WHO IS SASHA GREY?
MY DAY WITH L.A.'S MOST MISUNDERSTOOD SEX SYMBOL
BY ART TAVANA
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WILL DTLA GET TOO DENSE?

Concern is mounting that three proposed skyscrapers will harm the character of downtown's Historic Core

BY HILLEL ARON

The anti-development movement has seeped into many pockets of Los Angeles, where activists have become convinced that taller buildings inexorably lead to more traffic. But downtown Los Angeles, where construction cranes line the horizon and subway trains rumble below, has mostly remained pro-growth. Until now.

An advocacy group calling itself the Society for the Preservation of Downtown L.A. (or SP–DTLA, as it is referred to on its suspiciously thorough Wikipedia page), is fighting three proposed developments in or around downtown’s Historic Core district, where most buildings are, you know, old.

“I'm a longtime downtown L.A. resident,” says Alex Hertzberg, SP–DTLA’s executive director. “There was a time when it was just a wasteland. We had a flag out for anyone to come and develop. And that was great. But it was a long time ago. The pendulum has really swung very far the other way.”

Many of the newer projects, Hertzberg says, are two or three times the size of the older buildings, most of which were built at a time when the city limited all buildings to a height of 150 feet, or 13 stories.

SP–DTLA has singled out three projects that it says offend the character of downtown's Historic Core: a 33-story tower on Fourth and Hill; a 32-story mixed-use tower to be built on a parking lot on Hill just south of Ninth Street; and, just to the north, a 26-story tower called the Alexan Broadway. That $140 million building will loom over its next-door neighbor, the Eastern Columbia, famous for its emerald hue and beloved art deco clock tower.

The new glass building, opponents say, will obstruct people’s view of the clock, hence the cry, “Don’t block the clock.”

Interestingly, the Eastern Columbia building itself skirted the city charter’s height restrictions. When it was built in the late 1920s by making its clock tower empty. That allowed the name Eastern Columbia — a furniture and clothing company for which the building served as headquarters — to rise above the sightline. But as Noah Cross said, politicians, ugly buildings and you-know-who all become respectable if they last long enough. Now the Eastern Columbia is a treasure.

One SP–DTLA member is Harry Chandler Jr., scion of the Chandler family, which owned the Los Angeles Times for more than 100 years and was, in many ways, responsible for developing the character of the city (in the words of David Halberstam: “They did not so much foster the growth of Southern California as, more simply, invent it”).

“Obviously the character of the historic core is such that there’s been decades and decades of height limits that have kept it charming,” Chandler says. “The last thing we want is to turn it into a high-rise city and take out all of the parking and charm.”

Of course, many people would say we need more units to offset the city’s housing shortage — which many believe to be at least partly responsible for Los Angeles’ rapidly rising rents — and that parking lots are a waste of valuable land. But not SP–DTLA.

“We don’t need more rental units, I’ll tell you that much,” Hertzberg says. “Those statistics are predicated on the existing [housing] inventory. But we’ve had eight solid years of construction, so we don’t know what effects that inventory will have.”

Another group of anti-development activists, led by AIDS Healthcare Foundation CEO Michael Weinstein, is gathering signatures for a ballot measure, dubbed the Neighborhood Integrity Initiative.

That measure aims to make it much more difficult for developers to obtain zoning variances — exceptions to the city’s General Plan that often pave the way for taller or bigger developments than would typically be allowed.

“We have not taken a position on [the initiative] as an organization,” Hertzberg says. “But many of the folks we represent are very much in favor of it, even though it is a very blunt tool. I definitely could see the use of it. I think, just speaking for myself, I wish that it weren’t necessary. But it may be the only possible resort.”

WHY BUILDING NEW APARTMENTS COULD BE GOOD FOR L.A.

A core beef between two sides battling over the future of Los Angeles is represented by this question: Does building new apartments, even if they’re decidedly upscale, help alleviate our lack of middle- and low-income units?

Academic experts including UCLA urban planning professor Paul Ong and senior researcher Jonathan Spader of Harvard’s Joint Center for Housing Studies have found that the creation of additional “market-rate” units in a city that desperately needs housing will ultimately help.

Our crisis is composed of two main elements: high rents and low vacancies. The website Apartment List says the market’s median two-bedroom price is $2,610. Vacancy rates have been pegged at 4 percent or less.

One could scan the horizon, see construction cranes and conclude that there’s a correlation between the development of market-rate housing, which is about all that gets built in town these days, and L.A.’s ever-increasing rents.

“We’re seeing people displaced and homeless pushed out,” says former Mayor Richard Riordan, who backs a limit on development. But even as a post-Great Recession economy fuels construction, housing development is not keeping pace with L.A.’s population growth.

Demographer Dowell Myers of USC’s Sol Price School of Public Policy has said that the city grew by about 50,000 people last year while it added only about 12,000 housing units. In 2014, Mayor Eric Garcetti said L.A. needed to build 100,000 new housing units by 2021.

