Does Chicago’s loudest punk-rock institution have any business taking over a public park in a largely Black and Brown neighborhood? Plus, conversations about the festival’s lineup, location, and more.
THIS WEEK

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THIS WEEK ON CHICAGOREADER.COM

South Side is an inside joke even outsiders will get
The Comedy Central series offers a nuanced, and incredibly funny, depiction of Englewood you won’t see on the news.

Why to get to Riot Fest early
If your lunch runs late, you’ll miss some great acts—including Mongolian metal warriors the Hu and “ugly pop” trio Skating Polly.

Unsolicited advice for Riot Fest’s bookers
The festival has its traditions, and it’s hard to hate Andrew W.K. or Gwar—but here are some bands we’d like to see.

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CITY LIFE

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

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PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT
Rerouting the supply scramble
Schoolteachers need love too.

BACK-TO-SCHOOL time for parents of grade-schoolers means a scramble for supplies at local stores. Endless lists of confusingly specific items can lead to overhearing some complicated moments of exasperation at the office supply: “Why do you need a bottle of white glue and two separate glue sticks? How many collages are you planning to do?!” It may be even harder for teachers, who not only need to design and create curriculum for dozens of students but do so on a limited budget.

Enter the Creative Chicago Reuse Exchange (CCRx), a local nonprofit that seeks to redistribute surplus goods from businesses straight to educators in need of supplies. Founder Barbara Koenen has a background in art making and arts administration, working for more than 20 years with the city’s Department of Cultural Affairs and Special Events. CCRx is fueled by a vast network of businesses and organizations that act as material donors.

CCRx hosts monthly swap circles where teachers can come and take what they need: anything from washi tape to choir gowns has shown up. This month instead of a circle, the organization is preparing for a grand opening event on September 21 at its headquarters in the Auburn Gresham neighborhood (a space provided by fellow Chicago nonprofit Envision Unlimited). While CCRx isn’t technically looking for donations right now, volunteers are needed to help set up the warehouse, especially teachers, who can then take what they need for the school year. And, as the CCRx website points out, anyone who volunteers some sweat equity at the space can bring donations with them and leave them there. It doesn’t seem to matter if it’s a charter or parochial school, a community college, or something else—teachers at all levels and in all districts do a lot with minuscule help. CCRx is opening a door for anyone who wants to support these educators by closing the reuse loop. —SALEM COLLO-JULIN

COURTESY/CCRX

Donated office supplies

Creative Chicago Reuse Exchange
Envision Unlimited Frick Center
2124 W. 82nd Pl.
creativechrx.org

COURTESY/CCRX

Donated office supplies
With much fanfare, Mayor Lightfoot signaled the start of the budget season with last Thursday’s state of the city address.

I’d say the budget season started a few weeks earlier, when the county told us our TIF take had gone up to $841 million. But since the official attitude of the city is that TIFs don’t exist, let’s move on.

As with any mayoral budget speech, the mayor said all the right things, in such an artful way as to pretty much avoid saying anything at all. Don’t say Lori’s not a fast learner.

To help you understand what’s going on, let me read between the lines. Mayor Lightfoot’s actual words come first, followed by my italicized translations.

“Tonight, I want to speak to you about the state of our city and its finances.”

The city’s finances suck.

“We have some hard choices to make.”

You’re screwed.

“Tonight is not a budget speech where I would lay out in detail every expense and every source of revenue.”

Things are so bad, she doesn’t know what to do. So . . .

“That will come in October.”

She’s punting.

“Let me begin by telling you we walked into a staggeringly large budget deficit for next year.”

Told you she’d blame Rahm . . .

“If we followed the old playbook, we could have tried to muscle through another historically large property tax increase, relied upon a massive borrowing scheme, shortchanged pensions, or some measure of all of the above.”

You watch—before all is said and done, she’ll probably do a little of all of the above.

“We focused on creating a foundational shift in the way that the city . . . balances its budget.”

Don’t know what that means.

“First, by in the short term creating structural efficiencies in the way we spend your tax dollars.”

I doubt Mayor Lightfoot does either.

“And for the longer term, laying the foun-
This has nothing to do with the budget, but it's her way of saying F you to the immigrant activists who say she's not doing enough.

"In addition to being present in immigrant communities . . ."

Speaking of nettlesome critics—get ready, progressives, you're next.

" . . . I have spent time in neighborhoods that have historically not seen investment or even the presence of a mayor in years."

All you Stacy Davis Gate-loving, Grassroots Collaborative city-suing, Toni Preckwinkle-voting progressives can also kiss the mayor's you know what.

“When I started as mayor on May 20th, we walked into a projected deficit for next year of $1 billion. Yes, that's billion with a B."

And that rhymes with P, and that stands for pool. Sorry, but mayors often remind me of Harold Hill, the fast-talking salesman from The Music Man, when they talk budgets.

“As a result of all of the efforts we have made to date . . . that number has decreased by almost $200 million. But that still means that the budget gap for 2020 is $383 million."

Almost as much as this year's tax yield from the TIFs, which she still hasn't mentioned.

“As your mayor, I cannot in good faith promise you that I will take any option off the table to tackle this crisis, whether it's through budget reductions or by raising revenue."

"Look out for those rising taxes."

“We are exploring revenue options to address rampant congestion that solves the problems of traffic, pollution, and other issues."

Hmm, now that's a promising idea—a progressive tax on car-driving commuters. But that would be really hard to pass. So . . .

“We are pursuing a Chicago casino . . .”

She'll probably be sticking with the old regressive standby of soaking suckers foolish enough to think they can beat the odds.

“I will be hosting four budget town halls across Chicago . . .”

There was a time when even Mayor Rahm hosted budget hearings.

“ . . . in order to truly hear from residents, including our city's young people.”

But Rahm eventually stopped hosting them because he didn't like what residents had to say.

“Together, let's seize this moment to do the right thing, to chart a new course, and put our city on a stronger path once and for all.”

“TIF program—which is mostly dedicated to upscale communities—is anyone's guess.”

How she'll do this without restructuring the TIF program—which is mostly dedicated to upscale communities—is anyone's guess.

“One of the things that I am most proud of as mayor is our unequivocal support for immigrant and refugee communities.”

@joravben
**The truth hurts**

A growing number of memory care facilities use “therapeutic fibbing” to comfort residents with dementia.

**By Yuru (Priscilla) Zhu**

Each glass-topped wooden box hanging along the corridors of the Silverado home seals the memory of a resident. Eighty-eight-year-old Frank’s box holds a model of the first plane he flew during the Korean war and a sticker from his alma mater, the Boston University School of Law.

On a spring day, his wife, Lisa, showed him a copy of an old article in the alumni magazine about his retirement. “It says that you’re a professor emeritus,” Lisa said slowly, in a gentle voice, “which means you’re very good.” It took a few seconds for Frank to process, before a proud smile grew on his otherwise blank face.

Fifty-four residents live in the Silverado Memory Care Community in Highland Park. They are people who would get lost on a familiar road, stumble through a sentence, and act as if life goes backward not forward. They suffer from dementia, and in the United States, their numbers grow every 65 seconds. An estimated 5.8 million Americans are living with dementia, and more than 96 percent are people age 65 and older. As a disease characterized by severe changes in the brain that cause cognitive impairment, dementia can develop from multiple factors, including age, genetics, and injuries.

The boxes, which contain objects that convey significant memories that are slipping, or have slipped, away, present residents as real individuals who have led full lives. “Short-term memory is the first thing to fade away,” said Sarah Myss, director of resident and family services at Silverado. “And long-term memory is the only thing that they can really grasp on to.”

This three-story private facility, which costs a resident $9,000 a month, is decorated as in old times: posters of the *New Yorker* from the 30s and 40s, Elvis Presley, and the film *High Society* hang in the corridors. Black-and-white films run on televisions in the shared area. Music from the last century, such as songs by Frank Sinatra, wafts through the hallways. The aroma of fresh cookies permeates every corner. Like an estimated 140 other facilities of its kind in Illinois, Silverado is a place where the staff is devoted to using the past to rebuild the lost connection between people with dementia and the present.

The idea is to create the best possible lives for the residents, in a sense, as if they were still living in the past, as if they were still the vibrant persons they once were. Lying, or what is sometimes referred to as “therapeutic fibbing,” is what Silverado and most memory care facilities do daily to achieve that goal by not contradicting the untruths—outdated facts or delusions—believed by the patients. As the *New Yorker* reported last year, therapeutic fibbing has been criticized. Family caregivers who fear their deceptions will be revealed worry that lying betrays the trust of a loved one. Some dementia experts criticize the method as unethical because it encourages delusion.

“We won’t start by lies, but the general reality is that the truth annoys or hurts the residents,” said Alex Doty, a Silverado administrator who has been providing consultation for family caregivers of older people with cognitive impairment for more than 15 years. “And our main duty is to make the residents feel comfortable.”

Lisa first realized Frank had a serious memory problem in 2008. Frank had driven her to the bus station in Springfield, Massachusetts, where she caught a bus to New York. Three hours later, Frank was still at the station, believing that he was waiting for Lisa to arrive on a bus from New York. He called the police to report his missing wife. When the officer asked for a description, he said, “She’s the most beautiful woman in the world.” Lisa recalled the police’s words and then frowned.

From then on, dementia gradually stole independence from Frank. He couldn’t even go to the restroom himself, and Lisa had to stay at home. Finally, it all became too much for Lisa to take care of Frank on her own. She chose Silverado for its proximity to their daughter’s house in Highland Park. Frank moved in at the age of 87.

For a while, Frank insisted that Silverado was the law school where he taught 15 years ago. When I, a young Asian woman, visited, I met every description of the law school’s new dean, whom he had read about in the alumni magazine. He was sitting outside of his “office” (his room), doing his daily reading of the *New York Times*, when I walked in wearing Uggs and jeans. He took off his glasses, straightened up, smoothed his white T-shirt, and smiled warmly. “Are you looking for me?”

“Frank, the dean is busy with her . . . professional things,” Lisa said, rushing out from the room. “We’ll find another time to meet her properly.”

“Well, just so you know,” Frank lowered his voice, a little disappointed, “you can always find me at my office if you need help accommodating with your new job.”

Lisa pushed Frank’s wheelchair and smiled as if she had just lulled a two-year-old to sleep in the middle of the night. “Every day is comedy,” she whispered. “You have to laugh because otherwise you cry.”

For family members and workers, lying to loved ones or residents is something that takes practice. When Diana, another Silverado resident, looked for her husband, who passed away three years ago, she would be told, “He might be running late. Why don’t we get your hair done first?” When Armstrong claimed that he needed to go to work in the morning, workers would put him in a car and drive him around the block. “You are never going to persuade them [residents] they are wrong, so the best thing to do is simply to agree,” explained Doty.

Only two or three of the 54 residents are aware of their own diseases. “It sounds terrible, but it’s almost a blessing,” said Myss. “And you want to have that good conversation with them that puts them in a positive place, that doesn’t make them feel like they have problems.”

On their way to the monthly music therapy session held on the third floor, Lisa and Frank passed the memory boxes, the best conversation starters in the building. A black-and-white wedding photo of Bob, a lightly abraded sticker of Mary’s alma mater Cornell, a hand-
NEWS & POLITICS

drawn thank-you note from students Amy once taught, a gavel former judge Julian used in court, an elegant oil painting of flowers done by Laura, a clipping from Ann’s favorite cooking magazine, a family portrait of Mark, a motto Pauline loves the most: “It’s hard to be humble when you’re as great as I am.”

“It just reminds you of how nondiscriminating and merciless this disease is,” said Melissa, the family member of a moderate-stage resident, who still remembers major details about his life. “Because it doesn’t matter how successful or brilliant you were, if you have this gene for dementia, this is going to be your fate.”

For many of the residents, the past is what comforts and excites them. In my conversations with residents, they showed me old photos they carried in their wallets, or asked me to fetch those hanging in their rooms, and caressed and kissed the pictures. “Oh my god, Clara, you look amazing in your wedding dress! Tell me about your husband.” “Kate, I didn’t know you’ve traveled so much. That’s so cool! What’s your favorite country?” With joy on their faces, they held my hands and told me stories that carried them back in time, to the lives they once lived. “I saw him at a college party and I just fell in love immediately!” “Except for China, I’ve been to every part of the world! I’ll tell you, French is the best!”

Or if they are late-stage residents who are nonverbal, like Shirley, they lifted their eyes, nodded, and gave a little smile. “That’s the most interaction I’ve ever had with her,” said Myss. “And that small interaction made me realize that she understood.” Myss said that as the disease progresses, the life stories residents could once talk over for hours gradually shrink to only a few words that can still trigger responses: “children,” “traveled,” “wife,” “cat,” and “friend.”

Lisa and Frank arrived just when the session was about to begin. Music therapy, where a singer therapist performs while residents sing along and accompany on drums and rattles, is Frank’s favorite activity in the home. “Do you want to play the drum when I sing? I remember you’re a good drummer,” the therapist asked Frank. “Our theme is presidents today. Who’s your favorite president?”

Choices—whether Peter would like

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News & Politics

continued from 7

pudding and what Diana would like to wear in the morning—are an important part of Silverado’s core philosophy of “normalization.” “We want them to feel like they’re making their own decisions,” Myss said, “because that’s what they would like if they didn’t live with this cognitive impairment. And nothing should change because they’re living with a cognitive impairment.

“We try to give the residents a sense of purpose through the activities and some of the ‘jobs’ we create. And they’re happy about it,” she said. Fred, who used to be a maintenance coordinator, is appointed resident advocate; Paula, a former secretary, always sits at the front desk and folds envelopes. Jill loves bringing other residents to the living room at meal time and getting them juices, while Laura makes candies for the policemen across the street. For others, it might just be crossword puzzles or a happy hour. “It is simple. As we get old, we all want to continue to have a purpose,” said Doty.

As the music therapy proceeded, the familiar songs finally reached the residents. Mary got out from her chair and hummed along. Julia, who is nonverbal, shook her hands and legs intensely. Jim invited the therapist to dance with him. “There’s a song I am thinking of to sing, because almost all the presidents, whenever they gave a speech, they ended the speech with this. They said, ‘Thank you and God bless . . .’” The therapist paused.

“America!” Frank and Jim shouted with a big smile. For a short while, Frank stopped bothering Lisa about going back to his office and played his drum happily. “God bless America, my home sweet home,” they sang together.

“Some names have been changed.

Since this story was reported, this location of Silverado came under new management and was renamed the Auberge at Highland Park. Interim director Scott Kolzow said that he’s not familiar with Silverado’s philosophy.

On Culture

Happy 101st, Lenny

Ravinia debuts its new “experience center” with an exhibit devoted to Leonard Bernstein.

By Deanna Isaacs

I

n March, Ravinia Festival announced that it would open “a major addition to the park, the RaviniaMusicBox Experience Center, later this summer.” Housed in a new 9,500-square-foot building and attached by a second-floor bridge to the park’s dining pavilion, the Experience Center would consist of a lobby, a “preview space with interactive screen technology,” and a 65-seat “wrap-around” theater that would feature a 4-D experience. Visitors would leave the theater via a “museum gallery.”

It would be the culmination of ten years of planning with BRC Imagination Arts Company, the same firm that designed exhibits for the Abraham Lincoln Presidential Museum in Springfield.

