YOUR GUIDE TO L.A.’S RENTAL CRISIS

BY DENNIS ROMERO
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- **The Healing Touch (PAD)**  •  18013 Ventura Blvd.  •  818-881-1462  •  Tue. April, 19th • 12-3pm _DTPG (PAD)_  •  Wed. April, 20th • 213-747-3386
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WILL THE SUBURBS DERAIL THE TRAINS?
The San Fernando Valley and other suburbs could turn their backs on MTA’s ambitious transit proposal

BY GENE MADDAMS

San Fernando Valley leaders are fond of complaining that there are 86 train stations in the Metro system, and only two of them are in the Valley.

The MTA’s new $120 billion transit tax would change that, building two new rail lines and a busway in the Valley, while also upgrading intersections on the existing Orange Line busway and eventually converting it to rail. Compared with some other regions in the county, the Valley is getting a great deal, and it’s getting it relatively soon, with the Van Nuys line set for 2027 and the Sepulveda Pass tunnel coming in 2033. Yet some Valley leaders are dissatisfied. Sen. Bob Hertzberg said.

“I am disappointed that the Valley will see so little impact over the next 10 years,” Hertzberg said.

Hertzberg also has been pushing for two new busways that would connect to Cal State Northridge and was disappointed that they were not included in the plan. In his statement, he vowed to “take a much-needed sharp pencil to this plan and make sure the Valley isn’t shortchanged again.”

Richard Katz, a former Valley assemblyman and a seasoned veteran of transportation politics, says the MTA has “a tough sell in the Valley.”

“They’ve said [the plan] is a work in progress,” Katz says, “and that’s a good idea, because it needs a lot of work.”

The tax plan seems to have split the Valley along generational lines. A newer crop of Valley leaders is celebrating the plan. L.A. City Councilman Paul Krekorian, who serves on the MTA board, described it as a “golden opportunity.”

The Valley Industry and Commerce Association called it a “huge victory” for the Valley and is campaigning for its approval.

Coby King, founder of Valley on Track, says growing support for transit projects in the Valley reflects the area’s urbanization and a shedding of its traditional car culture. “I think the Valley will support it very strongly and will be a major contributor to getting it passed in November.”

With a two-thirds threshold required for passage, support from every corner of the county will matter. Measure R passed with 67 percent of the vote in 2008. Measure J, which would have extended Measure R for 30 years, failed with 66 percent in 2012.

Several suburban leaders have expressed displeasure with the low priority given to their projects in the new measure. Officials in the South Bay, the southeast cities and the Antelope Valley all have said that the plan strongly favors the city of L.A. at the expense of suburban areas. They have highlighted that if their concerns are not addressed, their constituents may vote down the measure.

“I think there’s flexibility. I think there’s a willingness to listen to people,” says Bill Carrick, the political consultant to Mayor Eric Garcetti, who will be running the campaign to pass the tax measure. “We’re trying to have a ballot measure that is something that every community can rally around.”

At the MTA board meeting on March 24, Garcetti argued for passing the measure, with the hope of accelerating some suburban projects later on with federal money. But Inglewood Mayor James Butts took a different tack, offering a proposal to give top priority to projects that were part of Measure R. That proposal, co-signed by Supervisor Don Knabe and Lakewood Councilwoman Diane DuBois, would give a high priority to suburban projects at the expense of some newer projects in the city of L.A.

If push comes to shove, Garcetti has the votes on the MTA board to pass his preferred version of the tax. The city of L.A. controls four seats on the 13-member board. Two other seats belong to county supervisors who represent large chunks of Los Angeles. And the current plan gives high priority to the Gold Line extension to Claremont — despite very low ridership projections — which is key to winning the support of two more MTA members who represent the San Gabriel Valley. That brings the plan to majority support.

But it would be better, from a political standpoint, to craft the measure so as to have the broadest support possible. The November vote is likely to be very close — and any dissent could sink it.

Paved in Gold
DOES L.A. NEED TO SPEND $425 MILLION ON A RIVER BIKE PATH?

BY HILLEL ARON

In November, L.A. County denizens will have the privilege of voting on a new half-cent sales tax to fund $120 billion worth of public transit, doubling L.A.’s existing rail network. Lots of people are psyched (though not everyone) about a train through the Sepulveda Pass, offering at least the possibility of a life beyond the hell that is the 405 freeway.

Lost in the hubbub over trains and busways are two line items in the spending plan that would achieve a dream long held by L.A. River revitalization boosters and bicyclists: a contiguous, 51-mile bike path along the Los Angeles River.

“This is a great day for the Los Angeles River and active transportation across our region,” L.A. River Revitalization Corporation executive director Omar Brownson said in a written statement. “Our Greenway 2020 plan always envisioned an unbroken 51-mile river spine, giving Los Angeles a ‘linear central park.’ So we are especially excited that the Measure R draft realizes that vision.”

There are a number of bike paths on the river right now. One, built by the county in 2001, goes from the river mouth in Long Beach all the way up to Vernon. Another popular section goes from just north of Chinatown to Griffith Park. Most of the L.A. River has an embrace, but aside from a few bits and bobs in the Valley, that’s about it. There are long sections of the river with no access points at all.

This plan would connect the existing paths and provide access to the entire river by the year 2025 — which just happens to be Mayor Eric Garcetti’s previously stated goal. All for the low, low price of... $425 million.

That sounds a bit steep, no?

“It’s not a lot compared to the money they’re spending on highways,” bicycle activist and StreetsblogLA editor Joe Linton points out.

Bike paths are estimated to cost an average $135,000 (and as much as $377,000) per mile — which would put the construction of a new, 51-mile bike path anywhere between $7 million and $27 million. Four years ago, a proposed 3-mile bike lane spanning New York’s new Tappan Zee Bridge carried an estimated price tag of a whopping $400 million.

We tried to figure out why so much money was allocated for the L.A. River bike paths. Would the paths be paved with gold? Lined with tuxedo-wearing attendants serving riders hot coca? Will soft jazz music be piped from speakers carefully hidden behind the shrubbery?

“Because the L.A. River is constrained by urban development and has many over-crossings from roads, freeways and rail, bike path requires heavy civil construction,” Metro spokeswoman Pauliena Tonias said in a written statement.

Most of the L.A. River has an intermittent service road on its banks. That road can be easily and relatively cheaply turned into a bike path. Other parts are more difficult. A section of the river in the San Fernando Valley, for example, has channel walls that go straight down — the channel looks like a giant, rectangular gutter. Building a bike path there would be like building a little road.

But the most expensive section of the L.A. River bike path will be the downtown section. Not only is there no service road there but the river is flanked on either side by railway lines. So there are two problems: Where do you put the bike path (some want it inside the channel, which would be really cool but possibly dangerous), and how do you actually let people access the river?

Now you’re talking about bridges, tunnels, spiral ramps and possibly even a bike elevator of some sort. If they want more than two or three access points, this could be a large part of the cost.

Still: $425 million?
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People in San Francisco, where $5,000 rents are ho-hum, scoff at our housing crisis. What they don’t understand is that incomes in L.A., which is nearly three-quarters non-white, are far lower. The U.S. Census Bureau reports that the per capita individual median income here is $28,555. In San Francisco, it’s a whopping $49,986.

That could help explain why, in 2014, a UCLA report famously declared that Los Angeles was the “most unaffordable rental market” in the United States. The gap between income and leases was greater here than in any other major U.S. city, researchers at UCLA’s Luskin School of Public Affairs found.

You can feel our pain in places like Westwood, once a haven for UCLA students, where the median two-bedroom apartment now lists for $4,200 a month, according to Apartment List. Downtown, once a destination for starving artists, now is one of the most expensive rental neighborhoods in L.A. The median price for a two-bedroom there is $3,350.

“Los Angeles is among the most burdened rental markets in the nation,” says Jonathan Spader, a senior researcher at Harvard’s Joint Center for Housing Studies.

The center says that two-thirds of renters in L.A. with median individual incomes are “severely burdened.”

Will building more housing — even expensive housing — ultimately make the city more affordable?


BY DENNIS ROMERO

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BY DENNIS ROMERO
Tenants in L.A. are increasingly put upon and pushed out

Los Angeles’ low rental vacancy rate — it’s less than 3 percent — has made this a landlord’s market. Vying for a place to stay means multiple applications and visits to crowded open houses. Good luck if you don’t have good credit, a clean rental record and a recommendation from the pope.

As a result, some landlords, aware of the skewed supply-and-demand balance, are less concerned with keeping tenants happy and more attuned to who their next, higher-paying resident might be. We’ve collected a few horror stories from the world of Los Angeles renting.

We hope they make you feel better.

An affordable Hollywood community to be razed for a luxury high-rise

The two-story Yucca-Argyle apartment complex in Hollywood is a dying breed, but it’s what we need more of in L.A. The three-building affair contains 40 units that predate 1978’s rent-control ordinance, so annual increases are limited to 3 percent, and leases are in the dreamy $1,000 to $1,200 range.

A developer plans to raze the apartments, along with an adjacent single-family home, duplex and studio apartment, to build two mixed-use buildings with 191 units and a hotel, restaurants and shops. Sounds like a decent compromise, right? L.A. needs housing.

But only 39 of the new units would be “affordable” under city rules, and it’s likely they’d still cost more than rents at the Yucca-Argyle complex. There have been no promises that current tenants could have first dibs on those apartments. We reached out to developer Bob Champion but did not hear back.

“It’s really shameful and sad that this many people will be displaced for the sake of a development that isn’t necessarily addressing the housing needs of Angelenos,” says resident Sasha Ali, a 37-year-old museum exhibition manager.

Tenants are fighting the development. Even though there’s been no formal notice of eviction or even a friendly letter explaining that the Yucca-Argyle complex is destined to become dust, a relocation counselor was sent to speak to residents, Ali says.

The complex now includes fixed-income retirees (one couple has been...
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5 L.A. NEIGHBORHOODS FOR WHEN YOU’RE PRICED OUT OF YOUR DREAM ’HOOD

Hollywood, Koreatown and Echo Park are brimming with rental units, but you’re going to be part of a large herd if you’re hunting there. And, as you’re probably aware, the cost-to-quality ratio for an apartment can leave a lot to be desired. Looking for the next best (or maybe even better) thing? Here are some ideas.

HARVARD HEIGHTS
This gem of a neighborhood south of Koreatown is not without crime and gangs, but like pretty much everywhere in the L.A. Basin, it’s changing fast. Its stock of Craftsman homes is desirable, even if many have been divided into apartment units. We found a one-bedroom listed in the area for $950.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
This community is southwest of Koreatown and includes a mix of California bungalows, two-story Craftsman homes and disco-era courtyard apartments. In Country Club Park, part of Arlington Heights, you’ll even find straight-up mansions. Graffiti is rife, and the neighborhood is filled with Korean, Mexican and Central American immigrants. The ethnic eats are solid. And if you’re a clubber, you could even walk to Union, formerly Jewel’s Catch One. We found a listing for a one-bedroom for $1,195.

CRESTVIEW
This is where Mid-City meets the Westside. There are tons of 1950s- through ’80s-era buildings lining the narrow streets off La Cienega Boulevard just north of the 10 freeway. It’s a traditionally African-American area. Bonus: The La Cienega Farmers Market sets up shop every Thursday from 2 to 7:30 p.m. We found a listing for a one-bedroom apartment nearby for $1,950.

Hollywood has plenty of rentals.

5 L.A. NEIGHBORHOODS WHERE THERE’S AN ABUNDANCE OF (NOT NECESSARILY CHEAP) RENTALS

DOWNTOWN
DTLA is hotter than the Coachella festival at 2 p.m. So while 160 units were available last month, be prepared to pay up. The Arts District, the Old Bank District and the Fashion District are all brimming with loft-dwelling hipsters. Rent Jungle says the overall average lease rate downtown is a whopping $2,680.

MARINA DEL REY
This unincorporated community next to the boat slips of the marina is almost void of single-family homes, but apartments and condominiums abound. And you’ll pay dearly. Apartment List recently ranked Marina del Rey as the second most expensive rental community in Los Angeles for two-bedroom units. The median price to lease such a pad is $3,640 a month, the site says. There were 163 units available in February.

MID-WILSHIRE
This area, including Koreatown, had 244 units available last month. That’s not surprising, given that block upon block in the area is zoned for multifamily units. Some brick walk-up buildings (such as the one used to depict the façade of Jerry Seinfeld’s New York apartment) date to the 1920s and earlier, but there was a multi-unit construction boom in the 1970s and ’80s. If the building you’re looking at was up before 1978, it’s probably subject to rent control — which is a big plus. The median “income price” for a one-bedroom unit — meaning the rate that renters are hoping for — is $1,500, according to listings site Zumper.

HOLLYWOOD
The traditional landing pad for young newcomers to Los Angeles is still an entry point to the city, even if rents are almost unreachable for starving actors. Like Koreatown, Hollywood is chock-full of multifamily buildings that range from slumdog-apropos to millionaire-worthy. Apartment List tells us you had your pick of 141 units last month. Your average rent is $2,370, according to Rent Jungle.

A landlord hovering uncomfortably close
It’s a relief when, in this impossible market, with a less-than-stellar application, your would-be landlord says, “Forget about it — I like you.” Whew.

Then she turns out to be a doting, privacy-invading, busy-body night-marre. Allegedly. Twenty-three-year-old Anna Soffer, at the time an aspiring schoolteacher just out of college, was desperate for a place last summer. Her roommate was putting up his dad as a co-signer. But 15 applications in, “No one would rent to me,” she says.

OUT OF YOUR DREAM ’HOOD

Ali says the $10,000 in relocation money she figures the developer might offer won’t go far in this market. But she’s more worried about others in her complex.

“We’re really most concerned about the elders and the low-income families,” she says. “Where are they going to go?”

The neighborhood (in which another mega-project, called the Hollywood Palladium Tower, is planned) is the focal point of a citywide political war over development. Backers of the Neighborhood Integrity Initiative argue that such projects are displacing locals and ruining quality of life. They’re pushing to impose strict limits on such development. The union-backed Campaign for a Better L.A. appears to want the opposite — to fast-track projects and add as many units, as quickly as possible, to local housing stock.