Backers of an anti-development measure, the Neighborhood Integrity Initiative, point out that new units often are aimed at six-figure households and that new development displaces longer-term, lower-income residents. And the latter is, of course, bad for existing renters. There’s also an argument that higher-end development attracts wealthy out-of-towners, who then displace existing renters.

But some housing experts say the opposite is the case: Where there are no new high-end developments, higher-income newcomers will compete for what’s out there, namely more-affordable units, thus displacing locals. Those experts say L.A. desperately needs to build apartments to keep up with the city’s projected 4 million-plus population.

“It starts with adding supply,” Harvard’s Spader told us a few months ago. “It starts with making sure new units keep up with the population.”

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SINE METU
I’m at a chic West Hollywood café, where the tables are evenly spaced and the dimly lit room reverberates with chatter. A vaguely Latin waiter holds up a chalkboard with the day’s specials. Right on time, the maître d’ brings over a brunette and presents her to me as if she were a head of state. “Hi, I’m Sasha,” she says, holding in her hand an iPhone wrapped in a blue rubber case that stands out against her gloomy outfit: a black hooded wool coat (probably vintage) over a silky black dress that’s cut above the knees and falls elegantly on her 5-foot-6 frame. I’m surprised she’s on time, 2:30 p.m. sharp. “Nobody has any respect for tradition,” she says, describing how everyone in L.A. is fashionably late. “I’ve hosted dinners where people were two hours late, and I kindly told them to turn their cars around.” She coughs, sniffles, then takes out a tissue and wipes her nose. Sasha Grey, it would seem, has coldlike symptoms.

While she’s been living in L.A. for the past decade, Sasha grew up in North Highlands, a rough town north of Sacramento. She doesn’t miss the doldrums of her hometown, except for the old ARCO Arena, where she saw Prince when she was 15. “I cried nonstop when he died,” she says.

She also misses her father, a Greek-American mechanic who died last year. “He had a heart attack,” she says, describing how everyone in L.A. is fashionably late. “I’ve hosted dinners where people were two hours late, and I kindly told them to turn their cars around.” She coughs, sniffles, then takes out a tissue and wipes her nose. Sasha Grey, it would seem, has coldlike symptoms.

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The turns of her career like a seasoned driver, she navigates the turns of her career like a seasoned driver, she navigates 200 mph — as she navigates through the world. VICE magazine refers to her as “the most relatable porn star in the world.” She’s Hollywood’s first internet sensation, a celebrity who obsessively controls how the public perceives her — she’s even hyper-aware of what comes up when you Google “Sasha Grey,” which, like many porn star names, doesn’t have search predictions on Google (for the uninstructed, this means autocomplete). So she’s been ostensibly blacklisted from Google’s search results. Most celebrities do, but Sasha isn’t like most celebrities — she doesn’t even have a publicist.

She’s Hollywood’s first internet-era porn star who used her body as a canvas, envisioning porn as a postmodern art form opposed to campy cartoons starring blondes with fake boobs. Hollywood, as expected, has tried to cast Sasha as either the femme fatale or an indie sex worker. Which is why she’s cautious of the roles she’s offered. “I’m pickier than ever,” she says, when I ask her what types of characters she’s interested in playing. “I’d like to do something against type, something very transformative.”

Sasha later tells me she’s always wanted to be in an action movie. A few years ago, she trained intensely to be in an action film titled *Skinny Dip* with Danny Trejo, which never materialized. “I’d love to be doing more acting. I also know I have to navigate my way through everything, even as the dust from all the used vinyl agitates her symptoms. “Ugggh,” cries Sasha, who once again takes out a tissue as we discuss Hillary Clinton’s pandering (*Sasha is a Bernie supporter*); the underappreciated genius of Nicolas Cage; her rock collection (rocks, as in minerals); Game of Thrones, which Sasha enjoys for the sex and violence; a Deradoorian record she’s eyeing; and her thoughts on the faux-charmed life of Entourage character Vincent Chase, whom she made feel inferior in the way Photoshopped images make women feel less beautiful.

“That’s how I imagine DiCaprio’s life,” she says of Vincent Chase.

**“WE’RE BREEDING THIS CULTURE WHERE PEOPLE HYPERSEXUALIZE THEMSELVES, BUT THEY’RE SO SCARED AND IGNORANT ABOUT SEX.” —SASHA GREY**

Meanwhile, Sasha’s life of late has been a literal pain. “It hurts just to laugh,” she says, “like when you get smacked in the face with a ball.” With her sinus filling up with mucus, she confesses to me: “I don’t know when I’m gonna get better.”

But even in her foggy state, the 28-year-old has the clear-sighted confidence of a Formula 1 racer staring down a corner at 200 mph — as she navigates the turns of her career like a seasoned veteran. “I’m self-aware enough to know that people want me for me,” she says, “but I love music.” Sasha is discussing her career as a DJ, actress, screenwriter, philanthropist, erotic novelist and, if she can convince a sponsor to pony up the cash, the next Danica Patrick.

