BEACH BULLY BINGO

Can a cop, a model and two lawyers break a surf gang’s 45-year grip on Lunada Bay?

BY KILLEL ARON
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Cory Spencer always felt like an outsider at the beach. He grew up in La Mirada, 18 miles from the nearest ocean. As teenagers, he and his friends would carry their surfboards onto the Orange County Transit bus and ride all the way to Huntington Beach. The locals were “towheads,” kids with long, bleached-blond hair. They were all on the Huntington Beach High School surfing team, and they knew Spencer and his friends weren’t from around there.

“You got heckled if you got in somebody’s way,” says Spencer, now a 44-year-old El Segundo police officer, his cadence a perfect hybrid of cop and surfer. “And that’s just the natural progression of things when you’re learning, you know?”

He says outsiders often are unaware of the local law out in the water. “You don’t know the rules about taking off in front of somebody or who has priority on a wave or whatever,” he says. “But you learn that. You wait your turn in the water, you watch these guys, and before you know it, they’re waving you into some waves. That’s just the way surfing culture is.

“But that just doesn’t happen in Lunada Bay.”

Tucked away on the southeast end of exceedingly affluent Palos Verdes Estates, Lunada Bay is a crescent-shaped rocky cove surrounded by 100-foot cliffs dotted with trees and mansions. On a winter’s day, its pristine, emerald waters routinely get 15- to 20-foot waves, perfectly shaped — not breaking in one big wall but peeling slowly down to the right, offering surfers a long, continuous ride. It is, according to The Encyclopedia of Surfing, “Southern California’s premier big-wave break.”

“It’s just a treasure,” Spencer says. It’s also a closely guarded one. For nearly 50 years, the rocky cove has been controlled by a clique of territorial surfers known as the Bay Boys.

As The Encyclopedia of Surfing also points out: “Visiting surfers since the early 1970s have had rocks thrown at them while walking down the cliffside Lunada trail,
This isn’t any different, except these guys bully, take away an asset that belongs to the public,” says plaintiff’s attorney Vic Otten, a surfer and environmental attorney. “But you literally take your life into your own hands when you visit, because you will be monitored and harassed.”

—SURFER AND ENVIRONMENTAL ATTORNEY MARK MASSARA

“I wish I could give you some perspective… Every day there’s some new horrible article.” Another smiled and said: “Season’s over. No issues today.”

Another regular at Lunada Bay who’s not named in the suit, Joe Bark, said only: “I’m really surprised. I have no comment. I haven’t seen what I’ve seen in the papers. I don’t believe it.”

Randy Meistrell, a 57-year-old who’s surfed at Lunada Bay since the 1970s and grew up with some of the Bay Boys, says he’s seen harassment and doesn’t condone it but adds: “To call them a gang and sue them all is ridiculous.”

But numerous outsiders who’ve dared to surf Lunada disagree. Jordan Wright first worked up the courage to venture down to Lunada’s rocky beach on his 27th birthday, in 2012. He took his dad, an L.A. County Sheriff’s deputy.

“Every single person, probably 20 people, were screaming at us, yelling, hassling, intimidating us,” Wright recalls. Both he and his dad noticed this was no ordinary rabble.

“They use walkie-talkies, they whistle, they have spotters, they delegate duties about who does what,” Wright says. “It was run like an organized gang.”

“It’s a remarkably sophisticated harassment network that’s been successful for decades,” says Massara, the surfer and attorney. “It’s a conspiracy. It was a long-running, well-orchestrated conspiracy.”

Geoff Hagins grew up in Redondo Beach, at the very edge of the Palos Verdes Peninsula. His friend Mark Koehler was a regular at Lunada Bay, and on one spring day in 1968, he invited Hagins to come along.

“The way back, we started getting pelted with rocks,” Hagins says. “[Koehler] started screaming. ‘It’s me! It’s me!’ Big old boulders coming at us, some of them the size of softballs. I was worried as all hell about my board.”

Hagins’ sister died unexpectedly of a heart attack in 1990, when she was 33, on a beach in Bali, where she had taken her two sons, then 8 and 11, on a surfing trip. Her husband had died three years earlier, also from a heart condition, and Hagins stepped in to help raise the two boys, who were talented surfers, especially the oldest, Hagan Kelly.

Kelly was 12 or 13 when he discovered Lunada Bay. Even though he was barely a teenager, he was hassled just like...
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The Bay Boys built an unpermitted “fort” at Lunada Bay.

In a 1991 interview with Surfer Magazine, Frank Ferrara was asked about the Bay Boys’ systematic harassment and intimidation of outsiders.

“Look what’s happened to Malibu, Trestles, Rincon,” he said. “There’s five or six guys on every wave. The guys who surf out in the Palos Verdes area — guys who’ve been there 20 years — they’ve seen what happens. One guy comes and surfs it, and then he brings two or three guys, and they bring three or four of their friends, and it snowballs and gets out of hand. That’s exactly why we want to protect it.”

He added later: “I’ve got two little boys who are 7 and 5, and I hope one day they’ll be out there shralping and tearing it up all just a family that works and surfs, and that’s the spot we grew up in.” (Neither brother returned L.A. Weekly’s phone calls.)

But those who’ve dared to surf the bay describe things differently; they claim that the harassment they’ve encountered follows a pecking order.

“You got the young guys that are the enforcer type, that go out and do the dirty deeds, because they’re juveniles,” Spencer alleges. “They’re the kids and the friends of the older guys, who are in their 30s, 40s and 50s — who are, in the hierarchy, kind of in control.”

Plaintiff’s attorney Otten estimates that there are around 40 Bay Boys. “We could come from Sang Lee: ‘You shouldn’t fucking come down here,’ a man the suit identifies as Lee can be heard saying on the video. ‘Stay away from this area. ... The reason there’s a lot of space is because we keep it like that. We fucking hassle people. ... We’ll burn you every single wave.' When the next person followed up the bluff, they found their car had been eggd and the word ‘kook’ written on it in surf wax.

The reporters then went to the Palos Verdes Estates police station and left their camera recording. The officer seemed unconcerned.

“We know all of them,” the officer is alleged in the suit to have said. “They are infamous around here. They are pretty much grown men in little men’s mindset. ... It literally is like a game with kids on a schoolyard to them, and they don’t want you playing on their swing set. ... If you feel uncomfortable, you know, then don’t do it.”

Diana Milena Reed says she encountered the same blasé attitude when she went to the police. The suit alleges that the Bay Boys taunted and intimidated her when she visited Lunada Bay and that Julian Johnston sprayed her with a can of beer and exposed himself to her.

Initially, the cops appeared helpful. But according to the lawsuit, the detectives “showed no interest or ability to follow up.” One, according to the suit, told her something to the effect of, “Why would a woman want to go to that beach and the Rock Fort anyway? There are only rocks down there.”

In March, Reed and her lawyer met with Police Chief Jeff Kepley.

“Is it safe for me to go down there?” she asked, according to the suit.

“I wish it was safe, but it’s not,” Kepley replied, according to the complaint. “I wouldn’t even tell a man to go down there.”

Kepley, who was appointed police chief in June 2014, has promised to crack down on the Bay Boys. “We will make an example out of anyone who behaves criminally down there,” he told the L.A. Times late last year.

Yet no arrests have been made at Lunada Bay or stemming from incidents there, even though more than a dozen police reports have been filed since January 2015 concerning surfer localism in Palos Verdes Estates.

The current police chief seems to have done more than the last few,” Otten says. “He told me he has financial constraints. I think if he could make some arrests, he would. But it doesn’t seem like he’s doing much to try. Why not put some officers in the water? They didn’t find the person that assaulted my client; I did.”

The chief declined to comment due to pending litigation, instead offering a brief written statement that...

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When Frank Vanderlip first laid eyes on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, he was
floored. “A beautiful empire,” he later described it, according to the book Bour-
geois Nightmares: Suburbia, 1870-1930. He’d recently bought the 16,000 acres,
sight unseen, for $1.5 million, in 1913. “Miles of seacoast,” he wrote, “gleaming
crescent beaches … picturesque rolling hills and occasionally more pictur-
eous mountainous areas.” It was, he thought, “an unsplashed sheet of paper to be written on with loving care.”

If the city of Los Angeles was already a mess of factories, tenement houses and railway cars, Vanderlip dreamed of something different: an idyllic, unsplashed bedroom community — an American Amalfi Coast.

Vanderlip hired landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted Jr. (whose father designed Central Park) to design what was one of the first planned communities in the country and one of the first cities to use zoning laws to limit what could be built on any parcel of land. There would be no factories, no bars, no cemeteries. It also limited who could live there: no nonwhite residents.

To this day, the city of Palos Verdes Estates — the first 3,200 acres of Vander-
lip’s master plan, most of which never got built — looks like some kind of other-
worldly small-town fantasy. The town’s population of around 13,400 is roughly
did, and they both knew the Bay Boys. In fact, her first boyfriend was Sal Ferrara, brother of Frank and Angelo, who has since died.

“I saw [that] if people from the sur-
rounding areas would pull up and park, windows would get broken, air let out of
tires, rocks thrown at people,” Nicholson says.

Nicholson’s first novel, The Tribes of Palos Verdes, is based on her experiences growing up. The book, which was recent-
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Nicholson didn’t surf, but her brother
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Ryota Okumura’s namesake restaurant is affordable sushi done right

BY GARRETT SNYDER

It’s a few minutes before 6 p.m. on a Saturday evening, and the long, wrap-around sushi bar at Okumura is already crowded. The most prized seats — the section of the restaurant that seems perpetually quarantined, with small “reserved” signs — are directly in front of Ryota Okumura, a young, lanky chef who’s busy crowning ceramic cups of steamed egg custard with bright red salmonroe for a couple and their cooing toddler. Having walked in without a reservation on one of the busiest nights of the week, I am not sitting in that section. Yet by the time my parade of nigiri finishes with a plump, blue-crab hand roll accented with crunchy fried onions and slivers of avocado, I wouldn’t mind if I was seated in Siberia — or, for that matter, in the crowded Encino strip mall where Okumura is located.

Since opening in 2012, Okumura has slowly developed a cult following among aficionados of the San Fernando Valley sushi scene, a loose stretch of restaurants mostly confined to Ventura Boulevard where it cuts across the hills from Studio City to Tarzana. One of Okumura’s most visible fans is Jonathan Broida, owner of Japanese Knife Imports in Beverly Hills. The store is known as a chef hangout of sorts, both because of its first-rate collection of prized Gyuto knives and its handwritten whiteboard that’s regularly updated with open kitchen jobs at many of the better restaurants in town — sort of a proto-Craigslist for chefs. Follow Broida on Instagram, and you’ll see photos of raw fish splayed out like precious jewelry, many of them from Okumura. You’ll also find general praise for the restaurant’s quality sushi at a reasonable price.

World-class sushi is not uncommon in Los Angeles — there’s Sushi Zo, Urasawa, Mori, Q and Sushi Tsujita, to name a few — but for many of us, the cost of a full-blown dinner at one of these places can be equivalent to a week’s salary. On the other hand, anyone who appreciates sushi will acknowledge that good sushi shouldn’t be cheap. So what do we talk about when we talk about quality, affordable sushi? Compromise, to some extent, but not too much compromise.

At Okumura — whose sparse, white-walled dining room is decorated with abstract artwork by a Japanese painter — it’s possible to order spicy tuna atop crispy rice, a few rolls filled with shrimp tempura and soft-shell crab and a bottle of Sapporo or two, and be completely content. The real excitement, however, can be found on the list of daily specials handed out with the menu. It details a dozen or so fish, ranging from salmon and halibut to stuff you’ve never heard of, flown in from Japan.

At some sushi counters, requesting an omakase meal can feel intimidating, like setting yourself up for a shocking bill once you sip the last of your green tea. But at Okumura it’s possible to work your way through most, if not all, of the daily special nigiri and not spend more than $60 per person. That might include a silky strip of black snapper sprinkled with truffle salt and a dab of tart yuzu kosho; plump Hokkaido scallops gently brushed with soy; and amberjack laid atop a bit of shiso leaf, decorated with crunchy brown flecks, which your chef explains are dehydrated flakes of soy sauce.

Also at Okumura, I had one of the more memorable bites of sushi I’ve ever eaten: a firm slice of triggerfish that arrived topped with a dollop of its own raw liver, a creamy, fatty counterpoint to the lean flavor of the fish. It cost $4.

Okumura, the head chef and owner, trained at Hattori culinary academy in Japan (best known for supplying its students as assistants to the cooking show Iron Chef) and later worked at Sushi Zo in Culver City. At his eponymous restaurant, he’s able to coax a deeper savoriness out of fish that you might not otherwise find exciting. Salmon belly has the richness of good Nova lox, while miniature fiery squid are marinated just long enough to make their briny flavor pop on the tongue.

If you opt for the full-scale omakase assault — which usually ends up running around $100 per person, before alcohol — your meal will start with a trio of carpaccio: ruby-red slabs of tuna brushed with soy vinaigrette and gold flakes, a tabbouleh with crispy onions and micro greens and, most interesting, sliced amberjack topped with pico de gallo, the ingredients finely minced into the smallest dimensions imaginable. The carpaccio trio is solid, though the nigiri — say, Santa Barbara uni or seared toro — is where Okumura-san shines most.