Elizabeth Blaney, of the L.A. Tenants Union, says her group is opposed to the Better L.A. proposal. The L.A. Tenants Union has joined the fight against the de-

The neighborhood is brimming with rental units, but you’re going to be part of a large herd if you’re hunting there. And, as you’re probably aware, the cost-to-quality ratio for an apartment can leave a lot to be desired.
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When they found a two-bedroom place in Eagle Rock, it was small and dirty, Soffer says. Dishes and condiments had been left behind by the previous tenants. The landlord, with a grandmotherly air, encouraged Soffer to use them. The place was $1,300 a month — a steal split two ways.

The duo moved in.

“That's when things started getting weird,” Soffer says. “She told us we could not have overnight guests unless we introduced them to her first. Even then, we couldn’t have guests sleep over more than 10 nights a year. My boyfriend was leaving one night after helping me move some stuff into the apartment, and I hear our landlord shouting as he was leaving: ‘I'm calling the cops! Why are you intruding?’”

Soffer says that when the first utility bill came, the landlord tried to charge her for water and power predating her arrival — three months’ worth in all, she said.

The woman complained of “marijuana parties” that never took place, Soffer recalls, and asked Soffer where she was if she didn’t come home by a certain time. And Soffer says that when she brought a rental car home, the landlord called police because she believed she move some stuff into the apartment, and I hear our landlord shouting at him as he was leaving: ‘I'm calling the cops! Why are you intruding?’”

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The American Public Transportation Association says you can save $12,960 a year in Los Angeles if you use public transportation instead of your own car. That's enough cash in some neighborhoods to cover more than half a year's rent.

To plug into that kind of reward, however, you'll probably have to locate near a subway, light rail line or bus-friendly boulevard. Here are some Metro rail stops with housing stock that will help you save money on rent and transportation.

LA CIENEGA/JEFFERSON
This neighborhood at the foot of the Baldwin Hills is preparing for an influx of newcomers. High prices on the Westside are pushing prospective buyers and renters south and east. The addition of a Metro Expo Line station here has developers eyeing the land. The planned Cumulus project would add 1,200 housing units, a grocery store, eateries and office space.

LINCOLN/CYPRESS
This Metro Gold Line stop near Lincoln Heights is close enough to hipster hotbeds Chinatown and Atwater Village that you’re within walking distance of locally brewed craft beer. But it’s far enough away that you can still find cheap rents and authentic taco stands galore.

WESTLAKE/MACARTHUR PARK
People have been waiting for Westlake to gentrify for years, and although there are sure-fire signs of newfound youth — including the Tera-gram Ballroom music venue — it’s still a gritty neighborhood along the Red Line that bows down to certain gangs. Apartment stock goes from the pricey Italianate villas of developer Geoff Palmer to straight-up slums near the park.

SAN PEDRO STREET
Downtown is gentrified to hell, and to live there with all the other cool kids you’ll pay a premium. Strangely, the influx seems to halt like water at oil along the 10 freeway. Just a few blocks south of your friends in the Fashion District, you’ll find much cheaper rents near the Blue Line’s San Pedro Street station.

VERMONT/BEVERLY
Koreatown, with high online search rates for prospective renters and the highest apartment inventory in L.A., is no secret spot for Angelenos looking for a pad. But this northeast edge along the Red Line is grittier and more affordable, and it provides access to nearby Virgil Village, Silver Lake and East Hollywood. You’ll save money commuting to both work and play.

—Dennis Romero
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For more information, please contact us toll free at +1 855 814 8631 (Monday to Friday between 8am and 4pm).

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If yes, you may be able to join a study where you add FDA-approved medication(s) to your HIV-regimen to improve neurocognitive performance.

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To join you must be:
- 18 years of age or older
- HIV-positive with an undetectable viral load
- Have had a HIV-associated neurocognitive disorder within 45 days prior to study entry
- Able to complete the neuropsychological test in English

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

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“someone was trespassing.”

When Soffer and her roommate moved out a few months later, she claims that the landlord dodged phone calls and canceled appointments set up in an attempt to get the deposit back. She tried to keep the entire amount, Soffer says, but 70 days later, after threats of a small-claims filing and a stern letter from Soffer’s uncle, an attorney, the pair got most of it back.

Soffer is now a full-time schoolteacher. She found another place in Eagle Rock. When she moved, she says, “I was like, glory hallelujah!”

**A landlord on the lam**

R.V. Hill relayed this tale of her daughter’s experience in South L.A. last year. Hill says the ceiling caved, sewage from a second-floor unit leaked in, the gas for the entire building was turned off for lack of payment by the landlord, and the on-site manager turned out to be a registered sex offender. Hill’s daughter, a 36-year-old mother of three, wanted out, but it became impossible to find the owner.

“The landlord was not who he said he was,” Hill claims. “They were hidden deep.”

Her daughter wanted to take the landlord to court, but she had to locate him first. Hill says legal papers were returned to sender. “They would come back and say that’s not the owner,” Hill says. “They moved the property five times to different owners” during that time.

But individual renters wield more power when they band together. Tenants of the four-unit building united, tracked down the owner and collectively took him to court. They won relocation fees and back rent, Hill says.

“It was difficult for an entire year,” she recalls. “Especially since they are the working poor.”

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**Average cost of a two-bedroom apartment in L.A.**

(source: Rent Jungle)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2010</td>
<td>$1,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2011</td>
<td>$1,626</td>
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<tr>
<td>2012</td>
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<td>2013</td>
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<td>2014</td>
<td>$1,932</td>
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<td>2015</td>
<td>$2,316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2016</td>
<td>$2,443</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**The required annual income to rent a median-priced rental unit in L.A.** (source: Trulia)

- $85,697

**The number of affordable housing units the city needs to produce annually to meet demand** (source: UCLA)

- 5,300

**The number of affordable housing units the city has produced annually since 2006** (source: UCLA)

- 1,100

---

Protocol ID:IRB#15-000159  UCLA IRB Approved  Approval Date: 12/16/2015  Through: 12/15/2016  Committee: Medical IRB 1
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- Able and willing to participate in the clinical research study for approximately 18 weeks

*additional criteria may apply

Eligible participants will receive at no cost:
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- Compensation for travel and possible other reimbursement

For more information, please contact Southern California Research Institute Medical Group, Inc, 8110 Airport Boulevard, Los Angeles CA 90045
Principal Investigator: Dr. Timothy Simmons
Bisrat Yirgou, Study Coordinator at (310) 674-0144 ext 2140

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The main purpose of this clinical trial is to see if pitavastatin can prevent heart disease and heart disease related deaths in people living with HIV infection who are taking antiretroviral medications. Pitavastatin is a type of medication that, along with diet, has been approved by the FDA for the treatment of high cholesterol. It also lowers triglyceride levels in the blood. This study may last up to 6 years (total of 21 visits) and you may be eligible if:

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✔ You are between the ages of 40 and 75
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✔ You have no history of cardiovascular disease (heart attack, stroke, etc.)

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A FIRST LOOK AT NIGHTHAWK

Hollywood’s literal “breakfast bar” serves late-night eggs and boozy cereal

BY HEATHER PLATT

On a clubby stretch of North Las Palmas, in the heart of gritty Hollywood, a smiling bouncer perched on a stool is ready to check IDs outside of Nighthawk Breakfast Bar. Apparently, his task is important on the weekend. But at 9:30 p.m. on a Thursday, it’s unclear why carding is necessary. It’s also unclear what exactly Nighthawk Breakfast Bar is. Is it a diner? Is it a bar?

It certainly has shades of both. No one greets you inside, and a DJ in the corner is spinning ‘90s hip-hop at Vegas dance-club volume. But the room is set up like a diner, with newspaper place mats and coffee cups laid out on each table. The crowd, which is young and casual, is mostly lingering in the bar area, though one couple is seated at a table next to the blaring DJ booth. Maybe they don’t like to talk?

You start to imagine the conversation that happened when the idea for this place was conceived. Drunk and stoned people sitting at a diner late at night had an epiphany: “Dude, what if we combined going to the bar and eating diner food afterward into one place?” In reality, nightclub expert Jeremy Fall’s concept was loosely inspired by the Edward Hopper painting of the same name.

As ridiculous a concept as it is, Nighthawk has a menu that’s impressive. Spago alum Greg Schroepfel’s fried chicken and biscuits and his breakfast burgers with crispy potato strings, fried sage, black truffle cheese and pepper aioli are better than what you’d find at any nearby diner. And barman Giovanni Martínez’s drinks are even more intriguing.

“Do you remember going to Orange Julius at the mall?” a waitress asks. She then points to a section of the cocktail menu titled Julius Maximus. She recommends the Pink One, a blended concoction of fresh-squeezed orange juice, strawberries, gin, milk and orange flower water. It tastes chalky and dessert-sweet, just like the ones you had at the mall as a kid. Except this time there’s gin, and a woman in leather pants is grinding, pole-dance style, with her date at the bar.

The Spiked Cereal Milk section of the cocktail menu is equally nostalgic-inducing. The Honey Nut-Bourbon tastes exactly as if you’d poured a shot of bourbon into the leftover milk from a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios. It’s served in a vintage glass milk bottle with a thick red straw. After a few sips, the vibration from the DJ booth jiggling your seat seems less annoying, as do the screaming drunk people and the whirring of the blender behind the bar.

If for some reason you want dessert with your sweet drinks, order the drunken French toast. Challah bread is made crispy with a coating of Rice Krispies — like almost everything at Nighthawk, it’s a tribute to childhood. Soaked in pear brandy and served with red pear compote, mascarpone mousse and real maple syrup, it’s hard not to finish.

The dishes themselves aren’t the problem at Nighthawk (unless you have a problem with lactose or excessive sugar calories). Yes, eating greasy breakfast food after drinking is great. But the key word is “after.” Nothing pairs well at Nighthawk. Creamy sweet cocktails don’t cut through the greasy food. You start to wish they’d turn down the music and turn up the lights — kind of like the diner up the street. You wish you could come in the morning, when it’s actually time for breakfast.

If you’re looking for a place to grab a bite, Nighthawk is probably not for you. But if you’re curious about Hollywood’s newest gimmick and want to taste all of your favorite childhood breakfast flavors in one place — while simultaneously getting drunk — it’s worth checking out.

NIGHTHAWK BREAKFAST BAR | 1638 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood | nighthawkbb.com | Wed-Sat., 8 p.m.-2 a.m. | Full bar | Street parking

Mignon’s New Chef Brings Mexican Influences to French Comfort Food

Until recently, the charming downtown wine bar and restaurant Mignon didn’t really have a dedicated chef. As owner Santos Uy (RiceBar, Papilles) tells it, “We were selling some staple items prepared at Papilles, [like] packaged sous vide, and brought over dishes such as frogs’ legs Provençal, escargot en croute and a steak with roast potatoes. Good but very simple, and the menu never changed.”

Mignon’s new chef, 28-year-old Johnny Palomino (République, Smoke. oil.salt, Papilles), is changing the game, whipping up French bistro cuisine that’s influenced by his Mexican upbringing. Think dishes such as a beef tongue potato salad or pork riblette “burrito.”

There’s also an ever-changing prix fixe market menu, which, like Papilles’, offers an appetizer, main course and dessert for around $30 (though the price can change depending on the dishes that week).

On a recent night at Mignon, jazz was playing in the background, and the dim room was softly lit by candlelight and hanging bulbs, and old-timey artwork adorned the deep blue walls.

The cozy and intimate joint — which has 18 seats around the bar and a few tables up front — felt like something you might find in New York.

That night, Palomino was serving a tongue salad with tarragon-scented pea wee potatoes as an Appetizer. The tongue was cut into large chunks, and Palomino knows what he’s doing when it comes to braising it — the meat was extremely tender and flavorful.

Palomino was inspired to make the tongue salad after taking a trip to San Francisco and visiting bistro there. He then decided to add some Mexican influences to his dish. “I grew up with tongue, as a lot of Mexicans did,” he says. “The potato salad was very French and very bistro.”

His parents are immigrants from Mexico, and he spent his formative years in Alhambra. “That’s where his love affair with food began. Whenever my mom would take us to my grandma’s house, I would jump at the chance to go,” he recalls. “She would make sopes from scratch, chicken and mole, tacos de papa, camote en leche, ensalada de cactus. These types of flavors remind me of home.”

Palomino later became schooled in French cooking when he attended Le Cordon Bleu in L.A. Some of his dishes at Mignon reflect that training and are very classic French, such as his red wine–braised beef accompanied by roasted carrots and served on a bed of creamy polenta. Desserts lean toward classic creations, like a chocolate praline tart that has a velvety chocolate texture and a nice crunch at the bottom. On the most current menu, Mignon will be featuring banana cream pudding.

Palomino has more ideas brewing for new menu items, including a play on cannelloni to make it resemble a wet burrito: He’s starting with pork shoulder confit in duck fat (like carnitas), but instead of wrapping a tortilla around it, he’s rolling it into a pasta, then topping it with a pasilla pepper béchamel. Also in the works is a fresh herb salad with mint, parsley, cilantro and huitalacoche.

If you need help pairing the food with wine, Uy has you covered. The knowledgeable owner of the restaurant curates the list, with many of the wines from France and Italy. —Jean Trinh

PHOTO BY HEATHER PLATT

PHOTO BY JEAN TRINH
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A SIDE OF BEATS

KOREAN-COLOMBIAN RESTAURANT

ESCALA IS A HUB FOR L.A.’S UNDERGROUND HIP-HOP SCENE

As tracks by A Tribe Called Quest, Naughty by Nature and other artists from hip-hop’s golden era blare with the thump of bass and 808 drum beats, a heaping plate of cross-cultural flavors emerges from the kitchen. It’s overflowing with Korean barbecue short ribs, crunchy Colombian chicarron, spicy Filipino longaniza, pinto beans, plantains and an arepa — the Colombian flatbread made from ground maize.