Last year, Sasha wanted to compete in the dangerous 9,000-kilometer DAKAR off-road rally across South America. “I had a truck with my name on it, but my sponsorship fell through,” she says. “But I’m going to eventually do it; for my dad, especially.” I ask her if her handlers were OK with her risking her life. “I don’t care,” she says, defiantly.

She’s also the chief currency in a micro-economy that consists of items as tawdry as a “Cream Pie Pussy,” a top-selling pocket pussy with her name on it. Then there are the books she’s published, including The Juliette Society, which is part erotic, part philosophy. It’s like Wilde’s *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (which inspired the “Gre” in Sasha’s name), insofar as the characters are windows into the author’s own thoughts.

“It’s like classic erotica,” she says. “I based her sexual awakening on me, but it’s also a commentary on society and pop culture, a meditation on female sexuality.”

She finished the first installment of *The Juliette Society* during a 2013 visit to Paris, which she describes as the first time she was able to “vanish in a city” that wasn’t hers. In the book, there’s an entire chapter about cum, which one editor found to be “too misogynistic.” Sasha, a tomboy whose mind naturally tends toward the masculine, rewrote the chapter from the perspective of one of her girlfriends. “Everyone liked it,” she says.

Which leads me to ask her about the recent movement to desexualize the female body, and how puritanical ideals are censoring both the body and free speech. “Nobody can talk about anything anymore,” she says. “We’re breeding a culture where people hypersexualize themselves, but they’re so scared and ignorant about sex.” We then bond on a mutual appreciation of Andrew Dice Clay’s stand-up, strip clubs and a *South Park* episode about “The F Word.”

“I can’t even read some of this shit anymore,” she says, referring to stories in the media that seem to be criminalizing the nipple or perpetuating a society of victims, which Sasha has never been. She’s always been in control, which is defiantly feminist.

And while Sasha has never been a stripper, nor would she ever need to be, she doesn’t see it as “objectification,” either. “It’s an antiquated idea that strip clubs are objectifying women,” she tells me. “Little do people know that most of those women are lesbian and could give a shit what anyone thinks.”

Sasha’s currently editing the sequel to her erotic trilogy, to be released by Cleis Press; the original was released by Grand Central Publishing, which used to be Warner Books, the imprint that released *Sex* by Madonna.
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in 1992. The two women are similar: Both grew up working-class and Catholic, and both managed to turn their lives (and bodies) into living works of art that immolated puritanical thinking. Like Lou Andreas-Salomé did before them, both Sasha and Madonna promoted sexual liberation in the face of resistance from both sexes.

When I ask Sasha if she ever thinks about her cultural impact, she replies, “To see some of my choices reflected in the culture around me was really mind-bending. As far as a legacy, this was something that was hard for me to judge or realize until 2013, when I was on tour most of the year. From Brazil to Russia, I met young people that I inspired to take chances and understand their own worth; it was the first time I felt like I had a responsibility to my audience.”

Like the pop star who once aimed to “rule the world,” Sasha also likes to be in complete control of her image, which has often been mishandled by others. She maniures her own eyebrows, which aren't modeled after anyone's. "I've had bad luck going to salons, so I usually do them myself,” she says. “I've always liked Lauren Bacall's and Sophia Loren's eyebrows.” She brews her own coffee at home, practically refusing to go to Starbucks. She does her own nails or, if she has them done, takes her own colors and never gets fake nails. She likes to DJ because "I like to be in control,” she says. She also tells me she's interested in doing a one-woman stage show over which she'd have complete creative control. In social settings, she uses her eyes to assert her control: “I have this stare that makes people feel as equally as uncomfortable as they're making me.”

Which is how she defeccts men who might see her as a sex object. Sasha currently has a boyfriend, and although she won't talk about their relationship (nor do I care to inquire), I can assure you she's in the driver's seat.

As we rumble down Sunset Boulevard in an oil-burning monstrosity she describes lovingly as her “beast,” Sasha is at her most Zen-like, in control of her destiny, as she sings along to Black Sabbath's “War Pigs.” Her size-nine feet, tucked firmly into a pair of new Converse, press down on the gas with the command of a drag racer or a dominatrix urging her slave to go harder.

Then, when I show her something on my phone, she slams on the brakes and pulls over. “What the FUCK? I would not put that out,” she says, looking somewhat shocked at a book on Amazon I recently ordered titled *Short and Sexy Stories: A Compilation of Naughty Adult Stories of Extreme Satisfaction* by Sasha Grey. Except it's not by Sasha. She never even knew the ebook existed. “This is not me, NO WAY.”

The book features porny short stories with titles like “The Military and Their Privates,” so I'd questioned its authenticity from the start. But how does someone so aware of her online presence miss something like this? While using Sasha's name to sell a book is both unethical and cheap, there's an entire industry of “hipster erotica” based on Sasha, who acted in porn from 2006 to 2011 before retiring. It's part of the “Sasha Grey-ization” of modern sexuality, which began with Sasha documenting her life in porn and then commodifying it. Her brand's influence is widespread. There are entire book series inspired by “hipster porn,” which Sasha inadvertently popularized, such as *The Complete Hipster Gangbang* by Hannah Wilde. There are too many Sasha Grey clones to name. Even if she doesn't get credit, she's also helped usher
in the wave of BDSM-positive books and films, like the Fifty Shades of Grey franchise.

