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The MTA has a plan to create something like a real, workable transit system. But first it must convince voters that the new rail lines will actually reduce traffic.

By Gene Maddaus
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WILL THE TRAIN BE L.A.’S SAVIOR? ...

The MTA has a plan to create something like a real workable transit system. But first it must convince voters that the new rail lines will actually reduce traffic.
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CROPPING OUT THE HOMELESS

What one insane photo says about L.A.’s homeless crisis

BY HILLEL ARON

My friend Rich Michalowski took the above photo in Silver Lake last week. That’s a mural by local artist Dallas Clayton outside Dangerbird Records, at the corner of Sunset and Lucile near Sunset Junction. It’s one of those highly Instagram-able pieces of street art that some will find charming and others will find saccharine. The girl is one of many who’ve posed in front of it. The homeless man, unfortunately, is also one of many. It’s funny what happens when you combine two very common things in one image.

A good photograph tells a story — sometimes more than one. To some, this photograph will tell a story about a rude, insensitive girl. To others, it’s a story about the massive gulf between society’s haves and have-nots. Or it’s a story about the rising decadence of Silver Lake. Or it’s a story of Los Angeles’ brutal indifference to those without a home.

“A good photograph tells a story — sometimes more than one. To some, this photograph will tell a story about a rude, insensitive girl. To others, it’s a story about the massive gulf between society’s haves and have-nots. Or it’s a story about the rising decadence of Silver Lake. Or it’s a story of Los Angeles’ brutal indifference to those without a home.”

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Just so long as that swift action came from someone other than Garcetti. And just so long as that swift action was paid for by someone other than Garcetti.

Not only has City Hall shown a complete unwillingness to spend either political capital or actual capital on the homeless crisis, it can’t even figure out how to stand out of the way and let other people do some good.

Take Elvis Summers, who’s been building tiny houses for homeless people. Nothing fancy, just little 6-by-8-foot shacks on wheels, with beds, portable camping toilets and solar panels on the roof. People have given nearly $100,000 to Summers’ GoFundMe campaign, enough for him to build 57 tiny houses. Then, in February, the city started impounding them. The mayor’s spokesperson told NPR, “Unfortunately, these structures are a safety hazard... These structures, some of the materials that were found in some of them, just the thought of folks having some of these things in a space so small, so confined, without the proper insulation, it really does put their lives in danger.”

Yes, the mayor’s office actually thinks (or, rather, wants us to think) that homeless people are better off sleeping in tents or on the street.

“It’s offensive,” UCLA’s Blasi says. “The city should be building those houses, not tearing them down. I’m not a big supporter of building substandard housing, but my general philosophy is if you’re not gonna make things better, at least don’t make things worse. But the government is actually interfering with efforts of regular citizens to provide some kind of solution to the problem.”

The city could have done any number of things to help Summers. It could’ve given him money or maybe assigned him space to put the tiny houses. After all, if the city can turn parking spaces into parklets, as it’s done all over downtown, it could certainly turn them into spots for tiny houses. And yes, 57 houses barely even qualifies as a dent in the problem, but this is an emergency, right? All options on the table?

It’s not the first time the city has stood in the way of people trying to help the homeless. According to the Los Angeles Times, Leo Baeck Temple has been trying for five years to get the city to allow homeless people sleeping in their cars and RVs to park their vehicles in the Bel-Air synagogue’s parking lot. But so far, no dice.

“We know what responses to emergencies look like,” Blasi says. “This is not that.”

Experts know what we need in order to solve the homelessness crisis — permanent supportive housing, affordable housing, homeless shelters and more money for mental health services and drug and alcohol dependency treatment. Those solutions are all expensive. But there are little things the city could be doing to help, or it could at the very least allow people like Summers to help. But it appears the city would rather just crop the homeless out of its photos, with the hope that they’ll simply go away.

By Hillee Aron

M y friend Rich Michalowski took the above photo in Silver Lake last week. That’s a mural by local artist Dallas Clayton outside Dangerbird Records, at the corner of Sunset and Lucile near Sunset Junction. It’s one of those highly Instagram-able pieces of street art that some will find charming and others will find saccharin. The girl is one of many who’ve posed in front of it. The homeless man, unfortunately, is also one of many. It’s funny what happens when you combine two very common things in one image.

A good photograph tells a story — sometimes more than one. To some, this photograph will tell a story about a rude, insensitive girl. To others, it’s a story about the rising decadence of Silver Lake. Or it’s a story of Los Angeles’ brutal indifference to those without a home.

“Los Angeles is regarded as the outlier, in terms of its backwardness in dealing with homeless issues,” says Gary Blasi, professor of law emeritus at UCLA and one of the region’s foremost experts on homelessness. “Unlike what happens in most major cities, there’s never been a major effort to solve the problem in L.A.”

According to the latest count, there are 41,174 homeless men and women in the Greater Los Angeles area, an increase of 16 percent compared with two years ago. And while New York Mayor Bill de Blasio has “declared war” on homelessness, most of it going to the city, Mayor Eric Garcetti stood on the steps of City Hall in September and announced he would declare a “state of emergency” with regard to homelessness.

Two months later, the mayor, never one appearing to be waiting for someone else to take action. According to a November L.A. Times story, “Although Garcetti considers homelessness ‘an emergency situation’ requiring substantial resources, he never committed to the formal declaration.”

The Times went on to state that Garcetti “might issue an emergency declaration at some point in the future” and that “in the meantime, his office is waiting on more information from the city attorney.”

It was, perhaps, peak Garcetti, somehow finding a distinction between an emergency situation and a state of emergency, while at the same time appearing to be waiting for someone else to take up the authority that he himself was supposed to have. (L.A.’s elected leaders have committed $100 million to combating homelessness, most of it going to the police department.)

The Times revealed last week that Garcetti asked Gov. Jerry Brown to declare a state of emergency in December, in anticipation of heavy El Niño rains. Brown’s declaration would have meant state money paying for homeless services. The famously frugal governor refused. Garcetti wrote to Brown again, asking him to reconsider, saying: “Thousands of Angelenos are depending on swift action from their government.”

“UNLIKE WHAT HAPPENS IN MOST MAJOR CITIES, THERE’S NEVER BEEN A MAJOR EFFORT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM IN L.A.”

—Gary Blasi, one of the region’s foremost experts on homelessness

Experts know what we need in order to solve the homelessness crisis — permanent supportive housing, affordable housing, homeless shelters and more money for mental health services and drug and alcohol dependency treatment. Those solutions are all expensive. But there are little things the city could be doing to help, or it could at the very least allow people like Summers to help. But it appears the city would rather just crop the homeless out of its photos, with the hope that they’ll simply go away.
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In early January, L.A. Mayor Eric Garcetti convened a meeting with some of the country’s largest engineering and construction firms. Around the table at City Hall were big shots including Ron Tutor, chairman-CEO of Tutor Perini; Scott Cassels, a senior vice president at Kiewit Construction; and Michael Burke, CEO of AECOM.

Garcetti had invited them to share his vision for the future of L.A.’s transit system. Under his predecessor, Antonio Villaraigosa, voters had agreed to a half-cent sales tax that funded a dozen rail lines. Garcetti wanted to do something similar, but on a much bigger scale.

Garcetti’s proposed tax would raise $120 billion — three times the amount Villaraigosa had raised. The mayor was light on specifics that day, but the bottom line was clear. He wanted to build a lot of new transit, and the people assembled in the room would be called upon to construct it.

“The mayor’s top priority, as far as I can ascertain, is to get a second generation of transit funding,” says former county supervisor Zev Yaroslavsky, who worked closely with Villaraigosa on the last transit tax. “It’s ambitious.”

The story of L.A.’s transit system is a story of big dreams. When Tom Bradley ran for mayor in 1973, he promised to quickly break ground on a new subway system. He stayed in office for 20 years, just long enough to see the opening of the first segment of the Red Line. Supervisor Kenneth Hahn pushed in 1980 for a transit tax that helped pay for the Blue Line, which opened a decade later along an old freight corridor through the heart of his South L.A. district.

Villaraigosa and Yaroslavsky left their marks as well, passing Measure R in 2008. The measure’s key item was a bit of unfinished business from the Bradley era — a subway down Wilshire Boulevard that, with any luck, will finally form the spine of the system sometime in the next decade.

This week, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority is expected to unveil its plans for the new transit tax, which would allow Garcetti to put his own thumbprint on the system. The headline-grabber is a subway through the Sepulveda Pass, connecting the San Fernando Valley to the Westside and LAX, and providing an alternative to the 405 freeway, home to some of the worst traffic jams in the nation. Other lines — on Crenshaw Boulevard, Vermont Avenue and Van Nuys Boulevard — would create north-south connections, turning the current hub-and-spoke system into a spider’s web.

If it passes, the plan would create something like a real workable transit system, which hasn’t been seen in Los Angeles for generations. But that’s if it passes. It first must get support from two-thirds of the county’s voters, which will be difficult.

“Everything’s gotta go perfectly for Metro politically,” Yaroslavsky says. “High turnout. No controversy. No sidebar debates about transportation and development. Anything that would retard the ‘yes’ vote is an existential threat to the measure.”

Where tracks are laid, development will follow

A campaign to back a transit tax always starts in the same place: Voters are fed up with gridlock. Over the last year, the MTA has done polling and conducted 14 focus groups to test voter sentiment about a new ballot measure.

“Easing traffic is what resonated with people,” says Paulletta Tonilas, the MTA’s communications director. “We believe that’s something that can happen.”

An MTA poll conducted a year ago found support for a ballot measure at about 70 percent.

“If you have a ballot measure over two-thirds, you have a pretty good shot.”

Still, there’s not much room for error. And there’s a risk that the transit measure will be consumed by a...
months, the line will open all the way to rail stop on the Expo Line. In a couple of moving too fast?

Culver City: Is transit-adjacent development

neighborhoods and lessens the impact of projects around stations creates walkable stories tall, the other 39 stories. And it has spurred an anti-development revolt.

In Hollywood, developers have been putting up high-rises and mixed-use complexes around Red Line stops. The proposal for one particular project — the Millennium Hollywood — calls for nearly 500 condos, plus 200 hotel rooms, inside two towers — one 35 room hotel. Restaurant supply store Surfas has been located on the northeast corner for nearly 30 years. Developers plan to tear it down and put up an 80-unit condo building with creative offices and ground-floor retail.

Some residents to the east of this intersection view this development with alarm.

“The traffic already on Washington Boulevard is atrocious,” says Ken Mand, of the group Arts District Residents for Responsible Development, who argues that the traffic studies for these projects were deeply flawed. “They are far underestimating the reality of traffic as it currently stands. Nothing they did was illegal or wrong. But the reality is it’s all f**ked up.”

The city did not mandate that a portion of the housing units be set aside for lower-income residents, and Mand doubts the new residents will take the train.

“They’re just adding a ton of apartments and a ton of retail that is not geared toward Culver City residents,” he says. “Culver City residents are not shopping for $150-ounce hand lotion. It’s all about the Google people that are coming to town. It’s all about pour-over coffee.”

Worse yet, from his perspective, is what’s in the works for the La Cienega train station, one stop to the east within the Los Angeles city limits. There, developers are planning to build the Cumulus project — 1,200 housing units, plus a grocery store, restaurants, offices and parking spaces.

The current height limit at that intersection is 45 feet. The height limit at other transit stations on the Expo route — such as Sepulveda and Bundy — tops out around 160 feet. The Cumulus project will tower 320 feet above the ground.

“It’s pretty crazy,” says Jamie Hall, an attorney for La Cienega Heights, a predominantly African-American and Latino homeowners group, which is fighting the project.

“It’s gonna make traffic a lot worse.”

Leimert Park: Rail is driving gentrification, if not development

Three and a half miles southeast of Culver City is Leimert Park. Known as the soul of L.A.’s African-American community, the village is home to Afro-centric shops and artists’ spaces.

The surrounding neighborhoods are full of old Craftsman and Spanish-style houses. For the last few years, housing prices there have been on the rise, as many renters from the Westside and Silver Lake sought an affordable neighborhood in which to buy their first home. It’s now hard to find a decent house in Leimert Park for less than $600,000.

“The market has gone up so much, and 85 percent of that is because of the train,” says Heather Presha, a Realtor in Leimert Park. “Everybody is in a huge, frantic panic that they’re not going to be in the parade.”

The Crenshaw Line is expected to open in late 2019, and Leimert Park fought for, and won, its own station at Vernon Avenue. There is widespread hope that the line will help revitalize the neighborhood, bringing in diners and shoppers to support black-owned businesses.

“Leimert Park Village is never gonna be a big thing, but hopefully it’s gonna be a much more vibrant and active village,” says Clint Rosemond, a longtime community leader.

“Maybe we’ll get something in the way of a community library. Perhaps we’ll get a museum.”

Commercial developers have big plans for a few parcels to the north of Leimert...
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Park, at Exposition Boulevard and adjacent to the Baldwin Hills Plaza. But within the village itself, the commercial market is relatively flat — a sharp contrast with the residential market.

“The feeding frenzy hasn’t really started yet,” says Dean J. Flowers, a commercial broker in Leimert Park. “It’s a little early. The next couple years, we’re going to see things percolating.”

Some Leimert Park planners say they’re looking at Culver City and Pasadena as models to emulate. The largest developable parcels in the village are a couple of city-owned parking lots. So far, there are talks about building mixed-use projects on those sites, but it hasn’t gotten beyond talk.

There is also some wariness, as there would be in other neighborhoods, about building too many apartments.

“The NIMBY-ism is not limited to the Westside,” says Brenda Shockley, president of Community Build, a local nonprofit. The surrounding area has one of the highest concentrations of black wealth in the country and a very high rate of homeownership. The fear of apartments has less to do with traffic and more to do with concerns about crime and safety.

But as housing prices rise, there is also a concern about the arrival of outsiders — notably well-off, white homebuyers.

“People are really, really fearful that this neighborhood is being taken from them,” says Ben Caldwell, an artist and filmmaker. As white people have moved into Leimert Park in the last few years, their black neighbors have taken note. Caldwell says black residents aren’t used to seeing so many joggers on their streets.

“The real indicator for this community is walking the dog,” he says. “That’s more of a Westside relationship with a dog.”

The diversification of the neighborhood has rarely, if ever, resulted in overt conflict — except perhaps in conversations on Nextdoor.

“You won’t find much resistance between the old-school black folks and the people coming in,” Presha says. “It’ll be thought, but not said.”

Cudahy: Dreams of transit-spurred development remain distant

About 10 miles southeast of downtown L.A. is the tiny city of Cudahy. It is an immigrant suburb, almost entirely Latino, with a poverty rate that’s nearly twice that of L.A. County. It is also one of the densest cities in the state, with a population that relies heavily on public transit.

For more than a decade, community leaders have been lobbying for a rail line that would connect Cudahy to downtown L.A. The Eco-Rapid Line, as it is called, would run along an old freight corridor from Artesia through southeast cities including Bellflower, Huntington Park, Maywood and Vernon, with a possible stop in the downtown L.A. Arts District before reaching Union Station. The line is currently set to open in 2027, but it may take longer than that.

The southeast cities once were home to slaughterhouses and heavy manufacturing facilities. Most of those jobs are gone, though there is still work to be found in warehouses and textile plants. Among some cities’ leaders, there is a sense of being left behind.

“The southeast cities have been getting the short end of the stick,” says Karina Macias, a councilwoman in Huntington Park. Many see the Eco-Rapid Line as a spur to economic development.

“It will bring jobs when all this is done,” says Maria Davila, a councilwoman from South Gate. “It will bring a lot of...”
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In Cudahy, city officials are reworking the general plan to allow for the kind of mixed-use development that has occurred at stations in other cities.

“Cudahy has been neglected when it comes to entertainment,” says Cristian Markovich, the city’s 29-year-old mayor.