So far, only the exit experience and a rooftop bar, the BMO Club, named for its banking-business sponsor, have opened—we’ll have to reserve judgment on the 4-D theater. Since late July, however, even on evenings when lawn refreshment kiosks have gone depressingly unmanned, festival audiences have been able to wander through the gallery. The space is disappointing—a single large, merely functional room set off a curving, glass-walled lobby. But its inaugural exhibit, “Leonard Bernstein at 100,” on loan from the Grammy Museum and mostly a standard wall-text, video, and artifact-under-glass production, is still worth a preshow look.

It presents Bernstein as composer, conductor, political liberal, teacher, and media darling: “the greatest and most important classical music figure in American history.” Exhibits include a Bernstein baton, broken by Venezuelan prodigy Gustavo Dudamel, who’s there on video to tell you how it happened; the upright piano the future maestro learned on; and the New York Times front page documenting his career-launching conducting debut with the New York Philharmonic, when he stepped in at the last minute after Bruno Walter fell ill. He was 25 years old.

Also: grainy home movies, furniture (including a stool once owned by Brahms), excerpts from his 53 nationally televised Young People’s Concerts, and a permanent-wave machine with voltage dials that looks like a prop for a vintage horror film but was one of the products sold by the business his immigrant father built: the Samuel J. Bernstein Hair Company.

There’s even a karaoke recording booth where you can find out definitively that you couldn’t have beat out Chita Rivera in an audition for West Side Story.

The exhibit opened as Ravinia was well into a second season celebrating Bernstein’s birthday centennial with one glorious program after another (the birthday: August 25, 1918). This year, in addition to a fine production of his one-act opera Trouble in Tahiti and last week’s performance of Candide (with ebullient Bernstein music, witty lyrics by Richard Wilbur and others, and a book no one could get right), Ravinia presented two Bernstein CSO movie nights (West Side Story and On the Waterfront, the latter his only foray into film scoring) and an encore production of his radically inclusive Mass that will get an upcoming airing on national television. Late last month, the CSO also presented a terrific overview, “Lenny: A Mu-
The new gallery space (Ravinia Festival/Russell Jenkins)

The Bernstein programming is over for this season, but on September 12, Ravinia will host a performance of the oratorio Considering Matthew Shepard by the vocal ensemble Conspirare, conducted by its composer, Craig Hella Johnson. A walk through the Bernstein exhibit that night will have more than musical significance.

Of many memorable moments in this series, the portrait contained my favorite: a video clip of the conclusion of a fledgling Alsop conducting effort that showed the maestro running from the audience to the podium to envelop her in a congratulatory bear hug.

How would the exuberant Bernstein have fared in the #MeToo era? Jamie Bernstein spent a lot of time at Ravinia this year, talking about her father and signing copies of her fascinating, loving, warts-and-all 2018 book Famous Father Girl: A Memoir of Growing Up Bernstein. She notes in it that he tongued everyone, including her, and that she gradually came to realize that his affection for young men was as rampant as his passion for music. In the book’s most chilling moment, she tells of a haunting prediction her mother, actress Felicia Montealegre (who was aware of his sexual preference when they married), tossed at him across a dinner table: “You’re going to die a lonely, bitter old queen.”

If you didn’t know this about the world’s most popular maestro—or only learned of it in recent years—it’s not surprising. His “perfect” family life as husband to the glamorous Montealegre and the father of their three children was all that the people in charge of his career thought the mid-20th-century public would tolerate.
FOOD & DRINK

RESTAURANT REVIEW

DJ Khaled does the Licking

The mogul’s “Miami-style” soul-food chain sets up on the west side.

By MIKE SULA

Would you trust the culinary judgment of a restaurateur who has gone on record admitting he won’t perform oral sex on his partner?

What about one who thinks it’s a good idea to batter and deep-fry lobster, a shellfish as delicate and unforgiving as an orchid?

I have no idea how encompassing the Venn diagram is that includes both those aesthetic parameters, but evidently it’s large enough to include DJ Khaled—“father, mogul, icon”—who’s attached to a Miami restaurant minichain called, unironically, the Licking, the name a redraft of the original, Finga Licking, which first opened in Miami Gardens in 2015.

Now Khaled and his partners, which include fellow Florida impresario Elric “E-Class” Prince and, locally, sports agent and coach Lenny “Coffey” Weston, have brought the sixth Licking to the west side, where the deep-fried lobster and other signature items, along with an early mass of Instagram-documented celebrities (though apparently not Khaled), have drawn a crush of long lines in its early days.

It’s just over half a mile east of MacArthur’s, the legendary soul-food cafeteria and neighborhood anchor that in its 22-year history has entertained its own share of the famous and the patient-enough-to-wait. But there’s room for more than one restaurant on this stretch of Madison in South Austin—a lot more actually—where both the stalwart and the newcomer are outnumbered by fast-food joints.

With its deep-fried-dominant menu, the Licking, which is described as “Miami-style” soul food, tilts in that direction, though pretty much anything you can order fried you can also order grilled—just not the conch, which they were out of anyway on the afternoon I visited with Reader interns Aaron Allen and Andrea Michelson. (I keep missing the conch everywhere I go.)

Opinions diverged among the three of us, but I think we’re almost together as regards the fried lobster, which arrives in lightly battered chunks nestled within an upturned lobster tail. Whether they’d ultimately been pulled from the deep separately or carved from a single creature, I couldn’t tell. I was...
The Famous Mystery Drink

layered, rainbow-colored virgin fruit juice and lemonade cocktail that tastes like a swallow of assorted Jolly Ranchers (which, in Florida, unlike here, can be ordered spiked). Should’ve ordered two. My companions drained a large without much help from me.

If it continues to draw the jocks and celebrities and subsequent crowds (not to mention jobs), the Licking will be a benefit to the neighborhood—and could be elsewhere too (the Tribune reports that the owners are scouting a south-side location). But even beyond the hit-or-miss execution, a lot more could be done to ensure a MacArthur’s-style longevity. The two unmarked tinted-glass side entrances give no indication which one leads to the takeaway counter and which to the separate dining room—where there’s a large one-way glass window. Despite the flat-screen TVs, spacious scarlet booths, and eyeball-scattering wallpaper scheme, this makes it feel like you’re eating in an interrogation room.

It’s actually the restaurant’s VIP room, and even if you’re hitting the Licking on a quiet afternoon, with your eyes closed you might still imagine DJ Khaled himself behind the mirrored glass, plucking a live lobster out of a tank just for you.

There’s an alluring fried chicken combo that pairs four wedges of powdered-sugar-dusted red velvet waffle with four full, double-jointed wings that come from the fry basket in far better shape than the lobster—crunchy, juicy, still with some life to them. The waffles? They make for a nice photo.

Grilled stuff varies as well; a half dozen shrimp tossed with peppers were decently snappy if outsized by their $15.99 price tag, but the slices of strip steak and onions arrayed across a swamp of gummy, saucy linguine alfredo were gnarly and tough beyond edibility.

What jumps out most at the Licking aren’t the dinners but a few of the humble sides, like the collard greens, tart and bottomlessly flavored with smoked turkey, or candied yams, which dissolve into a creamy sweetness that practically disappears on the tongue. As a group we were less enthralled by warmed-over mac and cheese and dried-out rice and pigeon peas.

But nothing jumps out more at the Licking than the Famous Mystery Drink, a towering, just happy they weren’t overcooked—at least not rubberized—though the fryer erases any recognizably lobsterlike characteristics the creature (creatures?) might have had when it once crept freely on the floor of the Humboldt Park lagoon.

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When living in a world that seems to be perpetually on fire, sometimes you just gotta toss some dough on the flames. At least that’s the MO for Eat Free Pizza, an Instagram sweepstakes-turned-culinary phenomenon that is spreading the good, oven-fired word throughout Chicago.

These no-strings-attached pizzas aren’t shuttled in and out of a fancy brick-walled wood oven but cycled through a standard oven jerry-rigged to blast up to 700 degrees. It’s located in a Ukrainian Village two-flat the address of which is only revealed to the lucky few—usually between six or eight—who snag a spot on the list for its weekly dinner party.

The premise of Eat Free Pizza is simple. Once every week or so, EFP posts a cartoon graphic on its Instagram, @eatfreepizza, beckoning followers to DM for a chance to visit EFP headquarters for a zero-dollar pizza-and-beer dinner. In a matter of seconds, messages fly in, typically topping out at about 100 or so from hungry hounds aching to taste the goods.

Particulars for each order are hashed out one Instagram message at a time, from flavor profiles to reservation slot to dining experience (communal dining table, apartment stoop, or grab-and-go). Toppings might range from dollops of bone-white ricotta to a sweet and simple margherita flecked with basil leaves or a smear of ’nduja and caramelized onion—all arranged across a crackling plane of double-baked dough. The certainties of an Eat Free Pizza experience are these: an oven-warmed, open-arms welcome, a char-speckled, sheet-pan crust sliced into handheld rectangles, and a night that won’t soon fade from memory.

The Eat Free Pizza trio consists of filmmaker Billy Federighi, 38, and Green Door Tavern manager Brad Shorten, 42, the aforementioned pizzaiolos, and full-time model Cecily Rodriguez, 29, who serves as social media guru for the team. With nearly two decades of friendship between Shorten and Federighi and a marriage between the latter and Rodriguez on the horizon, Team EFP’s pie-in-the-sky dreams have been a long time coming.

“It’s been seven years of pizza making and practicing,” Rodriguez says of the ragtag endeavor, which is entirely self-funded save for each night’s rotating sponsored beer offerings. “The dream was always to open up a bar and make pizzas there.”

During those seven years of research and development, the trio has been experimenting with various styles of tried-and-true round pies as well as a laminated on the outside, pillowy on the inside Sicilian-style crust, dialing in each component of the perfect pizza and making the most of local ingredients in the process. They began trying out prototypes on neighbors, but were soon hankering to try out their experiments on new appetites.

“To get into a rhythm, you need to fire off a couple—like making pancakes,” Federighi says. “We couldn’t eat them and didn’t want to waste them.”

And so the three launched the Eat Free Pizza Instagram in March 2018. Originally conceived as a low-key effort to slough off some pies, the Eat Free Pizza premise rapidly circulated throughout the gang’s network of culinary contacts and beer industry reps. Their profile grew further when they were featured on Windy City Live last year.

To date, EFP has amassed nearly 6,000 followers and has hosted the Dove’s Luncheonette crew in their backyard, catered the opening party of the Hoxton hotel, and donated a chance to dine at their “chef’s table” to fund-raisers across the city. Breweries including Wiseacre, Solemn Oath, and Boulevard Brewing Company have contributed frosty bevs to the cause.

Now, more citywide collaborations and a brick-and-mortar home base are on the horizon for the Eat Free Pizza gang. Wherever EFP may land, whether it’s in a proper parlor or another secluded spot, one thing is certain—it’s sure to feel like home or something like it.
If you’re looking for a recommendation for the best pizza in Wrigleyville, The Chicago Neighborhood Guidebook isn’t one. Editor Martha Bayne says the book’s title is “a total bait and switch”—inside, readers will find nostalgic personal essays and interviews with community organizers rather than lists of restaurants and attractions.

The anthology, out next week, is the third in a series of city guides by Belt Publishing. Like its predecessors, The Chicago Neighborhood Guidebook features the diverse experiences of the city’s residents, and Bayne is quick to note that, title notwithstanding, the work is not comprehensive. “It is a snapshot of life in Chicago neighborhoods at this particular moment in time,” she says.

She jokes that her original vision of a book with 77 chapters—one for each official community area—was doomed from the get-go. Some neighborhoods, like Austin and West Ridge, have two chapters, while others, like Lincoln Park, are noticeably absent. The uneven distribution reflects Bayne’s effort to strike a balance between the narratives of the north, south, and west sides and focus on lesser-explored areas.

“I started out doing an open call for submissions, and almost all the work that I got was from the north side,” Bayne says. “That speaks volumes about who participates in literary culture in Chicago, who feels entitled to tell their story, who was reading my call, and who my network is.”

With a second wave of outreach focused on the south and west sides, Bayne was able to capture some less-often-heard narratives. She says she went through some “soul searching” to determine her editorial role in the project, ultimately deciding to let the contributors take the lead.

“I really wanted to let the work and what people wanted to say drive the shape and texture of the book,” she says.

Bayne says working on the anthology has expanded her own understanding of Chicago. Although she’s been living in and writing about Chicago for 24 years, she’s only ever resided on the northwest side. And after working on this project for a year and a half, the former Reader senior editor says she’s reached the point where “you know enough to know all the things that you don’t know.”

The next step, she says, is to keep telling stories, but not her own: “I’m less interested in writing my own stories right now than I am in trying to elevate other people’s stories.”

@amichelson18
Not just for kicks

By Geoff Stellfox

The smell of menthol oil and the whine of traditional Thai instrumental music pierce the humid July air of the Cicero Stadium on fight night. Though it’s best known for hosting Chicago’s annual Golden Gloves boxing tournament, today the stadium has a new occupant: Muay Thai.

The national sport of Thailand, in which participants use punches, kicks, knees, and elbows to stop their opponents in the ring, has swept across the world and undergone a renaissance over the last few years in Chicago.

The fighters entering the stadium aren’t who you might expect. Long gone are the days where bald men with goatees covered in barbed-wire tattoos brought their bar-brawling skills to the ring.

The new generation of Muay Thai students doesn’t easily fall under a label, and its schools are no longer tucked away in musty garages or a small corner room of a gym. The education is top-notch, pulling in students from as young as eight to adults well into their 50s and ranging from casual fitness enthusiasts to fighters with dreams of competing in Thailand.

The forefathers of Chicago’s Muay Thai community had to piece together their martial arts education, unlike their coastal counterparts with access to Thai trainers bringing their teachings with them.

As a result, Chicago’s coaches look to foster community, not rivalries, and a richly diverse student body has formed, each participant with their own unique background and stories.

Mazen Rimawi delivers a leg kick to his opponent on Saturday, February 2, at Cicero Stadium in Cicero. Leg kicks can be some of the most damaging blows and can greatly affect movement.

Ariana Shastril, 16, of Team Toro Janjira says of fighting in Thailand, “It was definitely different because we, me and my teammate, were the only American[s], and even on the fight card they didn’t have the American flag just because they didn’t know where we were from. It was very nerve-wracking because I was the first fight of the entire card. It clicked for me when I went inside [the ring], like, ‘Oh, I’m actually doing this.’ This was my first fight without shin guards, as well. I’ve never fought without shin guards and so it was a new experience, but it was really fun. A lot of things were happening at once. It was like, ‘OK, this is happening. I need to like get my shit together like right now.’” [On winning] “When they raised my hand I was like, I just won in Thailand against a Thai girl. I was very happy; it was a very happy experience. I didn’t go with my mom or parents. It was just me, my coach, and my teammate. Now, I’m getting ready to go to Turkey with the national team.”

Jibril Alim, 29, Chicago Muay Thai [On training during Ramadan] “As a Muslim, this year, Ramadan fell during the last few weeks of school for my PhD, and during the preparation for the [national Muay Thai tournament]. I was fasting 18 hours a day—that’s no food or water. I was doing two-a-days training and I was studying for school, and that was actually very, very rough. But I think it was really fruitful. It meant a lot when I got done with two-a-days and class. Every time before and after I fought, I would pray, and it meant a lot spiritually knowing what I had to go through to be able to make it there.”