As the sun comes down, Sasha and I are on the rooftop of an ultra-swanky hotel in Hollywood overlooking the hills. She remarks, “There are few places in L.A. that are truly classy and old-school.” I order an overpriced Moscow mule, which I hope demonstrates class. I also tell Sasha that my grandmother was Russian, which leads us to talk about Russia, a country she explored extensively in 2013 when she was invited to take part in a Drom.ru promotional drive from the city of Vladivostok to Moscow.

“I have a cult fan following in Russia,” she says. “It’s strange. I never expected that.”

Like the Iranian gays who adore her (look at her Instagram for evidence), the Russians, perhaps because of her Eastern European first name (which is a pseudonym based on Sascha Konietzko of industrial band KMFDM), or maybe Russia’s desperate need for sexual liberation, Sasha is big in Russia the way Madonna was big in Japan.

“I think there’s gonna be a huge revolution there in the next 20 to 30 years,” says Sasha, who was given tours of Russia that included access to secret private clubs, which she compared to L.A.’s exclusive Soho House. The Juliette Society is about a film student who infiltrates a secret sex society. The book was released in Russia just last year (two years after it came out in the States), a month after a photo of her was used by VKontakte, a Russian social network, in a propaganda campaign to vilify pro-Ukrainian forces accused of brutally murdering a volunteer nurse. The story went viral and Sasha became the unwilling face of an apparent anti-Kiev propaganda campaign.

“I <3 my Russian fans, but this propaganda takes it too far,” Sasha said in a tweet after discovering the VKontakte post.

Sasha, who isn’t drinking vodka, takes a sip from her whiskey soda. “I shouldn’t be drinking,” she says, explaining that she’s dehydrated, either because she’s sick or because she’s tired of talking to me about her personal life or acting career, which has taken a backseat, of late, to her music. She’s now blowing off Hollywood roles that portray her as a mindless sex kitten. Still, like Bernardine Dohrn or Lydia Lunch, Sasha probably won’t stop leveraging her sex appeal to manipulate doggish men or members of the media, the same way men continue to use power to manipulate young women. It is and always has been the natural order of things, but what’s intriguing about Sasha is how she’s already preparing to make her intellect her primary weapon as her youth inevitably fades.

“I live in L.A. and I am a woman in the public eye, so of course beauty, ageism, death, etc., are always present in my mind. However, I hope they never dictate my happiness, as it’s all an illusion anyway.”

Sasha may have a cold, but there’s something burning inside her that isn’t typical of a Hollywood celebrity. Wrapped up in her black wool cocoon, it’s like she’s quietly taking her next form, be it novelist, EDM DJ, sex-positive feminist, Formula 1 racer or action star — no matter what it is, it’s more than “ex-porn star.”
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Ted Hopson’s New American bistro, the Bellwether, is a low-key restaurant that any neighborhood would covet

BY GARRETT SNYDER

If there is an unwritten rule of the New American bistro, it is this: Thou shalt serve a gourmet burger. It probably will arrive on a brioche bun. It likely will include aioli and arugula. It almost always will be pricier than you think it should be.

So you might be surprised that at the Bellwether, a quaint Studio City restaurant run by a former chef at Father’s Office — the gastropub that, more than any restaurant in Los Angeles and maybe the world, popularized the gourmet burger — there is no burger offered at dinner, only a patty melt listed near the bottom of the menu. But what a patty melt it is: a gorgeous, rare patty and confit fennel — there is no burger of this kind in Los Angeles, or perhaps even the world, popularized the gourmet burger — there is no burger of this kind in Los Angeles, or perhaps even the world, popularized the gourmet burger.

As comfortable a restaurant as the Bellwether is, it would be a shame to pigeonhole its menu as comfort food. Hopson is what you might call a chef’s chef, and he and executive chef John Cho weave solid and inventive cooking techniques into even the most commonplace dishes. The french fries here are brined, steamed, frozen and fried, part of a three-day process that yields long, crispy batons as fluffy as a baked potato inside yet shatteringly crunchy outside. Ruby-red squares of bigeye tuna sashimi arrive crowned with a raw caper-and-olive relish and confit fennel with Calabrian chilies, a small media play on Waldorf salad. Humble potato salad is glitzed up with fat coins of Yukon potato, smoked salmon roe and truffle vinaigrette.

I was captivated by Hopson’s colorful play on Waldorf salad: A mound of the crunchy-creamy picnic staple was hidden under a cold-poached slab of chicken breast, and a bath of vibrant green apple and fennel consommé was poured over the top. Such balanced elegance is something you expect at a restaurant at twice this price point.

At the top of each menu is a small section labeled “R+D,” which features a few dishes and perhaps a cocktail that are in the research-and-development phase. The idea of a restaurant charging full price for dishes that aren’t quite finalized seems concerning, but after sampling a tantalizing, sweet-and-sour rendition of Venetian mackerel in saor, I was sold on the concept.