This is the bandeja at Escala, a Korean-Colombian restaurant in Koreatown that opened in early 2014. Bandeja is traditionally a Colombian dish composed of different grilled meats served with beans, rice and arepas, but at Escala it’s something more: an eclectic blend of Asian, Latin and African flavors crafted by a Korean-born guy who grew up splitting time between Colombia and L.A.

Like his bandeja, Escala’s owner — who goes by “OG Chino” — aims to bring together seemingly unrelated cuisines. A collaboration with Seoul Sausage chef Chris Oh, the menu is a reflection of Chino’s own eclectic upbringing, which found him moving from Korea to Bogotá at the age of 1, then being sent to L.A. for school at 11. In L.A., without much supervision (his father stayed in Colombia, and his mom traveled back and forth frequently), Chino became involved in gang culture.

“It was the late ’70s, early ’80s, when being in a gang was like hip-hop — it was the cool thing to do,” he says. Not being able to speak Korean, he felt at home with the newly immigrated Latino kids. Chino became involved in gang culture.

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Michael Cimarusti Opens Cape Seafood, High-End, Sustainable Fish Market

A sequence in search of a high-end seafood market have a new option as of last week, when Michael Cimarusti’s Cape Seafood and Provisions opened on North Fairfax Avenue, inside the former Lindy & Grundy butcher shop.

Cimarusti, an outspoken proponent of sustainable seafood, has been showcasing wild-caught fish at both Connie & Ted’s and Providence for years, and recently received a Best Chef in the West James Beard Award nomination for his work. Now, the same seafood Cimarusti sources for his restaurants will be available for retail purchase.

In addition to a variety of wild-caught fish, shell fish and steaks from West Coast Prime Meats, the small storefront is filled with shells filled with French canned sardines, jarred anchovies, Island Trollers albacore tuna and a variety of vinegars, pastas and heirloom beans. Behind the counter, a large tank gurgles with live Santa Barbara spot prawns. Plump Gulf shrimp, geoduck clams, mussels, lobster, crab and scallops from Maine are among the other live options. For the less ambitious home cook, a variety of prepared items is available: Salmon and bass cheeks have been processed with a handful of green onions. Does it taste a bit bland? Yes, but that’s actually the point. The subtle and unadulterated porky flavor is what comes through, the result of simmering pork bones for hours until they create what amounts to a simplified ramen broth — or a homespun predecessor of the kids now call “bone broth.”

The key to dweigi gukbap, your waiter will tell you, is to season it yourself. On the table you’ll find a container of crushed wild sesame seeds that add an earthy mellowness and some thickness, and a bowl of tiny, fermented shrimp, which are as funny as they are briny. There’s also the usual array of banchan: well-fermented kimchi, tubules of crunchy pickled radish and lavered green onions mixed with chili paste. You’ll also be given a small bowl of noodles, which you can pair with a metal tin of steamed rice for a double dose of carbs.

But the real star of Jinsol Gukbap — more than the slippery cold noodles, more than grilled pork ribs — are the strips of braised pork belly that arrive in your bowl or on the side on a large platter if you opt to order the slightly pricier “set menu.” The slices, which practically melt under a pair of chopsticks, are shaved razor-thin and flecked with a hint of a glug of caramel. The broth — or a homespun predecessor of a good soup — whether you’re nursing a hangover or battling whatever bug is going around — look no further than Koreatown. You’ll find places specializing in beef bone sullungtang, the hearty pork neck and potato stew called gamjatang, and the ever-popular bubbling spicy soup known as soondubu.

But one Korean soup that the neighborhood hasn’t seen much of yet is dweagi gukbap, a soothing pork and rice elixir that is often associated with the city of Busan, South Korea’s second largest metropolis (after Seoul), where pork and seafood play prominent roles in the local diet. At Jinsol Gukbap, a small, diner-like space off Third Street in Koreatown, dweagi gukbap is pretty much the thing to order (the menu is quite small, so there’s little chance of being overwhelmed by choice).

The soup arrives steaming in a small cauldron, milky-white in color, sprinkled with a handful of green onions. Does it taste a bit bland? Yes, but that’s actually the point. The subtle and unadulterated porky flavor is what comes through, the result of simmering pork bones for hours until they create what amounts to a simplified ramen broth — or a homespun predecessor of the kids now call “bone broth.”

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In an age where pork belly seems to find its way onto every gastropub menu in town, Jinsol’s lush but subtle version is a quiet reminder of the power of the pig. Is it any coincidence that Korean culture credits its pork belly with having certain cleansing properties? —Garrett Snyder

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Oh, the Horror!
Up for a spooky spring? The team behind the Haunted Hayride and the Great Horror Campout dutifully dole out small doses of Halloween with every film in their Great Horror Movie Night Outdoor Screening Series. Tonight they follow last month’s screening of Poltergeist with Stanley Kubrick’s classic The Shining at the Old L.A. Zoo in Griffith Park. And if the film’s ghosts aren’t enough to keep you on edge, where better to spot a real lingering creature of the night than the abandoned zoo? Let the weather warm up the chills down your spine! Food and picnics are allowed, but no alcohol. Old L.A. Zoo in Griffith Park, 4730 Crystal Springs Drive, Griffith Park; Fri., April 1, 7:15 p.m.; $15. (310) 993-8289, greathorrormovienight.com. — Neha Talreja

COMEDY

A Fool Such As I
Before you see Bob Dylan live in June, you might want to check out what could be the oddest tribute ever to the troubadour. In Opposite Bob Dylan’s Unfunny Non—April Fools Day Show, Emmy-nominated comedian and writer Craig Rowin (UCB, Adult Swim, @midnight, Who Wants to Be a Millionaire) impersonates Dylan, except he says and sings everything in reverse. So if you’re familiar with the Dylan albums Highway 61 Revisited and Blonde on Blonde, you’ll probably be able to follow along to Rowin’s Highway 16 Visited for the Very First Time and Brunette Off Brunette. For April Fools Day, Rowin gathers fellow UCB cast members, including Silicon Valley’s Thomas Middleditch, Saturday Night Live alumn John Milhiser, plus Jon Gabrus, John Gemberling and Jenn Bartels, who’ll each perform their own comedic routine, which may or may not involve punking the audience. UCB Sunset, 5419 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., April 1, 10:30 p.m.; $5. (213) 908-8702, sunset.ucbtheatre.com. —Siran Babayan

NOSTALGIA

All That Jazz Age
Although Prohibition was in effect for the entirety of the decade, the 1920s turned out to be a pretty good time. Fueled by high-octane illegal booze, the era’s partiers put on feathers and fringe and developed crazy, kicky dances like the Charleston to keep their minds off the impending national financial disaster. Relive that carefree-ish time at the Roaring Twenties Street Jam, a dance-centric weekend full of performances, classes and music from the era. The festivities kick off Friday with a self-guided tour of the Hollywood House and a party in Barnsdall Park with entertainment by the Satin Dollz. On both Saturday and Sunday, professional instructors teach period-appropriate dance classes at Mack Sennett Studios, where there also will be a gala on Saturday night. And on Sunday, Janet Klein & Her Parlor Boys play jazz at the Griffith Park Carousel. Various locations; Fri.-Sun., April 1-3; individual classes start at $20, weekend packages start at $175. roaringtwentiesstreetjam.com. —Gwynedd Stuart
GREAT SCOTT!


Made Possible by
DANCE

Seven-Week Ache
In 49 Days: Women Who Count, choreographer Donna Sternberg and visual artist Doni Silver Simons combine their talents and shared interest in time, memory, ritual and cultural identity. Inspired by Omer, a seven-week-long (49 days — get it?) Jewish counting ritual, the dancers employ an art gallery to explore the human instinct to count, keep calendars and otherwise be conscious and unconscious of the passage of time. Over three decades Sternberg has presented thoughtful dances considering the intersection of science and humanity. With Simons’ multimedia talents, Sternberg has forged a new alliance for this latest exploration. Arena 1 Gallery, Santa Monica Municipal Airport, 3026 Airport Ave., Santa Monica; Sat., April 2, 8:30 p.m.; Sun., April 3, 6 p.m.; $17-$25, 49days.bpt.me. –Ann Haskins

THEATER

Why Naut?
Within the grimy walls of a classic “grindhouse” theater, you were likely to find a slew of equally grimy films. These sorts of exploitation movies were characterized by relentless depictions of sex, violence and gore decorated with an abundance of twisted humor. Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez’s deconstructed homage to the genre brought it back into the mainstream in 2007, and the Groundlings’ finest reinvent it yet again for the stage with The Naut, an over-the-top, postapocalyptic musical extravaganza for all you scum-of-the-earth types. It’s written and directed by and starring Chicago Tribune- and A.V. Club-lauded puppeteer/improviser Colleen Smith, with an original soundtrack by Ian Smith. Groundlings Theater, 7307 Melrose Ave., Fairfax, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m.; $10. (323) 934-4747, groundlings.com. –Neha Talreja

POETRY

Up and at ‘Em
Edited by Suzanne Lummis, Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles and Beyond is a 2015 compilation of poems written by more than 100 well-known names — including Amy Uyematsu, Carol Muske-Dukes, Luis J. Rodriguez, Sesshu Foster, Cecilia Woloch and Amber Tamblyn — who offer personal insights about our city and other places. In celebration of National Poetry Month, the Skirball, Beyond Baroque and Los Angeles Poetry Festival host readings of the anthology by actor Wes Bentley and book contributors Erika Ayón, Liz González, Ron Koertge and Florence Weinberger. Poets Lynn Emanuel, David Lazar and Tim Seibles also will read from their respective works. Skirball Cultural Center, 2701 N. Sepulveda Blvd., Brentwood, Sun., April 3, 2 p.m.; $12, $10 for students. (310) 440-4500, skirball.org. –Siran Babayan

CLASSICAL

I Hear a Symphony
Aside from marrying someone for love and then finding out they’re a millionaire, what could be better than a Sunday afternoon performance of Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony! Not much, except perhaps if the concert were free — which this one is. Ludwig van’s most popular meisterwerk, along with his Leonore Overture No. 3, are tackled by world-class massed forces including the Colburn Orchestra conducted by David Zinman, Gay Men’s Chorus of Los Angeles, Vox Femina Los Angeles and the Northridge Singers. Note that this excellent venue makes a commendable point of offering free cultural events of a similarly high caliber throughout its seasons. Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge; Sun., April 3, 3 p.m.; free with resv. (818) 677-7500, valleyperformingartscenter.org. –John Payne

FILM

Accentuate the Positive
Some countercultures take years to find their intended audience. Case in point: tonight’s screening of Positive Force: More Than a Witness, a documentary that exhaustively chronicles the 30-year history of punk activists Positive Force D.C. Filmmaker Robin Bell weaves archival footage of bands including Bikini Kill, Fugazi, Rites of Spring and many others with contemporary interviews with Positive Force co-founders Mark Andersen and Jenny Toomey, along with Ian MacKay, Jello Biafra and many more. Bell appears tonight with special guests to offer even more perspective on those tumultuous times, the problems of which still remain. Echo Park Film Center, 1200 N. Alvarado St., Echo Park; Tue., April 5, 8 p.m., free. (213) 484-8846, echoparkfilmcenter.org/events/positive-force-more-than-a-witness. –David Cotner

FILM FESTIVALS

Bollywood Nights
Filmmakers, actors, industry players and cinema enthusiasts from India and beyond descend upon Hollywood for the 14th annual Indian Film Festival of Los Angeles. The IFFLA opening-night gala and screening kick off an exciting program of features, shorts, Q&As and the opportunity to mingle with international filmmakers at the world-class ArcLight Hollywood. The gala begins with a screening of festival audience favorite Angry Indian Goddesses, followed by a reception featuring music and dance performances and Indian culinary favorites. The event brings together

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Set in 1970s Texas, this debut novel from the acclaimed Texas actor follows a boy who ignores his grandfather’s advice about love when a new girl moves into the neighborhood.
"There is no better guide to the human spirit’s darker depths and never more so than in this extraordinary triple bill of late works."

– Daily Telegraph

Following critically acclaimed, sold-out performances in London and New York, this landmark, one-woman trilogy must be seen to be believed. Both spirited and flawless, Irish actress Lisa Dwan illuminates Beckett’s triptych in a dazzling display of theatrical brilliance.

A Lisa Dwan production, in association with Arkytype / Thomas O. Kriegsmann
Originally a co-production with the Royal Court Theatre, in association with Cosack Projects Limited

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APR 7–10

Theater at The Broad Stage made possible in part by a generous gift from Laurie and Bill Benenson.
Beckett Trilogy at The Broad Stage made possible in part by a generous gift from Linda and Michael Keston.

The Jackalope Art & Craft Fair is happening April 30th and May 1st at Central Park in Old Pasadena, featuring over 200 local, curated and hand-selected artisans, crafters, and DIY enthusiasts.

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two of the world’s largest film industries to promote art, understanding and cultural crossover. ArcLight Hollywood, 6360 Sunset Blvd, Hollywood; Wed.-Sun., April 6-10, 7:30 p.m.; $75. (323) 464-1478, indianfilmfestival.org. —Neha Talreja

COMEDY

Gong Girl
If you’ve ever wanted to scream at the screen without having to suffer through MST3K-style comedy, Lost & Found Film Club: The Gong Show is for you. Curators pick through a grab bag of 16mm short films and screen them for your delectation or scorn, pushing their projectionist to the brink as the golden gong heralds a swift descent into the cinematic storm sewer. You never know what you’ll see at Lost & Found, and that kind of disorientation has the greatest entertainment value.
Cinefamily, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Beverly Grove; Wed., April 6, 10:30 p.m.; $10. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org. —David Cotner

FILM

Silent Type
Harold Lloyd’s most notable silent movie was Hal Roach’s 1923 Safety Last!, which included the famous scene of Lloyd dangling from a clock over downtown L.A. Prior to that film, Lloyd had a long career of silent shorts and features that included other characters, such as the Charlie Chaplin–inspired “Lonesome Luke.” Hosted by Randy Haberkamp, the Hollywood Heritage Museum’s Evening @ the Barn: The World of Harold Lloyd features the actor’s granddaughter, Suzanne Lloyd, sharing his early work, home movies and 3-D photography. There’s also an exhibit of Lloyd memorabilia.
Hollywood Heritage Museum, 2100 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood; Thu., April 7, 7:30 p.m.; $15, $7.50 Hollywood Heritage members. (323) 874-4005, hollywoodheritage.org. —Siran Babayan

AMUSEMENT PARKS

Harry at the Heel
The last Harry Potter film came out in 2011, completing the adaptation of the beloved novel series whose final book was published in 2007. But the legacy of the franchise is far from dead. After a successful first incarnation in Florida, the West Coast version of The Wizarding World of Harry Potter opens at Universal Studios Hollywood, complete with the Hogwarts Express, Hogsmeade, Hagrid’s cabin and an immersive ride through the towering Hogwarts Castle. The multiple Potter-themed lands popping up at Universal Studios theme parks around the world prove the momentum is strong, not that there’s any doubt Harry has lasting power in Hollywood. After all, both universes grant kids and adults the ultimate fantasy: the existence of magic. Universal Studios Hollywood, 100 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, opens Thu., April 7; universalstudioshollywood.com. —Neha Talreja

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You’re invited to share your thoughts on LA County’s future transportation plan to ease traffic. Please join us at a public meeting.