Right now, he says residents have to travel to other cities to see a movie or have a nice meal.

Cudahy expects to have two stations. One would be at Florence and Salt Lake avenues, on the border of Huntington Park. Now there’s a liquor store and a dry cleaner on that corner, across from a large water tower. The plan is to put in a mix of offices, retail and apartment buildings. The water tower would remain as a sort of iconic landmark.

The other station would be at Firestone Boulevard and Atlantic Avenue. On the northeast corner, there is currently a 7-Eleven, a vacant furniture store and some auto body shops. Consultants have drawn up plans to build a few three-story apartment buildings, a hotel, offices and a daycare center.

But it may be many years before these plans become reality, if they ever do. The Blue Line never generated much growth between downtown L.A. and Long Beach.

“It’s not a magic tool for economic development,” says Rick Wilson, a professor of urban planning at Cal Poly Pomona, who has consulted on the Eco-Rapid project. “If the market’s weak before, it’ll be weak after.”

If you build it, will they come? Should they?

One of the ironies of transportation planning is that some of the current or proposed routes serving areas with higher ridership — the Blue Line, the Eco-Rapid Line — are less promising for development, while some of the routes with more obvious development potential — the Expo Line, the Gold Line — have struggled to find ridership.

The combination of both factors is what makes the Wilshire subway — 40 years in the making — such an obvious and urgent priority.

“You can’t think of the two in isolation,” says Ethan Elkind, author of Railtown, a history of L.A.’s transit system. “Transit only works so far as the land use around it is made convenient to rail. It’s not enough just to build the rail line.”

To date, rail planners have had to make do with significant fiscal and political constraints. Often, it has been cheapest to build rail lines on old freight corridors. That pattern can be seen again and again, on the Blue Line, the Orange Line, the Expo Line and the Crenshaw Line. Those freight lines were generally designed to serve industrial areas and to avoid commercial centers. This explains why they sometimes run just out of reach of vibrant and walkable shopping districts.

Having built those lines, planners then set about rezoning the surrounding area for high-density housing and retail, in order to make the rail lines successful. By this point, the stated purpose of building the lines in the first place — to reduce traffic — has become a subordinate concern.

“The goal of these public investments has to be to relieve congestion,” says Laura Lake, of the activist group Fix the City, “not to enable more demand for an already inadequate infrastructure.”

Transit advocates often point to Pasadena as a place where transit-oriented development was done right. The Gold Line, which opened in 2003, spawned high-density residential development in the city’s downtown, building on previous success in transforming Old Pasadena into an attractive shopping destination.

“It’s ‘urban lite,’” says Greg Gunther, a past president of the Downtown Pasadena Residents Association. “With the convenience of the Gold Line right there, you can hop on a train [and] have Sunday brunch downtown or have a bite in South Pasadena.”

But even in Pasadena, where things have gone relatively well, the city was still convulsed for years by heated debates over traffic and density. Most Pasadena homeowners have made their peace with it by now, but it’s still common to hear complaints about traffic tie-ups at the rail crossings on Del Mar or California boulevards.

“I don’t know that it has improved mobility in the city of Pasadena,” says Geoff Baum, president of the West Pasadena Residents Association. “It may not be as bad as it might have been otherwise, but it hasn’t made it better.”

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I’d be remiss not to tell you this,” Ami Lourie says to my family and me in the midst of our meal at Osso. “You have to go look at the moon.” We slip from the midst of our meal at Osso, two Momofuku alums are cooking up something special in the Arts District.

**BY BESHA RODELL**

**OVER THE MOON**

At Osso, two Momofuku alums are cooking up something special in the Arts District.

**CRITIC’S RATING**

| ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ = Great | ★ ★ ★ ★ = Excellent | ★ ★ ★ = Good | ★ ★ = Fair | ★ = Poor |

The dish that has received the most attention is the fried chicken, and for good reason. It comes in a bucket, and your waiter will wheel it to your table on a cart that holds multiple kinds of hot sauce for you to sample and use. Because it’s cooked in a skillet as opposed to being precooked or done in a fryer, it takes about 30 minutes to arrive, but it’s worth the wait. That skillet makes all the difference, to the flavor of the oil and therefore the crust, as well as to the juiciness of the interior. Washing it down with that French 75. But the short list of original drinks offers some strange and beguiling signatures, such as the Bevolaris Punch, which combines bourbon, rye, scotch, Saint Germain, sencha tea and lemon, and comes topped with a crumble of cinnamon and pink peppercorns. There’s a bar menu that complements drinking, with everything from salt-and-pepper potato chips to a classic patty melt.

I can understand why Osso hasn’t found its audience yet and why people might not have made the trek to this dark corner of downtown to try another cocktail, another small plate. But I certainly hope word gets out that there’s something special happening here, and that the crowds do eventually arrive. As much as I appreciate service so personal it’s capable of sensing the need for a magical moon sighting, Osso deserves to be busy enough that no one inside would have time to even notice such a thing.
I men Shan’s tea shop, Tea Habitat, isn’t exactly the type of place you drop into for an afternoon cuppa with two lumps and milk. Located in downtown Alhambra, her small retail space is tucked behind a rushing fountain in the same mixed-use development that houses Chase Bank and Al’s Italian Beef. It’s not easy to find, and the gate that grants access to Tea Habitat’s courtyard is sometimes locked. If you want to visit, a reservation is required, and you still may have to call Shan’s cellphone to be let in.

But securing a seat at her quiet tea table is worth the trouble. Since 2007, Shan has set herself apart from other small tea purveyors by focusing her attention on *dan cong* oolongs. These partially oxidized teas (somewhere between green and black teas) are harvested from the Phoenix Mountain region of the Guangdong Province in China. Shan carries some obscure pu-ers, a fermented tea that responds well to aging, and herbal and green teas, but the best reason to visit her shop is her impeccable *dan cong*. Many teas from her collection can be attributed to single trees, and her connections in China have granted her access to leaves that might not otherwise have left their country of origin.

All of her teas are roasted, but the process is subtle, allowing the gentle floral flavors inherent in the leaf to well pronounced in the cup. An orchid-fragrance version emits rich and heady notes that are strong enough to make you think the tea has been scented with oils or flower blossoms, but it hasn’t. Proteins and enzymes once trapped in the cells of the leaves offer these flavors naturally, and they’re developed as those leaves are processed and shaped. This type of care is rare in the tea industry and is reserved for the most pedigreed base material harvested from farms that are decades — sometimes centuries — old.

This means you’re going to pay what can seem like an insane amount if you’re not used to shopping for rare, small-batch teas. While you can walk away with some of Shan’s oolongs for as little as $25 an ounce, her Zhu Ye (bamboo leaf) costs $63, and you can spend even more. If this gives you sticker shock, know that just a few grams can be steeped many times, offering several cups of tea, with each cup providing subtly different flavor profiles as the leaves open up and are spent.

The best way to experience Tea Habitat will seem like a relative bargain, especially to newcomers to *dan cong* oolongs or tea in general. For $25, Shan will sample four of her teas, carefully steeped in her collection of *gaiwan* (lidded cups) and tiny teapots. Finding *dan cong* oolongs of this caliber is difficult enough outside of China, but having Shan walk you through each tea, offering tasting notes and steeping tips, is a compelling learning experience for even seasoned tea drinkers.

Shan’s tastings must be booked in advance through her website, and if you happen to fall in love with any of her teas, they’re packaged in pink boxes stacked on a shelf along the wall. Don’t have a *gaiwan* or teapot for steeping at home? Shan sells those, too. Under the light of a lamp on a shelf along the far wall, thin-walled porcelain seems to glow from within. With a little practice, you can fill your own space with the sweet smells from far-off Guangdong.

As you wander back to your car, Al’s vent hoods might prove tempting as they spew the scent of sopping sandwiches, but resist. The soft touch of flower petals and fruit trees will remain on your palate if you don’t jut it loose with an Italian beef. That lingering flavor — it can hang around for as long as 30 minutes — is a marker of high-quality tea and a reminder that you’ve just experienced something truly special.

—Scott Reitz

**Tea Habitat, 28 S. Fifth St., Unit E, Alhambra; (626) 202-8777, teahabitat.com.**

**You Can Now Get Organic Vegan Doughnuts in Silver Lake**

Here at L.A. Weekly, we once raised the question: Even at its worst, is a doughnut ever really bad? With the recent rise of the artisan doughnut, though, spearheaded by the arrival of Portland’s Blue Star Donuts in Venice and Costa Mesa’s Sidecar Doughnuts in Santa Monica, the better question to ask might have been: Even at its best, how amazing can a doughnut be?

At the recently opened Donut Farm, you’ll find vegan doughnuts made with certified organic ingredients, served inside a bare-bones former doughnut shop in a Silver Lake strip mall. Donut Farm is

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ShanDong Brings Northern Chinese Dumplings to Old Town Pasadena

Old Town Pasadena is just a few short miles from the heart of the San Gabriel Valley and its mind-boggling spread of spectacular and diverse Chinese restaurants, but it often feels a world apart. It’s not hard to see why; the pleasures to be found at Chengdu Taste and, say, Barney’s Beanery are pretty wildly different. But it appears the Pasadena/SGV divide is shrinking. In recent months several mainstays from the SGV and beyond have opened branches in Old Town proper, including Green Zone, Boiling Point and Little Sheep, and now another spot has joined their ranks: ShanDong Dumplings.

The dumpling specialist has moved into a storefront on Fair Oaks, right next to the probably adequate to mostly decent American-ish restaurants that have long dominated the neighborhood. Next time you find yourself in Old Town, maybe swinging a pristine white Apple bag or lugging crates of home goods, skip the burger and tuck into some excellent dumplings instead. This is what it’s like when worlds collide. —Ben Mesrow

ShanDong Dumplings, 80 N. Fair Oaks Ave, Pasadena; (626) 365-1777.

Boyle Heights’ Indie Brewing Makes Session Beers for “Maximum Poundability”

In early 2013, when Connor Forbes and Kevin O’Malley wrote the first business plan for Indie Brewing Company, session beers were still a progressive dream. For years, low-alcohol beers had been associated with the tasteless fizzy yellow stuff, and craft beer earned its reputation with boozy IPAs, heavy stouts and other brews that get you buzzed after only a few drinks. But it appears the Pasadena/SGV divide is shrinking. In recent months several mainstays from the SGV and beyond have opened branches in Old Town proper, including Green Zone, Boiling Point and Little Sheep, and now another spot has joined their ranks: ShanDong Dumplings.

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ShanDong Dumplings, 80 N. Fair Oaks Ave, Pasadena; (626) 365-1777.
pints. But a light, flavorful beer that can be consumed continuously during a single drinking session without causing you to get completely wasted? Many breweries wouldn’t warm up to this concept of a “sessionable” beer until the following year, when session IPAs, yard beers and other easy drinkers started to flood the market.

“Sometimes I want to drink a few and not get drunk,” Forbes says. “Especially in L.A., it makes sense to have something light for the daytime or to drink with dinner.”

Forbes and O’Malley had envisioned a small-batch production facility specializing in thoughtful, low-alcohol beers or, as they call them, SoCal session beers. Forbes, an L.A. native, had some prior experience with session beers; he spent time after college living as a self-proclaimed ski bum in Utah, a state where all beer served on draft is required to be below 4 percent ABV. There he met James Mancuso, and the two began homebrewing together, one batch every week for two years.

When Forbes moved back to L.A. in 2011, Mancuso got a job as a brewer for Uinta, one of Utah’s largest craft breweries, making large quantities of its year-round offerings. He later got a call from Forbes saying that the brewery they had talked about opening while making beer in their Park City apartment so many years ago was about to become a reality. Would he like to move to L.A. and be its brewmaster?

“Once you’ve been [at a brewery like Uinta] long enough, you’ve brewed everything,” Mancuso says. “I felt like I was learning less about making new beers and more about large-scale beer production. Indie was a chance to get creative again.”

After bringing another friend, Morgan Keller, into the mix, the Indie Brewing team was complete, and almost three years after Forbes and O’Malley’s first meeting, Indie made its first batch of beer at its Boyle Heights brewery last October.

Packaged in 750ml bottles and sent to shops including Silver Lake Wine, Sunset Beer Company and the Heights Market, Indie’s first release was a seasonal Superfood Saison, a peppery saison that’s not too sweet, despite being brewed with blackberries, goji berries, acai and pitaya.

Since then, they’ve released (and self-distributed to their 35-plus accounts) all three core beers — 7th Street Saison, Port(er) of Los Angeles and Eastside XPA — each one a full-bodied, full-flavored beer clocking in at under 5 percent ABV. The XPA is currently available in 16-ounce cans.

Though they are part of the new surge in breweries that have opened on the east side of downtown L.A. over the last year, Indie is on the other side of the river from the coalition of walkable taprooms in the Arts District. Forbes says they are working on getting approval to open a tasting room sometime this year.

“Making session beers differentiates us, but our identity is not dependent on it,” Forbes says. “We’re going for high-quality beers that have maximum poundability.”

—Sarah Bennett
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**BOOKS**

**Send in the Clowes**

Five years in the making, graphic author Daniel Clowes’ aptly titled novel, Patience is finally being released. The creator of Ghost World, Eightball and Wilson returns with a love story shot through with psychotropics and science-fiction intrigue, which walks a tightrope between annihilation and redemption. Throughout its 180 full-color pages, you’ll see Clowes at his creative height, rendering alternate realities in which maladjusted and schlubby outcasts verge on heroism. Twenty years ago, he designed Meltdown mascot Mel, so tonight represents a kind of homecoming for the ever-insouciant Clowes. Meltdown Comics, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., March 18, 7 p.m.; free, book is $29.99. (323) 851-7223, meltcomics.com. –David Cotner

**MOVIES AND MUSIC**

**You Go Grrrl**

A big deal was made this year — rightfully so — about the Oscars’ overwhelming whiteness and, to a lesser extent, the awards’ overwhelming maleness outside of the acting categories. LMU’s Grrrls on Film music and film festival offers a more diverse look at arts and culture through a female lens with a weekend of feminist panels, screenings, workshops and shows. Among the extremely cool women slated to appear are Wayne’s World director Penelope Spheeris, The Runaways writer-director Floria Sigismondi and Born in Flames director Lizzie Borden. Loyola Marymount University, Mayer Theater; 1 Loyola Marymount University Drive, Westchester; Fri.-Sun., March 18-20, times vary; free. lmu.edu/grrrlsonfilm. –Gwynedd Stuart

**DANCE**

**String Along**

Last year, every performance of String Theory’s “Remembering Water” sold out. Anyone who missed it — or who wants to take a second look — has a chance with this reprise running weekends through the end of March. Expect String Theory’s distinctive blend of dance, costumes that operate as instruments, original music and their signature giant harps in this stirring work loosely inspired by Robert and Shana Park-Harrison’s photographs in the book The Architect’s Brother. Miles Memorial Playhouse, 1130 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica; Fri.-Sat., March 18-19 & 25-26, 8 p.m.; Sun., March 20 & 27, 7 p.m.; $23, $17 students & seniors. stringtheoryproductions.bpt.me. –Ann Haskins

**sat 3/19**

**SEMINARS**

**Binders Keepers**

Once upon a time, a dope named Mitt Romney birthed a meme when he said in a speech that he’d once been given “binders full of women” job applicants. The phrase was good for a laugh — and bad politically for the then-presidential candidate — but it also birthed an underground movement of female professionals, writers in particular, who organized on social media to share tips, job opportunities and general encouragement. Now in its second year, L.A.’s BinderCon is a weekend of workshops and seminars for women, as well as trans and gender nonconforming people, on everything from writing pitches to writing scripts and novels. Speakers include actress Lisa Kudrow and Effie Brown, producer of the feature film Dear White People. UCLA, Carnesale Commons, 251 Charles E. Young Drive W., Westwood; Fri.-Sat., March 19-20, 9 a.m.; $175-$350. la.bindercon.com. –Gwynedd Stuart

**COMEDY**

**Trail Blazing**

Did you know the famous farting scene in Blazing Saddles was the first time flatulence was used in a movie? And did you know that Richard Pryor and Gig Young were originally intended for the roles played by Cleavon Little and Gene Wilder, respectively? You’ll learn these and other tidbits about one of Mel Brooks’ greatest comedies during Mel Brooks: Back in the Saddle Again, a screening and live discussion with the director. On tour since last year, Brooks offers a behind-the-scenes look at the making of the 1974 hit about a black sheriff in the Old West, his gun-slinging sidekick, crooked city officials and Yiddish-speaking Native Americans. Maybe now you’ll find out...
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what in the world Count Basie was doing in the film — and what ever happened to the proposed Blazing Saddles musical.