It’s unlikely that Okumura will find its way to the top of any best-sushi lists, but that’s OK. The restaurant boasts quality fish, properly seasoned rice, skillful knife work and an omakase that’s affordable enough to be a once-a-month indulgence rather than a once-a-year one. And you’ll still leave with a reminder of why you became so obsessed with sushi in the first place.

OKUMURA | 17302 Ventura Blvd., Encino (818) 986-9712 | okumuranrestaurant.com Daily, 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thu., 5:30-9:30 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 5:30-10 p.m.; Sun., 5:30-9 p.m. | Beer, wine and sake

PHOTO BY ANNE FISHBEIN
What defines a gastropub? Simply put, it’s a restaurant-bar, serving chef-minded cuisine alongside craft beer. In 2016 Los Angeles, these sorts of establishments are so bountiful as to dilute the term’s value. But subdivide the category, and you’ll arrive at a more meaningful descriptor: Take, for instance, the Mexican gastropub. It’s a growing trend, particularly here in Southern California. Beyond the great flavors on menus at these newfangled eateries is a collective showcasing of the evolution of Mexican cuisine — from roadside beef burritos to regionally inspired dishes — with a focus on soul food, when all along it was beer.

That revelation eventually gave birth to Colonia Publica, a gastropub anchored by eight taps. Three of them are reserved for traditional Mexican lagers, but the other five always feature local craft beers. “I only pick beers that I enjoy,” the chef explains. “I try to have one Belgian [from Monkish Brewing], an IPA or two, a witbier, a classic ale or pale. Lighter beer works better with Mexican food.” Belgian styles also pair well; the spice of the yeast establishes a natural synergy alongside hot pepper-laden sauces. At Colonia, that spice comes via Diaz’s inimitable fideo — a customizable Mexican ramen, built around a broth steeped with pork neck and chicken for more than half a day.

The chef recently delved into the beer game, launching Whittier Brewing Company, which will arrive in his hometown by the middle of 2017. Westward in El Segundo, Anne Conness is expanding the boundaries of the Mexican gastropub at Sausal. The chef honed her suds skills at Simmzy’s, where she became a certified Cicerone — beer’s answer to a sommelier. When exploring concepts for her own restaurant, Conness stumbled upon a culinary void worth filling. “When I started thinking about food, I thought that Mexican food is underserved at beer bars,” she explains. “It’s a perfect pairing for the craft beers that are out here.” The unique dishes at Sausal (Spanish for willow) pay homage to “nuevo rancho” style cooking — slow and low preparation, tons of smoke, outdoor wood-fired ovens. It’s born more of passion and history than of any specific Mexican region.

“Since we’re in L.A., Mexican food is our soul food, it’s so much a part of who we are,” she notes. “It seems like a no-brainer to emphasize craft beer with Mexican fare.” To that end, her bar keeps 10 local crafts on tap, in addition to a Belgian tripel from Chimay, one of her favorites, which she loves to pair alongside smoked pork adobo tacos, with an uncanniness underscored by a rich and roasty black mole. Another go-to combo is beef barbacoa tacos, charred and smoky, with an aggressive IPA. “I surprised myself with that one. I didn’t believe it until I tried it,” she says. For added street cred,
the chef teamed with a German brewer to contract out her own Mexican-style amber. Papi Chulo, as it’s known, drinks like a fresh take on a Dos Equis.

But Connis is just as happy promoting any local brewer. With a background in catering, she’s uniquely gifted at plating beer dinner for groups numbering in the dozens. Later this month, she teams up with Three Weavers out of Inglewood, to match her bold flavors against the hop-heavy offerings of the brewery. Tickets are still available for the three-course pairing. Other notable entries driving the Mexican gastropub category forward include La Chuperia in Lincoln Heights, melding tasty tortas with a wide array of domestic craft, on draft and in bottle. At Carazon y Miel in Bell, traditional Mexican-American cooking, you’ll encounter everything from stouts to IPAs, wheat beers to brown ales, all hailing from microbreweries scattered up and down the Baja California coast. In the South Bay, visit Ortega 120, where mixology is at least as impressive Mexican-American cooking, you’ll encounter everything from stouts to IPAs, wheat beers to brown ales, all hailing from microbreweries scattered up and down the Baja California coast. In the South Bay, visit Ortega 120, where mixology is at least as important as your meal. Consider indulging in a face-melting margarita — made with Patrón, spicy ginger and jalapeño — before finding the right Southern California IPA to tackle the restaurant’s bold, modern Mexican menu.

These destination outposts are merely the tip of the iceberg. A torrent of heighted Mexican comfort cuisine is sweeping over Southern California, arriving in tandem with Los Angeles’ growing thirst for better beer. Their conjoined evolution is more than a happy coincidence. “That’s what we’ve always been drinking in Mexico,” Ricardo Diaz points out. “It’s our No. 1 consumed alcohol. So it’s wonderful that we can see the rise of craft beer and the rise of Mexican growing together.” For those who have dined in Spain, is like a breath of fresh Alboran Sea air.

In Spanish, Moruno translates literally to Moorish. In culinary terms, it refers to a kebab cooked over live coals and marinated in spices such as cumin, paprika, turmeric and pepper. Naming a restaurant after the featured dish sets expectations high. This North African technique sounds straightforward and delicious. Getariako Txakolina wine from Getaria, Spain, is euphoric. Bhatu is bread arrives soft, fluffily fried and seasoned with just the right amount of spice. It also serves small plates like house-fermented vegetables and anchovy gildas (lollipops of olive, anchovy, pepper and garlic), which are straightforward and delicious.

Moruno is a great place to pair booze and food: Munching on pescado “en adobo” (fried fish) dipped in aioli while sipping slightly effervescent Antzuola Getariako Txakolina wine from Getaria, Spain, is euphoric. Bhatu is bread arrives soft, fluffily fried and seasoned with just the right amount of spice. It also serves as an excellent vessel for dipping into spinach and chickpeas. The garlic and cilantro marinated rotisserie chicken is so juicy, it veriges on undercooked.

Upon perusing the dessert menu, your eyes are likely to divert past the three sweet options to the longer list of French and Spanish brandy below. The drink game is strong at Moruno. And though the chocolate sesame tart, fried biscuits with citrus marmalade and saffron rice pudding all sound great, your best bet is probably just to keep on drinking. As far as concepts go, Moruno is certainly a fun one. And when its sister restaurant, Bar Moruno, opens soon at Grand Central Market, it deserves to be met with enthusiasm. —Heather Platt

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COMEDY

Stations of the Cross
In his last stand-up special, 2010’s Bigger and Blacker, David Cross riffed on topics ranging from date-rape drugs to health care to religion. “It’s a treasure trove of chuckles,” he said of the Bible. Since then, Cross has starred in the last season of Arrested Development on Netflix, the recently wrapped The Increasingly Poor Decisions of Todd Margaret on IFC and W/ Bob & David, also on Netflix. Following his Riot L.A. appearance at the Ace Theater in January, Cross brings his Making America Great Again! show to this slightly larger venue, where he’ll no doubt take comedic shots at similarly prickly topics, including a certain Republican presidential candidate who inspired this tour’s name. Palace Theatre, 630 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., May 14, 8 p.m.; $39.50. (800) 653-8000, ticketmaster.com. —Ann Haskins

All Grown Up
The 26th AdultCon — adult as in “pornography,” not adult as in “you’ve got a thing with the boss at noon” — is a trade fair that features a plethora of stars and personas from all facets of the adult-entertainment industry, including tried-and-true porn king Ron Jeremy, Japanese gravure model Marica Hase and ex-ballarina Abella Danger. The cornerstone of the con is the show floor, featuring products that could become the latest enhancements to your sex life, everything from the newest advancements in adult toys to VR smut to leather teddies. You know, if you’re into that kind of thing. Los Angeles Convention Center, 1201 S. Figueroa St., Concourse Hall EF (inside West Hall), downtown; Sat., May 14, 1-8 p.m.; Sun., May 15, 1-5 p.m.; $40, $50 VIP, $60 weekend pass. (310) 859-6900, adultcon.com. —David Cotner

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OPERA

The Bohème and the Beautiful

In the 10 years that Gustavo Dudamel has conducted the L.A. Philharmonic, he has never crossed the street from his usual headquarters at Walt Disney Concert Hall to sit in with his Music Center neighbors the L.A. Opera Orchestra at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. But that will change in dramatic fashion when the local opera company finishes its Giacomo Puccini–themed current season with Herbert Ross’ cinematically stylish production of the Italian composer’s beloved La Bohème. The powerfully expressive Georgian coloratura soprano Nino Machaidze stars as Mimi, a seamstress who’s part of a gang of young artists and musicians struggling to find their way in Paris. It should prove fascinating to compare the styles of guest Italian conductor Speranza Scappucci, who guides the orchestra for the first six performances, and the dynamically intuitive Dudamel, who takes over for the final two shown on June 10 and June 12. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N Grand Ave., downtown; Sat., May 14, 7:30 p.m.; through Sun., June 12, 2 p.m.; $49-$339. (213) 972-8001, laopera.org. —Fallon James

MOUSEMUS

History Repeats

In a city that feels as if it’s forever evolving, Los Angeles has a remarkable amount of history around every corner. It’s raring to be sought out at Museums of the Arroyo Day, during which all six of the Arroyo Seco’s history-based museums open their doors free of charge. Among them: Heritage Square in Montecito Heights, a living history museum comprising Victorian homes from neighborhoods all over the city; the Los Angeles Police Museum in Highland Park, full of LAPD artifacts and memorabilia; and the Pasadena Museum of History; plus the Gamble House, the Autry’s Mount Washington campus and Lummis Home & Garden. Seeing all six in one day isn’t necessarily recommended, but taking the Gold Line definitely is. Various locations; Sun., May 15, noon-5 p.m. mota.dreamhosters.com. —Owneyd Stuart

MUSIC

The Hills Are Alive ...

L.A.’s venerable and totally admirable organization SASSAS (the Society for the Activation of Social Space Through Art and Sound) is, as its name might suggest, dedicated to a very important thing our little town could use a lot more of. Among its offerings is the series sound, at the Baldwin Hills Scenic Overlook, free public performances featuring site-specific modern music and visual art created by L.A.-based artists. This particular event invigorates the ions with a choicely curated crew of progressive performers including multi-instrumentalist Bobo Bruns (of Best Coast), cornetist Dan Clucas and dance visionary Simone Forti. Baldwin Hills Scenic Overlook, 6300 Hetzel Road, Culver City, Sun., May 15, 4-7 p.m.; free. (323) 960-5723, sassas.org. —John Payne

COMEDY

Soak in This

 Laughing together onstage since 2003, comedians Kurt Braunohler and Kristen Schaal implore you to take a dip with them in their Hot Tub, a weekly “wet jubilee” of a variety show that’s all about comic warmth, with only a fraction of the mold. Square-jawed, nattily attired Braunohler and adorably dippy Schaal take self-deprecation and reference beyond the limits of ordinary comedy, working out new bits each week by themselves and with guests. Everyone from chortle-some cellist Nina Daniels to the incisively insightful Candy Lawrence has dropped by, marinating you in the egg drop soup that is this stand-up spa tub. The Virgil, 842 S. Broadway, downtown; Tue., May 17, 8 p.m.; $15. (213) 232-6200, thevirgil.com. —John Payne

TALKS

Un-Private Parts

The Broad hosts The Un-Private Collection: Robert Longo and Henry Rollins. Launched in 2013, the series of art talks brings together cultural figures with artists whose works are a part of the Broad’s collection. Past events have paired Jeff Koons with John Waters, Takashi Murakami with Pico Iyer and Eric Fischl with Steve Martin. For its latest installment, Rollins interviews Longo, a New York–based painter and sculptor known for his group of early “80s charcoal and graphite drawings called “Men in the Cities.” Longo also has directed videos for New Order, Megadeth and R.E.M., as well as the 1995 film Johnny Mnemonic, which featured Rollins. The Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, downtown; Tue., May 17, 8 p.m.; $15. (213) 232-6200, thebroad.org/
FILM

Cruise Control
Not only is the FIGat7th shopping metropolis turning 30 this year, but so is noted cinematic recruiting poster Top Gun — and what better way to enjoy dinner and a movie than with tonight's 30th-anniversary screening? Even the dullest office drone can appreciate the power and the glory in the story of Navy fighter weapons-school students competing to be the best of the best, inspiring everyone in the film's wake to play beach volleyball if not climb into the cockpit of a fighter jet. Also stirring: a live DJ and happy hour within the mall. FIGat7th, 735 S. Figueroa St., downtown; Wed., May 18, 6 p.m.; free. (213) 955-7170, figat7th.com/events. —David Cotner

THU

FOOD & DRINK

Hard Boyle'd
Founded more than 20 years ago, ELACC (East L.A. Community Corporation) advocates for economic and social justice in Boyle Heights and unincorporated East LA. The group's fourth annual Taste of Boyle Heights is a benefit-type affair that is a wee bit pricey yet altogether worthy. The event features a huge and varied selection of savory comestibles, including fare created by local street vendors, plus performances by the excellent Eastside bands El Conjunto Nueva Ola, Buyepongo and Sin Color. There's also a DJ and spacious dance floor, a photo booth and merchandise for sale; ticket holders get an event swag bag, too. Casa del Mexicano, 2900 Calle Pedro Infante, East L.A.; Thu., May 19, 6-9 p.m.; $120. (323) 863-8040, elacc.org. —John Payne

FILM FESTS

Toy Stories
One of the oldest film festivals in Los Angeles, PXL, now in its 25th year, features Pixelvision films made with the Fisher-Price PXL-2000 camcorder. Festival founder Gerry Fialka will explain his affinity for the toy, which uses cassettes as recording media to produce enigmatic, security cam–quality images. You'll see 30 Pixelvision shorts, including LM Sabo's Dadaesque Ready Made Inertia, Luis Macias' Thomas Edison–inspired The Kiss and Nicole Zwerin's Watch When You Blink, which uses everything from cellphone footage to PXL visions to mine the subconscious with any number of mysterious images. Echo Park Film Center, 1200 N. Alvarado St., Echo Park; Thu., May 19, 8 p.m.; $5. (213) 484-8846, echoparkfilmcenter.org/events/pxl-this-25. —David Cotner
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THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT

After decades of decline, L.A.’s neon light industry is experiencing a resurgence

BY CATHERINE WOMACK

I

In with the new, out with the old. In today’s technologically driven world, that’s the way things work more often than not. Just ask that Razr flip phone living in the back of your junk drawer next to a Walkman and a pile of floppy disks.