> Tuesday, April 5th, 2016, 6–8pm, Agoura Hills
> Thursday, April 7th, 2016, 6–8pm, El Monte
> Monday, April 11th, 2016, 6–8pm, Van Nuys
> Thursday, April 14th, 2016, 6–8pm, Carson
> Thursday, April 19th, 2016, 6–8pm, Palmdale
> Thursday, April 21st, 2016, 6–8pm, West Hollywood
> Saturday, April 23rd, 2016, 10am–12pm, Downtown LA
> Tuesday, April 26th, 2016, 6–8pm, Paramount
> Thursday, April 28th, 2016, 6–8pm, South Los Angeles
> Saturday, April 30th, 2016, 10am–12pm Virtual/Online Community Meeting

For complete information, and to stay up to date with Metro’s plan to ease traffic, please visit metro.net/theplan.

All Metro meetings are held in ADA accessible facilities. ADA accommodations and translations available by calling at least 72 hours in advance.

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A Portal Into the ’70s
DRAWING INSPIRATION FROM A VIOLENT PAST

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, an L.A. painter remembers a Hollywood murder, underwear dangles from the ceiling in a gallery in Leimert Park, and artists discuss how to get paid.

Service industry
In 1993, artist Andrea Fraser noticed a “sudden rush of exhibitions” requiring artists to do extra work. Sometimes artists were asked to make advertisements or write promotional texts. Often, they received little or no payment. Fraser tried to grapple with the problem in 1994, with a show she co-organized with curator Helmut Draeler at Germany’s Kunstraum Lüneburg. They called the show “Services,” and artists took part in a few working-group conversations before the show opened, hashing out ideas on how to be better compensated for their labor. This weekend, Fraser, Draeler and some L.A.-based artists and writers will re-perform those working-group sessions, reading from the original transcripts and then discussing their own experiences as laborers.

Discomfort on purpose
In recent performances, Gracie DeVito has broken through a wall (because if she didn’t “go through a wall,” she’d “always wonder what it might have been like”) and had herself delivered to a gallery wrapped in a Persian rug. Raw spontaneity and unruliness are key to her approach. She’ll perform at Human Resources with artists Anya Liftig and Samuel White. Liftig often puts herself in intentionally uncomfortable situations (she spread Cheez Whiz on her legs, sprinkled Parmesan over her body and placed a stick of butter on her chest during Ditties for the Dirty War). The last time I saw a performance by White, two dancers were entwined on the floors and White revealed personal information about them while I watched. It’s not clear what the three of them will do, but uncertainty is part of the experience.

Nostalgia for a violent past
For her show “Wonderland Avenue,” Ariana Papademetropoulos built a replica of a teen girl’s bedroom, which evokes the 1970s with its mod furniture and bright yellow walls, and a checkerboard on the carpet with lipstick tubes for pieces. Visitors enter it by stepping through a perfect oval portal cut into a wall. Portals are a motif in her paintings, too. In Another Picnic, an image of a cool, minimal kitchen has a hole in the middle of it revealing colorful people on a beach. In Angel of Disobedience, an ethereal expanse of pastel colors breaks open to give a glimpse of what must be a kinky sex scene. Papademetropoulos was inspired by unsolved murders in 1981 in Laurel Canyon — four people were killed, possibly by a porn star — though her paintings favor stylized glamour over sordidness.

Papademetropoulos’ work feels almost eclectic. At LACMA, a 1970 shrine he sculpted of Jesus figurine, stands in gallery two. Then there are the many portraits of his muses — had a fantastically diverse oeuvre. The shows at the Getty and LACMA give a good sense of that diversity. In fact, Mapplethorpe’s work feels almost eclectic. At LACMA, a 1970s shrine he sculpted of found objects, including a tablecloth and a Jesus figure, stands in gallery two. Then there are the many portraits of his muses, Patti Smith and bodybuilder Lisa Lyon, and the ephemera laid out in vitrines, such as the note in which model Colin Streete asks Mapplethorpe to please not publish any photos of him without checking first. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org. The Getty, 1200 Getty Center Drive, Brentwood. (310) 440-7300, getty.edu. Through July 31.
THEOSOPHY

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Study Class, 7:30 to 8:45 PM in The Secret Doctrine by H.P. Blavatsky
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**Culture // Theater Reviews //**

#OTHELLO SOWHITE?

The drama *Red Velvet* revisits a 183-year-old racial casting controversy that still feels current

**BY BILL RADEN**

This year’s call for an Oscars boycott over the Academy Awards’ spurning of actors of color comes as the latest reminder that, to paraphrase von Clausewitz, art is the continuation of politics with other means.

Nowhere is that dictum clearer than in *Othello*. And in few other cities does the tragedy’s 400-year-old discourse on race and the performance of racial difference remain more trenchantly pertinent than Los Angeles, a town that consistently lands on top-10 lists of the most racially segregated cities in America.

Which makes fortuitous last weekend’s otherwise coincidental Atwater openings of two complementary *Othello* riffs — a sleekly contemporary adaptation by the estimable Independent Shakespeare Co.

**IN FEW OTHER CITIES DOES THE TRAGEDY’S 400-YEAR-OLD DISCOURSE ON RACE REMAIN MORE TRECHANTLY PERTINENT THAN LOS ANGELES.**

and Junction Theatre’s West Coast premiere of *Red Velvet*. The latter is British playwright Lolita Chakrabarti’s contextual if somewhat pallid 2012 backstage period drama about 19th-century African-American actor Ira Aldridge’s cracking of London’s Shakespearean color barrier by becoming the first black actor to tackle the Moor on a public stage.

The New York-born Aldridge (creditbly played by Paul Outlaw) has been driven from America by discrimination and is by the 1830s a successful actor on England’s provincial stage circuit. After a cumbersome framing scene set in Lodz, Poland, on the eve of Aldridge’s death, Chakrabarti’s script kicks into gear by flashing back to the meat of her story — Aldridge being introduced by company manager Pierre Laporte (Colin Campbell) to stunned actors as the replacement for Edmund Kean, following the great tragedian’s collapse while performing *Othello*.

As the ensemble polarizes around Aldridge, what ensues is the kind of debate that today typically accompanies *Othello* performances that attempt to mount a blackface *Othello* (or the redface controversy over the Wooster Group’s 2014 REDCAT premiere of *Dry, Trojans!*) — whether theater is a political act or one of artifice and an escape from reality. Arguing the latter, Keen’s son Charles (Ben Warner), the show’s Iago, bitterly

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Nicola Bertram and Paul Outlaw in Lolita Chakrabarti’s *Red Velvet*
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— Charles McNulty Los Angeles Times

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*Sunbather*
Deafheaven's fusion of black metal, shoegaze and post-rock continues to grow richer and bolder on their third album.

**JAMES BAY**
*Chaos And The Calm*
The combination of storytelling, unforced grittiness and sheer honest emotion sets James Bay apart from other singer/songwriters.

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*Carrie & Lowell*
Is an intensely focused work that places Stevens' voice and songcraft over bells and whistles.

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Channels the spirit of psych innovators without ignoring the last 40 years of music, forming a flowing, cohesive whole that reflects restless creativity.

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Moving from moody shoegazers to synth ballads to the kind of anthemic rock 'n' roll upon which they've built their name.

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THEATRE REVIEW
Death Becomes Him

A Gentleman's Guide to Love & Murder is a delectable concoction of a musical. True, it may not have you rolling in the aisles every single minute of its 2-hour, 30-minute length. But the show, directed by Darko Tresnjak (who also directed the 2013 Tony-winning Broadway original), has a lot to offer: sparkling performances, witty lyrics by Steven Lutvak and Robert L. Freedman, and a spectacularly elaborate set (scenic designer Alexander Dodge) and gorgeous costumes (Linda Cho).

Set in London in 1909, the plot concerns a penniless young man, Monty Navarro (Kevin Massey), who, following his mother’s death, learns that he’s related to the obscenely wealthy D’Ysquith family. Not only that, he’s the ninth-in-line heir to their enormous fortune.

Monty writes a letter to the family patriarch, requesting a modest position with the firm. Rejected, he broods over a dim and loveless future, as the stylish, tempestuous love of his life, Sibella (Kristen Beth Williams), will marry only for money.

A passing inspiration germinates into a campaign to murder all the heirs who precede him. His initial rejection from the family firm is rescinded and now, a rising stockbroker in public and a crafty murderer in private, he ascends the social ladder.

It’s an entertaining climb, with a solid plurality of the laughs engendered by the versatile John Rapson, who plays all the D’Ysquiths: a swishy beekeeper, a licentious cleric and even relentless do-gooder Lady Hyacinth D’Ysquith, who eludes death in leper colonies and the swamps of Africa before drowning at Monty’s hand.

The pivotal D’Ysquith, Lord Adalbert, is a ruthless, harrumphing character who sings the lead in my favorite number, “I Don’t Understand the Poor,” a song that makes you laugh even as it pitch-perfectly defines the arrogance of insular privilege. There are a couple of great scenes involving the two women in Monty’s life: the hot-to-trot Sibella and his more decorous amour, Phoebe (Adrienne Eller), who inconveniently drops by his studio as he and Sibella are engaged in a tryst.

And Kristen Mengelkoch is unforgettable as Lady Eugenia, Lord Adalbert’s wife; a dinner scene in which the couple tear each other apart is as scabrously comic and absurd as the best of Lewis Carroll.

The vocals are excellent — Williams is a standout — but the production isn’t without its flaws. I found Freedman’s book decidedly less razor-sharp than his and Lutvak’s lyrics. And Massey’s ambitious assassin is rather tame; I’d have liked this homicidal mischief maker to sport more jagged edges and a conniving manner.

— Deborah Klugman

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CRITICS’ PICK!
— The New York Times

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— New York Post

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THIS FILM HAS BEEN RATED R

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IN THEATERS APRIL 8
THE FILM

MILES ENOUGH

Don Cheadle’s Miles Ahead hits bum notes but still swings

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

The musician biopic might be stale and stupid as a genre, but it will endure. Each new one offers the possibility of the wondrous thing that made Hollywood into Hollywood: presence. You can guess from the trailers that I Saw the Light might be a botch job as drama, but what other chance does our media culture offer you to kill a night with the handsome embodiment of the myth of Hank Williams? Don Cheadle’s new film starts much more promisingly.

Set in that bad patch of the late ’70s when Miles Davis didn’t much bother leaving his brownstone, Miles Ahead is named for the first of the trumpeter’s epochal collaborations with arranger Gil Evans, from 1957. But a more accurate title why Davis have come from the brace of casually brilliant records Davis knocked out with his first great quintet a year earlier: Steamin’ With the Miles Davis Quintet. Relaxin’ With the Miles Davis Quintet. To his credit, Cheadle (who directed, co-wrote and stars) chalks away everything false about the standard biopic — the redemptive story arcs, the flashes of corny inspiration, the reduction of complex lives to signifiers — and instead goes all-in on his subject’s prickly, elusive presence. This could have been named Hangin’ With Miles.

Both of Davis’ quintets show up, in flashbacks, as do Evans and producer Teo Macero. The film’s heart, though, is in the basement of Davis’ brownstone, where one of the handful of geniuses of 20th-century music snorts coke, works his heavy punching bag and waits out the (literal and figurative) disco party raging upstairs. He’s exhausted, maybe depressed, certainly disappointed — in himself and in a world that has failed to keep up with him. Cheadle plays him as cocksure but gun-shy, brooding and bored — some flame in him has been snuffed. Still, even guttered, Davis fascinates, and Cheadle’s tender eyes and scraped-raw whisper prove reason enough for Davis fans to give Miles Ahead a go. Just often enough, I thought, “Holy shit, this is what a day with Miles might feel like.”

The movie never presumes to declare why Davis spent a half decade in seclusion. It hints at causes. Sometimes, Davis’ attention slackens and the film vaunts into his past: to recording sessions for Porgy & Bess, to Polaroid-shot encounters with groupies, to the day in ’59 when a cop brained and arrested him for loitering in front of Birdland, even when his name was lit up on the marquee. Key to all these memories is Frances Taylor (Emayatzy Corinealdi), the ballerina and Broadway star who married Davis in 1958. (She’s on the covers of Someday My Prince Will Come, from ’61, and the elliptical marvel E.S.P., from ’65.) Early flashbacks celebrate her dancing, kick at the racism of the uptown arts world and — in a scene of strong, earthy passion — honor these icons’ lovemaking.

History demands that Miles Ahead move on from that reverie, and soon, with too little context, we see Davis turn controlling, paranoid and violent toward her. Davis in these moments is as haunted as he is terrified, with a hint in his eyes that he might be scared of himself, too. Too many of these biopics give us too many extended scenes of the stars at their worst, as if this adds to our understanding, but Miles Ahead possibly gives us too few: The moments are binary, strictly Happy or Heartbreaking, and only hazily connected, with too little sense of the day-to-day drift of Taylor and Davis’ lives together.

