Nothing but Net

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The TRiiBe

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- Five films that achieve the rare cinematic feat of improving upon their predecessors.

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**Reader distribution locations**
- Congratulations! You found a copy of the Reader. Our interactive map at chicagoreader.com/map will help you keep up the good work.
CITY LIFE

STREET VIEW

Humanity defies the ‘Instatrap’

Never mind the hype—it’s locals that make spectacles like 29Rooms worth seeing.

ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT 29ROOMS— the yearly itinerant art exhibit promoted by lifestyle website Refinery29—is the stylish and diverse crowd it attracts. This year’s Chicago residency, which ended Sunday, featured Dreaming of a Dream, by local artist Yvette Mayorga, among the many Instagram-ready settings—and lots of locals looking pretty dreamy themselves. —ISA GIALLORENZO
FOOD & DRINK

RESTAURANT REVIEW

Shanghai is hidden in plain sight at La Mom Kitchen

The underrepresented regional cuisine reappears in Bridgeport.

By MIKE SULA

You can’t pitch a chile-crusted pork rib in Chinatown these days without hitting a Sichuanese restaurant. I’m always yammering to whoever will listen about how Chinatown and soon-to-be-annexed Bridgeport are consistently the most interesting and dynamic food neighborhoods in the city. But lately things have been looking a bit one-dimensional.

Before the collapse of Tony Hu’s Chinatown-based restaurant empire in the wake of federal wire fraud and money laundering convictions, he could always be counted upon to represent different and new-to-Chicago regional Chinese foods. He even stepped outside the so-called eight great cuisines of China when he opened Lao Shanghai, a move even more remarkable given that Shanghai’s sometimes derided for not having an original cuisine (this despite being the home of xiao long bao—soup dumplings, for the uninitiated).

Hu introduced the city to the Shanghainese predilections for cooking with sugar, alcohol, and vinegar, and to the meaty soy braises known as “red cooking,” installing handy table buzzers so you could annoy your server with requests for more red-braised pork belly, stir-fried eels, and drunken chicken.

Lao Shanghai closed in fall 2016, but about eight months later La Mom Kitchen opened its doors on Wentworth, offering a curious com-
The interior of La Mom’s Kitchen

FOOD & DRINK

Pork Belly, a name Chiang Kai-shek—hanging in portrait above the dining room—surely disapproves of. There are no xiao long bao, but the half-moon-shaped pork dumplings are loaded with enough dispersed hot liquid that they could be counted as almost soupy.

Admittedly, one of the more iconic Shanghainese dishes at La Mom is also one that gives Shanghai its reputation for co-opting the foods of other places (see also the soup section for the Shanghainese take on borscht); it’s no less worth your digestive real estate. Peking duck service at La Mom’s is a two-course, $33.95 value that begins with a platter of thinly flensed waterfowl with a glassy, shattering skin, followed by a stir-fry of the knobbier bits, wok tossed with onion and peppers.

That being said, at La Mom, Shanghai is stuck in the back seat relative to the increasingly familiar array of Sichuanese fireworks. I never thought that would be something to complain about in Chicago, so I’ll just encourage you to turn to page four of your menu.

If that combination already throws you off-balance, take a seat: at lunchtime, there’s a steak or chicken burrito with lettuce, tomato, cheese, sour cream, and rice. I’ll have to report on that one another day, because it’s the 28 specifically Shanghainese dishes listed on the menu—from potstickers to walnut shrimp to sweet glutinous rice balls in wine sauce—that set La Mom apart.

Some of the more compelling among these are wide bowls of savory braised-beef soup swimming with thick, pappardelle-like hand-shaved noodles, a great centerpiece for any meal here. Jerkylike slices of mock “smoked” fish are marinated in five-spice powder, deep-fried, then marinated again in soy sauce, rice wine, and star anise until dyed a deep amber. There’s a “braised chopped meat ball” some might recognize as Lion’s Head meatball, a soft, almost silky amalgamation of pork and tofu glazed in a glossy brown sauce. Just as familiar is La Mom’s Hong Sue Pork, jiggly chunks of red-lacquered hong shao rou, otherwise known as Chairman Mao’s Red-Braised
I was reading an article in the *New York Times* about the recent Senate Intelligence Committee report on Russian election interference when I spied the following sentence.

“While details of many of the hackings directed by Russian intelligence, particularly in Illinois and Arizona, are well known, the committee described ‘an unprecedented level of activity against state election infrastructure.’”

That brought me to a stop. Hacking in Illinois? Well-known?

Well, I suppose it depends on your definition of “well.” It surely hasn’t been as widely covered or become as well-known as, say, the ongoing kicking showdown between Elliott Fry and Eddy Pineiro at the Bears’ training camp in Bourbonnais. We get hourly updates on that thing.

But the Illinois State Board of Elections, hacked? I’ve been going around for the last few days asking people what they know about the story. And most folks didn’t know the state’s election board had been hacked, much less by Russian operatives. The only people who claimed they knew about it were reporters.

A word about that—reporters are generally untrustworthy when it comes to what they say they do and do not know. It has to do with their obsession with not getting scooped. They’ve been conditioned to believe that it’s a journalistic sin not to know at least something about everything.

It reminds me of Aziz Ansari’s latest Netflix special, where he asks the audience for their opinion about the Internet story about the Pizza Hut employee who arranged the pepperoni on top of a pizza to resemble a swastika.

After the audience weighs in with their opinion, Ansari reveals he made the whole thing up—there was no Internet story about pepperoni in the shape of a swastika. Proving that people would rather lie than admit they don’t know something.

Back to the hacking of Illinois election board computers by Putin’s operatives …

Our general ignorance about what the Russians did and why they did it illuminates a larger point about how we as Americans are not speaking as one when it comes to Russian spying—to put it mildly.

Republicans don’t want to talk about it because Putin’s operatives were acting to benefit Donald Trump.

Any news about Russian operatives—including what they were up to when they hacked into Illinois election board computers—only casts doubt on the legitimacy of Trump’s so-called victory over Hillary Clinton.

I say so-called victory because, as you recall, Hillary actually won the popular vote. And while we’re on that topic …

Allowing Trump to be president after he lost the popular vote is sort of like the Bears choosing Fry over Pineiro even if the latter outkicks the former in their competition. You better believe that Bears fans of the MAGA hat-wearing persuasion would raise holy hell about that.

As for my beloved Democrats, many of them are too busy refighting the Sanders-Clinton primary battle to worry about Putin.

I wish I had a nickel for every time a Bernie backer told me to stop obsessing over Russian hackers. They think talking about the Russians undermines their argument that Hillary lost to Trump because she ran a lousy campaign and didn’t strongly articulate Democratic values—like the need for health care for all.

Well, she did run a lousy campaign. But that’s not mutually exclusive from Putin’s hackers. Bernie’s bros hate Hillary in part because of Russian hackers.

At about the same time the Russians were hacking into Illinois election board computers, they stole hundreds of e-mails from the computers of the Democratic National Committee.

They then dumped those pilfered e-mails onto WikiLeaks at about the same time Democrats were gathering for their national convention.

So instead of singing “Kumbaya” and uniting people by saying “we’re all in this together in the fight against Trump,” Bernie backers were howling with rage at all the mean, nasty, lowlife things Democratic operatives had e-mailed each other about Bernie.

In fact, I’ll bet you most Bernie supporters are still more upset at Debbie Wasserman Schultz—the former head of the DNC—than they are at any Russian hacker. If only Democrats fought Republicans as hard as they fight each other, they’d control the White House, the Senate, and the Supreme Court.

Back to the hacking in Illinois.

It took place in June 2016. But it wasn’t reported until August 29, 2016, when Rick Pearson of the *Tribune* wrote: “Illinois State Board of Elections officials said Monday they believe personal information from fewer than 200,000 voters was hacked through a cyberattack of possible foreign origin that began in June and was halted a month later.”

Russia’s role went unreported until almost another year, when Congressman Mike Quigley highlighted it in remarks to the *Tribune*. “Quigley’s declaration of Russian involvement in the hacking of the state elections board marked the first time the country had been definitively identified as behind the attack,” Pearson wrote on June 5, 2017.

Clearly, it’s not as though anyone in or out of Illinois had been talking about this story with any degree of urgency if it took that long to mention the Russians.

The recent Senate committee report doesn’t shed much light on the matter—devoting only two pages of text, some of which is redacted, to the hacking.

On the question of motives, the report quotes a staffer with the Department of Homeland Security who says: “Russia would have had the ability to potentially manipulate some of that data, but we didn’t see that. . . . Why they didn’t . . . is sort of an open-ended question. I think it fits under the larger umbrella of undermining confidence in the election by tipping their hand that they had this level of access or showing that they were capable of getting it.”

Of course, things would be different if those Russian hackers were working against Trump instead of for him.

Then he’d be howling to the heavens about Russian interference. And the story about the hacking of our state board of elections’ computers really would be as well-known as the kicker battle going on in Bourbonnais.
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GET TO THE CENTER OF ARCHITECTURE
CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The mysterious case of Jeffrey Epstein

Given his high-profile connections, don’t expect clarity—or justice—anytime soon.

By Leonard C. Goodman

There are several confounding mysteries surrounding the case of Jeffrey Epstein, the 66-year-old “financier” who was arrested July 6 on a federal sex trafficking indictment that alleges he recruited and sexually abused dozens of minor girls, some as young as 14 years old, beginning at least in or about 2002. And for reasons I will discuss in a moment, don’t expect clarity anytime soon.

The first mystery is how Epstein, a former high school math teacher from Brooklyn, accumulated wealth estimated at about a half billion dollars, with mansions in Palm Beach and Manhattan, a private island in the Caribbean, and a private jet nicknamed the “Lolita Express” on which he hosted many famous people, including former president Bill Clinton, former national security adviser Sandy Berger, former Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak, former Colombian president Andrés Pastrana, and Prince Andrew, Duke of York.

The New York Times describes Epstein as “a hedge fund manager.” However, Epstein’s company, the blandly named Financial Trust Co., has no website, no record of any transactions, and no filings with the Securities and Exchange Commission, strongly suggesting that he has never managed other people’s money, as he long claimed.

The second mystery is, if the allegations against Epstein are true—and he admitted to at least some of the charges in a 2008 plea deal in Palm Beach County, Florida—how was he able to carry on for so many years without any significant interference by law enforcement? The current federal charges against Epstein appear to be a direct response to a recent blockbuster series of articles criticizing the federal government’s handling of the Epstein case by Julie K. Brown of the Miami Herald.

According to Brown, the feds had the goods on Epstein more than a decade ago, identifying 36 underage victims of sexual abuse. A 53-page federal sex trafficking indictment was prepared, but then it was shelved in favor of a highly unusual Non-Prosecution Agreement (or NPA) that essentially shut down the investigation into Epstein and his wealthy and powerful network of friends. This NPA was approved by Alexander Acosta, the top federal prosecutor in Miami, who later became President Trump’s secretary of labor. When asked about the Epstein agreement by Trump’s transition team, Acosta explained that he had been told to back off, and that Epstein was above his pay grade: “I was told Epstein belonged to intelligence and to leave it alone.”

That a wealthy and powerful criminal would be given a free pass by the federal government is hardly surprising. The federal justice system is often brutal and draconian. An ordinary person who takes a pornographic picture of a minor—defined by federal law as anyone 17 years old or younger—receives a mandatory sentence of 15 years in federal prison. However, contrary to what you may have seen on TV, these harsh sentences are rarely given to people of wealth and influence. Nearly 70 percent of federal prisoners are Black or Hispanic, and only one-third of defendants in federal court have the resources to hire their own lawyer.

To cite one telling example, during the 2000s, Wall Street bankers committed a massive fraud. They swindled poor people out of their homes with exploding mortgages, and they packaged these worthless mortgages into securities that they sold to unwitting investors, causing the stock market meltdown of 2008. Yet not a single banker was prosecuted for mortgage fraud. Instead, these bankers were bailed out by Presidents Bush and Obama. Then, to create the illusion that our government cares about mortgage fraud, federal prosecutors went after the low-hanging fruit, jailing scores of unsophisticated house flippers, loan officers, and straw buyers. I have represented at least a half dozen of these folks, all of them poor and politically powerless. In each case, the federal prosecutors demanded significant jail time plus restitution payments to the criminal banks.

The surprising thing about Epstein’s NPA is not that it kept him out of federal prison, but rather that the federal government went further and granted immunity from prosecution to “any potential coconspirators of Epstein.” This type of agreement is unheard-of and quite shocking. The federal justice system is built on conspiracy prosecutions in which reduced sentences or immunity from prosecution are reserved for those willing to testify against their friends and associates. Just ask anyone who grew up in Chicago public housing to explain how federal prosecutors ordinarily handle conspiracy cases.

This leads to the third mystery surrounding the Epstein case: Who are his coconspirators and why were they granted immunity from prosecution? Acosta provided an important clue when he said he was told to back off because Epstein “belonged to intelligence.” Others have claimed that Epstein’s residences were equipped with hidden cameras and microphones in the bedrooms that Epstein reportedly used to record the sexual assault of underage girls by his high-profile guests.

So was Epstein involved in a sexual blackmail operation exploiting children and targeting prominent politicians and other public figures? If yes, what was the involvement of U.S. intelligence officials? The answers to these questions could help explain Epstein’s wealth, and the unusual NPA that immunized his coconspirators. But the answers could also be embarrassing to powerful men on both sides of the political aisle.

