in getting back to what might be termed "traditional church music," and the centerpiece of any traditional church music program is a fine pipe organ. So there will always be users and groups associated with these instruments.

There's a satisfaction in knowing that our work will survive us by generations. That's something that makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I'm so intrigued with the timelessness of these instruments. They're so beautifully crafted, and it's an honor—we're grateful for the opportunity to play a role in their welfare. **■**

BY @pmontoro



11.16

11.17

11.18

11.19

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS
WITH CHRISTIAN LEE HUTSON



11.23

11.24

BRIAN MCKNIGHT



11.26

11.27

11.28

BODEANS



12.30

12.31

LOS LOBOS
NEW YEAR'S EVE RUN!

DON'T MISS...

- 11.12 RADIO GAGA FEAT. THE MUSIC OF QUEEN AND LADY GAGA
- 11.14 DARRELL SCOTT
- 11.15 AUGUSTANA
- 11.20-21 RAHEEM DEVAUGHN
- 11.22 COOL YULE CHICAGO
CELEBRATING HOLIDAY SONGS BY FAMOUS CHICAGOANS

- 11.29 TOMMY CASTRO & THE PAINKILLERS WITH KEVIN BURT
- 11.30 CLARE BOWEN & BRANDON ROBERT YOUNG
- 12.1 SARAH POTENZA & KATIE KADAN
- 12.2 KELLER WILLIAMS
- 12.4 MATT BELLISSAI

COMING SOON...

- 12.5 A MERRY AFTERNOON WITH DAN & MEGAN RODRIGUEZ
- 12.6 BEN OTTEWELL & IAN BALL OF GOMEZ
- 12.7 ANDY MCKEE WITH TREVOR GORDON HALL
- 12.8-9 KINDRED THE FAMILY SOUL
- 12.10 STEVE KIMOCK & FRIENDS
- 12.12 CHICAGO PHILHARMONIC: JOYEUX NOEL 12 PM
- 12.12 MORGAN JAMES A VERY MAGNETIC CHRISTMAS
- 12.13 MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM JOSE JAMES
- 12.14 ALLEN STONE
- 12.15 THE EMPTY POCKETS: AN AMERICANA HOLIDAY
- 12.16 SHEMEKIA COPELAND
- 12.17-12.18 ROBERT GLASPER
- 12.19 KURT ELLING

NEVER MISS A SHOW AGAIN.

READER EARLY WARNINGS

Find a concert, buy a ticket, and sign up to get advance notice of Chicago's essential music shows at chicagoreader.com/early.

READER 

Find hundreds of Reader-recommended restaurants at chicagoreader.com/food.

GREEN
element
RESALE



www.big-medicine.org

What Greta said ...



Damián Antón Ojeda is the one-man black-metal band Sadness. His other musical projects include *Kaskaskia*, *Comforting*, and *Life*. © DAMIÁN ANTÓN OJEDA

Damián Antón Ojeda lets it all out in Sadness

His private black-metal catharsis has attracted a cult following—and fleetingly climbed into the upper reaches of Bandcamp's sales charts.

By LEOR GALIL

In the last week of October, one of the most popular releases on Bandcamp was made by a 24-year-old who works at a theme park outside Saint Louis and records as Sadness. Damián Antón Ojeda's dramatic, grandly atmospheric music mixes black metal and postrock, and on Sunday, October 24, he put out a two-track EP called *Motionless, Watching You* that cost \$1 to download. On Wednesday, October 27, it was Bandcamp's third best-selling release, right behind new albums from two much more

famous and established acts: rabble-raising rapper JPEGmafia and ambient artist Grouper.

Bandcamp's sales rankings often change hour by hour, and when a new influx of music came out that Friday, *Motionless, Watching You* fell to ninth. That day Ojeda also dropped the 71-minute Sadness album *April Sunset*, and by 3 PM it reached number 48 on the chart. Within a couple hours it had climbed another ten spots.

When I reached Ojeda by phone in early October, he was working on six Sadness releases,

and since then he's put out three: *April Sunset* and *Motionless, Watching You*, of course, plus an untitled album he's been tinkering with since 2018 that came out Friday, November 5. He still has three compilations of older demos in the pipeline. "If I don't make music—if I were to take a hiatus and just fuck around and do nothing productive—that would make me feel terrible," Ojeda says. "That wastes my time."

Sadness isn't even Ojeda's only creative outlet. He's got four other projects, mostly solo, whose music is scattered around the grid of hard and heavy sounds—they include noise rock (*Comforting*), screamo (*Life*), and black metal inflected with dungeon synth (*Kaskaskia*). *Kaskaskia* is a duo with vocalist Tony Hicks, who previously worked with Ojeda on a depressive black-metal project called *Born an Abomination*. They met in their early teens, after Ojeda moved to Oak Park in 2010, and they launched *Born an Abomination* in 2012.

"I was really trying to consider the bigger picture of what I was creating—not just the raw emotion, but also trying to make it into something a little bit more meticulous and composed," Ojeda says of his musical endeavors in the early 2010s. "That's obviously really exhausting and taxing on my brain." He started Sadness to relieve some of this pressure he was putting on himself—the idea would be to record songs straight from his gut, without fussing over them or second-guessing his choices.

"I didn't have to think at all about those songs on the first Sadness album. I just made them," he says. "That's kind of what it's about—being expressive without having to focus so much attention on whether or not it's good. At the time I just really thought, 'This music sucks. This is terrible, but at least it's raw and it's emotional.'"

When Ojeda uploaded the first Sadness release, *Close*, to Bandcamp on July 10, 2014, he expected the project would just end up one more among the half dozen or so he already had. But within a week the download numbers proved him wrong. "Sadness quickly became more popular than anything else I was doing," he says.

Close is relatively raw and lo-fi, but its long and sometimes winding tracks foreshadow the grandeur of Ojeda's current output as Sadness. He sings and plays guitar, bass, drums, and synths for these recordings, and sometimes augments the synths with MIDI sounds from a digital audio workstation. His songs often run longer than ten minutes, which allows

ample time for their complicated orbits to make close approaches to the three centers of gravity in the Sadness sound: the serenity of shoegaze, the melodrama of depressive black metal, and the majesty of postrock.

User-generated music database Rate Your Music suggests that Sadness is "blackgaze," meaning a hybrid of shoegaze and black metal. RYM users are fond of Sadness: their collective rankings placed the 2019 release *I Want to Be There* at number 56 on the site's list of that year's best albums.

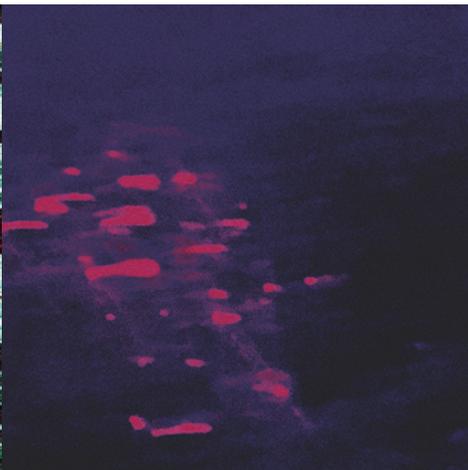
Ojeda hasn't adopted the "blackgaze" label for himself, though, and at any rate he throws too many stylistic curveballs for any one label to suffice. Four minutes into *April Sunset* closer "Collar," he conjoins the aquiline shrieking and distorted guitar of black metal to a skipping beat that recalls reggaeton and watery, pulsing ambient synths. Listening to Sadness, you get the sense that Ojeda will make a sudden turn in any direction if he thinks it'll help him achieve the catharsis he sought when he started the project in the first place.

Ojeda mostly self-releases his music digitally, but small labels have frequently reissued it on physical media. Larry Jablon, who runs New York screamo label Larry Records, began his working relationship with Ojeda circuitously. In 2019, Canadian label Les Disques Rabat-Joie reached out to Jablon to distribute its vinyl reissue of *Life's Demo Two*, and the two labels partnered to release another *Life* record in early 2021. "We put out *Life Demo One* on vinyl together," Jablon says. "Then Damián hit me up." In the months since, Jablon has issued two Ojeda cassettes (*Life's Demo Four* and Sadness's *Rain Chamber*) and collaborated with Chillwavve Records on a split 12-inch by Sadness and Oregon screamo unit *To Be Gentle*.

Jablon says Ojeda has given him a blanket invitation to press physical copies of any of his releases. "Damián's the best," he says. "He doesn't say a lot. I don't really know a lot about him personally, but he's just the best."

Hicks has known Ojeda for 11 years and has been collaborating with him musically for nearly as long. He's one of Ojeda's few close friends. "Damián's a pretty distant person—he's not really the most sociable individual," he says. "Damián needs his space and his time to be in his own world. But yeah, I love him. He's still my brother."

Hicks grew up in Oak Park, and he met Ojeda after Ojeda's family moved there from Connecticut in 2010. "I remember



Ojeda is impressively prolific, and these four Sadness releases—*Rain Chamber*; *Motionless*, *Watching You*; *I Want to Be There*; and *April Sunset*—represent less than half the output of that project over the past two years. Three have come out since September 2021.

it was middle school—I was the only weird goth kid wearing black nail polish, and I looked all goth,” Hicks says. “He was this little emo kid wearing eyeliner and nail polish and shit. He was the only other alternative person. And I remember I went up to him and I was like, ‘Hey, bro, you’re cool.’”

“We were instantly friends,” Ojeda says.

They bonded over music, long an obsession for both. Hicks’s mom, who sang in a gospel choir, gave her children a broad education in music, and Hicks developed a taste for metal at age ten. Ojeda had a grandfather in Mexico who recorded interpretations of old folk songs in the son jarocho style, and Ojeda began taking violin lessons at six while his older brother, Sebastián, played cello. (From 2017 till 2019, Sebastián interned for Chicago nonprofit Experimental Sound Studio, and he leads an ambient project called Among that has collaborated with Comforting.)

When he met Hicks, Ojeda was still mostly into emo—if a band played Warped Tour in the 2000s, chances are he knows their catalog well. But in 2012, he got hooked on depressive suicidal black metal (DSBM), a subgenre where artists extend the music’s nihilism to themselves. Hicks was already a fan. “We’re really loners, and we’re both super emotional people—like hopeless romantics—and really depressives,” Hicks says. “The music itself, we’re like, ‘Fuck, man, this is depressing as shit, but it’s so melodramatic and so weird.’ We were really drawn to that aesthetic.”

Hicks and Ojeda had sporadically fallen into other people’s bands together—including a hardcore group called Mental Hospital, which Hicks says never went anywhere—before collaborating as a duo in Born an Abomination. “At the time, he was the only friend I had,” Ojeda says. “We both really always did share

a lot of music taste, and even just in general things we always agreed upon. So it was really easy to work with him.”

Ojeda labored over the band’s instrumentals on his own, drawing not just from depressive black metal but also from power metal and deathcore. “I think it would be hard to actually call it depressive black metal—it is in a way, but it’s also not,” he says. “It’s also throwing in a whole bunch of influences that have nothing to do with black metal and making it a huge mess. Honestly, it’s a huge mess.”

Hicks usually recorded his vocals at Ojeda’s house. “A lot of it was freestyling—it was me just screaming whatever came to mind,” he says. “It was really therapeutic. I could express myself and say things that would probably be really weird to express outwardly, especially being a 14-year-old at the time. It was the perfect medium for me to be able to say ‘fuck this’ and ‘I hate myself’ and ‘life fucking sucks.’”