The sole dud I encountered was a plate of vinegar-lashed pea tendrils and grilled shrimp with small scallion fritters. The shrimp were tender, but the fritters were sad and stodgy. My only other (minor) complaint is with the desserts, which are supplied by Quenelle pastry chef John Park. They’re made off-site and can sometimes taste that way — a tangy rhubarb cobbler needed more crispy streusel than was sprinkled atop the goozy fruit filling.

If you visit during the Bellwether’s weekend brunch, you’ll find more food that’s designed to please a crowd. In our current state of fried-chicken obsession, who can resist a spicy, Nashville-inspired chicken sandwich spread with pimento cheese and crunchy-chow-chow pickles? There are, unsurprisingly, toasts topped with smoked salmon and avocado, but there’s also a quietly refined frittata. And there’s a good chance that you or someone near you will succumb to the temptation of a bloody mary garnished with a miniature BLT sandwich. While Hopson does offer a burger during brunch, stacked with a thick wedge of English muffin, it’s not like many other burgers in town.

It’s not always useful to read too much into the meaning of a restaurant’s name, but in the case of “bellwether” — “one that leads or indicates trends” — the definition seems an apt description of what Hopson and Verdi have accomplished. The Bellwether is by no means a groundbreaking establishment, but it takes what we’ve come to expect from a neighborhood restaurant and adds another layer of polish. No hooks, no gimmicks, no conceits. If that’s the next big trend, I’m all for it.

CRITIC’S RATING

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★

Zero = Poor

★ = Fair

★★ = Good

★★★ = Very Good

★★★★ = Excellent

★★★★★ = World-Class
At the OC Night Market earlier this month, there was only one food vendor popular enough to require two separate booths. Placed on opposite sides of the massive parking lot loaded with Chinese, Vietnamese and Asian-fusion street food options, Rakken Tacos served flank steak marinated overnight in pho broth, lemongrass pork belly al pastor and yuzu carne asada under a blaring soundtrack of Top 40 club hits. The lines of devoted fans hungering for Rakken's distinctive meats (also available: garlic crab and butter shrimp, placed on top of fries, in taquitos or slid into corn tortillas) never seemed to wane.

And when the 626 Night Market starts its fifth season in July, Rakken Tacos will return to Santa Anita Park with four booths, as it has for most years since its 2012 debut. Rakken’s pho tacos, topped with bean sprouts and hoisin sauce, have become so much a part of the night-market experience that it’s almost sacrilege to attend and not nab one.

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But the experience of biting into a pho taco is no longer exclusive to food festivals: Rakken’s first brick-and-mortar taco shop opened in February. Hiding in a strip mall at the big-rig-heavy intersection of Atlantic and Washington Boulevards in Commerce, Rakken now serves up night-market vibes all day long with a menu of perfected favorites plus experimental new flavors.

Owner Kenneth Nguyen decided it was time to expand beyond pop-ups because of the “crazy momentum” his tacos were getting. “At each event my cashiers would tell me that at least 20 customers would ask if we had a brick-and-mortar,” he says. “We’d always respond with, ‘There’s one coming soon!’”

Part of Rakken’s success is that it’s not just another campy attempt at slamming two different ethnic dishes together to see who buys it (sorry, sushi burritos). For Nguyen, combining Latin American and Asian dishes was a natural move — one that reflects the rich fabric of immigrant cultures that makes L.A. such a fascinating city for food.

The son of Vietnamese immigrants, Nguyen grew up in Koreatown, where his family members married into the area’s large Salvadoran community. He joined the Marine Corps, where he worked in the kitchen, and even briefly ran a pho restaurant he opened in Westwood in 1997. When 626 Night Market began, he decided he wanted to get back into the food business (he still runs his family’s window coverings company) and teamed up with a Japanese chef to do fusion foods at farmers markets all over L.A. The pair made everything from sushi and yakitori skewers to Vietnamese crepes to bánh mì and robata grill foods. “Anything we could fuse together,” he says.

After parting ways with his partner, Nguyen began to participate more seriously at the 626 Night Market. He started with a single booth, rolling out robata grills and doing skewers of filet mignon, lemongrass pork belly, yellow-curry chicken, honey ginger pork meatballs. From there, he added Vietnamese crepes,
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shrimp rolls and, eventually, tacos. The taco idea came from marinating our skewer meats," he says. "This was a natural progression because I grew up eating tacos a few times a week. My uncles also married Latina women, so that had a big impact on me as well."

Thanks to the recent addition of a sweet char siu pork belly, there are now seven different kinds of meat available at Rakken’s Commerce restaurant and you can get them in tacos (a plate of three comes with black beans, white rice and a salad for $7), a burrito (yes, another phorito!), a rice bowl or a salad bowl. Similar to the Boyle Heights–bred taqueria Guisados, Rakken also offers a sampler platter of sorts, the Rakken 6, which comes with full-sized tacos of something except the char siu for just $7.79.