One important job of Congress is to oversee intelligence agencies that have enormous power, operate in the shadows, and have a horrific track record of abusing their powers. In February, Nebraska senator Ben Sasse, a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, called for a probe of Acosta’s conduct, saying that “the victims of Epstein’s child sex trafficking ring deserve this investigation—and so do the American people.” Senate Democrats have also called for an investigation into whether Acosta is guilty of professional misconduct in his handling of the Epstein case.

Acosta resigned from his cabinet post on July 12. Will anyone in Congress go up the chain, beyond Acosta, and investigate the role of U.S. intelligence officials? William Hayden was CIA director in 2007 and is currently an analyst for CNN. Robert Mueller was the FBI director in 2007. Will either of these men be questioned about the Epstein scandal? Based on Congress’s recent performance overseeing high-ranking officials, don’t expect answers to the mysterious case of Jeffrey Epstein anytime soon.

Leonard C. Goodman is a Chicago criminal defense attorney and co-owner of the newly independent Reader.
At the time, in the late 1800s, Luxembourg was a poor agrarian society, overcrowded and running out of farmland fast. Leider Sr. was one of approximately 60,000 Luxembourger immigrants who streamed into the midwest from the mid-19th century to the early 20th. Half would settle and build farms in Edgewater, Rogers Park, and other areas of the north side due to the plentiful farmland. The U.S. Census Bureau counted 40,000 people in the country who self-reported Luxembourg ancestry in 2017, but Kevin Wester, former executive director of the Luxembourg American Cultural Society, based in Belgium, Wisconsin, estimates that 200,000 Chicagoans alone can trace their heritage to these original settlers, due to large family sizes and being notoriously miscategorized as German, Dutch, or Belgian. That wasn’t a typo; this number gives Chicago the distinction of having the largest Luxembourger population in the world, second only to the country of Luxembourg, whose population is 600,000.

Sandwiched between Germany, France, and Belgium, Luxembourg is small as far as countries go, roughly the size of Cook County but with one-eighth the population. It has the largest GDP per capita in the world, buoyed by its steel, technology, and banking industries. Why did Michael Leider Sr. leave? “He was the second son,” Mark Leider, his great-grandson, a fourth-generation Luxembourger and current owner of Leider Greenhouses, explains. “First son got the farm. Second son got a suitcase, a hundred bucks, and a ticket to America.”

The Leider family and an estimated 200,000 Chicagoans trace their heritage to settlers from the tiny nation of Luxembourg.

By Taylor Moore
continued from 9

farmer”—named for the horse-drawn carts of vegetables taken to the market. Then the invention of the refrigerated boxcar changed everything. It was no longer profitable to grow vegetables if a shipment from California could arrive by rail in only a few days’ time, so truck farmers made the switch from growing celery, cucumbers, beans, and potatoes to growing roses and carnations in greenhouses. In 1906, 1,200 Luxembourg American families owned greenhouses on the far north side, so many that they became widely known as the “glass house people.” Leider Sr. opened his own greenhouse in Evanston in 1898, at the corner of Asbury Avenue and Oakton Street.

As land speculation on the north side increased in the early 1900s, many of these families sold their greenhouses and either moved growing operations to the more rural suburbs or switched to professions that weren’t as physically arduous as farming.

The physical distance, combined with assimilation and a generational detachment from formal institutions, has diluted Luxembourger culture over the decades, says Wester. Once bolstered by Roman Catholic parishes and social clubs (think singing societies and bowling leagues), Luxembourg American identity became less central to its descendants’ lives, so much so that many are not even aware of their ancestry, thinking instead that they’re German or Belgian.

While other greenhouses and institutions have become lost to history, Leider Greenhouses remains, with more than 52 growing facilities across two locations. In 1965, the greenhouse moved to its current home in Buffalo Grove when the city of Evanston requisitioned the land to build a schoolhouse. While the business has gone through a slew of changes since 1898, it’s been kept in the Leider family ever since and is operated by fourth- and fifth-generation descendants of Leider Sr., who came to the United States wanting more than what he was born with.

In a lot of ways, our product now is the antidote to the digital world,” Mark Leider says. He points to a batch of container gardens on a metal cart—a vibrant mix of parlor palms and ivy in wide terra-cotta pots. Popular in the 60s and 70s when everyone wanted their homes to look like a jungle, he says, container gardens are making a comeback. “What we sell is music for your eyes. We sell color, we sell life.”

Decades of trial and error have optimized the growing process like a machine, from the automated systems that have rendered the watering can obsolete to the hybrid plant species bred to resist disease. But walking through these glass greenhouses, as sunlight streams in through the roof onto rows of bright green potted plants that seem to stretch into infinity, it’s easy to understand why members of each generation of the Leider family have felt the call to carry on the family business.

After graduating from Knox College with a degree in Spanish, Leider wanted to work at the family greenhouse, but his father, Jim Leider, told him he should work for somebody else first and then come back. So he did. He moved to California and worked at a vegetable seed company and a farm that grew stock (a fragrant flower that grows in clusters) before starting his own growing company, Dos Gringos, which is still in business today. He lived in California for almost ten years before moving back to Illinois in 1995 when his brother, Michael, who was running the greenhouse, was diagnosed with leukemia (he passed away in 2015). Leider and his sister, Mary Leider Barss, share ownership of Leider Greenhouses.

Leider says this past spring was brutal because of the cold and rain. Even as the greenhouses have features that set the internal climate and simulate the time of day, some factors are outside human control. “When it’s nice, [our customers will] buy flowers like you cannot believe, but as soon as the rain comes in, the cars will stop. They won’t come in.” This affects the Leiders’ garden center, which accounts for 10 percent of the business, and their wholesale operations.

Beyond reacting to individual seasons—small storm clouds in the face of a 121-year business—Leider Greenhouses has also gone through numerous changes to adapt to the market. When Jim served as company president, Jewel-Osco and Dominick’s were their main wholesale customers, but now they sell primarily to Costco—a fortunate move since Jewel-Osco sits in a hypercompetitive category and faces pressure from Whole Foods, Trader Joe’s, Mariano’s, and other grocery stores. Dominick’s isn’t even in business anymore.

Walking between greenhouses in what is essentially a hallway, Leider points to two tall trees sitting in storage alongside bags of soil. Apple pays Leider Greenhouses to store these two trees as backups for the flagship store on Michigan Avenue, in case the existing trees get sick and need to be replaced.

“They pay rent to me,” Leider explains. “So I figured—it’s Apple? You owe me. I mean, I’ve bought so many things from you guys. You’re not gonna complain about the price, I can tell you that.”

Leider and his four children haven’t been to Luxembourg, but his 80-year-old father, formerly the president of Leider Greenhouses, visited the country once in the mid-1970s for a European trip with the American Society of Florists. “When I came home, people asked, ‘What did it look like?”’ Jim recalls. “I said, ‘It looked like Morton Grove.’” (Morton Grove was also settled by Luxembourgers.)

On a wall in Leider’s office hangs a black-and-white photo of his grandfather—Michael Martin Leider, a second-generation Luxembourger and former company head who passed away in 2001—meeting Charlotte, Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, in 1941. At the time, the grand duchess was in exile. Nazi Germany had recently invaded Luxembourg, violating its neutrality, and the royal family escaped just before, not eager to be
Charlotte toured towns, mostly in the mid-west, that had large Luxembourger communities to raise money for the country, which she expected it would need for rebuilding after the occupation. At the behest of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, she also encouraged the United States, neutral at the time, to enter the war. The 2008 BBC documentary, Charlotte: A Royal at War, features footage of Charlotte touring Leider Greenhouses, including original black-and-white footage of the event taken by the Leider family. Jim Leider appears on the documentary in an interview and talks about the grand duchess’s impact on Luxembourg Americans.

As time has passed, the bonds of the Luxembourg American community have grown weaker and it’s been harder to carry on the culture. Jim says his father was president of VG Supply, a buying co-op of mostly Luxembourger vegetable farmers. It used to have hundreds of members, but now, Mark Leider says, “You can count them all on one hand”—Jim laughs, and Leider jokingly corrects himself—“or a few fingers.”

Leider says that three of his four kids—one of whom, Kit Leider Pierri, works as the garden center manager—have expressed interest in continuing the family business.

“People marvel, ‘How do you do it in five generations?’ Well, number one, every kid works,” Jim says. “And even though the family has a lot of wealth, the kids don’t feel rich. Everybody knows that money comes from hard work, it doesn’t come from off the trees somewhere. And I think that heritage [is what] we got from the Luxembourg immigrants.”

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far too many urgent things require our attention during and after pride as we strive toward a more equal society, in which no human being is demeaned, demoralized, victimized, or harmed by individuals or oppressive systems. here are some little ideas to serve as a jumping off point for you as an ally to show that you care. the most important thing to keep in mind is that educating yourself and others is perhaps one of the most important things you can do next to volunteering and donating to community organizations. make an impact by learning and teaching others how you celebrate all of our colorful identities. collective community action needs everyone, including you! do your research and ask your lgbtqia+ friends how you can help. start by talking to your friends, families, and coworkers. stand up for our community all year round!

please note these are in no special order and there are many other things you can and should do to show support
LISTEN TO KIDS
read the facts, understand the language, remember you have the power to stop bad behavior, encourage others to use respectful terminology, be a public ally, plan community activities, ask for faculty to be trained. strive for more inclusive health education. report to LGBTQ violence resource line (773) 871-2273, learn more at center on halsted’s youth member line (773) 472-6469, and donate supplies to the sloane sullivan backpack project.

TALK ABOUT MENTAL HEALTH
save lives by donating to the trans lifeline. look on instagram and crowd-sourcing websites for qtpoc raising money for things like housing, food, visas, gender affirming care (i.e.: surgery, HRT). fight for health care to become an accessible human right. don’t forget about elders or people with disabilities. don’t forget about undocumented immigrants or people in detention with no access to decent health care. save trans lifeline # (510) 771-1417 & be a friend!

UPLIFT TRANS WOMEN OF COLOR
create access to jobs, healing spaces, health care, food, and homes that foster the well-being of trans women, especially black & brown trans women who face elevated amounts of violence on a regular basis. check out: trans women of color collective. they offer funds for individuals, their families, & advocates to cover basic needs.

SEEK OUT QUEER ARTISTS
every month should be a time to raise up queer talent and to give paid positions to all types of artists. buy art and writing made by the community. find artists and organizations to support with small, monthly contributions through patreon. here are a few local, queer artists to listen to:
@ superknovamusic
@ wowtashawow
@ umabloo

BELIEVE SURVIVORS
listen. avoid judgment. remember everyone responds to traumatic events differently. know your resources. advocate! check in. ask how you can help. refer people to resilience in chicago for free legal, medical, and psychological resources. call them with questions & concerns and they will be happy to help.

BREAK BORDERS AND BINARIES
empower low-income immigrants. keep families together. learn simple laws and help warn people about detention raids through social media blasts. learn the rights and educate others. together we can break down physical and socially constructed borders by encouraging our loved ones to look beyond them and by supporting member organizations pass institutional policies. learn about lurie children’s hospital’s mental health care for the immigrant community, donate to the national immigrant justice center, volunteer at the resurrection project!

DECriminalize sex work
physical and psychological violence against sex workers is encouraged in our society. do not deny them the dignity and safety that are inherent rights of every human! expand your knowledge and help normalize sex work & make it safer for people in our community, especially qtpoc folx. have conversations with your peers to help end deeply rooted cultural stigmas. bring sex workers’ voices to academics and the general public.

check out: swap-chicago for more info on issues that profoundly affect sex work, such as violence at the hands of police. support: third wave fund. they provide grants and internships for sex workers.
NOTHING BUT NET

Project sWish uses basketball to keep young people on the south and west sides safe in the summer.

By Matt Harvey

Within a block of Homan Square Park, Google Maps becomes unnecessary: all you need to do to find Project sWish is follow the small herds of sweaty-shirted teenagers in gym shorts and stuffing their faces with Beggars pizza, forming a spotty trail to the gymnasium inside the field house. Barely a block southeast of the park, on the corner of Homan and Fillmore, sits the infamous CPD evidence and interrogation facility that made headlines around the world after the Guardian reported it was being used by the department to unlawfully detain, torture, and disappear more than 7,000 people.

The black mark that that story left on this neighborhood is being cleansed by what’s going on inside this field house. The sounds of gym shoes squeaking and balls hitting the hardwood can be heard throughout the halls. In front of the entrance to the gym are two adjacent tables, one with a stack of black and a stack of white jerseys and a sign-up sheet, the other piled high with pizza boxes. Inside the gym, two teams are in the heat of a close game, 38-41. The modest set of bleachers is filled with spectators and players waiting for their chance to get in on a game. This is Project sWish.

In Chicago, basketball is more than just a game. It’s an institution, the sport of choice for thousands of teens. In Chicago Public Schools, there are 192 high school varsity boys and girls basketball programs, more than any other sport except track and field.

When the school year ends, the accessibility of organized versions of the game drastically decreases. The CPS leagues are replaced by and large by AAU (Amateur Athletic Union) travel teams that, while regarded as the pinnacle of youth sports training, often require

Project sWish
Thu-Sun 5-9 PM, locations vary, projectswishchicago.com
his love of basketball began when he was a toddler in Auburn Gresham. “He was three years old when he started playing ball,” she says. “We would always run into problems getting him into some of the programs because he was too young.” Nelson Jordan, who raised McKinley as a single mother while working for CPS managing extracurricular programs, continued to do everything in her power to get her son into various camps and workouts, not only because he loved the game but because she saw the values he could learn from it.