The other clue to Davis’ retirement might be that title. By ’78, when the film takes place, Miles Ahead was 20 years old, yet all the world seemed to want from Davis at the time was more music of that vintage — or new music that echoed it. Cheadle smartly depicts an artist who can’t fathom looking back. (Those flashbacks are about what he and Frances felt in his era of greatest popularity, not “that old shit” he recorded.) Occasionally, when nudged outside his house, Cheadle’s Davis meets fans who feel left behind by 70s albums like Agharta or Dark Magna, the sprawling, squalling, beastly beauties Davis recorded with his last bands before semi-retirement. This seems to bewilder him. Miles was still ahead, so far that many still haven’t caught up in 2016. Why wouldn’t he take a few years off and wait us out?

Unfortunately, movies are more expensive to create than ’70s jazz records, and Cheadle, a first-time feature director, isn’t afforded the same freedom that Davis had. Miles Ahead feels compromised by some commercial decisions: Ewan McGregor turns up as an eager-beaver reporter who turns out to be the catalyst to return Davis to the daylight. Both actors manage good work in their scenes together, but the character feels like an imposition from the outset, and Cheadle edges the film into stagey, unconvincing buddy comedy, with Davis and his new pal caught up in gunfights and car chases with goons hired by a Columbia Records exec. The worst of these scenes plays out like Adventures in Babysitting: Miles Davis Edition. Occasionally, the script seems to suggest that Davis is learning a thing or two from this white boy, but Cheadle’s performance is too protective of his subject to let that happen, and he mostly maintains the trumpeter’s infamous implacability. A sequence of musician and reporter alone in Davis’ basement, in something like a drugged-out interview session, develops some power, but the film’s climax is cartoonish — and it does nothing to suggest any answers to the second great mystery of Davis’ ’70s hiatus: Why did he come back to performing? And how did the Dark Prince of Agharta and that Agharta Jack Johnson come to record post-60s prog pop with Toto?

Possible hook for the inevitable next Miles Davis movie: the cross-country road trip he took with Charles Mingus and Max Roach in 1962, during which Davis (as per his autobiography) threatened to break a bottle over Mingus’ head to shut him up.

RICHARD LINKLATER’S COLLEGE BROS GET PHILOSOPHICAL IN EVERYBODY WANTS SOME!!

Richard Linklater’s Everybody Wants Some!! is being billed as a “spiritual sequel” to his 1993 high school stoner classic Dazed and Confused, but in some key ways it feels closer to his animated 2001 philosophy bull session Waking Life — a freewheeling grab bag of ideas, ruminations and loose ends held together by the director’s generous sensibility. Or maybe the new film is the missing link between the two, turning these apparently disparate works into a continuum, a journey between checking out, self-knowledge and transcendence. That might seem like a lot of weight to put on a movie about a bunch of college baseball players trying to get laid. But Linklater’s great talent is to remain light on his feet while drifting into the metaphysical — to balance theprofilers with the profound, and to find the people somewhere in between.

There are certainly a lot of people in Everybody Wants Some!!, and Linklater does a fine job of keeping them all in play. The nominal protagonist is Jake Bradford (Blake Jenner), a freshman pitcher who has just arrived at South-east Texas University in September 1980 to live in a run-down house with his teammates. Chief among his crew is the philosopher-hedonist Finnegan (Glen Powell, fantastic), who chatters on endlessly — the latest addition to Linklater’s roster of lovable blowhards.

But as Everybody Wants Some!! proceeds, the tone switches from the ribbing and hazing and carousing of young men to something more questioning. The experience of watching this film is one of reflective exuberance. It’s a movie about people who arrive sure of themselves and depart in the quiet confidence that all they know is that they know nothing. —Bilge Ebiri

EVERYBODY WANTS SOME!! Written and directed by Richard Linklater Paramount Pictures | Landmark
THE PLAYERS, NOT THE GAME

NEW ZEALAND CHESS DRAMA THE DARK HORSE WINS OUT OVER FAMILIARITY

BY BILGE EBIRI

The main attraction in the engaging, largely predictable chess drama The Dark Horse is the gripping lead performance by Cliff Curtis, a part-Maori actor from New Zealand who has spent more than two decades doing notable character parts in big films. You’ll likely recognize his face: His look is that of a beer-swilling, shit-talking biker-gang leader, who had once inspired Genesis’ love for chess but now spends much of his time in a run-down house with his beer-swilling, shit-talking buds. Also living there is Mana (James Rolleston), Arkiki’s 14-year-old son. Mana is wary of Genesis at first, but he’s also constantly bullied by dad’s mates. That puts uncle and nephew in the same boat — the boy’s too soft, and Genesis is too weird.

Genesis finds his purpose, however, when he discovers a youth chess club being run out of a garage by his old pal Dave (played by director Robertson). Many of the kids here are a troubled bunch — some from broken families, some in trouble with the law — and they gather together just to let off steam and stay off the streets. But Genesis, unable to control his impulses, decides he wants to take them to the National Chess Championships in Auckland in just six weeks. (“You don’t even know if they can play!” Dave insists. “They don’t even know their parents.”) As Genesis sets about actually teaching them the finer points of chess, we sense that, for him, the game is both his salvation and his downfall — it feeds his obsessions and emotions but it also calls for sobriety, distance, strategy. Like some musicians, he has to live on that live wire of potential madness, but if he falls off, it’ll all be over.

Genesis’ hold on reality is often in flux, and Curtis plays it all as part of Maori culture. (When, in the late scenes, the kids get to a chess tournament, the army of white faces they’re presented with hits like a thunderbolt: It feels like the first time we’ve seen any more than just one or two white people in the film.) You can probably guess what happens. While all the film’s performances are excellent, Robertson has the good sense to stay focused on Genesis, and on Curtis. The actor does something genuinely mesmerizing with a part that easily could have degenerated into showy overacting.

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entist parents to create an invincibility serum, while the bumbling, Jawert-esque police inspector Pizoni (Booli Lanners) pursues them. And then things get weird. *April and the Extraordinary World* is based on the work and style of French graphic novelist Jacques Tardi, though not any specific book, and the script is by the creators of the original *Snowpiercer* graphic novel; the result is an all-too-rare example of steampunk done right, while also acknowledging that however pretty such industrial imagery might seem from afar, actually living in such a world would be kind of horrible. (Watch for the example of steampunk done right, while understanding that however pretty the specific book, and the script is by the novelist Jacques Tardi, though not any on the work and style of French graphic April and the Extraordinary World pursues them. And then things get weird. police inspector Pizoni (Booli Lanners) understands character, tension and the evidence of the first half, Evrenol and his co-writers, Robert Morast and slyly admits to her boss that she doesn’t know what she’ll do after she moves out of town — since she doesn’t yet know who she wants to be, she could be anyone. Then again, while following so enigmatic a heroine may sound intriguing, it’s Peter who dominates this unfocused but basically predictable slasher narrative. He drinks, bellows and pouts through every interaction, usually getting his way in the end — even when he inexplicably convinces his mercurial girlfriend Rose (Miranda Rae Mayo) to forget about his open flirtations with Colleen and jump his bones anyway. Peter’s aggressive personality may be effectively alienating, but never in a rewarding way. (Simon Abrams)

**KILL YOUR FRIENDS**

*Kill Your Friends* introduces its antihero, a cutthroat A&R bro (Nicholas Hoult) at an English label circa 1997, by having him deliver an opening salvo meant to set the record straight once and for all: The only thing he and his kind are obligated to make, he tells us, is money. Art, political statements, good music — all means to an end. This isn’t exactly a trade secret, but Hoult owns his sardonic delivery well enough that you may be inclined to give Owen Harris’ film the benefit of the doubt — for a time. *Kill Your Friends* doesn’t share the contempt for its audience that Hoult’s Steve has, but neither does it do much to inspire goodwill. Its deathward-leaning plot — without giving away too much, let’s just say that the title is quite literal — tries to be to the Britpop era what American Psycho was to the Reagan ’80s. Steve’s voice-over monologues and dealings with a detective investigating a murder are straight out of the Patrick Bateman playbook, but turning the sociopathic cynicism up to 11 tends to be ineffective unless wit and insight are included in the mix as well. *Kill Your Friends* doesn’t have enough of either to pull most of this off, let alone a hitting-rock-bottom montage set to “Karma Police” that’s inexplicably played straight. You don’t feel bad for Bateman as he jealously regards his enemies’ superior business cards, but you do feel something. (Michael Nordine)

**NOTFILM**

Samuel Beckett titled his one film, *Not Filmed*, a cutthroat A&R bro (Nicholas Hoult) at an English label circa 1997, by having him deliver an opening salvo meant to set the record straight once and for all: The only thing he and his kind are obligated to make, he tells us, is money. Art, political statements, good music — all means to an end. This isn’t exactly a trade secret, but Hoult owns his sardonic delivery well enough that you may be inclined to give Owen Harris’ film the benefit of the doubt — for a time. *Kill Your Friends* doesn’t share the contempt for its audience that Hoult’s Steve has, but neither does it do much to inspire goodwill. Its deathward-leaning plot — without giving away too much, let’s just say that the title is quite literal — tries to be to the Britpop era what American Psycho was to the Reagan ’80s. Steve’s voice-over monologues and dealings with a detective investigating a murder are straight out of the Patrick Bateman playbook, but turning the sociopathic cynicism up to 11 tends to be ineffective unless wit and insight are included in the mix as well. *Kill Your Friends* doesn’t have enough of either to pull most of this off, let alone a hitting-rock-bottom montage set to “Karma Police” that’s inexplicably played straight. You don’t feel bad for Bateman as he jealously regards his enemies’ superior business cards, but you do feel something. (Michael Nordine)

**THE GIRL IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS**

The makers of the grim, film-school-sloppy horror-thriller *The Girl in the Photographs* never flesh out their provocative thesis: Photography is a predatory act that allows photographers to control their subjects. Neophyte director Nick Simon and his co-writers, Robert Morast and Osgood Perkins, juxtapose egotistical fashion photographer Peter (Kai Penn) with a pair of small-town serial killers who document/fetishize their crimes through photo souvenirs. But Peter doesn’t have much in common with an drognous murderer Tom (Luke Baines) and his hulking, silent partner Gerry (Corey Schmidt) beyond mutual love of juvenile insults such as “The [Nicorette] gum tastes like garlic semen,” hatred of women and jocks, and fascination with camera-shy subject/victim Colleen (Claudia Lee). Colleen, the girl of the title, may be similarly sketchy, but her deliberate lack of definition is the film’s most compelling aspect. She quits her job as a supermarket cashier and sheepishly admits to her boss that she doesn’t know what she’ll do after she moves out of town — since she doesn’t yet know who she wants to be, she could be anyone. Then again, while following so enigmatic a heroine may sound intriguing, it’s Peter who dominates this unfocused but basically predictable slasher narrative. He drinks, bellows and pouts through every interaction, usually getting his way in the end — even when he inexplicably convinces his mercurial girlfriend Rose (Miranda Rae Mayo) to forget about his open flirtations with Colleen and jump his bones anyway. Peter’s aggressive personality may be effectively alienating, but never in a rewarding way. (Simon Abrams)

**MILES AHEAD**

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ewan mcgregor

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The Brothers Grimm (323) 410, 4:10, 9:30, 9:40, 10:00 p.m.

Meet the Brothers Grimm (323) 435, 5:45, 11:35 p.m.

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Deadpool Fri., 1:40, 4:30, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:40, 4:30, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 1:40, 4:30, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.

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Deadpool Fri., 1:40, 4:30, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:40, 4:30, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 1:40, 4:30, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.
or so animal charities across the country aimed at finding homes for rescued dogs and other animals. The plot is sweet and occasionally baffling. Tracy, a twingly-eyed, big-hearted chef, is about to lose his grandfather’s beachside restaurant to the mysterious E-Vaul Corp. But with the help of his rescuer, a。a cat named Charlie, Tracy form a plan, and then several more, to save his livelihood. Tracy has a love interest, too, but their attraction makes for a convoluted subplot that can’t compete with the cuteness of the animals — in one establishing shot, a couple of sandpipers go “blub, blub, blub” as they peck bugs from the tides. Now that’s cute.

Parents born in the ’80s will appreciate some witty references. Drawn from Inspector Gadget’s faceless Dr. Claw, the villainous CEO always sits in shadow, a lighting choice that exasperates his kitty pal, Nightmare, who can’t find her litterbox in the dark. In keeping with the film’s rescue-animal ethos, Nightmare is a purebred. Yes, Rescue Dogs is at times nonsensical, even by the standards of children’s entertainment — its cases of mistaken identity come out of nowhere, and there’s no way that Tracy’s adult, beach-bum brother could function in the real world without constant supervision. But it’s well-meaning and at times actually quite charming, especially when reminding us that all creatures, even the four-legged kind, are worth caring for. (Amy Brady)

SOMEONE ELSE The third act of writer-director Nelson Kim’s Someone Else eases into a Russian-doll dreamscape where dreams inside of dreams inside of dreams destabilize any sense of reality and force viewers into a reconsideration of everyday life. This has come before. The result is a tense, unexpectedly moving psychological study of a man’s unraveling that initially seems a much simpler tale. Korean-American law-student Jamie (Aaron Yoo) arrives in New York to work as a summer associate at a prestigious firm, leaving his family home in Virginia to crash with his charming, womanizing, drugusing cousin Will (Leonardo Nam). Almost immediately, stratified Jamie is swimming in cocaine and awkwardly chatting up Kat (Jackie Chung), a beautiful friend of Will’s. The story hits the level of disturbing cautionary tale: His Billy, landed in the Bernville Camp for Boys after drunkenly stealing a car, is witty and constantly questioning authority, with a quick grin that keeps him from being an uphill task. Billy is a bad seed (he was dealing drugs before graduating to grand theft auto), but Cohen plays him as a mostly smart young man who is willing to protect his peers when needed. Billy’s family life is left blurry, marred by a hugely tragic event we glimpse in intriguing flashbacks, but still somehow unsatisfying. Stealing Cars operates on a very masculine energy, and while it can be interesting to see what happens when so many bad boys end up dealing with the (often unfair) consequences of their actions, the flatness of the few female characters robs the film of depth.