PHOTOGRAPHY

Picture Perfect
Twenty-five years ago, if you'd mentioned a Robert Mapplethorpe exhibition, you'd have been greeted with tsks from dismissive prudes. But Mapplethorpe's art is about much more than anally inserted bullwhips — it's about flowers and Patti Smith, too. Tonight's opening of the retrospective “Robert Mapplethorpe: The Perfect Medium” approaches a proper level of totality in its perspective, featuring drawings, sculptures, figure studies, Polaroids and films. This overview represents his relationship to 1970s and '80s New York, much of which is now completely gone, making this presentation of his vision all the more essential.

Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Sun., March 20, 10 a.m.; runs through July 31; $25. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org/art/exhibition/robert-mapplethorpe-perfect-medium. —David Cotner

FOOD AND DRINK

Meatless Wonder
This year’s edition of the Vegan Street Fair brings together dozens of L.A.’s vegan and vegan-friendly restaurants, offering affordable bites for $3 or less. Last year’s fair had 44 vendors, and this year’s is supposed to be three times larger, so expect even more meat- and dairy-free goodness, from vegan beer to vegan Puerto Rican food and vegan ice cream. The fair lasts eight hours, so wander, nibble and feel confident that the only harm you’re doing to a living thing is to your engorged midsection.

11223 Chandler Blvd., North Hollywood; Sun., March 20, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.; free. (347) 508-3343, veganstreetfair.com. —David Cotner

ART

Miranda Rights
Photographer Catherine Opie is the subject of three concurrent exhibits at LACMA, MOCA Pacific Design Center and the Hammer Museum. As part of MOCA's new Artists on Artists series, Miranda July discusses “Catherine Opie: 700 Nimes Road” at MOCA, which displays photographs Opie took at the Bel-Air home of Elizabeth Taylor. July is among the dozen visual artists, authors and fashion designers in “Catherine Opie: Portraits” at the Hammer Museum, which includes images of John Baldessari, Raymond Pettibon, Jonathan Franzen, Matthew Barney and Rodarte’s Kate and Laura Mulleavy. Opie and July previously collaborated on July's 2013

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This fact sheet provides information on the environmental investigation and proposed cleanup activities directed by the Los Angeles Regional Water Quality Control Board (Regional Board) at the Former Continental Graphics Facility located at 101 North La Brea Avenue in the City of Los Angeles, California.

At this time the Regional Board is encouraging public review and comment on a cleanup plan called “Revised Removal Action Workplan (Revised RAW),” dated January 22, 2016. Information about the activities and cleanup methods proposed in the Revised RAW is outlined in this fact sheet.

**Site Overview**

The approximately 0.2-acre property is currently used as a paved parking lot. It is bounded by a commercial area to the north, North La Brea Avenue and commercial properties to the east, West First Street and commercial properties to the South, and an alley followed by a residential area to the west.

The property was developed as early as 1951 when a gasoline service station was located on the Site, and was later converted into a parking lot for the Continental Graphics Corporation facility located south of the Site (171-181 South La Brea Avenue).

**Site Environmental Investigation**

During lot grading in 2012, eight 50-gallon underground storage tanks (USTs) were discovered at the Site. During removal of the USTs (also in 2012) under the oversight of the Los Angeles Fire Department (LAFD), elevated concentrations of total petroleum hydrocarbons (TPH) and low concentrations of fuel-related volatile organic compounds (VOCs— including ethylbenzene, xylenes, and naphthalene) were documented in soil at the Site.

Groundwater investigation and monitoring conducted at the Site between 2013 and 2014 identified low concentrations of fuel-related TPH and VOCs in groundwater located at approximately 16 feet below ground surface.

**Cleanup Plan**

A cleanup plan has been submitted to the Regional Board to address soil contamination documented in the area of the former USTs. This plan (referred to above) is called the Revised Removal Action Workplan (Revised RAW).

If you have questions about this Site, please contact:

Jeff Brooks, Project Manager
213 620-6070
jeff.brooks@waterboards.ca.gov

Susana Lagudis, Public Participation
213-576-6694
susana.lagudis@waterboards.ca.gov

Mr. Jeff Brooks, Project Manager
Los Angeles Regional Water Quality Control Board
320 W 4th Street, Suite #200
Los Angeles, CA 90013
Jeff.Brooks@waterboards.ca.gov

The Revised RAW proposes further characterization of UST-related contamination in soil, soil gas, and groundwater to be followed by the removal of contaminated soil for disposal at a permitted waste disposal facility. The Site characterization and waste removal activities are being proposed for the protection of human health and groundwater quality in the Site area.

**Opportunity For Public Comment**

The proposed Revised RAW is now the subject of a 30-day public comment period to address any questions or comments the public may have. Your participation is encouraged. The Regional Board will not make a final decision to approve or implement the RAW until the public and interested parties have had a chance to review and comment.

The plan may be reviewed at the following link (under the Site Maps/Documents Tab):

http://geotracker.waterboards.ca.gov/profile_report.asp?global_id=T10000003894

Public comments must be postmarked or emailed by March 28, 2016 and sent to Regional Board Project Manager Jeff Brooks (contact information provided above).

If you have questions about this Site, please contact:

Jeff Brooks, Project Manager
213 620-6070
jeff.brooks@waterboards.ca.gov

Susana Lagudis, Public Participation
213-576-6694
susana.lagudis@waterboards.ca.gov

**Information Repositories and Contacts**

The Revised RAW, reports and additional information regarding the Site may be found on the California Water Quality Control Board’s interactive GeoTracker online database at

http://geotracker.waterboards.ca.gov/profile_report.asp?global_id=T10000003894

The administrative file for the Site is available to review in person at the Regional Board’s office:

Los Angeles Regional Water Quality Control Board
320 West 4th Street, Suite #200
Los Angeles, CA 90013
By appointment, please call (213) 576-6500

Si necesita información en español, comuníquese con Susana Lagudis, Participación Pública: 213.576.6694
email project “We Think Alone,” which also included Lena Dunham, Kirsten Dunst and others. West Hollywood City Council Chambers, 625 N. San Vicente Blvd., West Hollywood; Sun., March 20, 3 p.m.; free. (213) 621-1741, moca.org. —Siran Babayan

**MUSIC**

**Underground Sounds**
The culmination of three days of celebrations of Johann Sebastian Bach’s 331st birthday, *Bach in the Subways* is the free initiative spreading the beauty of Bach’s cantatas and other compositions. Founded in the New York subways in 2010 by cellist Dale Henderson, the program spread from there to Seattle to Singapore to São Paulo, with musicians in each city playing Bach for the public for the sheer joy of it. Septet DuselForty58 will play a variety of Bach solos, duos and chamber music pieces in Union Station; performances by musicians in locations from Van Nuys to Highland Park also are scheduled. *Grand Waiting Hall by Traxx*, Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St., downtown; Mon., March 21, 11:15 a.m.; free. (310) 415-5270, bachinthesubways.org/losangeles. —David Cotner

**COMEDY**

**Gangsta Laughs**
Travina Springer’s *Suburban Gangster* doesn’t involve stories about her days spent slinging or a soundtrack of hardcore rap — the BET Comic View alumnus grew up in the kind of suburbia where the more prevalent threat was a citation from the homeowners association for the color of your mailbox. Still, the self-proclaimed Central Florida army brat draws from her sheltered upbringing to produce a multitude of hilarious stories and characters. An ever-changing cast of notable comedians with credits from Comedy Central, HBO, NBC, BET, BuzzFeeD and more rounds out the night of sketch, stand-up and improv.

iO West, 6366 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Mon., March 21, 8 p.m.; $5. (323) 962-7560, ioimprov.com/west. —Neha Talreja

**COMEDY**

**Sex Ed**
If you’ve ever watched those hokey after-school specials that warned you about sex, drugs, drinking and other heavy issues, prepare to squirm in your seat again. For more than two years now, Lux Alptraum, a New York writer, comedian, sex educator and former editor of Gawker’s porn blog, Fleshbot, has been traveling around the country hosting *The Wonderful World of Boning*, in which she screens chuckle-worthy sex-ed videos that she collected while teaching teens at prevention pro-

**COMEDY**

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The main purpose of this study is to evaluate how well a two-drug combination of study drugs will suppress HIV at 24 weeks after starting treatment.

The study will also look at the safety and tolerability of this study drug combination, and factors that may affect how well it works in different individuals.

Both study drugs are currently part of Food and Drug Administration (FDA) recommended regimens along with a third active drug. Since some HIV medicines have side effects and are costly, there is interest in whether HIV can be successfully controlled with fewer than three HIV drugs.

Are you HIV+ and never taken HIV medications?
Are you interested in starting medication and being part of a research study designed for you?

- The main purpose of this study is to evaluate how well a two-drug combination of study drugs will suppress HIV at 24 weeks after starting treatment.

- The study will also look at the safety and tolerability of this study drug combination, and factors that may affect how well it works in different individuals.

- Both study drugs are currently part of Food and Drug Administration (FDA) recommended regimens along with a third active drug. Since some HIV medicines have side effects and are costly, there is interest in whether HIV can be successfully controlled with fewer than three HIV drugs.

For more information contact the UCLA CARE Center at careoutreach@mednet.ucla.edu or via phone 310-557-9062

There are limitations to the confidentiality of email communications. Do not include any sensitive health information if you choose to contact the study team via email.

To join you must be/have:
- ≥18 years of age
- HIV-positive
- Have not taken HIV medications (except for successful prevention of HIV infection)
- No evidence of resistance to the type of anti-HIV drugs being used in the study.
- Have viral load of at least 1000 copies/mL but less than 500,000 copies/mL
- No active hepatitis B infection

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grams. For her first L.A. visit, Alptraum is joined by comics Lucas Hazlett and Allen Strickland Williams as they provide funny commentary on these videos of kids and parents having earnest discussions about puberty, erections and STDs. It’ll still be less awkward than when your parents talked to you about the birds and the bees.

_Nerdist Showroom at Meltdown Comics, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Tue., March 22, 7-8:30 p.m.; $8. (323) 851-7223, nerdmeltla.com._ —Siran Babayan

**BOOKS**

**Audio Book Dynamite**

You’ve probably never thought about the narrators behind your favorite audiobooks, but a lot happens on the part of the voice-over artists. Kelly Gildea, who’s executive producer of Penguin Random House Audio and has directed titles by Bill Clinton, John Updike, Stephen King and Anne Rice, moderates panel discussion _Inside the Audiobook Studio_, which goes behind the scenes on how audiobooks are recorded. She’ll be joined by L.A. actors/voice-over artists Cassandra Campbell, Kirby Heyborne and Steve West, who’ve worked on hundreds of audiobooks. Together, they’ll discuss their careers and what makes a good narrator.

_Beverly Hills Public Library, 444 N. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills; Wed., March 23, 7 p.m.; free. (310) 288-2220, beverlyhills.org/exploring/beverlyhillspubliclibrary._ —Siran Babayan

**CATS**

**Feline ‘Em Up**

The ancient Egyptians worshipped cats as godlike beings, and these sleek, cuddly and enigmatic feline muses have been hissing at, rubbing up against, shedding their fur on and otherwise inspiring countless artists across numerous cultures for millennia. While organizing _Cat Art Show L.A. 2: The Sequel_, a reprise of the popular exhibition that was first presented in L.A. in 2014, curator Susan Michals posed this question to her latest group of artists, “What is the true meaning of cat for you?” Several dozen painters and photographers responded, ranging from such notably catty fine artists as Marion Peck, Tim Biskup, Natalia Fabia and Mark Ryden to unexpected figures like filmmaker Michael Lindsay-Hogg, tattoo maven Kat Von D, actor Norman Reedus, Bowie photographer Mick Rock, Incubus singer Brandon Boyd and shamanistic cat wrangler Paul Koukounaris.

_Think Tank Gallery, 939 Maple Ave., downtown; Thu., March 24, 8-10 p.m.; runs through Sun., March 27; free. (916) 670-3801, catartshow.com._ —Falling James

Missed Jane Lynch’s Broadway debut? _See Jane Sing_ presents the beloved actress in a full-on cabaret of classic tunes and relentless comedic charm. Lynch forgoes a uniform style and instead delights her audience with anything from her favorite jazz numbers and musical theater favorites to television theme songs and a special rendition of Nicki Minaj’s “Anaconda.” If that’s not enough to bring TV fans to the theater, the show also features Kate Flannery (aka Meredith of The Office) and Glee’s music arranger Tim Davis.

_Largo, 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood; Wed.-Thu., March 23-24, 8:30 p.m.; $40. (310) 855-0350, largo-la.com._ —Neha Talreja

**CABARET**

**Sweet Jane**

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AMERICAN PSYCHO AND SUNSETS
BRET EASTON ELLIS PROVIDES TEXT FOR AN ALEX ISRAEL SHOW
BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, an ordinary Midwestern woman goes on trial for ambiguous crimes, and a Hollywood video show features a bluish monster and a mystery ship.

Body in a pile
Dancer Silas Reiner was a member of Merce Cunningham’s revered dance company from 2007 to 2011, the last four years it existed. Since Cunningham was a key artist and teacher at Black Mountain College (1933), the unconventional art school at the center of the Hammer’s current exhibition, Reiner will perform one of Cunningham’s early works in the galleries this weekend. Cunningham initially performed The Changeling wearing red tights and a red skullcap. Also this weekend, dancer Polly Motley will perform The Glyph, a satirical number composed by Black Mountain teacher Katherine Litz. When she originally danced it, Litz sheathed herself in a tube of fabric and at one point collapsed in an “ineligent pile.”

Sordid sunset fantasy
Alex Israel, an artist who always wears curls and only ever wears flip-flops — sort of a robotic replica of her, the Emmatron, beside a second pedestal, on which a robotic replica of her, the Emmatron, stands. Visitors may talk to either, though they have to refrain from touching the “art.” The preprogrammed, robotic Emma answers questions the artist does not wish to engage or that she became exhausted by during her Carry That Weight performance, which saw her continuously carry around a mattress in protest of Columbia University’s treatment of her sexual-assault case. She was written about and discussed widely then, often without her direct involvement. Here she has more control over the conversation. And though she leaves L.A. this weekend, the Emmatron will remain. 574 Chung King Road, Chinatown; through April 3. (323) 285-2485, coagulacuratorial.com.

Alien in the yard
An odd, bluish monster with many nostrils wanders through an urban neighborhood in Christopher Richardson’s gorgeously shot alien fantasy, Rendezvous. An asteroid is about to hit Earth in this film, and the cast — which includes Richardson, who has a head of distinctive curls and only ever wears flip-flops — sort of hovers in this state of expectation. The other film in L.A.-based Richardson’s show at Moskowitz Bayse is 2015’s Panthalassa, set on an undulating ship during an all-night voyage. At one point, an eccentric character enters a state of rapture while playing a synthesizer. 743 N. La Brea Ave., Hollywood; through April 23. (323) 279-4882, moskowitzbayse.com.