Sometimes, though, the old asserts itself. Nostalgia kicks in, or a new technology doesn’t quite live up to its promise. Often a new generation discovers that the old doesn’t quite live up to its promise. Nostalgia kicks in, or a new technology doesn’t quite live up to its promise. Nostalgia kicks in, or a new technology doesn’t quite live up to its promise.

For the neon sign industry, LED technology was the video that (nearly) killed the radio star. Making neon lights requires highly skilled artisans who understand both the science and the art of bending delicate glass tubes by hand over an open flame, filling the tubes with gas and wiring them so they illuminate when electrified. It’s a dying art. Or is it?

Lisa Schulte has been creating neon signs in Los Angeles for three decades. Schulte is, first and foremost, an artist. Her sculptures artfully combine found organic material and handcrafted neon tubes of white light. In addition to making her own art, Schulte and her skilled team at Nights of Neon fabricate custom neon designs and rent out neon art and signage from her massive collection for movie, TV and music video sets. Her Van Nuys workshop/warehouse/art studio is a huge, glowing shrine to all things neon. The electric bill for the space runs around $3,500 a month.

“I’m a light junkie,” she says. “What are you going to do? I have to have it.”

Schulte recalls that, when she was getting started in the neon industry, there were at least 10 neon shops in the Los Angeles area alone. “They were run by old-timers,” she explains. “I rode a huge wave with it for a long, long time. Then it completely hit the ground when they started introducing LED lighting and making all those ugly backlit plastic signs. It really killed 90 percent of the business. I wondered if I was going to even be able to keep my doors open.”

Eric Lynxwiler, a spokesman and board member of the newly reopened Museum of Neon Art (MONA) in Glendale, witnessed the same phenomenon. “We have lost a lot of old neon vendors who really knew the craft of bending glass over an open flame,” he says. “It’s truly a talent. You have to apprentice. It takes years and years of practice, so every time we lose one of these old fellows, another piece of neon history is lost.”

Both Lynxwiler and Schulte are quick to point out that the LED technology that so efficiently wiped out the neon industry has some serious flaws. Lynxwiler pushes against the common misconception that LED is more environmentally friendly than neon. “That is a total fallacy,” he says. “The fact is that neon tubes are just gas and glass. You can take the glass from a neon sign and throw it in the recycling. If the tube breaks and the gas escapes, it doesn’t matter. It is stuff we’re breathing anyway. Neon isn’t toxic. Neon signs are green and recyclable.”

Lynxwiler continues to catalog the newer technology’s shortcomings: LED fades with time; neon does not. LED signs don’t last; neon can last virtually forever when properly maintained. Sure, a neon sign is more expensive up front, but it’s an investment piece you’ll never regret. Schulte notes the aesthetic problems against the common misconception that LED is more environmentally friendly than neon. “That is a total fallacy,” he says. “The fact is that neon tubes are just gas and glass. You can take the glass from a neon sign and throw it in the recycling. If the tube breaks and the gas escapes, it doesn’t matter. It is stuff we’re breathing anyway. Neon isn’t toxic. Neon signs are green and recyclable.”

Recently, as neon shops around Los Angeles have shuttered their doors or shifted their focus to LED, a new generation has discovered neon’s hypnotizing glow. Schulte says, “There is this younger generation that hates that kind of [LED and plastic] signage. When they see neon, they feel like it is brand new to them. They’re so excited by it. They don’t want that other stuff. They also respect the fact that [neon] is art.”

“Maybe the people who are bending the tubes are disappearing.” Lynxwiler concurs, “but interest is definitely rising overall.” When he was in Austin, Texas, for South by Southwest in March, he witnessed this neon renaissance firsthand.

“That city so embraces neon. They have resurrected the craft in Austin and are utilizing it in beautiful ways all over town,” he says.

For Schulte, whose business has increased threefold thanks to neon’s resurgence, the problem now lies in acquiring materials. “So many of the manufacturers went out of business or stopped selling the raw materials I use [for neon] because they focused so much on selling all the LED stuff. Now, say I want to buy 1,000 feet of white neon for a project, I have to call five shops to get that glass and often they just don’t have it. I keep telling them to start stocking it up. I am a good pulse for this trend.”

Schulte has started bypassing vendors and buying her own raw materials to meet demand: “They don’t stock what I need because they felt like it was just gone.”

Neon’s brilliant blaze has always been used by businesses to attract customers. “There’s something about neon that just calls to motorists,” Lynxwiler points out. But neon also lives at the intersection of commerce and fine art. Part of its current rise in popularity comes from its increased acceptance as a valid medium by the world of fine art. Schulte gets requests daily from artists who want to collaborate with her or pay her to turn their neon visions into reality.

For Schulte, the artistic value of neon has always been the driving force behind her business, even when times were tough. “The main thing for me is my passion for art and neon. I want it to be recognized as fine art,” she says.

Part of MONA’s mission is to show works of neon art, not just neon signage. “The MONA was founded by artists who, in 1981, were looking for a home to display their electric art,” Lynxwiler explains. “Museums at the time were not really opening their doors to electric or light artists, so the MONA was formed by artists in order to give themselves a home to display their work.”

MONA’s new multimillion-dollar home in Glendale is worth a visit. There are even introductory classes in glass bending held in the museum’s state-of-the-art studio.

Like so many other technologies that experience a second or third wave of popularity, the science behind neon is relatively simple. Neon gas glows when it is electrified. Glass bends when it is heated. It’s the stuff of high school chemistry. The complexity is in the crafting.

Just as there is something mesmerizing about the drop of a needle into a groove on a record or the magic of developing film in a darkroom, neon’s elemental glow is powerful. When it shines, this bright, 20th-century technology holds its own, even in a 21st-century world.
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Culture // Art Picks //

**The Golden Egg**

AN ARTIST PUTS A DARK SPIN ON “JACK AND THE BEANSTALK”

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, popsicles melt in West Adams, staining gallery walls, and an artist mines the “Jack and the Beanstalk” story in Hollywood.

**Getting away with it**

The golden egg at the center of Various Small Fires’ outdoor courtyard has the word “thief” engraved on its surface. Artist Sean Shim-Boyle made it to reference to the golden egg that Jack (of fairy tale “Jack and the Beanstalk”) stole from the giant in the clouds. All of Shim-Boyle’s show riffs on Jack’s story. There’s a cow made of wood and felt, and the “Harp That Plays Itself” is a rubber hose plugged into the ceiling that dangles and dances, aided by a compressor. Wood letters, like the kind nursery schools have, spell out “fee fi fo fun” over and over again. The show’s mood is lightly rebellious, and together the sculptures feel like the trappings of a theme park that’s irresistible to children but not actually child-safe. 819 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood; through May 21. (310) 426-8040, vsf.la.

**Sweet-smelling mess**

Jesse Robinson built wall-hanging popsicle holders for “Melt,” his show at Ms. Barber’s. The popsicles fit perfectly into their white, lumpy casings at first, and then, as they start to melt, colorful, brightly dyed drips and drops roll down the wall. “It’s excruciating. The natural response, the impulse to lick the drips, is overwhelming,” reads Robinson’s statement. Visitors can find their own popsicles to lick in coolers in the middle of the gallery, sculpted on the inside so that bars have to be fished out of narrow, oddly shaped holes. On opening night, the drumstick wouldn’t melt, or at least no ice cream escaped from its impenetrable chocolate shell. 5370 W. Adams Blvd., West Adams; through May 28. msbarbers.com.

**Her own muse**

Artist-writer Penny Slinger graduated from the Chelsea College of Art in London in 1969, around which time she decided “that, as an artist and as a woman, I would be my own muse.” Her body and image often appear in her sensual, eerie collage work. She created The Secret Dakini Oracle Deck: A Tantric Divination Deck with collaborator Nik Douglas and, in 1979 — the year she moved to the West Indies — she and Douglas co-wrote Sexual Secrets, an illustrated guide to sex and mysticism. It sold more than a million copies. By the time Blum & Poe started exhibiting her work a few years ago, Slinger had established herself in other vibrant niches. Slinger, who lives in Los Angeles now, will appear at the Women’s Center for Creative Work this weekend to talk about her life. 2425 Glover Place, Cypress Park; Sun., May 15, 1-4 p.m.; $25. womenscenterforcreativework.com.

**Thick, black protest piece**

In 1967, right after MLK’s assassination, artist William T. Wiley started wrapping black tape around and around itself, making a black orb, which he placed on a pedestal and titled Movement to Black Ball Violence. It was a literal act, and a memorable one. Wally Hedrick’s show at the Box is all black and anti-violence, too. His War Room, which the gallery has shown before, consists of eight bolted-together 11-foot canvases. You enter through a door and then are surrounded by thick black paint on all sides. The black paintings hanging outside War Room have, in some cases, been painted over three times, once in protest of Vietnam, once in protest of the Gulf War and once again in Iraq. Their black surfaces bulge and look scarred and clumsy in places. It’s hard to resist the urge to touch them. 805 Traction Ave., downtown; through June 11. (213) 625-1747, theboxla.com.

**Grandpa’s beauty supplies**

Harald Szeemann, perhaps the first globe-trotting cult curator, had an innovative Swiss hairdresser for a grandfather. When the Getty Research Institute acquired Szeemann’s archive in 2011, it also acquired objects associated with a show Szeemann did in 1972, a year after his grandfather’s death. He called it “Grandfather: A Pioneer Like Us,” and thematically organized his grandfather’s effects as if organizing contemporary artworks. Artist Melissa Huddleston, who works at the Getty, did small, delicate renderings of items from the archive for her show “The Beautician” at LACA. She painted antique scissors, makeup pads and an iron, meditating on the trappings of beauty that influenced an art star. 3845 E. Washington Blvd., downtown; through May 14. (213) 935-0740, lacarchive.com.
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Fritzi DTLA

101 Cider House
21st Amendment Brewery
Ace Cider
Baja Brewing Company
Brewyard Beer Company
Dry River Brewing
Fireman's Brew
Founders Brewing Co.
Hand-Brewed Beer
Indie Brewing Company
The Lagunitas Brewing Company

SIXTH STREET TAVERN
Slater's 50/50
Terrine
The Counter
The Pikey
The Rose
Unit 120
Vaka Burger Express
Venice Whaler

BEER

The Brew Crew
- Delicious Science Brewery
The Brew Crew
- Fox and Flora Brewing Co.
The Brew Crew
- Horror Brewing
The Brew Crew
- Polymath Brewing Co.
The Good Beer Company
Transplants Brewing Company
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LUCKY LUKES BREWING CO.
MACLEOD ALE
NOBLE ALE WORKS
Pizzaport Brewing Company
Santa Monica Brew Works
Scholb Premium Ales
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THE BREW CREW - BURGERS

Alexandar's Steakhouse
Baltaire
Barrel & Ashes
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Biergarten La
Button Mash
Charcoal Venice
Eversen Royce Bar
Fritzi DTLA

101 Cider House
21st Amendment Brewery
Ace Cider
Baja Brewing Company
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Dry River Brewing
Fireman's Brew
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Indie Brewing Company
The Lagunitas Brewing Company

LaWeekly.com/Burgers
The American Dream is an unforgiving myth. Birthed in rural America in the early 19th century, it galloped to prominence in the Gilded Age, championed by Horatio Alger’s novels and the ever more ubiquitous notion that wealth and opportunity are equally available to everyone and that any deserving individual who works hard can achieve success.