A delicious mango shrimp ceviche — balancing citrus tang with fruity sweet is no easy task — and a Vietnamese teriyaki beef jerky, tinted demonic red and made by Nguyen’s mother, are by far the best new menu items. They are just two of the many dishes you won’t (for now) find at Rakken’s night-market stalls.

And just like at the taquerias of Nguyen’s childhood, you can wash it all down with a Jarritos or a Mexican Coke. And just like at the taquerias of Nguyen’s childhood, you can wash it all down with a Jarritos or a Mexican Coke.

—Sarah Bennett

2444 S. Atlantic Blvd., Commerce; (323) 318-2588.

Are You Adventurous Enough to Try Dill Pickle Sorbet?
The folks at Salt & Straw are no strangers to whipping up outlandish ice cream concoctions, and their new fermentation-focused flavors are no exception. Head ice cream maker Tyler Malek — who previously created batches of the sweet stuff that tasted more like a loaded baked potato than anything you’d traditionally put in a waffle cone — this month unveiled a menu featuring sweet and savory ingredients such as fish sauce caramel and dill pickle. While these new Willy Wonka-esque additions may sound off-putting and even gross, they all work surprisingly well.

The fermentation series, available at Salt & Straw’s three L.A. locations now through the end of June, falls in line with the Portland, Oregon–based ice cream shop’s tradition of releasing five artisanal flavors (including a vegan option) every month. What’s special about their outposts in L.A. — in Larchmont, Venice and Studio City — is that Malek uses flavors specific to Southern California. Take this month’s California avocado and cardamom with fermented carrot custard ice cream, a collaboration with the California Avocado Commission and Sqirl chef-owner Jessica Koslow.

The aromatic ice cream is a riff on an Indian custard dish called carrot gajar halwa, which is often served with pistachios and cardamom. The flavor has the most avocado Salt & Straw has ever used in its ice cream, according to the Studio City restaurant’s assistant manager, Andy Stevens. Malek utilizes Sqirl’s avocado cardamom ice cream as a base and adds in his own fermented carrots that have been brined in salt and black cardamom, which is richer in flavor than the green cardamom used in the cream. Believe it or not, it’s one of the more accessible flavors to less adventurous diners who are a little apprehensive about the zany fermentation series. Also on the menu is the soursourdough with chocolate and strawberries ice cream, a bread-y, almost strawberry shortcake—like dessert.

But the flavors only get funkier from there. Take, for example, the cacao nibs and red miso ice cream, a delightful umami-laden creation that’s not overly sweet. It’s lightly reminiscent of eating a rum-raisin cake. Stevens says they use organic red miso, which is aged for three years, because “it’s more floral and less salty than your traditional miso.” The red miso isn’t masked at all — it’s actually the flavor that leads the charge in this dessert. Ground-up cacao nibs and brown sugar are added to the miso and fermented a little longer before the mixture is combined with the custard ice cream. Salt & Straw uses cacao nibs because they’re not as sweet as your average chocolate. Plus, they give off a more raw and natural flavor.

The fish sauce caramel with palm sugar ice cream is also a flavor you won’t come across every day. It’s surprisingly tasty and complex: Think Southeast Asian-meets-Western tastes. The fermented anchovy mixed with the caramel is skin to salted caramel, but it has more of a punch and is lifted by the umami from the fish sauce. The ribbons of fish sauce caramel are mixed in the brown sugar custard–based ice cream, which also has palm sugar. A little coconut cream rounds out the tropical ingredients native to places such as Vietnam and Thailand.

And if you want to take your savory flavors up a notch, there’s the vegan dill pickle sorbet for the pickle-obsessed. The fermentation process of the pickles is stopped early in the process, so you’ll get more of the cucumber-dill-and-fennel essence rather than the tartness of pickle. It’s lightly kicked up with lime, giving it a fresh flavor. It tastes like an oddly refreshing sweet pickle. —Jean Trinh

Salt & Straw, 240 N. Larchmont Blvd., Larchmont; (323) 466-0485; 1357 Abbot Kinney Blvd., Venice; (310) 310-8429; and 12180½ Ventura Blvd., Studio City; (818) 358-2890, saltandstraw.com.

Downtown’s Hottest New Seafood Restaurant Isn’t New at All
On South Central Avenue between East Fifth and Sixth, a brand-new Tesla pulls up in front of an ugly brick building. It is 11:30 a.m. on a Tuesday and the smartly dressed lunch breakers spill out of the car to join the throngs of hungry lunch-goers waiting in line under a big red awning. Passersby unfamiliar with the landmark seafood restaurant might wonder what this
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latest new eatery in downtown’s fashionable Arts District could be. But Fisherman’s Outlet is the furthest thing from new or trendy — and that’s a big part of its appeal.

The casual restaurant and fish market has been serving Styrofoam cups of clam chowder and plates of deep-fried and charbroiled seafood since 1961. The food is nostalgia-inducing and straightforward. There is nothing innovative or chef-y about it. Yet for 55 years, its popularity has not wavered.