Hicks’s mom died in fall 2013. At the time, he and Ojeda were students at Oak Park River Forest High School, but Hicks soon moved to Bolingbrook and left OPRF. He says he got even closer with Ojeda after that, but their band together began to peter out as other musical projects took up more of their attention. Ojeda had at least four during this period, and Hicks was making black metal with Terranaut and Goatswarth. Born an Abomination finally broke up in early 2018.

By that point, Sadness had become Ojeda’s main focus. It almost became the first of his solo projects to play live—a few years before, another musician in Oak Park had reached out about forming a band to play Sadness material onstage. That never went anywhere, though, and to this day, Ojeda has only ever performed live as the drummer in an

alt-rock band called East Avenue—he hasn’t been involved in years, but during his tenure they gigged in Berwyn, Cicero, and occasionally Chicago.

Ojeda moved to San Antonio, Texas, in August 2018 to join post-black-metal band An Open Letter, which almost immediately split up. While living in Texas, Ojeda put together a live band to perform his Life material, but they never made it to a stage. “That all fell apart because of some stuff that happened,” he says. “I still have yet to perform any of my solo material live, which is upsetting.”

Ojeda isn’t particularly forthcoming about the details of his life, but he’s not totally private—he’s just cautious about what he shares. That extends to his music too. If you want to know what he’s singing, you usually have to buy a physical copy of one of his releases (the solid majority of Sadness’s discography has come out on CD, cassette, or vinyl) and hope the liner notes help. He doesn’t post lyrics on Bandcamp.

“It would feel like I’m oversharing, and I’m very sensitive to feeling like I’m oversharing things,” he says. “Also, honestly, I don’t think about them that hard. I don’t feel the need to see the lyrics . . . but I don’t know, it naturally feels like it’s a mystery, which is nice. I like feeling mysterious or whatever.” Ojeda suspects that black-metal fans, who have a well-known weakness for obscure and anonymous projects, initially flocked to Sadness because he didn’t include much information on those first releases, which he originally credited to “Elisa.”

He’s sometimes more forthcoming on Patreon, where he posts early versions of works in progress. He’ll describe his recording process, list the specific influences on a song, or talk about the mundane details of releasing music

online—in an October post, he complained about having to use Starbucks WiFi to upload it. He’ll post song lyrics on Patreon too, because he figures he won’t be oversharing if he provides more information to people who are already willing to pay a monthly fee to support his music.

“I don’t like oversharing, but at the same time I love sharing—I love expressing every single thought and feeling I’ve ever had, all the time,” he says. “At some point I was like, ‘There’s so much more I can say about this song—I can talk about the backstory, I can talk about the concept, I can talk about the details that no one actually cares about. And I really feel like I want to express all that.’”

Ojeda has a significant and growing cult audience, but much of his activity remains so private that even people close to him don’t necessarily know it’s happening. He says people in his family have asked him if he’s still making music.

He’s also the only one responsible for ensuring that any of his many EPs and albums actually come out. He’s got no manager and no publicist, and none of the labels he works with ever demands material from him. All his drive seems to come from within, just as it did when he recorded the first Sadness release: he gets an itch, he scratches it, and when he’s done he has another album or three.

“I get this feeling of satisfaction when I’ve really properly expressed something, and I’ve told a story that’s burning inside of me,” Ojeda says. “I like feeling expressive. In some way I do like being reclusive and hiding things and being mysterious or whatever, but at the same time I love the feeling of saying all the things I have to say.”

@imLeor

PICK OF THE WEEK

Circuit des Yeux transforms isolation and grief into absorbing musical ambition on *-io*

EVAN JENKINS

CIRCUIT DES YEUX

Sun 11/21, 8:30 PM, Thalia Hall, 1807 S. Allport, \$18. 17+

CHICAGO VOCALIST, GUITARIST, AND COMPOSER **HALEY FOHR** is such a creative force that she can't be contained by one persona—in addition to performing as Circuit des Yeux, she uses the alter ego Jackie Lynn to tell musical tales from the points of view of characters that feel personal yet slightly removed. Fohr began her new album, *-io* (Matador), her first full-length as Circuit des Yeux since 2017, in winter 2020. Devastated by the loss of a friend to suicide and a grandmother to Parkinson's, she spent time at an artist's retreat at the Robert Rauschenberg estate on Florida's Captiva Island, where she immersed herself in a form of isolation that included a great deal of natural splendor. Is that enough of a balm for trauma and grief? Of course not. But within it, Fohr had time and energy to explore those emotions past their breaking point and beyond, and gradually found her way back into writing music as the country spiraled into pandemic lockdown. On *-io*, recorded at Electrical Audio with Cooper Crain, Fohr realizes her ambitious arrangements by enlisting 24 classical musicians to build a lush, lavish sonic space that's huge enough to match her vocal presence, which is so immense it could overwhelm a more brittle setting. The songwriting on *-io* gives free rein to every impulse, including hissing whispers and celestial affirmations. Emerging from a short instrumental intro, "Vanishing" leaps out of the gate like a predator being released back into the wild. The cosmic folk rock of "Neutron Star" develops a rushing, melancholy bite as it journeys across Fohr's personal universe, which feels both small and vast. Here, the difficulty of fitting her into a single, fixed genre presents itself in microcosm: she makes just one six-minute song feel like a full suite. That her work is so polished while allowing so much room for raw emotion—on "Stranger," above a bee buzz of cello, she unleashes elegiac wails that recall Diamanda Galás—testifies to the scope of her vision. It's absolutely absorbing. Fohr has given several remarkable virtual performances in the past year or so, including a sad-song cover show at Constellation for Halloween 2020 and an NPR Tiny Desk concert last month, but for this date at Thalia Hall, Fohr will treat fans to the full experience with a 16-strong orchestra. —**MONICA KENDRICK**

CONCERT PREVIEW

THURSDAY 11

MIIRRORS Moritat and DJ Quin Kirchner open. 9:30 PM, Hideout, 1354 W. Wabansia, \$12. 21+

Chicago band Miirrors have cultivated an aura of mystery. Photos of them are hard to come by, and they've been reticent even about confirming their personnel. Still, some info has percolated out since they began releasing singles a couple years ago, and we now know the band's core is multi-instrumentalist Brian McSweeney and drummer Shawn Rios. And while they're a little shy of the spotlight, they don't make much of a secret of their influences. McSweeney's soaring tenor vocals and the band's high-gloss atmospheric production vibrate intensely between the landscapes defined by Radiohead and *Automatic for the People*-era R.E.M. The best-known Miirrors release so far is a 2019 cover of Jeff Buckley's "Gunshot Glitter," with drummer Matt Johnson (who recorded and toured with Buckley) providing the engine for an oceanic blast of schmaltz rock that manages to out-emote the notoriously expressive singer-songwriter's original version. "Sinistry," released in February 2020, has a more driving beat and some gritty guitar squall, while retaining an anthemic sound big enough to level stadiums. A live version of the song on last spring's quarantine charity compilation *Situation Chicago 2* (Quiet Pterodactyl) indicates that the band are more than up to reproducing its polish onstage. You can never predict the whims of a fickle public, but as Miirrors work on their first full-length album, they certainly seem to have all the elements in place to be the next big thing. —**NOAH BERLATSKY**

FRIDAY 12

ARCADIA GREY, GUITAR FIGHT FROM FOOLY COOLY *Guitar Fight From Fooly Cooly* have canceled their remaining shows on this tour. No replacement had been announced at publication time, but this lineup is likely to change further. Arcadia Grey headlines; Sunday Cruise open. 6:30 PM, Subterranean (downstairs), 2011 W. North, \$10. 17+

It's a fool's errand to pinpoint the moment when fifth-wave emo became a thing in underground DIY circles—music scenes don't work like that. But an emerging class of new bands have in fact coagulated into a notable movement, and a handful of recordings document the process. Sun Eater Records issued one of them in fall 2020, a compilation called *Fatal 4 Way* that features four newer acts from the east coast and as far west as Indiana and Tennessee, the home states of Arcadia Grey and Guitar Fight From Fooly Cooly, respectively. Fooly Cooly sprinkle their self-released 2020 album, *Soak*, with samples from video games that fit their herky-jerky sound, including dramatic dialogue from *Kingdom Hearts* and gleeful giggling from *Super Mario 64*. And their brisk, athletic guitar solos bust out of the songs like they've used a cheat code in *Mortal Kombat* and can suddenly disembowel their



11/14 @ 8PM	CARSIE BLANTON, MILTON	11/20 @ 8PM	MAVIS STAPLES, KELLY HOGAN
11/16 @ 8PM	THE SOUL AVENGERS	11/24 @ 8:30PM	FLETCHER ROCKWELL, KORY QUINN
11/19 @ 9PM	THEO "MR. EXCITEMENT" HUFF	11/26 @ 9PM	THE WHAT 4: LET IT BE RE-RELEASE SHOW

11/22 THE ZIMMERMEN PERFORM THE LAST WALTZ @ 9PM

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT: FITZGERALDSNIGHTCLUB.COM
PLEASE NOTE: To be granted entry into FITZGERALDS NIGHTCLUB, you must show proof of Vaccination or a Negative Covid Test taken within 72 hours.

1. OPEN PHONE CAMERA
2. SCAN CODE FOR TICKETS

Dinner and a Show? Make reservations today at BABYGOLDBBQ.COM

BABYGOLD BARBECUE



**OAK PARK-RIVER FOREST
Community Foundation**

We envision a racially just and equitable society as the full inclusion of all people into a society in which everyone can participate, thrive and prosper. In an equitable society, everyone, regardless of the circumstance of birth or upbringing, is treated justly and fairly by its institutions and systems.

We ask for your support to make this vision a reality.

Visit oprpcf.org to learn more.

Your Musical Adventure Begins with Old Town School!

This winter, try an 8-week group class in guitar, ukulele, dance, banjo, and so much more.

Old Town School of Folk Music

FOR IN PERSON & ONLINE CLASSES, SIGN UP AT:

oldtownschool.org

Share Music.

Buy Gift Certificates!

Good for Classes, Concerts, and Gear!

ots.fm/gift





Tasha ALEXA VISCUSI

continued from 42

opponents with superhuman strength and speed. Arcadia Grey favor self-conscious emo cheekiness and loud-quiet-loud shifts that draw from rock ballads of yore. They open “MonSTAR,” from 2019’s self-released *Konami Code*, with watery, lonesome guitar and glum, half-sung vocals that offset histrionics with arch self-deprecation: “I’ve never left the midwest, so maybe that’s why I can cut myself to American Football at night.” This arch awareness of their position in midwestern emo is actually a good sign—I take it as evidence that Arcadia Grey are well-suited to help steer the genre’s newest wave. —LEOR GALIL

SATURDAY13

TASHA See also Sat 11/20. *Christelle Bofale* opens. 9 PM, *Sleeping Village, 3734 W. Belmont*, \$18, \$15 in advance. 21+

If waking up from a deep, rejuvenating sleep had a sound, it’d probably be a lot like the music of Tasha Viets-VanLear. Tenderness lights the path for this Chicago singer, songwriter, poet, and activist, who records under her first name. The intimate indie rock on her 2018 debut, *Alone at Last*, gets its alluring emotional depth from Tasha’s soft voice and her profoundly private lyrics, which disclose her most solitary imaginings and transformative visions. Even when she’s nearly whispering, she sounds like she might open up into full-throated singing with her next syllable—and she often does, which makes her performances alternately soothing and searing. She dives deeper into dreaminess with the new album *Tell Me What You Miss the Most* (Father/Daughter), though her music is anything but sleepy. On “Perfect Wife,” Tasha’s sweet singing and relaxed guitar strumming rest on a jaunty, mellow beat by drummer Ashley Guerrero, while Vivian McConnell (aka VV. Lightbody) layers tight flute flourishes that add

an airy radiance. In her lyrics, Tasha imagines all the ways she could spend her days with a flawless partner at her side, and the hint of glee in her voice might convince you that the song has helped her fulfill that wish. —LEOR GALIL