The real deal
The Los Angeles Poverty Department, or the “other LAPD,” has existed for 30 years now, ever since artist John Malpede moved to Los Angeles and decided to found a performance group on Skid Row. The LAPD’s current exhibition at the Armory, “Do you want the cosmetic version or the real deal? Los Angeles Poverty Department, 1985-2016,” includes ample documentation of performances the group has done over the decades. Go when you have time to stay a while. In one film, an exotic dancer pulsates under colored lights, staying pretty while talking about sexual harassment. In another film from the late 1980s, Sunshine Mills, Frank Christian and Javier Serrano give a tour of Skid Row. They’re in a hulking sedan and they slow down next to a store called the Right Man. Sunshine tells us how hard-up guys will put in 10-hour days “through traffic, shifting gears, thinking: ‘I’m so fucked.’” 356 N. Camden Drive, Beverly Hills; through April 23. (310) 271-9400, gagosian.com.

Robot with answers
Throughout the week at Coagula Gallery, Emma Sulkowicz will stand on a pedestal beside a second pedestal, on which a robotic replica of her, the Emmatron, stands. Visitors may talk to either, though they have to refrain from touching the “art.” The preprogrammed, robotic Emma answers questions the artist does not wish to engage or that she became exhausted by during her Carry That Weight performance, which saw her continuously carry around a mattress in protest of Columbia University’s treatment of her sexual-assault case. She was written about and discussed widely then, often without her direct involvement. Here she has more control over the conversation. And though she leaves L.A. this weekend, the Emmatron will remain. 574 Chung King Road, Chinatown; through April 3. (323) 285-2485, coagulacuratorial.com.
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BY FALLING JAMES

Driven by forceful, melodramatic vocals, opera remains one of the most visceral art forms for communicating profound feelings and grand tragedy. The problem is, many classic traditional operas are based on quasianarchic plays and corny, implausible stories that have little credibility or emotional resonance in this day and age.

But composer Tobin Stokes and librettist Heather Raffo’s new opera, *Fallujah*, is a rare modern work that invokes the operatic canon but is nonetheless powered by a compelling story that feels bracingly real and immediate. Presented by Long Beach Opera, the 80-minute, English-language piece received its world premiere in an unusual but apropos venue: the Army National Guard recruiting office in Long Beach.

The plot is based in large part on the experiences of Christian Ellis, a native of Phoenix who was among the U.S. Marines battling rebel forces in the blockaded city of Fallujah during a notoriously brutal siege in the Iraq War in 2004. Like many people in the military, he had to deal with severe depression once he returned home, and attempted to kill himself several times.

“It’s harder to survive at home than it was being over there,” Ellis, 33, said in an interview backstage before Sunday’s matinee. He grew up as an adopted orphan who was gay and artistic but without much of a sense of identity until he made it through boot camp and joined the Marines. Ellis listened to thrash metal on headphones before going into battle, but he was also a big opera fan and a former tenor.

In trying to resolve his suicidal impulses, Ellis wrote an early treatment about his experiences, which eventually led to him telling his story to Raffo, an Iraqi-American playwright whose father was born in Iraq. Raffo collaborated with Canadian composer Stokes to create *Fallujah*, which was commissioned by City Opera Vancouver.

“I had a different story, but Heather’s was more realistic, less Hollywood,” Ellis said.

Raffo called the process “an excavation of jewels in Christian’s life” in an effort to “make some sense of these intimate, vulnerable truths.” Later, in a post-performance discussion with the audience, she added, “We’ve condensed a lifetime of Christian’s memories into a few lines of poetry. It’s fictionalized but rooted in fact.”

In the opera, a Marine named Philip (portrayed with brooding intensity by bass-baritone LaMarcus Miller) finds himself back in the States in a VA hospital. Suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, Philip avoids the questions of his worried mom, Colleen (sung with a steely radiance by LBO mainstay Suzan Hanson), even as he’s haunted by the deaths of a fellow Marine and an innocent Iraqi mother he killed.

Intriguingly, Raffo expanded Ellis’ story to include the experiences of Iraqi civilians who were caught in the crossfire instead of focusing only on the Marines’ point of view. “It starts as such a masculine story, but by the end it becomes more about the feminine characters,” Raffo explained. “Similarly, it starts as an American story that gets passed off to an Iraqi story.”

In creating the music, Stokes resisted the temptation to embellish things with overtly Middle Eastern flourishes. Instead, he said backstage that he was searching for “a vocabulary, a texture to draw in” the story.

“I’m using an Iraqi oud,” he told the crowd beforehand about the small chamber ensemble conducted by Kristof Van Gysperre. The musicians were ensonced at far stage right, partially hidden under a tentlike veil of camouflage netting. “Other than that, I wasn’t trying to document Iraqi music. On the other end of the spectrum, you’ll hear [a little] rock music,” Stokes continued, adding that the middle ground was mainly classical.

“AT A FEW PERFORMANCES, I NEARLY HAD TO WALK OUT. IT BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES.”
—CHRISTIAN ELLIS

While so many modern operas are little more than glorified song cycles, Stokes’ music is richly layered, as in a hauntingly beautiful passage by Hanson and soprano Ani Maldjian as two disparate mothers whose piercing grief becomes inextricably intertwined.

Production designer Andreas Mitisek (also LBO’s artistic and general director) and video designer Hans S. Kim’s wall-size projections of vistas from the real city of Fallujah fill three sides of the gymlike recruiting center, which is rendered even more starkly effective by Dan Wein- garten’s foreboding lighting design and the placement of a large military Humvee at stage left. “What you’re looking at is what we saw,” Ellis told the crowd. “At a few performances, I nearly had to walk out. It brought back memories.”

Afterward, several audience members were visibly moved and recounted how PTSD also affects the lives of millions of people who aren’t in the military. “PTSD is everywhere,” said consultant Michael Hebert, whose war-themed art was among the work displayed around the gym.

“It’s not just a military problem. It’s a societal problem,” added Kevin St. Clair, LBO’s associate director of engagement. Of course, little of this would matter if *Fallujah* wasn’t such a startling and effective work of art. Stokes and Raffo’s collaboration shows that modern “opera can still be extremely relevant,” as an opera singer in the crowd, Janna Baty, pointed out during the panel discussion.

*FALLUJAH* | Army National Guard, 854 E. Seventh St., Long Beach | Fri.-Sat., March 16-18, 8 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., March 19-20, 2:30 p.m. | (562) 432-5934 | longbeachopera.org
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— Margaret Gray, Los Angeles Times

CRITIC’S CHOICE
Los Angeles Times

By Sheila Callaghan
Directed by Neel Keller

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BRINGING BACK A PIECE OF BACK TO THE FUTURE

The film’s fans went to incredible lengths — and spent an incredible sum — to re-create two iconic set pieces from the 1985 film and its sequels

BY JARED COWAN

It’s dusk and Huey Lewis and the News’ “Power of Love” is playing as Marty McFly skateboards into a blue-collar, suburban neighborhood, passing between two distinct markers, one on either side of the street. A regal stone lion is perched atop each sign and in bold, block letters they announce that he’s entering Lyon Estates.

The signs are two of the most significant pieces in the Back to the Future trilogy, lending visual cues that indicate what year Marty and Doc Brown are visiting. “The signs are always there to keep things constant in this completely crazy, changing world that [Marty] is experiencing through the movies,” says Ken Kapalowski, an organizer of We’re Going Back, last October’s 30th-anniversary Back to the Future fan event.

Joe Walser, Kapalowski’s co-organizer, says, “Everyone knows the name of Marty’s subdivision, even though you only see [the signs] two times in the movie.” (Three, if you count a nighttime shot in silhouette.) Walser also led the team responsible for the magnificent, blood, sweat and tears restoration of the hero DeLorean from the original film — aka the “A car.”

You might recall that, until Marty notices the signs in front of a vacant piece of farmland that would later become his neighborhood, he believed his time-travel displacement to 1955 was a dream. “We needed to do something where Marty... and the audience would say, ‘Wow, this is what it looked like before it was built,’” says Bob Gale, co-writer and producer of Back to the Future.

“It’s an iconic kick in the gut, like, ‘You are not in Kansas anymore,’” Walser adds.

For a number of years, two signs that were used onscreen were on display at Universal Studios Hollywood as part of the studio tour. Until a couple of years ago, the signs, which were used in Back to the Future Part II and Part III, could still be seen on the backlot before they vanished — “erased from existence,” as Doc Brown would say.

“They basically decomposed,” Walser says. In fact, you can Google “Lyon Estates signs” and you’ll see images of them in various physical conditions. He adds, “Movie props are not built to last, they’re built to get the shot. The fact that they were on display at Universal for 25 years is actually in itself a huge thing.”

In the end, Walser surmises, the signs succumbed to the elements and were too difficult to restore. Recently, a brand-new pair of officially licensed, screen-accurate Lyon Estates signs has surfaced under the radar. “They are literally standing on the footprints of their predecessors,” Walser says. “The [old] signs sat in that spot for so long that the sun physically baked the profile into the street. ... The new ones are placed right on those marks.”

Before the signs were given to Universal, they would stand at the end of Marty’s street in the San Fernando Valley neighborhood of Arleta during We’re Going Back. Therefore, Walser and Kapalowski insisted on building the best screen-accurate replicas possible. It would not be an easy undertaking, however, because there were neither blueprints nor another pair of signs to use as guidance.

For Walser — a movie art director who, like many, related to Marty McFly when he first saw the film as a teen — the Lyon Estates signs had to be perfect or they weren’t worth building. “There’s something in me that forces me to go big or go home,” he says.

Walser was certain of one thing: He wasn’t going to re-create the signs that stood on the backlot. For the casual viewer, the signs in the first movie and subsequent films appear to be the same, yet they “are wildly different,” Walser says. His plan was to concentrate his efforts on the signs from the original film.

But to understand his devotion to the recreation of the signs simply for the love of the movie, we have to set our time circuits back more than 30 years. The original Lyon Estates signs were discarded as soon as the scenes in which they appeared were in the can. It was 1985, prior to the existence of an official archives department at Universal Studios — eventually created in the late ’90s — and before anyone knew the film would be a huge hit.

After talking to various members of the art department and digging through the studio archives, Walser couldn’t locate any blueprints for the original signs; he’s almost positive they weren’t available when the sequels went into production. Furthermore, he determined the signs seen in the first film and the sequels differed in scale and design. “The only pieces that appeared to be the same were the artichoke-style finials. The biggest difference is that in the first film the lions’ mouths are shut and in the latter films their mouths are open. ‘It’s one of those things where nobody noticed. I never noticed until I started researching this,’” Walser admits.

A lengthy online search for the lion led Walser to a statue in the L.A. area that appeared similar. Upon seeing it in person, he was astonished to discover that it was of the same exact design as the lion from the original film. He then tracked down the manufacturer, which had been in operation since the early ’80s, and the mystery of the contrasting lions became clear. “There, Walser met an employee who recalled a conversation about a Back to the Future sequel.

The manufacturer apparently granted the makers of the first movie permission to make casts of the lion and to use its likeness onscreen. However, it wasn’t as easy the second time around. “The first time they [the manufacturer] were like, ‘Back to the what? Yeah, sure, whatever.’ The second time they were like, ‘Back to the Future?! That’s a huge movie. So this is how much money we’re going to need for legal clearance.’” As a result, Walser discovered that the filmmakers declined and sculpted their own lions.

The Lyon Estates font also had to be re-created from scratch. Walser explains that had there been a straight-on shot of the signs in the film, the font would have been easier to reproduce, but the signs were always placed at an angle and shot in perspective. “It wasn’t just something you could type and print,” he says. “The font didn’t exist. It was something that the art department fabricated.”

Construction of the new Lyon Estates signs was — as one might assume — pricey. “These things cost almost $10,000 to build a pair,” Walser says. Revenue generated from We’re Going Back went toward building the signs, making them a fan-funded gift to the filmmakers and the studio. About 150 fans who donated extra funds have the honor of seeing their names on a plaque affixed to the side of one of the signs on the backlot.

The license from Universal also granted Walser and Kapalowski permission to build a second pair, which they did for a greater cause. That pair was auctioned off, with proceeds going to the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson’s Research. Some generations today didn’t grow up with Marty and Doc and sadly may have no idea what Back to the Future is. “With Back to the Future: The Ride closed in 2007 to make way for The Simpsons ride, fans had reason to feel as though a part of their favorite movie was fading away like Marty McFly’s siblings in a photograph. The re-emergence of the Lyon Estates signs on the backlot is a reminder of one of Universal’s greatest legacies. “These were built with Universal’s love,” Walser says. “For another 20 years, hopefully longer, the signs will be there.”

“We weren’t trying to outdo anything,” he adds. “We were just trying to get [our heritage] back. We were trying to not lose these things that actually mean something to the fans. We can’t control everything, but we can control this.”
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is light touch when it comes to genre, which paranormal histrionics. Nichols has a mundane reality and minimizing the powers. When it works, it works in the (Jaeden Lieberher) who has mysterious tal forces and a violent cult, their son Shannon) and mother (Kirsten Dunst) creeps further into science-fi ction terri-

performances, proved hypnotic.

until the fi nal seconds, we had no idea precautions, the fi lm remained fi xed in 

an 8-year-old who's been abducted by a man — supposedly armed and danger-

ous — named Roy Tomlin (Shannon). We then see Tomlin and another man, Lucas (Joel Edgerton), hovering over the boy in a dingy motel room. The kid is covered in a sheet wearing headphones and goggles. He's reading a comic book. Is this a kidnapping?

Not quite. We soon learn that Roy is Alton's birth father and that he's snatched back his son from the Third Heaven Ranch, a fundamentalist cult led by Cal-

vin Meyer (Sam Shepard, mostly wasted), the boy's adoptive father. The Ranch wants Alton back: They consider him some kind of prophet because he has fits, speaks in tongues and issues predictions. The feds are also after him, as it turns out that the number combinations and words that the boy has been unknowingly spouting correlate to highly sensitive information. Revealing such things, says NSA agent Paul Sevier (Adam Driver, doing a pretty good Jeff Goldblum), car-

ries "punishments of treason so severe the government probably hasn't invented them yet."

Traveling from Texas to Florida by night, Roy, Lucas and Sarah (Dunst) have been told by Alton himself that they must take him to a specifi c place on a specifi c day. They don't know why; neither, at fi rst, does Alton. The fi lm keeps us guessing for a while as to what, exactly, this child is. Messiah? Alien? Demon? A government experiment gone wrong? Initially, Nichols reveals his story's fantastical elements in dribs and drabs. He's more interested in character and setting than in wow-

ing us with plot reveals. He has a feel for the dark highways, lone gas stations and modest interiors of this world, and for the desperation of characters who don't quite know what they're dealing with but know what they must do.

The most impressive parts of Midnight Special center on the parents' dilemma. They love Alton dearly, and are both determined and torn about their mission. Their boy won't be with them for much longer, and they know they have to get him to his mysterious appointment. Shannon and Dunst can give us volumes in a glance, and Nichols uses them well — he keeps them silent, he keeps them mov-

When they look at Alton, we sense their fear and heartbreak. In Shannon's performances, tenderness and menace remain locked in eternal combat. Here, as a protective father on the run from the law and other forces, he lets that battle play out on his face and body. His physique is imposing yet cavernous; you can never quite tell if he's about to rip somebody to shreds or crumple like a rag doll. 