Jalil Barnes (left) and Diego Jagessar perform a wai khru on Sunday, June 2, at Cicero Stadium. The wai khru is a traditional Thai dance and prayer students perform before fights in order to show gratitude to their teachers, parents, and coaches.
Chanelle Ortiz, nine, and Paulina Lopez, 15, Portage Park Muay Thai

Chanelle—”I like Muay Thai because the punches and kicks are fun. I first started with boxing, but I was getting bored of boxing, so my dad took me here to learn some kicks. I think the kids at school should try Muay Thai because it’s fun, and my coaches are really nice.” Paulina—”It really means a lot to coach someone like Chanelle. She started at a younger age than me, and I’m sure she can go so much further. And she’s so good now, too! It’s fun to have someone who looks up to me and that does [Muay Thai] with me. It’s like a team, me and her, our team against this guys’ world.”

Rob Nelson, 52, Chicago MMA

“This has allowed me to prove that your body is amazing if you treat it right and it will recover amazingly. Age is just a number. Get off the fence. You can’t do anything if you don’t try. The worst that can happen is you don’t like it. The best is you find a new passion in your life. I hear people, ‘Well, I’m going to get in shape before I try’ or ‘I’ve got to do this before.’ How about you just show up and let go and be where you are, no matter where you are, and see how you like it? Maybe you’re only going to do it for conditioning and training and for fun. That’s fine. Maybe you fall in love and you become more committed and you want to compete. That’s fine, too. Whatever it is, it’s fine, but you won’t know until you try. And, if you have an interest, check it out.”

Derek Jackson, 26, Dynamite Kickboxing

“It’s an individual sport, and it’s always me in there, but I take all these guys with me when I’m in the ring. All the training we go through together, the time that they take out of the day to help individual students and to help each other. You’re going to have times when you face adversity, and when you have guys like them, your teammates, your coaches backing you up, it just makes your life a lot easier and taste a lot sweeter when you get that victory. It feels like a family. They always pick me up in training and life.”

Arthur Pike, 28, Andre Madiz Muay Thai

“People definitely have cliched ideas, ‘Oh, well they’re just meatheads.’ I think definitely that’s one thing I represent—’m not what people imagine as a conventional fighter. Everyone has different sides to themselves; you can be aggressive in the ring, but that doesn’t mean you’re an aggressive person. This is just a healthy way to express that side. I always say afterwards I want to give my opponent a big hug. It’s all love because they taught me so much about myself, by pushing me.”
“It’s such a loaded topic,” says Karczewski, who started working as a designer in 1994. “If I say I’m not getting hired because I’m a woman, I sound like a whiny little bitch even though at this point I don’t have a hard time finding gigs. I don’t think it’s deliberate, but I do think the people who do the hiring get comfortable with a certain pool of designers they stick with. And those designers have historically been white and male.”

Budget- and personnel-wise, Spamalot is one of the biggest shows this fall with an all-femme/NB/NGC crew. Victory Gardens’ production of Tiny Beautiful Things features four women out of five lead designers as well, and musical-focused Firebrand Theatre has hired women for key design roles since its founding in 2017.

Redtwist and Intrinsic theaters are each mounting Jane Martin’s Keely and Du this fall with female design teams. The riveting drama is intensely, physically intimate: Keely is seeking an abortion after being raped; Du kidnaps her to prevent the abortion from happening.

It falls to University of Michigan-based violence and intimacy designer Black to keep Redtwist’s cast safe while looking like they’re beating the daylights out of each other, sometimes while in chains. Like Weber and Karczewski, Black has been designing for close to a quarter of a century. “There used to be a lot more microaggressions,” she says. “For instance, I was always the ‘female fight choreographer,’ always the title qualified by

Women designers step into the spotlight

A few Chicago fall theater productions seek gender parity behind the scenes.

By Catey Sullivan

Roughly 15 or so years ago, the Jeff Committee called in a trio of cis-male set/light/sound designers to give members an overview of their work. As the presentation wound down, the men took questions. The question I remember (because as a then-member of the committee, I asked it) was whether women were represented to any significant degree among designers and if not, why not. The answer—a slightly awkward and quite vague “Well, not really . . . because there just aren’t”—was as dismal as it was memorable.

Scan a thousand or so stage bills going back to 1993 and you’ll see that parity is a long time coming, and still not even close to here. There’s no Chicago Designer Database officially crunching the numbers. But non-cis-male designers can thank women like Angela Weber Miller, Denise Karczewski, and Alexis Black for paving the way toward parity. Or rather, hacking a way through the industry’s entrenched patriarchy with metaphorical machetes of color, structure, and brawling.

Miller and Karczewski are designing sets and lights (respectively) for Mercury Theater Chicago’s Spamalot, one of at least four fall shows with design crews that are exclusively femme, nonbinary, or gender nonconforming. After 25 years in the business, Weber has thoughts.

“I tend to stalk the creative team announcements in Performink, and it’s pretty obnoxious,” she says. “The creative teams are mostly guys. And it seems like it’s almost always the theaters with the biggest budgets that aren’t hiring women. It’s like they’re saying ‘we don’t trust you with the money.’”


Lighting design by Denise Karczewski for Dansical at Black Ensemble Theater

© COURTESY DENISE KARCZEWSKI
the fact that I was ‘female,’” she says. “For years, when I walked into a room, I had to prove that I was supposed to be there. Now I can walk into a room and it’s just like, ‘let’s get started.’”

Women designers also have had to fight to be heard in the first place. “We used to joke that people couldn’t hear you above your vagina,” says Karczewski. Weber puts it slightly differently. “When I was first starting, it was like nobody heard my ideas until they were repeated by a man,” she recalls.

The design world is mirrored in the larger world, Black adds. “There’s more male CEOs than others in part because sometimes we tend to not apply for jobs. Statistically, I’ve read that women tend to apply for jobs where they have about 90 percent of the qualifications. Men will apply when they have 40 percent.”

A member of the Society of American Fight Directors, Black is also a certified intimacy director with Intimacy Directors International. She’s designed with sex and blood and bodies from Broadway to South Korea. “It’s not like the movement is excluding men,” she says. “Women in design aren’t waiting for someone else to create space at the table. They’re saying, ‘Hey, we’re making this table bigger.’” Despite femme/enby/nongender-conforming combat companies like Babes With Blades, the SAFD lists only one femme-presenting designer on its roster of certified fight masters.

Local Two of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE) doesn’t keep an official count of designers by gender. Nor does IATSE’s national union, which covers film crews. Still, IATSE’s national group recently established a women’s committee. Committee board member Christine Taddeo estimates there were five women working as grips or electricians when she joined the union more than 20 years ago. Now there are at least five times that, she said. The union also has several trans members, she added. Film might be slightly ahead of stage when it comes to parity, but that’s certainly not because of lack of creativity or drive.


## REVIEW

### Filial and fictional duty

**A new adaptation of D.H. Lawrence’s Sons and Lovers misses the deeper notes.**

**By Max Maller**

There is a distinction to be drawn between adaptation and dramatization. Dramatizations are lovely. They are almost as nice as reading the book yourself. Audiences ideally come away from a dramatization with a sense of accomplishment at having sat all the way through most of the famous scenes in an important literary classic, all without dozing off more than a handful of times. Adaptation is a different can of beans. It ought to require just as much ingenuity, moral acumen, and sleight of hand to retool fictional characters for stage presentation as it took for the author to fashion them. Cutting a play together from a novel’s plot isn’t just a question of stuffing as much of it as you can into a reasonable theatrical run time, either. In order to merit the name of an adaptation, the show will need to remember to aspire, first and above all, to be worth its salt as an original play.

And so, have playwright Mike Brayndick and On the Spot Theatre Company produced a handy-dandy dramatization of D. H. Lawrence’s third novel, or is this truly an adaptation? All signs point to the former. Little that’s been added to Lawrence’s story under the sign of Brayndick (who also directs) does it any good. Mr. and Mrs. Morel begin and end their glum lives together in the same Nottinghamshire coal town as in the book. Mrs. Morel bears Walter the same sons, Paul and William, who grow up to hate their father and are forever incapable of love for any woman but her. The character of Lawrence himself (Brian Boller) has been roped in as a narrator, and the mother’s first name has been changed in the play from Gertrude to Lydia, Lawrence’s own mother’s name. These were both mistakes. Plus, the autobiographical overlay of the narrator becomes worse than useless as soon as Boller doffs his narrator cap to double as, not Paul, who is the novel’s real autobiographical stand-in for Lawrence, but William.

So much for the additions. However, there are a few discerning omissions that inch

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@CateySullivan
More than 100 years after its publication, E.M. Forster’s classic novel about family, love, and class in a rapidly evolving society is experiencing a renaissance due to its uncanny relevance in today’s world of income inequality and digital disconnection. A Kenneth Lonergan-penned miniseries aired in 2017, Claudia Stevens and Allen Shearer’s chamber opera set in America premiered earlier this year, and now Remy Bumppo’s first commissioned piece brings the expansive dramedy to the stage in a new adaptation.

Written by Chicago playwright Douglas Post and directed by Remy Bumppo artistic director Nick Sandys, this two-act production enhances the intimacy of live theater to reimagine the theme of “only connect,” the novel’s most-quoted phrase. Beginning after the funeral of Wilcox family matriarch Ruth, the rest of the Wilcox clan are introduced as detached and materialistic, more in shock over Ruth’s decision to leave one of their homes, Howards End, to an outsider than her passing itself. A cut to the home of the Schlegel sisters, Margaret (beneficiary of Howards End) and Helen, reveals two women completely without interest in this crude capitalism, yet completely reliant on a 600-pound monthly allowance to support their intellectual and artistic pursuits.

Margaret, played by carefully restrained Eliza Stoughton, and Helen, played by charmingly brash Heather Chrisler, create a sibling relationship that anchors the plot and provides commentary on major issues

**REVIEW**

Howards End times

A new adaptation for Remy Bumppo reveals the relevance in E. M. Forster’s Edwardian tale.

By Marissa Oberlander

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of both the Edwardian and modern eras. While Margaret is prone to rule following and pontificating and Helen is motivated by drama and action, both find themselves enamored with and feeling sorry for Leonard Bast, a lower-class insurance clerk struggling to make ends meet. Margaret's comment, “the lowest abyss is not the absence of love, but the absence of coin,” underscores the pragmatism of any romantic love to follow. Helen's retort, “You have had a very strong reaction to the Brahms,” illustrates the sharp, dry humor coupled with every social criticism.

Throughout their interactions with the Wilcox and Bast families, the Schlegel sisters grow into fully realized, and fully flawed, characters exuding admirable independence given the pressures and lack of rights (e.g. voting) given to women of their day. The way they examine their own privilege is a modern exercise many cis, white, and wealthy people grapple with today, as are Margaret’s pull toward the safety of marriage and Helen’s aversion to the restraints of convention.

When Margaret eventually weds Henry Wilcox, played with a mix of vigor and uptight stodginess by Mark Ulrich, she’s disappointingly muted until a captivating final moment of agency and anger in defense of her sister. Theirs is the true love story of the play, and the two are eventually left together to keep London, “a civilization in love with velocity,” at bay. Given today’s “architecture of hurry,” we can all relate.  

**NOW PLAYING**

Next week’s issue is all about fall theater and dance. But to get ahead of the wave, here are some highlights for September to consider adding to your calendar.

**DRUNK SHAKESPEARE** Is this a hangover I see before me? The Chicago version of this New York hit requires a cast to enact a version of Macbeth after one of the actors downs a few shots. The Lion Theatre, through November 30

**THE CAMINO PROJECT** Theatre Y’s reinvention of the Camino de Santiago pilgrimage takes a five-mile, six-hour journey through Bucktown and Humboldt Park, interspersed with music, performance, and dance pieces, concluding with a dinner. Theatre Y, through September 22 (possible extension to October 13)

**INTO THE WOODS** Gary Griffin’s stellar in-the-round staging of Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine’s fairy-tale musical. Writers Theatre, Glencoe, through September 22

**DANA H.** Playwright Lucas Hnath (The Christians, A Doll’s House, Part 2) wrote this piece based on his mother’s true experiences as a prison chaplain who was kidnapped by an ex-con and held captive at various motels in Florida for five months. Goodman Theatre, through October 6

**BE HERE NOW** Symbolism ahoy! A former “teacher of nihilism” loses her job in New York City and moves back to work in a “fulfillment center” in her small hometown, where she begins having painful yet rapturous headaches that seem to force a choice between a short happy life or an unfulfilled longer one. Shattered Globe Theatre presents the Chicago premiere of Deborah Zoe Laufer’s bittersweet comedy. Theatre Wit, through October 19

**SPAMALOT** “We’re Knights of the Round Table! We dance whenever we’re able!” The Tony Award-winning stage musical of Monty Python and the Holy Grail adds a tuneful twist to the medieval antics of King Arthur and his Camelot posse. Mercury Theater Chicago, through November 3

**OPENING**

**HIS SHADOW** Former New City theater critic Loy Webb, who struck gold with her debut play The Light with the New Colony in 2018, returns home from her television writing gig with AMC’s supernatural series NOS4A2 with this drama about a young man trying to escape the reputation of his older brother through college football. Wardell Julius Clark directs. 16th Street Theater, Berwyn, September 5-October 12

**THE GREAT LEAP** Lauren Yee (Cambodian Rock Band) returns to Chicago with the local premiere of her play about a Chinese-American basketball player who joins a team traveling on a “friendship tour” to Beijing in the late 1980s, when tensions between the U.S. and China were mounting (unlike today, of course). Steppenwolf Theatre, September 5-October 20

**MIDSUMMER (A PLAY WITH SONGS)** David Greig’s play, featuring songs by Gordon McIntyre of Scottish indie-rock band Ballboy, sounds like what you’d get if the characters in Once moved from Dublin to Edinburgh and found themselves in a whirlwind romance crossed with a caper comedy. Randy White directs this coproduction with Proxy Theatre for the Greenhouse. Greenhouse Theater Center, September 5-October 6

**TINY BEAUTIFUL THINGS** Some advice columnists are Savage, others are “Sugar.” Cheryl Strayed’s memoir about her stint as the pseudonymous online columnist at the Rumpus, adapted for the stage by Nia Vardalos (My Big

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Fat Greek Wedding), makes its local premiere under Vanessa Stalling’s direction, starring Janet Ulrich Brooks. Victory Gardens Theater, September 6-October 13

WHOSE BODY? Dorothy L. Sayers’s classic who-dunit featuring dilettante detective Lord Peter Wimseay, adapted by Frances Limoncelli and originally staged by Lifeline more than 17 years ago, returns under Jess Hutchinson’s direction. Lifeline Theatre, September 6-October 27

FIVE PRESIDENTS Rick Cleveland, a founding member of American Blues Theater and longtime television writer (The West Wing, Six Feet Under), comes home with this play, which imagines the private conversations among five American presidents—Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, George H. W. Bush, and Bill Clinton—at the 1994 funeral of Richard Nixon. September 6-October 19

NATURAL ENCOUNTERS Three different site-specific dance programs, presented in coordination with the Nature Conservancy and choreographed and performed by Nejla Yatkin, Ayato Kato, Nico Rubio, and Erin Kilmurray. Dances for This Land, Indian Ridge Marsh, September 7; Birds, Bugs and Tap, Hegewisch Marsh, September 21; Cycle, Big Marsh, October 5.