SQUID See also Sun 11/14. 9:30 PM, *Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western*, sold out. 21+

The five members of London band Squid are architectural engineers who plot points of distinction for listeners to marvel at—or, as vocalist and drummer Ollie Judge sings on “Narrator,” off their 2021 debut, *Bright Green Field* (Warp), they “mold beauty out of clay.” The 2020 single “Broadcaster” consists mostly of a description of outdoor environs and listening to a voice beamed through the air, but the band’s tendency to set their construction projects atop music colored by a whirling succession of influences might make lyrical nuance tough to decipher; Judge’s alternately deadpan and screaming vocal delivery from behind the kit recalls the punk portions of Neu!, the nihilism of the Fall’s Mark E. Smith, and the no-wave yelps of James Chance, among other things. The music Squid have cultivated is broader, though. Along with referencing Gang of Four’s funk-punk polemics and midperiod Kraftwerk, they touch on London’s contemporary jazz scene, including a guest spot from rising multi-instrumentalist Emma-Jean Thackray on the spindly “Paddling.” They also cover experimental 20th-century composer Steve Reich on a pandemic-times recording to benefit the East Bristol Food Bank, and they reference dystopian sci-fi novels in interviews. As taut and visceral as *Bright Green Field* sounds, the live renditions of these songs could top the record—with any luck they’ll reach the fever pitch of the band’s 2019 single, “Houseplants,” which underlines their statement of purpose, musically and philosophically. “And I find myself looking for a future that doesn’t exist,” Judge shrieks. “This is my beautiful house and I can’t afford to live in it.” Here Squid build up the white-



Squid HOLLY WHITAKER

picket-fence myth only to tear it down with motorik rhythms, down-stroked guitar, cornet filigree, and the sound of the well-read and cultured giving themselves over to utter abandon. —DAVE CANTOR

SUNDAY14

SQUID See Sat 11/13. 9:30 PM, *Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western*, sold out. 21+

SATURDAY20

CHARLES RUMBACK This show is also *livestreaming free through the Constellation YouTube channel*. 8:30 PM, *Constellation, 3111 N. Western*, \$20. 18+

It’s the drummer’s job to make everyone else in the band sound good, and Charles Rumback does it very well. Whether he’s playing folk rock with the Horse’s Ha, baroque pop with Steve Dawson, or postbop jazz with Dustin Laurenzi or Paul Bedal, his understated propulsion keeps the focus on whoever’s at the front of the bandstand. He’s similarly versatile in the combos that he leads or coleads, but these projects tend to focus on one facet of his talents. The electronic duo Colorlist foregrounds pastel electronics; Stirrup, with cellist Fred Lonberg-Holm and bassist Nick Macri, revels in rawer, more distorted textures; and his acoustic trio with pianist Jim Baker and bassist John Tate explores swinging introspection. Rumback’s latest album, *Seven Bridges* (Astral Spirits), draws together all of these elements. He worked on it over a span of five years with electronic musician and engineer Jon Hughes and nine singers and instrumentalists whose backgrounds run the gamut from singer-songwriter pop to free improvisation, but the album doesn’t sound fussed over. Rather, Rumback and his cohorts seem

to have dedicated that time to fashioning performances that feel spacious and unforced. Trumpeter Ron Miles, violinist Macie Stewart, alto saxophonist Greg Ward, and bass clarinetist Jason Stein don’t so much trade solos as braid lines while suspended over the effortless flow created by Rumback and bassists Tate and Macri, while electronic tones from Hughes and Baker flicker on the music’s periphery like heat lightning. Singer Krystle Warren, who’s backed on vocals by Stewart and her Ohmme cohort Sima Cunningham, draws out the rue in David Bowie’s bitter survey of 21st-century politics “Fall Dog Bombs the Moon” and focuses the languorous vibe of Rumback’s “Regina.” Everyone but Hughes will join Rumback in the ten-piece ensemble performing at this record-release concert. On Sunday, November 21, a different Rumback group—his trio with Baker and Tate—plays an Astral Spirits label showcase at the Hungry Brain with the Quin Kirchner Group. —BILL MEYER

TASHA See Sat 11/13. *Fran* opens. 9 PM, *Sleeping Village, 3734 W. Belmont*, \$18, \$15 in advance. 21+

SUNDAY21

CIRCUIT DES YEUX See *Pick of the Week* on page 42. 8:30 PM, *Thalia Hall, 1807 S. Allport*, \$18. 17+

ALBUM REVIEWS

DAVE GAHAN & SOULSAVERS, IMPOSTER
Columbia
davegahan.lnk.to/imposter

If you’ve followed much of Dave Gahan’s career, “subtle” and “understated” probably wouldn’t be



11-16 MURDER BY DEATH - 20TH ANNIVERSARY
SOLD OUT
11-17 shawn james



12-23 RATBOYS
 retirement party, rat tally



11-21 CIRCUIT DES YEUX
 'io' record release show



1-8 TY SEGALL & FREEDOM BAND

44-48 ADRIANNE LENKER
SOLD OUT
 lutalo

11-26 CAROLINE POLACHEK
LAST CALL
 oklou

12-6 ROOSEVELT bilderbuch

11-19 MAVIS STAPLES
 beyond hunger benefit
 kelly hogan

11-30 DELTA RAE
 the light & dark tour
 thunder lily

12-7 THE LUMINEERS
LISTEN TO WIN
 holiday jam presented by 93XRT

11-20 RUSTON KELLY
 shape & destroy tour
 margaret glaspay

12-1 SHE PAST AWAY
 twin tribes, wingtips

12-8 WHITNEY
LAST CALL

11-22 KYLE
LAST CALL
11-23 KINANE
SOLD OUT
 two nights of comedy

12-2 STEVE GUNN & JEFF PARKER

12-12 VIBRAS MEXICANAS

SIGN UP FOR OUR MAILING LIST

THALIA HALL | 1807 S. ALLPORT ST. PILSEN, USA | THALIAHALLCHICAGO.COM/MAILING-LIST

THE
EMPTY BOTTLE
 SINCE 1992



1035 N WESTERN AVE CHICAGO IL 773.276.3600 WWW.EMPTYBOTTLE.COM

THU
11/11

BOYBRAIN
 AWFUL • CEL RAY

TUE-WED
11/16-17

TWO NIGHTS

DRY CLEANING
 IDLE RAY

FRI
11/12

5PM - FREE
 9PM - FREE

HARD COUNTRY HONKY TONK WITH
THE HOYLE BROTHERS

PUBLIC OPTION

THU
11/18

SILVER SYNTHETIC
 GLYDERS • CONSTANT SMILES

SAT
11/13

12PM
 FREE

HANDMADE MARKET

FRI-SAT
11/19-20

TWO NIGHTS

KIKAGAKU MOYO

SAT-SUN
11/13-14

TWO NIGHTS

SQUID

SUN
11/21

LOCAL UNIVERSE PRESENTS
CHRIS FORSYTH
 AXIS:SOVA

MON
11/15

FREE

BRENT PENNY

HELLO SHARK • HENRY HANK • NEOBEAT (DJ SET)

MON
11/22

FREE

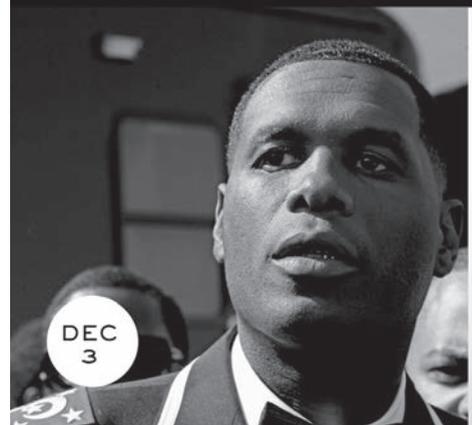
IMPULSIVE HEARTS

8-bit crEEps • LITHIA

11/23: CLUB MUSIC, 11/24: SALVATION, 11/26 - 11/27: ROOKIE (RECORD RELEASE), 11/30: OLIVIA BLOCK (RECORD RELEASE), 12/1: VARIOUS DISTRACTIONS (FREE), 12/2: OUI ENNUI, 12/3: BELOVED PRESENTS EASTER, 12/4: DESERT LIMINAL (RECORD RELEASE), 12/5: KORINE, 12/6: ANNIE HART (FREE), 12/7: LIVE SKULL • THALIA ZEDEK BAND, 12/8: HUMAN IMPACT, 12/10: COURTESY (RECORD RELEASE), 12/11: HANDMADE MARKET (12PM-FREE), 12/11: RANDOLPH & MORTIMER PRESENTS KOOL KEITH, 12/30 - 1/1: BOY HARSHER, 1/15: THE DODOS, 11/21: BLUE HAWAII, 2/4: LUIS VASQUEZ, 2/6: A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS, 2/11: THE SPITS

NEW ON SALE: 2/5: WE ARE SCIENTISTS, 3/3: SNAPPED ANKLES, 4/7: PILLOW QUEENS, 4/8: COBRA MAN

THE PROMONTORY



DEC
3

DEC
03

JAY ELECTRONICA



DEC
9

DEC
09

SLUM VILLAGE & ABSTRACT MINDSTATE



THE PROMONTORY | 5311 S. LAKE PARK W. | PROMONTORYCHICAGO.COM



NOV
16 HAYES CARLL
 WITH CAROLINE SPENCE



NOV
18 NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALLSTARS
 WITH CEDRIC BURNSIDE



NOV
20 COWBOY MOUTH

NOV
10 GLEN PHILLIPS

NOV
15 MARC RIBOT

NOV
19 DONNA THE BUFFALO

NOV
21 THE OCEAN BLUE

NOV
24 THE E-TOWN GET DOWN

NOV
26 RONNIE BAKER BROOKS

NOV
27 CHICAGO FARMER & THE FIELDNOTES
 WITH ERIN ZINDLE

NOV
28 J. RODDY WALSTON:
 SONGS IN THE NUDE TOUR

NOV
30 LAYLA FRANKEL & HEATHER STYKA



1245 CHICAGO AVE,
 EVANSTON, IL

EVANSTONSPACE.COM
 @EVANSTONSPACE



UPCOMING CONCERTS AT

Old Town School of Folk Music

4544 N LINCOLN AVENUE, CHICAGO IL
OLDTOWNSCHOOL.ORG • 773.728.6000

JUST ADDED • ON SALE THIS FRIDAY!

1/14/2022 Masters of Hawaiian Music:
George Kahumoku Jr, Led Kaapana,
and Herb Ohta Jr
2/5/2022 Ladysmith Black Mambazo

FOR TICKETS, VISIT OLDTOWNSCHOOL.ORG

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11 8PM

San Fermin

The Cormorant II - Voices Tour
with special guest Pearla

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12 8PM

Tom Ryan "For Years" Album Release,
with special guest Dan Holohan Band - in Szold Hall

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13 8PM

Humbird / Peter Oren
in Szold Hall

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19 8PM

Lucy Kaplansky in Szold Hall

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20 8PM

Donna Herula - Bang at the Door Celebration

with special guests Erwin Helfer, Anne Harris,
Katherine Davis & Rebecca Toon - in Szold Hall

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4 8PM

Irish Christmas in America

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5 7PM

Over the Rhine Christmas Tour

WORLD MUSIC WEDNESDAY SERIES
FREE WEEKLY CONCERTS, LINCOLN SQUARE

11/24 Gaurav Mazumdar

OLDTOWNSCHOOL.ORG

Share Music.