Of course, the flip side to this celebration of the “winner” ethos is contempt for the “loser,” a pitiless trope espoused on the right that plays out endlessly in our harsh political landscape.

Good People, playwright David Lindsay-Abaire’s cogent, character-driven drama (it won the Tony for Best Play in 2011), casts a sympathetic eye on the real-world consequences of this conceit, pitting a struggling single mother with little left to lose against her former friend and (briefly) lover, now an affluent and successful physician.

Both Margie (Kia Hellman) and Mike (Shayne Anderson) grew up in a seedy neighborhood in South Boston, where money is scarce but identity with and loyalty to the community are strong. Margie, who never got out, struggles to support her grown, mentally disabled daughter on a $9.25-an-hour job at the Dollar Store. When she loses the job due to chronic lateness brought on by her burdens at home, Margie reluctantly drops by the medical office of Mike, newly resettled in Boston, to inquire if he might have work available. Polite but wary and uncomfortable, he declines to help, but one thing leads to another and somehow he ends up inviting her to his birthday party at his tony home in an upscale neighborhood. There she meets his wife, Kate (Kelana Richard), a younger, attractive African-American woman who is the daughter of a doctor and met Mike when her father was his mentor.

Strong-minded and kind, Kate is at first sympathetic to Margie’s plight and tries to help her, until Margie, incapable of self-censoring, tells tales that make her unwittingly appear a liar and a fraud. Hellman depicts a heartrendingly raw and uncontrollably candid Margie, and she’s supported by accomplished performances from Anderson and Richard as the privileged couple, and Marsha Morgan and Laurie House as her Saturday night bingo buddies. As Margie’s opinionated and xenophobic landlady, who claims to be her friend but will toss her out on a moment’s notice if the rent isn’t paid, Morgan is a standout.

Lindsay-Abaire grew up in South Boston, as is evident in the insightful compassion with which he’s drawn each of these characters and the familiar down-home dialogue that consistently rings true. The staging is spare and constrained by the limits of the venue, but director Christine Dunford oversees a quality ensemble in an excellent play that’s worth checking out.

**THE HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS**

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**BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN**

*In Good People, pitting “winners” against “losers” has real-life consequences*

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Adaptting Austen, Stillman and Beckinsale convince us that they're masters

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

I

n his archly empathetic comedies, Whit Stillman has long chronicled the uncertain ways in which young people of privilege launch themselves into worlds too in decline to offer them much. The debutante-ball life of Metropolitan or the nightclub and publishing circles of The Last Days of Disco are already dying before Stillman’s overeducated naifs even get to them. That surprising resonance comes from their striving — and from Stillman’s own. The world that the writer-director himself seized also is mostly gone. Who is left to finance the talky, highly literate upper-crust drawing-room elegance?

So, like many filmmakers, he’s gone genre — but in doing so he remains utterly true to himself. Better still, he exhibits new mastery. Love & Friendship is his adaptation of Lady Susan, an impressively biting work that Jane Austen never finished. With the plotting and epigrams in Austen’s hands, Stillman seems liberated as a craftsman. Never before has one of his films been so crisp, so tart, so laugh-out-loud funny.

The story centers on a figure more familiar from Whatarton than Austen: a brilliant, bewitching schemer (Kate Beckinsale) whose manipulation of a system in which she has little official power proves dazzling, even heroic. For all Lady Susan’s glittering lies, decorum prevails, as it does in Stillman and Austen, with conflicts hidden beneath the surface of polite society. But the film itself isn’t decadent in that Merchant-Ivory English-class way. Stillman lets Tom Bennett, as a doof of a leading man to restore some dim idea of the natural order.

Stillman’s first three movies famously fold together into something of a Stillmanverse, with the Barcelona and Metropolitan crews crashing into — and clattering — 1994’s The Last Days of Disco. In that film Sevigny and Beckinsale also played friends, of a sort, but in a milieu cluttering — 1994’s The Last Days of Disco. In that film Sevigny and Beckinsale also played friends, of a sort, but in a milieu that discourages them from a common cause. Beckinsale’s disco character shares some of Lady Susan’s haughty pitilessness and her joy in compelling others to give her her way, but this portrait is fantastic in ways that one wasn’t — here, you’ll cheer her cruelties rather than wince at them.

There are fascinating correspondences between the films, such as the suggestion that the clap, in Disco, functions something like the letters written and sent by the Love & Friendship set. The most revealing: Bottomed out deep into Last Days of Disco, Sevigny’s too nice for her era young woman laments, “I’m beginning to think that maybe the old system of people getting married based on mutual respect and shared aspirations and then slowly over time earning each other’s love and admiration worked best.”

MIGRANTS ADOPT NEW LIVES AND NEW SELVES IN THE UNSETTLING DHEEPAN

O

t much has been heard of Jacques Audiard’s Dheepan since it won the Palme d’Or at last year’s Cannes Film Festival. But going into this understated film cold isn’t a bad way to experience it; for it thrives on uncertainty.

In the opening scenes, a woman (Kalieaswari Srinivasan) desperately searches through a Tamil refugee camp in Sri Lanka, looking for an orphaned girl — any orphaned girl. Locating one such child (Claudine Vinasithamby), she whiskers her away to a small office, where the two of them join a man (Jesuthasan Antonythasan) and pose as his wife and daughter. The three of them don’t know one another but they’ve just been given passports belonging to a dead family, which will allow them to leave the war-torn country. Waiting for the boat, they discover they’re headed to France. The man’s name will be Dheepan, the woman’s name Yalini and the girl’s Illayaal. His real name is Sivadasan; we never learn the others’. And just like that, within a few minutes, they have their new identities and destination. Now they must pretend to know and love and care for one another in a foreign land where they don’t even speak the language. That sense of imbalance, the idea of the ground constantly shifting under these characters — and, by extension, the audience — plays to director Audiard’s strengths, to the emotional intimacy of his camera and the urgency with which he relays immediate experience. Audiard has the heart of a genre filmmaker, tempered with the eyes of a behavioralist. He gets in close to his characters — focusing on their faces, their hands, their feet — so that we feel every blow and quiver, every scream and whisper.

Love & Friendship could be a 100-minute dream sequence following that speech, a fantasy of a life where the rules are so clear, and the men so blindly certain of their dominance, that any savvy young woman with the advantages of breeding could shape it from precisely the life that she wants. Plus: the gowns! The estates! (Stillman undercuts the splendor of the latter by continually shooting through tight doorways and into corners, emphasizing a crampedness and lack of privacy.)

In a way, Stillman and Beckinsale both prove themselves Lady Susans. He has discussed his years of relative “unemployment,” and she continually gets stuck in VOD indies and go-nowhere action roles. Like their heroine, they’re now both marching through their small world, demonstrating that nobody’s better or smarter or going to hold them back.

DHEEPAN | Directed by Jacques Audiard | Written by Audiard, Thomas Bidegain and Noé Debré | Sundance Selects | Royal Attractions | ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark

PHOTO BY PAUL ARNAUD

PHOTO BY ROSS MCDONNELL

PHOTO BY BILGE EBIRI

PHOTO BY BILGE EBIRI
“FLAT-OUT HILARIOUS. Jane Austen has never been funnier.”

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Brilliant... pure pleasure. Kate Beckinsale’s comic timing is impeccable.”

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LOVE & FRIENDSHIP

BELLADONNA OF SADNESS (KANASHIMI)

NO BERADONA!

What’s the best way to watch Japanese animated porn? Belladonna of Sadness (1973), a beautiful and upsetting fantasy about a medieval peasant who reluctantly screws the Devil in exchange for supernatural powers? You may want to get lost in the filmmakers’ elegant hand-painted drawings. A soft color palette of burnt oranges and dusky purples enhances the feather-delicate brushstrokes in illustrations that suggest acknowledged influences like Aubrey Beardsley’s Art Nouveau drawings and Gustav Klimt’s Golden Phase paintings. But you can’t easily ignore the filmmakers’ cavalier attitude toward rape. Jeanne’s (Aiko Nagayama) frequent violation by the Devil (Tatsuya Nakadai) is initially presented as a blood-red puddle of shape-shifting curves and orifices — depends on whether you choose to see Jeanne as a victim or something. What you get out of these violent sex scenes — such as when Jeanne’s body is briefly turned into a blood-red puddle of shape-shifting curves and orifices — depends on whether you choose to see Jeanne as a victim or something. What you get out of these violent sex scenes — such as when Jeanne’s body is briefly turned into a blood-red puddle of shape-shifting curves and orifices — depends on whether you choose to see Jeanne as a victim or something.

More Sissy Spacek in Badlands than Linda Manz in Days of Heaven, Weisz’s Short-Sighted Woman (as the script names her) comments directly on the action but occasionally drifts off into digressions. Describing the two most terrible fates that can befall one in her unamed society — having “red intercourse” forced upon you in the woods, or being turned into the worst animal imaginable (we’re never told which) at the Hotel — she briefly tells us what’s really on her mind: “Oh God,” she says in utter monotone after mentioning the former punishment, “I am so afraid of it.”

That line is like a mini-revelation, a sudden injection of heartbroken pathos into a world where everyone’s been trained to fall in line. By holding so much back, Lanthimos and Efthimis Filippou | A24 ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark

BY MICHAEL NORDINE

E ven by the standards of Yorgos Lanthimos, The Lobster’s premise is a doozy: Colin Farrell plays a recently single schlub forced to report to the Hotel, where he has 45 days to form a romantic relationship lest he be turned into an animal of his choosing. This is the plight of all singletons in The Lobster’s world, as David’s dog, once his brother, would tell you if he were still capable of speech.

“Lobsters can live for over 100 years, are blue-blooded like aristocrats and stay fertile all their lives,” is David’s answer when asked why he’s opted for the crustacean in question. He’s commended for his decision by the Hotel Manager (Olivia Colman). Most people pick dogs, she explains, which is why there are so many; endangered species.

“Lobsters are a match made in heaven!”

“The Lobster is Lanthimos’ first English-language film — Kinetta, Dogtooth and Alps were all in his native Greek — but no aspect of his sensibility has been lost in translation. Rather, everything that made his prior works so distinctive and alarmingly entertaining is even more fully realized here: This isn’t a sterile dystopia à la The Giver but the clearest expression yet of the ascending filmmaker’s outré worldview.

Everyone David encounters at the Hotel is so concerned with not ending up as a parrot that they miss a larger point only he seems to grasp: Ending up alone would be just as bad.

He eventually makes it to a nearby forest controlled by a survivalist group whose rules are the opposite of the Hotel’s: no sex, no romance, no flirting. “We all dance by ourselves,” the Loner Leader (Léa Seydoux) explains to him. “That’s why we only play electronic music."

This is a world of extremes, so of course Lanthimos’ lead would prefer to reside somewhere in the middle.

The writer-director is in worldbuilding mode throughout. The Lobster is consistent enough with its own twisted logic that it suggests the kind of three-dimensional fictional world most franchises fail to develop, even as some of its larger questions
A HOLY EWAN MCGREGOR WANDERS THROUGH A DESERT OF THE MIND

Rodrigo García’s sober parable Last Days in the Desert is familiar and strange in the way of Bible stories but not of contemporary faith-based filmmaking, which eschews mystery for homily. The story, a consistent surprise, becomes domestic apocrypha after opening with Jesus (Ewan McGregor) — known here as “Holy Man,” “rabbi” and “Yeshua” — wandering sun-blasted vistas en route to Jerusalem. He’s dogged by a vengeful demon who also is him, and he can’t resist attempting to solve the problems of the people he meets while simultaneously attempting to hold back the secret of who he is — in outline, it suggests the old Incredible Hulk TV show.

After a cracking montage-tour of cliffs and crevasses, our wanderer encounters a troubled family: A mother (Ayelet Zurer) lies dying in a tent, a stone-cutter father (Ciarán Hinds) toils at building a structure and their son (Tye Sheridan) craf ts riddles and dreams of lighting out for Jerusalem. In hushed consultations they each divulge secrets to their guest, who sticks around, helping out in the way that seems best to him: via his carpentry skills.

García offers a puzzle and challenge, both for his Christ and for audiences who care enough to engage: Can this Jesus perform miracles? Why does he set himself the task of unknitting this family’s tangled relations? McGregor is actor enough to make all the open-to-interpretation interior drama compelling.

Emmanuel Lubezki, the director of photography, makes the Southern California desert a stark marvel, a pitiless danger and an unsettling purgatorial headspace. It’s always gorgeous and mysterious — and always waiting for you to make it flower with meaning. —Alan Scherstuhl

LAST DAYS IN THE DESERT | Written and directed by Rodrigo García | Broad Green Pictures

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MARCELINA Durga, The New York Times

A GRAND-SCALE MELODRAMA COMPRESSED INTO THE QUIETLY BURNING POINT OF A SINGLE SOUL.

“SUPERB, SENSUAL AND GLOWINGLY LYRICAL.”

“SUPERB, SENSUAL AND GLOWINGLY LYRICAL.”