Midnight Special is exceptionally well-acted, and often quite gripping and sad. But Nichols can't play coy to the extent that he did in Take Shelter, where he made the issue of his protagonist's mental health largely irrelevant. Here, at least some of the Big Questions have to be answered before the very end, because everyone cares too much about Alton and his powers for him to remain a mere MacGuffin. But as we get more clues and revelations — beams of light, earthquake-

like rumblings, mushroom cloud-like starbursts — the fi lm seems to lose some-

thing. It becomes less about the anxiety of a parent over the future of his child and more about hairbreadth escapes and supernatural occurrences. By the time Midnight Special goes full closing-

minutes of—The Abyss on us, we may find ourselves yearning for the mysterious drama we were watching earlier.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL | Written and directed by Jeff Nichols | Warner Bros. ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark

SEARING DEBUT KRISHA MAKES HELL OUT OF COMING HOME

B rash yet intimate, writer-director-editor Trey Edward Shults' observant, unnerving fi rst feature transcends the notion of a "promising debut." Here, the promise is already fulfi lled on the screen, which bustles with chaotic family life — and prickles with anx-

eity. Krisha is a heartsick family story that plays as psychological horror, its themes of estrangement and addiction juiced at every moment by Shults’ vigorous — even pushy — expressionism.

Steel yourself for wheeling terror as 60-something Krisha (Krisha Fairchild), visiting her sister's home for her fi rst holiday get-together in who knows how long, walks in furious circles in the kitchen as the turkey entrusted to her roasts and she discovers that the timer has gone missing. The camera spins, of course, just as it zips across the floor in dog’s-eye zooms, or, later, tracks slowly down a too-narrow hallway bedecked in photos of relatives and edged with the darkest of darkness.

This young maximalist is committed at each moment to the extremes of everyday feeling, to lighting in you the conflagration already raging in his troubled heroine, Shults dares to exhaust, to over-

whelm, to upset.

The amateur cast, Shults’ own friends and family, ranges from convincing (the blithe, brawling teen boys) to hilarious (Chris Doubek as Krisha’s cranky doc-
tor brother-in-law) to extraordinary (Krisha and Robyn Fairchild, Shults’ aunt and mother, real sisters acing big, teary scenes). Shults (who plays a small key role himself) filmed Krisha over nine collaborative days in his mother’s house, and he’s packed it and his frame with raw life sug-

gestive of Cassavetes. —Alan Scherstuhl

KRISHA | Directed and written by Trey Edward Shults | A24 | Nuart
Y ou’ve seen a lot of movies like *Too Late*, and yet you haven’t. Shot over several years on 35mm, Dennis Hauck’s neo-noir detective drama is only being shown theatrically in that increasingly rarefied format — a bold financial move for an independent film at a time when so many others open on iTunes. *Too Late* is divided into five nonlinear segments, each composed of a single continuous take lasting the length of a reel of film (22 minutes).

The first of these uninterupted shots is also the most masterful. It begins when a woman who’s seen something she shouldn’t have places a call on a cellphone borrowed from two self-referential drug dealers. The camera moves away from Dodger Stadium—adjacent Radio Hill and does an extreme zoom toward a run-down apartment building a good mile away, where anxious private investigator Sampson (John Hawkes) seems to be awaiting her call. He abruptly ends the conversation and drives off to meet the young woman after she tells him where she is, and the camera drifts back to the park — though not before lingering on the modest downtown skyline. It’s at once lo-fi and virtuosic, the kind of shot you can imagine a filmmaker dreaming up long before writing an actual script, and more than worth hanging the entire opening around.

The same goes for Hawkes, whose tired detective registers as a latter-day Philip Marlowe — more Elliott Gould than Humphrey Bogart. Hauck wrote *Too Late* with his leading man in mind, and you’ll believe it when the world-weariness darkening his face moves away, where anxious private investigators wax cinematic about their experiences. The camera moves away from the privilege it takes to live far, far away from the nearest hospital. For most of us, their vacation video is a fantasy world. (Monica Castillo)

**THE BRAINWASHING OF MY DAD**

*Agitprop* with a mawkish “personal” twist, *The Brainwashing of My Dad* censures the rise — and tactics — of right-wing media through the prism of director Jen Senko’s elderly father, a former liberal whose mounting Rush Limbaugh and Fox News fandom turned him into an angry, bitter monster. This story is merely the superficial pretext for a formulaic lament-cum-condemnation of the way in which conservatives — through canny political moves, corporate consolidation and Roger Ailes—pioneered strategies — have seized so much of modern media. Via the usual grab-bag of statistics and talking-head interviews (as well as animated sequences from Bill Plympton), what emerges is an ironic be-very-afraid message about the right’s radio and TV fearmongering. By the time quotes from Joseph Goebbels are used to explain Fox’s methods, *The Brainwashing of My Dad* has resorted to the tactics of its targets, muddying its more cogent points through extreme, generalized denunciations of all right-leaning outlets as poisonous agents intent on mutating susceptible innocents into intolerant hate-mongers. With both Matthew Modine and Senko serving as choir-preaching narrators, the film so diligently eschews any tempered analysis that it eventually comes across as akin to the very thing it’s decrying, complete with a baldly propagandistic finale in which Senko’s father’s is transformed — no, saved — by his decision to turn off Rush
and start reading Truthout and AlterNet. (Nick Schager)

THE BRONZE
This patchy comedy about a cossed-out, obnoxious gymnast who has slid deep into sloth in the decade or so since her Olympic triumph gets an occasional laugh from the American Ilts as it sends up: jingoism, the sports-industrial complex, home-schooling, fast-food gluttony. The scattershot jabs pepper the flicaced storyline of the rehabilitation of Hope Ann Gregory (Melissa Rauch), that bratty uneven-bar has been. But while the plot of The Bronze may be flabby, Rauch’s delivery is taut and tart: Even if the lines Rauch wrote for herself miss more than they hit, the way she says them often kills. Now in her late 20s, Hope, still living with her outrageously indolent widower dad (Gary Cole), spends her days revisiting her past glory, diddling herself as she watches the tape of her third-place finish at the 2004 Games — a miraculous feat, considering that she completed her routine with a torn Achilles. Milking her status as Amherst, Ohio’s most famous resident, the ex-Olympian gorges on complimentary food-court slop and discount cannabis, always clad in an Old Glory warmup suit (“This is what heroes wear!”) and sporting the bangs-and-ponytail hairstyle of Nadia Comaneci circa 1976. Hope’s path to redemption, hastily introduced and flailingly executed, demands that she train sunny, worshipful teen Maggie (Haley Lu Richardson) and go soft for Ben (Thomas Middleditch), a too-nice guy prone to face spasms. The Bronze marks the feature directorial debut of Bryan Buckley, a veteran helm of Super Bowl commercials, who here stages a sex scene between Hope and another 2004 Olympian as a riotous floor exercise. (Melissa Anderson)

THE DOG WEDDING
Information theory is a branch of mathematics that attempts to quantify the nature of information itself, one of the features of which is that it is orderly but not predictable. An infinite string of alternating numerals like (.0101010...), is orderly, but it conveys no information because it is completely predictable. As an example of information’s unpredictability, consider the following sentence: Ambiguous German pickpocket Ulrika Schmidt (Rosalie Thomass), in town to conduct mass layoffs at her company’s newest acquisition, meets pro wrestler Matthew “The Manimal” Pierce (WWE grappler-turned-trainer Matt Bloom) at the dog park after their bulldogs hump. The odds against randomly generating this sentence are extraordinarily high, and information theory says that it has a high entropy value. Presumably, director James Lefkowitz had access to pro wrestlers, bulldogs, a pickle cannery and a Final Draft license key, artistic imple- ments that resulted in his comedy The Dog Wedding. But the film never recon- ciles the incongruities of its constituent parts, which hang together like toothpaste and orange juice. The Manimal, struck by the handomeness of Ulrika’s bulldog, proposes an arranged dog marriage with procreative intentions, but the film buries this signal with a lot of noise: Dumb jokes, a tasteless Hitler-referencing speech from Ulrika’s CEO dad, editing that emphasizes the awk- wardness of the mostly amateur actors. As measured by the metric of standard romantic comedies, the courtship that ensues between the human couple as they plan a canine wedding ceremony is as predictable as infinitely repeating numbers, but the dogs are really fucking cute. (Chris Packham)

KOWN COWBOYS
Kown Cowboys indicates by its title both insider status and a desire to fit in. Kown — short for Koreatown — refers to the Los Angeles neighborhood marked by art deco build- ings and Korean signage where the film is set. The cowboys of Kown are both proudly Korean and quintessentially American, a tension they wrestle with throughout. These “cowboys” grew up here. Danny is a financer turned stand-up comedian. Jason has inherited his wealthy father’s business. Sunny helps his dad, who suffers from encroaching Alzheimer’s, run a liquor store. Peter is a bouncer-turned-designer, and Robby was adopted by white parents who push Korean culture on both him and his white girlfriend. These dynamics inspire rich material: a drunken confrontation between Jason and Sunny over their differing financial situations; Peter’s violent posturing in a bar fight and his bizarre treatment of film star Ken Jeong, whom the friends meet in a restaurant; Robby’s anger at his parents and won- dering whether to teach in South Korea; the meandering conversations that give shape to these lives and friendships. When was the last time you saw a film by and about Korean-American men centering themselves? Unfortunately, the film and its protagonists are too busy partying to really explore that subject matter. Kown is full of late-night clubs and karaoke bars that provide a slick, pulsing backdrop to the friends’
THE CONFIRMATION
DOES COMIC JUSTICE
TO ITS THEMES OF
FAMILY AND FAITH.

Set in the streets and
yards of an older suburb
of Washington state, Bob
Nelson’s The Confirmation plays,
at its best, like a dispatch from
rural America as it actually is: un-
deremployed, sometimes hostile
to strangers, sympathetic if not
actually obedient to the church
and more multicultural than the
media usually depicts. The look
is often drab by design, drizzly
and gray, as unfussy as the jeans
and flannels Clive Owen’s Walt is
frumped into. The scenario owes
something to De Sica’s Bicycle
Thieves, but Nelson’s milieu is
stripped of sublimity, its tone
varies with less certainty and
he favors a sort of recession
slapstick over a worker’s tragedy.
Owen, playing a woozy agnos-
tic from Raymond Carver’s world
rather than Thomas Kinkade’s,
is spared the conversion scene
you might dread. Instead, Walt
tells his son Anthony (Jaeden
Lieberher), with warm matter-
of-factness, that the kid needs to
go to church and get confirmed
as his mother says to — but then
figure it all out for himself. Nel-
son’s film never pushes faith on
us, but it also never lampoons it.

Nelson wrote Nebraska, his
first produced screenplay: The
Confirmation is the first he’s
directed. Both share episodic
out structures, escalating
comic danger and delight in the
deadpan flatness of much rural
white American speech. Like Al-
exander Payne’s film, The Con-
firmation is rich with epigrammatic
chatter: Walt’s fumbling “I don’t
drink anymore, and even when I
do, it’s not that much” could be
the chorus of a country radio hit.
And whereas Nebraska’s precise
compositions emphasized dis-
connectedness in an indifferent
world, The Confirmation is loose
and shaggy, sometimes shot
on handheld cameras, open to
possibilities — these characters
aren’t locked into their fates.
—Alan Scherstuhl

THE CONFIRMATION
Written and directed by Bob Nelson
Origin Pictures

LIVING LOST Jon Bessire’s kindly but
prosaic drama Living Lost is a moralizing
tale of self-discovery that could have
been titled How Mr. Scrooge Got His
Groove Back. Bessire stars as Eugene,
an emotionally adrift absentee father
and corporate profiteer who, after
receiving an unnamed fatal diagnosis,
asconds to the Guatemalan jungle
in search of a homeopathic cure for his
disease. However, he soon finds that
wild living itself is all the panacea he
requires to heal both body and soul.
It’s a premise we’ve all seen before, from
Hook to Eat Pray Love, but surprisingly,
Bessire doesn’t bother trying to posit
that human connection is what Eugene
needed all along; instead, he focuses
on how developing fluency with terra
firma can save a toxic existence. (With
the help of a mysterious local shaman,
of course.) Despite the film’s frustrating
exoticization of indigenous life, Bessire
and his team of cinematographers
maintain a loving gaze on natural
beauty, capturing scenic coastlines,
lush flora and tempestuous waterfalls.
Unfortunately, the writing never catches
up to the power of this imagery, relying
too heavily on cornball zingers and the
unsuitable metaphor of Eugene’s “rare,
fast-acting cell-degenerative disorder”
to keep us invested in the stakes of his
life-or-death situation. Still, Bessire’s
most difficult challenge may be his
own innate comity as an actor and the
sweet, open boyishness of his face,
which kills his credibility as an unctuous
disease. However, he soon finds that
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most difficult challenge may be his
own innate comity as an actor and the
sweet, open boyishness of his face,
which kills his credibility as an unctuous
slimebag who will say anything to get
what he wants. This problem encapsu-
lates Living Lost at large: a film so gentle
it cannot muster enough disgust in us
to believe the corruptions central to its
main character’s redemption. (Robyn
Bahr)

PEE-WEES BIG HOLIDAY The manically
imaginative and very funny Pee-wee’s
Big Holiday — Paul Reubens’ first movie
as the easily amused man-child since
his 1991 indecent-exposure arrest set off
an idiotic array of career-stalling media
attention — it’s as if the Hollywood Walk
of Famer was never a farmer-inventor in
Big Top Pee-Wee who would eventually
traverse cross-country in search of his bike.
Surprisingly produced by super-fan Judd
Apatow, and even more surprisingly
directed by John Lee (whose subversive
work on Wonder Showzen and The Heart,
She Haf is decidedly not family-friendly),
the new film begins by mapping
out small-town Fairville — a fictional
All-American construct of midcentury
gee-whiziness — with a Rube Goldberg-
esque tour by dirigible, skis, tiny car and
skateboard. 2016’s version of Pee-Wee
works as a fry cook at the local diner.
Enter the catalyst to escape his comfort
zone: When a motorcycle-riding hunk
(Magic Mike’s Joe Manganiello) rolls up
for a milkshake, he and our high-pitched
hero hit it off immediately over their mu-
tual love for root-beer barrel candy and
excessively literal worldview. Needless
to say, Pee-Wee is back on another zany
road odyssey that leads him to Amish
country, a snake farm, into the air with
a woman who could be a Katharine
 Hepburn impersonator playing Amelia
Earhart and kidnapped by a bank-
robbing trio of swatch-clad-wielding sex-
pots who play cheeky homage to Faster,
Pussycat! Kill! Kill! Reubens is 63 in real
life, and admits that his rouge-rosy face
and tapped-back neck have been digitally
retouched to appear as youthful as
ever, but he hasn’t lost any steam as a performer of great heart and wit. During the movie, I literally cried tears of joy.

Jeff Cohen, activist/documentary producer, Jodie Evans, and Executive Producer Ryan Smith make a convincing case that Lance Armstrong is either a hero or a villain, depending on your perception of the beloved character by acquainting yourself with Lance Armstrong’s experimental films. The Egyptian screens these out-there works this weekend, beginning tonight with a live performance of Crispin Hellion Glover’s Big Slide Show, Part 2 and a 35mm screening of his psychosexual drama It Is Fine! Everything Is Fine. Glover will narrate the hourlong presentation of illustrations from his books for Big Slide Show and sign copies of said tomes in the lobby afterward. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., March 18, 7:30 p.m.; $24. (323) 486-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

The life of a cinephile is always intense. For proof, look no further than Cinemafilm’s two-month Underground USA: Indie Cinema of the ’80s retrospective, tonight presenting Repo Man on 35mm. A cult classic with an absurdist eye on L.A. punk culture circa 1984, Alex Cox’s genre-melding whodunit is a lattice of coincidence tying together everything from UFOs to low-level crime. Cox will appear in person, and DJ Totally Abuse will perform a live set. You’ll never look at a plate of shrimp — or even Emilio Estevez — the same way again. Cinemafilm/Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., March 18, 10:30 p.m.; $14. (323) 655-2510, cinemafilm.org.