Buy Old Town School Gift Certificates!

Good for Classes, Concerts, and Gear!

ots.fm/gift



MUSIC

Find more music listings at
chicagoreader.com/musicreviews.



Ben LaMar Gay © ALEJANDRO AYALA



Mick Jenkins © BRYAN LAMB

continued from 17

the first words you'd use to describe his style or sound. As lead singer of pioneering synth-pop outfit Depeche Mode, he's one of the most iconic front men of the past four decades, with a larger-than-life baritone voice that's as darkly magnetic as his stage presence. Since 2003, Gahan has also led a successful career outside Depeche Mode, releasing two solo albums and two collaborative records with Soulsavers, the eclectic British-American production duo of Rich Machin and Ian Glover (they've also worked with several distinctive vocalists on the rock side of the aisle, including Mark Lanegan, Mike Patton, and Gibby Haynes). No matter what he puts his voice to, Gahan always sounds polished, composed, and ultimately in control—even when he takes an unexpected detour or his lyrics or delivery suggest he's lost his way.

That all makes *Imposters*, Gahan's new album with Machin, more intriguing—it sounds less like a big slick production and more like an intimate series of experiments. Gahan recorded his first two Soulsavers albums remotely, but he made *Imposters* live in the studio in 2019, introducing a warmer, more immediate atmosphere. The record collects reimagined renditions of ballads, deep cuts, and standards that have made an impact on Gahan's life, and it could be seen as another drop in the ocean of cover recordings released during the pandemic. But as evidenced by his body of work with Martin Gore, the main songwriter in Depeche Mode, Gahan is gifted at uplifting material by other people. Some tracks do feel fairly true to the spirit of the originals (Lanegan's "Strange Religion," Rowland S. Howard's "Shut Me Down"), but the album commands attention when Gahan does something unex-

pected, like breathe new life into Charlie Chaplin's "Smile" by turning it into a minimalist, piano-driven ballad that sounds so clear the band could be in the room beside you ("Smile" began life as the instrumental theme to 1936's *Modern Life*, then became a pop hit after Nat King Cole recorded a version with lyrics in 1954). It's almost as surprising when he leans into softer, more tender crooning, as he does on James Shelton's "Lilac Wine," famously covered by Nina Simone, Jeff Buckley, and others. Elsewhere Gahan and Soulsavers show how a powerful song can find a second life and completely new ways to resonate with listeners. That's especially apparent on lead single "Metal Heart," from the 1998 Cat Power record *Moon Pix*, one of several songs Chan Marshall wrote in a single night following an intense nightmare. Tapping into its reverential qualities (the lyrics borrow a line from "Amazing Grace"), Gahan starts in a sorrowful near whisper that plumbs self-doubt and despair, then departs from the intensely private feel of the original to make a poignant, urgent call for connection and salvation. Some fans of the original are bound to be less than thrilled with the remake, but for me, Depeche Mode's music has been omnipresent since childhood, and I was blown away to hear something so haunting and new from such a familiar voice. Now that we're wrapping up 2021, I can say it's one of the most powerful tracks I've heard this year. —JAMIE LUDWIG

BEN LAMAR GAY, *OPEN ARMS TO OPEN US*
International Anthem
intlanthem.bandcamp.com/album/open-arms-to-open-us

In an essay accompanying *Open Arms to Open Us* (International Anthem), composer-cornetist Ben LaMar Gay says his latest album is part of the extended death terror many have felt since the start of the pandemic. "What can I leave behind for the young people in my life?" he asks. *Open Arms to Open Us* sounds more effusive than most existential crises, and if we're talking legacies, the album is Gay's most cohesive artifact to date; his 2018 debut album, *Downtown Castles Can Never Block the Sun*, compiled highlights from a whopping seven unreleased albums. (He's since released five of them: 500 *Chains*, *Grapes*, *Confetti in the Sky Like Fireworks*, *Benjamin e Edinho*, and *East of the Ryan*.) Joined by a remarkable roster of Chicago artists, including Ayanna Woods, Tomeka Reid, Angel Bat Dawid, Gira Dahnee, and poet A. Martinez, Gay remains a globe-spinning polyglot on *Open Arms to Open Us*. He has so many references at play that it's hard to name every one—they include samba, New Orleans funeral-band dirges, schoolyard stomps, and the Igbo alphabet, to barely scratch the surface—and all of them mesh exhilaratingly with Gay's jazz-contoured imagination and pliant voice. Lead single and opening track "Sometimes I Forget How Summer Looks on You" is a dreamy benediction to vanishing summer days, with psychedelic synths and ethereal backing vocals (courtesy of Ohmme) winding around an almost devotional organ progression. It's one of the most captivating things I've heard all year, and it more or less sets the tone for the rest of the record, which includes wonders such as the hard-edged yet sultry "Bang Melodically Bang" and the divinely cyclical "Nyuzura" (featuring British-Rwandan vocalist Dorotheé



Portrayal of Guilt © ADDRIAN JAFARITABAR

Munyaneza). At a mere 45 minutes, *Open Arms to Open Us* feels like it ends too soon, but it also ends right. On “We Gon Win,” Gay lays down an unerring looped bass-synth melody, over which he flows on cornet in a quartet with trombonist Matthew Davis, flutist Rob Frye, and drummer Tommaso Moretti. By the time the title occurs in the lyrics, halfway through the song, we’ve long since been assured of the victory. *Open Arms to Open Us* ends there, but Gay’s message to the future resonates: we lived, and how. —HANNAH EDGAR

MICK JENKINS, ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM
Free Nation / Cinematic Music Group
themickjenkins.bandcamp.com

On “Stiff Arm,” three songs into Mick Jenkins’s new *Elephant in the Room* (Free Nation/Cinematic Music Group), Chicago performer and activist Ayinde Cartman delivers a scorching rumination that doubles as thesis statement for the album, identifying a key paradox of Black life in America. “Our existence is the elephant in every boardroom,” Cartman declares. “How we larger than life and lurking in the shadow?” Jenkins elaborates on this thought with his dependably cerebral observations, delivered with a poise that balances stentorian gravitas and inviting cool. He avoids the conventions of big-time bangers—blunt lyrics, bombastic music, simple hooks, and direct, sugary melodies—in favor of textured nuance, but the songs on this album are as worthy of replay as any Top 40 single. Jenkins travels through cozy R&B (“Gucci Tried to Tell Me,” which foregrounds the sweetness in his singing) and cool modern funk (“Speed Racer”), and he favors instrumentals that scuff up polished, urbane melodies with underground hip-hop grit; one such track, “D.U.I.,” features a brooding guest verse from Chicago underground phenom Greenslime, Jenkins’s longtime live DJ. It’s been a few years since Jenkins dropped a full-length album, which is basically an eternity in hip-hop, but he’s

used the time well. A few of the tracks here that he’d previously released as singles—including “Truffles,” which transforms a dragging clatter into a low-key rhapsody—hit much harder in the context of *Elephant in the Room*. —LEOR GALIL

PORTRAYAL OF GUILT, CHRISTFUCKER
Run for Cover
portrayalofguilt.bandcamp.com/album/christfucker

Look, if you’re going to name your record *Christfucker*, it better be next-level gnarly. Otherwise, what’s the point? Luckily the second LP of the year from Austin’s Portrayal of Guilt is next-level gnarly and then some. The band leaned toward screamo from their formation in 2017 till their second album, January’s *We Are Always Alone*, but on *Christfucker* (Run for Cover) they’ve morphed into a crushingly heavy and twisted blackened noisecore outfit, playing blastbeat-driven, staticky, sludgy, furious metal with ragtag punk energy. Recorded by Ben Greenberg of Uniform in his signature gloriously blown-out style, the album is dizzying, intense, guttural, and gross as hell, with Portrayal of Guilt swinging back and forth across its ten tracks between unsettlingly atonal clean guitar and explosions of in-the-red wall-of-sound sonic mud. *Christfucker* is grueling and eerie, and it doesn’t relent for a single second—but it’s also engaging and interesting and nearly impossible to turn off, no matter how much your brain might need a break from its monstrous musical abuse. As far as heavy music goes, 2021 has been fruitful, and as we head toward its end, Portrayal of Guilt have blown the doors right off with one of the best records of the year. The band are on the road as main support on Uniform’s tour for the excellent *Shame*, released last September in the thick of pandemic venue shutdowns. Their Chicago show is on Wednesday, November 10, at the Empty Bottle, in case you’ve found a copy of the *Reader* that early. —LUCA CIMARUSTI

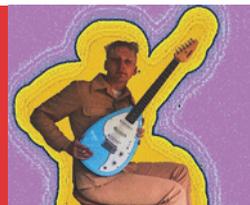


SAT NOV 13
DAN DEACON
ALEX SILVA
PATRICK MCMINN



THU NOV 18
Cold Waves welcomes
NITZER EBB
PANTERAH

TUE NOV 23
YELLOW DAYS
RIC WILSON



WED NOV 24
TWO FEET
FIJI BLUE



SATURDAY NOV 20 / 8PM / 18+

Riot Fest welcomes

ALEX G
EXUM

FRIDAY DEC 03 / 9PM / 18+

DJ SEINFELD
MIRRORS: LIVE

SATURDAY DEC 04 / 10PM / 21+

OBSERVE

feat. DRUMCELL / TRUNCATE /
HYPERACTIVE / Visual Manipulation
by OKTAFORM

MONDAY DEC 06 / 7PM / 12+

BEABADOOBEE

CHRISTIAN LEAVE / BLACKSTARKIDS

TUESDAY DEC 14 / 8PM / 18+

THE GLORIOUS SONS
BROTHER ELSEY

WEDNESDAY DEC 15 / 9PM / 18+

METZ /
PREOCCUPATIONS
FACS

THURSDAY DEC 16 / 9PM / 18+

ALL THEM WITCHES
L.A. WITCH

DEC 22 JEFF TWEEDY
DEC 23 JEFF TWEEDY
JAN 14 INNER WAVE
JAN 19 BEST COAST
JAN 21 WOLVES IN THE THRONE ROOM
JAN 21 MUZI
@ SLEEPING VILLAGE
JAN 27 MANSIONAIR
JAN 28 THE BETHS
JAN 29 DORIAN ELECTRA
FEB 01 WASHED OUT
FEB 05 GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

smartbar

SMARTBARCHICAGO.COM
3730 N CLARK ST | 21+

FRIDAY, NOV 19

Ron Trent
Danny Krivit
Tim Zawada

TICKETS AVAILABLE VIA METRO + SMARTBAR WEBSITES + METRO BOX OFFICE. NO SERVICE FEES AT BOX OFFICE! SHURE

EARLY WARNINGS

CHICAGO SHOWS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IN THE WEEKS TO COME

ALL AGES FREE



Kane Brown © ROBBY KLEIN

NEW

Acción de Gracias 2021 featuring Calibre 50, La Arrolladora Banda el Limón de René Camacho, Banda Carnaval 11/27, 7 PM, Aragon Ballroom, 17+

Alt-J, Portugal. The Man, Sir Chloe 3/19/2022, 7 PM, Credit Union 1 Arena at UIC

Atreyu, Crown the Empire, Tetrarch, Saul, Defying Decay 12/2, 6:30 PM, the Forge, Joliet

Backseat Lovers, Over Under 2/17/2022, 7:30 PM, the Vic

Beach House 7/13/2022, 7:30 PM, Radius Chicago, 18+

Kane Brown, Chase Rice, Restless Road 1/22/2022, 7 PM, United Center

Cathedral Bells 11/26, 8 PM, Cobra Lounge

Charli XCX 4/29/2022, 7:30 PM, Aragon Ballroom

Chicago Immigrant Orchestra, Surabhi Ensemble 12/8, 8:30 PM, Szold Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music