FROM ACCLAIMED DIRECTOR TERENCE DAVIES

“FASCINATING FILLED WITH JAUNTY PLEASURES.”

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“SUPERB, SENSUAL AND GLOWINGLY LYRICAL.”

FROM ACCLAIMED DIRECTOR TERENCE DAVIES

“A DELICIOUS, SEXY THRILLER.”

“A STEAMY, SATISFYING KICKOFF TO THE SUMMER FILM SEASON.”

“THE QUIETLY BURNING POINT OF A SINGLE SOUL.”

“GARÇON, DE MEER, INACCUSABLE.”

“THE QUIETLY BURNING POINT OF A SINGLE SOUL.”

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of the character’s contradictions. This zealously lauded Catholic still sends Lena to parochial school, and while he may complain that his tenants take advantage of him, he’s more than willing to accept sex or drugs (director Bader plays a brilliantly loopy marijuana grower) in lieu of full payment. He could always hustle, but when the sadistic Dino (a terrifying Stivi Pasko) kidnaps Lena, Shrei goes full Noesen, methodically upping Dino’s capacity for criminality and violence. Cash Only features many familiar action-moving markers, but it’s distinguished by a raw energy and strong sense of place. Members of its Detroit crew worked on major studio projects lured by Michigan’s now-defunct film-incentive program (including Shrei, his co-producer Ele Bardha and cinematographer Christos Moïsides), and their project captures what outsiders miss: the tenacity of residents. Their Detroit is bleak and unforgiving, but also vividly and deftly alive. (Sarena Donohue)

THE CONGRESSMAN
Jared Martin and former New York congressman Robert J. Mrazek’s film has the trappings of another harmless, male-oriented, mid-life-crisis picture, including a widow whose sexual proclivities reawaken a fire in Maine congresswoman Charlie Winslow (Treat Williams), who has grown apathetic about his job yet still prioritizes it over his wife and friends. But in today’s political climate, it’s difficult to engender sympathy for a well-paid, elected figure who is no longer energized despite the obvious perks. Winship collects heaps of lobbyist money to fuel his campaign, but his chief of staff (Ryan Merriman) and a former congressman (George Hamilton) are secretly calling populist support against him, with plans to steal his seat and sign a controversial fishing-gounds bill. The aloof Winship retreats to the remote island town of Catatonia to investigate a lobster-fishing feud but ends up discovering a new lease on life. The vibrantly colored, inspirational sunsets off the coast of Monhegan Island are a lovely backdrop to the lengthy discussions about passion and commitment. Yet the calming beauty only adds to the soporific effect of the emotionally restrained performances. Despite featuring two lead actors from House of Cards (Elizabeth Marvel and Jayne Atkinson), The Congressman’s politics and morals are childishy simple, featuring arch villains sufferingouflloquent paratells and love stories that start abruptly and quickly fizzle. If not for the adult language and themes — including an ill-defined homo-sexual relationship — these simple lessons in grounding oneself would feel right at home in a family film. Still, at times it can be hard to resist its New England charms, as when fishermen pluck ruby-red lobsters from the sea. (Dan Gvozden)

THE CURSE OF SLEEPING BEAUTY
You might think you know how this goes: A handsome prince kisses Sleeping Beauty (aka Briar Rose), she wakes from her long, curse-induced slumber and they live happily ever after. Not so, says writer-director Peery Teo, whose uneven but potent reimaging of the Brothers Grimm fairy tale makes up in murderous demons what it lacks in swooning romance. Thomas Kaiser (Ethan Peck) has just inherited an isolated family estate, the same place he’s been seeing in his dreams, in which a beautiful young woman named Briar Rose (India Eisley) begs him to save her. With the help of a real estate agent (Natalie Hall) and a psychic (the ever-game, ever-great Bruce Davison), Thomas realizes that Briar Rose is real — 1,000 years old, but real — and hidden away (fast asleep) in a trap-filled underground chamber beneath the house. Too nearly drowns his film in ancient-tire exposition, but it’s hard not to root for a guy who places Sleeping Beauty inside a coffin cage more reminiscent of Frankenstein’s laboratory than anything out of Disney. The film hits its goofy groove in the home stretch, as Thomas and company run afoul of several Tales of the Crypt-esque demons, with a final twist the Grims wouldn’t have dared but might well appreciate. (Chuck Wilson)

DIVINE ACCESS
Since co-writer/ director Steven Chester Prince’s religious comedy-drama Divine Access isn’t exactly swimming in empathy, it’s a rich moment when Barbeau). Prince ramps up the moralizing of his refreshingly down-to-earth brand of spiritual counsel. The lone joke is that the key to Harriman’s salvation ultimately seems more convincing had Prince bothered to imagine how Harriman got to this broken state in the first place. Instead, Harriman’s eventual deliverance ultimately seems as pro forma as the secularist sarcasm of Divine Access’s first half. Prince’s sincere attempt to locate a faith that can poten-

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

An Elm Street Marathon and A Clockwork Orange
Friday, May 13

If you keep irregular hours and have an affinity for slash-stick flicks, there’s only one way to start your Friday the 13th: An All-Nighter on Elm Street. (A Friday the 13th marathon might have made more sense, but such is life.) The New Beverly screens all seven films in the original Freddy Krueger mythos. In addition to the likes of Freddy’s Revenge and New Nightmare projected in 35mm, the genre-intensive repertory theater promises bonus surprises for the brave dream warriors in attendance, New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Fri., May 13, 7:30 p.m.; $30, (323) 938-4038, thenewb eve.com.

UCLA is celebrating a very different cinematic movement, the Iranian New Wave. Tonight’s offering is The Cow, which many credit with ushering in the movement. Darush Mehrjui’s 1969 parable tells of a villager and his beloved bovine, which perishes without the man’s knowledge. Intending to keep it that way lest the man experience the kind of heartbreak that only the loss of an animal friend can induce, his well-intentioned neighbors exacerbate an already trying situation. Hamid Naficy will join A Social History of Iranian Cinema beginning at 8:30 p.m. UCLA’s Billy Wilder Theater, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Fri., May 13, 7:30 p.m.; $10, (310) 206-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.

Saw, Saturday, May 14
What would the teen movie be without Fast Times at Ridgemont High? Cinespia launches its summer season with an outdoor screening of Amy Heckerling’s high school classic based on Cameron Crowe’s book. If you’ve never seen Phoebe Cates emerge from that pool in slo-mo or experienced the acting magic that is Sean Penn as Spicoli, some might go so far as to call you clueless. The screening will be both preceded and followed by a DJ set, beer and wine are permitted and there’s even a free photo booth. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., May 14, 8:30 p.m.; $16, (323) 221-3343, cinespia.org.

Monday, May 16
A bit of the old ultraviolence at ArcLight Hollywood, where you’re invited to pry your eyes open for every single minute of A Clockwork Orange. Stanley Kubrick’s most outwardly disturbing film, it follows a gang of wayward youths led by Malcolm McDowell as they waylay a Chinese Bookie (aka Briar Rose), she wakes from her long, curse-induced slumber and they live happily ever after. Not so, says writer-director Peery Teo, whose uneven but potent reimaging of the Brothers Grimm fairy tale makes up in murderous demons what it lacks in swooning romance. Thomas Kaiser (Ethan Peck) has just inherited an isolated family estate, the same place he’s been seeing in his dreams, in which a beautiful young woman named Briar Rose (India Eisley) begs him to save her. With the help of a real estate agent (Natalie Hall) and a psychic (the ever-game, ever-great Bruce Davison), Thomas realizes that Briar Rose is real — 1,000 years old, but real — and hidden away (fast asleep) in a trap-filled underground chamber beneath the house. Too nearly drowns his film in ancient-tire exposition, but it’s hard not to root for a guy who places Sleeping Beauty inside a coffin cage more reminiscent of Frankenstein’s laboratory than anything out of Disney. The film hits its goofy groove in the home stretch, as Thomas and company run afoul of several Tales of the Crypt-esque demons, with a final twist the Grims wouldn’t have dared but might well appreciate. (Chuck Wilson)

THE KILLING OF A CHINESE BOOKIE
Tuesday, May 17
Experience a midcentury classic at midnight courtesy of LACMA with A Place in the Sun, perhaps the saddest of the neo-noirs. George Stevens’ film stars Montgomery Clift as a poor young man whose ambition and romantic nature lead him down a tragic path involving Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters. The film won six Oscars (including Best Director for Stevens) plus the first-ever Golden Globe for Best Picture, and was hailed by no less an authority than Charlie Chaplin as “the greatest movie ever made about America.” LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., May 17, 1 p.m.; $5, (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

Laemmle’s Anniversary Classics presents The Seven-Per-Cent Solution in honor of the film’s 40th anniversary. Herbert Ross’ adaptation of Nicholas Meyer’s best-selling novel finds Sigmund Freud (Alan Arkin) and a cocaine-ad-dicted Sherlock Holmes (Nicol Williamson) in team-building mode as they join up to solve a most puzzling crime in turn-of-the-century Vienna. L.A. Film Critics Association president Stephen Farber will moderate a Q&A with Meyer (who adapted his book for the screen), Laemmle’s Royal Theatre, 11523 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica; Tue., May 17, 7 p.m.; $13, (310) 478-3836, laemmle.com.

Thursday, May 19
A series of costly misfires ensured that the New Hollywood era will never return, but at its peak the director-driven studio system was releasing future classics at an astounding rate. The Egyptian zeros in on highlights from 1976, Martin Scorsese’s Taxi Driver and John Cassavetes’ The Killing of a Chinese Bookie. Among the auteurs’ darkest and most rewarding efforts, the feverishly stylized crime dramas complement one another well. Scorsese tracks a slow descent into unhindered madness, while Cassavetes focuses on a more premeditated crime — the eponymous murder is no accident. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.; Thu., May 19, 7:30 p.m.; $11, (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com. — Michael Nordine
Eva Hesse surveys the life of the paradigmatic post-Minimalist sculptor largely through giving voice to Hesse’s diary entries. But it relies too heavily on ventriloquism to recapitulate the high and low points of the artist, who was 34 when she died of a brain tumor in May 1970: First-time filmmaker Begleiter enlists Selma Blair to read from Hesse’s diaries and correspondence. The actress’s delivery — too soft and too theatrical — banalizes a pioneering figure who, per Whitney curator Elisabeth Sussman, set out “to make an art on the borderline of uncontrollability.” Sussman is one of several talking, mostly graying heads assembled to expound further on the significance of Hesse’s use of latex, fiberglas and other industrial materials in her sculptures, which broke away from minimalism’s hard edges and rigid grids. Their words add welcome gravitas, counteracting to some extent the vastness of the landscape, Davies shot under the gun in a field of wheat in the Mearns of northeast Scotland, settling on an obscured, reeling figure; Chris sits up, all of her lanky body now legible, though still dwarfed by the amber waves of grain. (To reinforce the vastness of the landscape, Davies shot all exterior scenes on 65mm.)

Chris, one of the oldest in an ever-expanding brood of siblings, is the darling of her tyrannical father, John (Peter Mullan). But after John suffers a stroke and Chris is left to care for him, she too must fend off his maltreatment. Eventually freed from him and all other family ties, the stalwart young woman finds love in the charming farmhand (Kevin Guthrie). The actors generate tremendous electricity, and Davies’ mastery of his medium, amply evident in his signature sinuous camerawork and exacting attention to lighting and sound design, suffuses the film. —Melissa Anderson

Kill Zone 2

EXCLUSIVE ONE-WEEK ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY, MAY 13

BEVERLY HILLS LAEMMLE’S MUSIC HALL

Daily: 12:00, 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 10:00
Ferris Bueller's Day Off (1986) presented by

Captain America: Civil War in Disney Digital 3D

Neighbors 2: Sorority Rising

SHOWTIMES

Schedules are subject to change; please call ahead.


8:05, 10:35 p.m.; Mon., 10:35 a.m., 3:40, 8:20, 10:10 p.m.; Tues., 10:25 a.m., 3:50, 7:25, 10:40 p.m.; Wed., 10:35 a.m., 3:40, 8, 11:50 p.m.

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The Angy Birds Movie 3D Thu., 7:30 p.m.

A Story Worth Telling Turn, 7:30 p.m.

The Abolitionists Mon., 7:30 p.m.

The Darkness Fri., 12:30, 5:40, 8:45, 10:40 p.m.

Money Monster Fri.-Sat., 13:50, 1:45, 7:45, 10:35 p.m.; Sun., 13:50, 1:45, 7:45, 10:35 p.m.

Captain America: Civil War Fri., 11:50 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:10, 10:50, Mon., 11:50 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:10

MOTHER'S DAY

Forgiveness: A Time to Love and A Time to Hate

Most Likely to Die


Princess: The Next Cut Fri., 6:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.; Mon., 6:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.