OSLO More historical musings unfold in J.T. Rogers’s play, which won the 2017 Tony Award and dramatizes the behind-the-scenes maneuvering, orchestrated by a Norwegian diplomat and her social scientist husband, at the 1993 peace talks between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization. TimeLine Theatre, which will move from Lakeview to a bigger home in Uptown next fall, moves downtown for this Chicago premiere. Broadway Playhouse, September 10-October 20

THE KING’S SPEECH David Seidler, who won the Oscar for best original screenplay for the 2010 film about King George VI and his struggle to overcome a stammer in order to inspire his people during the lead-up to World War II, first imagined the story as a stage play. It gets its North American premiere under Michael Wilson’s direction. Chicago Shakespeare, September 12-October 20

BERNHARDT/HAMLET Queen of the French stage Sarah Bernhardt shocks the pants off the bourgeoisie when she decides to play Hamlet. Theresa Rebeck’s comedy about the Original Stage Diva makes its local premiere under Donna Feore’s direction. Goodman Theatre, September 14-October 20

DESTINOS The third Chicago International Latino Theater Festival features artists from Chile, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Mexico, along with local companies such as Teatro Vista, Water People Theater, Aguajon Theater, and UrbanTheater Company. Various venues, September 19-October 27

HARVEST CHICAGO CONTEMPORARY DANCE FESTIVAL Harvest Chicago celebrates ten years by presenting 19 different contemporary dance pieces, split over two programs on two different weekends, including four works from artists new to the festival. Among those featured are Margi Cole of the Dance COLEctive with a solo, My Sufi Tale, incorporating material from Sufi Tales, a 1988 piece by the late choreographer and founder of Chicago Moving Company, Nana Shineflug; Los Angeles-based company Kybele Dance Theater/Seda Aybay, making their festival debut with Sonsuz, inspired by a Mary Oliver poem; and Same Planet Performance Project, debuting excerpts of a new evening-length piece, Bad Bunny. Ruth Page Center for the Arts, September 20-21 and 27-28
Buñuel in the Labyrinth of the Turtles

A documentary that calmly disassembles the fallacies of the religious right skirts despair by focusing mainly on an uplifting church congregation in Oklahoma City that dares to call itself “Liberal.” Mayflower Congregational United Church of Christ is an outlier in the Bible Belt, its ethos mirrors Christ’s example of loving and welcoming all people, including refugees seeking asylum. Left-leaning viewers might find comfort in seeing an open-minded reverend—whose church has long performed gay weddings and embraced female church leaders—consider making the Mayflower an official sanctuary for immigrants. Meanwhile, conservative Christians may bristle at a seminary professor explaining how the Bible has been misused, misinterpreted, and cherry-picked for centuries (if they hadn’t already stopped watching by this point). Though director Jeanine Isabel Butler is measured in her approach, those who should watch this film—which includes anyone who would feel hot around the collar to hear a minister say, “No one has the absolute truth...that would be idolatry”—probably won’t. —LEAH PICKETT 85 min. Fri 9/6, 4 PM; Sun 9/8, 4:45 PM; Sat 9/14, 5 PM; Sat 9/21, 5 PM; and Mon 9/30, 6 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

Buñuel in the Labyrinth of the Turtles

This animated feature from Spain considers the early years of Luis Buñuel’s filmmaking career, beginning with the premiere of his L‘Age d’Or (1930) and concentrating on the shooting of his documentary Las Hurdes, aka Land Without Bread (1932). The film celebrates the revolutionary force of the surrealist movement, not only with regard to the charged reception of major surrealist works but in the theoretical vigor that the surrealists brought to their art. The filmmakers never valorize Buñuel, who emerges as something of a neurotic chiseler, but they inspire admiration for his zealousness in getting his work made. This film contains flashbacks and dream sequences depicting Buñuel’s childhood, likely intended as a tribute to the director’s own dreamlike narratives. Though the images never attain the haunting power of Buñuel’s work, they adequately convey his core themes and obsessions. The animation is nothing remarkable, but the story is compelling, especially for Buñuel fans. Salvador Simó directed. In subtitled French and Spanish. —BEN SACHS 80 min. Fri 9/6, 2 and 7:45 PM; Sat 9/7, 7:45 PM; Sun 9/8, 3 PM; Mon 9/9, 8 PM; Tue 9/10, 6 PM; Wed 9/11, 8 PM; and Thu 9/12, 6 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

Desperately Seeking Susan

Susan Seidelman directed this enjoyable 1985 clone of Romancing the Stone, about an unhappy New Jersey housewife (Rosanna Arquette) who comes back to life when she stumbles into a thriller plot involving a shady, aggressive denizen of the Lower East Side (Madonna). The meanings of this genre are virtually automatic—with pulp adventure replacing psychotherapy as America’s cure-all—and Seidelman accepts them unthinkingly. But the film acquires a pleasant, syncopated rhythm as it bounces from one unlikely event to another, and Seidelman manages some nice detailing in the minor characters. Arquette is consistently charming and inventive in a role that barely exists as written, and Madonna is given ample opportunity to strut her stuff. With Aidan Quinn, Robert Joy, and brief guest appearances by members of the New York underground, including Anne Carlisle, Richard Hell, John Lurie, and Richard Edson. —DAVE KERN PG-13, 104 min. Fri 9/6-Sat 9/7, midnight. Music Box

Election

An instant classic, Alexander Payne’s 1999 high school comedy stars Reese Witherspoon as a frighteningly perky overachiever whose obsessive campaign to become student council president touches a nerve in devoted civics teacher Matthew Broderick. Angered by her recent seduction of a fellow teacher, he recruits a popular student athlete to run against her, and the buried sexual politics make for a particularly knotty satire of modern morality. —J.R. JONES R, 103 min. Tue 9/10-Thur 9/12, 10:30 PM. Logan

NOW PLAYING

American Heretics: The Politics of the Gospel

A documentary that calmly disassembles the fallacies of the religious right skirts despair by focusing mainly on an uplifting church congregation in Oklahoma City that dares to call itself “Liberal.” Mayflower Congregational United Church of Christ is an outlier in the Bible Belt, its ethos mirrors Christ’s example of loving and welcoming all people, including refugees seeking asylum. Left-leaning viewers might find comfort in seeing an open-minded reverend—whose church has long performed gay weddings and embraced female church leaders—consider making the Mayflower an official sanctuary for immigrants. Meanwhile, conservative Christians may bristle at a seminary professor explaining how the Bible has been misused, misinterpreted, and cherry-picked for centuries (if they hadn’t already stopped watching by this point). Though director Jeanine Isabel Butler is measured in her approach, those who should watch this film—which includes anyone who would feel hot around the collar to hear a minister say, “No one has the absolute truth...that would be idolatry”—probably won’t. —LEAH PICKETT 85 min. Fri 9/6, 4 PM; Sun 9/8, 4:45 PM; Sat 9/14, 5 PM; Sat 9/21, 5 PM; and Mon 9/30, 6 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center
FILM

Official Secrets
As in his 2015 thriller Eye in the Sky, about the harrowing calculations behind drone war strikes, director Gavin Hood relies on the narrative device of a ticking-clock countdown in this adaptation of Marcia and Thomas Mitchell’s espionage chronicle The Spy Who Tried to Stop a War. Katherine Gun and the Secret Plot to Sanction the Iraq Invasion. Keira Knightley stars as Gun, a British information analyst and translator at the intelligence agency Government Communications Headquarters, who became a whistle-blower in 2003 after receiving an e-mail request from an American NSA operative to strong-arm less powerful members of the UN into voting for an invasion of Iraq. When she leaks the document to London’s Observer, the movie becomes a solid newspaper yarn as well as a political caper, as three reporters (Matt Smith, Rhys Ifans, and Matthew Goode) race to expose the U.S.-British collusion and avert war. Their efforts did not prevent the invasion, and so suspense arises from the personal peril Gun and her husband (Adam Bakri) experience as she’s targeted for violating the Official Secrets Act. It’s in this half of the picture where Knightley shines brightest, in a performance that balances conviction and soul baring, and is all the more genuine for its lack of showiness. With Ralph Fiennes and Conleth Hill. —ANDREA GROVYALL R, 112 min. Landmark’s Century Centre

When I Last Saw Jesse
On November 21, 2006, a University of Missourikansas City sophomore attending a Model UN conference left a party at the Sheraton Hotel in Chicago and was never seen again—dead or alive. This strange case has fascinated and consumed filmmaker Brian Rose, who turns his eye to the disappearance of a man he never knew in When I Last Saw Jesse. Rose’s documentary is equally as unconventional as the events he depicts. There are no talking heads; instead the voices of his interview subjects score black-and-white 16-millimeter footage, photos, and documents from Jesse’s life. In a time where there’s an unlimited wash of true crime media at one’s fingertips, it’s hard to make a compelling case for the necessity of When I Last Saw Jesse, but it’s worth a watch simply for Rose’s immense passion toward his haunting subject. —CODY CORRALL 82 min. Rose attends the screenings. Sat 9/7, 8 PM, and Wed 9/11, 8:15 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

The Traveler
The first feature (1974) of Iranian master Abbas Kiarostami follows the determination of a boy in a village to attend a soccer match in Tehran, a venture that involves swiping or scamming money from various sources and in effect running away from home. The comparison many have made between this touchingly nonjudgmental and often comic short feature and The 400 Blows isn’t far off, and Kiarostami’s warm and poetic feeling for children and his flair for both storytelling and for documentary-like detail are already fully in place. In Persian with subtitles. —JONATHAN ROSENBAUM 24 min. Staying with Kiarostami’s short films So Can I (1975) and The Bread and Alley (1976). Fri 9/6 and Mon 9/9, 6 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

Where Is the Friend’s House?
It’s entirely possible that Abbas Kiarostami, who’s been making films in Iran for about three decades, is our greatest living filmmaker. The problem isn’t that his films are esoteric, simply that they’re different from Western and other Iranian films alike, in the way they’re put together (without scripts and in most cases without professional actors), in the way they address us, and in what Kiarostami includes and leaves out. Where Is the Friend’s House? (1987), one of his most popular films in Iran, is a miniature epic about a schoolboy trying to return a classmate’s notebook. Like the somewhat related Life and Nothing More (1992; also known as And Life Goes On . . .) and Through the Olive Trees (1994), both shot in the same section of northern Iran, this is a sustained meditation on singular landscapes and the way ordinary people live in them; an obsessive quest that takes on the contours of a parable; a concentrated inquiry that raises more questions than it answers; and a comic as well as cosmic poem. It’s about making discoveries and cherishing what’s in the world—including things that we can’t understand. In Persian with subtitles. —JONATHAN ROSENBAUM 84 min. Former Reader film critic Jonathan Rosenbaum and Columbia College professor Mehrnaz Saeed-Vafa lead a discussion at the Thursday screening. Sat 9/7, 3:15 PM, and Thu 9/12, 6 PM. Gene Siskel Film Center

ALSO PLAYING
Noir City: Chicago 2019
Presented by the Film Noir Foundation, this festival features revivals of noir rarities and classics, with most showing in 35 mm. For a full schedule, visit musicboxtheatre.com. Fri 9/6-Thu 9/12. Music Box Theatre.com.
Douglas Park during last year's Riot Fest

**Let's talk Riot Fest**

The *Reader* crew start some conversations about Chicago’s loudest punk-rock institution: its lineup, its location, its role in the community, and more.

*By Leor Galil*

**Riot Fest**

Fri 9/13, 11:55 AM-10 PM; Sat 9/14, noon-10 PM; Sun 9/15, noon-9:45 PM

Douglas Park, 1401 S. Sacramento, riotfest.org, $50-$550 for single-day passes, $100-$170 for two-day passes, $150-$1,500 for three-day passes, all ages

The world didn’t shift on its axis when Riot Fest announced its lineup in May, even though it’d landed arguably the biggest prize of the 2019 festival season: reunited riot-grrrl pioneers Bikini Kill. Riot Fest has made something of a specialty out of booking (or even bringing about) unbelievable reunions that fans never expected to see in this time line: the Replacements in 2013, the Original Misfits in 2016, Jawbreaker in 2017. But because organizers rolled out this year’s lineup more than a month after Bikini Kill played their first batch of reunion shows, and because Bikini Kill didn’t have any midwestern dates at the time, the big reveal was almost predictable—like getting exactly what you’d asked for at Christmas.

Of course, that’s barely a complaint—especially after last year, when the full lineup and schedule didn’t drop till a week before Riot Fest began. Single-day tickets weren’t available till then either, which prompted Block Club Chicago to ask if the festival would even happen. This year it’s been business as usual for Riot Fest, even as several other big local festivals have run into bad news—Mamby on the Beach got canceled, in part to protect endangered shorebirds; North Coast moved to a venue controlled by Live Nation, the Borg of the concert business; and Lollapalooza booked the Chainsmokers as a headliner. There’s some comfort in knowing you can bank on seeing Gwar and Andrew W.K. at Riot Fest.

Other repeaters include Patti Smith, Jawbreaker, Hot Snakes, the Wu-Tang Clan, and Slayer, playing their final Chicago show as part of their final world tour (though without drummer Dave Lombardo and late guitarist Jeff Hanneman, maybe it’s more apt to call them “Slayer”). I don’t mean to imply that Riot Fest only knows how to repeat itself, of course—Bikini Kill are hardly the only historically important act making their first appearance at the festival. You can catch fabulous new-wave weirdos the B-52s (also playing their final Chicago show), thrash veterans Testament, indie-rock heartthrobs Bloc Party, shoegaze faves Ride, and what’s left of the Village People.

This is the 15th Riot Fest, the eighth outdoors with multiple stages, and the fifth in Douglas Park. For this year’s preview coverage, ten *Reader* regulars got together to start some conversations about the festival. How do the big reunions and full-album sets stack up? Why is a for-profit festival with a majority-white audience taking over a public park in a largely Black and Brown neighborhood, and what can it do to mitigate that harm? What’s it like to be on the Riot Fest grounds, compared to the experience at the other big summer blowouts? Which acts shouldn’t have been booked, and who would we like to see? And who might get lost in the tiny type way down on the festival bill, but definitely shouldn’t be?

Three of these discussions appear here in the print edition, and all five are online. We’d love to hear what you have to add in the comments at chicagoreader.com. And as usual, the full festival schedule, transit routes, and fine-print rules are posted at riotfest.org. See you in the pit! 🎈
Hopping the nostalgia train

Reunions and full-album sets are Riot Fest’s specialty—so what does it have to offer this year, besides Bikini Kill?

By Salem Collo-Julin, Leor Galil, Philip Montoro, J.R. Nelson, Brianna Wellen, and Anna White

J.R. One of my friends, who used to work at Reckless, still goes on endless rants about how greatest-hits albums suck and people who buy them are hash-headed poseurs. I disagree completely. It’s very rare that, if I see a band, any one of their albums will have all songs I want to see. I want a band to bring the hits. Unless you’ve got, like, Nas doing Illmatic, there’s always filler.

