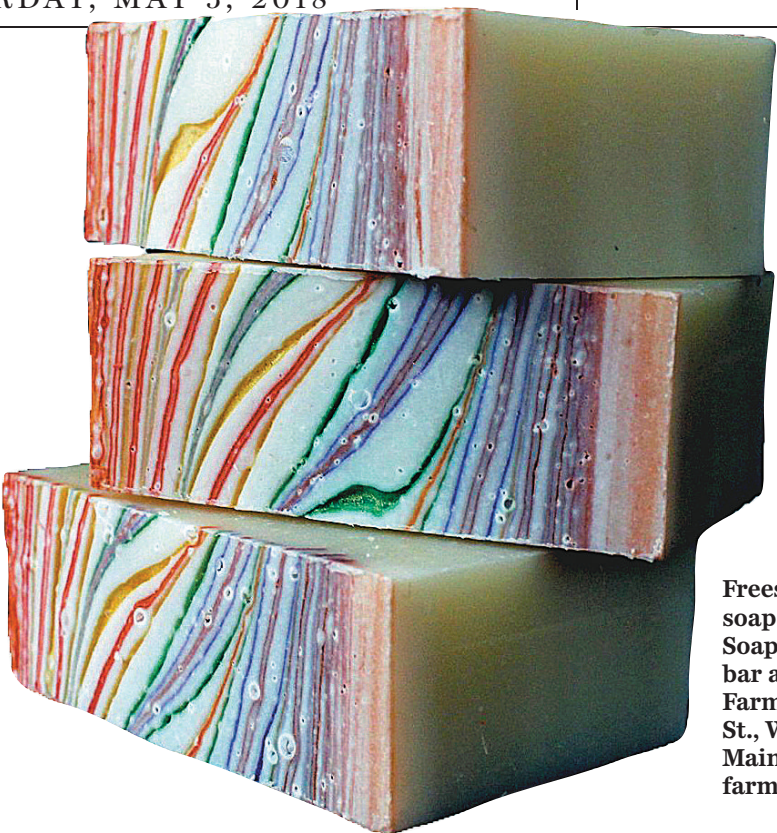


Perfect for Mom

“Mom” tag (chain sold separately), \$500 at Tiffany & Co., Copley Place, Boston, 617-353-0222, and other locations, tiffany.com



You still have time to find just the right gift for Mother’s Day. Here are a few ideas to help.



Freesia cold process soap by Long Winter Soap Company, \$8 per bar at Long Winter Farm, 11 Friendship St., Waldoboro, Maine, longwinterfarm.com

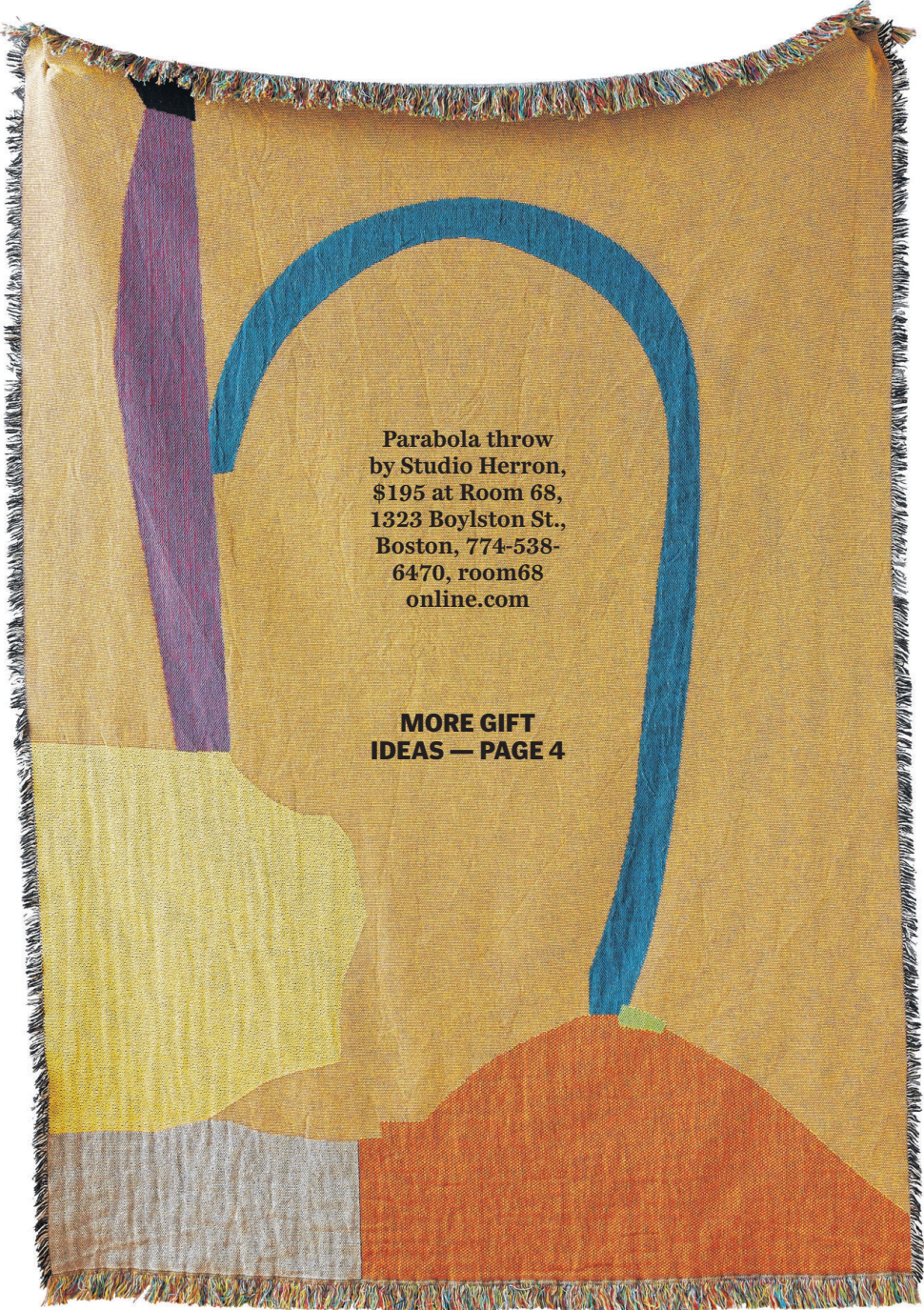
BY MARNI ELYSE KATZ | GLOBE CORRESPONDENT