Saturday, March 19
If you missed CSUN’s screening of Andrei Tarkovsky’s Solaris last month, it would appear that the oceanic, semi-sentient planet is giving you another chance to enter its orbit — this time on 35mm. The Russian auteur abhorred Stanley Kubrick’s sci-fi masterwork from a few years prior, crafting his “anti-2001” as a more personal look at what might await mankind in outer space. Set on a space station above the eponymous heavenly body — which taps into visitors’ psyches and projects physical manifestations of their deepest fears and regrets, in this case a cosmown’s deceased wife — it is a uniquely haunting experience. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sat., March 19, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Outfest UCLA Legacy Project, an ongoing restoration project with a focus on queer film and video, hosts a 20th anniversary screening of Deepa Mehta’s Fire. Deeply controversial in the filmmaker’s native India but renowned worldwide the world over, this portrayal of a love affair between a new bride and her sister-in-law is also the first entry in Mehta’s Elements trilogy: Earth followed in 1997, Water in 2005, UCLA’s Billy Wilder Theater, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sat., March 19, 7:30 p.m.; $10. (310) 206-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.

Wednesday, March 22
How’s this for kismet: Mulholland Dr.’s amnesiac heroine (Laura Elena Harring) takes the name of Rita after seeing a movie poster for Gilda, which stars Rita Hayworth as the eponymous femme fatale. Charles Vidor’s noir benchmark was so popular, particularly for Hayworth’s performance, that an atomic bomb tested at the Bikini Atoll in 1946 was nicknamed Gilda (because she’s a bombshell, see?): Hayworth was none too pleased with the tribute, but it stands as a testament to her presence all the same. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., March 22, 7:30 p.m.; $5. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

This probably comes as little surprise, but Quentin Tarantino’s taste is pretty out there. Anyone who follows along with the New Beverly’s calendar can attest to this — Tarantino owns the theater, and many of the films played there are personal favorites of his — with When Women Had Tails and When Women Lost Their Tails being just the latest example. Made two years apart (1970 and 1972) by Pasquale Festa Campanile, the prehistoric, fantastical comedies star Senta Berger as a cavewoman whose beauty draws the attention of seven male counterparts. Maybe some of those cave drawings were of her? New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Tue., March 22, 7:30 p.m.; $5 (323) 938-4038, thenewbev.com. —Michael Nordine
over the rest of us. Here, as in his political writings, Chomsky forms a coherent argument for class revolution by connecting disparate-seeming institutions and laws. The Supreme Court’s Citizens United ruling, for example, essentially allowed corporations to control political advertising. Chomsky argues that the economic majority has been continuously led to vote against its interests, and today is left confused as to why its financial future looks so dire. The film lacks visual ingenuity, but the point isn’t to show us something new — it’s to tell us something we might not have heard.

And what Chomsky says is as unsettling as it is persuasive. But he’s hopeful. America remains the freest nation in the world, he says, and if the people realize that potential, everything can change.

(Andy Brady)

THANK YOU FOR PLAYING

Grieving father Ryan Green may be aware that he’s performing for the cameras in the moving documentary character study Thank You for Playing, but his self-conscious behavior never cancels out his apparent sincerity. That’s a major credit to co-directors David Osit and Malika Zouhali-Worrall. Green, an independent videogame designer who co-created (with wife Amy) the autobiographical game That Dragon, Cancer to document the loss of his infant son Joel, exhaustively filmed himself and his family throughout Joel’s chemotherapy treatments. Osit and Zouhali-Worrall subtly focus on the Greens’ raw footage, which they augment with their own, so that Ryan never looks like he’s putting on a show. Green appears especially candid when he defensively kisses, tickles and embraces Joel, as if he were protecting his son from Osit, Zouhali-Worrall and cancer, too. These brief moments of anxiety train us to watch Ryan’s unconscious physical reactions. We don’t just listen to him promote That Dragon, Cancer at a video-game conference but also see him perform for the cameras in the movie. Ryan Green may be aware that he’s marketing makes a secret not just of being an English professor, cared more about filling his sons’ heads with high culture than he did about filling their bellies with fancy food. He fed them right. Gold doesn’t just judge a black mole — he compares it to sculpture. In his reviews, the merits of a bowl of pho spill over into opinions on punk rock gentrification and the American Dream. Food is vital, interpretative and alive. Every small restaurant represents someone’s homeland and hope. As Gold tells the camera, “Taco should be a verb.” Fittingly, Gabbett’s doc spends much of its running time in the passenger seat of Gold’s green pickup truck watching Los Angeles Times

Ongoing

10 CLOVERFIELD LANE

In one key way, the kinda-maybe sequel 10 Cloverfield Lane might be the purest example yet of the J.J. Abrams house style. Directed by first-time director Dan Trachtenberg but produced by Abrams (Super 8, Lost, Alias, Cloverfield, etc.), the thriller is yet another of the fannish wunderbrand’s mystery boxes, a genre tease whose marketing makes a secret not just of its twists but of its very premise. The innovation? Now the characters are actually inside the mystery box itself, either by proud choice (John Goodman’s whiskey survivalist), desperate fear (John Gallagher Jr.’s even more whiskey broker bro) or terrifying, mysteriously hapless (Mary Elizabeth Winstead). That’s no spoiler. Some three minutes in, Winstead’s Michele is in a cinderblock cell, cuffed to a cot, bleeding from a head wound. But we immediately glean how resourceful she is, as she’s wearing the uniform of intrepid young women in genre movies: a tight white tank-top. We also can tell because Winstead is adept at puzzling things out as we watch, letting us see her eyes take in each clue around her, and interpreting, with quick glances or a hitch of her swooping eyebrows, that she’s resolved to take resourceful action. Seeing what she does next — with a lighter she’s lucked upon or a crutch she’s whittled into a shiv — is a thrill. I’ll say nothing of the film’s revelations but for this: The trash madness of it all is, as the multiplexes demand, “fun,” but it’s “kids’ stuff compared to the tough, tense scenes of Michelle plotting, behind her mask of a face, as her captor/savior boasts about his own preparedness for the tragedy he insists has wiped out the rest of humanity. (Alan Scherstuhl)

THE BROTHERS GRIMSBY

The Brothers Grimsby is a movie for those who thought Kingsman: The Secret Service didn’t go far enough. If all the exploding heads and anal-sex jokes and creative impalements of Matthew Vaughn’s tongue-in-cheek spy thriller didn’t do it for you, rest assured: This time, we get to see British super-agent Mark Strong and his Midlands yok brother Sacha Baron Cohen evade the bad guys by hiding inside an elephant’s vagina. Our heroes then find themselves trapped in that cavity as another elephant wanders up and engages in some hairy-panky. That, mind you, is the setup to the joke; the full gag is far more elaborate and gross. Anyway, this is now a movie that exists, so . . . yay? Baron Cohen made his fame toying with the boundaries of documentary and fiction. There’s less performance art this time around: Grimsby doesn’t have a nonfiction bone in its body. But it still pushes at boundaries, and the first one, as you might have noticed, is that of good taste. There’s a subtler transgression here as well. Despite the baroque grotesquerie of the comedy, the film is also at times a reasonably committed action movie, like James Bond hijacked by the world’s most gutter-minded juvenile delinquent. The director here is Louis Leterrier, best known for directing Edward Norton’s The Incredible Hulk and the first two installments of the gonzo Jason Statham franchise The Transporter, and he understands the silly fun to be had from a fast, over-the-top, well-shot action scene. Most outrage comedies nowadays aren’t this well put together. (Bilge Ebiri)

GO! CITY OF GOLD

Halfway through Laura Gabbert’s documentary City of Gold, a salute to Jonathan Gold, the Pulitzer Prize–winning food critic’s brother, Mark, reveals a dark family secret: Gold grew up devouring iceberg lettuce and orange Jell-O. Every day, we eat. It’s a must. And those meals tell a story: the peanut sauce Grandma invented, the Korean tacos that signify L.A.’s mashup culture and even that Jell-O, a shorthand for childhood in South Central, where Gold’s father, a probation officer who dreamed of being an English professor, cared more about filling his sons’ heads with high culture than he did about filling their bellies with fancy food. He fed them right. Gold doesn’t just judge a black mole — he compares it to sculpture. In his reviews, the merits of a bowl of pho spill over into opinions on punk rock gentrification and the American Dream. Food is vital, interpretative and alive. Every small restaurant represents someone’s homeland and hope. As Gold tells the camera, “Taco should be a verb.” Fittingly, Gabbett’s doc spends much of its running time in the passenger seat of Gold’s green pickup truck watching Los Angeles Times

“I LOVED IT....SALLY FIELD IS SO LOVABLE. FUNNY AND REAL.”

THE WRITER, MARIE CLAIRE

“NATIONAL TREASURE SALLY FIELD PLAYS ‘DORIS’ TO ENDURING PERFECTION.”

ERIC B. SNIDER, VANITY FAIR

Academy Award® Winner

SALLY FIELD

Hello, My Name Is Doris

about LA, maybe ever!”

Marie Claire

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**DESPLECHIN LOOKS BACK WARMLY ON SEX AND POLITICS IN MY GOLDEN DAYS**

In Arnaud Desplechin’s *My Sex Life... or How I Got Into an Argument*, intimate relations with Marion Cotillard lead one character to a spiritual awakening that inspires protagonist Paul Déduau (Mathieu Amalric) to declaim on what he considers “the one pleasure” that will never go away in life: “the surprise when I stick my hand in the panties of a girl I don’t know.” In his new *My Golden Days*, Desplechin finds this same Paul (played by Quentin Dolmaire) and the first stages of his life-altering, round-and-round love affair with Esther (Lou Roy-Lecollinet).

Desplechin’s perspective on this younger Paul is more tender, less critical than it was in *My Sex Life*: Here, the camera moves with slow, concentrated pans and the overall smoothness of a still pond.* My Golden Days* still abounds in Desplechin hallmarks: An episode of Cold War-era political rebellion leads to the elder Paul’s being accosted and interrogated by a mysterious official in an depressing room, as Emmanuel Salinger is in *The Sentinel*; an episode of sudden paranoia has the teenage Paul belting himself in the face, as Summer Phoenix does in *Esther Kahn*; and, as in *My Sex Life*, friends swap lovers with a nonchalance that inevitably leads to jilted feelings, grim arguments and periods of great sorrow.

There is serious pain in this movie — pain that endures throughout the years — but also a sincere love for life lived, and life remembered. —Danny King

**MY GOLDEN DAYS** | Directed by Arnaud Desplechin | Written by Desplechin and Julie Peyr

**Magnolia Pictures** | Landmark

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**ZOOTOPA** In *Zootopia*, animals do a lot of the things that animals in Disney movies usually do: They speak, to begin with; they walk upright and wear funny clothes; they exhibit attitudes that align or ironically misalign with their species’ appearance and reputation; they hold jobs; they experience outsized emotion and moral doubt. Which is to say that, in Disney’s almost-audacious new animated feature, the animals behave less like actual humans and more like humans found in movies.

What sets *Zootopia* apart is the way it uses the terms of anthropomorphism to emphasize its central questions: What does it mean to be civilized — i.e., to be human — what does it mean to be an animal, and is it possible to be both? If that sounds heavy, never fear: *Zootopia* also features a lion named Mayor Lionheart (J.K. Simmons), a bunny named Judy Hopps (Ginnifer Goodwin) and an anthropomorphized gazelle (named Gazelle) voiced by Shakira. A biblical variety and number of God’s adorably styled creatures populate this allegory of discrimination and tribalism. Boroughs like “Little Rodentia” and “Fundaytown” separate the mice from the polar bears; despite its claim of harmony between species, *Zootopia’s* animals self-segregate, something the film suggests is inevitable within even the most inclusive society. In case we miss the analogies for sexism, racism and bigotry that run somewhat rampant in *Zootopia*, the screenwriters use language borrowed from debates on diversity and civil rights as well as the realm of microaggressions. *Zootopia’s* mission gets clouded in scenes where the DMV is staffed entirely by sloths that behave exactly like sloths. It’s an easy laugh, but one that cuts against the movie’s diligent parsing of how insidious a silly stereotype can be. (Michelle Orange)
HE KEEPS CLIFTON’S SWINGIN’

BY LINA LECARO

I f you partake of L.A. nightlife, you’ve probably crossed paths with Sean Patrick. The DJ, promoter and event producer is almost Forrest Gump–like in his ubiquity, having had his hand and ideas in many of the city’s most popular parties and venues for the past 20 years, from underground hip-hop nights and swanky Hollywood celeb hubs to stylish, vintage shindigs.

His next gig, at Les Deux on Monday nights in Hollywood, further elevated his profile. The hip setting and crowd allowed him to explore his musical palette as a DJ, and he built a reputation for spinning an eclectic mix of rock, soul and dance (“I would do something like De La Soul into the Stones into Blur into electro stuff”). His diverse selections soon caught the ears of Ivan Kane, who brought Patrick on to spin and book other DJs at his venues including Deep on Vine (the venue, not the house club) and Forty Deuce (now Pour Vous).

“I always had varied tastes and I never stuck to any one clique,” Patrick says. “Like Tuesday night I’d be at a hip-hop club, Thursday at a house club, and Friday I’d be hanging out at Club Cherry, the seminal, gay-friendly glam-rock club. “Then I’d end up at some Hollywood thing. I kind of floated through all of it and made a great group of friends along the way.”

Making friends and having good taste can go a long way, but Patrick’s work ethic is what really drove him far. When he wasn’t out observing what worked and what didn’t after dark, he was joining forces with up-and-comers and breaking new ground with novel nightlife concepts. One of his best-known projects was a roving club with then-upstart Jonnie Houston (of Houston Hospitality fame) called Temporary Spaces. TS took over soon-to-be-shuttered dumps and briefly reinvented them as hip hot spots. TS1 occupied a former dive bar at Fountain and Normandie; TS2 moved into Gabah on Melrose right before it became a mini-mall. TS3, at the just-closed Stone Bar, was a precursor to Harvard & Stone, a Houston-owned venue where Patrick now hosts the popular Monday nights as DJ and promoter.

Clearly, Patrick likes to stay busy. “I was doing film, TV and video production stuff by day, but I was also promoting at night at spots like the Bar” — aka Bronson Bar, another Houston property — “and Bar Marmont, which was one of the first nightlife venues I ever walked into when I came to L.A. I’m kind of like the ‘opening’ guy in some ways, and I’ve helped launch and book both Harvard & Stone and Pour Vous, as well as Hollywood Social and the Roosevelt.”

Before Clifton’s, the Roosevelt was Patrick’s biggest venue, both in scope and popularity. The reputation and scene he cultivated there alongside nightclub impresario Amanda Demme are infamous to this day, particularly the wild pool parties of the Tropicana Club and the brutal door policy at Teddy’s, both of which have cooled since the pair left. And there’s more. Patrick has hosted and/or booked hot nights at Hyde (when it was, you know, hot), the Three Clubs, the Nice Guy, the Chestnut Club in Santa Monica and many more that neither he nor I can remember as we rack our brains during brunch. It may seem as if he didn’t stay at one place for too long, but his runs at the Roosevelt, Bar Marmont and with Kane were all about five years each.

Even with Clifton’s now demanding much of his time, the 47-year-old still does club nights and events outside of the landmark. His next big one is Folly, the pre-party for Dapper Day at Disneyland. “It’s perfect for me because I love to dress up and I’m a Disney freak,” he says excitedly. “I’m also going to Detroit a lot, looking to buy a venue there.”

Detroit? “It’s just that L.A. is saturated, so we’ve been looking elsewhere. L.A. is still the running story. So many people try to open bars and clubs and restaurants here. But it’s not easy. It takes a lot of work and it takes patience. There’s competition, yes, but there’s no shortage of people moving here, especially to downtown.” He points out of Clifton’s massive third-story windows, all of which frame busy Broadway construction zones below and DTLA’s continually changing skyline above.