Who does this kind of food appeal to? Clearly, everyone. Businesswomen and -men in suits chat while carrying their bright red trays to shaded tables. Construction workers in hard hats and fluorescent orange vests chow down on Fisherman’s Outlet’s “Famous Giant Fried Shrimp.”

Families with small children and millennials who otherwise might be concerned about Instagramming their dishes are just here to eat. Regulars say they frequently witness Mayor Eric Garcetti dining there. But Fisherman’s Outlet isn’t just a favorite of local politicians. There are also celebrities, actors and athletes who line up at its door, according to assistant manager Miguel Avalos.

The restaurant is open only for lunch, from 10 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., and anyone in the mood for day drinking has the option of $3 mini bottles of Sutter Home wine or $3 cans of Budweiser (a tough choice, indeed). But the food menu is more extensive than you might expect from such an unassuming space. The vast selection of fried or charbroiled fish and shellfish, seafood salads and “cocktails” like ceviche, and soups like gumbo and lobster bisque makes ordering difficult.

Opt for a fried “sampler” and a pile of crab cakes, shrimp and catfish comes with fries or rice, coleslaw and a choice of garlic butter, Cajun or teriyaki sauce. Those hoping for a healthier version can choose charbroiled skewers of salmon, scallops and shrimp.

Ample free parking in a spacious adjacent lot, a line that moves quickly and hearty portions make this old-school eatery’s enduring popularity a no-brainer.

—Heather Platt

529 S. Central Ave., downtown; (213) 627-7231, fishermansoutlet.net.
That’s So Raven

“Quoth the Craft” is a group art show featuring works by more than 30 local artists; each of their pieces is inspired by those magnificently iconoclastic literary luminaries Edgar Allan Poe and H.P. Lovecraft.

These authors excelled at deliciously rendered flights of suspense, shock and dread, and their works provide, of course, a rich and wildly variegated garden of ghastly and wildly variegated garden of ghastly and wildlly variegated garden of ghastly and wildly variegated garden of ghastly

This month marks 47 years since the NYPD’s botched raid of Greenwich Village’s Stonewall Inn kickstarted the gay rights movement — and 46 years since West Hollywood began hosting a pride celebration here on the West Coast. This year’s L.A. Pride festivities are heavy on music programming (see the lead story in our Culture section for more on that), with acts including Carly Rae Jepsen, Big Freedia and Charli XCX. But, as always, Sunday’s parade is the centerpiece of the celebration. This year its grand marshal is Jewel Thais-Williams, HIV/AIDS activist and founder of Catch One, one of the world’s first discos for LGBT people of color. It’s a big-ass party, but there’s plenty of history to celebrate, too. Everything kicks off Friday with a Dyke March & Rally and a Transgender Celebration. West Hollywood Park, 647 San Vicente Blvd., West Hollywood; Fri., June 10, 6 p.m.-1 a.m.; Sat., June 11, 2 p.m.-1 a.m.; Sun., June 12, noon-11 p.m.; $25-$125. lapride.org. —Gwynedd Stuart

Tacos Tacos Tacos Tacos

A logical way to plug L.A. Weekly’s fourth annual Tacolandia event would be to name each of the amazing restaurants and vendors who’ll be serving up all sorts of deliciousness tucked neatly into folded tortillas. But since there are 100 of them — that means at least one hundred different tacos to try — I’ll have to settle for naming a few: Amor y Tacos, Guerrilla Tacos, Cacao Mexicatessen, El Coraloense, Petty Cash Taqueria, Taqueria Ameca, Yuca’s and so many more (see them all online). Besides the que rico cuisine, there will be mariachi music, a cash bar and awards in several categories. It should go without saying but: Come hungry. El Pueblo de Los Angeles, 125 Paseo de la Plaza, downtown; Sat., June 11, 3-7 p.m.; $50. microapp.laweekly.com/tacolandia/2016. —Gwynedd Stuart

POLITICS

Punching in

“Barbara Boxer Gives a Damn.” That was...
Have Type 2 Diabetes?
Is your cholesterol on target?

If your non-HDL-Cholesterol (a form of “bad cholesterol”) is high and not adequately controlled by statin treatment (or you are unable to take statin therapy), you may be eligible to take part in a research study being conducted by local physicians.

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- Type 2 Diabetes and are on a stable regimen of glucose lowering treatments
- High cholesterol levels
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- Have heart disease or otherwise have high risk for heart disease (the study health care providers will determine your risk level)

To find out more about the ODYSSEY DM-Dyslipidemia Clinical Trial Program, or to be part of this important research you can:

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888-567-9756
her slogan when she ran for election to the House of Representatives in 1982. See just how many more dams she’s given over the years when Writers Bloc presents Sen. Barbara Boxer with comedian Paula Poundstone. Boxer has been a staunch champion of things like combating climate change, defending reproductive rights for women and not legalizing mari-
juana. She’s retiring from the Senate this year, and her new memoir is The Art of Tough: Fearlessly Facing Politics and Life.