DaBaby 11/26, 8 PM, Aragon Ballroom

Diplo, Solardo, Ynssa, Anden 12/11, 9 PM, Aragon Ballroom, 18+

Easter, Nervous Passenger, Beloved DJs 12/3, 10 PM, Empty Bottle

Exhorder, Take Offense, Extinction A.D., Plague Years 11/29, 7 PM, Reggies Rock Club, 17+

Flight Facilities, Two Another 2/4/2022, 9 PM, the Vic, 18+

Guster, Ben Kweller 1/22/2022, 7:30 PM, Riviera Theatre, 18+

Irish Christmas in America featuring Oisín Mac Diarmada, Niamh Farrell, Séamus Begley, and more 12/4, 8 PM, Maurer Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music

Islands, Tim Kinsella & Jenny Pulse 12/3, 10 PM, Schubas, 18+

Jordy, Oston 11/27, 9 PM, Lincoln Hall, 18+

Mammoth WVH, Dirty Honey 1/21/2022, 8 PM, House of Blues

Material Issue film premiere and concert 12/2, 6:30 PM, Lincoln Hall

Motel Breakfast, Uncle Sexy, Dogbad 11/27, 8 PM, Reggies Rock Club

90s Kids, Betcha 12/5, 7 PM, Cobra Lounge

The Nut Tapper featuring Reggio "the Hooper" McLaughlin and friends 11/28, 4 PM, Maurer Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music

Olivia Block, Jon Mueller, Matches 11/30, 8:30 PM, Empty Bottle

Oui Ennuï, Drasi, Em Spel 12/2, 8:30 PM, Empty Bottle

Pigeons Playing Ping Pong, Tauk 2/12/2022, 8 PM, Riviera Theatre, 18+

Sepultura, Sacred Reich, Crowbar, Art of Shock 3/12/2022, 7:30 PM, the Forge, Joliet

70s Love Jam featuring the New Stylistics, the Emotions, Enchantment, Howard Hewett, the Delfonics 2/18/2022, 9 PM, Arie Crown Theater

Sizzy Rocket, Troi Irons 12/2, 8 PM, Schubas, 18+

St. Marlboro, Old Joy, Sonny Falls, Graham Hunt 12/4, 8:30 PM, Schubas, 18+

Suicide Machines, La Armada, Public Serpents, Bla Brock 12/11, 7:30 PM, Reggies Rock Club, 17+

Swallow the Sun, Abigail Williams, Wilderun 12/7, 7:30 PM, the Forge, Joliet

Swell Season 3/12/2022, 7 PM,

Cadillac Palace Theatre

Tyler, the Creator; Kali Uchis; Vince Staples; Teezo Touchdown 2/22/2022, 7:30 PM, United Center

Walters 12/30, 7 PM, House of Blues

WGCI Big Jam featuring Lil Durk, Lil Baby, City Girls, Yung Bleu, Moneybagg Yo 12/18, 7 PM, United Center

UPDATED

Architects, Polyphia, Loathe 9/9/2022, 7:30 PM, Riviera Theatre, rescheduled, 18+

Beach Bunny, Miloe, Jodi 12/18, 7:30 PM, Riviera Theatre, lineup updated

Caribou, Jessy Lanza 11/19, 7:30 PM, Riviera Theatre, lineup updated, 18+

Death From Above 1979, OBGMs 3/19/2022, 7:30 PM, Metro, opener added, 18+

Glass Animals, Sad Night Dynamite 3/18/2022, 8 PM, Credit Union 1 Arena at UIC, opener added

Henhouse Prowlers featuring Tim Carbone, Mighty Pines 12/29, 7:30 PM, Park West, lineup updated, 18+

Hippo Campus, Jelani Aryeh 2/18/2022, 7:30 PM, Riviera Theatre, opener added

SG Lewis, Knox Fortune 11/26, 8 PM, Riviera Theatre, opener added, 18+

Nick Lowe's Quality Rock & Roll Revue featuring Los Straitjackets, Paul Cebar 11/20, 8 PM, Park West, lineup updated, 18+

OMD (Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark), In the Valley Below 5/6/2022, 8 PM, Riviera Theatre, opener added, 18+

The Script, Calum Scott 4/7/2022, 7:30 PM, Riviera

UPCOMING

All Them Witches, L.A. Witch 12/16, 9 PM, Metro, 18+

Allman Family Revival featuring the Allman Betts Band, Donavon Frankenreiter, Cody Dickinson, Luther Dickinson, Robert Randolph, Jimmy Hall, Lilly Hiatt, Lamar Williams Jr., Joanne Shaw Taylor, Eric Gales, River Kittens 12/12, 8 PM, Chicago Theatre

Bachelor 12/4, 9:30 PM, Empty Bottle

Bad Bad Hats, Ester 11/20, 9 PM, Lincoln Hall, 18+

Beabadoobee, Christian Leave, Blackstarkids 12/6, 7 PM, Metro

Rubén Blades 12/5, 7 PM, Arie Crown Theater

BoDeans 11/26, 8 PM; 11/27, 7 and 10 PM; 11/28, 8 PM, City Winery

Stephan Bodzin, Reinier Zonneveld 11/19, 10 PM, Concord Music Hall, 18+

Califone & Robyn Mineko Williams and Artists 12/15, 8:30 PM, Thalia Hall, 17+

Caroline Polachek, Oklou 11/26, 8:30 PM, Thalia Hall, 17+

Chvrches 11/19, 7:30 PM, Aragon Ballroom

Circuit des Yeux 11/21, 8:30 PM, Thalia Hall, 17+

Club Music, Serfs, X Harlow, Chicago Research DJs 11/23, 8:30 PM, Empty Bottle

Louis Cole Big Band 12/12, 8 PM, Chop Shop, 18+

Isaiah Collier & the Chosen Few 11/18-11/20, 8 and 10 PM; 11/21, 4 and 8 PM, Jazz Showcase

Dawes, Erin Rae 12/4, 7:30 PM, the Vic, 18+

Delta Rae, Thunder Lily 11/30, 7 PM, Thalia Hall

Dirt Monkey, Digital Ethos, Kumarion 11/20, 8 PM, House of Blues, 17+

The Documentarian presents Paige Naylor, Friedrich Andreoni, Devin Shaffer 11/20, 2 PM, Chicago Cultural Center

Elrow presents Rows Attacks! featuring Jamie Jones, Michael Bibi, LP Giobbi, and more 11/20, 8 PM, Radius Chicago, 18+

Fletcher Rockwell 11/24, 8:30 PM, FitzGerald's, Berwyn

Chris Forsyth, Axis: Sova 11/21, 9:30 PM, Empty Bottle

Glioli & Assia 11/27, 9 PM, Bottom Lounge, 17+

Theatre, opener added

War on Drugs, Rosali 2/10/2022-2/11/2022, 7:30 PM, Chicago Theatre, opener added

The Weeknd 1/23/2022-1/24/2022, 7 PM, United Center, canceled

Never miss a show again. Sign up for the newsletter at chicagoreader.com/early

Glorious Sons, Brother Elsey 12/14, 8 PM, Metro, 18+

Goose 12/30-12/31, 9 PM, Riviera Theatre, 18+

Steve Gunn, Jeff Parker 12/2, 8:30 PM, Thalia Hall, 17+

Half Waif 11/21, 8 PM, Schubas, 18+

Donna Herula, Erwin Helfer, Anne Harris, Katherine Davis, Rebecca Toon 11/20, 8 PM, Szold Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music

Kacy Hill 11/18, 7:30 PM, Schubas

Holiday of Horror featuring Armored Assault, Withering Soul, Ossilegium 12/18, 7 PM, Reggies Music Joint

Holiday of Horror featuring Macabre, Jungle Rot, Neuro-morphic, Fonzie & the Dago Tees 12/18, 6:30 PM, Reggies Rock Club, 17+

Honey Dijon, Derrick Carter, Ash Lauryn, Shaun J. Wright 12/18, 11 PM, Radius Chicago, 18+

Houndmouth, Ona 12/17-12/18, 8 PM, Thalia Hall, 17+

Theo "Mr. Excitement" Huff 11/19, 9 PM, FitzGerald's, Berwyn

John Summit 12/30, 10 PM, Concord Music Hall, 18+

Joyful Holiday Experience featuring Marvin Sapp, the Clark Sisters, Ricky Dillard, Le'Andria Johnson, Charles Jenkins 12/26, 6 PM, House of Hope

Lucy Kaplansky 11/19, 8 PM, Szold Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music

Katie Got Bandz, Dae Jones, Sherri Jae 12/21, 9 PM, the Promontory

Kompany 11/24, 9 PM, Bottom Lounge, 17+

Motion City Soundtrack 12/31, 10 PM, House of Blues

Neck Deep, Boston Manor, Zero 9:36, Heart Attack Man, Oxymorrons 11/23, 5 PM, Radius Chicago

Brett Newski & the No Tomorrow, Brontë Fall 11/20, 8 PM, Golden Dagger

Nitzer Ebb 11/18, 8 PM, Metro, 18+

Olivia O'Brien, Upsahl, Hey Violet, Drumaq 11/21, 7 PM, House of Blues

Leslie Odum Jr. 12/4, 7:30 PM, CIBC Theatre

Keith Sweat, Jagged Edge 12/11, 8 PM, Chicago Theatre

Yellow Days, Ric Wilson 11/23, 8 PM, Metro, 18+



GOSSIP WOLF

A furry ear to the ground of the local music scene

HI FI & THE ROADBURNERS were among Chicago's most ferocious live acts for more than 25 years, melding rockabilly, gutbucket R&B, and punk rock into blue-collar anthems that landed them on the Victory Records roster during the label's 1990s heyday. Lead guitarist **Jeff Schuch** passed away in 2009, and singer **Erik "Hi Fi" Kish** died in 2011 after a motorcycle crash, which ended the Roadburners' recording career. Every November since Kish's death (with a pandemic exception), surviving members have celebrated the band's legacy by reuniting onstage for their **Bring It Up High Festival**—and along the way they've raised more than \$25,000 for various charities. According to saxophonist **Tony Bryan**, this year's iteration, held at **Beat Kitchen** on Saturday, November 20, will be the last, with proceeds to benefit the **American Foundation for Suicide Prevention, Friends of Chicago Animal Care and Control, and the Chicago Independent Venue League**. Soulful crooner **Gerald McClendon** headlines; the Roadburners are main support, with opener **the What For?** (a new garage-rock trio with bassist-singer Bailey Dee, guitarist Bill Pekara, and drummer Patrick Morrow) and **Tracer Bullet**.