Clifton’s, of course, is inherently special simply because of its history. “Yes, there are thousands of bars and clubs in L.A., and you can go to them and see the same things and hear the same house, hip-hop, indie and top 40, and that’s great. But this,” Patrick says, gesturing around him, “is the place where everything else can live.”

After so many years working in nightlife, Sean Patrick may have finally found the most perfect venue to showcase all of his tastes and talents. “I can have live music here in eight different areas! I want to offer different musical and entertainment experiences here simultaneously on any given night. It’s a huge project, but so far so good … and I still have lots of new ideas and things to reveal.”
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The real moment in NBA postgame memory occurred after the Lakers won the 2010 championship. As Craig Sager interviewed Metta World Peace (né Ron Artest) about his clutch fourth-quarter play, the Lakers forward abruptly shouted, “Queensbridge in the building.” Then he made the salmon-suited Sager emphatically blurt, “Queensbridge!”

Many viewers attributed it to Metta’s idiosyncratic reputation, but rap fans understood it as a poignant shout-out to the gritty New York projects where he was raised — famously touted by MC Shan as “the place where stars are born.”

“I grew up in the ‘hood, but it was like growing up in Beverly Hills because there were so many superstars around,” Metta says, over bouncing balls and buzzing shot clocks at the Lakers’ practice facility in El Segundo.

After a year in China and Italy, the Lakers fan favorite rejoined the purple and gold, where he’s emerged as a veteran presence at the end of the bench, mentoring the team’s young talent.

“There were hustlers out there, but you felt proud because you came from where Nas, MC Shan, Roxanne Shanté, Marley Marl, Tragedy Khadafi and Mobb Deep came from,” Artest continues, wearing his Lakers practice jersey and shorts.

“We were the music. The weed smoke on the block … the Henny, the late nights. The rappers wrote about our actual friends.”

Understandably, the 36-year-old couldn’t help but be influenced by the legends that surrounded him.

His cousins were dope dealers on the third floor, right next to Havoc of Mobb Deep. Capone of Capone-N-Noreaga was another cousin and an excellent basketball player, too.

“In 1990, we played in a charity basketball game and he had 69 points,” Metta remembers. “I had eight. He was a hell of a player.”

The perennially unsung great Tragedy Khadafi (formerly Intelligent Hoodlum) used to date Metta’s sister. Roxanne Shanté was his babysitter, and he remembers watching wrestling’s Survivor Series with The Firm’s Nature at the rapper’s apartment.

“We didn’t have money for Hostess cakes,” Matta reminisces. “So we’d go to Nature’s for the snacks.”

It was only natural that Metta eventually started rapping after leaving St. John’s University to enter the NBA. Since then, he’s released several albums; the most recent, Streets & Ball, dropped earlier this month.

He dismisses his early material as the work of an immature artist, and cites the evolution on his latest album, where he’s stepped up his wordplay and experimented with R&B and EDM.

“When I was younger, I just said random, stupid lyrics and censored myself because I was worried about what people would think. But now I’ve become more mature with my words and uncensored.”

He hopes to tour after the Lakers’ season finishes in April, marking the last games of Kobe Bryant’s career. It’s unlikely that the championship duo will ever collaborate, but Metta remembers when the Mamba visited his hotel room to spit lyrics that he’d just jotted down — which became a never-recorded cypher session.

“He liked one of my songs, so he came to my room and we flowed,” Metta says smiling. “He’s so much better than me … so good with words. He ought to write a movie.”

Despite becoming an L.A. legend in his own right, Metta forever remains inextricably linked to his upbringing — the neighborhood of just 7,000 that produced some of the greatest musicians ever.

“It was pretty insane. Whether on the courts or on the mic, everyone was competitive and trying to be on top,” Metta says. “If you can be the best from Queensbridge, and actually make it out, then you must be pretty good.”

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.

PHOTO BY RUKO PHOTO
ON SALE FRIDAY 3/18 @ 12PM
ANDY BLACK
ON SALE THURSDAY 3/17 @ 10 AM
ON SALE NOW
with Trevor Jackson & 12TIl
TANK
ON SALE NOW
with Robin Pecknold
JOANNA NEWSOM
ON SALE NOW
with Clara-Nova
POLICA

THIS SATURDAY
with Lydia Ainsworth

FEATURING
Mike Posner, The Karma Killers, That Poppy

Polka West Coast 2016
ISLAND LIFE featuring Mike Posner, The Karma Killers, That Poppy
ON SALE THURSDAY 3/17 @ 10 AM

BRETT DENNEN
with Friend
ON SALE FRIDAY 3/18 @ 10AM

ANDY BLACK
ON SALE FRIDAY 3/18 @ 10AM

WELCOME TO NIGHT VALE
ON SALE FRIDAY 3/18 @ 12PM

THE SWORD
3/23 » El Rey

SOPHIE
3/25 » El Rey (18+)

COCOROSIE
3/28 » Fonda Theatre

LISSIE
3/29 » El Rey

NOEL FIELDING
4/2 » Belasco Theatre

CHRISTINE & THE QUEENS
4/20 » El Rey

LAPSLEY
4/21 » Fonda

ST GERMAIN
4/21 » Fonda

PARACHUTE
4/22 » Fonda

SUDDENLY, I’M IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, AT THE ADINA ON CROWN STREET IN BEAUTIFUL SURRY HILLS. IT’S A MULTIPURPOSE TRIP. I HAVE A LOT OF SHOWS HERE IN SEPTEMBER, SO I HAD TO DO PRESS FOR THE TOUR’S ANNOUNCEMENT, AS WELL AS BE A PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN MUSIC PRIZE (AMP) AWARD CEREMONY.

AUSTRALIA IS AN AMAZING COUNTRY. I HAVE MADE WELL OVER 30 VISITS SINCE I FIRST GOT TO SYDNEY IN 1989. ON THAT FIRST TRIP, I ARRIVED A FEW DAYS BEFORE MY BANDMATES TO DO PRESS. I STAYED ON MY NEW AGENT TIM PITTMAN’S COUCH, A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM WHERE I LIVE NOW.

BEFORE THE PRESS STARTED, IN AN EFFORT TO CHECK OUT A NEW CITY AND BEAT JET LAG, I WALKED FOR HOURS ON THE STREETS. I WAS SO HAPPY TO FINALLY BE IN AUSTRALIA. THAT AFTERNOON, I DECIDED I wanted to visit Australia as often as possible. I have never reacted to a country this way before or since. Almost 30 years later, Tim still books my Australian shows and I still like walking around here.

FOR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, IT’S BEEN ABOUT LOCATION. NO MATTER WHERE I AM, I EXIST. SINCE THIS IS THE CASE NO MATTER WHAT, I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE WHERE I AM AS INTERESTING AS POSSIBLE. I WILL LEAVE A LOCATION AND GO SOMEWHERE ELSE JUST BECAUSE IT’S DIFFERENT FROM WHERE I WAS BEFORE. WHEN I AM ON THE MOVE, OUT IN THE WORLD, THAT’S WHEN I FEEL THAT I AM LIVING AT THE SPEED OF LIFE.

RATHER THAN HAVE LOYALTY TO ANY ONE PLACE, I HAVE A GREAT AFFECTION FOR CITIES ALL OVER THE WORLD. SOMETIMES I THINK THAT THE PLANET IS BARELY BIG ENOUGH TO CONTAIN MY CURiosITY AND DESIRE TO SEE AS MUCH OF IT AS I CAN.

THE LAST FEW DAYS HERE, I FEEL LIKE I HAVE WON THE LOTTERY.

Do not wait until the next day or mail-order at a later date. It is often the case that these records barely get out of the city the band lives in, so if you like the tunes, make your purchase. Julia and I spent the rest of the day hitting record stores. And Sydney has some great ones.

Knowing I was going to be arriving early on a Saturday, it was imperative that I get out on the street, adjust to the new time zone and shake off the effects of a 13-hour, 56-minute flight. Before wheels up out of LAX, I contacted top-shelf Sydney area operative Julia Wilson, owner of the awesome Rice Is Nice record label, and asked her to help me get to as many vinyl vendors as possible. Luckily she was available, and around 1130 hrs, we headed out for food, caffeine and vinyl.

You may have heard or read me preach the gospel of the greatness of the Australian music scene. It’s true, mate. The number of excellent bands here is more infestation than phenomenon. They seem to be everywhere.

Thankfully, Chris Sammut, co-owner of Repressed Records in Newtown, is a patient man. When I saw all the independent music releases on his walls, I knew I was going to put him through his paces. I listed several Australian bands I liked and asked Chris if he could play me some new records I might enjoy. He was up for the challenge.

One after another, Chris played tracks from singles and albums as I thanked him and asked him to put them on the ever-growing stack. I had not heard of a single band he played and damned, they were all good. Nun, Tyrrannamen, Thigh Master, Red Red Kroovy, Brando’s Island, Terry, Cured Pink, to name a few.

Years ago, I learned that when it comes to Australian vinyl, if you are here, it is best to
Christian Löffler
@ COUTURE
Christian Löffler spent his childhood in an isolated corner of northeast Germany, near the Baltic Sea. You can hear a sense of that remoteness and perhaps a certain loneliness in his electronic music, which is deep, emotive and distinctly melancholy yet sometimes uplifting. To date, Löffler has released a pair of full-length albums, 2012’s A Forest and 2016’s Young Alaska, both in this vein and both on the label he co-founded, Kir Royal. As is generally the norm at Outspoken — the new, back-to-basics Friday-night event at Couture — Löffler is performing his own music live. Local support will be provided by Plastic Love (Bas Elghari and Jimmy Maheras) and Michael Walsh. — Matt Miner

Marie Davidson
@ COMPLEX
Who doesn’t adore the chanteuses of the golden age of French sophisticated pop, iconic presences such as Françoise Hardy or Jane Birkin? Plenty of contemporary singers (Carla Bruni, Charlotte Gainsbourg) have paid tribute to those days of 60s, but what they’re missing is that the originals were not doing a decades-old retro act back then. If you want a chanteuse who can mesmerize an audience but whose music is clearly 2016, Marie Davidson is the real article. A Québecois publication called her a “poèteuse électro” and her sound is often lumped with the “cold wave” genre, though it transcends that label with the haunting aura of a lost Jean Rollin movie. Her duo project Easier Pas (with Pierre Guérineau) has a new album out, but her entire catalog, solo and with others, is of rare quality and distinction. — Gustavo Turner

New Order
@ SHRINE AUDITORIUM
A lot has changed since New Order released their eighth studio album, Waiting for the Sirens’ Call, in 2005. Founding bassist Peter Hook departed the group in 2007, and a full decade passed before the British post-punks released another album of new material, Music Complete, last September. Lead singer Bernard Sumner sounds reinvigorated on the new record, perhaps because he’s no longer butting heads creatively with his former Joy Division bandmate Hook. “We’re players on a stage with roles already scripted,” Sumner muses over a bubbling synth-pop groove on “Singularity.” He decries rampant materialism amid gauzy shimmers on “Restless,” and the band expands its range with several disparate guest singers. La Roux’s Elly Jackson adds vocal warmth on the funky “People on the High Line,” and Iggy Pop mutters spoken-word advice on “Stray Dog.” — Falling James

Leon Bridges
@ THE WILTERN
Like so many apparent overnight-success stories, Leon Bridges didn’t just come out of nowhere. The 26-year-old native of Fort Worth, Texas, toiled in anonymity for several years before he drew the attention of members of Austin rockers White Denim, who helped Bridges get signed and co-wrote the material on his debut album, Coming Home. Less than a year after the record’s release last June, Bridges has already been nominated for a Grammy, appeared on Saturday Night Live and recorded with Macklemore & Ryan Lewis. His smooth crooning on the title track evokes such vintage soul singers as Sam Cooke, and his ballad “Lisa Sawyer,” a loving paean to his hardworking mother, sounds like a lost Stax Records cut from the 1960s. Bridges might be retro, but he imbues his romantic songs with newfound verve. — Falling James

Chris Liebing, Julian Jeweil, Raiz, Jia
@ EXCHANGE LA.
A veteran of the techno underground, German DJ/producer Chris Liebing has been keeping the party going since the 1990s. Liebing excels at contrasts. His sets, which you can hear via his weekly AM/FM series on Mixcloud, can fuse clanky, mechanical beats with soulful vocals and big, rhythmic tracks with synth-y, melodic pieces. French DJ/producer Julian Jeweil is frequently associated with Richie Hawtin’s label, Minus, through which he released last year’s EP Bird. While the headliners are certain to pique the interest of anyone with a passing interest in techno, make sure you show up early enough to catch locals Raiz (Droid Behavior) and Jia (6AM) for a taste of L.A.’s own underground talent. — Liz Ghannesian

Peter Erskine
@ MOSS THEATER
Peter Erskine was a young, fiery drummer when he burst into stardom in 1978 with Weather Report. His pairing with bass prodigy Jaco Pastorius energized the world’s greatest fusion band through its peak years. In the ensuing decades, Erskine experienced a gradual and methodical transforma-
Coheed and Cambria

The Rush of the fanatically impatient generation, New York’s Coheed and Cambria craft short-attention-span post-punk prog-rock conceptually interwoven with science-fiction stories penned by hisrute main man Claudio Sanchez. C&C established themselves with 2003’s ludicrously epic In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth: 3, a collection imbued with Tolkien-esque ambition and relentless revenge-of-the-nerds vitriol that became Tolkien-esque ambition and relentless Silve
tEarth: 3, a collection imbued with Tolkien-esque ambition and relentless Silve
tEarth: 3, a collection imbued with Tolkien-esque ambition and relentless Silve
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THE AIRMEN: 2419 N. Broadway, L.A. The Dead
Preval, Fri., March 18, 7 p.m., $5.
AKBAR: 4356 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Benefit for Kimberly Kim, with Jackie Beatt, Selene Luna, Alice Bag, Monique Powell, Kristian Hoffman, Dorian Wood, Abby Travis and others, Sun., March 20, 4:30 p.m., $10.
AMPLIFY: 5617 Melrose Ave., L.A. The Hearings, Emily Taylor, Fri., March 18, 8 p.m. 12 Ubiquitous Love Tribe, Anonock, Chris Jaxon, Lalib, Plastic Castle, Sat., March 19, 7:30 p.m., $12. Afton, Sun., March 20, 6:30 p.m., $10.
BAR LUBITSCH: 7002 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. The Dave Cavallo Trio plus burlesque from Blue Velvet, Wed., March 23, 8:30 p.m., $15.
BARDOT HOLLYWOOD: 1737 N. Vine St., L.A. Savor
THE BUCCANEER LOUNGE: 70 W. Sierra Madre Blvd., Sierra Madre. Tako LaMains, Superbean, Leg Love, Sat., March 19, 9 p.m, free.
GASLIGHT RESTAURANT & BAR: 6251 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach. Mary Jane Girls, Maxi & Cheri, Sun., March 20, 6 p.m., TBA.
LAGO A OR EL CORONET: 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., L.A. Jane Lynch, Mon., March 21, 8:30 p.m., $40.
LAS PULGAS: 333 S. Boylston St., L.A. Plesy, Sat., March 19, 9:30 p.m., TBA.
LIQUID KITTY: 11780 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. The Fulltones, Sun., March 20, 10 p.m., free.
LOS GOLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Los Malditos, Baby C & Moises, Fri., March 18, 9 p.m., $10. Mangchi, Shinobi Ghost, Fri., March 19, 9 p.m., $10. Absolute, Sun., March 20, 9 p.m., $15. Celebrity Crush, Arjuna Genome, Kathleen Dreems, Tue., March 22, 8 p.m., $5. Billionaire Buck, Ohno, Reddroychive, Thu., March 24, 7 p.m., $28 & $38; Violent J, Nova Rockafeller, Thu., March 24, 7 p.m., $15; Buhu, Los Coast, Austin Basham, Kay Weathers, Thu., March 24, 7 p.m., $8.
THE LOVE SONG: 4505 S. Main St., L.A. Cassandra Violet, Tuesdays, 9 p.m. Thru March 19, free. Courtney Fortune, Thursdays, 7 p.m. Thru March 31, free.
MAXIM RESTAURANT: 531 N. Fairfax Ave., L.A. Gary Gold, Natalia Lupina, Fri., March 18, 7:30 p.m., $125.
MRS. FISH: 448 S. Hill St., L.A. Royal Tongues, Adrian Hiltis, Ben Rose, Fri., March 18, 7 p.m., free. Demmantaur, Sat., March 19, 8 p.m., free. Rudy de Anda, Friendly Males, Janelane, Thu., March 24.
NON PLUS ULTRA: 2419 N. Broadway, L.A. The Dead
Preval, Fri., March 18, 7 p.m., $5.
THE REGENT: 11180 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. The Fulltones, Sun., March 20, 10 p.m., free.
THE SMITH STREET BAND, Hard Girls, Diners, Sat., March 19, 6:30 p.m., $15. The Smith Street Band, Hard Girls, Diners, Sat., March 19, 5:30 p.m., $11.50. September Girls, Susan, Sages, Sun., March 20, 10 p.m, $10. Nap Eyes, Ciar Nugent, Matt Kivel, Mon., March 21, 8:30 p.m, free. Quiet, Mild High Club, Banta, Tue., March 22, 8:30 p.m, $12. Stormzy, Lizzo, Kauf, Wed., March 23, 8 p.m, $10. Sunflower Bean, Weaves, The Paranoyds, Thu., March 24, 8:30 p.m, $12.
THE SQUIDLAND: 15344 S Figueroa St., L.A. The Dead
Preval, Fri., March 18, 7 p.m., $5.
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Falling down the rabbit hole is never sexier than when it’s at Bar Sinister. The darkly decadent dance club hosts its seventh annual Alice in Wonderland costume ball, where one can expect curioser and curioser (and creepier and creepier) costumes each year.