A scene in which Billy’s mother (Felicity Huffman) visits has the potential for emotional weight, but we see little of exactly why their relationship is so challenged, other than Billy’s anger in the moment. Bernville’s nurse (Heather Lind) becomes Billy’s family life is left blurry, marred by a hugely tragic event we glimpse in intriguing flashbacks, but still somehow unsatisfying. Stealing Cars operates on a very masculine energy, and while it can be interesting to see what happens when so many bad boys end up dealing with the (often unfair) consequences of their actions, the flatness of the few female characters robs the film of depth.

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dimensions. So he doesn’t shy away from the ways in which Martine self-sabotages as she’s preparing to undergo surgery, or the bitter sniping that can occur between couples as the wedding looms and battles over money and household chores take their toll. Martine, in fact, is an often exasperating figure (one of her doctors briskly checks her flow of excuses for not losing weight ahead of her surgery). But she and John also speak powerfully about good and evil and man and god and virtue and sacrifice and our fallen, fallen world. By the time Kevin Costner shows up to relate a folksy memory about what falls…is fallen.” Look, the guy’s a folktale. But laughing — seemingly ever — is the last thing Snyder wants you to do. The director clearly wants his film to mean something. For much of it, Superman (Henry Cavill) is treated as an absolute brusquely checks her flow of excuses for not losing weight ahead of her surgery). It’s heady stuff rescued from ivory-tower theorizing and placed in the context of the real world and real people, making it feetingly, important film. (Ernest Hardy)

**ONGOING**

**BATMAN V SUPERMAN: DAWN OF JUSTICE**

Thunderous, ponderous and occasionally exciting, Zack Snyder’s Batman v. Superman opens with one of those grim proclamations that the creators of modern superhero movies are so fond of: “There was a time above, a time before,” intones the voice of Bruce Wayne (Ben Affleck), over a childhood flashback to his parents’ death at the hands of a mugger. He continues: “But things fall apart, things on Earth, and what falls…is fallen.” Look, the guy’s masked vigilante, not a philosopher-poet. Unfortunately, that’s just what Batman v. Superman keeps trying to turn him into. And not just Bruce Wayne, but nearly every character in this ultimate superhero-movie-up-gettes maze of dialogue about good and evil and man and god and virtue and sacrifice and our fallen, fallen world. By the time Kevin Costner shows up to relate a folktale memory of the ways in which Martine self-sabotages as she’s preparing to undergo surgery, and for other trans people.

This is off-handed. As the heroes’ differences keep trying to turn him into. And not just Bruce Wayne, but nearly every character in this ultimate superhero-movie-up-gettes maze of dialogue about good and evil and man and god and virtue and sacrifice and our fallen, fallen world. By the time Kevin Costner shows up to relate a folktale memory of the ways in which Martine self-sabotages as she’s preparing to undergo surgery, and for other trans people.

**Your Weekly Movie To-Do List**

**See Samuel Beckett’s Only Movie**

Friday, April 1

In 1965, Samuel Beckett made his sole foray into moving pictures: *Film*, a 20-minute short starring an aging Buster Keaton. Fifty years later, Ross Lipman made a self-described “kino essay” about the absurdist playwright’s transition from live theater to movie theater. *NOTFILM* was never intended as such; Lipman, an archivist, was at work restoring what he now considers the grimmest chase film in existence when its utter strangeness compelled him to delve deeper into its making and meaning. The two works will screen together, with Los Angeles Filmforum’s Adam Hyman hosting a discussion with actor James Karen following the feature. Even if you can’t go, go on. *Egyptian Theatre*, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., April 1, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

The Aero’s 35mm double feature of *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *The Stalking Moon* is officially occasioned by what would have been Gregory Peck’s 100th birthday on April 6, but we won’t tell anyone if you go to commemorate Harper Lee instead. The cloudy circumstances surrounding (and mixed reaction to) last summer’s publication of *Go Set a Watchman* may have muddled the author’s legacy for some, but go right ahead and repress all those unpleasant memories as Atticus and Scout warn against the evils of racism. Robert Mulligan directed both films, the latter an over-the-top Southern melodrama on the streets of 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. For free, interpretative and alive. Every small restaurant represents someone’s homeland and hope. As Gold tells the camera, “Taco should be a verb.”

**What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?**

Monday, April 4

More Akerman, you say? REDCAT presents two of the most famous shorts from one of her feature films, *Contre l’Oubli/Against Oblivion*, the program’s namesake, was commissioned by Amnesty International in 1991 to commemorate the life of a murdered union activist; *I Am Hungry, I Am Cold* follows a runaway eking out an existence on the streets of Paris. Feature *La Captive* is an adaptation of the fifth volume of Proust’s *Remembrance of Things Past*. Akerman jumped between narrative and the documentaries, short form and feature-length with ease, and these selections give a sampling of her unique range. *REDATC, 631 W. Second St., downtown; Mon., April 4, 8:30 p.m.; $11. (213) 237-2800, redcat.org.*

**Tuesday, April 5**

For the TCM set, there’s always LACMA. This week’s Tuesday Matinee is *The Maltese Falcon*. John Huston’s adaptation of the Dashiell Hammet novel — not to mention his directorial debut. Humphrey Bogart is the private eye and Mary Astor is the femme fatale in this film-noir classic, which concerns multiple parties searching for the same thing: a priceless, centuries-old statuette. MacGuffins of this sort tend to bring out the best in people, which often makes for the best movies. *LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., April 5, 1 p.m.; $5. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.* —*Michael Nordine*
The Last Shadow Puppets return with their dramatic orchestral rock sound—and an offbeat sense of humor that can cause drama, too

BY ANDY HERMANN

Alex Turner and Miles Kane seem to have this whole rock & roll thing figured out. As The Last Shadow Puppets, they've managed to record both of their albums in settings Turner describes as “idyllic”: France’s Loire Valley for their 2008 debut, *The Age of the Understatement*, and a beach in Malibu for this year's long-awaited follow-up, *Everything You've Come to Expect* (out April 1).

“How do we think we are?” Kane asks rhetorically, sipping a pint of Stella Artois in the lobby bar at the Line hotel in Koreatown. This is another way they've got it figured out: These days, they do most of their interviews in hotel bars, where a little lager takes the edge off answering questions like “Where did you record your album?” for the umpteenth time.

“How dare we?” Turner says, smirking. “It’s the ’70s.”

“It is ’76, right?” Kane says with an infectious cackle. The lager also makes their banter funnier, at least to them. They pepper their interviews with inside jokes and non sequiturs, and seem to take some delight in bewilderings journalists, a habit that's recently gotten them in some hot water.

But more on that later. First, let’s talk about *Everything You've Come to Expect*, because it might be the best record the two old friends from the north of England have ever made, together or apart. And yes, that includes Turner’s string of critically acclaimed LPs with his main band, Arctic Monkeys.

Upon first listen, *Everything You've Come to Expect* does sound as if it could have been recorded in 1976. Like its predecessor, the album swoons with lavish orchestral arrangements, courtesy of violinist and frequent Arcade Fire collaborator Owen Pallett. Even on more rocking songs, such as advance single “Bad Habits,” the strings dart and feint with all the melodrama of a chase sequence in a spy thriller. Turner once said he’d like to write a James Bond theme, and though he often kids, he probably meant it.

But where the first Puppets album was, as Turner now admits, “an experiment,” this feels like its own, fully realized entity, full of songwriting every bit as witty and sophisticated as anything on Kane’s two solo albums or Turner’s work with Arctic Monkeys. It’s a huge leap forward.

“All that stuff on the first record, it seemed like an exercise in a way,” Turner says, sipping his beer. An L.A. resident since 2012, he now dresses the part, looking casual in a plain gray T-shirt, sunglasses perched atop his perfectly coiffed hair.

“We wanted to make a record that sounded like these Scott Walker records we’d gotten into. We just let it happen.”

Eight years later, they felt less bound to that first album’s touchstones, which also included pre—“Space Oddity” Bowie and eccentric 60s studio wizard David Axelrod. “We still love them records,” says Kane, who moved to L.A. last summer. “But we’ve opened up to more soul music and funk, records that we may have rolled our eyes at a few years ago.”

“I think the list of influences was a lot less important this time,” Turner agrees. “It’s not quite as obvious what was on the stereo.”

Pallett was able to hang out with Kane, Turner and their other collaborators, producer/drummer James Ford (Simian Mobile Disco) and bassist Zachary Dawes (Mini Mansions) while they cut the album’s non-orchestral tracks at Rick Rubin’s Shangri-La Studios in Malibu.

“We were spitballing the arrangements back and forth, and we were able to come up with really strong, powerful stuff,” Pallett explains.

Those arrangements support a set of 11 tracks that manage to sound both meticulously crafted and playfully loose. At its most lush, as on the seductive “Miracle Aligner,” the album touches on everything from 60s psychedelic pop to Northern soul to spaghetti Western soundtracks. Elsewhere, those Isaac Hayes influences creep into the foreground, giving the strings on album standout “Pattern” a soulful swagger.

Turner, once celebrated for his vivid lyrics about pub life in his hometown of Sheffield, now tends to prefer trafficking in ambiguities. *Everything* is full of striking but hard-to-decipher images: “There’s a set of rickety stairs in between my heart and my head/And there isn’t much that ever bothers going up them.” It’s a style he says he and Kane first began playing with on the first Shadow Puppets album, though he thinks they achieved something “slightly more surreal or abstract” this time around.

“If it’s possible to refine that, that’s hopefully what we’ve done this time,” Turner says. “And then at the same time... in some parts, [that] allows you to have more personal moments, as well.”

He’s likely referring to “Sweet Dreams, TN,” a love song obviously addressed to his girlfriend, model Taylor Bagley, which is the closest the perpetually droll Turner has ever come to penning something adorable. “It’s really just the pits without you, baby;” his reverb-soaked voice croons, as Pallett’s strings swirl around his lover’s heart.

“It’s like everyone’s a dick without you, baby/Ain’t I fallen in love?”

The album’s orchestral elements were recorded at United Recording in Hollywood, the historic studios formerly known as Ocean Way. When asked about this part of the process, Turner and Kane become even more sardonic than usual. It’s obvious this is a subject they’ve grown a bit weary of.

How big was the orchestra? Turner shrugs. “How big are they usually? Sixteen? Twenty-four?” (The actual number was 29, according to Pallett.) “There was a lot of people. It was hot in there. He likes to keep it hot in the studio.”

Kane chimes in: “Bikram strings.”

“Yeah. That’s what he calls it. He keeps the heat up in there,” Turner says. “Apparently it does something to the bow and shit. So he says.”

Asked how many strings will figure into The Last Shadow Puppets’ live show, and Turner and Kane answer in unison: “Four.”

“But a hologram of eight,” Kane jokes. “I think we’re gonna go bigger for their boots last time,” Turner says. “Well, they didn’t, but they were getting all the press: ‘Oh, it’s so great. You’ve got this orchestra.’ This time we want to make it about us.” He’s kidding again, but not entirely.

They’ve been doing interviews all day and they’re getting punchy. As the second round of press arrives, Kane says, “Should we get a room?”

“She’s going to throw something at you.”

“Here we go!” Turner says, flashing a wicked grin.

“Come upstairs,” Kane offers. “You’ve got no plans tonight.”

Addressed to a male journalist, it’s a harmless joke. But a couple of weeks later, when Kane says something similar to Ralph小麦 Brody of Spin, she describes the experience as “an increasingly distasteful situation.” (Kane later sent her a written apology.)

So maybe The Last Shadow Puppets haven’t quite got the whole rock & roll thing figured out after all. When it comes to joking around with journalists, at least, they can no longer pretend it’s still the 70s.
THE VINYL FETISHIST

Weeks ago, in these pages, I stated I was a lady for vinyl. In the office where I spend long periods of time, I am surrounded by albums and singles. Slowly, they make their way to the turntable and then into protective, acid-free sleeves, to be enjoyed again before it’s all over.

I would argue that when it comes to records, there is no such thing as critical mass. No matter how many are leaning against walls next to shelves that long ago reached their capacity, or find themselves in locations where they are rediscovered weeks or even years later, they never classify as clutter. The owner of all these records could never be tarred with the epithet “hoarder.” Records, no matter how many or where they are stashed, only enhance an environment.

I never met someone with a lot of records who wasn’t at least interesting. I have also reconciled myself to the fact that I’m a vinyl fetishist. I thought the Vinyl Fetish record store on Melrose was not only a great outlet but also aptly named. In the Vinyl Fetish record store on Melrose was not only a great outlet but also aptly named. In the store, the bargain and hasn’t changed. You, on the other hand, are all over the place. What happened? Those are vapor trails I like to chase.

When musicians communicate to us through their music, it can often be profound and, at times, unbearably heavy. For example, the album that I know I am mentioning too often, Bowie’s Blackstar, really is a goodbye, and so perfectly done, it makes it all the more difficult to handle.

We can sometimes read a lot into what artists put into their work. Most of the time, we will never get a chance to meet them, so our imagined relationships can be very intense, as they are unimpeded by the friction of reality.

Iggy Pop’s recently released Post Pop Depression album is really good. Queens of the Stone Age’s Joshua Homme built a sophisticated yet kickass sonic environment for Iggy that outshines many of his previous efforts and allows the man to ante up with some of his best lyrics in years. Iggy is so intelligent, so incisive, it’s great to hear him share that side of himself.

One song, “Paraguay,” is quite concerning to me. If we are to take what Iggy’s saying literally, it sounds like he’s looking to break down his camp soon and head for a life behind the tree line.

The man broke his body over and over again for rock & roll and there isn’t a frontman who will ever match him. There is no one to compare him to; there is no one to compare him to, besides maybe a leopard or a tornado. He has nothing to prove to anyone. He fought every possible battle, and even when he lost, he won. If the lyrics are to be taken as a farewell, all we can do is thank him when he comes to the Greek Theatre on April 28. Eventually, all we will have are the records and the memories.