Barbershop: The Next Cut Fri., 6:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.; Mon., 6:20, 8, 10:40 p.m.
Captain America: Civil War
Money Monster
The Nice Guys
The Man Who Knew Infinity
LANDMARK’S REGENT
Blade Runner: The Final Cut
LANDMARK’S NUART THEATER
Rabin in his Own Words
Dheepan
Zootopia
The Jungle Book
The Jungle Book in Disney Digital 3D
The Huntsman: Winter’s War
Mother’s Day
Keanu
Captain America: Civil War An IMAX 3D
Money Monster
Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5581
WESTWOOD, WEST L.A.
9:30 p.m.
7:45, 10:50 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:25, 7:05, 9:30 p.m.
3:20, 4:50, 5:40, 7:15, 8, 9:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:10, 1, 2:30, 3:20, 4:50, 5:40, 7:15, 8, 9:30, 10:05 p.m.
7:30, 9:50 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:20, 2:40, 5:05, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.
4:40, 5:40, 6:30, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 p.m.; Sat., 9:45, 11:10 a.m., 12:25, 2:05, 3:05, 4:40, 5:40, 6:30, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 p.m.
2:35, 5:20, 7:55, 10:35 p.m.; Sun., 11:50 a.m., 2:35, 5:20, 7:55, 10:35 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 11:35 a.m., 2:10, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45 p.m.
Fri., 10:20 a.m., 12:50 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1:30, 4:00 p.m.
5:15, 7:45, 10 p.m.; Wed., 11, 11:20 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 10 p.m.
Fri., 9:45, 11:25 a.m., 12:25, 2:05, 3:05, 4:40, 5:40, 6:30, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15 p.m.
4:25, 5, 7:15, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Mon., 11, 11:20 a.m., 1:45, 2:10, 4:30, 7:15, 10 p.m.; Tues., 11, 11:20 a.m., 1:45, 2:10, 4:30, 7:15, 10 p.m.
7, 9:30 p.m.
Fri.-Sun., 10 a.m., 12:40, 2:30, 5, 8:15, 9, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 11 a.m., 12 noon, 1:30, 2:30, 4, 5, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 10:15 p.m.
10850 W. Pico Blvd. (310) 470-0492; No
11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5581

enn and convenient coincidences rack up in director Pou-Sai Cheung’s sleekly choreographed thriller, which is dizzyly entertaining when the knives, bullets and feet are flying, and sometimes painfully mechanical during the interim exposition. All will be forgiven and forgotten if they ever make another sequel to The Raid. (Aaron Hills)

QUEEN MIMI Yaniv Rokah was working as a barista in Santa Monica when in walked Marie “Mimi” Raimi: “88 years young,” homeless and locally beloved. Small kindnesses—from friends, customers and the owner of the laundromat where she’s worked and slept for decades—form a makeshift safety net for Mimi, who charms everyone with her toughness and unflappable ease. Rokah calls the events of Queen Mimi a “journey”; his documentary mostly drifts. With its carefully edited interviews, montage and voice-over, this low-budget production cheerfully shows its seams but doesn’t pin up the thread of narrative purpose. It sketches Mimi’s biography, from childhood to unhappy marriage to life on the streets; mental illness, alcoholism and family fallouts are hinted at but never confirmed. Because the filmmakers stumbled onto a surprise—that Mimi has a daughter with whom she’s intermittently in touch—their investigation leaves frustrating gaps. It’s one thing to deny us definitive touch—Mimi herself is a composite, not the film’s protagonist, and it’s not clear how much of her story should be known to others. This may come from reluctance to push his subject too far. Mimi refuses to dwell on past hardships; her present is rich. She brings out a touch, bemused affection in others, from her co-workers to Zach Galifianakis. Too cute by far, Queen Mimi doesn’t fail too far into infantilizing condescension toward the elderly. Its best scenes simply watch Mimi move through the world, doing the laundromat aisle or mingling at The Hangover 3 premiere. No need to push some life lesson: Just follow her onto the red carpet and watch her conquer. (Sophia Nguyen)

SERIAL KILLER 1 What could be a workman-like French true-crime thriller becomes something more compelling by virtue of a clever structure: French true-crime thriller Serial Killer 1 jumps back and forth in time as it explores a series of rapes and murders of young women in the late ‘80s through the ‘90s, moving from scenes of the homicide squad agonizing over the case to the trial of the murderer. The film opens at the trial, placing viewers agonizing over the case to the trial of the murderer. The film opens at the trial, placing viewers

WHAT WE BECOME (SORGENFRI) Stop me if you’ve heard this before. There’s an infection, and the government sets up a quarantine zone. Residents are told to stay inside their houses, but at night soldiers entrapped them from the outside, strangling or in body bags. People get sick, die, then rise again to claw and bite and rend. In our zombie-glutted media landscape, this is familiar territory; we know what’s coming, pretty much much beat for beat. Bo Mikkelsen’s The Last of Us is less about the apocalypse, more about a family, and the grief and loss that comes with it. In this space, even the best long shots, the Copenhagen neighborhood of Sorgenfri, doesn’t help it stand apart (although the Danish setting probably accounts for the civilians having only one gun among them, unlike the characters in most American-made entertainment, zombie-related or otherwise). There are some highlights, including a darkly comic scene involving a pet rabbit. The benefit, the film is absolutely spartan in its distribution of the zombies themselves, holding them back longer than seems possible, until the scene suddenly bursts with them. Undead fare has to break new ground to stand out from the ravens of the zombie movie. What We Become never attempts. What might have been the best zombie movie of 2004 can’t help looking a little sickly in 2016. (Rob Staeger)
Spanish rock god Enrique Bunbury enjoys his semi-anonymous life in Los Angeles — but his U.S. audience is growing fast

BY SARAH BENNETT

or Enrique Bunbury, life is often as simple as a coin toss. That’s how the 49-year-old rock en español icon decided to move six years ago to L.A., a city that he says has allowed him to lead a normal life — away from the inescapable fame he has in Mexico, South America and his native Spain.

Because while nobody on the patio at Bricks & Scones on Larchmont recognizes the well-preserved Jim Morrison look-alike wearing black denim and sipping cups of herbal tea, there are millions of Latinos around the world who would.

They’ve diligently followed the singer-guitarist for the last 30 years, from the day he signed his first record contract with seminal Spanish rock band Heroes del Silencio through his prolific solo career, which started with 1997’s experimental electronic album Radical Sonora and continues with his most recent release, a long-awaited MTV Unplugged set.

Despite the fact that many fans long for the days before Heroes del Silencio separated, when his sound was more straightforward hard rock, Bunbury continues to fill stadiums from Bogotá to Buenos Aires and Mexico City to Madrid. He puts on a theatrical live show, playing songs from his eight studio albums, each one divergent from the last.

But in L.A., he’s “a kitchen celebrity,” as he calls it — a reference to our city’s predominantly Latino restaurant staffs.

“I’m famous in the kitchens.,” Bunbury’s cult-like following is more than just a testament to his distinctive deep, brooding vocals and intense, virtuosic guitar solos. Unlike most artists from rock en español’s late-’80s golden years, Bunbury doesn’t just relax and play the hits. In fact, he’s rejected the offer to do so multiple times, except for one six-show reunion tour Heroes did in 2007, which sold out.

In May of that year, he celebrated Heroes’ 25th anniversary with a one-night-only American date at the Home Depot Center (now StubHub Center) in Carson.

Even his MTV Unplugged album (subtitled El Libro de las Mutaciones, or The Book of Mutations) isn’t so much an acoustic greatest-hits record as it is a reimagining of old songs, including some from the Heroes del Silencio catalog, that weren’t originally popular but that he felt deserved better recognition. With cameos from ranchero singer Pepe Aguilar and the frontman of contemporary Latin-rock band Zoe, the collection features snippets from Bunbury’s last three decades, updated with arrangements and new instrumentation that align with his current creative process.

“I’ve never been very enthusiastic about the idea of looking back and doing a review of my career,” he says. “I have to have a personal reason to do things, one that’s emotional and artistic and interesting for me.”

Like his idol David Bowie, Bunbury says he’s not content with what he’s done before. He’s always evolving, reinventing himself with each record and, in the rare moments when he’s not touring, living like a nomad by exploring new locales, absorbing inspiration in each place. He’s lived in Cuba and backpacked through Asia and Africa. He wrote an entire album while traveling through Nicaragua and Peru.

With his instantly recognizable voice, mess of global influences and successful solo ride, it’s easy to think of him as a rockero amagalom of Morrissey, Manu Chao and Sting. But really, he’s just Bunbury.

“Yes, I’m a rock musician, but I’m a rock musician that listens to other music,” he says. “My fans sometimes tell me I’m not a real rock musician, and that’s something that I don’t really care about, because just listening to rock music is such a narrow view of music and of the world. I think music is a beautiful expression of human beings, and to lose the big picture and just take that small part is not for me.”

Bunbury’s quest for eclecticism has taken him to parts of the world where rock en español doesn’t sell out stadiums — or even nightclubs. He’s booked shows in Japan and played Finland and Poland multiple times. In 2010, he launched a 30-city bus tour across the United States, a country where he had previously played only midsized discotecas in select, heavily Latino markets. The tour was documented in the new film El Camino Más Largo, and shows him playing shows for a few thousand fans in Detroit as well as a few hundred in Salt Lake City.

He easily could have done his usual arena tour in South America and made more than enough money to get him through the year, but Bunbury says it was worth it for him to go city to city in the United States, playing for a growing Hispanic market that increasingly lives outside of traditional Latino hubs.

“I love to go to places where I don’t know what is going to happen,” he says. “It’s not important how many people are coming. The important thing is to go there and to start a relationship with the audience. Life is not only to get things. It’s to live things.”

The 2010 tour paid off not just for Bunbury but for rock en español as a whole. It set a precedent for his contemporaries who want to play more shows in the United States by proving that there are now Latin audiences everywhere who will come out in support. Thanks in part to the more recent involvement of companies such as Live Nation and AEG, which now book him and other rock en español artists at traditionally Anglo venues, Bunbury has been noticing a gradual change.

Now, instead of only the five major markets (San Francisco, L.A., Miami, New York and Chicago), a U.S. tour can include several dozen shows, in previously untapped cities such as D.C. and Denver. Much of the new audience in these markets is younger and bilingual, reflecting a cross-cultural identity that blends deep Latin pride with American comforts. It can be seen reflected in everything from modern Mexican cuisine to this year’s Rock Fiesta, a Coachella-like music festival in Arizona that exclusively featured Latin rock bands.

“I think there’s a new generation [of Latinos] who are embracing both,” Bunbury says. “They love their roots but they go to high school here and they have American tastes. They enjoy both things, and I think that’s great. It’s a revival but it’s also a consolidation of both worlds at the same time.”

To see this in action, look no further than his adopted hometown. When Bunbury first started playing in L.A. about 20 years ago, he says, a typical concert was held at a Latin nightclub, where the DJ would stop just long enough for Bunbury’s band to chug out a few songs before the dance music returned. A few years ago, however, he filled the Greek Theater. He’ll play at the Hollywood Palladium on May 19.

For a nomadic rock star from Spain, living in any place for longer than a few years is suspect. But after six years in L.A., a perch from which he can continue to build an American audience for rock en español, he doesn’t plan to leave anytime soon.

“I love this city. For a European, you always think about the U.S. as having a very narrow-minded mentality, and then you come here and it’s different,” he says. “You can do whatever you want. You can be as freaky as you want and you’re going to find some other freaks who are freakier than you.”
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BOYZ II MEN
THE GREEK THEATRE – JULY 8

BOSTON
THE GREEK THEATRE – JULY 14

DURAN DURAN
IRVINE MEADOWS AMPHITHEATRE – JULY 30

SNOOP DOGG
WIZ KHALIFA
IRVINE MEADOWS AMPHITHEATRE – AUG 25

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THE RITUAL OF RETURNING

I am sitting on the front porch of Dischord House in Arlington, Virginia. This humble abode has been the offices of the mighty Dischord label for well over 30 years. I started visiting here two months after it opened. Later this evening, I'll be at the Lincoln Theater for the premiere of Live at 9:30, which will air soon on PBS.

When I left this area in 1981 for Los Angeles, I made quite the quick exit. Ian took all my records out of my newly vacated portion of an apartment I shared and brought them back to Dischord. When I would pass through town on tour, or if I got some downtime, I would come here, visit my records and make cassettes of as many of them as I could.

When I had a chance to sit in front of the small bookshelf that held my meager stash of vinyl and listen to anything I wanted, it was time out of time. In June 1983, I had a break from band work. I flew to D.C., went to Dischord and pulled a few all-nighters, just listening to music. I was trying to absorb as much of it as I could before I went back out into the trenches.

I have always been fascinated not only by seeing interesting places but also by returning to them. There is something down-to-the-narrow deep about coming back to certain locations again and again. It often evokes a great solemnity and ancestral magnetism, self-invented though it may be.

Most of the spots I return to are tied to music. Two nights ago, I stared up into the window of my old apartment on Tunlaw Road at 9:30, after it opened. Later this evening, I'll be at the Greek Theater for Iggy's L.A. appearance. This particular lineup, featuring members of Queens of the Stone Age and Arctic Monkeys, isn't going to be doing a lot of shows, so this tour will be one of the hotter tickets in 2016.