Brianna Wellen Here’s the plus side of a full-album set for me; you know exactly what you’re getting. No waiting around to see if they play a favorite.

J.R. Damn it, that’s a good point.

Brianna And in the case of Dashboard Confessional’s The Places You Have Come to Fear the Most, sometimes that’s an album filled with songs some people really loved in high school and really want to hear. (It’s me—I’m some people.)

Leor Galil As much as I go to bat for Blink-182, I am not thrilled about seeing Enema of the State, which has three hits and loads of filler.

Brianna I do always wonder how much fun the bands have playing their most beloved albums. Do they like focusing on other ones more, just for themselves?

Salem Collo-Julin I agree with J.R. on some level, but I’d rather go to a show and get slapped in the face with what’s happening onstage.

Anna Have any of you ever seen a full-album set where the band reimagined something beloved? I’m curious if that ever happens—I feel like I’d really be here for that.

J.R. Do Avail still tour in a van? If so, I imagine a lot of dogs in bandanas in that van.

Leor I’m not sure how many reunion shows the Ergs! have played since they regrouped, but I feel like it’s only a handful.

Anna Bikini Kill are playing their first dates since ’97 this year, though they

Philip Montoro Riot Fest trades in nostalgia, as absolutely everybody who’s written about it has noted. So what do we think of the reunions and full-album sets this year?

J.R. Nelson I think the entire concept of album performances blows chunks. Prepared to lustily argue that.

Anna White I’m with J.R. on that one for sure—not a fan of album performances.

Philip The very notion of a full-album set is an exercise in nostalgia, isn’t it, since the album format has lost so much of its relevance, and streaming and shuffling mean fewer people even listen to the albums they have top to bottom?

J.R. Yes, exactly. Sets them up for an older audience.

Philip Which acts on the bill are reunited? Bikini Kill, maybe Jawbreaker still counts... who else?

J.R. Also, who in the hell under the age of 60 wants to see Senses Fail?

Leor Jawbreaker’s been touring pretty hard since reuniting for Riot Fest two years ago. This is one of the first Avail reunion shows outside of Virginia.
started the reunion tour in April. I am stoked.

**Brianna** Bikini Kill is the biggest for sure, and even though I’ve heard mixed reviews about their tour so far, I (like Anna) am stoked. Maybe it’s because we were both too young to even think about seeing them before. I’d see them do anything.

**Leor** I imagine roughly half the lineup has broken up and gotten back together, just not specifically for this festival this year.

**Philip** I just had to look up when Ride reunited.

**Brianna** As much as the reunions and full-album sets might feel like they’re for the older folks, there’s definitely a draw for younger crowds who’ll finally get to see some of these acts live.

**J.R.** Salem wins all the old-person points.

**Salem** But I do love the idea that BK’s appearance is a full original-member lineup. Are there any other people that are going to be playing that haven’t been in the public eye for a while?

**Brianna** This conversation does make me wonder who will be reuniting at Riot Fest (should it still exist) in 20 years. Who are the bands Anna and I will be bragging about? What current full albums are nostalgia fuel in the making?

**Leor** Joyce Manor, obviously.

**Anna** Brianna, I so agree with that. I think the lineup this year, with Bikini Kill and Patti Smith, is really exciting for a lot of us who were too young to see them first time around but kind of grew up on the riot-grrrl mythos.

**Salem** I am also excited for Bikini Kill—I haven’t seen Tobi Vail perform since the 90s. I saw the first Chicago BK show in 1991 at a bar in Wrigleyville along with a handful of people and . . . walked out (because I was a stupid person). But then I saw them again at Czar Bar and stayed till they kicked us all out.

**J.R.** I think most reunions are suspect, but Bikini Kill is worth any kind of effort to see live.

**Anna** Brianna, I so agree with that. I think

**Leor** Joyce Manor, obviously.

**Salem** But I do love the idea that BK’s appearance is a full original-member lineup. Are there any other people that are going to be playing that haven’t been in the public eye for a while?

**Brianna** This conversation does make me wonder who will be reuniting at Riot Fest (should it still exist) in 20 years. Who are the bands Anna and I will be bragging about? What current full albums are nostalgia fuel in the making?
J.R. You’re assuming that anyone will care about rock music in 20 years, which…I hope so.

PHILIP I’m assuming the biosphere will be in pretty bad shape in 20 years.

BRIANNA What I will own up to is that I’m most excited to see the full-album performance from Dashboard Confessional, even though I’ve listened to that album in full recently and I know it’s not that good! I am a victim to exactly what Riot Fest feeds on: nostalgia. I listened to that CD until it nearly snapped in half when I was in high school, and I get teary-eyed just thinking about it.

PHILIP Can you get weepy about a band after you’ve been standing in the sun for seven hours, Brianna? That’s part of my problem here, I think—big outdoor festivals make me so grouchy that it really dampens my ability to engage with the music. Even when I like it.

BRIANNA Philip, I’m a Cancer. I’ll cry anytime, anywhere.

LEOR I’m a little curious why Dashboard went with that specific album.

BRIANNA “Screaming Infidelities.” That’s why.

PHILIP As in they know you’ll wait through the filler to hear that song? Are we proving J.R.’s point?

LEOR The band doing a full-album set that seems silly to me is Taking Back Sunday, who’ve played the fest at least five other times! They’ve had to get to all these songs before this year.

PHILIP Bloc Party doing one of these makes me feel pretty AARP-y.

ANNA Is Against Me!’s Transgender Dysphoria Blues the most recently released album getting a full performance? I feel like that’s a bit of an outlier.

SALEM Yes, and they’re also doing Reinvigorating Axl Rose.

J.R. The Selecter has been playing Too Much Pressure since reuniting in 2014, which I’d consider a bit of a state-fair booking for Riot Fest… if it wasn’t the Selecter, who rule (and I’m a guy who is not really into ska).

PHILIP I think that’s probably the oldest album getting played, by a significant stretch. It came out in 1980.

J.R. I’ve heard that people like Glassjaw. I saw them at the Fireside in 2002, because one of my friends was dating the singer, and the place was bananas. I was, once again, confronted with the dark knowledge that people love bands that dism ay me.

ANNA Smaller with a cult following as opposed to more widely recognizable might be a better formula for full-album festival sets?

SALEM I think the Against Me! sets are going to be great, with a totally hyped-up audience.

BRIANNA I knew Leor would mention Smash Mouth somehow.

PHILIP I’m bummed about the album Ween picked, because I find the idea of them performing The Pod at a huge festival extremely funny. Try to imagine the aimless nonsense of “Pollo Asado” through giant stacks of speakers.

J.R. The Mollusk is a weird choice!

LEOR Are there any Senses Fail fans here? Anyone stoked on the Glassjaw full-album set?

J.R. What’s the band with Chuck D and Tom Morello? Where they mash up Public Enemy and Rage Against the Machine hits? Kings of Chowder? I’m kind of surprised Riot Fest doesn’t book more blend-o bands that range around multiple discographies.

PHILIP Everyone please make a note: Prophets of Rage are now called Kings of Chowder in all Reader contexts. I’m pretty sure I have that authority.

LEOR I mean, there’s a reason a lot of musicians haven’t tried the Prophets of Rage formula. But there is a band with members of Smash Mouth, Sugar Ray, and a couple other 90s hit makers I’m forgetting about.

BRIANNA I’m bummed about the album Ween picked, because I find the idea of them performing The Pod at a huge festival extremely funny. Try to imagine the aimless nonsense of “Pollo Asado” through giant stacks of speakers.

J.R. The Mollusk is a weird choice!

PHILIP I’m bummed about the album Ween picked, because I find the idea of them performing The Pod at a huge festival extremely funny. Try to imagine the aimless nonsense of “Pollo Asado” through giant stacks of speakers.

LEOR I’m here for the spectacle of seeing Bikini Kill headline this massive event. And Against Me! doing two full albums—I think that’ll be a set that’s more about reflecting what those albums mean now rather than just rehashing them.

SALEM I’m hot for teacher on seeing Against Me! for what Leor said. I think that’s a group that might reinvigorate those older songs.

BRIANNA I said only one! But I’ll let it slide, because those are great choices.

PHILIP Never a ska guy here (unless you count Fishbone), but I might pick the Selecter on the principle that they’re the most likely to never do this again. And I’ve already seen Bikini Kill.

J.R. Bikini Kill and the Selecter for sure. Let’s toss in Against Me!, because I’ve seen them play before and they’re shit hot.

BRIANNA So who is everyone’s number one pick for the full album and reunions? If you could only go to one? I’d have to say Bikini Kill.

PHILIP I honestly don’t even want to see the Flaming Lips with Miley, and I like Miley.

BRIANNA So who is everyone’s number one pick for the full album and reunions? If you could only go to one? I’d have to say Bikini Kill.

J.R. Also, 12 Golden Country Greats would be a great festival hose down. It’s also the only Ween album I can really tolerate, and I have no idea why.

PHILIP I suppose Ween need to play one of their later, more coherent records because the early stuff depends so much on the bizarre, fucked-up recordings, which you really couldn’t duplicate live except by just singing along to canned tracks. Which is usually boring.

SALEM I’m hot for teacher on seeing Against Me! for what Leor said. I think that’s a group that might reinvigorate those older songs.

ANNA Leor, I also think if anyone’s going to reinterpret anything live in the full-album sets, it’ll be Against Me! because they’re more recent releases—less of a nostalgia bid.

BRIANNA I can’t wait for Bikini Kill! See you all there! Olds and all!
The elephant in the room

Does Riot Fest have any business taking over a public park in a largely Black and Brown neighborhood?

By Aaron Allen, Salem Collo-Julin, Leor Galil, and Philip Montoro

Philip Montoro Let’s talk about a for-profit festival with a largely white audience taking over a public park in a majority Black and Brown neighborhood. Other fests have happened in Douglas Park lately, but Riot Fest was the first biggie. Do such events simply extract value from the park and the surrounding neighborhood while giving nothing back? Is there anything defensible about the practice? What could Riot Fest do to mitigate the harm?

Salem Collo-Julin I think the Chicago Westside Music Festival was also created to intentionally engage with the community.

Leor Galil The Chicago Westside Music Festival was also created to intentionally engage with the community.

Salem By people who already live or work on the west side.

Leor Riot Fest started in clubs, grew into a major outdoor festival, and moved to Douglas Park in 2015 following the fall-out in Humboldt Park. Riot Fest is also far from cheap, and its aims are less community driven. Though I know its organizers have worked to give free tickets to anyone who lives close by.

It’s still a for-profit event that closes off a public park for more than the three days it takes to run the festival. The setup takes time, the cleanup can take even more depending on the damage.

Aaron Allen Yeah, despite being ousted from Humboldt via a pretty sizable community movement, Riot Fest and its organizers seem to feel like they did nothing wrong. Or that their community outreach efforts were sufficient, and they were essentially slighted by Humboldt Park residents.

Salem Agreed, though I do appreciate that now Riot Fest has a foundation that gives money back to community organizations.

Philip Aaron used the word “slighted,” and that’s apt for an organization that behaves as though it’s entitled to use public land for private profit. Riot Fest knows this is a bad look, and it’s working to mitigate the reputational harm it’s incurred. But does anybody disagree that it’s essentially extractive—despite the donations and free tickets and hiring for temporary jobs?

Leor That’s a Band-Aid. A nice Band-Aid, but it doesn’t solve the fundamental problem with Riot Fest and every other for-profit festival that blocks off public parks in Chicago.

Aaron I think part of the problem lies with there not being a popular existing model for community partnership in festivals like this. It seems like Riot Fest is trying... In 2014, they did a turkey drive for Humboldt Park through the alderman’s office and gave away 600 turkeys. They now offer free tickets for residents who live within four blocks of Douglas Park.

Leor The spring after the first Riot Fest in Douglas Park, Chicago magazine named the neighborhood one of the city’s best places to live, in part because the staff saw the value of the property around the park. It was one of many “areas where you can get lots of value for your money and that appear poised to grow.”

I think Riot Fest could include neighbors in the planning process. It’s one thing to give away tickets. It’s another to give away tickets to see acts people in the neighborhood might care about!

Aaron I agree that giving residents a say in the planning process is important. I’m curious how many Lawndale residents actually attend the festival, even with the free tickets. How many people even know the tickets are available?

Leor According to a recent Block Club article, few residents are aware.

Philip There’s no responsible way to claim that Riot Fest is “for” that neighborhood. Not the way the Chicago Westside Music Festival is.

Leor It’s not—it’s too expensive to be “for” anyone who doesn’t intend to spend the entire weekend within the festival’s barriers.

Philip If that were my neighborhood park, I’d resent the festival. And I’m a middle-aged white guy who used to think he was punk! I couldn’t be more in Riot Fest’s crosshairs!

Well, I could have more money...
AARON In Riot Fest’s original press release about moving to Douglas Park, the vast majority of the little “fun facts” discuss the history of the park itself.

PHILIP What bothers me is that the entire release skates around mentioning race and segregation.

LEOR And also ignores the fact that for-profit events like Riot Fest don’t make it easy to interact with the neighborhood—there’s no reentry for general admission.

PHILIP What sort of restaurants, bars, or shops will white people going to a Black and Brown neighborhood for a festival end up patronizing? I know I’m being mean to white people here, but I’ve lived in Chicago long enough to see what happens when the racial makeup of a neighborhood changes. The businesses change too.

SALEM Isn’t the selling point to local businesses that they’ll get a whole bunch of new visitors? I know that’s one of the things that was keeping some of the Division Street businesses on the fence about supporting Alderman Maldonado when he was starting to get testy initially about Riot Fest being in Humboldt Park.

Does Riot Fest invite local business to have vendor booths for free on the festival grounds? That’s a way that other festivals deal with locking everyone in.

LEOR Riot Fest has a handful of vendors who (and I am making a big assumption here) are usually out at carnivals and street fests—they’re used to moving a lot of food, constantly.

I’m not sure how many of them are from the neighborhood, if any.

AARON The efforts to do just enough are so thinly veiled, and that’s what makes everything look so terrible. As Philip mentioned, these festivals are obviously trying to skate around issues of race and class in the city, instead of engaging them directly and meaningfully.

What that press release says about Riot Fest’s fans is so false and cringeworthy: “They’re extremely passionate and socially aware and care about what neighborhood we call home, whether it’s by volunteering at local charities in the neighborhood or by just simply spreading the word about a local restaurant, bar or shop that’s left of the dial and cool.”

PHILIP Oh, this makes me nuts. The implication that being “socially aware” or volunteering as an individual will somehow solve structural problems perpetuated by systems and institutions.

That’s like trying to fix global warming by telling people to ride bikes or go vegan, while failing to mention mother-fucking Exxon.

AARON Exactly, unless you live here and are a part of these neighborhoods. The second part about “simply spreading the word” about local businesses as meaningful engagement really illustrates how there’s no real barometer for what community partnership actually looks like.

PHILIP I know none of us is in the festival biz, but what do we think a successful community partnership would look like?

LEOR Make it free and have a community board where Lawndale residents can become involved in the booking process.

Both feel impossible.