“The time management, the structure, the discipline are all things that I feel like basketball provides for kids,” she says. “He would often benefit from someone reaching back to help him, so he was imbued with that spirit of philanthropy growing up as well. He was a passionate and caring child. . . . To see him pour [that kindness] into young people warms my heart.”

Nelson played basketball all four years at Whitney Young before going on to attend Xavier University in Cincinnati, where he studies sports management; he expects to graduate next year.

Running a nonprofit at 22 is a challenge. There are venue rental costs, apparel costs, food costs, and travel costs, not to mention payroll, recruiting, marketing, event planning, and PR. “I’m not very financially secure right now, so I rely a lot on my mom for financial and donations from our supporters,” Nelson says. “I’m not certain if this is what I want to do for the rest of my life, but I know I want this foundation to exist long after I’m gone.” Nelson says. “I’m not certain if this is what I want to do for the rest of my life, but I know I want this foundation to exist long after I’m gone.” Nelson Jordan, who raised McKinley as a single mother while working for CPS managing extracurricular programs, continued to do everything in her power to get her son into various camps and workouts, not only because he loved the game but because she saw the values he could learn from it.

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Morgan Dean has been working with the foundation since May of this year, when she graduated from college. She also works for the Los Angeles-based sports marketing agency Game Seven, hiring and managing staff for the company’s Chicago-based events. “McKinley and I have had a friendship since third grade,” she says. “I try to use the experience I have from organizing basketball-related events to help out with coordinating our events.”

Darrell Ivy and Omarr Gilbert, both 23, and Stephen Williams, 22, also assist in managing the different open runs across the city in three different locations on the south and west sides: Homan Square Park, Ogden Park in Englewood, and Dunbar High School in Bronzeville. The number of participants varies, but Project sWish expects 50 to 60 kids weekly per site over the course of the summer.

Placing their open runs in these locations has been no coincidence. “The reason we’re at these gyms, in these neighborhoods, at these times, is because we recognize that these are high-crime areas and high-crime hours,” Gilbert says. “If we can lower the crime rate by even half of 1 percent, then we’re reaching our goal.”

“Basketball is just a way to gain their trust. It’s a way to get them to see that we relate to them,” adds 24-year-old Kenny Doss Jr., another volunteer. “At the end of the day, when they have their issues outside of the game, we want them to feel comfortable coming here.”

In addition to working with Project sWish, Doss runs his own nonprofit organization, called Bridging the Gap Globally, that focuses on the Englewood community, running basketball events, prom dress giveaways, and more.

“This people are also showing up for the training. We’re helping them get better at basketball,” Ivy adds. “We have coaches that are well-known across the city who come here to coach the teams.” Dex Pierce, head coach of Dunbar’s varsity team, coaches open-run teams there, while renowned basketball trainer Angie Foster, known simply as Ms. Foster, coaches at Homan Square.

“A lot of these kids have never had the opportunity to play AAU or even high school ball, so it’s their first time wearing a jersey,” Williams says. “They get turned away from these other gyms because they want to charge them ten dollars to hoop, and that’s their money for, like, the next five days. They come here and it’s free, you get food, you get a jersey, we’ll give you hoop shoes if you need them. That’s huge.”

“While the team admits that they sometimes butt heads on things when it comes to organizing the events in a way that feasibly accommodates the needs of the players, they understand they must put their egos aside to get the job done. They all share the common goal of making the city a safer place to grow up.

This afternoon is 16-year-old Kesean White’s first time at one of Project sWish’s open runs. “I saw and heard about everything they were doing through [Instagram],” he says. “To me it was just another opportunity to get in the gym and hoop.” Kesean lives in Woodlawn. He’d just finished playing at the Dunbar location and was on his way out to Ogden Park field house, where Project sWish was going to be running even later. “We used to hoop in alleys growing up,” he says. “[There were] no open gyms that’s like this, that let us play this late.”

“It’s impossible to really see it, but we know it’s saving lives,” Williams says. “We’ve all been through the cycle before. When I see these kids hoop, I think about the friends that I had that, if they were in the gym instead of outside looking for something to do, they’d still be alive. Those four hours that these kids are with us, anything could be happening outside.”

16 CHICAGO READER • AUGUST 1, 2019
The first Chicago guidebook I ever read was written by a New Yorker. A gift from my father before I started college in Hyde Park, Mr. Cheap’s Chicago by Mark Waldstein (1994) had a cover that promised “Bargains, factory outlets, off-price stores, deep discount stores, cheap eats, cheap places to stay, and cheap fun things to do.” To a newly arrived 18-year-old on a very limited budget, it seemed like a cornucopia of truly marvelous delights: freshly browned biscuits from the Valois Restaurant, $2 movies at the Talman Home Savings Bank theater, and most curiously, a theatrical extravaganza at the Neo-Futurist Theater called Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind.

Outside of a brief bio of Waldstein on the back of the book (“a writer, actor and ‘starving artist’”), there were no clues to exactly what possessed him to create this 320-page guide to nightlife, flea markets, delis, discount record stores, and used clothing outlets in and around Chicago. But it certainly seemed like it.

**LIT**

A historic guidebook lover’s guide to Chicago

Which restaurant to avoid in 1857, which bar to visit in 1979, where to buy cheap carpet in 1994

By Max Grinnell

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was written just for me, with its careful eye for detail, informal style, and the eminently approachable manner in which it described Wicker Park, Maxwell Street, and West Rogers Park. I didn’t know anything about these places, yet Waldstein began to fill in my own mental map of the city by telling me about Moti Mahal Restaurant on Devon, Mort Cooper’s men’s clothing store in the Loop, and the Carpet Market in Wicker Park. Somehow the thought of a massive warehouse with Berber rugs at $4.99 a square foot struck me as quite urbane.

It was the start of a long obsession with Chicago guidebooks from the recent and not-so-recent past that continues to this day.

One of my next discoveries was Isabella Bird’s *An Englishwoman in America*. Published in 1856, the book covers Bird’s travels around the United States and Canada a few years prior. Looking through the table of contents, I breezed by the chapter subheadings “The hickory stick,” “Hard and soft shells,” and “Nocturnal detention.” My eyelids began to drop and then I glimpsed the windiest one of all: “A Chicago hotel, its inmates and its horrors.”

Reader, I read on.

Bird had just arrived from Rock Island via train and had attempted to find lodgings at one of Chicago’s “two best hotels.” She graciously omits their names and finds herself at a low-cost lodging “the name of which it is unnecessary to give.”

A policy of anonymity is perhaps best in this case, as Bird feels ill upon the sight of a room with barely any natural light and a “dirty-buffalo skin,” which, as it turns out, is an informal hotel to a raft of filthy vermin.

This is merely an amuse-bouche for what follows: “We went down to dinner and only the fact of not having tasted food for many hours could have made me touch it in such a room.”

Her review of this culinary tableau continues: “There were eight boiled legs of mutton, near raw; six antiquated fowls, whose legs were of the consistence of guitar-strings; baked pork with ‘onion fixings,’ the meat swimming in grease.”

It was clearly not a pleasant repast, yet I do believe this passage should be counted as the first full-fledged review of a restaurant in Chicago. It ranges beyond food to complete this most rustic portrait with commentary on Bird’s dining companions and their manners.

Over time, authors of Chicago guidebooks began to look around and describe various neighborhoods, institutions, transportation, higher education, and perhaps most importantly, the progress of development that made Chicago Chicago. *Chicago and Suburbs*, a companion to the 1939 *WPA Guide to Illinois*, includes a rousing look at the city close to its industrial peak.

I recall being most impressed by the jaunty narrative essay that opens the Chicago chapter: “Chicago, vibrant, noisy, every inch alive, is the youngest of the world’s great cities, and has the optimism, the exuberant and often rather self-assertive pride of youth.” If I wasn’t already reading these words while already in Chicago (albeit inside a brutal concrete tomb of a library), I would have jumped on a plane or hopped a train immediately to interrogate this claim.

What I continue to find so wonderfully engaging about this guidebook is the walking tours through the Loop, the near north and west sides, and other communities. As you turn each page, perhaps as you are holding the book in hand, you may feel that sense of the past as present, comparing and contrasting as you make your way pass the former “Death Corner” at Oak Street and Cleveland Avenue, which was “the scene of more slayings during the Prohibition era than any other point in the city.” A morbid thought, yet somehow just another one of Chicago’s endless well of superlatives, ranging from the sublime to supercilious.

What was the world of Chicago nightlife like before Yelp, TripAdvisor, and other sites proffering suggestions from folks like “Malort-Face4U” and “RushStreetNightz”? One could ask friends, one could ask a concierge, and one could certainly flip through a copy of *Dr. Night Life’s Chicago* (1979) by the Tribune’s Rick Kogan.

I first discovered this book at Powell’s on 57th Street, and I remember seeing an introduction by Mike Royko that referred to Chicago as “one of the great drinking towns of the world.” Ah, another superlative for the Windy City. As I had recently turned 21, I was curious to see whether this book would afford me a catalog of places where one could join others for a tipple.

The guidebook covered a wide range of drinking establishments, divided into thematic chapters like “Institutions,” “The Swinger,” and “Still Crazy.” As I made my way through the entries, Kogan’s tone felt like talking to a friend you’d met on the el and moments later, there you were at the Wrigley Building Bar (RIP) where “the activity is so lively that it looks like they are giving away booze.”

Kogan says now that the Dr. Night Life persona was a “weak homage to Mike Royko’s Slats Grobnik, concocted one night at Riccardo’s with newsmen Mike Flannery. Originally we thought ‘The Reverend Dr. Night Life,’ but clearer heads prevailed the next morning.”

I might also mention that each waterering hole reviewed in the book receives zero to five shot glasses as a type of overall grade. The Billy Goat and the Pump Room (as operated by Lettuce Entertain You) both receive a relatively rare five-shot-glass review. Looking back now, Kogan says O’Rourke’s, Wise Fools Pub, Bistro, Faces, Billy Goat, and Theresa’s Lounge were places that really captured the spirit of nightlife in the late 70s. But there’s no going back:

“Taverns are of their time and place,” he says, “and the best of them have always operated as homes away from home. The great piano bar genius Buddy Charles once told me that people go to taverns because they are eager for intimacy.”

Kogan’s observation is something that resonates with me as I think about these guidebooks. They are also very much products of their own time and place, offering a modest glimpse into attitudes about nightlife, dining out, architecture, and in some cases even the cadence and structure of a single block.

I also can’t help think that in our own time, with websites and social media sites proffering up endless pieces of windy advice, there’s something rather refreshing about the finite quality of guidebooks. I find it most welcome to unplug for a bit, take one out, make some notes along the way, and give myself time to wonder.
Funk it till you make it
Black Ensemble Theater’s You Can’t Fake the Funk is one of their most joyous shows in years.

By Catey Sullivan

Now onstage at Black Ensemble Theater: a hard-charging, gotta-dance, groovilitastic celebration of the genre of superfreaks and pile-driving downbeats. If you’ve ever sung about (or in fact are) the kind of girl “you don’t take home to mother,” this show is yours.

In a quarter century of Black Ensemble Theater shows, I can recall only one other as packed with dazzle and defiant joy: 2000’s The Jackie Wilson Story, which transferred to New York’s Apollo Theater and starred a very young, pre-Broadway Chester Gregory II. From James Brown’s “Please, Please, Please” to an epic mash-up of Bootsy Collins hits, the production will, in the words of Sly and the Family Stone’s funk classic, take you higher.

Our MC for the evening is Dr. Funk (Dwight Neal), whose funny, magnificent entrance introduces us to a man who stays stone-cold cool while wearing silver moon boots and a winged cape with more sparkles than New Year’s Eve at Studio 54 circa 1977.

Written and directed by BET’s producing managing director, Daryl D. Brooks, this two-hour homage to funk explains its history and the subtext to the genre’s crazysexy lyrics and pelvic-thrusting beats. As Dr. Funk explains, the sound is akin to pop but harder, psyche-delic, and more about that bass. The look of funk—an audacious array of majestic Afros, spandex and sequins, and bell bottoms—is a playground for costume designer Rueben Echoles, while the songs provide a showcase for music director Robert Reddrick and choreographer Christopher Chase Carter. Reddrick’s seven-piece all-male orchestra (he

Dwight Neal (center) in You Can’t Fake the Funk © ALAN DAVIS

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doubles as conductor and drummer) almost serves as Dr. Funk's cohort, laying down beats between songs before launching into hits from Earth, Wind & Fire, Chaka Khan, the Commodores, and the Gap Band.

As in all BET shows, there are a lot of expository breaks between songs—in this case, mostly delivered by Neal as he offers bullet points for the artists on display. What helps makes Funk fly (in all senses of the word) is the lack of dramatic scenes reenacted (or imagined) from the lives of the artists on display. Instead, we get Neal mostly alone between songs, offering history and insights. He's charming, goofy, and charismatic enough to keep the party pulsing. Add the talented cast's megacommitment to the material and you get an electrifying production.

It starts with Lemond Haynes as James Brown, leading the ensemble on “Please, Please, Please,” a plea Hayes renders explosive. From there, an incandescently cocky Stewart Romeo takes on Sly for “Higher,” “Soul Clappin’,” and “Dance to the Music”—that last a showstopper even though the show is barely halfway to intermission.