Nnamdi has earned a little rest. Last year the Chicago musical polymath dropped two albums (the ecstatic pop of *Brat* and the symphonic cartoons of *Krazy Karl*) and the knockout punk EP *Black Plight*. He also hit the road with Sleater-Kinney and Wilco, despite breaking his wrist at the start of the tour—Kaina Castillo set up a GoFundMe to pay for his surgery that raised more than \$23,000 in a day. But if Nnamdi is resting, then his downtime is more productive than most folks' regular days. On Friday, November 12, **Sooper Records** releases the Nnamdi EP *Are You Happy*. It's his first release he hasn't produced—the EP's eclectic electronic instrumentals are by **Conor Mackey** (aka Lynn), who plays with Nnamdi in Monobody. —**J.R. NELSON AND LEOR GALIL**

Got a tip? Tweet @Gossip_Wolf or e-mail gossipwolf@chicagoreader.com.

jam presents



WITH SPECIAL GUEST
donna missal
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19
BYLINE BANK
ARAGON BALLROOM

A VERY
SHE & HIM
CHRISTMAS **December 7** **CHICAGO**
Presented by CHASE O



Glen Hansard
Marketa Irglova
of The Swell Season

Saturday
March 12

Cadillac
Palace
Theatre

On Sale
Friday at 10am

93>XRT



BEACH HOUSE



ONCE
TWICE
MELODY
TOUR

JULY 13
RADIUS
640 WEST
CERMAK
ROAD

ON SALE
NEXT
FRIDAY
NOV. 19

PAVEMENT

SEPT. 22 SHOW IS SOLD OUT!
SECOND SHOW ADDED FRIDAY SEPT. 23
ON SALE FRIDAY AT 10AM

CHICAGO
Presented by CHASE O



facebook.com/jamusa



instagram.com/jamusa

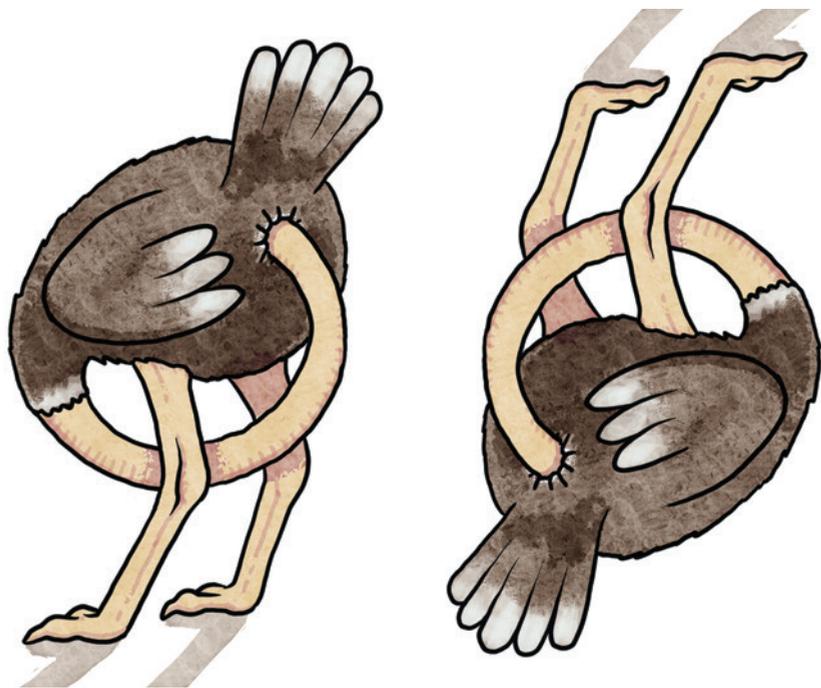


twitter.com/jamusa



BUY
TICKETS
AT

JAMUSA.COM



SAVAGE LOVE

Four reasons why the problem is you

Would you rather listen to a charming guy talk about his cat or a conceited guy drone on about peeing next to a celebrity?

By **DAN SAVAGE**

Q: I'm a 44-year-old gay male and I've never been in a serious relationship. I would like to find my way into an LTR, but I have a series of overlapping dating issues that I don't know how to navigate.

First, due to my career, I move around a lot, and often don't see the point in dating when I know I am going to be moving again; I have another potential move on the horizon in six months. Second, I find online dating apps to be awful. I have encountered more ghosts on apps than I did in the Haunted Mansion at Disneyland. Last year one date I arranged through an app turned out to be the setup for either a mugging

or a hate crime. I managed to escape physically unharmed, but I did delete all the dating apps after that. Third, I'm a beefier guy, but I have never really fit into the bear community. I hate wearing leather, I can't stand growing facial hair, and don't have any kinks—and leather, beards, and kinks seem to be prerequisites for joining the bear club. Also, most bears are older guys and older guys don't really do it for me. And younger guys always seem to be looking for a sugar daddy. I'm a Goldilocks who can't find her "just right."

Fourth and finally, I've lived a big life. Due to a parent in the entertainment industry, I grew up with back

lot access. I have literally traveled all over the world. I can tell stories for days. But it makes dating hard when the other guy has only his work or cats to talk about. I've gone on more than one date where the guy told me he didn't have anything interesting to say about himself and that he just wanted to hear about my life. Am I destined to be either a spinster or a sugar daddy? —**LOST AND CAN'T KEEP INVESTIGATING NEW GUYS**

A: 1. If you don't see any point in dating because you're always on the move, LACKING, it's not a long-term relationship you should be seeking, but a

✍ JOE NEWTON

nice string of fulfilling short-term relationships. STRs can be serious, they can be loving, and with more people working remotely than ever before, a successful-if-geographically-challenging STR has a much better shot at becoming a successful LTR these days.

2. Dating and hookup apps are awful. People on the apps sometimes lie about who they are, they ghost you, and they block you without explanation. But bars are awful too. People in bars sometimes lie about who they are, they excuse themselves "for a second" and never return, they go home with you one night and eat your ass for hours and then pretend they don't know you the next time you see them at the same bar. And just as people have been mugged, assaulted, and murdered by people they met on apps, people have been mugged, assaulted, and murdered by people they met in bars—and at work, at church, through friends, etc. So, wherever we're meeting people, online or off, we need to be careful: we need to have those first meetings in a public place, we need to tell a friend where we're going and who we're with, and we need to trust our guts. When someone makes you feel uncomfortable or unsafe, get out of there and/or ghost them. (And if we find that people are constantly ghosting us . . . well . . . then we need to ask ourselves if we're doing something that makes other people feel uncomfortable or unsafe.)

3. Not all bears have beards or kinks or wear leather. At any big event for bears, LACKING, you're likelier to see guys in jeans, T-shirts, and trucker hats than you are to see guys in leather—unless it's a fetish party, LACKING,

where you'll see a lot of guys in leather. But even at a fetish party, LACKING, you'll see guys in neoprene, wrestling singlets, diving suits, hand-crocheted harnesses, and on and on. Leather isn't required.

4. I'd rather listen to a charming guy tell me a funny story about his cat than a conceited guy drone on and on about some famous actor he saw on a back lot pocketing granola bars from the craft services table. I'm not saying you're conceited or boring, LACKING, but if I were a betting man and only had the last paragraph of your letter to go on, I'd put my chips on conceited and boring. Look, if a guy tells you halfway through a date there's nothing he wants to share with you about himself and invites you to carry on talking about yourself, that doesn't mean he's so enthralled by your stories he just wants to listen. That means he's bored and/or annoyed and has already made up his mind that you're not gaining access to his back lot.

Zooming out, LACKING, can you see the pattern in your letter? You say you want a relationship, but you don't see the point of dating because you're always moving. You say you want a relationship, but the apps are a waste of time because some people are sketchy. You say you want a relationship, but you don't wanna go to places where people might be buying what you're selling (bear nights, bear parties) because you don't wanna wear the kind of clothes you're required to wear at those events (leather, which you're not actually required to wear) or grow the kind of facial hair you're required to grow to attend them (beards, which you're not actually required to grow). You say you want a relationship, but guys who didn't grow up with wealthy and connected parents bore

you—which is going to make finding someone next to impossible. Gay men are a tiny percentage of the population and finding someone in your preferred age range is going to be hard enough without ruling out guys who can't match your story about peeing next to Matt LeBlanc in a men's room on the Warner Bros. lot with a story of their own about some celebrity they peed next to. Or on.

Viewed together, LACKING, the above looks less like "this dude is just unlucky in love" and more like "this dude is engaged in some serious self-sabotage." So, the problem isn't the apps or the job-related moves or leather pants or scratchy beards or guys who insist on boring you with stories about their cats when you've got a much better story about Mariska Hargitay's dog walker. The problem is you. I'm not saying you're an asshole or that you're unworthy of love. You're not an asshole; you're just a little up your own ass. If love and commitment are what you want, LACKING, then I want you to find them. But you're going to need to get out of your own ass and out of your own way.

P.S. If you have the kind of career that requires you to move every couple of years, LACKING, you should think twice before rejecting guys who aren't as career-oriented or privileged as you are. Those are the guys who can easily relocate with you. So, while dismissing every guy with a boring and/or low-paying job means you won't wind up briefly dating a boy who just wants a sugar daddy, LACKING, never giving a regular guy with a regular job a chance could wind up costing you a lot more in the long run. **✌**

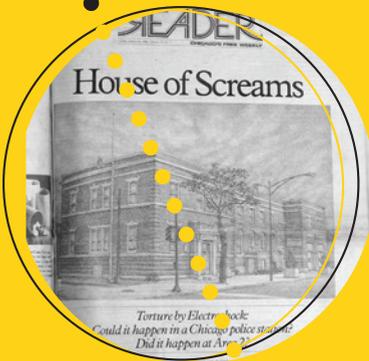
Send letters to mail@savagelove.net. Download the *Savage Lovecast* at savagelovecast.com.
 @fakedansavage



THE CHICAGO READER AT 50

A HALF-CENTURY OF
REVOLUTIONARY STORYTELLING

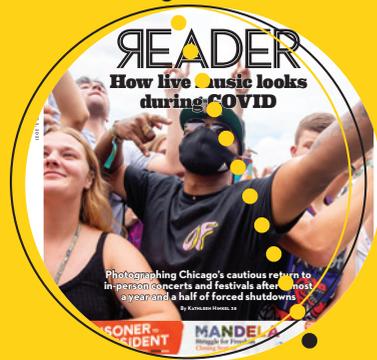
The Reader takes you on a journey from where we started to the present day through a multimedia exhibition of stories, photographs, cartoons, and more.



at the
Newberry
Library
OCT. 6, 2021 -
JAN. 21, 2022

for hours,
visit newberry.org

CHICAGOREADER.COM/50



READER

THE NEWBERRY

Where ALL GUYS come together

Visit www.squirt.org today to join the action

CHICAGO'S LARGEST PERSONAL LUBRICANT SELECTION

64TEN CHICAGO 6410 N. CLARK, CHICAGO | 773.508.0900
WWW.LEATHER64TEN.COM | [f](https://www.facebook.com/leather64ten) [i](https://www.instagram.com/leather64ten) [t](https://www.tiktok.com/@leather64ten) [y](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC...) /LEATHER64TEN

JOBS

ADMINISTRATIVE
SALES & MARKETING
GENERAL

REAL ESTATE

RENTALS
FOR SALE
NON-RESIDENTIAL

PROFESSIONALS & SERVICES

CLEANING
ITALIAN TEACHER

RESEARCH

ADULT SERVICES

JOBS

Northwestern Memorial Healthcare seeks Medical Laboratory Scientists (Blood Bank) for Chicago, IL location to perform test procedures relevant to transfusion medicine. Bachelor's in Medical Tech/Laboratory Sci/ Clinical Laboratory Sci/ Chemistry/ Biology/ Allied Health qualifying applicant ASCP certification req'd. ASCP/ASCPi MLS req'd. Background check & drug test req'd. To apply submit your resume to megan.mcnulty@nm.org EOE

Network Objects Inc. has multiple openings at multiple levels for the following positions:

Combo of education, training and experience equiv.: Bachelor's+2yrs exp/equiv.: **SAP Solution Delivery Consultant (NSDC21):** SAP SD and SAP MM.

Master's +2yrs/Bachelor's+5yrs exp/equiv.: **SAP ABAP Developer (NSAD21):** SAP SD, RICEF, EDI, GTS, ECC. **SAP SD Pricing Consultant II (NSPC21):** SAP SD, Pricing, Rebates, Order management, Vistex. **SAP SD Solutions Architect III (NSAI121):** SAP SD, SAP CRM, ECC, SAP BCB and EDI/ALE-IDOC.