SALEM Perhaps starting with finding long-time community players—someone like George Daniels, who ran George’s Music Room on the west side for years—and involving them at the beginning of the process.

PHILIP This probably makes me a socialist or something, but I like the model the city uses for its big free festivals. Use tax money, grants, sponsorships, and so on to give people good music in public places. No fences. No tickets. Come and go as you please.

Of course that almost certainly removes the possibility of profit from the equation.

The Jazz Festival has also partnered with organizations all over the city—well, mostly the north side and south side—to present free satellite concerts before and during the main event. That’s a way to connect with community stakeholders and put the music on the ground where it belongs.

But of course those concerts won’t serve 40,000 people per day... even Millennium Park can’t do that without a ton of turnover.

AARON I don’t think successful partnership is possible without the direct involvement of community leaders in the planning process. I also think that festivals thrown in community areas should be handled differently than those thrown in more public areas such as Grant Park. Should music festivals even happen in locations where most of the lineup doesn’t reflect the demographics or music interests of the majority of the community?

PHILIP Yeah, we keep coming back to that. Involving community leaders in the booking of Riot Fest could turn it into something unrecognizable as Riot Fest. This might not be a bad thing, but Riot Fest itself would probably resist!

I look forward to seeing what people smarter or better informed than us say about these problems in the comments later.

SALEM I think if the residents and nonprofits in Douglas Park received a percentage of all profits made, it would be a start to building something better. I like the idea of a neighbor-led block club getting together to curate a music festival and then distribute checks at the end of it.

PHILIP One of the big issues is that the fee Riot Fest pays to use Douglas Park just goes into the Park District’s general fund. It’s not earmarked for Douglas Park itself. It’s like the festival-ecosystem equivalent of the TIF program—the way money gets diverted.

That seems super easy to undo, and it wouldn’t even require persuading Riot Fest to give up some of its profits.

AARON I’d overall just like to see a better understanding of what community engagement looks like with these huge festivals, and that can’t happen unless community members are a part of the planning and execution from the start. Which can’t happen unless the community is actually interested and engaged in the event and unless organizers care as much about community relations as they do making a profit. All of which seems unlikely when it comes to Riot Fest being in Douglas Park.

PHILIP Maybe Riot Fest could make like Out of SPACE and move to a golf course in the northern suburbs.

LEOR Spring Awakening left Pilsen to go to the north burbs!

PHILIP This is my way of saying I agree with Aaron that little is likely to improve as long as the festival is in Douglas Park.

AARON There are layers of complexity in this situation that can’t really be addressed to me without a direct sharing of profit, especially in more poverty-stricken areas. The exact same issues that made Riot Fest problematic in Humboldt Park apply to Douglas Park, possibly even more so. Addressing them requires a level of intentionality and attention to equity that I’m not sure festival organizers care to take, especially when it could harm profitability.
Once Riot Fest has you, how does it treat you?
The festival grounds themselves provide a pretty different experience than, say, Lollapalooza or Pitchfork.

By Leor Galil, S. Nicole Lane, Jamie Ludvig, Philip Montoro, and J.R. Nelson

Philip Montoro How does the Riot Fest experience stack up against other similar festivals? What’s it like just being there, dealing with the crowds and the layout and the vendors and the security and so on?

Nicole It’s also during a great time of the year, when the weather isn’t unbearable. I’ve always felt miserable at Pitchfork. So sweaty, so lazy, half asleep.

Jamie Ludvig I am (somewhat ironically, given my profession) extremely crowd averse, and even I find Riot Fest to be much less stressful than any other large-scale outdoor fest in town.

J.R. Nelson As an almost middle-aged man, I think Riot Fest is the most comfortable overall fest experience by a wide margin. I enjoy as much space as possible between myself and other humans, and the way the fest is laid out at Douglas Park (if they maintain a similar setup this year) provides lots of space to sit and chill if that’s your thing.

Lollapalooza is a phone-booth nightmare. Pitchfork is a close second to Riot Fest, but I just think the Riot Fest layout is better for chill breaks.

S. Nicole Lane Even as a 29-year-old woman, I find Riot Fest to be the most comfortable. I’m comparing it to the other big fests like Lolla and Pitchfork.

J.R. Then again, I realize that most people go to fests for the hubbub and burble of other festivalgoers. I’m weird.

Leor It was a touch unwieldy when there were six stages. And I won’t get into 2014, the year there were... seven? It was a blur.

Philip That was the year Patti Smith, the Cure, and Weezer all played, and there were pretty serious choke points when you tried to get from stage to stage.

Jamie I think more dudes at Riot Fest pee al fresco than at other fests. Or at least I’ve had the unfortunate experience of coming across a lot of them midstream.

Leor I’ve seen a line of men urinating on bushes in Grant Park during Lollapalooza—nothing will compare to it.

One thing I’ve noticed about Riot Fest’s current map is most of the food options have been pushed to the far east side of the park, which I suppose is nice, but really pulls me out of the event as a whole.

J.R. At the 2017 Riot Fest, I had one of the best micheladas of my entire life. There was a lady selling mix in a cup and tamarindo straws. You had to find your own beer for it, but wow. If I see that lady again, my fest is made.

For related reasons, I can’t remember the food I ate that year.

Leor Galil I hadn’t spent much time with the carnival aspect of the fest until last year, when my friend brought me and her four-year-old daughter on a couple rides. And I gotta say, watching Digable Planets from a Ferris wheel is a memory I’ll hold on to for a long time.

Nicole I love taking a break on that Ferris wheel.

J.R. Riot Fest is the weakest when it comes to booking a diverse festival, especially when you think about the sur-
continued from 29

rounding neighborhood.

JAMIE One thing I have noticed is that the headliners can impact the demographics of the crowd. For example, the Misfits and Morrissey (pre-ultra-right era), who have large Latinx followings—I even met people who traveled here from Mexico that year.

Or if we’re talking about gender balance, No Doubt and Blondie seem to draw more women than some other artists.

LEOR Last year it felt like everyone at Riot Fest was watching Blondie. Their set was mobbed!

J.R. Definitely more charmingly bad tattoos at Riot Fest. That’s my unscientific opinion!

JAMIE I don’t want to jinx myself, but I’ve never had a bad experience as far as gender at Riot Fest—even in its club days, which did skew a little more heavily toward male fans (and a lot of tougher hardcore bands in general).

NICOLE I feel good at Riot Fest. I’ve had more issues at Pitchfork and Lolla, because it’s more of a bro-y vibe there. Obviously I can’t speak for everyone. I will say I feel the safest at house-music festivals in the city.

JAMIE I’ve spent a ton of time at male-dominated festivals, including a lot of metal festivals, over the years. I think the most uncomfortable I’ve ever felt in a crowd as a woman at a fest was at Lollapalooza several years ago.

That’s not to say I haven’t been harassed and assaulted at other festivals. I have, and too many times to count.

J.R. That’s so disheartening.

JAMIE But that is a part of why I appreciate that when Riot Fest has become aware of problems at their event, it’s responded accordingly.

NICOLE Yeah, I’ve also felt that if someone has done something inappropriate (which hasn’t really happened . . . maybe like aggressive pushing), there’s always been several people that step in. Not that I need that, or always want that, but it has made me feel secure. I have more of a sense of community at Riot Fest than I do at other festivals. I’ve always said I’m just “hanging out with a bunch of people who are my friends” at Riot Fest, even though I don’t know any of them.

JAMIE I would tell anyone concerned about harassment at any festival to know that they can turn to security, and even sometimes other fans, rather than put up with that alone.

J.R. How have folks found public transportation to and from Riot Fest, as opposed to others?

LEOR The fest manages to line up a fleet of buses outside the park for right when things wrap up. If you leave on the earlier side to catch an empty Pink Line train, it’s a hike to get around the park to the station.

JAMIE I’ve found the buses easy to navigate at the end of the night.

LEOR Riot Fest is also one of the few (perhaps only) major local fests to post guidelines about consent (written by Our Music My Body) near the entrances.

J.R. How many people try to ride e-scooters to the fest.

JAMIE So maybe carpooling is the best way to go—if you can ensure a designated driver, of course.

LEOR The fest is . . . actually reasonably priced. Right now you can get a single-day ticket for less than $50 (without tax), which is actually competitive with this year’s Chosen Few Picnic.

NICOLE Yeah, I don’t mind paying that at all. I spend that much in a weekend going out!

J.R. Their talent buy is bigger than Lolla and Pitchfork, and tickets are reasonable.

LEOR And three-day GA passes are about $150, which is $50 less than Pitchfork.

J.R. I’ve had two booking agents tell me that they spend more on talent at Riot Fest than Lolla. They might have been blowing smoke.

JAMIE When you consider that some of the bands who play charge $40, $50, or more for their tickets at other venues, it seems like an even better deal.

J.R. The fest isn’t letting me in to see the books, but that’s what I’ve heard!

JAMIE To maximize your Riot Fest experience: bring sunscreen, wear comfortable shoes, and stay hydrated!

J.R. And don’t pee where any of us have to see you.

NICOLE See ya from the Ferris wheel!
IN ROTATION

Jay Wood
Rapper in the Freesole collective

Kanye West, “Say You Will” I recently had a conversation about how people listen to music. Somebody said they only play music for background noise. But “Say You Will” can’t just “be heard” in the background. You feel it thoroughly; it wakes up emotions that you were hiding or maybe didn’t even know you had. From a technical standpoint, the percussion, strings, and chord structure are sound, but it’s Kanye’s relatability and tone that make the song what it is. I keep this in my rotation to appreciate its genius and soak up what I can from it like a sponge.

Aaron Allen
Reader digital reporting intern

The politics of brown liquor music One of the joys of adulting is rediscovering things from childhood and experiencing them through a matured lens. Of course, brown liquor music hits differently when you’re returning home as a seasoned, over-21 college grad, but its explicit political overtones also move me much more now that I’ve lived through the Black Lives Matter era. One of my favorite examples is the 1970 album Curtis by Chicago’s own Curtis Mayfield, which drips with every bit of fly and city-slicker swagger as Super Fly but also features beautiful ballads for the people, such as the somber “We the People Who Are Darker Than Blue.”

Little Brother, May the Lord Watch Little Brother’s first project in almost a decade is phenomenal. And as I find myself saying every time Phonte drops “new Tigallo,” the man is a monster. From the jump, he implores us to tell him “how to get back to the feel again,” but it doesn’t feel like Little Brother has missed a step at all. May the Lord Watch is a tribute to rekindled friendship, rising up with age, and of course Blackness.

N.Worries, Yes Lawd! I feel like I’m cheating with this one, because it’s been in my rotation since it dropped in October 2016. But speaking of brown liquor music, the duos of Anderson .Paak and Knxwledge brought the feeling back in full force on this undeniable classic. This is the perfect soundtrack for a date night, a long late-summer car ride, a lazy Sunday, or unwinding however you unwind after one of those days.

Baby Keem, Die for My Bitch It’s not really a question at this point: Baby Keem has delivery perfected. In a rap scene where clout and bravado are watering down the market, you’d think Die for My Bitch would be another hyped project to be forgotten for the next big thing. But Keem provides the kind of energy needed to push the narrative in hip-hop. I’ve certainly been taking notes for the music I’m working on, and I feel like the industry should follow suit. Baby Keem is super raw.

Michael Jackson, “I Wanna Be Where You Are” Maybe it was all those Saturdays cleaning the house to Michael Jackson with my mom, or maybe it’s just great music. Either way, this 1972 hit absolutely does it for me. The instrumentation, the vocals, and the lyrics (“Did I leave your mind when I was gone?”) all come together to make the perfect song. Whether I need to tap in to get focussed and put my heart into my music or just clean the crib, this one is definitely in the queue.

S.O.S
Singer and songwriter in the Freesole collective

Yebba, “Where Do You Go” At the beginning of August, Yebba unveiled her newest single, “Where Do You Go.” This song has been in my rotation ever since it was released, for multiple reasons. If you know who she is, you know what this Arkansas-born singer can do with her voice. Before listening, I expected this song to be energetic and whimsical, showcasing her vocal abilities. Yebba’s approach is the exact opposite of my expectations; her delivery is extremely gentle and elegant, which is fitting, since she wrote “Where Do You Go” about her mom who passed away.

Ajanee, Fond Her name may not sound familiar, but you’ve probably heard this New York-based vocalist singing background for R&B artist H.E.R. Ajanee recently released her debut project, Fond, and it beautifully tells a story of her experience with a man she refers to as Black. As an R&B singer myself, I appreciate her ability to incorporate electric hip-hop sounds while remaining consistent with her soulful tone.

Anderson .Paak, “Winners Circle” If you ever visit Chicago, this is the song that you want to play while driving down Lake Shore Drive. It feels like something that Musiq Soulchild would’ve released during his prime. “Winners Circle” is definitely a timeless track that my future kids will be required to know.

The cover of Baby Keem’s Die for My Bitch

Chicago’s finest herb garden!

Come enjoy one of Chicago’s finest herb gardens!

September

September 4 - Renegade Arts & Crafts Festival

September 7 - Renegade Arts & Crafts Festival

September 9 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 10 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 11 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 12 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 14 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 15 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 16 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 18 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 20 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 21 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 22 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 23 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 24 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 26 - Chicago Children’s Choir’s Fall Concert

September 7-8 - Renegade Arts & Crafts Festival

Chicago’s premier cultural institutions and local artists come together for a weeklong festival that celebrates the arts and crafts of the Midwest and beyond. The festival showcases a diverse range of artistic expressions, including visual arts, music, dance, theater, and more. Visitors can enjoy interactive workshops, performances, and exhibits, making it a unique and engaging experience for all ages.