The cast is filled with vocalists with an uncanny ability to find the spirit at the core of the songs. Vincent Jordan gives the simple, swerving vocals of the Ohio Players' “Love Rollercoaster” the unstoppable momentum of the Sugarfoot Johnson original. (FYI: I have it on excellent authority that the urban legend surrounding the song is a lie. The scream near the top of the second verse is not a woman getting murdered. It's a vocalist, going for broke.)

As Rick James, Michael Adkins turns the hair-flipping, unapologetic sensuality up to 11, grinding through “Superfreak” with enough hip-swiveling gyrations and pelvic thrusts to give the front-row ladies the vapors. Adkins also leads the Gap Band’s “You Dropped the Bomb on Me” with end-of-the-world ferocity. And when Shaft (“Shut your mouth!”) shows up in the person of David Simmons's Isaac Hayes, the audience collectively loses whatever last inhibition it had about singing along.

The women of the genre don't get nearly as much play as the men in You Can't Fake the Funk. Chaka Khan gets a formidable moment in Thera Wright's white-hot rendition of “Tell Me Something Good.” Jayla Williams Craig swipes the female lead on “Car Wash” and the Mary Jane Girls’ “In My House.” She's sheer charisma, both as a dancer and a vocalist.

In real life, funk was co-opted early: by 1976, “Love Rollercoaster” was in heavy rotation at cafeteria dances in my 99 percent white Wheaton junior high. Whether you understood and embraced funk's rebellious attitude early or took a few decades to catch on, there's no denying the power of the funk deployed at BET. As this cast proves, you can't fake funk. Either you've got it, or you don't. This ensemble does, in all its eye-popping freakazoid glory.

REVIEW

The Scotch play
Drunk Shakespeare offers a boozy but clever riff on the Bard.

By Kerry Reid

T he moral implications of Drunk Shakespeare, in which a performer gets deliberately plastered before attempting a major role in Macbeth, may feel a bit troubling. But concerns about liver damage aside, the recently opened Chicago version of this show (created by Scott Griffin and director David Hudson) that's now in its fifth year in New York brings together a murderers' row of comedic talent to what is essentially Comedy Central's Drunk History with a literary twist—served on the rocks, straight up, and with many disgusting variations in between.

On the night I attended, Courtney Rikki Green tackled Lady M with verve, bringing an astounding amount of emotional nuance to the sleepwalking scene, despite the five shots of whiskey she downed before the 90-minute show (enough to make anyone see Birnam Wood moving—though here the forest is represented by the ensemble waving Little Trees air fresheners). She and Ahmed T. Brooks as Macbeth served up double and triple shots of sexual entendres while bringing in references to everything from Barack and Michelle Obama to The Lion King. Thomas Toles as the host kept the proceedings on track while entering scenes in a variety of film genres (action movie, film noir), as commanded by Green.

The upside to being the designated drunk is that you get to toss monkey wrenches into the performance works from time to time. The other official disrupters are the guests willing to fork over $500 (yikes!) for the special “King” (or “Queen”) package, which gets you a throne, expensive hooch (including a bottle of champagne one performer described as tasting “like what I imagine my mother's approval feels like”), and the right to interrupt the proceedings and decide if you will “pardon” the night's drinker or add to their hangover by commanding them to down another shot. (The king at my performance stole the show with a proposal—accepted!—post-curtain call.)

It takes performers with a sure knowledge of the original story and a firm handle on timing (both in terms of iambics and improv) to not fall off the narrative wagon with a show like this. In the tiny speakeasy-library setting of the Lion Theatre (a storefront space located behind the Chicago Theatre), the cast of Drunk Shakespeare moved with adroit wit and physicality throughout the audience seated on benches on either side of the playing area. (Kudos to the bar staff who also kept libations coming for patrons throughout.) You have to be pretty damn smart to make something that sounds this stupid on paper feel exhilarating rather than exhausting. Together, this cast embodies a new kind of “triple threat”—they can make Shakespeare's dialogue sing, they can ad-lib through the most ridiculous situations, and they can hold their liquor. One suspects that they're honoring the Elizabethan tradition, after all.

Theater
THEATER

A soapy Kiss
A Syrian soap opera gets deconstructed awkwardly in Haven Chicago’s production.

There is a great deal to like about Haven’s Kiss by Guillermo Calderón, directed by Monty Cole, about two Syrian couples who meet to watch a popular soap opera but whose lives become a soap opera, overly dramatic and comical. Youssif (Salar Ardebili) loves Hadeel (Arti Ishak), but she’s with Ahmed (Cole), who may or may not love Bana (Cassidy Slaughter-Mason). It’s a love rhombus. The acting is delightful, the first act very funny and engrossing, and the physicality both sensual and silly.

The play, set in Damascus in 2014, takes place in three acts. The first act is a straightforward soap opera with little reference to the Syrian war zone. The second act gets meta as the actors break the fourth wall and wrestle with themes of cultural appropriation and artistic interpretation, learning along with the audience how they misinterpreted parts of the first act. In the third act, the actors reenact the story with their newfound understanding, though not always honoring the new insights they have just received. While infusing it with brutal realities of life in Syria, they still play it like a comedic soap opera.

Calderón takes welcome risks with act two that are often not seen in theater, yet it comes across as an awkward attempt at deconstruction. Tonal shifts are messy, leaving one to wonder if Kiss is a farce or sincere. In the final act the impact is lost, undercutting the heavy realities of Syrian life introduced previously, offering nothing new, and returning to the tone of act one. The lobby displays educational material on contemporary Syria, including the popularity of soap operas that are often politically subversive, yet the play itself falls short of moving audiences to action. —Josh Flanders

Better apart than together
The lovers in Oak Park Festival Theatre’s Much Ado About Nothing lack spark.

Chemistry is everything in romance. The folks at Oak Park Festival Theatre prove this again and again over the course of their well-paced, nicely costumed, but ultimately disappointing revival of Shakespeare’s oft-produced comedy (directed by Melanie Keller) about two very different couples and the obstacles they encounter as they try to, well, couple (or, in the case of one pair, avoid coupling).

There is just no chemistry between either set of lovers in the show. When they are apart, Bryan Wakefield and Eunice Woods seem terrific as Benedick and Beatrice, a pair of witty, whip-smart square pegs in a round world; but when they are together the fireworks fizzle. The fact is they don’t seem that into each other. Even when they finally kiss at the end, it feels more like an acting exercise than the real thing. Likewise Ian Michael Minh and Tina El Gamal are duds as Claudio and Hero, though it’s impressive how much verve and energy El Gamal is able to bring out of one of Shakespeare’s shallowest, least developed female characters. But put her onstage opposite Minh, who seems quite lost as Claudio, and all that makes her Hero great melts away.

These four are surrounded by a fine ensemble, most of whom do their best to support the leads. Bret Tuomi doesn’t quite hit all the right comic notes as the foolish Constable Dogberry, though he finds enough to earn some laughs. But with lovers who don’t even seem to like each other in the leads, this romance hits the rocks pretty early, and founders for the rest of the evening. —Jack Helbig

Much Ado About Nothing Through 8/18: Thu-Sat 8 PM, Sun 3 PM, Den Theatre, 1331 N. Milwaukee, havenchi.org, $35.

Super Richard World III

Richard III for gamer nerds
Otherworld Theatre’s first “Stupid Shakespeare” show is adorable fun.

Do you remember laughter? Most days—especially the days when I log on to Twitter—levity just isn’t a thing. Fortunately for me, there’s Otherworld Theatre Company’s new “Stupid Shakespeare” series—which delivers exactly what it promises in its inaugural show Super Richard World III: It’s Just Richard III With Nintendo Characters. And you know what? It’s a fucking hoot.

Richard III, the British king, is a farce or sincere. Ronald Reagan and Donald Trump both can be interpreted as Richard III. As my Buddy whispered to me at the end of Act I, “This is adorable!”

Created by director Joshua Messick and Katie Ruppert, with assists from the cast, it’s the perfect upper for any adult who used to shop at Hot Topic and spent too much time taking out their feelings via Super Smash Bros.—brainy as hell and irresistibly irreverent.

In this grim cultural moment, this sweet, nostalgic turn surprised the heck out of me and offered my spirit a serious bounce. Fair warning: Don’t go in expecting the most moving theatrical performance of all time. Don’t go in looking for life-altering artistic work. Meet this show where it is and have some fun already, you nerd.

Need a lift? Let’s uh goooooo! —KT Hawbaker

Super Richard World III Through 8/4: Fri-Sat 7:30 PM, Sun 2:30 PM, Otherworld Theatre, 3914 N. Clark, otherworldtheatre.org, free.

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(Though it closes this weekend, the company is hinting at a return engagement soon, and will open PicklesRic-Kickles, a Rick and Morty/Pericles mash-up this winter.)

Imagine the funniest, smartest kids in your high school putting on a final project for AP lit. Stuff is low-budget, but the joy, thoughtfulness, and delivery are spot-on. Luigi takes on the role of Richard and Princess Peach is the tragic queen (duh), while Link, Bowser, Starfox, and Pikachu show up in supporting roles. The characters perform gorgeous renditions of Shakespearean monologues, only to punctuate them with seamless video game references. The show actually lands. As my buddy whispered to me at the end of Act I, “This is adorable!”

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Imagine the funniest, smartest kids in your high school putting on a final project for AP lit. Stuff is low-budget, but the joy, thoughtfulness, and delivery are spot-on. Luigi takes on the role of Richard and Princess Peach is the tragic queen (duh), while Link, Bowser, Starfox, and Pikachu show up in supporting roles. The characters perform gorgeous renditions of Shakespearean monologues, only to punctuate them with seamless video game references. The show actually lands. As my buddy whispered to me at the end of Act I, “This is adorable!”

Created by director Joshua Messick and Katie Ruppert, with assists from the cast, it’s the perfect upper for any adult who used to shop at Hot Topic and spent too much time taking out their feelings via Super Smash Bros.—brainy as hell and irresistibly irreverent.

In this grim cultural moment, this sweet, nostalgic turn surprised the heck out of me and offered my spirit a serious bounce. Fair warning: Don’t go in expecting the most moving theatrical performance of all time. Don’t go in looking for life-altering artistic work. Meet this show where it is and have some fun already, you nerd.

Need a lift? Let’s uh goooooo! —KT Hawbaker

Super Richard World III Through 8/4: Fri-Sat 7:30 PM, Sun 2:30 PM, Otherworld Theatre, 3914 N. Clark, otherworldtheatre.org, free.
The 25th edition of the Black Harvest Film Festival, playing at the Gene Siskel Film Center all this month, boasts a robust lineup of titles that are wide-ranging in subject matter and ambitious in aims. The festival opens with “A Black Harvest Feast” (85 min.; Sat 8/3, 7 PM), a series of five new shorts commissioned by the Film Center, and closes with Spike Lee’s Crooklyn (114 min.; Thu 8/29, 6:30 PM), his 1994 ode to his family; Lee’s cowriter, sister Joie Lee, will be in attendance.

In between are seven more programs of shorts, grouped by thematic content, and 17 features. Among the full-length festival films, three documentaries and three dramas are of particular interest, starting with It Must Schwing! The Blue Note Story (114 min.; Tue 8/6, 6 PM; Wed 8/7, 8 PM), directed by Eric Friedler. Herbie Hancock, Sonny Rollins, and Wayne Shorter are but a few of the artists who fondly recall Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, the two German Jewish emigres who founded the New York record company in 1939 and whose obsession with jazz would propel the form out of its former category of obscure “race records” into the mainstream of American music. From the label’s first hit, Sidney Bechet’s rendition of “Summertime,” to the post-war rise of Thelonious Monk, from Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers’ live recording of A Night at Birdland to Bud Powell and bebop, the movie makes a strong case for how Blue Note helped change race relations in the U.S.

Jacqueline Olive’s harrowing Always in Season (90 min.; Fri 8/9, 4:15 PM; Tue 8/13, 6 PM) charts the history of public lynching since the Reconstruction era and its aftermath today—specifically the death of Black teenager Lennon Lacy, whose body was found hanging from a swing set in Bladenboro, North Carolina, in 2014. Police ruled it a suicide, but Lacy’s mother believes he was murdered as punishment for his affair with an older white woman. While his family grieves, other residents of the south—Black and white—process the trauma of their shared bloody past by annually staging reenactments of crimes such as the murders of two Black couples at Moore’s Ford Bridge in northeast Georgia in 1946, believed to have been committed by members of the Ku Klux Klan. Although difficult to watch, the film is invaluable in its exploration of lynching as a form of racial terrorism. Danny Glover narrates.

“I just want to be a change agent, and politics is the way I can change people’s lives,” says 34-year-old Bakari Sellers in While I Breathe, I Hope (72 min.; Fri 8/16, 4:15 PM; Tue 8/20, 6 PM), Emily L. Harrold’s fly-on-the-wall portrait of the idealistic attorney, politician,
and CNN commentator. At 22 years of age, he ran for office as his district’s state representative and unexpectedly defeated his Republican opposition, but disillusionment soon set in.

“I’m a Democrat in South Carolina, so my job is the definition of insanity, because I repeatedly do the same things over and over again, and don’t accomplish much,” he says of his tenure. And indeed one of his finest achievements occurred after he was out of office: while he was working as a social activist in the wake of the 2015 mass shootings at Emanuel A.M.E. Church in Charleston, he and others succeeded in finally convincing the state legislature to retire the Confederate flag from the statehouse grounds. Whatever you think of Sellers, who is immensely likable, if more openly emotional than the average guy—but hey, he’s hardly average—don’t miss this enlightening documentary, a primer on the risks and rewards of politics, and why it’s absolutely fundamental that all citizens engage in its discourse, on whatever level we can.