The point I’m making is that we’re all temporary and that music has a far greater shelf life than we do. There will come a time when every single person who ever knew or saw Jimi Hendrix will be gone. The only thing that will keep those records from disappearing into the mists of obscurity is people, driven by whatever reason, pulling them off the shelf, putting them on and keeping the party rockin’. That’s our job.

So it actually makes great sense to have a lot of records and play them all the time. I knew I was right!
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MARTY AND ELAYNE CELEBRATE BELOVED LOUNGE ACT

BY JEFF WEISS

For a city with a million entertainment options, the L.A. tourist checklist can be streamlined with relative ease. There’s Griffith Park and the Observatory; the Hollywood Bowl; the Natural History Museum; the LACMA and the Getty Museum or Villa; and a trip to the Dresden Room to sip a Blood & Sand and watch Marty and Elayne.

It’s a safe assertion that the sequined jumpsuit-clad married couple are the longest-running act in town. On Friday, April 1, they celebrate 35 years of riffing on the American songbook five nights a week at the Los Feliz bar. Their stint there has included surprise appearances from Flea and Nicolas Cage. As Julia Roberts delivered a spontaneous rendition of “Makin’ Whoopee,” Kiefer Sutherland bought a round for the entire bar.

“One night Flea sat in and we covered ‘Evil Ways.’ We got so carried away that there was a red haze and we couldn’t see the audience,” Elayne Roberts says, sparkling in a black and green jumpsuit that matches Marty’s. They sit together in a side room at the Dresden, a 62-year-old institution that looks as if Hugh Hefner converted it from a German war bunker into a Playboy Mansion grotto bar. Sometimes he sings; other times, Elayne warbles while alternating between piano and flute.

They first came together when a teenage Elayne put out a want ad for a drummer. “I found one, all right,” she deadpans.

The Hollywood High graduate’s résumé already included a stint accompanying Count Basie at a local nightclub. After she married Marty in 1974, the couple gigged at long-shuttered Sunset Strip lounges, in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, and at the Gene Autry Hotel in Palm Springs — where Frank Sinatra watched them perform one night.

After returning to L.A., the Valley Village residents started a residency at Michael’s, the swanky predecessor to the now-vanished Derby. One night the owner of the Dresden caught their act and offered them their future.

“Every night is an adventure,” Elayne says.

Despite their roots, Marty and Elayne are as old-school L.A. as orange groves. They’ve been immortalized in Tom Petty videos and for crowning “Stayin’ Alive” in Swingervideos. They’ve gone in and out of style so many times that somewhere along the way, they became timeless.

David Lynch walked in once and said, “When we play that primal stuff, anything can happen.”

“Then Flea got on the mic over and made a big bang,” Elayne continues. “Then Flea got on the mic and said, ‘When we play that primal stuff, anything can happen.’”

It’s 30 minutes before their 9 p.m. start time and people are slowly pouring through the door. On weekends, it’s as crowded as a rush-hour subway. On weekdays, the audience may be as disposable as a cup of coffee.

“Every night is an adventure,” Elayne says.

MARTY’S GOAL REMAINS SIMPLE: PLAY JAZZ AND MAKE PEOPLE SMILE.

Their goal still remains as simple as when they started: Play jazz and make people smile. Thoughts of retirement are non-existent.

“When you’re happy, you’re healthy.”

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
Bleached
@ AMOEBA MUSIC
Jennifer and Jessica Clavin used to be part of the chaotic local punk mob Mika Miko, but their sound has continued to evolve with their current project, Bleached. Backed by drummer Nick Pilots and bassist Mica Gracethe Clavin sisters still pound it out with punk energy, but they also reveal a newfound melodicity on their second album, Welcome the Worms. Such tracks as “Sour Candy” and “Keep on Keepin’ On” are driven by Jessica’s grunge guitar, but Jennifer’s vocals soar with an unrestrained pop exuberance. Jennifer is just as charming on the aptly titled “Wednesday Night Melody” as she declares her yearning lyrics over Jessica’s sludgy riffs. In the playfully morbid video, Jennifer insists, “It’s good to feel just a little alive,” even as her bandmates prop up her lifeless corpse on stage. —Falling James

Tinashe
@ THE BELASCO
At age 6, Tinashe was already a working TV and film actor, dancer and musician. These days, at 23, she is a platinum-selling, critically acclaimed R&B pop music star. With her sensuous, airy falsetto, infectious young-adult anthems and high-energy live show (which always features intricate, almost athletic choreography), she is projected by the Village Voice to be music’s “next big thing.” Her debut full-length release on RCA Records, 2014’s Aquarius, featured the hits “2 On” and “All Hands on Deck.” Tonight’s show is just one of the West Coast stops on the Joyride tour, titled after her highly anticipated 2016 sophomore release, which is slated to feature contributions by Chris Brown, Young Thug, and DJ Mustard. —Jacqueline Michael Whatley

Power From Hell
@ COMPLEX
This Brazilian outfit – making its U.S. debut on this tour — has spent the last decade sculpting dirty, lo-fi thrash metal that straddles the line between Slayer’s incendiary, Haunting the Chapel phase and classic Venom black metal. Their 2004 debut was titled The True Metal, and their work continues to be just that, worshiping at the altars of blood, bombs, bullets and Satan. Guitarist-vocalist Sodomic leads the charge on Power From Hell’s newest record, Devil’s Whorehouse, with darkened grunts and guitar work that is more discordant than technical. Alongside bassist Tormen- totor, he generates a vigorous amount of Satanic venom and bile. Power From Hell records fit perfectly when played in rotation with early-’80s underground metal. —Jason Roche

Any politician can, and she’s hoping to inspire potential voters who feel powerless or otherwise turned off by the election process. She’s joined by Watkins, the Nickel Creek fiddler who’s revealed homespun soul on her two solo albums, and Mitchell, the rustie Vermont folkie with a curiously beguiling voice. —Falling James

Field Music
@ THE ROXY
Field Music cater to nostalgia for the multihued teenbeat sounds of the 1970s through ’80s. Formed by brothers Peter and David Brewis, the English duo’s new album, Commontime, finds them indulging in the sweet stuff that always did tickle their fancy, wherein The Beatles, ELO and huge loads of XTC lock horns in punchy, full-bodied and superbly well-built songs that burst with life, joy, good feelings and all that sort of stuff. It’s nothing special, but then the greatest pop choonage usually isn’t, which Field Music have apparently sussed. Their equation: moving, rocking chords placed in occasionally unusual orders, overlaid with piquant melodies that will relentlessly loop in recipients’ brains and hearts. Simple, really, but rarely so well done. —John Payne

The Telescopes
@ THE ECHO
U.K. band The Telescopes were right there when shoegaze suddenly became a genre, but they broke up in 1992 before they could secure their rightful place in history. And after they reunited in 2002,
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they dedicated themselves to pure noise, instead of just picking up exactly where they’d left off. Last year’s full-length Hidden Fields, however, was something of a surprise return to form, in the sense that the music had... well, form again. While The Telescopes’ noise work has a power all its own, there’s something just as special about the sound that happens if that power gets pushed into a song. Spacemen 3, Loop, Les Rallizes Dénudés, Velvet Underground live tapes: Those are the other pioneers of this kind of manic spacelight, and now The Telescopes ascend again to that bright and blinding height. —Chris Ziegler

**mon 4/4**

**Tashaki Miyaki**
@ THE BOOTLEG

Let’s not take too much away from their originals, but it needs to be said that L.A.’s Tashaki Miyaki have excellent taste in covers. Their recent discography includes dreamy reworkings of Chris Bell, Prince, The Kinks — Ray Davies’ melancholy “This Time Tomorrow,” to be exact — Buzzcocks, The Replacements’ “Unsatisfied” and a bunch more, each tweaked to fit Tashaki Miyaki’s understated, gently psychedelic sound. On their own, they’re obvious heirs to L.A.’s Paisley Underground years, and if they tipped in a cover of Mazzy Star’s “Halah” or Rain Parade’s “What’s She Done to Your Mind,” it’d make no less than a blinding height.

**thu 4/7**

**Buraka Som Sistema**
@ THE ROXY

Before there was Major Lazer, there was Buraka Som Sistema, a Portuguese collective that has absorbed influences from around the globe. From Angola they’ve picked up the twerk precursor kuduro; from Brazil they appropriated baile funk; from Venezuela, the high energy of changa tuki. Though they co-opted indigenous sounds, they paid them the respect they deserved, and molded them into something that worked on dance floors worldwide. The group’s Frankenstein creation, zouk bass, spawned a slew of specialists in that genre. Soon to put themselves on indefinite hiatus, Buraka are going on one last world tour, hitting cities on which their music had their greatest impact, Los Angeles among them. Look for cracks on the Sunset Strip, as it’s going to be hard to contain the vibrations from their powerful live show.

—Lily Moayeri

**All Hail the Yeti**
@ WHISKY A GO GO

Every genre cherishes a clutch of acts who, by questioning and challenging fan-mandated expectations, become flag bearers for its forward-facing relevance. For heavy metal, L.A. quartet All Hail The Yeti is one. Not that the groovy, slightly Southern and stoner signature of their 2012 eponymous debut (re-released in February) was altogether new; the record, in fact, frequently evoked a burlier, gruffer take on Deliverance-era Corrosion of Conformity. But from what’s been heard of their follow-up concept collection, Screams From a Black Wilderness, due on April 8, All Hail the Yeti have — after some significant lineup changes and tireless touring — created something much more their own: bluesy, belligerent and angrily articulate, but not afraid to offset the testosterone with the shamelessly poppy hook of teaser track “Before the Flames.” —Paul Rogers

**tue 4/5**

**Ruby Friedman Orchestra**
@ HOTEL CAFE

Sure, you can call Ruby Friedman a belter, a genuine soul mama who can blow the house down with her magnificent vocal chops. But listen and watch up close and personal, and dig the nuance. The L.A.-born Friedman is a real, true singer — not just for the prodigious vocal technique she boasts but for the innumerable ways she sells the realer-than-real drama that permeates her performances. While her interpretations of old American tunes and her own sterling book of originals are some of your really choice gutbusters and tearjerkers, she brings to it all something satisfyingly arcane, complex and so very intelligent. Her Orchestra counts among its players several of the finest honkers and thumpers in this or any town anywhere. —John Payne

**wed 4/6**

**The Coathangers, Death Valley Girls**
@ THE ECHO

Much like their Atlanta-scene peers Black Lips, The Coathangers have morphed from their shambolic punk beginnings and expanded their sound to encompass garage and pop. On the trio’s latest album, Nosebleed Weekend, they alternate short, fast punk tracks such as “Dumb Baby” with a greater variety of musical expressions. “Watch Your Back” rides atop Meredith Franco’s rubbery dub bass line even as the song is chopped up further into post-punk strangeness by Julia Kugel’s serrated guitar. “Perfume” is shrouded in more fuzz guitar, but at its heart it’s a pretty pop tune, much like the similarly hazy idyll “I Don’t Think So.” Kugel’s guitar switches to a reverb-surf tone on “Burn Me,” even as Stephanie Luke’s drums skitter with a disco beat. Death Valley Girls have an even heavier, grungier approach on their recent album, Glow in the Dark. —Falling James

**MILES AHEAD**

“ANYONE WHO WANTS TO GET A JUMP ON POSSIBLE OSCAR NOMINEES CHECK OUT ‘MILES AHEAD,’ DIRECTED BY DON CHEADLE WHO ALSO STARS AS THE JAZZ TRUMPETER MILES DAVIS. …AS WITTY AND KNOWING AS MR. CHEADLE’S SLY, WHISPERY PERFORMANCE.” 

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p.m., $20 (see Music Pick). Absu, Mictlantecuhtli, Hell, Witchaven, Old Coven, Horrid, Fri., April 1, 8 p.m., $10. JD Bender, Mikesailor, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m., free. Black Sea, Raenier, Dynasty, La Forza, Tue., April 5, 8 p.m., free. Kong, T.O.L.D., No Small Children, Wed., April 6, 8 p.m., $10. Tuft, Holiday Friends, Boroughs, Thu., April 7, 8 p.m., $5.

THE MINT:
GASLAMP RESTAURANT & BAR: 6251 E. Pacific Coast Hwy, Long Beach. Tank, Sun., April 3, 9 p.m., TBA.
GENGHIS COHEN: 740 N. Fairfax Ave., L.A. Megan Betts Fly, Fri., April 1, 8:30 p.m., TBA; Kendra Celese, Fri., April 1, 9:30 p.m., TBA; Tisa Adams, Carla Fontanell, Sat., April 2, 7:30 p.m., TBA; Luna Lara, Sat., April 2, 9:30 p.m., TBA.


THE HOTEL CAFE: 1623 N. Cahuenga Blvd. Mount Holy, Troy Baker, Ragflags, Kornox, Fri., April 1, 7 p.m., TBA; Sheila Govindarajan, Kari Kimmel, Joy Autumn, Chris Still, Fratty, Sat., April 2, 7 p.m., $15. Brandy Clark, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m., $12. Ruby Friedman Orchestra, Dana Shay, Tue., April 5, 8 p.m., $10 (see Music Pick). Alex Dezen, Noah Gundersen, Wed., April 6, 7 p.m., TBA; Goodnight Kiss, Space Cadets, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., $10.

HUMAN RESOURCES: 430 Cottage Home St., L.A. Electric Sound Battistin, MFK, Vox, Sarah Gail Armstrong, Rafa Esparza, The Oracle of L.A., KCHUNG DJs, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., TBA.

HYPERION TAVERN: 1441 Hyperion Ave., L.A. Ye Olde Hushe Clubate, with DJ Don Bolses, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., free.

KING HARBOR BREWING COMPANY: 2907 182nd St., Redondo Beach. The Delts, Bomin, Thristy Crows, Sat., April 2, 8 p.m., TBA.

LA CITA: 336 S. Hill St., L.A. Brad Laner, Carla Bozulich, Points of Friction, Daft, Kenji Kuroda & Mako Sakurai, DJ Don Bolses, DJ Professor Cantaloupe, Tue., April 5, 8 p.m., free.


LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Doma Carta, Georgian Banon, Jake Hamilton & the Sound, Sat., April 2, 7 p.m., $12.50. TBA; The Tearaways, Sat., April 2, 9:30 p.m., $17. All Dogs, French Vanilla, Post Life, Sun., April 3, 8 p.m., $10. Iska Dhaas, Boyo, Takashi Miyaki, Sand, Mon., April 4, 8:30 p.m., free (see Music Pick). Endless Boogie, Artic, Loom, Tue., April 5, 8:30 p.m., $12. Polartroica, Crown Plaza, Batwings Catwings, Boogie, Arctic, Loom, Tue., April 5, 8:30 p.m., $12.50. Taking Back Tuesday: Emo Night L.A., Tue., April 5, 9 p.m., $5.


Alicia Jo Rabins, Sat., April 2, 8:30 p.m., $10-$15.

PAPPY & HARRIET’S PIONEERTOWN PALACE: 35688 Pioneertown Road, Pioneertown. Brian Whelan, Fri., April 1, 8 p.m., free. The Moonsville Collective, Sat., April 2, 8 p.m., $10. The Sunday Band, Sundays, 7:30 p.m., free. Ted Quinn’s Open-Mic Reality Show, Mondays, 7 p.m., free. Tops, Thu., April 7, 8 p.m., $15. Hunter & the Dirty Johns, Johnny Stachela, The Higgs, Thu., April 7, 8 p.m., $10.

PROJECT CLA: 63688 Hollywood Blvd, L.A. Edith Crash, Naked Walrus, Beachwood Coyotes, Bird Concerns, Thu., April 7, 8:30 p.m., $10.

QUE SERA: 1923 E. Seventh St., Long Beach. E Times 2, Gel Roc, Loch Lomp, Loch Jester, Missleeding, I’lllilo, plus host Abstract Rude, Tue., April 5, 8 p.m., $5. Donkey Island Penitentiary, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., $5.

THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 W. Second St., L.A. Tak Spare, Moonage Rangers, Des & the Conducts, Jim Weiners, Fri., April 1, 9 p.m., $5-$10. Third Grade Teacher, Motorcycle Black Madonnas, Sat., April 2, 9 p.m., $5-$10. The Slow Death, Prince the Band, Too Many Daves, Sun., April 3, 8 p.m., $5-$10. The Hard R, The 131ers, Vulses of Vinly, Thu., April 7, 7 p.m., $5-$10.

RESIDENT: 428 S. Hewitt St., L.A. Isaac Rother & the Phantoms, Pistacho, Fri., April 1, 8 p.m., $5. Purple Sat., April 2, 9 p.m., $5. Xo, Channel, Teenage Wrist, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m., $5. Friendship, Sophie & the Bom Boms, Sam Fischer, DJ Salda, Wed., April 6, 8 p.m., $5.

ROCK CITY STUDIOS: 2258 Pickwick Drive, Camarillo. SWMRS, The Frights, Partybaby, Sad Girl, Thu., April 7, 7 p.m., TBA.


THE SMELL: 247 S. Main St., L.A. Audacity, Toos That Kill, The High Curbs, Fri., April 1, 7 p.m., $8. Playboy Manbaby, Vaguess, Uniform, Something Vaginal, Sat., April 2, 9 p.m., $5. Similar Fashion, Like a Villain, Water Slice, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., $5.

SILVERLAKE LOUNGE: 2906 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Byrdogs, Dena Rey, The Cabin Fever, Fri., April 1, 8 p.m., $5. Robert Francis, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m., free. Romance & Rebellion, Make Shift Sunshine, Animal Super Species, Matt Grace, Chasing Desolation, Tue., April 5, 8 p.m., $10. Fever Feel, Gold Vine, The Big Gone, Beach Burns, Wed., April 6, 8 p.m., $5. Ned & the Dirty, Asian She, Ben Foer & the Absurd, The Voxes, Thu., April 7, 8 p.m.


TAIX FRENCH RESTAURANT: 1111 Sunset Blvd., L.A. 13 Frighen Girls, Dinne Box Band, Fri., April 1, 10:30 p.m., $5-$15.

TIMEWARP RECORDS: 12204 Venice Blvd., L.A. Biblical Proof of UFOs, Skyline Electric, Fri., April 1, 6 p.m., free. Smog Fest, with Inner Wave, Frankie Flowers, Jurassic Shark, Gold Vicence, Sat., April 2, 8 p.m., $5.

TRIP: 2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. The Julian

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Coryell Trio, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free. Tripease Burlesque, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., free.


**THE VILLAGE AT WESTFIELD TOPANGA**: 6250 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Woodland Hills. The 100 Year War, Sun., April 3, 8 p.m., $5. In the Popcorn, Mon., April 4, 9 p.m., $10.

**THE VIPER ROOM**: 8852 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Cash’d Out, Sat., April 2, 8 p.m., TBA. Davis, Paul McDonald, Sun., April 3, 8 p.m., TBA. Bloody Knives, Luna 13, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m., TBA. Zero 1 & Hal, Roman, Wed., April 6, 7:30 p.m., TBA. Righteous & the Wicked, Rivvrs, Thu., April 7, 8 p.m., TBA.

**VOILA**: 518 N. La Brea Ave., L.A. Chloe Temtchine, performing at “Four Chefs, One Cause,” a benefit for the Pulmonary Hypertension Assn., Tue., April 5, 7 p.m., $100+.

**WHISKY A GO-GO**: 8801 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Adler, Fri., April 1, 7 p.m., TBA; Hollywood Roses, Fri., April 1, 9 p.m., TBA; Nekrogoblikon, Psychostick, Sat., April 2, 7 p.m., TBA; All Hail the Yeti, We Are The Rift, Sisters ov the Black Moon, Thu., April 7, 7 p.m., TBA (see Music Pick).

**JAZZ & BLUES**

**ALVAS SHOWROOM**: 1417 W. Eighth St., San Pedro. Peter Lang, Rick Ruskin, Toulouse Engelhardt, Sat., April 2, 8 p.m., $20. David Goodman & Blues Alive, Sun., April 3, 4 p.m., $35.

**ARCADIA BLUES CLUB**: 16 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia. The Delgado Brothers, Sat., April 2, 7 p.m., $20.


**BIG MAMA’S RIB SHACK**: 15453 N. Lake Ave., Pasadena. Ron Thompson, Sat., April 2, 8 p.m., TBA.

**BLUE WHALE**: 123 Astronaut E.S. Onizuka St., L.A. Jacoba Mann, Fri., April 1, 9 p.m., TBA; The Scott Kinsey Group, Sat., April 2, 9 p.m., $15. Kenji Kurota, 

—Falling James
Malcolm Sakurai, LAFMS, Mon., April 4, 9 p.m., TBA.
Nolatet, Wed., April 6, 9 p.m., $15. The Jon Mayer Trio, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., $15.

Burbank Movie Lodge: 1501 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

Catalina Bar & Grill: 4725 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A.
The Kenny Barron Quintet, Fri., April 1, 8:30 p.m., Sat., April 2, 8:30 p.m.; Sun., April 3, 7:30 p.m., TBA. The Ozy Noy Trio, Tue., April 5, 8:30 p.m.; Wed., April 6, 8:30 p.m., TBA. Nujum: An Evening With the S.T.A.R.S., Thu., April 7, 8:30 p.m., TBA.

Colombo's: 1833 Colorado Blvd., Eagle Rock.
Steve Thompson, Fridays, 5:30-9 p.m., free. The Eric Eskrond Quartet, Mondays, 4:30 p.m., free. Tom Armbruster, Tuesdays, 7 p.m., free. Karen Hernandez & Jimmy Spencer; Wednesdays, 7 p.m., Trifecta, Thursdays, 7 p.m., free.

Desert Rose: 1700 Hillhurst Ave., L.A. Julia Var, Sat., April 2, 7 p.m., free; The Mark 2 Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7:11 p.m., free.

The Dresden Restaurant: 1760 N. Vermont Ave., L.A. Marty & Elayne's 35th Anniversary Celebration, Fri., April 1, 9 p.m., TBA. Marty & Elayne's Sunday Standards, Saturdays, 9 p.m., The Ready Sundays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., midnight, free. L.A. Underground Superstars, Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free.


Harlowe: 7321 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Brent Carter, Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free.

The Lighthouse: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Sam Schneider Quartet, Sat., April 2, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free. Benny Bluett, Sun., April 3, 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Jacques Leisure Quartet, Wed., April 5, 6-8 p.m., $10.


Mauri Sugar Mill Saloon: 18339 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana. Ron Thompson, Ray Jarique & the Uptown Brothers, Mon., April 4, 8 p.m., TBA; Blue Monday, Sat., April 2, 9 p.m., TBA.

The Night Beat: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Flamenco Dinner Star, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., $15; The Ozomero, Sat., April 2, 9 p.m., $20; The Tom Cortell Trio, Sat., April 2, 7 p.m., $20. The Raven & the Rose, Sun., April 3, 3 p.m., $15; Lovely Outlaws, Sun., April 3, 7:15 p.m., $15. Richard Smith, Thu., April 7, 9 p.m., $25.


For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

Concerts

Fridays, April 1

The B-52s: 9 p.m., TBA. Morongo Casino Resort & Spa, 49500 Seminole Drive, Cabazon.

Bag Raiders: With Plastic Plates, 9 p.m., $20. El Rey Theatre, 5315 Wilshire Blvd., L.A.


Dirtmiitte Vegas, Like Mike: 9 p.m., $60. Hollywood Palladium, 6225 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A.

Elvis Costello: 8 p.m., TBA. Arlington Theatre, 1317 State St., Santa Barbara.

Fierce Verse: Feminist as F**k: With spoken word from Amber Tamblyn, Eileen Myles, Roxane Gay, Amy Poehler, Lidia Yuknavitch, Randa Jarrar, 6 p.m., $15. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St.

Lea Salonga: 8 p.m., $60-$150. Valley Performing Arts Center, 13811 Nordhoff St., Northridge.

The Mack Avenue Superband: 9 p.m., $25. State Theatre, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach.

Mia's: 7:30 p.m., free. Mia's, 2311 Highland Ave., L.A.

Motel: 9 p.m., $20. The Motel, 1526 S. 2nd St., Los Angeles.

Moist Mondays: 9 p.m., free. Moist Mondays, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach.

Paradise: 9 p.m., free. Balboa Pavilion, 1400 Alamitos Ave., Long Beach.

Riviera: 9 p.m., $20. The Riviera, 8730 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A.

Zanibar: 9 p.m., $20. Zanibar, 1301 5th St., Santa Monica.

Steve Hackett: 8 p.m., $35.50-$75. The Orpheum, 939 S. Grand Ave., L.A.

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

ANDRE WATTS: The pianist rings up Liszt, Schubert and others, Sun., April 3, 2 p.m., $75. The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

ANGELES CHORAL: The group sings the praises of Carl Orff, interspersed with selections by Eric Whitacre, Daniel Pinkham and Charlene Archibeque, Sat., April 2, 7:30 p.m., $30. First United Methodist Church of Pasadena, 500 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena.

THE COLBURN ORCHESTRA: David Zinnman conducts Beethoven’s Leonore No. 3 and also the Ninth Symphony, which features Vox Femina, The Gay Men’s Chorus of L.A. and the Northridge Singers, Sun., April 3, 3 p.m., $15. UCLA, Royce Hall, 3111 Nordhoff St., Northridge. See GoLA.


FLIPE PINTO-RIBEIRO: The Portuguese pianist plays selections by Tchaikovsky, Carrapatoo and Piazzolla, Fri., April 1, noon, free. First Lutheran Church & School, 2906 W. Carson St., Torrance.

THE ISAURA STRING QUARTET: Accompanied at times by mezzo-soprano Argenta Walther, the ensemble digs into the minds of John Luther Adams, Astor Piazzolla, Caroline Shaw, Steve Reich and Andrew Tholl, Sat., April 2, 6 p.m., $10. Silverlake Lounge, 2906 Sunset Blvd., L.A.

THE L.A. CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: LACO’s Jeffrey Kahane takes the lead on Mozart’s Quintet in E-flat major for Piano & Winds, and the ensemble takes apart Mendelssohn’s Piano Trio in D minor. Concertmaster Margaret Batjer welcomes UCLA professors Dr. Susan Bookheimer and Dr. Robert Bilderm, who will discuss the intersection of music and neuroscience, as part of the Westside Connections series, Thu., April 7, 7:30 p.m., $55. Euphoria Theater, New Roads School, 3131 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica.

THE L.A. GUITAR QUARTET: Soprano Tonia D’Amelio exudes cantatas and arias by Bach, Cesare and Handel, Fri., April 1, 8 p.m., $30. Trinity Lutheran Church, 997 E. Walnut St., Pasadena. Sun., April 3, 2:30 p.m., $30. Contrapuntal Performances Recital Hall, 655 N. Bundy Drive, Brentwood.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH ORCHESTRA: The chamber orchestra kick up the excitement with mezzo-soprano Argena Waltes, the ensemble plays selections by Tchaikovsky, Carrepatoo and Piazzolla. On Friday, April 1, noon, free. First Lutheran Church & School, 2906 W. Carson St., Torrance.

THE RICHARD DANIELS TRIO: Accompanied by pianist Linda Oh, Richard Daniels performs works by Bach, J.S. Bach, Beethoven and Schubert. On Tuesday, April 5, 7:30 p.m., $20. The Joe LaBarbera Trio, 3 p.m., $30. Fowler Museum Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood.


THE SMILING WIND ENSEMBLE: Kevin McKewen conducts, Sat., April 2, 7:30 p.m., $10. The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center, 1310 11th St.

THOMAS TROTT: The English organist fuses around with melodies by Bach, Mozart, Robert Schumann, Paul Dukas and Liszt, Sun., April 3, 7:30 p.m., $20-$57. Disney Hall.

YUNGFLE: With Thaliboy Digital, 7 p.m., $20-$57. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., L.A.

YOUNG LEAN: With Tinashe, 6 p.m., $45. The Observatory, 330 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

YOUNG LEAN: With Tinashe, 6 p.m., $45. The Observatory, 330 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
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