Joey Roth
Co-founders of Chicago Reader
Recommended and notable shows and critics' insights for the week of September 5

**PICK OF THE WEEK**

Lingua Ignota seeks vengeance against the abusers of the world on the visceral *Caligula*

Lingua Ignota, Bloodyminded, Stander
Mon 9/9, 8:30 PM, Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western, $12. 21+

*THURSDAY*5

**DOMINIC FIKE** Deb Never opens. 8 PM, Reggies' Rock Club, 2105 S. State, sold out. 17+

Last year Florida rapper Dominic Fike landed a multimillion-dollar deal with Columbia Records on the strength of a string of songs totaling just shy of 15 minutes. The label wasn’t wrong to see Fike as a Soundcloud-rap star in the making; his music is about as transgressive as jaywalking, but his tracks are great at worming their way into your head. Columbia reissued that material in October as Fike’s debut EP, *Don’t Forget About Me, Demos*, which includes the runaway single “3 Nights.” Powered by a taut, summery guitar riff, percussion with just a whiff of hip-hop, and easygoing sing-rapping that’s more Jack Johnson than Juice Wrld, the song’s oh-so-catchy hook can make you hate yourself for loving it. But if you love it, you’ve got plenty of company: “3 Nights” has accumulated more than 200 million plays on Spotify alone. Fike’s lackadaisical performances err on the side of restraint, so that he comes off as mostly interested in complementing (if not disappearing into) the chill mood of his beach-bro instrumentals. Of the few singles he’s dropped this year, July’s “Phone Numbers” comes closest to recapturing the lightning-in-a-bottle magic of “3 Nights,” with Fike unloading the most animated raps of his young career. —Leor Galil

IN ANOTHER TIME and place, Kristin Hayter might have been opera’s darkest diva, but in this universe opera companies shy away from harsh noise, guttural growling, and samples of interviews with convicted serial killers. Instead of making her art subservient to a formal institutional setting, Hayter draws from her classical training and background in church music, metal, and literature to create confrontational, borderline industrial soundscapes as Lingua Ignota. Extreme music has an unfortunate history of misogynist themes, and Hayter, a survivor of domestic abuse, flips the script to create what she’s called “survivor an-
MUSIC

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INSTIGATION FESTIVAL See also Friday.
Saturday, and Sunday. On day one, a quartet of Kim Alpert, Simon Lott, Jasmine Mendoza, and Jesse Morrow headlines; a quartet of Keefe Jackson, Mike Reed, Dan Oestricher, and James Singleton opens. 9 PM, Elastic Arts, 5429 W. Diversey, second floor, $10. •

It’s not hard to tell the difference between New Orleans and Chicago: open a window in the winter-time, or take back-to-back bites of gumbo and a hot dog. Each city has its own proud and particular musical traditions, including distinctive past and present approaches to jazz. Just like a meal of gumbo and a hot dog makes more sense after you’ve eaten both, there’s a lot to be gained by putting artists from both cities together. Chicago-based guitarist Steve Marquette (the Few, Marker) has a deep appreciation for the sounds of both towns, and originally conceived of the Instigation Festival as a local platform where musicians from both cities could meet and collaborate. Since 2016 he and coproducer Marie Casimir, a dancer and scholar who specializes in the African diaspora’s cultural manifestations, have organized annual festivals in both cities that go beyond musical exchanges to involve artists from other disciplines. The current Chicago iteration includes three evening performances, each in a different venue, and a free afternoon concert at the May Chapel in Rosehill Cemetery.

Thursday night’s first set brings together two masters of low-pitched reed instruments, Keefe Jackson of Chicago and Dan Oestricher of New Orleans, with a rhythm section of James Singleton and Mike Reed. For the second set, local video artist Kim Alpert and dancer Jasmine Mendoza will respond to the Crescent City rhythms of drummer Simon Lott and bassist Jesse Morrow. Friday night is party night. New Orleans trombonist Jeff Albert is versatile enough to teach college courses in paradigms for live computer music and play his horn with the Metes. He’s worked extensively with musicians in both cities, and last June he debuted a Chicago version of his New Orleans-based band Unanimous Sources. This time around, he’s bringing his NOLA crew with him, though local saxophonist Mai Sugimoto is subbing for a member who can’t make it. For the second set, Chicago drummer Isaiah Spencer will lead a quintet. On Saturday cellist Katinka Kleijn, who’s played classical music with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, new music with the International Contemporary Ensemble, and uncatégorizable improvisations with guitarist Bill MacKay, performs with an aggregation of festival participants called the Instigation Orchestra. Kleijn is also a composer of site-specific conceptual performance pieces such as “Water on the Bridge,” for which she and Lia Kohl launched an armada of cast-off cellars into a swimming pool and did their best to draw music out of the situation. Kleijn is developing a piece informed by data unearthed in her research into Rosehill Cemetery, such as the fact that six drummer boys who served in the Union Army during the Civil War are buried there. For the occasion, the Instigation Orchestra will include Marquette, Alpert, Haley Foehr, Helen Gillet, Anton Hatwich, Cyrus Nabipoor, Aurora Nealand, James Singleton, Paul Thibodeaux, Ken Vandermark, and Mars Williams. The final night of the 2019 Instigation Festival is devoted to improvisation outside genre boundaries. It also celebrates the inauguration of a partnership between the festival and Texas-based label Astral Spirits, which plans to release a series of recordings from different iterations of the festival, beginning with an eerie and exuberant self-titled tape by Kobra Quartet. To begin the evening, singer Haley Foehr of Circuits des Yeux will improvise with New Orleans singer and cellist Helen Gillet. Then Kobra Quartet, which includes Marquette, singer and multi-instrumentalist Aurora Nealand, bassist Anton Hatwich, and drummer Paul Thibodeaux, will celebrate the aforementioned Astral Spirits release.

—BILL MEYER

ALISON SUDOL Fauvely opens. 7:30 PM, Schubas, 3159 N. Southport, $15. •

In 2013, Alison Sudol put aside her band A Fine Frenzy to focus on her acting career, which has included roles in the television show Transparent and the film franchise Fantastic Beasts. In the past year, she’s returned to music with new material, and the time off has done her good. Her early singles, such as 2017’s “You Picked Me,” were the sort of breathy, surging, hooky, anonymously pleasant indie pop you’d expect to hear playing during intense moments on teen TV dramas. But the songs on her latest EP, May’s Moonlite (released under her own name by the We Are Hearth label), are much more intriguing, with Sudol’s setting aside twee, uplifting romance for goth menace. On “The Runner” she whispers and quasi-raps over ambient washes, drones, and a darkwave beat. “Enough Honey” is spooky and spacious psychedelia, with Sudol’s little-girl vocals providing an eerie contrast to a monotonous keyboard riff. The melody on the slow piano ballad “If Patience Doesn’t Kill Me” is perhaps closest to her earlier style, but it’s sharpened with an edge of desperation: “I want to show you I’m not just a sweet little walk in the park . . . / I want to show you the thorn in the wreckage,” she sings. With Moonlite Sudol has succeeded at both, making an intriguing break with her past and suggesting that she has bleaker, thornier music to come. —NOAH BERLATSKY

CARDINAL HARBOR Harvey Fox and Cordoba open. 9 PM, Beat Kitchen, 2100 W. Belmont, $10. •

The six members of Chicago’s Cardinal Harbor formed an indie-rock band in 2011, after meeting as students at Wheaton College. On their 2013 debut, Faces on Parade, they made popped-collar roots rock and wore their affection for Dave Matthews on their proverbial sleeves, but they’ve since drifted toward more experimental fare. From the sound of their new, self-released fourth album, Vulture Hottub, I’d say they’ve been paying close attention to Bon Iver’s more provocatively real material. Whether due to or in spite of that influence, Cardinal Harbor spend much of the album exploring their own musical path, cutting through the brush of indie-rock clitchie by borrowing from math rock and midwestern emo and even adding a touch of hip-hop. On the single “Trong,” guitarist and front man Spencer McCready submerges his bluesy voice in AutoTune while a knotty, crystalline keyboard melody and a sparse but muscular drumbeat punch up his subtly wrenching delivery. —LEOB GAILL

INSTIGATION FESTIVAL See Thursday. Jeff Albert’s Unanimous Sources headline; the Isaiah Spencer Quintet opens. 8:30 PM, Constellation, 3111 N. Western, $15. •

The Chicago rockabilly scene has been fairly dormant for the past several years, though touring acts such as Big Sandy and Deke Dickerson still attract huge local audiences. Along with Tammi Savoy, singer Bailey Dee is among the vanguard of those making the scene exciting again. Dee’s musical background is fairly diverse, and though she often plays...
with progressive-folk band Jonas Friddle & the Majority, her own music is solidly in the roots-rock vein. Dee gets it right in a lot of ways: she emphasizes the R&B side of things, and she can sing with scary conviction. She demonstrated both at the Hideout’s tribute to Andre Williams earlier this year, where she sang one of Williams’s most salacious numbers, “Let Me Put It In.” Though no one will ever outdo Williams on his own turf, Dee went at it full throttle—where others tiptoe, she stomps. Give her a little time and she could easily rival the late, great Nick Curran, an expert at fusing blues and rockabilly. Dee is a classy lady in every sense of the term, but when it comes to her music, she can get sweaty and impolite with the best of ’em. —JAMES PORTER

INSTIGATION FESTIVAL See Thursday.
The Instigation Orchestra performs a site-specific work by Katinka Kleijn. 3 PM, May Chapel at Rosehill Cemetery, 5800 N. Ravenswood. FREE

SÁVILA, IDA Y YUELTA Sávila headlines; Valebol, Ida y Yuelta, and Mississippi Records DJs open. 9:30 PM, Hideout, 1354 W. Ravenswood.

Portland trio Sávila explore their Mexican roots through the venerable style of cumbia, which spread among popular big bands in the 1950s and remains a staple of family celebrations and weddings throughout the Americas. Launched in 2016 by guitarist and bass-synth player Fabiola Reyna (founder of She Shreds magazine) and vocalist and percussionist Brisa Gonzalez (who were soon joined by drummer Papi Fimbres), Sávila take the genre centuries forward and into an altered space. The surf-rock-infused cumbia variants on their 2018 self-titled debut album are lightly flavored with electronic samples and loops, and a recent interview in Willamette Week suggests they were recorded under the influence of tequila and ‘shrooms. “Cántame” samples the cries of a Mexican market vendor and Gonzalez’s ethereal chants and Reyna’s trancey guitar licks weaving together and flowing over Fimbres’s textured beats. Sávila also use languorous grooves that evoke a form of 1970s street-corner cumbia called rebajada (“slowed down”), which aimed to replicate the dragging feel of cassette tapes played on boom boxes with dying batteries. Opening the show are Ida y Yuelta, a Chicago quartet formed by Latinx musicians with roots in Mexico and Panama. They specialize in son jarocho, which originated in Mexico’s Sotavento region nearly 500 years ago (“La Bamba” is the best-known son jarocho tune in the States). They create folkloric beats with African, Spanish-Arabic, and indigenous influences, using harp, a variety of string instruments that evolved in the Americas from European guitars and lutes, and percussion such as the quijada de burro—a donkey jawbone scraped across the teeth to produce a rhythmic rattle. Both groups take cues ➤

FESTIVALS

This weekend’s music festivals celebrate food, bikes, and community

AMFM PRESENTS FEAST
This daylong west-side fest showcases local art and music and raises awareness of Chicago’s food deserts. It features art and food plus music from Drea the Vibe Dealer, Rich Jones, White Ppl, Krystal Metcalfe, and more. Sat 9/7, 1-7 PM, Homan Square, 3517 W. Humboldt Park, 1301 N. Humboldt, $10-$15.

CHICAGO BIKE REVOLUTION
Bands, beer, and a bike parade converge at this one-day fest that features sets from locals such as the O’My’s, Mucca Pazza, Negative Scanner, and Sen Morimoto. Sat 9/7, 1-10 PM, Humboldt Park, 1301 N. Humboldt, $10-$15.

INSTIGATION FESTIVAL
See page 34. Thu 9/5 through Sun 9/8. Shows at Constellation (3111 N. Western, 18+), Elastic Arts (3429 W. Diversey, 18+), Rosehill Cemetery (5800 N. Ravenswood, all ages), and the Hungry Brain (2519 W. Belmont, 21+), $10-$15 or free.

JERK, SEAFOOD, AND VEGAN FEST
The third-annual Jerk, Seafood, and Vegan Fest is all about healthy (and spicy) treats, plus dancing, games, and music—the latter from Busy Signal, Sam Chatman, Gene Hunt, and others. Sat 9/7 and Sun 9/8, noon-9:30 PM, Park no. 540, 2401 S. Federal, $10-$20.
When Seratones released their 2016 debut album, Get Gone, it seemed they were on to something special: though they’re from Shreveport, Louisiana, their soulful punk sound came across like it had grown out of a musical road trip across the U.S., with stops in the deep south, Motor City, Memphis, Paisley Park, and assorted California beaches. The band’s new album, Power, tamps down the fuzzed-out atmospheres of their early material in favor of soul-pop sophistication without losing any of the music’s bustling eclecticism or the fire that blazes at its core. Seratones’ not-so-secret weapon is their gospel-trained front woman, A.J. Haynes, whose distinctive honey-toned voice and twinkling vibra-no could’ve made Billie Holiday envious. Haynes has also worked as an educator and as a counselor at a Louisiana abortion clinic, and on Power she dives deep into her musical background of vintage soul and funk as she explores questions of personal, social, and political autonomy. On opening track “Fear,” Haynes sets the stage: “Whether the sea-son / Can you weather the storm?” she asks over a charming girl-group backdrop. The sultry “Permi-
sion” merges organ, stripped-down percussion, and gospel backup vocals with a narrative about bed-
room communication and indulging a lover’s sexual fantasies—as long as it’s a two-way street. The biggest stunner is the sleek title track, an urgent but controlled rallying cry about channeling inner strength to triumph over adversity; I had its syn-
toned chorus memorized by the end of my first lis-
ten, and it’s been in my rotation ever since. Sera-
tones were already a compelling force when they played here in 2016, and their evolution from Get Gone to Power suggests that this show will be even more spectacular. —JAMIE LUDG

BIG BUSINESS Meat Wave and DJ Chrissy open. 8:30 PM, Empty Bottle, 1035 N. Western, $15. 21+

Los Angeles-based sludge outfit Big Business have taken a lot of forms over their 15 years of existence. Started in Seattle as the dirgey metal duo of Karp bassist Jared Warren and Murder City Devils drummer Coady Willis, Big Business eventually started inviting the occasional guitarist into the mix to beef up their already beefy sound—at one point they even added two, transforming into a full-on four-

piece doom band. Beginning in 2006, Warren and Willis also held down the prestigious title of “Mel-
vins Rhythm Section” during the decade-long run of that venerable band’s double-drummer lineup. Over the past few years, Big Business have returned to their roots: they’re no longer in the Melvins (who now frequently use a two-bassist lineup instead), and they’ve dropped the guitar players to focus on the stripped-down percussion that made their early records so great. On this summer’s appropri-
tately titled The Beast You Are (Joyful Noise), War-
ren and Willis hammer out simplistic but over-the-
top epic that borrow power metal’s catchy melod-
ric sense and stoner metal’s subterranean thro-
and their back-to-basics bass-and-drums approach burns away all the excess fat. —LUCA CIMARUSTI

INSTIGATION FESTIVAL See Thursday, Kobra Quartet headlines; the Haley Fohr/Helen Gillet duo opens. 9 PM, Hungry Brain, 2319 W. Belmont, $10 suggested donation. 21+

TUESDAY

KING CRIMSON 8 PM, Auditorium Theatre, 50 E. Ida B. Wells, $40-$245. ☑️

A few years ago I was lucky enough to see one of the greatest of my lengthy concertgoing life: King Crimson at the Chicago Theatre. Clearly the band thought it was a good one too, as they released the entire show as the album Official Boot-
leg Live in Chicago, June 28th, 2017. King Crimson’s long-standing bassist, the godly Tony Levin, was even quoted in the promotional materials calling it “one of our best.” Levin played on some of the most challenging Crimson LPs, including 1981’s Discipl-
line, and he’s been part of the group’s recent “dou-
ble quartet” configuration. That same large-scale band is back this time around, including woodwind player Mel Collins, whose skronking sax and pas-
toral flute appear on the early-70s albums Lizard, Islands, and Earthbound. King Crimson have been revisiting their giant back catalog onstage, and this 50th-anniversary tour promises even more clas-
sics off their 1969 debut, in The Court of the Crim-
son King (which practically defined heavy prog), plus gems from 12 of their 13 studio albums, some of which they’ve never played live before (though it’s anyone’s guess which record didn’t make the cut). For this tour, the band’s trio of drummers (Pat Mastelotto, Gavin Harrison, and Jeremy Stacey) are joined by Bill Rieflin, primarily known for his work with industrial acts such as Ministry and Nine Inch Nails, who’s returning to King Crimson after a brief absence. (Stacey and Rieflin double on key-
boards, and the percussion quartet have written brand-new compositions for this tour.) Rock session king Michael “Jakko” Jakszyk, formerly of Level 42 and briefly the Kinks, is back on guitar and vocals. Jakszyk played in King Crimson alumni project 21st Century Schizoid Men in 2002 and began collabo-
rating with Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp in 2010, before joining KC proper in 2013. He manages to conjure supple-voiced Crimson front men of yore such as Greg Lake and John Wetton, but thankful-
ly he has phrasings and vocal nuances of his own. Lastly, of course, there’s the one and only Bob Fripp, the sole constant member of King Crimson. When I saw the band, the maestro was pretty low-key—he literally took a back seat, sitting in a chair toward the rear of the stage—but when he coaxed those first elastic, creamy tones from his guitar, it was very
clear whose band this was. At age 73, Fripp still has impressive endurance (his shows are often three hours long), but nobody can keep that up forever—go see this colossal, epic version of King Crimson now, or have massive, prog-song-length regrets later. —STEVE KRAKOW