Among the fiction films, the vibrant Jamaican sports drama *Sprinter* (114 min.; Fri 8/23, 4:15 PM; Sun 8/25, 3 PM) is a crowd-pleaser devoid of false sentimentality, thanks to its disarming young lead, Dale Elliott, and a sturdy supporting cast that includes Lorraine Toussaint and Dennis Titus as his separated parents, Kadeem Wilson as his criminal older brother, and David Alan Grier as his strict coach. Elliott plays Akeem, a Rastafarian high school track and field star whose chaotic home life threatens to derail his athletic goals and his chances at college in America, where he could reunite with his mother, who had left him ten years ago to support her family by working without a permit in California. Director and cowriter (with Robert A. Maylor) Storm Saulters does not sugarcoat the dangers facing vulnerable young men in Jamaica, nor their own behaviors that lead them into trouble. Will Smith and Jada Pinkett Smith are the movie’s executive producers.

Two other features deal with college-bound Black teens from ruptured families, but these are told from a female perspective. In *Strive* (82 min.; Wed 8/8, 8:30 PM; Thu 8/9, 6 PM), Joi Starr plays Kalani, a young woman from the Harlem projects who has earned a spot in a tony white prep school. But the disdain she faces there exacerbates all her stresses at home, where her working single mom unfairly holds her responsible for her sister and brother, who are close to Kalani’s age but have much less sense and self-discipline. Their reckless actions lead to one tragedy after another, and the only thing keeping Kalani from a nervous breakdown is her school counselor (Danny Glover), who wisely advises her to put herself and her dream of attending Yale first. The screenplay by Sha-Risse Smith and Piper Dellums at times hovers on melodrama, but Starr keeps the film on target with her performance; she’s fierce as a tigress, and just as mesmerizing. Robert Rippberger directed.

The crown jewel of this festival is the rapturous *Premature* (90 min.; Fri 8/9, 8:30 PM), directed by Rashaad Ernesto Green, who cowrote the screenplay with his star, the incandescent Zora Howard. She plays Ayanna, a talented young Harlem poet who during the summer before her freshman year of college enters a romance with a somewhat older, slightly adrift man (Joshua Boone), whom her mother (Michelle Wilson) is justifiably wary of; the jury is also out according to Ayanna’s girlfriends, who bristle at what they perceive as his sexism. The distributor, IFC Films, has requested that longer reviews of this movie be held until it opens theatrically in January, but for now just take my word for it: *Premature* is one of the year’s best films.
beginning with his third feature, Aferim! (2015), Romanian writer-director Radu Jude has seemed to reinvent himself with every new movie. Aferim! was a 19th-century picaresque filled with landscapes and shot in black-and-white widescreen; its follow-up, Scarred Hearts (2016), was a 20th-century chamber drama shot in the squarish Academy ratio (in which virtually all films were shot until the mid-50s) and notable for its devastating static long takes. Jude moved further into stasis with his next feature, the documentary The Dead Nation (2017), which considered Romania’s Jewish Holocaust (1941-1945) through a montage of still photographs from the 1930s and ‘40s. That film generated a popular backlash in Romania, where, according to the filmmaker, many people refuse to acknowledge their country’s part in Europe’s Jewish genocide.

Jude’s path as a risk-taker, at least in the formal sense, has been exciting to follow, not only because his risks have been so unpredictable, but because they feel organically rooted in his films’ content. That is, Jude seems to devise the form of each movie based on the history and narratives he wants to think about. Aferim! depicted the ugliness of Romania’s history of slavery with an ironically majestic style that evoked Hollywood westerns; the claustrophobic feel of Scarred Hearts was designed to inspire sympathy with the paralyzed hero, a Romanian Jew dying from tuberculosis in the late 1930s. A subtler piece of political filmmaking than its predecessor, Scarred Hearts rested on another bitter irony: the hero’s life in the sanatorium is in many ways better than what he’d be suffering through in Romanian society at large in the years leading up to the Jewish genocide.

Jude’s approach to political cinema, which touts its awareness of the political implications of film form, recalls that of Japanese director Nagisa Ôshima during his prolific 60s period, when he made such masterpieces as Violence at Noon (1966), Death by Hanging (1968), and Boy (1969). Like Ôshima, Jude’s overall project might be described as an attack on the national myths of his country and on historical amnesia in general; for both artists, constant reinvention is a key component of the attack. These are filmmakers who like to keep viewers on their toes, in a state of anticipation where they’re primed to engage with and debate the work. This project, particularly in its self-awareness, has roots in the epic theater of Bertolt Brecht, whose legacy towers over Death by Hanging and now Jude’s sixth feature, “I Do Not Care If We Go Down in History as Barbarians” (2018), a film explicitly concerned with the staging of history.

One reason why Barbarians is such a successful provocation is that it makes engaging with history seem pressing and vital. The film is funny, sexy, and vibrant; one might get wrapped up in Jude’s strident direction if it weren’t for the force of his rhetoric. Again, Jude is concerned with exposing the history of Romania’s Jewish genocide, but (perhaps now that he’s experienced the consequences of doing so) he’s also concerned with what it means to dig up wartime atrocities today. His protagonist is a theater director named Mariana Marin, who’s received a government grant to reenact an historical episode in a public square. She chooses the 1941 pogrom that started Romania’s Holocaust, fully aware of the controversy she’s sure to incite. Yet Mariana (who shares her name with a famous poet) is gung ho in her mission. The movie begins in medias res, with the director picking out props for her reenactment before instructing an old man who’s volunteered to act in the project how to scream like he’s on fire.

Barbarians gets off to a Brechtian start when Ioana Iacob, the actress playing Mariana, introduces herself to the camera and tells viewers to enjoy the film. Jude breaks the fourth wall only one more time in Barbarians, when Iacob looks directly at the camera after delivering a speech about victims of atrocity, but he employs other means of alienating viewers from the drama. Much of the film takes place during rehearsals for Mariana’s reenactment, and they’re rife with discussions of how to create an air of realism; when Mariana isn’t working, she’s reciting from books about historical atrocities and musing on her historical responsibility as a Romanian. In the film’s first extended sequence (shot in the sort of impressive long takes for which Romania’s art cinema is justly celebrated), Mariana meets with a government employee, Movila (Alexandru Dabija), who’s opposed to her reenactment. He first tries to convince her to choose another historical topic, then persuades her to tone down the violence in her drama when she refuses to relent. Their conversation is by turns intellectually charged and flirtatious; one of the movie’s better running gags is that the conservative Movila is not-so-secretly smitten with the sexy, radical Mariana.

Mariana brushes off Movila’s advances, likely because she already has a man in her life, a pilot with whom she enjoys trysts whenever he’s in town. Another talented debater, Mariana’s lover excites her both intellectually and sexually—often both at once. (In a telling moment, Mariana starts reading aloud from a history text right after she’s had sex.) But things aren’t as happy as they appear. Jude reveals about halfway through Barbarians that the pilot is married, around the same time that Mariana admits to him that her period is late. After Mariana confirms later that she’s pregnant, the film doesn’t resolve whether she’ll choose to have an abortion, though it makes clear that she has the choice to do so and that it’s hers alone. The secondary theme of Mariana’s sexual autonomy dovetails with the primary theme of historical responsibility; in both cases, Jude is asking us to think about what it means to have ownership over our identities and how we act on our knowledge to make choices to move forward.

This is heady stuff, but never daunting. Jude—whose first two features, The Happiest Girl in the World (2009) and Everybody in Our Family (2012), were discomforting comedies in the Elaine May tradition—knows how to infuse nearly any situation with humor, and the cast brings an emotional immediacy to the material even when it turns bluntly rhetorical. “Immediacy” is the critical word here, as Mariana (like Jude) wants to bring the past crashing into the present. Barbarians climaxes with the staging of Mariana’s piece, which touches on Romania’s collaboration with the Nazis, its history of anti-Semitism, and finally the Romanian army’s slaughter of more than a third of a million Jews on the eastern front of World War II. Jude had shot the preceding scenes of Barbarians on celluloid, but he switches to video for this part of the film, exploiting the medium’s immediate quality, with its associations of TV news reporting. (It’s ambiguous as to whether the people watching the performance are actors or simply passersby, and this heightens the sense of creative risk.) The actors playing Jews in the performance may not really burn to death at the end, but Romania’s ongoing responsibility for the atrocity feels very real.
NOW PLAYING

The Freshmen
This dramedy from French MD turned filmmaker Thomas Lilti is the third in an unofficial trilogy, following Hippocrates: Diary of a French Doctor (2014), about a naive medical intern, and Irreplaceable (2016), about an aging country doctor. Now Lilti turns his attention to first-year medical students, focusing on two friends from different backgrounds. One is privileged, a surgeon’s son (William Lebghil), while the other is less so (Vincent Lacoste), and has already failed his first year twice. At their school, and in accordance with the current French government’s “closed number” system, approximately 2,500 freshmen compete for 320 spots in their second year. Lilti potatoes at a cluster of issues here, including how unfairness inside the institution begins with the social inequalities outside of it. But the film’s heart beats through its central, intense, and fragile relationship between two ambitious young men, the kind of friendship to which most viewers, regardless of their personal histories, can probably relate. In French with subtitles. —LEAH PICKETT 92 min. Fri 8/3, 2 and 6 PM; Sun 8/4, 2 PM; and Wed 8/7, 6 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

Mike Wallace Is Here
Director Avi Belkin employs many creative strategies to reveal the inner workings of Mike Wallace, the formidable reporter best known for grilling celebrities and political dignitaries on 60 Minutes. Through a bounty of archival footage, Belkin shows Wallace sitting with his interviewees before the camera rolls, spotlighting Wallace’s cold professionalism and his guests’ visible unease. Belkin also chooses interviews that illuminate Wallace’s own insecurities, such as one with Bill O’Reilly in which Wallace criticizes O’Reilly for haranguing the guests on his show, and O’Reilly counters by saying that he used Wallace’s aggressive style as a template. For all his success and swagger on television, Wallace struggled with self-doubt since childhood and clinical depression as an adult, the extent of which he only disclosed a few years before his death in 2012 at age 93. Belkin is clear-eyed about Wallace the man, the journalist, the father, and the TV news magazine pioneer. Consequently Belkin’s portrait evokes the spirit of a typical Wallace interview: hard-hitting and unflinching in pursuit of the truth. —LEAH PICKETT PG-13, 90 min. Fri 8/3-Sun 8/5, 11:45 AM, 2:30, 5:15, 7:35, and 10:10 PM; Mon 8/5-Thu 8/8, 2:30, 5:15, 7:35, and 10:10 PM. Century Centre Cinema

It Must Schwing! The Blue Note Story
Jazz aficionados should enjoy this German documentary about Blue Note Records, one of the most important institutions in the history of the genre, as it features spirited interviews from such venerable figures as Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins, Rudy Van Gelder, Herbie Hancock, and George Benson. The film also tells a moving story of the long-time friendship between Blue Note cofounders Alfred Lion (nee Leow) and Francis Wolff, two Jewish men who bonded in Berlin over their mutual love of jazz and became business partners in New York after both fled the Nazi regime. Director Eric Friedler emphasizes how Lion and Wolff’s principled management of their record label stemmed from their appreciation of the music they recorded; former collaborators fondly recall the familial atmosphere around Blue Note under the cofounders’ leadership, and they’re also quick to note that setting recording artist at the label was decently paid. Setting aside some distracting computer-animated sequences, this is lovely nonfiction filmmaking. In English and subtitled German. —BEN SACHS 114 min. Showing as part of the Black Harvest Film Festival. Tue 8/6, 6 PM, and Wed 8/7, 8 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

Our Time
Diego García’s widescreen cinematography is almost stunning enough to hold one’s interest for the entirety of this self-regarding three-hour drama by Mexican writer-director Carlos Reygadas (Silent Light), the story, however, will likely try your patience well before it ends. Reygadas and his real-life wife, Natalia López, star as a married couple who live on a cattle ranch with their three children; she manages the ranch while he writes world-famous poetry. The couple also enjoys an open relationship, which the film depicts salaciously in spite of its arty veneer. When the husband starts to suspect that his wife is getting attached to one of her lovers, he slowly loses control over his life, and the marriage disintegrates. As a filmmaker, Reygadas dresses up the soap opera narrative with lots of the poetic imagery and sound design on which he built his reputation; some of it’s spellbinding (like a long take filmed from the bottom of an airplane), but much of it feels self-important and overstated. Reygadas is nothing if not ambitious—when he fails, he fails big. In English and subtitled Spanish. —BEN SACHS 177 min. Fri 8/3, 6:30 PM; Sat 8/4, 3:15 PM; Sun 8/5, 6 PM; Mon 8/6, 6:15 PM; Tue 8/6, 6:15 PM; Wed 8/7, 6:15 PM; and Thu 8/8, 6:30 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

Otherhood
When will they stop making movies about women teaching men to be better people? Cindy Chupack’s Otherhood is the latest installment in this tired yet still popular genre. Based on the novel Whatever Makes You Happy by William Sutcliffe, the film follows Gillian (Patricia Arquette), Helen (Felicity Huffman), and Carol (Angela Bassett) as they show up at their sons’ apartments in an effort to reconnect with them but instead discover that they are messes in all definitions of the word. Daniel (Jake Hoffman) is an alcoholic, Paul (Jake Lacy) is incapable of properly communicating his feelings, and Matt (Singuva Wali) sleeps with underage models. And of course it’s up to the women to save their sons from themselves but not without being blamed for the boys’ actions or tearing each other down first. For a film directed and written by a woman, its plot is shamefully backward. —MARICIA DE LA CERDA R, 100 min. Streaming on Netflix