Mail resume with job ID # to HR: 2300 Barrington Rd., Suite 400, Hoffman Estates, IL 60169. Unanticipated work site locations throughout U.S. Foreign equiv. accepted.

Logisticians (2). Req'd: BA's in Business Admin., Transportation and Logistic Mgmt., or rel. Work Site: Wood Dale, IL 60191 Mail Resume: ALLSTATE INT'L FREIGHT USA INC, 1250 W Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

NEW PRODUCT INTRO. PROJECT MANAGER. - CHICAGO - Evaluate product design, performance; plan and implement product development processes; conduct testing, analysis. Master's Mech. Eng./related. Mail res., cov. let. to Diane Korach, Esdal, 4400 S. Packers Ave., Chicago, IL 60609

Software Eng'r: Participate in design, development & testing of Web Based apps & components that interface w/complex backend systems developed using core Java concepts and Spring, REST, GraphQL, Kafka, MSSQL, MongoDB, Junit/Mockito, Adobe & other open-source Distiller Technologies. Multiple positions available. Chicago, IL location. Send resume to Synthesis Technology Corp, 135 S LaSalle St, Ste 2025, Chicago, IL, 60603, Attn: L. Toepfer.

DENTISTS
The Dental Clinic, LLC in Chicago, IL seeks qualified dentists. Resp. for providing dental services to primarily pediatric patients. DDS in Dentistry (Will accept DMD in Dentistry) or foreign acad equiv w/ background &/or coursework in prosthodontics, periodontics, endodontics, pediatric dentistry, orthodontics, oral pathology, oral medicine, oral surgery & radiology. Dental license req. An EOE. 40 hrs/wk. Send cover letter & resume to: Dental Dreams, LLC, Attn: Marina Miller, 350 N. Clark St, Suite 600, Chicago, IL 60654. Refer to ad code DD-102065.

(Chicago, IL) R.J. O'Brien & Associates LLC seeks Senior Voice Engineer w/ Bach or for deg equiv in CS, CE, IS/IT or rtd fld & 4 yrs exp in job offer or in Cisco envir incl 4 yrs in Cisco voice & 3 yrs in netwrk engin in Cisco envir. Apply to HR, 222 S. Riverside Plaza, Ste 1200, Chicago, IL 60606

Senior Development Manager at Omni Properties, LLC in Chicago, IL: Manage multiple RE dvlpmnt projs simult. Req Bachelors or frgn equiv in Urb Plan, Urb Land Econ, Archt, or rlt + 1 yr of exp in RE dvlpmnt, and/or constr. projs in admin supp role. In lieu of Bachelors +1 yr exp, will accept 3 yrs of exp in RE dvlpmnt, and/or constr projs in admin supp role. Req up to 30% travel to various gov offices & constr sites located in the city of Chicago, IL. Any suitable combo of edu, training, or exp acceptable. To apply, email resume to Judy Qian at jqian@onni.com

Medline Industries, LP in Northfield, IL has multi open'gs for:

A) Workforce Analytics Manager for exp'tse in impl'tn of Any'tc Data WHS'ing sol'tns w/focus on HR verticals. No trvl reqd. no telcom. Apply at: medline.taleo.net/careersection/md_confidential/jobapply.ftl?lang=en&job=INF0100CU

B) IS Senior Portfolio Analyst to evl'te & improve ENT & Architecture portfolio. No trvl reqd. no telcom. Apply at: medline.taleo.net/careersection/md_confidential/jobapply.ftl?lang=en&job=INF0100ES

C) IS Configuration Analyst to provide data pro'cs & sys ana'lys to improve WHS'ing. 10% dom trvl, no telcom. Apply at: medline.taleo.net/careersection/md_confidential/jobapply.ftl?lang=en&job=INF0100ET

Personal Executive Assistant Needed
We're currently recruiting to fill the position of VIRTUAL PERSONAL ASSISTANT on a part time basis. The hours are flexible thus it will not interfere with your current job. Seeking a go-to person to keep the magic behind the scenes running smoothly, both professionally and personally. The applicant will assist in everyday to-do's as well as organize day-to-day items for lending business. Preferred Qualifications/ Skills: • Interpersonal skills • Good communication skills, both written and verbal • Current technology skills (such as using multiple platforms, google drive, email, sky- Organized record-keeping Open to alternative forms of education Work Schedule: Part-time (days a week) with hours varying throughout the year. To Apply: Applicants must submit their application via an email with your resume to chuckhov-eyachts.recruiter@gmail.com

Attorney, Real Estate (Chicago, IL) Represent private equity firms, investment firms, public REITs, developers, indiv. investors in complex corporate real estate transactions, incl. acquisitions, sales, mortgage financing, mezzanine financing, bridge loan financing, construction loan financing, joint ventures, loan purchases & assumptions, bank & bond transactions. Prepare & negot. primary transact. doc., incl. purchase & sale agr., JV agr., deeds in lieu of foreclosure, operating leases. Review & negot. terms & cond. of financing doc. w/ mortg. & mezz. lenders. Req'mts: JD or foreign equiv., IL Bar, 3 yrs exp in position or 3 yrs alt occup exp in complex corporate real estate transactional legal duties. In lieu of JD or foreign equiv., an LLM or foreign equiv. is acceptable. Email resume/ref's to Julie.Hammond@lw.com. Latham & Watkins LLP.

Recruitment Specialist. Please send resume to job location at: Bond Consultants Group, Inc. 8770 W. Bryn Mawr Avenue, Ste. 1300 Chicago, IL 60631

Bounteous, Inc. seeks Manager, Personalization in Chicago, IL to cnfgr, admnstr & oprte Adobe Target to spprt mlti-chnnl cmpgns. Telecommng frm anywhere in the U.S. is acptbl. Upld CV & covr ltr to https://www.bounteous.com/careers/, reference #w47mj

Teacher - Mandarin Language: Teach 5 Mandarin Chinese language classes/day, 5 days/wk to secondary school students & participate in all faculty activities. Chicago, IL location. Send resume to St Patrick High School, 5900 W Belmont Ave, Chicago, IL, 60634, Attn: J. Baffico.

The Northern Trust Company seeks an Associate Specialist, Applications to lead and participate in the design, development, and enhancement of financial application software on an IBM Mainframe computing environment. Conduct feasibility studies and define system requirements for complex data processing projects. Prepare project phase reports, including requirements, feasibility, definition, and design. Collaborate with business unit partners to determine the most effective computer utilization to solve financial business requirements for financial message processing purposes. Assess and ensure compliance with all audit requirements, including change control procedures and data security. Work with support teams to lead resolution of critical production software issues that cannot be resolved by first level software support teams. Position requires a Bachelor's degree in Computer Science, Engineering, Information Systems, or a related STEM field, followed by 5 years of progressively responsible experience with software design, development, testing, and implementation. Experience must include a minimum of: 5 years of experience with maintaining, enhancing, implementing, and supporting financial Pep+ software package from Fiserv and Connexion software from FIS to process ACH Nacha payment transactions and EDI financial messaging; 5 years of experience with system development lifecycle, systems analysis, application program development, requirements definition, and project leadership; 5 years of experience with preparing design documents for new requirements for solution and system enhancement; 5 years of experience with translating business requirements into technical specifications and performing unit testing; 5 years of experience with SCLM Mainframe-based code management tool; 5 years of experience with Service Now change and incident management ticket management system; 5 years of experience with CICS, COBOL, DB2, ftp, IDMS, IMS, JCL, MQ, PL/1, REXX, SOAP WebServices, VSAM, XPEDITOR, and XML; and 3 years of experience working on IBM AS400 platform supporting Midas financial application. Job location: Chicago, IL. To apply, please visit https://careers.northerntrust.com and enter job requisition number 21110 when prompted. Alternatively, please send your resume, cover letter, and a copy of the ad to: K. Clemens, 50 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, IL 60603.

Food Scientist, (McCain Foods USA Inc., Oakbrook Terrace, IL): Sprrt R&D & prdct imprvmt efforts; Carry out food prdct R&D wrk, dvlp cnpts for condrtn, prottyp & end prdcts; Cndct prdct dvlpt wrk for food prdcts - dvlpt prcs from cncpt to commrcly vbl prdct, id ingrnt / mtrl formtns which meet cost qlty reqs & prdct needs; Gnr & maintn dvlpt docmntn during R&D to ensr dtls are rcrded during prcs, spprt trnstns to prdctn pths; Dsgn & cndct evltn tsts w/ mtrl, prcses, end prdcts, anlyz data from tsts to id issues & communc to stkhldrs; Dvlp implmntn plans for prdct intrdctns, tchncl, mnufctng docmntn used to ensr prdct dvlpt by team may be hnded ovr to prdctn QA staff; Coordnt mtrls srngn actvtes for prdct dvlpt actvtes, id mtrls/spplrs, eval prdcts to ensr suitability, prvd tchncl communcn to suprlrs re imprvmt for mtrls; Mntr indstry dvlpts, evalt & prsnt dvlpt to team for invstgtn & inclsn into prdct lines; Srv as intrnl resrc prvdng Sales & Mrktg w/ info to ensr acct prsntns & cstmr communcn; Prvd tchncl spprt, gdncc to Oprtns, QA, Prcrmnt, & team to id & slv prdct dsgn mnfctg issues. Must have exp w/ food prcsg technology; undrstndng of heat trnsfr, thermodynmc prncpls, temp curves, effects of temperature &/or time on substrates & functnl ingrntns & undrstndng of prcs equipmnt & use; Ststcl prcs incl: ststcl prncpl on dtrmg mean, stndrd dvtns, regrssn mding, cndctg, evltn of ststcl tsts; Ably to set exprmntl dsgn tst; Strong bckgrnd in food chmstry, snsry, micrbly, food pckng systems, food engng; Ably to drive continuous imprvmt, chng mgmt intiativs; Prblm slvg skills (scientific mthd): systmtc obsrvtn, msurmnt, exprmnt, formltn, tstg, mdxctn of hypthsis; Ably to wrk w/ crss-fncnl teams at mlti lvls. Reqs: BA/BS or frgn equiv in Food Science or rtd fld & 2 yrs exp as R&D Scientist or rtd occp. Optn to wrk from home may be avlbl. Apply online: https://careers.mccain.com, reference # 12486.