As far as I could see, there wasn’t an empty seat in the house. When the band hit the stage, everyone was on their feet. Good grief, what a band. Joshua Homme and company were just amazing. They brought out the best in Iggy — whose voice, at 69 years, is still massive.

Part of the show, days later, still makes me pause. The band played “Paraguay” from Iggy's new album, Post Pop Depression. It’s a standout track, where Iggy seems to be on his way out of the building: “I'm goin' where /Iggy's new album, . It's a standout track, where Iggy

Henry Rollins
The Column!

THIS IS WHY I TRY TO SEE IGGY POP PLAY AS OFTEN AS I CAN.

at Dischord I have tagged, so I can always be sure of its provenance.

Down the road from Dischord is Don Zientara’s Inner Ear Studio. At this point, probably only Don knows how many hundreds of bands have worked there. Don’s previous incarnation of Inner Ear was at his house. The bass cabinet would sometimes be in the living room, the rest of the band in the basement. It’s not only where a lot of the early Dischord records were made but also where Bad Brains recorded their August 1982 demos that eventually became the Black Dots album. H.R., the band’s vocalist, sang in the backyard. On the record you can hear Don’s kids playing in the background, tripping on H.R.

No sooner did I write about Mr. Z than I find out that he’s on his way here with three musicians from Argentina, who want to meet Ian. That’s how it is at Dischord; someone is always coming and going. Joe from Fugazi just left.

Sometimes the place I try to return to isn’t a place; it’s a person. I want to be in the same location with them and burn time. There are some people you just want in your life. This is why I try to see Iggy Pop play as often as I can.

Hours before I got on a plane to come here, I was at the Greek Theatre for Iggy’s L.A. appearance. This particular lineup, featuring members of Queens of the Stone Age and Arctic Monkeys, isn’t going to be doing a lot of shows, so this tour will be one of the hotter tickets in 2016.
STRUGGLING WITH A NEAR-FATAL CASE OF DIABETES AND MOUNTING MEDICAL BILLS, RAPPER AND RADIO HOST 2MEX TRIES TO STAY POSITIVE

BY JEFF WEISS

When reached by phone, the first words out of 2Mex's mouth are, “I’m gonna come back from this.” Then he quickly adds, “This shit is crazy.”

The underground hip-hop cult hero and KDAY radio host speaks from a hospital bed in San Bernardino, where he’s spent the last two weeks recovering from a near-fatal bout with diabetes. The medical staff says it’s a minor miracle that he’s alive, let alone without brain damage. Unfortunately, doctors couldn’t save his leg, amputating it just below the knee.

“I’ve got a crazy headache and leg pain, but I’ve already been doing light physical therapy,” says 2Mex, born Alejandro “Alex” Ocana Jr. “I’ll survive it. It’s gotten much better.”

Over the last two decades, few local artists have earned more love and respect than 2Mex. The Project Blowed veteran and co-founder of The Visionaries has collaborated with Busdriver, Murs and Nobody, released an album on Sage Francis’ Strange Famous imprint, and even been shouted out by Snoop Dogg on the song “My Peoples.”

So when the news broke about his condition, outpourings of support flooded social media. Within days, a GoFundMe campaign raised nearly $30,000. Friends and family are hoping for $120,000 to cover Ocana’s medical costs for the next few years — including hospital care, physical therapy and a prosthetic limb, which can run from $7,000 to $40,000.

At the time he checked into St. Bernardine Hospital, Ocana numbered among the estimated 1.5 million L.A. County residents without health insurance. “I hadn’t had any health problems prior, but that’s no excuse. I should’ve been more conscious,” he says.

One morning late last month, the latent affliction became critical. The 43-year-old woke up with crippling pain and a foot swollen to the size of a football. He took anti-inflammatory pills until the condition became dire. His sister rushed him to the hospital, where doctors performed emergency surgery and saved his life.

“Before the amputation, the pain was so crazy that it felt like my spirit was leaving me,” Ocana says. “It was something dark … like I was trapped in the 1800s before modern medicine. I got to a place where I’d close my eyes and see souls looking at me, melting away.”

It’s difficult not to imagine Ocana channeling the intensity of his visions into his music, which has always been visceral and uncompromising. A 2Mex song can be gothic or political, sarcastic or sincere. He says that the first song he writes will be called “The Real Life of Pablo” — an apology dedicated to a diabetic friend whom he used to jokingly call lazy.

“All those years, I didn’t understand the diabetic condition, but now it’s been thrust upon me,” Ocana says.

For the moment, he continues his hospital recovery, which will be followed by a stint in a rehab facility. The goal is to be up and walking with a prosthetic leg in six months. Once his health has stabilized, Ocana plans to return to his music, podcast and 2Mex Hologram radio show. He also wants to help educate others about diabetes — a minor hip-hop plague that also has affected Ghostface Killah, Boosie and the late Phife Dawg.

“People like myself have heard about diabetes over and over, but we still ignored it,” Ocana says. “We need to hit the youth on some scared-straight shit. It’s no joke. Since this incident, I’ve heard nothing but stories from fans about them losing their dad, their mom losing a leg. If I can help a single person avoid having to go through this, I’m down.”

You can donate to 2Mex’s GoFundMe at gofundme.com/2mexla.

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
Charles Bradley & His Extraordinares
@ THEATRE AT ACE HOTEL
Tues 5.17
Tough times? Call a soul man to shout it out on your behalf, purge the pain in the pouring rain. That’s what our iconic big men did for us, people like James Brown, Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett, and that’s what Charles Bradley does, too. It’s that authenticity thing — you trust these guys know whereof they speak when they detail the trials and tribulations of a man who is, after all, merely a man trying to stay alive. Brooklyn-based Bradley has battled poverty, homelessness, near-death and, worst of all, foolishly losing the one good woman who ever really cared for him. Hear him and his utterly smoking band address all this and more in their perfect take on Black Sabbath’s “Changes,” from Bradley’s recent album of the same name on Dunham/Daptone Records. —John Payne

John Prine, Jason Isbell, Amanda Shires
@ GREEK THEATRE
Turkuaz w/ The Nth Power
Sat 6.11
Veteran folk-country troubadour John Prine leads a night of musical storytelling that includes the down-home pairing of Jason Isbell and his singer-violinist wife, Amanda Shires. Prine’s voice is huskier these days after surviving two battles with cancer over the past 18 years, and he hasn’t released much new, original material since his 2005 album, *Fair & Square*. But the Illinois native and former mailman already has a lifetime’s worth of low-key ballads that chart the often-overlooked concerns of blue-collar lovers in small-town America. Prine’s acolyte and fellow Nashville resident Isbell has a stronger, clearer voice as he tries to reconcile the conflicting compulsions of work, faith and love on his fifth studio album, *Something More Than Free*, which is leavened with Shires’ empathetic harmonies and eloquently restrained streaks of violin. —Falling James

Metal Alliance Tour with Dying Fetus
@ THE GLASS HOUSE
Fri 6.24
Defying their nauseatingly insensitive name, Dying Fetus have survived (albeit through myriad lineup changes) to celebrate their 25th anniversary. This year’s lineup (Chad Poland: guitar; Ben Lieuen: vocals; Joe Targett: drums; Josh Clement: bass) is no less formidable than its 1992-1997 prime, when the Rochester, New York quartet pioneered the purely death-oriented sound that has now become the default aesthetic of power metal. —John Payne

KISS-FM’s Wango Tango
@ STUBHUB CENTER
Sat 5.14
This year’s Wango Tango is a candy shop filled with so many sweet confections that it could cause a serious sugar rush. Apart from Joe Jonas, who’s attempting to leave behind his puppy-dog image with DNCE, and the earnest if sleepy “PillowTalk” of former One Direction singer Zayn Malik, the lineup is dominated by charismatic female vocalists. Meghan Trainor has quickly evolved from her bubbly, bass-loving bounce into a coolly savvy assurance; Demi Lovato continues to rise above her child-star past with newfound soul power. Iggy Azalea will be full of her usual braggadocio, and Gwen Stefani is endearingly persuasive on her new track “Make Me Like You.” Ariana Grande’s powerhouse vocals continue to mature on her aptly titled new album, *Dangerous Woman*. —Falling James

Richard Thompson
@ TERRAGRAM BALLROOM
Sun 5.15
When it comes to flashy stage style and boatloads of jaw-dropping guitar pyrotechnics, well, legendary English troubadour Richard Thompson surely lacks both. Which is a compliment of the highest order. The former Fairport Convention singer/songwriter prefers to make his mark with craftmanship, literary and wonderfully character-driven songs graced with subtly extraordinary, nuanced guitar wizardry, a refreshingly un-ego-driven and intelligent approach that offers the careful listener many hours of happy digging below the surface. Thompson, by the way, can modestly boast among his many awards an OBE (Order of the British Empire), personally bestowed upon his worthy self by Queen Liz at Buckingham Palace. His excellent recent CD, *Still*, was produced by Wilco’s Jeff Tweedy. Tonight’s show features two sets: one solo acoustic, and one with his electric trio. —John Payne
THU. MAY 12
SOUNDPieces THURSDAYS
FT. TRuTH & THELEM

THU. MAY 12
KRAFTED PRESENTS
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THU. MAY 12
Los GLOBOS LOCALS

THU. MAY 12
BANJEE BALL

FRI. MAY 13
RHONDAVOUS
W/ KERRI CHANDLER, FELIX DA HOUSECAT & DJDS

FRI. MAY 13
COURteous FAMILY
W/ DJ MEZCAL & CRANEUM

FRI. MAY 13
BANJEE BALL

SAT. MAY 14
JAI HO! BOLLYWOOD
EDM DANCE PARTY

SAT. MAY 14
JAI HO! BOLLYWOOD
EDM DANCE PARTY

SAT. MAY 14
UNA NOCHE EN LA
W/ FUSION Vibe, RADIO VIB & LOS BANDIDOS

SAT. MAY 14
TENISON PRESENTS
AMDuSCiA, A7iE & MORE

SUN. MAY 15
REMEMBER
W/ MARQUES WHITT & STEVE LORIA

SUN. MAY 15
CLUB 90S

FRI. MAY 20
XIBALBA & GODSHATE
W/ HEROPHANT, GAMACHARA & LOCKED UP

FRI. MAY 20
NObUNNY
W/ WORMGED LION & DANTE ELEPHANTE

FRI. MAY 20
THE MOTH
STORIES TOLD

COMING SOON:
5/19 PLUGGED IN
5/19 PREDIATAH, SEVEN, SKITZ BEATZ
5/21 XCELERATED FT. JAYLINE, HEDex, BLACKLEY / WRECKIGHTION 19-YEAR / 3 ROOMS
5/21 KLuB LA - LBC PRIDE
5/22 FATHER
5/27 ESPLENDID GEOMETRiCO
5/27 108
5/29 BLACKLISTED
5/29 GIRLS NIGHT OUT THE SHOW
5/29 KINGDOM
6/3 KLuB LA

6/8 GANGSTA BOO
6/12 INSPECTOR
6/18 LOS ANGELES PUNK INVASION 2X16 W/ CONFLICT, BLANKS 77, DEFIANCE, CHEAP SEX, CLIT45, TOTAL CHAOS
6/21 CURRENTS: CRUIS'N USA TOUR
6/23 SPECIAL DUTIES
7/2 KLuB LA - LA BLACK PROUD
7/8 TARRUS RILEY
7/9 THE DEFECTS
7/28 THE LIFE AND DEATH TOUR 2016 W/ TERROR, POWER TRIP, HARMS WAY

5/14 LOCAL BLISS
5/15 LATIN BASHMENT SUNDAY
5/15 TEENAGE WASTELAND
5/15 RADIO CANDELA
5/16 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
5/16 FREQUENCY PRESENTS: TESLATOMIK
5/19 WALSHY FIRE
5/19 ONE MORE PARTY IN L.A.
5/20 LOS SKANGELES FEST
5/20 OFFICIAL RECORD RELEASE PARTY FOR STARS AT NIGHT
5/20 TEEN PARTY
5/21 NEVER SLOW DOWN TOUR
5/21 CALENTURA
5/21 SHABABAAAA
5/22 CARIBBEAN INFUSION
5/22 JUST JENNY PRESENTS LOCAL CUTIES
5/25 RUMBLE FOR THE JUNGLE
5/26 YUNI ZOUMA
5/26 ANGELIC UPSTARTS
5/27 ANTI-MOWHERE LEAGUE
5/27 JUST JENNY PRESENTS LOCAL BAY
5/28 UNITED PUNK ALLIANCE PRESENTS: D.O.A & GUTTERMOUTH
5/28 GIRLS NIGHT OUT THE SHOW
5/29 LATIN BASHMENT SUNDAY

EVERY WEEK:
TUESDAYS - SUNDAYS
LOS GLOBOS LOCALS FOUNDATION REGGAE

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Sweet and Tender Hooligans with El Conjunto Nueva Ola
ON SALE NOW

Title Andronicus with La Sora
ON SALE NOW

Jim Norton
ON SALE NOW

The Jayhawks
ON SALE FRIDAY 5/13 @ 10AM

Honne
ON SALE FRIDAY 5/13 @ 10AM

Cornelius performing Fantasma
ON SALE FRIDAY 5/13 @ 10AM

US The Duo
ON SALE FRIDAY 5/13 @ 10AM

Zakk Wylde with Tyler Bryant and The Shakedown & Jared James Nichols
ON SALE FRIDAY 5/13 @ 10AM

Pet Shop Boys
ON SALE FRIDAY 5/13 @ 10AM

UPCOMING SHOWS

Pyres
5/20 = Fonda Theatre

Odisee
5/21 = El Rey

Frightened Rabbit
5/24 = Fonda Theatre

Breakbot Live
5/26 = El Rey (18+)

Buzzcocks
5/28 = The Mayan

Brett Dennen
5/27 = El Rey

Refused
5/27 = Fonda Theatre

The Official Keith Emerson TRIBUTE CONCERT
5/31 = Fonda Theatre

Sam Beam & Jesca Hoop
5/31 = Fonda Theatre

Yeasayer
6/1 = Fonda Theatre

Joywave
6/2 = El Rey

Baroness
6/3 = Fonda Theatre

Digitalism Live
6/5 = El Rey

Cyanide
6/4 = Fonda Theatre

Blue October
6/5 = El Rey

THE SATURN

The Knife Shift

The Knife Shift, Vuk Arakas

Eternal Summers

Criminal Hygiene, Lovely Bad Things

THE ROXY

Echolux LA: Fred Falke

Electrolux LA: Fred Falke

Holy Grial with Thrown Into Exile + Harassor + Infinite Death + Ascension + DJ Danny Lethal

The Soft White Sixties

Chloe X Halle

A Fundraiser for Senator Bernie Sanders with Punk Rock Karaoke + The Garden + Kim and the Created + More!