Tel Aviv on Fire
Amidst the stark devastation of war in which Israel-Lebanon fighting has resulted in the deaths of hundreds, the new Israel-Palestine conflict rages on. Director Itamar Friedes captures this senseless tragedy in Tel Aviv on Fire, a universal hit despite its anti-Zionist premise. When he’s stopped by checkpoint commander Assi (Yaniv Biton), Salam convinces him he’s the head writer. Assi, whose wife watches the show, has some ideas for the next episode, and Salam inadvertently scores a promotion when he passes them off as his own. In order to keep his job and impress an ex-girlfriend, Salam makes a Faustian bargain, negotiating the commander’s help with the script in exchange for “good” Palestinian hummus. A lightweight but smart combination of satire, drama, and rom-com, Tel Aviv on Fire comments on modern-day Israeli-Palestinian life while humanizing the people living it. And though it’s certainly tied to a specific place and time, it’s easy to imagine similarly absurd power dynamics playing out across other borders in conflict. —JAMIE LUDWIG 100 min. Fri 8/2-Sun 8/4, 11:35 AM, 2, 4:45, 7:25, and 10 PM; Mon 8/5-Thu 8/8, 2, 4:45, 7:25, and 10 PM. Century Centre Cinema

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2

The Pianist
Kad Merad stars in this film about a Palestinian film director who stumbles into the Israeli police as he tries to return to his family in Jerusalem. —DEREK KELLY, 90 min. Tue 8/1, 6:30 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

For all the movies in our film listings, watch trailers at chicagoreader.com/trailers.
The return of **Katie Got Bandz**

Four long years after her last mixtape, the Queen of Drill drops *Rebirth*—and revisits the site of the Bronzeville projects that taught her to persevere.

Written by **Tiffani Walden**

Photography by **Pat Nabong**

Shot at **Ellis Park, 3520 S. Cottage Grove**

The projects taught Katie Got Bandz how to survive. Born in 1993 as Kiara Johnson (a name she hates to use), she grew up on the Low End on 39th Street, in the Ida B. Wells Homes—which used to stretch from Martin Luther King Drive to Cottage Grove. The way Katie tells it, back then everybody looked out for each other. When it wasn’t no bread or butter or milk in the house, your momma sent you next door to borrow some from the neighbors. If somebody on the block caught you disrespecting an elder, they’d snatch you up and whup your butt before taking you home to your momma for round two.

And the guys on the block respected women and kids. They’d give the neighborhood a heads-up about wars with rivals, so that parents could keep their kids home from school, safe from stray bullets and crossfire. Right before a shooting, Katie remembers, they’d tell the women and children: “Go in the house. Lay down. Turn the lights off.”

“The projects molded me into who I am. It had a big impact. Like, I learned a lot,” Katie says. The Triibe is interviewing her in Ellis Park, just north of the former site of the Ida B. Wells Homes. “Everybody family, too. I love it. I am honored and I am grateful and thankful for growing up the way that I did on 39th Street.”

Unfortunately, not everybody saw the projects that way. That’s part of why Chicago started demolishing Ida B. Wells in 2002, tearing down the last building in 2011.

Katie sees how much the Low End has changed after the projects were destroyed and their residents dispersed. Many of the after-school programs and Park District programs she went to are no more. She says there also used to be a free breakfast program for the kids, but it’s gone now too.

“Actually, with the projects being gone, the crime is worser,” she says. “Everybody split up. Majority of the people still down here, but it’s like people branched off and went to...”
The Ida B. Wells Homes’ last building was demolished in 2011, but Katie’s mother still lives in the area—and when Katie visits from Atlanta, that’s where she stays.

All these other different neighborhoods and getting killed over nonsense. I feel like if the projects was here, a lot of them people would still be alive.”

Katie’s mother still lives in the area, and when Katie visits from her current home in Atlanta, that’s where she stays. The city could scrub the Ida B. Wells Homes from the map, but it couldn’t take the projects out of Katie.

Got Bandz. The spirit of her childhood community lives on in 2012’s “I Need a Hitta,” 2013’s “Pop Out,” and 2014’s “Lil’ Bitch”—the tracks that helped earn her the title “Queen of Drill.”

When the drill scene took off in 2012, its guerrilla-style videos introduced the rest of the world to the lifestyles of the Chicago streets, raw and uncut. Drill artists—and not just Chief Keef—caught a lot of flak from outsiders. Local and national politicians blamed drill for the city’s murder numbers, which were relentlessly sensationalized in the news. But artists are products of their environments—things rarely work the other way around. Were they not supposed to rap about what was happening around them?

“A lot of people try to judge me off my music,” Katie explains. “I rap about survival and experience. I tell stories. I’m not out here riding around with no gun, shooting up nobody, but I used to be real trigger-happy growing up.”

By trigger-happy, she means playing with guns, not shooting them. In the early social-media days of Tagged and MySpace—probably in the mid- to late 2000s, though she’s not sure—Katie took a photo of herself playing with a gun in the house when her mom was out of town. She put the picture on the Internet, and her auntie saw it and called her mom. Katie tried to lie her way out of it, but her mom had evidence: she’d found the picture online herself and printed it out. “She
showed me the paper. I was like, aw, Lord,” Katie says with a laugh. “It wasn’t nothing else I can say then.”

That early mischief was just the beginning, though. It eventually led to the famous clip—swiftly turned into an enduring meme on Twitter and elsewhere—of Katie brandishing what she calls a “deuce, deuce” in the video for “Go In,” released by Chicago rapper Shady in 2011. In a game where women rappers are often pressured to sell sex appeal, Katie took a path she felt was truer to herself—and she was not only accepted but celebrated for it.

“Some people give me my respect, some people don’t. And it don’t hurt to salute or give recognition,” she says. “Shit. I paved the way for females to start toting pistols and start talking this street shit from my generation. A lot of people give me respect, but the people who ain’t, I’m coming for it—and I’m gon’ apply pressure, by any means.”

For the past four years, fans have been anticipating Katie’s next project—since Drillary Clinton 3 in 2015, she’s released only loosies. When she dropped “All Talk” in September 2017, she said she was nearly done with Drillary Clinton 4, and the May 2018 release of “Work It Girl” was supposed to have been followed by her first EP, Sista Bitch. But neither of them ever came out.

The next chapter of Katie’s career has finally arrived, though, and she’s excited about where it might take her. In May, she dropped two music videos on YouTube to build hype around an upcoming project: one for the hard-hitting single “Errthang” and another for “Verifi ed,” a radio-ready track with emerging Chicago star El Hitta. She also says there’s a documentary about her life in the works.

“I’m back out,” she said. “I hope to see drill as big as these arenas. I want people to have platinum and gold records—me especially, because I don’t wanna just be an artist performing in clubs. Like, I wanna sell out arenas and everything, internationally.”

The project Katie Got Bandz was teasing this spring, a mixtape titled Rebirth, came out July 23—it’s available on platforms such as DatPiff and MyMixtapes. Because Drillary Clinton 3 includes the head-knocking banger “Make Me Rich” (featuring go-to Chicago R&B collaborator Jeremih), which has been in regular rotation on radio and in the clubs for four years, Katie knew she had to follow up with something just as dope.

Of course, she still gives her fans the confident street vibes they crave, most notably on “I Like That” with FBG Duck. Katie also uses Rebirth to suggest reasons for the long gap since Drillary Clinton 3—in her lyrics, she alludes to problems with record labels stifling her creativity. “Fuck a label, what the fuck I gotta sign for,” she raps on the
heartfelt “Deserve It,” which features Atlanta singer Monea Giovanni.

“I was going through depression for the last couple of years. I was ready to work. Then I couldn’t,” she says. “You know the industry will fuck you over if you let them. I started rapping when I was 18, but I didn’t know the business.”

In her talk with the TRiiBE, Katie hints at a business situation that led to her bout with depression. *Rebirth* was released with little fanfare, which suggests that heavy things happening behind the scenes could be hindering her shot at stardom. It’s hard to imagine that she wouldn’t have wanted her first full-length in four years to get a bigger push, but so far the new mixtape has received scant media attention.

Whatever has been going on, Katie prefers not to discuss it. “I got music and it’s hot,” she says. “I got big features and everything, but I let the situation get to me—but that’s why I don’t speak on it.”

Katie says the difficulties that got her down have also helped her mature. In Chicago, she says, too few rappers work together. All the little quarrels and beefs between artists and their camps block progress for the city’s scene as a whole. “Ain’t nobody trying to be a leader. Everybody following each other, and then they feel like, ‘Oh, if I do a song with him, I’m a goofy because we into it.’”

But from the time Katie has spent in Atlanta, she’s learned a lot about the spirit of reciprocity and collaboration. She sees their artists sticking together and working toward a larger goal—to build a thriving space for all musicians. In some ways, the Atlanta scene follows the same code Katie learned growing up in the Ida B. Wells projects, with people looking out for each other no matter what. She hopes to help Chicago get back to those village vibes.

“Look at Atlanta rappers. They ain’t the best of friends, but they come together when it comes down to the business,” Katie says. “I’m a song with a female who feel like she don’t like me. We don’t gotta see eye to eye. This is business, though. The more and more I grow and mature, though, it’s just like, why be mad when we can get some money?”

@TheTRiiBE

The Block Beat multimedia series is a collaboration with the TRiiBE (thetriibe.com) that roots Chicago musicians in places and neighborhoods that matter to them. Video accompanies this story at chicagoreader.com.
**MUSIC**

**PICK OF THE WEEK**

Rising Chicago rapper Calboy shows why he’s the envy of hip-hop on *Wildboy*

![Calboy](image)

Calboy
Part of day two of Lollapalooza (see page 33), Fri 8/2, 12:50 PM (music runs noon-10 PM), American Eagle stage, Grant Park, S. Columbus and E. Jackson, $130-$650.

Rich the Kid headlines. Sat 8/3, 11 PM, House of Blues, 329 N. Dearborn, $30-$48. 17+

——Leor Galil

**THURSDAY**

**AWFUL.** Touched by Ghouls, Boybrain, and DJ Andy Ryan open. 8:30 PM, Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western, $8. 21+

In a world of primping Bachelorette contestants and flowery Insta influencers, a badass rocker such as Traci Trouble can feel like a true heroine. Trouble has been a reliable contributor to Chicago punk, pop punk, and rock ‘n’ roll for pushing two decades, as a singer and bassist for groups including Hotlips Messiah, Paper Bullets, and the Wanton Licks. She sounds like Joan Jett, minus a few years and packs of cigs, and she cuts a charismatic figure onstage—like the gatekeeper of a better universe where one spin of a Buzzcocks record would replace everyone’s anxiety meds and photo-filter apps with grit, grime, and the truth. In her new vehicle, Awful, she’s joined by steadfast drummer Izzy Price (of the Velcro Lewis Group) and Mystery Actions guitarist Lucy Dekay, who contributes Johnny Thunders-esque riffs (albeit with a good attitude). If the trio’s energetic set at the Motoblot festival earlier this summer is any indication, they’re hoping to spread a virus that will infect us all with the raw power of classic punk. Awful’s new single, “Me Me Me,” sharpen its big burst of energy with a tiny bit of snarl, and because it’s also the title track of their imminent Beer Can Records EP (available for purchase at this show), it provides a glimpse of what’s yet to come from the emerging group. The darkly fun Touched by Ghouls are also on the bill at Awful’s release party—make sure to check out their sneakily brilliant moments of graveyard-picnic blues rock. **—Steve Krakow**

**ACE FREHLEY.** Enuff Z’nuff opens. 7:30 PM, Arcada Theatre, 105 E. Main St., Saint Charles, $59-$99. 3

Even as a dedicated member of the Kiss Army, I understand that Gene Simmons and crew have provided plenty of ammo for trash talkers. But it’s really hard to hate on lead guitarist Paul “Ace” Frehley. He’s a founding member of the greatest rock ‘n’ roll spectacle of all time, and his sloppy, shredding, high-gain solos are as much a part of the Kiss fabric as fire breathing and blood spitting. Though Frehley’s compositions have been the highlight of the band’s catalog from the beginning (do yourself a favor and revisit the brilliance of “Rocket Ride,” from the studio-recorded fourth side of 1977’s Alive II), it wasn’t until the group members simultaneously released solo albums in 1978 that he got the spotlight he deserved; while Simmons, Paul Stanley, and Peter Criss released hokey tributes to their own egos, Frehley created a rock-solid, fun-as-hell, hard-rock-pop-metal romp that outsold his bandmates’ efforts and still holds up today. Frehley departed Kiss in 1982 to launch a solo career, releasing three solo albums by the end of the decade (two credited to his band, Frehley’s Comet), though his reckless, self-destructive antics constantly threatened to derail him. Frehley’s status as a rock god got a much-needed shot in the arm in late 1995, when he rejoined Kiss for a reunion that turned into a years-spanning farewell tour. He left the band again in 2002, and Kiss has of course gone on to make other “final tours.” But life post-post-Kiss has been good to Frehley; over the past ten years, he’s been clean, sober, and active. He’s released a steady stream of cheesy, funny solo records—maybe a bit forgettable, but totally fine. Of course, you don’t go see Space Ace in concert for a dive into his recent solo works; when I saw him in 2011, he played a set of KISS classics, with smoke and sparks flying out of his guitar during the solo on “Shock Me” like it was 1977 all over again. **—Luca Cimarusti**