Bella Bathory’s Femme Domme Fatale hosts, Ken Kaliber emcees, DJ Tommy and Steve provide the soundtrack, and wondrous performances are promised. Come dressed in a themed costume for a discount at the door. Mark Hatter cocktails, an egg hunt and a full-on fairytale environment complete the surreal scene.

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1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Hollywood Sat., March 19, 10 p.m. - 3 a.m. $15 $5 off with flyer or costume bar@sinister.net

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**BOOM BALLROOM**

710 W. First St., L.A. Oscar Hernandez, Sat., March 19, 7:30 p.m. $20-$30

**THE BAKED POTATO**

8901 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. The Charles Owens Big Band, Sun., March 20, 8 p.m., TBA (see Music Pick).

**THE BLUE WHALE**

2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. Sam Lapides & Jamie Gold, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., TBA. The Charles Owens Big Band, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., TBA.

**THE BROADWAY BAR & GRILL**

316 W. Second St., L.A. Benefit for Sonny Vincent with Bloodline, Maniac, Dirty Eyes, The Arthur Alexander Band, The Crazy Squeeze, Dr. Boogie, Black Mambas, Turbulent Hearts, Fri., March 18, 8 p.m., TBA (see Music Pick).

**THE BRYDE**


**THE BULLDOG**

1717 Silver Lake Blvd., L.A. The Fuzzy Fuzz, Superfuzz, Supermodular, Superfish, Superwhale, Superducks, Super Fuzz, Sun., March 20, 8 p.m., TBA.

**THE CHARLES OWENS BIG BAND**

2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. Sam Lapides & Jamie Gold, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., TBA. The Charles Owens Big Band, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., TBA.

**THE CITIZEN**

245 E. Green St., Pasadena. Lou Gramm, Thu., March 24, 8 p.m., TBA. Chris Layton, Cars, Sun., March 20, 8 p.m., TBA. Welcome Home, Vulpes, Autumn Skye, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., free. Rob Garland’s Ecclectic Trio, Tue., March 22, 8 p.m., TBA. The Julian Corryell Trio, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free. Bunnynose, The Slaggs, Peter Quinlan, Will C & Carol McArthur, Thu., March 24, 2 p.m., free.

**THE DASHBOARD**

245 E. Green St., Pasadena. Lou Gramm, Thu., March 24, 8 p.m., TBA. Chris Layton, Cars, Sun., March 20, 8 p.m., TBA. Welcome Home, Vulpes, Autumn Skye, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., free. Rob Garland’s Ecclectic Trio, Tue., March 22, 8 p.m., TBA. The Julian Corryell Trio, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free. Bunnynose, The Slaggs, Peter Quinlan, Will C & Carol McArthur, Thu., March 24, 2 p.m., free.

**THE TROUBADOUR**

2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. Sam Lapides & Jamie Gold, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., TBA. The Charles Owens Big Band, Mon., March 21, 8 p.m., TBA.
Whittier's Plague Vendor celebrate their new album, Bloodsweat, with a live performance and signing at Amoeba Hollywood! Buy your copy at the in-store to get it signed by the band after their performance.

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SOCORRO:

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Saturday, March 19


Beyond Wonderland: 4 p.m., $189 & up. San Manuel Amphitheatre, 2975 Glen Helen Parkway.

Broadway Blockbusters: With Molly Ringwald, Long Beach Shoreline Ruffs and others. 8 p.m., Long Beach Terrace Theater, 300 E. Ocean Blvd.

Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band: 7:30 p.m., $45-$150. The Forum.


Chairlift: With Las Cafeteras, 8 p.m., $30. The Observatory, 3053 S. Harbor Blvd.

New Order: With Run Run Run, 8 p.m., TBA. Shrine Auditorium. See Music Pick.

Robin S: 9 p.m., $13.50. The Regent Theater.

Sunday, March 20

The Cab Calloway Orchestra: With Alice Tan Ridley, 3 p.m. Cerritos Center for the Performing Arts.

The Jon Bunch Memorial Concert: With Richie Birkenhead, Garrett Klein, Kenny Vasiloi, Jeff Caudill, Walter Schreifels and members of Sense Field, 7 p.m., $30. The Yost Theater, 307 N. Spurgeon St.

Justin Bieber: 7:30 p.m., Staples Center.


Skanking Reggae Festival: With Reel Big Fish, Pantheon Rocco, The Skatalites, El Gran Silencio, as well as other selections by Brahms, Gounod, Franck, Vizireanu and Steven Fox. 2 p.m., $15. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd. See Music Pick.

Symphonic Jazz Orchestra: With Emie Watts, 2 p.m., free. Carpenter Performing Arts Center.

Vincent Gill: 7 p.m., $45-$75. Fred Kavli Theatre.

Leon Bridges: 7:30 p.m., $29.50-$53. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd. See Music Pick.

Monday, March 21

Justin Bieber: 7:30 p.m., TBA, Staples Center.

Tuesday, March 22

At the Drive-In: With Le Butcherettes, 8 p.m., $39.50. The Observatory, 3033 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.


Just for Youth: 8 p.m., $14. The Teragram Ballroom.

Part of My Story Tour: With 99 Good Squad, Flamegeeks, Mario Selman, 4 p.m., $25-$175. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

Wednesday, March 23

At the Drive-In: 9 p.m., TBA, The Fonda Theatre.

Justin Bieber: 7:30 p.m., TBA, Staples Center.

The Naked & Famous: With The Rubens, 8 p.m. The Teragram Ballroom, 1234 W. Seventh St., L.A.

Slum Village: 8 p.m., TBA, The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A. See Music Pick.

The Sword: 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd.

Thursday, March 24

David Gilmour: 8 p.m., $51.50-$192.50. Hollywood Bowl, 2391 N. Highland Ave., L.A.


Napalm Death: With Melt Banana, 8 p.m., $15. The Observatory, 3053 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

Roche Musique: 8 p.m., $22.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

Tiga: 9 p.m., $25. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd.

Archie Carey, Booker Stardrum & Andrew

Bernstein: The bassoon trio plans a program TBA, Fri., March 18, 8 p.m., TBA. The Wulf, 1026 S. Fe Ave., L.A.

The Calder Quartet: The ensemble scratches up string quartets by Beethoven and Hilborg, Sun., March 20, 4 p.m., $30-$60. The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

Cho Eunjung: The musician performs on gagyeum, a Korean 12-string instrument that’s akin to a zither, Fri., March 18, 7:30 p.m., free. Korean Cultural Center, 3550 Wilshire Blvd., Third Floor, L.A.

Eugene Castillo: The conductor combines classical music and silence for a meditation event, Thu., March 24, 6 p.m., free. Edendale Library, 448 S. Main St., L.A. See Music Pick.

The Jon Bunch Memorial Concert: With the consultation of Marine Sergeant Heather Raffo’s story was developed with the consultation of Marine Sergeant Christian Ellis, and the production is staged at a military recruiting center, March 17-19, 8 p.m., March 19-20, 2:30 p.m., $57-$137. Army National Guard, 854 E. Seventh St., Long Beach. See feature story.

La Chamber Orchestra: Wind musicians David Shostock, Allan Vogel, Kenneth Munday and Richard Todd set forth the world premiere of Gernot Wolfgang’s Sinfonia Concertante for Four Winds, and clarinetist Joshua Ranz revives Mozart’s Clarinet Concerto in A major. Pianist-conductor Jeffrey Kahane has double duty on Mozart’s Piano Concerto No. 20 in D minor, Sun., March 20, 7 p.m., TBA, UCLA, Royce Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood. Principal oboist Allan Vogel takes a spin around Bach’s Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F major with the help of flutist David Shostock and concertmaster Margaret Batjer. The program also features Vogel and Batjer on Bach’s Concerto in C minor for Violin & Oboe and two chamber pieces by Telemann, Thu., March 24, 7 p.m., $65 & up. The Colburn School of Music, Ziper Concert Hall, 200 S. Grand Ave., L.A.

La Master Chorale: It’s “Broadway on Grand” as conductor Grant Gershon and the chorus welcome composer Jason Robert Brown for a program featuring tunes by Cole Porter, Stephen Sondheim, and Leonard Bernstein, Sat., March 19, 6 p.m., $75-$175. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave.


Mark Robson: The artful pianist surveys works by Frederic Rzewski, Hugh LeVick, Anne LeBaron and Mauricio Kagel, Tue., March 22, 8:30 p.m., $25-$50. The Broad Stage, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

The New Valley Symphony: Guest conductors Vald Vizireanu and Steven Fox rummage through pieces by Beethoven, Bizet, Dvorak, Enescu, Vaughan Williams and Verdi, Sun., March 20, 2 p.m., free. Forest Lawn Hall of Liberty, 6300 Forest Lawn Drive, L.A.

Pasadena Community Orchestra: Cellist Catherine Biagini propels Saint-Saëns’ Cello Concerto No. 1, and Ethan Pflueger conducts works by Claude Debussy, Hector Biagini propels Saint-Saëns’ Cello Concerto No. 1, and attempts to deal with PTSD. Raffo’s story was developed with the consultation of Marine Sergeant Christian Ellis, and the production is staged at a military recruiting center, March 17-19, 8 p.m., March 19-20, 2:30 p.m., $57-$137. Army National Guard, 854 E. Seventh St., Long Beach. See feature story.

Pasadena Symphony: Cellist David Lockington is featured on Philip Sawyers’ Cello Concerto, and the venerable Nicholas McGegan conducts Beethoven’s “Pastoral” as conductor Grant Gershon and the chorus welcome composer Jason Robert Brown for a program featuring tunes by Cole Porter, Stephen Sondheim, and Leonard Bernstein, Sat., March 19, 6 p.m., $75-$175. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave.

Pasadena Symphony: Guest conductors Vald Vizireanu and Steven Fox rummage through pieces by Beethoven, Bizet, Dvorak, Enescu, Vaughan Williams and Verdi, Sun., March 20, 2 p.m., free. Forest Lawn Hall of Liberty, 6300 Forest Lawn Drive, L.A.

Pasadena Symphony: Cellist David Lockington is featured on Philip Sawyers’ Cello Concerto, and the venerable Nicholas McGegan conducts Beethoven’s “Pastoral” as conductor Grant Gershon and the chorus welcome composer Jason Robert Brown for a program featuring tunes by Cole Porter, Stephen Sondheim, and Leonard Bernstein, Sat., March 19, 6 p.m., $75-$175. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave.

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JOANNA ANGEL
MARCH 11TH-12TH
SHOWTIMES
10:30PM & 12:30AM
EACH NIGHT
2014 & 2015 AVN AWARD
BEST JAV STAR WEBSITE
2016 AVN HALL OF FAME INDUCTION
2-4-15 NIGHTLY
$175 CIROC BOTTLES
ALL NIGHT LONG
3 STREET TACOS FOR $2.50

$2 WEDNESDAYS
$2 STEAK DINNERS
AND
WELLS & DOMESTIC DRAFTS

COME MEET
XXX FILM STAR

FULL BAR • $5 LUNCH SPECIAL MON-FRI • HAPPY HOUR MON-FRI 11AM-7PM
GREAT FOOD • BOTTLE PACKAGES AVAILABLE • WE SHOW ALL PPV FIGHTS
**Toner Sales**

PROFESSIONAL OPENERS & CLOSERS WANTED

CANOGA PARK FT/PT

747-888-9990 / NATALIE

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**Memory Loss**

CONCERNED ABOUT MEMORY LOSS?

Free Confidential Memory Screens!

Early detection is important

TAKE ACTION!

Memory screens available Monday through Friday by appointment.

Spaces are limited so call today to schedule your visit.

Screenings are held at:

2600 Redondo Ave, 5th Floor,
Long Beach

844-213-8383
www.cnstrial.com

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**Telemarketers Wanted**

7:00 am to 1:00 pm Mon-Fri in Burbank.

Pay starts at $10 per hr plus bonuses.

No experience needed, will train on-site.

Call today! 818-861-8320 Ask for Danny

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**Need a Ride to Las Vegas?**

$40 one way OR $70 roundtrip

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**Total Quality Delivery**

TOP SHELF ONLY
HIGHEST QUALITY GUARANTEED
DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR!

Any donations you can afford will go towards WWP.

818-300-7051

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**Drop in at work?**

Workers Comp Law Firm
READY TO HELP!
For a FREE consultation, please call 310-664-9000 (ext 101) or text 310-849-5679
Website: www.workinjuryhelp.com
Warning: Making a false or fraudulent claim is a felony subject up to 5 years in prison or a fine up to $50,000 or double the value of the fraud whichever is greater, or by both imprisonment or fine.

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**Law Weekly is Seeking a Multimedia Account Executive and a SEO Specialist**

Send resumes to: dcashman@laweekly.com

For more information on this position, visit: laweekly.com/about

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**Vocal Coaching Consultant**

Learn the proper technique for the "TOURING" life

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**Help to Tenants**

We stop evictions 1 to 5 months or more.

Service guaranteed. We also assist with Divorces, Name Changes, Small Claims, etc.

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**Kelly’s Collective**

310-884-5874

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We cater to the studios. Open 7 days/wk 12pm-12am

Smoking lounge, wifi, music, TV

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**CNS**

searching for a cure together™

Rosewood Barbershop

Now Hiring - Licensed Barbers Only

Please send resume to info@rosewoodcutters.com

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**Depression & Bipolar Support Group**

I hate to see people get to a certain level of improvement on medication and not go beyond that.

Thursdays 6:00pm - 921 Westwood Bl., Room 237

Please call Bill Jones before attending at 213-482-2604 bill.jones.1976@yahoo.com

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**Need a Gift Card?**

$50,000 - $75,000!

Cash in 7 Days!

NO interest, NO Payment, NOT a Loan!

Various types of programs available to suit your needs.

*Any California Real Estate with Good Equity

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*CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS APPLY*