WEDNESDAY 11

MASSIVE ATTACK 8 PM, Chicago Theatre, 175 N. State, $92-$345. 🎟

When a band hit the road to celebrate a milestone anniversary of a monumental album, they’re of course trafficking in nostalgia—and the musicians usually share in that rosy glow with their fans. This tour by UK trip-hop pioneers Massive Attack is belatedly celebrating the 20th anniversary of their beloved third record, 1998’s Mezzanine, looking back fondly—the production of which was plagued by intraband tensions, and it received middling reviews when it finally dropped sever-

many ways the album feels better suited to our era of constant barrage of bad news about rising global fascism, white nationalist terrorism, and potentially civilization-ending climate change, can probably relate to the magnetic, paranoid power of Massive Attack’s masterpiece. —LEON GALL

WEDNESDAY SEP 11 / 8 PM / ALL AGES

Virginity Rocks World Tour 2 / DANNY DUNCAN

THURSDAY SEP 12 / 6:30 PM / ALL AGES

Riot Fest welcomes An Official Riot Fest Pre-Show with THE AQUABATS / KOO KOO KANGA ROO / MC LARS

FRIDAY SEP 13 / 10:30 PM / 18+

Riot Fest welcomes An Official Riot Fest Late Night Show with EMO NIGHT BROOKLYN

SUNDAY SEP 15 / 9 PM / 18+

THE MIDNIGHT / FLAMINGO

MONDAY SEP 16 / 6:30 PM / 18+

Empire Productions welcomes REVOCATION & VOIVOD / PSYCROPTIC / SKELETAL REMAINS / CONJURER

THURSDAY SEP 19 - SUN SEP 22 / 7 PM / 18+

Cracknation presents COLD WAVES VII

THU SEP 18: POP WILL EAT ITSELF / CHEMLAB / ACUMEN VS. 16VOLT / CURSE MACKEY / BOOTBLACKS

FRI SEP 20: NITZER EBD / HAUJOBD / LIGHT ASYLUM / KLEAK / WINGTIPS

SAT SEP 21: TEST DEPT / WARRIORS

SUN SEP 22: FILTER / <PIG> / PAUL BAKER’S MIN-DUB SOUNDSYSTEM / STREET SECTS / HAEK

MONDAY SEP 23 / 7:30 PM / ALL AGES

WILDER WOODS / RODRICK CLICHE & FOUR20’s


Find more music listings at chicagoreader.com/soundboard.
NEW
Above & Beyond 10/25, 9 PM, Aragon Ballroom, 18+
Anamanaguchi 11/10, 8 PM, Bottom Lounge, 17+
Big Freedia 12/19, 8 PM, Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, on sale Fri 9/6, 10 AM
Brookhampton, Slowthai 12/6, 8 PM, Aragon Ballroom
Camp Smokey Bear Festival with 2 Money, Young Chop, Mother Nature, and more 9/14, noon, Camp Shakespeare Woods, Calumet City
Toro y Moi, the Chi-Town All Stars 10/23, 9 PM, Bottom Lounge, 17+

UPDATED
Rachael & Vilray 11/1, 7:30 PM, Thalia Hall, 17+

UPCOMING
‘68, Inspector Cluzo, Messengers 9/8/18, 6 PM, Cobra Lounge
Absolutely Not, 5-E-V-I-C-E, Wad 10/10, 8 PM, Empty Bottle
Accidental 10/4, 8 PM, Spidol Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music
King, Wizard Rifle, Warish 9/25, 7 PM, Reggies’ Rock Club

CHICAGO SHOWS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IN THE WEEKS TO COME

Symi 11/17, 7:30 PM, Lincoln Hall, on sale Fri 9/6, 10 AM
Tool, Killing Joke 11/3, 7:30 PM, United Center, on sale Fri 9/6, 10 AM
Flay, Tash Sultana 9/28, 8 PM, Spidol Hall, Old Town School of Folk Music
Trigger Hippy 11/5, 8 PM, Beat Kitchen
White Mystery (DJ set) 9/17, 8 PM, GMan Tavern
Miguel Zenón Quartet 9/9-9/22, 8 and 10 PM, Jazz Showcase

GOSSIP WOLF
A furry ear to the ground of the local music scene

RAPPER AND SINGER David Ashley is one of Chicago’s best unsum act of the decade. After his R&B group Jody split in the early 2010s, Ashley focused on solo rapping, beginning with 2014’s Perfect Dark (on The-Drum’s Posture label). His self-released two more albums, 2017’s Cai Xo and 2018’s Draco, but this wolf has been particularly keen on Strictly 4 the Heads, a series of raw-as-hell singles he’s been uploading to Soundcloud since 2016. Ashley has made influential fans such as How to Dress Well’s Tom Krell, whose Helpful Music released Ashley’s new album, Deep Down Inside. Its trio of “Lethal Weapon” songs showcases Ashley’s thoughtful storytelling, in-the-pocket rapping, and deep affection for old-school hip-hop.

Local singer-songwriter Henry Joseph IV has spent years with summer indie rockers the Record Low and rambunctious rock experimentalists Treasurer, but lately he’s focused on solo folk-pop project Perma Cough. On Wednesday, September 11, Perma Cough headlines an Empty Bottle release show for a self-titled EP that comes out on Fine Prints this month.

Gossip Wolf’s favorite online pastime is the Chicago Black Social Culture Map, a project of Afro-diasporic feminist collaboratives Honey Pot Performance. So far it has indexed historical music and nightlife sites from the early Great Migration till the house and juke scenes of the past few decades. To add to the map, the CBSCM has been hosting panels and archiving events that include the digitization of attendees’ stories, flyers, and photos. At noon on Sunday, September 7, the Westside Justice Center (601 S. California) hosts Avery J. Young, George Daniels of George’s Music Room, house legend Rick Lenoir, and other panelists to discuss the west side’s blues scene, record stores, and labels (including Dance Mania). Folks who want to contribute to the map should RSVP to the free event on Facebook or e-mail honeypotperformance@gmail.com.

—J.R. NELSON AND LEOR GALIL

GOT A TIP? Tweet @Gossip Wolf or e-mail gossipwolf@chicagoreader.com.
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The Epstein cover-up

We owe it to Jeffrey Epstein’s victims not to let his case die with him.

By Leonard C. Goodman

The federal prosecution of Jeffrey Epstein for running a sex-trafficking operation involving vulnerable young girls ended last month when Epstein was found dead in his cell. The official story is that he committed suicide. But many people, led by the victims of Epstein and his coconspirators, suspect foul play.

These victims say they were recruited as children to become sex slaves for Epstein and guests to his various mansions, including prominent American politicians, business executives, and world leaders. For years, these women have sought justice. And they have good reasons to now suspect that their government is lying to them in order to protect the rich and powerful.

First, these victims were already deceived once by the federal government. Back in 2005, police in Palm Beach, Florida, began investigating allegations that Epstein and his associates were paying vulnerable girls for massages and sex. But then the federal government stepped in and took the case away from local prosecutors and police, ostensibly to ensure that Epstein would not receive special treatment because of his wealth and status in the Palm Beach community. Many child victims came forward and cooperated with the federal investigation. In the end, the FBI identified dozens of credible victims, and prosecutors prepared a 53-page child sex-trafficking indictment that carried a potential punishment of life in prison.

But those charges were shelved in 2008 after the lead prosecutor on the case, Alexander Acosta, entered into a secret and unprecedented agreement not to prosecute Epstein or any of his potential coconspirators. The victims, who were teenagers at the time of the abuse, had a right to object before the agreement took effect. But they were illegally cut out of the deal, a judge has ruled. Acosta’s office sealed the agreement with the court and misled the victims to believe that a federal prosecution of Epstein and his coconspirators was still a possibility.

Second, Acosta has given conflicting statements about the highly unusual and illegal deal he cut with Epstein’s lawyers in 2008. In private conversations with Trump transition team members, who wanted to know if the Epstein deal was going to cause problems for Acosta—then a Labor secretary nominee—at confirmation hearings, Acosta explained that he’d cut the nonprosecution deal with Epstein’s attorneys because he had “been told” to back off, that Epstein was above his pay grade: “I was told Epstein ‘belonged to intelligence’ and to leave it alone.”

But when questioned in public about the Epstein deal, Acosta has sung a different tune. In July of this year, he said he believed it was a good agreement based on the evidence he had in 2008 and that “new evidence and additional testimony ... offers an important opportunity to more fully bring him to justice.”

Acosta’s July public statement is plainly a lie. The new federal charges brought against Epstein did not arise out of any new investigation of Epstein. In fact, the 2019 indictment mirrors the charges that federal prosecutors prepared in 2008 and then shelved; it alleges sex trafficking of vulnerable girls between 2002 and 2005.

Rather, the 2019 case against Epstein arose out of investigative reporting by Julie K. Brown of the Miami Herald. Brown identified about 80 women who say they were molested or otherwise sexually abused by Epstein. Brown also told the story of the extraordinary nonprosecution agreement that was kept under seal and secret from the victims, contrary to federal law.

Embarrassed by the stories in the Herald, the feds sprung into action. Federal agents arrested Epstein on July 6 as his private jet landed at Teterboro Airport near Manhattan, and they searched his town house.

In court, federal prosecutors argued that Epstein was too dangerous to be released on bond and must be detained at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Manhattan, even though the feds allowed Epstein to walk away from the same charges back in 2008. Two months after being denied bail on the new indictment, Epstein was found dead in his cell.

Despite Acosta’s conflicting stories and his transparently phony public statement, no one in the mainstream press or Congress has dared to investigate the role played by U.S. intelligence agencies in the Epstein case. No one even dares to ask Acosta who told him to “back off” or what intelligence agency or agencies were working with Epstein in 2008. It appears that Democrats were initially willing to attack Acosta as a way to embarrass Trump. And once they realized that digging too deep would also embarrass their friends at intelligence, including the former agents who now work as analysts on cable TV promoting the story that Russia stole the election from Hillary Clinton, they decided to back off.

A third reason that Epstein’s victims should suspect foul play is that any criminal trial of Epstein or his coconspirators would have been highly problematic for the federal government. There’s plenty of evidence, of course. The government reportedly has dozens of credible witnesses who describe sexual abuse of children by Epstein and his VIP guests, plus video and photographic evidence from the cameras hidden in Epstein’s mansions.

But one potential defense that Epstein’s lawyers would be obliged to explore is whether Epstein believed that government officials with actual authority sanctioned his crimes because he was providing them with sexual blackmail material on targeted leaders. This is called the “reliance on public authority defense.” It typically arises in drug cases where the defendant argues he was working as a confidential source for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and therefore believed he was authorized to sell drugs.

Under the Constitution, the government is required to provide defense attorneys with all exculpatory evidence that could support any potential defense. Failure to do so can result in harsh sanctions against the prosecutors and even dismissal of the charges, as occurred recently in the federal prosecution of former Alaska senator Ted Stevens.

In other words, a public criminal trial would have made it very hard to cover up Epstein’s relationship to intelligence agencies. These are the agencies that tell our presidents which countries to bomb, what leaders to depose, and which terrorists to assassinate by drone.

Many will recall the damage done to the credibility of the FBI when it was revealed that convicted mob boss Whitey Bulger—who also died in federal custody—was committing extortion and murder while also working as an FBI informant. The Epstein scandal would be far worse because it potentially involves exploiting vulnerable children to obtain dirt on world leaders. Such a scandal would likely lead to major reforms and oversight of U.S. intelligence, similar to what we saw in the 1970s with the Church Committee investigation of the CIA, FBI, Internal Revenue Service, and National Security Agency in the wake of Watergate.

It’s no surprise then that the establishment press would urge us to move on from the Epstein case and to stop engaging in conspiracy theories. And it’s our job to keep talking about the case until we get truthful information about Epstein and about all his coconspirators, including the ones working with U.S. intelligence.
SAVAGE LOVE

Boring, insecure, average-looking woman vents about ex-BF-to-be

Plus: Please don’t laugh—he just wants to be your dog.

By Dan Savage

Q: I have a monogamous partner who I live with. It’s a heterosexual relationship, but we are both bisexual. That little inkling of homosexuality really drew me to him when we first met. He also told me early on about his previous girlfriend, who looked like a “suicide girl” (tattoos, short skirts, dyed black hair, heavy eye makeup) but had serious issues (they had sex only ten times in three years). I’m by no means a suicide girl—I’m pretty average looking, with natural hair and no tattoos. I don’t wear makeup, and I have an affinity for baggy T-shirts and jeans. I love having sex but rarely do I present myself as “sexy.” Recently I learned that my boyfriend follows hundreds of women on Instagram, and 95 percent of them look absolutely nothing like me. (Remember the hot suicide-girl girlfriend? They mostly look like her.) I felt insecure about myself. I felt distrustful of his positive comments about how I look, like he doesn’t actually think I’m sexy. It certainly doesn’t help that I want to have sex way...
An article discussing the dynamics of relationships and the role of sexual attraction in maintaining them. The text examines the concept of "empowering" and its implications for both partners. It also addresses the importance of communicating one's desires and boundaries, especially in intimate relationships. The language is engaging and thought-provoking, aiming to challenge and inspire readers to consider their own experiences and perspectives in relationships.
Adam Ant performs the hit album Friend or Foe in its entirety and other favourites. Special guests Glam Saxanks. This Saturday, September 7 moved to the Vic Theatre. Tickets purchased for the Riviera honoured.

HOT CHIP: Friday, September 13th. Special guests MonoNeon.

Brittany Howard of Alabama Shakes. EXRT Friday, September 20. Riviera Theatre.

Joseph.

Jimmy Herring and The 5 of 7. Friday, September 20. Park West.

Dark Star Orchestra. Celebrating the Grateful Dead Experience. September 26 • Vic Theatre.

The New Pornographers with Lady Lamb. October 2 • Vic Theatre.

Sleater-Kinney. The Center Won’t Hold Tour. Riviera Theatre. Sold Out!

FKA twigs. Riviera Theatre. On Sale This Friday at 11 am.

Magdalene Tour 2019. Friday, December 13 • Park West.