**SCROLL THROUGH THE FIRST 20** of Soundcloud’s 50 most popular tracks right now, and you’ll find songs from three Chicagoland MCs: Juice Wrld, Polo G, and Calboy. The song in the top 20 with the most total plays is Calboy’s “Envy Me,” with more than 66 million since December. And those numbers are just for the version Calboy released after signing to RCA and Polo Grounds in fall 2018—the “Envy Me” video had been on YouTube since August, and now has more than 113 million plays there. The melodic, bittersweet tune has inspired a dance challenge on video-making apps such as TikTok and Triller, and it’s provided a milestone for the newest class of successful Chicago street rappers—a loose cadre that includes Lil Zay Osama, El Hitta, and the aforementioned Polo G. These artists’ lyrical prowess, entrancing pop hooks, and proclivity for singing their darkest stories down smooth, which might be part of why they haven’t provoked the kind of media hysteria that greeted Chief Keef in 2012. Calboy’s major-label debut, May’s *Wildboy*, fills out its lyrically sorrowful, melodically irresistible songs with guest spots from a team of big-name rappers, including Lil Durk and Meek Mill; their variety of vocal textures breaks up his smooth performances and ensures the material doesn’t blur together. **—Leor Galil**
JEROMES DREAM Lorna Prieta headlines; Jeromes Dream and Lord Snow open. 6 and 10 PM, Beat Kitchen, 2100 W. Belmont, $15 (10 PM show sold out), 17+

Of all the east-coast bands that helped sharpen screamo into a definitive style in the late 90s, Connecticut three-piece Jeromes Dream have the most compelling mystique—especially for fans who never saw the band before they called it quits in 2001. During their four years together, Jeromes Dream dropped five split EPs and two brief, fiery albums, all seven of which were repackaged on the two-CD set Completed: 1997-2001 (Alone Records) in 2005. Their rapid rhythmic bursts, caterwauling guitars, and throat-shredding shrieks, combined with anecdotes about their wild, blink-and-you’d-miss-it live shows—they rarely played for more than ten minutes, and bassist Jeff Smith often belt-ed out the lyrics without a microphone—enshrined the band’s place in screamo lore. Recently Jeromes Dream broke more than 15 years of silence to invite fans into the process of their reunion: in 2018 they announced they’d be making a new album via an Indiegogo campaign, which eventually raised more than $20,000. On the resulting record, simply titled LP (Microspy), Jeromes Dream take a more expansive approach to their music, stretching out grindcore-style explosions into intelligible melodies that hint at postrock grandeur. Even Smith’s vocals have mellowed—he barks his verses through a megaphone, sure, but he’s clearly taking better care of his voice these days, and he seems to care much more that fans understand what he has to say. He rails against mechanized warfare and domestic violence, but because he provides disconnect-ed details rather than a full picture, listeners have to wait to call the police on me”). At this show, he’ll perform tracks from This Land (Warner Records), showcases his broad range: the soulful ballad “Pearl Cadillac” he channels Prince with his stripped-down guitar work and falsetto singing, while on the title track he opted for heavy psychedelic guitar, reggae-inspired grooves, and lyrics that rage at life as a Black man in Trump’s America (“I see you looking out your window / Can’t wait to call the police on me”). At this show, he’ll perform tracks from This Land as well as some older material (and maybe even a Beatles number)—and he’ll definitely continue to defy clichés. —KIRSTEN LAMBERT

ROB MAZUREK’S DESERT ENCRYPTS VOL. 1
See also Saturday. 9 PM, Green Mill, 4802 N. Broadway, $15. 21+

Rob Mazurek came up through Chicago’s jazz community, and the Chicago Underground Duo (his

FRIDAY2

CALBOY See Pick of the Week, page 30. See also Saturday. Part of day two of Lollapalooza (see page 33). 12:50 PM (music runs noon-10 PM), American Eagle stage, Grant Park, S. Columbus and E. Jackson, $150-$650. ©

GARY CLARK JR. See also Saturday. Fantastic Negrito opens. 11 PM, Metro, 3730 N. Clark, sold out. 18+

Good luck slapping a label on Gary Clark Jr. The Austin native won a Grammy for Best Traditional R&B Performance in 2013, but his music cuts across genres, including blues, rock, and hip-hop. In the 2015 Rolling Stone mini documentary Gary and Eve, Clark says he once imagined following in the footsteps of a soulful group such as Boyz II Men but found himself drawn to the rebelliousness of rock ‘n’ roll. After he and his friend Eve Monsees won a school talent show with their version of Stevie Ray Vaughan’s “Pride and Joy,” the two spent their evenings playing at Austin’s music clubs while their high school classmates tackled algebra homework. Clark decided to skip college to pursue a music career (to his parents’ dismay), and in 2010 his bet paid off: Eric Clapton invited him to join his Crossroads Guitar Festival just outside Chicago. Since then Clark has released five major-label albums, appeared at Lollapalooza (he’s on the bill for the third time this year), and opened for the Rolling Stones. He even played for the Obamas at the White House, and in 2013 Rolling Stone labeled him “the Chosen One.” He’s not yet a household name, but with a guest spot on Saturday Night Live in February and bookings on various late-night talk shows, that could change soon. Clark’s latest album, February’s This Land (Warner Records), showcases his broad range: on the soulful ballad “Pearl Cadillac” he channels Prince with his stripped-down guitar work and falsetto singing, while on the title track he opts for heavy psychedelic guitar, reggae-inspired grooves, and lyrics that rage at life as a Black man in Trump’s America (“I see you looking out your window / Can’t wait to call the police on me”). At this show, he’ll perform tracks from This Land as well as some older material (and maybe even a Beatles number)—and he’ll definitely continue to defy clichés. —KIRSTEN LAMBERT

LEVER

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CRYSTAL LAKE, IL
SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

HOME BAR
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, IL
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

LEVERBAND.COM
**MUSIC**

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long-standing partnership with drummer Chad Taylor, which has past lives as a trio, a quartet, and an orchestra) attests to his ongoing identification with the city’s heritage of genre-defying improvisational music. But Mazurek, whose artistic practice encompasses free improvisation, large-scale composition, sound and light installations, and painting, is as restless geographically as he is creatively. This summer Astral Spirits Records will release three CDs of music inspired by his sojourns in other parts of the world. Love Waves Ecstatic Charge is a set of explosively colorful electronic music that Mazurek composed in response to corrupted sound and image files extracted from a camera that broke while he was documenting his 2005 residency in Abbaye Royal de Fontevraud, France. Psychotropic Electric Eel Dreams IV is a much more subdued piece of electronic music, first heard as a quadraphonic installation presented in the Lincoln Park Conservatory as part of Experimental Sound Studio’s Flora-sonic series. Mazurek assembled the music, whose low-watt sonic glow easily transcends its original role as an accompaniment to foliage, by combining recordings of the discharges of electric eels (made during his years living in Brazil) with sounds he played on analog and digital synthesizers. But the quartet that he’s bringing to the Green Mill, which includes Taylor, pianist Kris Davis, and bassist Ingebrigitt Håker Flaten, uses the jazz idiom to respond to the land and sky around his current home in Marfa, Texas. The wheeling, open-ended melodies and shifting rhythmic foundations on Desert Encrypts Vol. I have an expansive quality that’s new to Mazurek’s music—but when he takes commanding solos (on piccolo trumpet instead of his usual cornet), it feels like he’s returning to his roots for a spell. —BILL MEYER

**SATURDAY**

**CALBOY** See Pick of the Week, page 30. See also Friday. Rich the Kid headlines. 11 PM, House of Blues, $32 N. Dearborn, $30-$48. 17+

**GARY CLARK JR.** See Friday. Part of day three of Lollapalooza (see page 33). 4:45 PM (music runs noon-10 PM), T-Mobile stage, Grant Park. S. Columbus and E. Jackson, $150-$650.

**FISTER** Scientist, Sarin, and Blunt open. 7 PM, Reggies’ Music Joint, 2105 S. State, $12. 21+

Ten years in business, these Saint Louis-based sludge machines attempt the delicate task of balancing a what-you-see-is-what-you-get approach with the ability to surprise. Their 2011 full-length debut, Bronsonic, is a gory, bowel-troweling slab of noise that shows their utter commitment to punishing heaviness, though they do offer a sly wink with song titles such as “Santabbath” and “Mazda of Puppets.” Fister have been fairly prolific in the years since, releasing a steady stream of EPs, demos, and split singles with the likes of Primitive Man, Teeth, and Dopethrone. Following 2015’s IV—which contained a single long, unrelenting track designed to stretch the limits of endurance—the group returned last year with No Spirit Within (Listenable). The album shows that Fister are willing to change things up a bit, with a slight turn toward (dare I say) accessibility. They blast away enough of the black earth crusted on their roaring machinery to reveal some lean hardcore roots—particularly on “Cazador,” which picks up the pace enough that in the context of previous material it sounds downright jaunty.

—MONICA KENDRICK

**J.I.D** See also Sunday. Omen and Lute open. 10 PM, Concord Music Hall, 2047 N. Milwaukee, $28-$38. 18+

In the very crowded landscape of Atlanta rap, J.I.D is instantly recognizable. His stage moniker comes from a childhood nickname that was short for “Jit-ter.” That word is also a good description of his flow—he races from word to word with a slight turn toward (dare I say) accessibility. They blast away enough of the black earth crusted on their roaring machinery to reveal some lean hardcore roots—particularly on “Cazador,” which picks up the pace enough that in the context of previous material it sounds downright jaunty.

—MONICA KENDRICK

**JOHNNY PATE**

Johnny Pate has been an arranger, composer, producer, and session musician for years. His contributions to the scene are appreciated—his most widely heard today via sampling by hip hop producers. Born John William Pate in Chicago Heights on Dec. 2, 1945, he learned to play piano from a church organist board and in 6th grade he picked up the horn. Graduating from Bloom Township High School in 1963, he was drafted and in an Army Jazz Orchestra he added upright bass to his arsenal and set a taste for arranging after his discharge in 1966. He headed to New York, where jazz pianist Oscar Pettiford took him under his wing. Soon Pate returned to Chicago, where he arranged for R&B legends Garnet Silk and the Apartments band at Club Delhi in 1967. He formed his own jazz quartet which had a top 20 R&B hit in 1980 that helped get him session work. He arranged and played on albums by legends such as Stan Getz and Wes Montgomery and giggled with the likes of Sarah Vaughan and Count Basie. In the early 90s, Pate was hired by soul producer Carl Davis at Emerald Records, which began his longest professional partnership. From 1993 to 1997, beginning with the Impressions’ “Sad Sad Child,” and ending with “Superfly,” Pate handled the arrangements. Electra’s regular arranger he followed Maxwell to A&R. Pate’s ability to mix funk and jazz also worked with Betty Everett, B.B. King, Gene Chandler, and Jerry Butler. Pate moved to New York in the late 80s, returning to jazz with Hammond, and white classica pianoforte soundtracks for “Brother of the Bones,” “Pucktown,” and “Sniff in Africa.” After a mid-90s stint in Las Vegas, he moved to New Orleans and back to the U.K. where he played with nylon-string guitar legend Julian Bream and英格兰 Cole Pate settled in Las Vegas in 1995 and all out retired not before putting 4 kids through college including his bass playing son Don. Now 56 years old, this living legend continues to rehash new ears through reissues & sampling.