THE ROXY - 5/18

Alfredo Rodriguez Trio
@ BLUE WHALE

In 2009, a young Cuban named Alfredo Rodriguez became one amongst 4,800 of his countrymen — along with big league pitcher Aroldis Chapman — to seek asylum in the United States that year. Rodriguez arrived with only the clothes on his back and the promise of assistance from a Mr. Quincy Jones. Though he’s no Yasiel Puig, Rodriguez has also become an international sensation. His latest album is Tocororo, named for the Cuban national bird, which dies if caged. On it he reveals Rodriguez’s flights of fanciful pianism, flitting nimbly with graceful power, emanating from a human spirit unbound and free, like a baseball flying over the centerfield wall. — Gary Fukushima

Phases
@ THE ROXY

Local quartet Phases are an indie-rock supergroup of sorts. The band includes Z Berg (The Like), Alex Greenwood (Phantom Planet), Jason Boesel (Rilo Kiley) and Michael Runion (The Elected). At first they were known as JJAMZ, when they formed at a local karaoke night as a light-hearted escape from their other bands. As so often happens, though, the side project became more interesting than their other groups. Berg, in particular, appears liberated by the newly reconfigured Phases, as she is simultaneously supported and challenged by musical equals. “Cooler,” from Phases’ album For Life, is an uplifting but bittersweet pop song about a disappointing lover, while the catchy dance-pop groove “I’m In Love With My Life” is just as sunny as its title. — Falling James

Criminal Hygiene, Lovely Bad Things, Vug Arakas
@ RESIDENT

La Mirada’s Lovely Bad Things have a deeper claim to being a garage band than most. Their beloved DIY show space/ rehearsal room, the Lovely Bad Pad, was an actual garage, repurposed for rock-related uses. But their sound was always something a little more ... well, lovely, in a Pixies-meets-Pinkerton kind of way. It’s been too long since a full-length, but their teaser single from last summer, “Space Waste”/“Always Lazy,” promises great things, with extra Dinosaur Jr. in the enthusiastic guitar leads and the same sense of crushing and crushworthy The Rentals had on their first album. With powerhouse rockers Criminal Hygiene, semi-fresh from a Replacements tribute night, and Vug Arakas, who puts the heart in “heartland indie rock” à la Shoes or The Mice, and who’s got a formidable full-length of his own on the way. — Chris Ziegler


Los Globos: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Joe Baurert, Leroy From the North, Mount Baine, Fri., May 13, 9 p.m., free.

The Love Song: 450 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Spain, Tuesdays. 9 p.m. Continues through May 17, free.

McCabe’s Guitar Shop: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, Dirk Hamilton, Fri., May 13, 8 p.m., $20. Janiva Magness, Sat., May 14, 8 p.m., TBA. Darryl Purpose, Paul Zolo, Sun., May 15, 8 p.m., $16.


The Hi Hat: 5043 York Blvd., Highland Park. Psychic Love, Ramonda Hammer, Grit, Stills, Fri., May 13, 8 p.m., $5. The Coffis Brothers, Tuttle, Super Lunch, Immanu El, Sat., May 14, 8 p.m., free. W. Coltrane, Secret Garden, Sonny Boy Thorn, DJ Theresa Wayman, Mon., May 16, 8 p.m., free. Fea, Kristeen Young, Tue., May 17, 8 p.m., $10 (see Music Pick). Jonny Two Bags, Gospelbeach, Elli Mae & the Pick). Jonny Two Bags, Gospelbeach, Elli Mae & the


Glasilp Restaurant & Bar: 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. Booze


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MODERN FUNK FEST

I

f you’ve never caught Los Angeles–based electro legend Egyptian Lover live, all we can say is, you simply must. Performing a live DJ/MPC/808 set, Lover takes it back to where it all began and into the future as well, rocking his latest collaborations with funky newbies he inspired and new stuff he’s still pumping out to this day (check out his latest LP, 1984, on his Egyptian Empire label). Egyptian Lover headlines an exciting, ex-haustive and simply epic night of funk music, highlighting the genre’s origins and latest innovators, live and on the decks. Created in San Diego, Modern Funk Fest has gone on to throw down some biggie bashes in San Francisco and Los Angeles, arriving in our city for the first time last year.

For this second annual installment, they clearly ain’t playin’ around. The lineup includes XL Middleton, Moniquea, Diamond Ortiz, Reality Jones, Brian Ellis’ Reflection and Shirio Schwarz. DJs Hothobbo and Eddy Funkster drop vinyl in between the live sets and hot labels including Voltaire Records, Mofunk, Hobo Camp and Discogs will be selling stuff so you can funk up the floors at home.

Caught a Ghost and Yacht Rock Revue plus a choir and string section TBA, Tue., May 17, 9 p.m., free. Madelaine Spooner, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Continues through May 25, free. Alberta Cross, Grand Canyon, Sky White Tiger, Thu., May 19, 9 p.m., $15.


THE SMELL: 247 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Zig Zags, Tongues, Rexx, Grease, Fri., May 13, 9 p.m., $5. Souvenirs, Janelane, Love Nothing, Grave School, Thu., May 19, 9 p.m., $5. Tomemitsu, Samira’s Infinite Summer, Arjuna Genome, Wed., May 18, 9 p.m., $5.


SPACE GALAXY: 250 W Second St., Pomona. Peg Leg Love, Virginia Reed, Max Kala, Sssssssss, Allen Callaci, Sat., May 14, 7 p.m., $15.

TAIX FRENCH RESTAURANT: 1911 Sunset Blvd. Ben Justus, Neptune Recovery, Fri., May 13, 10:30 p.m.


UNION NIGHTCLUB: 4067 Pico Blvd. HieroPhant, Yamchana, Locked Up, Sun., May 15, 6:30 p.m.


—Failing James

JAZZ & BLUES

ALVAS SHOWROOM: 1417 W Eighth St., San Pedro. Mike Keneally, Gregg Bendian & Doug Dunn, May 13-14, 8 p.m.; Sun., May 15, 4 p.m., $20.

LA LAC: 710 W First St., Los Angeles. Justo Almaro, The UCLA Mingus Orchestra, Sat., May 14, 7:30 p.m.


BLUE WHALE: 123 Astronaut E.S. Onzuka St. The Larry Goldings Trio, Fri., May 13, 9 p.m., $15. The Hans Groiner Trio, Sat., May 14, 9 p.m., TBA. Shai Golan, Sun., May 15, 9 p.m., $15. Joomalnik, Jackie Gage, Mon., May 16, 9 p.m., $10. The Alfredo Rodriguez
Thu., May 26, 9 p.m., $10-$20.

$10-$20. Samantha Sidley, Thu., May 19, 9 p.m.;
9 p.m., $10-$20. Lina Heiden, Wed., May 18, 9 p.m.,
Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Teri Ralston, May 13-14,

p.m. Continues through June 11, free.
Blues Express, second Saturday of every month, 8
Village Drive, Long Beach. Whiteboy James & the

Saturday Night, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., free.

p.m., TBA.

The Wonderful Wizard of Song, Thu., May 19, 8:30

Latin Jazz Quartet, Wed., May 18, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
The Bobby Matos

Lauren White, Sun., May 15, 7:30 p.m., TBA. Frenchie

Friday, May 13, 8:30 p.m.; Sat., May 14, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
The Brandon Fields Quartet, Fri., May 13, 11 a.m.-3
Marty & Elayne, Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9 p.m., free.
Underground Superstars, Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free.
The Readys, Sundays, 9 p.m.-midnight, free.

6-9 p.m., free.
The Jeff Littleton Quartet, Wed., May 18, 6:30 p.m., $10.
The Mike Barone Big Band, Sun., May 15, 11 a.m.-3
Janis Mann, Sat., May 14, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free.
Sherry Williams, Sat., May 14, 9 p.m., $10.

TBA.

Gerald Clayton & Sachal Vasandani, May 18-19, 9
Trio, Tue., May 17, 9 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

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The Wonderful Wizard of Song, Thu., May 19, 8:30 p.m., TBA.

16320 Raymer Ave., Van Nuys. Adrian Galysh, Fridays, 6-9 p.m., free.

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Sherry Williams, Sat., May 14, 9 p.m., $10.

TBA.

Gerald Clayton & Sachal Vasandani, May 18-19, 9
Trio, Tue., May 17, 9 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

The Bobby Matos Latin Jazz Quartet, Wed., May 18, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
The Wonderful Wizard of Song, Thu., May 19, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
Converse Rubber Tracks presents an evening of local awesomeness with both artists each playing a live mini-set. Fans attending will receive a free split 7" and tote bag courtesy of the Converse Rubber Tracks.

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The album will be available for purchase early at Amoeba for signing with resident DJ's Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m-1:30 a.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 17

HAIR: With Cameron Avery, 8 p.m., $30. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

ILLUMINATE: With Said the Sky, Lionette, Azura, 8 p.m., $19.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St.

MADEON, ROYCE RIZZY: 8 p.m., TBA. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

TYANA TAYLOR: 6:30 p.m., $25. The Belasco Theater.


WEDNESDAY, MAY 18

BEN FOLDS & Y MUSIC: With Dotan, 8 p.m., $30-$50. The Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway.

CHIEF KEEF: 8 p.m., $15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

A FUNDRAISER FOR BERNIE SANDERS: 8 p.m., TBA. The Raven Theatre, 9436 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

THE DE ANGELIS VOCAL ENSEMBLE: 8 p.m., TBA. The Broad Stage, 1310 13th St., Santa Monica.

THE CSUN YOUTH ORCHESTAS: 7:30 p.m., $15. Pasadena City College, 1570 E. Colorado Blvd.


TIME CHECK: A BUDDY RICH ALUMNI REUNION: 8 p.m., $20-$186. The Music Center, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave. See GoLA.

STEEL PANTHER: 8 p.m., $20-$186. The Novo by Microsoft, 729 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

JEWEL: With JD & the Straight Shot, 8 p.m., $35-$59. The Wall, 502 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles.


JEWEL: With JD & the Straight Shot, 8 p.m., $35-$59. The Wall, 502 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles.

THE BOXER REBELLION: 8 p.m., $25. The Troubadour, 9083 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles.

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#### DEPARTMENT OF RECREATION AND PARKS

FOR THE OPERATION AND MAINTENANCE OF THE ECHO PARK BOATHOUSE CAFÉ

Proposals are hereby invited by the City of Los Angeles, Department of Recreation and Parks for qualified firms for the Operation and Maintenance of the Echo Park Boat House Café. Concession venue located at 751 N. Echo Park Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

Deadline for submission of proposals is 1:00 p.m. on June 21, 2016. A mandatory pre-proposers Conference will be held at 10:00 a.m. on June 2, 2016 at the Echo Park Recreation Center, 1622 Belair Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90026. A mandatory site walk will be held at the Echo Park Boathouse immediately following the Pre-proposers Conference. The right is reserved to adjust the requirements in proportion to the number of proposals received. Any questions regarding the Proposers Conference must be directed to the Department of Recreation and Parks, 1622 Belair Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90026. 

The Request for Proposals (RFP) will be available on May 2, 2016, on the Los Angeles Business Assistance Virtual Network (”LABVN”) at www.labvn.org, from the Department of Recreation and Parks online at www.laparks.org/proposal.

For more information, please call (323) 267-5390.

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