Ex Voto eau de parfum by Wienerblut, \$220 at Queen of Swords, 17 Hawkins St., Somerville, 617-718-0373, shopqueenofswords.com



Primrose velvet slides, \$268 by appointment at Artemis Design Co., 119 Braintree St., Allston, 857-399-0444, artemisdesignco.com



Parabola throw by Studio Herron, \$195 at Room 68, 1323 Boylston St., Boston, 774-538-6470, room68online.com

MORE GIFT IDEAS — PAGE 4



Crimson Topaz Hummingbird framed print by Holly Wach, starting at \$35 at A Curated World, 160 Highland Ave., Somerville, 800-591-7976, kaymcgowan.com



“Black Girl Baking” by Jerrelle Guy (Page Street Publishing), \$21.99 at Davis Squared, 409 Highland Ave., Somerville. Book signing on May 12 at 2 p.m.

THE WEEKENDER

Brandi, Bader, and Bodega Boys

By Michael Andor Brodeur
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

Well hello there fair Weekend-ers, wayfaring your way into the mayfairs of May. (Whew.) We’re here!

If you haven’t already steel-brushed your grill, topped off your birdbath, planted your zinnias, or hung your hammock, this would be a good weekend to do it. But you’re reading this newsletter, so I’m guessing you’re the prepared type, which means you’ve got a wide open weekend for summerish fun. (Anyone for the beach? No? Lightweights.) Here’s what’s cooking this weekend — aside from many, many burger patties.

BRANDI STINGERS: On **Saturday** night you can catch singer-songwriter Brandi Carlile at the Orpheum Theatre. (Or you can if you look for resales.) Globe correspondent Marc Hirsh calls Carlile’s voice “cavernous and staggering” on her heart-hurt seventh album, “By the Way, I Forgive You.” “I only have my voice for so long. I don’t know when it’ll change,” Carlile told him. “So I’ve always treated every song like it’s



CATHERINE CARLILE

Brandi Carlile is at the Orpheum Theatre Saturday.

the last song I’m going to sing and just belt some more.” So, expect belting. Also, word to the wise: Don’t be rolling in there with Chik-fil-A; she will slap that deliciously crispy but unfortunately hateful little sandwich right out of your hand.

SOUL PROPRIETOR: Also **Saturday**, there’s an intimate show from

everblue soul man Graham Parker, whose latest (and twentysomething-th) album, “Mystery Glue” — a collaboration with his former backing band the Rumour — throws back to the same fiery “Howlin’ Wind” ferocity that first pushed Parker into the spotlight in the ’70s. “It’s been a long time since I’ve been able to use that style again,” he told the Globe. “So, when I say old-fashioned, I mean rootsy.” Get there a little early for opener James Maddock.

BADER V. HATERS: At the pricey popcorn place this weekend, you can catch “RBG,” the new documentary on Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, ruled a badass by a striking majority. “For audiences who only know her as a T-shirt, an ironic rap-inflected signifier — the ‘Notorious RBG’ — or the hip judicial granny gently spoofed by Kate McKinnon on ‘Saturday Night Live,’ the movie by Julie Cohen and Betsy West will come as a welcome deep dive into the actual Ginsburg’s historic accomplishments and ongoing legacy,” writes Ty Burr in his three-star review. There’s a lot to learn about the No-

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JOURNEY THROUGH CENTURIES

Violinist Robyn Bollinger performs a multimedia recital at Gardner Museum

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FRUIT FAVORED

Check out an assortment of whimsical bags for a tasteful spring accessory

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TECH NOMAD

What it means when we yell at Alexa

By Michael Andor Brodeur
GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

Are you nice to Siri? Do you ever yell at Alexa? 1985 doesn’t sound nearly as forboding as “1984,” but it still produced one of the more upsetting episodes of “The Jetsons.” (Not that there were a lot of upsetting episodes of “The Jetsons” — its broader dystopian implications were the upsetting part, as I recall.)

In any case, the episode in question is called “Robot’s Revenge,” and it opens with our chronically cranky hero George pulling some serious white cartoon male entitlement on Ralph, the aggressively lackadaisical (and oddly flamboyant) robot who works at the health club — and goes routinely untipped by George. (I, for one, am shocked.)

After an intentionally lousy robo-massage that gives new meaning to the term “microaggression,” a furious George talks to the manager and gets Ralph canned. The dejected robot reports directly to a “Control Central” kiosk (chilling!) and requests a “code red” be put upon George Jetson’s once-good name: “J as in ‘jerk,’ E as in ‘evil,’ T as in ‘tipless . . .’”

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