**TUNE INTO THE RADIO VERSION OF “THE SECRET HISTORY OF CHICAGO MUSIC” ON OUTSIDE THE LOOP ON WGN RADIO 720 AM, SATURDAY AT 6 AM WITH HOST MIKE STEPHEN. ARCHIVER @ OUTSIDE THE LOOP RADIO.COM | COMMENTS IDEAS TO @PISCHKOWEHT.COM**
istic of the work of guest rapper 6lack, but J.I.D finds his way around it, rapidly delivering lines that balance smarm and snark: “I wanna share my popcorn wit’ you / ‘Cause I won’t eat the whole thing / But you still got an issue.” Smart, inventive, and able to cater to commercial interests without letting them overwhelm him, J.I.D is a talent to watch. —NOAH BERLATSKY

ROB MAZUREK’S DESERT ENCYCLOPEDIA
VOL. 1 See Friday. 8 PM, Green Mill, 4802 N. Broadway, $15. 21+

SUNDAY

BEATDOWN 22ND ANNIVERSARY LITNIC Hosted by Wicked and Lil M4 $13, featuring DJ Clint, DJ Roc, DJ T-Rell, RP Boo, Larry Hott, DJ Corey, DJ Deeon, DJ Spinn, DJ PJ, DJ Tre, DJ Puncho, Bubby Skillz, and DJ Spaulding. 10 AM-8 PM (music at 10:45 AM), Dolton Park, 721 Engle St., Dolton. 312-386
1564

Our culture generally doesn’t consider 22nd anniversaries especially momentous, but I’ll take any excuse to see some of the most important figures in footwork, juke, and ghettouse history—and that’s exactly who DJ Clint has brought together for this year’s Litnic, a day-long picnic that celebrates the 22nd anniversary of his label and collective, Beatdown House. In the mid-to late 90s, Clint took ghetto house’s grimy, salacious sound in nervy new directions, helping shape its rhythmically complex offshoots juke and footwork. His first mix, a 1997 split with DJ Flint called South Side Beatdown (he founded Beatdown House around the same time), came out exclusively on cassette, the format that provided the heartbeat of gheto house during those years. Since then Clint has become one of the most important figures in the scene, and he’s roped in so many other pivotal producers for this year’s Litnic that its lineup is basically a Chicago house hall of fame. Among the performers are footwork originator RP Boo, Teklife cofounder DJ Spinn, ghettouse architect DJ Deeon, and Bosses of the Circle founder DJ Roc; I recommend showing up early to see juke mastermind DJ Puncho in action too. The Litnic also promises to have the inclusive atmosphere of a block party—one of the plusses of a festival that’s put together by a community rather than a corporation. —LEOR GALIL

J.I.D See Saturday. Part of day four of Lollapalooza (see page 33). 2:30 PM (music runs noon-10 PM), T-Mobile stage, Grant Park, S. Columbus and E. Jackson, $130-$650. 312-337-1100

SANTANA The Doobie Brothers open. 7 PM, Hollywood Casino Amphitheatre, 19100 S. Ridgeland Ave., Tinley Park, $47-$185. 708-638-5000

Carlos Santana is arguably one of the most influential guitarists of all time; born in Jalisco, he was a pivotal artist in Latin rock and roll, and his music continues to influence generations of musicians. —AARON TAYLOR-JONES

LOLLAPALOOZA Love it or hate it, Lollapalooza is here! The stacked four-day fest features more than 170 sets across eight stages, with headline performances from the Strokes, Childish Gambino, Ariana Grande, and Twenty One Pilots. The Reader has preview coverage of Calboy (page 30), Gary Clark Jr. (page 31), and J.I.D (page 32). Thu 8/1 through Sun 8/4, 11 AM-10 PM, Grant Park, single-day tickets $130 or more, four-day passes $340 or more, free for kids ten and under.

EDGEWATER EDGEFEST Despite what its name suggests, this family-friendly north-side fest is as chill as they come. For local music from the likes of Rod Tuffcurls & the Bench Press, Wedding Banned, and Funkadesi, and definitely stay for the pet parade at four on Sunday. Sat 8/3, noon-10 PM, and Sun 8/4, noon-9 PM, Broadway and Thorndale, $5 suggested donation.


BEATDOWN 22ND ANNIVERSARY LITNIC See preview to the left. Sun 8/4, 10 AM-8 PM (music at 10:45 AM), Dolton Park, 721 Engle St., Dolton.

BELIZE DAY IN THE PARK The 39th edition of this cultural festival celebrates Belize with food, fun, and music from Eljai Royal, Danki Man, Socie GCK, and more. Families can visit the Farid Rishmawy Kids Zone for free school supplies and entertainment for children 12 and under. Sun 8/4, noon-9:30 PM, Burnham Park Grove 7 (3900 S. Lake Shore Dr.), $20, free for kids 12 and under.

FESTIVALS Lollapalooza isn’t the only fest in town this weekend—it just feels that way

FRIDAY AUG 9 / 11 PM / 21+
Neverland presents
THE NIGHT KING
A MARKET DAYS DANCE PARTY
FT. DJ ALEX ACOSTA / DJ ALEX CABOT
LIGHTS BY JOE GILLIAN

SATURDAY AUG 10 / 10:30 PM / 21+
Joe Fiore presents
FURBALL: MARKET DAYS CHICAGO

SAT AUG 17 – SUN AUG 18 / 1 PM / ALL AGES
AT GALLAGHER WAY
1060 BLOCK PARTY ANTBALAS / TED LEO & THE PHARMACISTS FOXING / NOW. NOW / BLACK PISTOL FIRE LOCAL H / TOUCHED BY GHOUL + MORE!

FRIDAY SEP 06 / 7:30 PM / ALL AGES
+ SATURDAY SEP 07 / 7:30 PM / ALL AGES
THE GROWLERS PINKY PINKY

WEDNESDAY SEP 11 / 8 PM / ALL AGES
Virginity Rocks World Tour 2 With
DANNY DUNCAN

SUNDAY SEP 15 / 9 PM / 18+
THE MIDNIGHT
FLAMINGOS

MONDAY SEP 16 / 6:30 PM / 18+
Empire Productions welcomes
REVOCATION & VOIVOD
PSYCHOPTIC / SKELLETAL REMAINS
CONJURER

THURSDAY AUG 01
Mantel with
ONE / BROX / MORE
Hugo Prodigio
Zoeyy Glass / Abigail

THURSDAY AUG 02
Lollapalooza Weekend with
ORCHARD LOUNGE
ALL NIGHT

SATURDAY AUG 03
Lollapalooza Weekend with
MOON BOOTS / GARETT DAVID

SUNDAY AUG 04
Queen with
DERRICK CARTER / MICHAEL SERAFINI
GARETT DAVID

LOOSE ENDS MARKET DAYS BEARS IN SPACE HARRY CROSS
smartbar august 10

GOING TO THE SMARTBAR?
CHICAGO READER smartbar AUGUST 1, 2019
MUSIC

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co, Mexico, the musician, bandleader, and long-
time social activist has been incorporating Mexi-
can, Latin American, and other international sounds
into rock 'n' roll and blues since the mid-60s. Now, 72, he's
won practically every prize the musi-

industry has to offer, racking up ten Grammys, three Latin
Grammys, a Kennedy Center Honors medallion, a
Billboard Lifetime Achievement Award, and more.

This year Santana celebrates three seminal musi-
cal events: the 50th anniversary of his band's stellar


performance at the Woodstock festival, the subse-
quent release of their debut album, Santana (which
went triple platinum, sold more than four million
copies, and remained on the charts for more than
two years), and the 20th anniversary of their 1999
comeback record, Supernatural. In June, Santana and his
band released their 25th studio album, Afri-

co Speaks, and he described it to NPR Music's Alt.


Latin program as having a direct connection to
the beats that inspired his 1969 debut. His careful atten-
tion to his African muses, expressed in an inimitable
blend of rock, jazz, Latin grooves, and Bay Area psy-
chdelia, is part of what gives his music its timeless
magic and lyrical beauty—as Prince proclaimed in
a 1985 Rolling Stone interview, Santana influ-
enced him more as a guitarist than Jimi Hendrix because
he "played prettier." Santana is known for vibrant
jam-session style concerts, and while his current
tour, dubbed "Supernatural Now," includes numbers
from Africa Speaks, it centers on his hits, including
crowd-pleasing singles such as "Oye Como Va." Tito
Puente wrote the tune in 1962, but Santana's 1971
cover made it even more iconic: as he sings on its
famous refrain, "Mi ritmo / Bueno pa' gozar" ("My
rhythm / It's great for partying"). We'll be dancing
to his rhythms for generations to come.

—Catalina

Maria Johnson


WEDNESDAY 7

PINBACK

Rick Reinhart opens.
8:30 PM, Thalia
Hall, 1807 S. Allport, $25-$55. 17+

Indie-rock stalwarts Pinback have spent consider-
table time on the road in recent years, but they've
been quiet on the studio front since the release
of Information Retrieved (Temporary Residence) in
2012. Now, 20 years removed from Pinback's self-titled debut, prolific multi-instrumentalists and
singer-songwriters Rob Crow and Armistead Bur-
well "Zach" Smith are back with a new single—and
they've hit the road again with their most famous
band, one whose melodic progressions, distinctive
guitar and bass tones, and off-delicate vocal deliv-
eries were influential in late-1990s and early-2000s
underground circles. Pinback's later albums expand-
ed their use of piano and keyboards and added a bit
of violin and cello accompaniment, but they never
deviated far from their trademark style.
The new single in question, the excellent "ROJI (Roshomon Effect)," is classic Pinback—midtempo, melodic,
and well balanced, with a bit of a distorted edge, it
showcases the interplay between Crow and Smith's
instruments and Crow’s alternately breathy and
urgent vocals. There’s been no announcement of a
forthcoming album, but Crow told NBC San Diego
in 2018, “There’s not new new music.” This alone is
courageous, given that Crow, who has five chil-
dren, publicly quit the business in 2015—then the
next year, he debuted a new project, Rob Crow's
Glomo Place, and got back on the road. You should
expect plenty of Pinback “oldies” at this Thalia Hall
show, but from a duo as restless as Crow and Smith,
you can also safely assume that there’s more coming
soon.

—Scott Morrow

34 CHICAGO READER • AUGUST 1, 2019
GOSSIP WOLF

A furry ear to the ground of the local music scene

NO LIBRETTOLive opera, written in Berlin in 1788, but performed as a benefit to the music and music lovers who are not so fortunate. The city of Berlin has a long history of opera performances, but this one is special because it is performed in German. It is a comedy about a young man who is not allowed to marry his love because his family disapproves of her. The opera is performed in a small theater and is open to the public.

EARLY WARNINGS

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

CHICAGO SHOWS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IN THE WEEKS TO COME

Michael Franti ● ANTHONY THEON

NEW

Africa Festival of the Arts with Rosita Wolfe, Wanda, Donna McPhee, Bottom Loungers, Terisa Griffin, Melody Angel, and more 8/30, 1 PM, 8/31-9/2, 10 AM, Washington Park.

Illinois Centennial Monument in Logan Square for the Battle for the Eagle, a celebration of the centennial of the monument. It includes two kinds of battling—graffiti and breakdance—plus of course lots of live DJ. DJ Nonstop leads a team of nearly a dozen DJs throughout the day, and plenty of longtime MCs will take turns on the mike—incorporating Awdazcate, SamiAm, and Ang31. The free event runs from noon till 8 PM. –J.R. Nelson and Leor Galil

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

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Please recycle this paper
Q: I’m a woman who married young (21), and I’ve been with my husband for seven years. Within the last year, I’ve realized that my falling libido probably comes from the fact that I am not turned on by our boring vanilla sex routine. I had some great casual sex before we met, but it turns out I’m into BDSM, which I found out when I recently had a short affair. I’ve kept the secret and guilt to myself, but I have told my husband I’m into BDSM. He wants to make me happy, but I can tell he isn’t turned on doing these things. I’ve tried to ask him if we can open up our relationship so that I can live out my fantasies. I would like to go to a BDSM club, and he isn’t interested at all. He was even a little afraid of losing me if we go. He also felt like I was giving him an ultimatum. But I told him he was allowed to say no, and that I wouldn’t leave if he did.

When I was younger I thought there was something wrong with me because everyone else wanted monogamy but it never seemed important to me. I’m not a jealous person, and I wouldn’t mind if he had sex with other people. In fact, the thought of it turns me on, but he says he’s not interested. The only solution has been to suppress this urge to have BDSM sex. What should I do? We have a three-year-old daughter so I have to make our relationship work.

-A WANT THE HARD TRUTH

A: Marrying young is a bad idea. The younger two people are when they marry, according to a veritable mountain of research, the likelier they are to divorce. It makes intuitive sense: the rational part of the brain—the prefrontal cortex—isn’t fully formed until age 25. Basic sexual compatibility (BSC) is crucial to the success of sexually exclusive relationships, and it’s a bad idea to scribble your DNA together with someone else’s before BSC has been established.

“WTTH might be surprised to hear she is just a normal woman being a normal woman,” said Wednesday Martin, New York Times best-selling author, cultural critic, and researcher. “Like a normal human woman, she is bored after seven years of monogamous sex that isn’t even her kind of sex.”

You mentioned that you enjoyed feeling like there was something wrong with you, WTTH, but just in case you have any lingering “what’s wrong with me?” feelings, you’re gonna want to read Untrue: Why Nearly Everything We Believe About Women, Lust, and Infidelity Is Wrong and How The New Science Can Set Us Free, Martin’s most recent book.

“We know from recent longitudinal studies from Germany, Finland, the U.S., the UK, and Canada that among women only, relationship duration and living together predict lower desire/boredom,” said Martin. “In fact, the Finnish study found that even when they had more/better orgasms, women in monogamous relationships of several years duration reported lower desire.” A straight man’s desire for his long-term, live-in female partner also decreases over time, but nowhere near as drastically as a woman’s does.

Most advice professionals in the sex-advice-industrial complex have chosen to ignore the research. They continue to tell unhappi-
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alleycatcomics.com

*Chicago Dance Supply
5301 North Clark, Floor 2
773 728 5344
chicagodancesupply.com

*Dearborn Denim & Apparel
5202 North Clark
773 293 6451
dearborndenim.us

Early to Bed
5044 North Clark
773 271 1219
early2bed.com

*Rattleback Records
5405 North Clark
773 944 0188
rattlebackrecords.com

*Transistor Chicago
5224 North Clark
312 539 7257
transistorchicago.com

*Women & Children First
5233 North Clark
773 769 9299
womenandchildrenfirst.com

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5419 North Clark
773 796 3777
jerryssandwiches.com

Ranalli’s of Andersonville
1512 West Berwyn
773 334 1300
ranallispizza.com

Vincent
1475 West Balmoral
773 334 7168
vincentchicago.com

ARTS & CULTURE

*Gus Giordano Dance School
5230 North Clark
773 275 5230
guslegacy.org

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5347 North Clark, #2
773 334 5300
rechiropractic.com

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5245 North Clark
773 728 4055
salon10chicago.com

*Whole Body Kinetics
5301 North Clark, Floor 2
773 963 2358
wholebodykinetics.com

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773 888 5091
healveterinary.com

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COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS

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