Federal Home Loan Bank of Chicago is seeking a Senior Security Engineer in Chicago, IL w/the following reqts: Bachelor's degree in Computer Science, Electronics and/or Communications Engineering or related field or foreign equivalent degree. 5 yrs related experience. Req'd skills: Implement, manage, and develop Vulnerability Management tools and processes using Nexpose and Qualys (4 yrs); Manage Antivirus, Firewall and other Security Operations tools and technologies such as Symantec, PaloAlto Firewall, CrowdStrike platform and security awareness tools like Wombat and Knowbe4 (5 yrs); Use Tableau for Data Visualizations and reports to stakeholders (3 yrs); Consult on Threats and perform Risk Assessment on vulnerabilities, vendors and applications using tools such as BitSight, IntSights (5 yrs). Please apply at https://fhlbc.wd1.myworkdayjobs.com/Search/job/Chicago/Sr-Security-Engineer_R2100100

The Northern Trust Company seeks a Senior Consultant, Application to design, build, and test software applications and solutions. Define technical system requirements for complex data processing and software development projects. Collaborate with cross-functional users to analyze business needs, create prototypes, and develop user-friendly software applications. Test and maintain computer programs, including designing, coding, and debugging. Conduct feasibility studies and design system requirements for complex data processing projects. Perform strategic planning and long-range direction for technology usage and enhancements across the business units. Position requires a Bachelor's degree in Computer Science, Engineering, Information Systems, or a related STEM field, followed by 5 years of progressively responsible experience with software design, development, testing, and implementation. Experience must include a minimum of: 5 years of experience with coding and debugging software applications; 5 years of experience with capturing business requirements and transforming requirements into technical specifications in the financial services industry; 5 year of experience with conducting feasibility studies for complex data processing projects and preparing project phase reports; 5 years of experience with leading, mentoring, coordinating with teams in an onsite-offshore model; and 5 years of experience with BMC, CICS, COBOL, DB2, DFSORT, Endeavor, File Aid, IBM Utilities, InterTest, ISPF, JCL, MQ Series, Native Stored Procedures, REXX, SCLM, SOAP, SPLUNK, Stored Procedures, SYNSCORT, VSAM, WSDL, XML, Xpediter, and Z/OS. Job location: Chicago, IL. To apply, please visit https://careers.northerntrust.com and enter job requisition number 21109 when prompted. Alternatively, please send your resume, cover letter, and a copy of the ad to: K. Clemens, 50 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, IL 60603

Thoughtworks seeks Senior Consultant/Developer (Professional Services) to work in Chicago, IL & various unanticipated U.S. locations to work on large-scale, custom-designed, enterprise-level software development projects that use object-oriented technologies, such as Java, Kotlin or TypeScript. Must have Bachelor's in Computer Science, Computer or Electrical Engineering, Information Systems or related field. Must have 3 years exp. in the job offered, Consultant, Developer, or related IT position. Must have at least 12 months exp. in: (1) Analyzing, developing, designing, and testing object-oriented and full life-cycle software development projects using Java, Cucumber, Kotlin, TypeScript, React, React-Native, Android, or iOS Frameworks; (2) Using Agile Development Methodologies, including Continuous Integration, Extreme Programming, Continuous Delivery, Test-Driven Development and pair programming; (3) Performing automation test frameworks, including unit, functional and integration testing; (4) Developing software applications using Java, Kotlin or TypeScript; (5) Working on projects with distributed teams, including coordinating across countries and time zones; and (6) Coaching and mentoring junior developers in all aspects of software development, including Agile Development Methodologies. At least 80% travel across U.S. Send resume to ijobs@thoughtworks.com w/ Job ID SCD-LL2021.

RENTALS & REAL ESTATE

LAKEVIEW

One bedroom garden apartment, wall to wall carpet, A/C, recessed lighting, laundry, storage. No dogs, \$825.00 a month plus utilities. 773-296-1316

PROFESSIONALS & SERVICES

Native Italian teacher/tutor with more than 28 years of experience and still passionate about teaching about my beautiful language and culture. Adults, teenagers, businessmen, travelers, teenagers, opera lovers, any type of backgrounds, interests, age. patriziopao130@gmail.com

CLEANING SERVICES

CHESTNUT ORGANIZING AND CLEANING SERVICES: especially for people who need an organizing service because of depression, elderly, physical or mental challenges or other causes for your home's clutter, disorganization, dysfunction, etc. We can organize for the downsizing of your current possessions to more easily move into a smaller home. With your help, we can help to organize your move. We can organize and clean for the deceased in lieu of having the bereaved needing to do the preparation to sell or rent the deceased's home. We are absolutely not judgmental; we've seen and done "worse" than your job assignment. With your help, can we please help you? Chestnut Cleaning Service: 312-332-5575. www.ChestnutCleaning.com

RESEARCH

Have you had an unwanted sexual experience since age 18? Did you tell someone in your life about it who is also willing to participate? Women ages 18+ who have someone else in their life they told about their experience also willing to participate will be paid to complete a confidential online research survey for the Women's Dyadic Support Study. Contact Dr. Sarah Ullman of the University of Illinois at Chicago, Criminology, Law, & Justice Department at ForWomen@uic.edu, 312-996-5508. Protocol #2021-0019.

ADULT SERVICES

Danielle's Lip Service, Erotic Phone Chat. 24/7. Must be 21+. Credit/Debit Cards Accepted. All Fetishes and Fantasies Are Welcomed. Personal, Private and Discrete. 773-935-4995

READER matches

MWM DOM SEEKS MATURE SUB FEMALE

married white male dom 52 seeks mature sub female who likes on going spanking pleasure and punishment and seeking discreet LTR seeking mature sub female you can call me 224-292-9899 em dragonmastercs69@gmail.com

Submit your Reader Matches ad today at chicagoreader.com/matches for FREE. Matches ads are not guaranteed and will run in print and online on a space-available basis.



Reader 50

chicagoreader.com/50

Birthday SHOUT OUTS!

It's the party of the half-century and you're invited.

Give us a birthday shout-out by sharing some of your fondest memories of the Reader.

WANT TO ADD A LISTING TO OUR CLASSIFIEDS?

Email details to classified-ads@chicagoreader.com

the platform

The *Chicago Reader* Guide to Business and Professional Services

mental health

Mental Health is for Everyone

Chicago Behavioral Hospital provides hope for those struggling with depression, anxiety, substance use, and other mental health conditions.

We are all in this together. Let us help.

Inpatient and intensive outpatient programs for teens and adults.
Free and confidential assessments.



844.756.8600
chicagobehavioralhospital.com

business consulting



JOIN US!

WWW.GECHAMBER.COM

home improvement

Noise from Outside?

Soundproofing Window Inserts

Visit stormsnaps.com or noisewindows.com

Reduce or Eliminate Fog & Water

Keeps Bugs & Spiders Out

sales@stormsnaps.com
Alpina Manufacturing, Chicago, IL
1-800-915-2828

Cubicle & Desktop Sneez Guards

• Any size • No damage to cubicle • Easy removal • Portable, lightweight Desk shields for Children or Adults

Reopen Your Offices

sales@fastchangeframes.com
Alpina Manufacturing, Chicago, IL
1-800-915-2828
773-202-8887

Visit our website or call us for info: fastchangeframes.com

entertainment



LIVE & VIDEO

Entertainment

KIDS • CIRCUS
NIGHTLIFE • TELEGRAMS

320-333-4095
fireflyproductions.co

shop local

GREEN element RESALE

www.big-medicine.org

What Greta said . . .

andersonville

SUPPORT LOCAL SHOP SMALL

at over 100 locally owned and independently operated businesses

@avillechamber

insurance services

THE BOSS

Insurance Group, LLC

- Home
- Auto
- Life
- Commercial
- Small Business

312-759-7740
www.tbossig.com

WE LISTEN, WE CARE, WE EDUCATE
AND WE PROTECT BY ELIMINATING THE RISK

books

REGGIO MCLAUGHLIN

TAP DANCE OF LIFE

AVAILABLE AT AMAZON, BARNES AND NOBLE AND OTHER FINE BOOKSTORES. CHICAGO TEACHER, PERFORMER AND AUTHOR.

legal

Considering Divorce? We Can Help.

COLLABORATIVE | PRENUPTIAL
DIVORCE | MEDIATION

Brigitte Schmidt Bell, P.C.

847-733-0933
lawyers@bsbpc.com
BrigitteBell.com
BrigitteSchmidtBellPC

dance

Thanks for Shopping Local!

Chicago Dance Supply

5301 N. Clark St. Fl.2
CHICAGODANCESUPPLY.COM
773-728-5344

RedClay DANCE COMPANY

redclaydance.com

YOUR AD HERE

To advertise, e-mail
ads@chicagoreader.com

The Chicago Reader is now biweekly

READER

More than 50,000 copies will be available at nearly 1,200 locations across the city and suburbs.

Upcoming Issues:

- Nov. 25, 2021 Nonprofit Issue
- Dec. 9, 2021 Drinks Issue + WCT Insert
- Dec. 23, 2021 Year in Review
- Jan. 6, 2022
- Jan. 20, 2022 Winter Theater/Arts Preview
- Feb. 3, 2022 Cannabis Conversations
- Feb. 17, 2022
- Mar. 3, 2022 Best of Chicago 2021 Issue
- Mar. 17, 2022 WCT Insert
- Mar. 31, 2022 Spring Theater/Arts Preview



Find one near you:
chicagoreader.com/map

Download a free copy of any Reader issue here:
chicagoreader.com/chicago/issuearchives

GOOSE ISLAND BEER CO.

THE SLACKERS
11/12 & 11/13 @ REGGIES

BIT BRIGADE
11/12 & 11/13 @ REGGIES

MATT STELL W/FRANK RAY
11/20 @ JOE'S ON WEED ST

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
12/18 @ BEAT KITCHEN

MUSIC PAIRED WITH BEER

GOOSEISLAND.COM @gooseisland

© 2021 GOOSE ISLAND BEER CO., CHICAGO, IL | ENJOY RESPONSIBLY

CALL NOW AND YOU CAN SAVE UP TO 84% OFF YOUR NEXT PRESCRIPTION

Drug Name:	Qty	Price*	Drug Name:	Qty	Price*
Cialis 5mg	90	\$74.99	Anoro Ellipta 62.5mcg/25mcg	90 ds	\$324.99
Viagra 100mg	16	\$30.99	Lialda 1200mg	360	\$339.99
Cialis 20mg	16	\$39.99	Asacol 800mg	300	\$279.99
Eliquis 5mg	180	\$624.99	Dexilant 60mg	90	\$94.99
Symbicort Inhaler 160mcg/4.5mcg	360 ds	\$244.99	Breo Ellipta 100mcg/25mcg	90 ds	\$294.99
Januvia 100mg	84	\$289.99	Lumigan 0.01%	9mL	\$109.99
Spiriva 18mcg	90 ds	\$219.99	Corlanor 5mg	168	\$154.99
Flovent Inhaler 110mcg	360 ds	\$144.99	Qvar 80mcg	600 ds	\$184.99
Premarin 0.625mg	84	\$84.99	Estrogel 0.06%	160g	\$99.99
Xarelto 20mg	90	\$484.99	Pradaxa 150mg	180	\$504.99
Estring 7.5mcg/24hr	1 ring	\$149.99			
Levitra 20mg	30	\$159.99			
Jardiance 25mg	90	\$444.99			
Premarin Vaginal Cream 0.625mg/g	42g	\$129.99			
Viagra 50mg	16	\$29.99			
Advair Diskus 250mcg/50mcg	180 ds	\$234.99			
Myrbetriq 50mg	100	\$234.99			
Xifaxan 550mg	200	\$354.99			
Trelegy Ellipta 0.1mg/0.0625mg/0.025mg	90 ds	\$604.99			
Spiriva Respimat 2.5mcg	180 ds	\$264.99			
Restasis 0.05%	90 ds	\$254.99			
Combivent Respimat	360 ds	\$179.99			
Bystolic 5mg	84	\$104.99			
Prempro 0.3mg/1.5mg	84	\$134.99			
Tradjenta 5mg	90	\$379.99			
Livalo 4mg	100	\$109.99			
Farxiga 10mg	90	\$250.99			



Toll-Free Phone: 1-833-807-6980

Toll-Free Fax: 1-800-563-3822

All pricing in U.S. dollars and subject to change without notice. We accept Visa, Mastercard, Electronic Checking, Personal Check or International Money Order. *Prices shown are for the equivalent generic drug if available.

TotalCareMart.com
Savings made easy

Mailing Address: TotalCareMart.com PO Box 121 STN L
Winnipeg, MB, Canada R3H 0Z4

CODE: QM72



PLAY WITH PURPOSE™



**100% of
Profits**

go toward supporting
Veterans in Illinois.

Learn how every play helps at
www.IllinoisLottery.com

18+ Be Smart, Play Smart® Must be 18 or older to play.

Game odds available at IllinoisLottery.com.

