



“Weird Al” Yankovic’s 1999 LP “Running With Scissors” is one of his certified platinum albums.

Contributed / Volcano

THE AGELESS APPEAL OF “Weird Al” Yankovic

Musical comedy icon to play DECC on July 11, his first Duluth show in 15 years. Northland fans are more than ready

By Jay Gabler
Duluth News Tribune

Over the years, the Duluth Entertainment Convention Center has hosted many big names. Elvis Presley. James Brown. Cher. B.B. King. Bob Dylan. Metallica.

None of those other big names, though — not even Insane Clown Posse, not even Yanni — are quite as fun to say, quite as certain to put a smile on your face, as the name of “Weird Al” Yankovic.

“He’s a geek,” said St. Paul music writer Michelangelo Matos. “He’s this pasty-faced geek who came out

of the suburbs of Southern California and was making fun of stuff, and he got a career out of it.”

To be clear, Matos means that observation as a compliment. “There were individual parody songs” that hit the charts before Yankovic emerged in the 1980s, Matos noted. “Certainly, you had lots of novelty hits, but he put that all together in one package in a way that nobody else had.”

The man born Alfred Matthew Yankovic has one of the most recognizable looks in show business: long, curly brown locks framing a narrow face with a wide grin and mischievous eyes that, in the artist’s ‘80s heyday, were



Contributed / DECC

“Weird Al” Yankovic has one of the most recognizable faces in show business.

often framed in oversize spectacles and complemented with a distinctive split mustache.

Now 62 years old, and marking four decades since

becoming a breakout star in the nascent MTV era, Yankovic is coming to the DECC’s Symphony Hall

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Coveting my husband’s pillow, which may be the world’s best

My husband has the best pillow. It has the perfect combination of squishiness, a soft cradle for one’s heavy head, and firmness, keeping one’s head aloft from the bed. My husband brought this magnificent



JENNA KOWALESKI

pillow into our marriage and we’ve been unable to find a pair. I have spent an embarrassing amount of money trying to find something of equal caliber. Pillows stuffed with bamboo, memory foam, feather and heaven-knows-what-else are bursting out of closets and from other beds, none of them meeting the requirements that this perfect pillow so perfectly and effortlessly meets. Only recently have I given

up on this pursuit, and am convinced that is the reason why a certain retail chain on Miller Hill has gone out of business. I’ve accepted that they broke the mold the day they made this pillow. Some days, it’s the only thing that my husband and I agree on: We both love this pillow. (And our son.) He doesn’t share. In our almost decade-long marriage, I’ve tried sneaking it over to my side of the bed.

I’ve tried disguising it in mundane pillowcases. I’ve tried everything. But my husband always figures it out and, alas, I do not get to sleep with the world’s best pillow. Except for when my husband is out of town. Last night, for the first time in a long time, I got to use the good pillow. I lay down and looked around. I knew he was gone on an adventure and that he wouldn’t be back until the next day, and yet, I peered down the hallway, just

in case. I hadn’t been able to sleep with the good pillow, well, for years. For a while there I’d get to sleep with the good pillow at least once a month. Between work and play, both of us were coming and going, exploring the world, the country and our own backyard. We went to conferences and weddings and graduations and funerals. Sometimes we went together

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