KIMMY SCHMIDT: BREAKABLE

Consider This Based mostly on Jerrod Carmichael’s stand-up, The Carmichael Show centers on the comedic dealing with his liberal-leaning fiancé and his loud, opinionated North Carolina family. Recently renewed for a third season, the NBC sitcom this year tackled touchy issues including the presidential race, Bill Cosby, Islamophobia and gentri-
cation. You can hear the cast, including Carmichael, David Alan Grier, Loretta Devine, Amber Stevens West, Lil Rel Howery and Tiffany Haddish, as well as executive producers Danielle Sanchez-
Witzel, Nicholas Stoller and Ravi Nan-
dan, discuss those subjects and more at FYC @ UCB: The Carmichael Show. UCB's series of TV comedy panels this month also will include the stars from Un-
breakable Kimmy Schmidt, The Mindy Project and Superstore. Proceeds benefit NBCUniversal's community-outreach charity, NBCUniversal Foundation. UCB Sunset, 5419 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Mon., June 13, 7 p.m.; free with resv. (310) 440-7300, getty.edu/visit/cal/

COMEDY

I Love the '80s For people who relish the thought of Molly Ringwald applying lipstick in The Breakfast Club or Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey practicing lifts in Dirty Dancing, Breck and Tim’s Excellent ‘80s Show features comedians Breck Denny and Tim Stanton performing sketches that reimagine scenes from nearly a
dozen of the decade’s biggest films: Bill &
Ted’s Excellent Adventure, Die Hard, Top
Gun, The Karate Kid, E.T. the Extra-Ter-
restrial, Heathers, Commando, Big, Cock-
tail and Labyrinth. Groundlings main

FILM

Paging Dr. Jones Tonight’s screening of Raiders! The Story of the Greatest Fan Film Ever Made — 35 years and a few days after the theatrical release of Raiders of the Lost Ark — as-
sembles cast members Chris “Indiana
Jones” Strompolos and Eric “Belloq” Zala to explain why three 11-year-olds spent seven years re-creating Raiders in its entirety. Twenty-plus years later, they reunited with the original players to help film their missing scene: the battle on the deadly, taxiing Nazi airplane. Featuring interviews with a bemused John “Sal-
lah” Rhys-Davies, an awed Eli Roth and others, this is singular devotion to art in all its monomaniacal splendor. Albert & Dona Broccoli Theatre, George Lucas Blvd., USC, 900 W. 34th St., University
Park; Mon., June 13, 7:30 p.m.; free with RSVP. (213) 740-8358, cinema.usc.edu/

LITERATURE

Jump for Joyce Long a holiday primarily for the Irish and hard-core literary nerds, Bloomday observances have become more visible annual occurrences in the United States in recent years. For the seventh year in a row, the Hammer hosts its very own Bloomday, a celebration of the life of James Joyce, which takes place on the
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✔ You have no history of cardiovascular disease (heart attack, stroke, etc.)

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DANCE
Go West, Young Man
L.A. is a film town and not surprisingly the home of Dance Camera West, one of the first and still the premier dance-film festival. Now in its 15th year, the festival has grown and evolved but maintains many of the core elements that earned it fame and popularity, and have continued to attract dance films from around the world, which screen at multiple locations around L.A. (this year downtown at MOCA and on the Westside at UCLA’s Royce Hall and Fowler Museum). Spanish choreographer Nacho Duato, now director of Berlin’s prestigious Staatsballett, is the subject of the featured film on opening night, an event that includes a live performance by L.A.’s Invertigo Dance Theatre. The official opening is preceded by an afternoon downtown at MOCA devoted to a trio of street-dance films, including one focused on Memphis’ Jookin,’ a style that’s been taken uptown and mainstream by Lil Buck. Check the website for the lineup of venues, films and related live events. Tickets are $15, except for opening night. UCLA Royce Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood; Thu., June 16, 7 p.m.; $100. Also Sat., June 11 & Fri.-Sat., June 17-18, $15. dancecamerawest.org. –Ann Haskins

EDUCATION
Like a Boss
If you’re on the wrong side of the gender wage gap or having other professional struggles, Lady Boss might be able to help. Founded in 2014 by Tracy Candido, the New York–based initiative and network of businesswomen and artists offers resources, tools and networking for midcareer gals also working in the creative industry who are looking to advance. For its first social event in L.A., Lady Boss gathers some of our city’s finest — including comedian-writer Sara Benincasa; West Coast editor of BUST magazine Lisa Butterworth; Melanie Freeland, senior designer at architecture firm Genraler L.A.; and Freya Estreller, founder of Ludlowes Cocktail Co. and co-founder of Coolhaus — to lead “lightning talks” and mentoring. Ace Hotel, Segovia Hall, 292 S. Broadway, downtown; Thu., June 16, 7 p.m., $10. (213) 623-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles/lady-boss-june. –Siran Babayan

date that Leopold Bloom’s adventures transpired in the author’s labyrinthine masterpiece, Ulysses. This year, the celebration features dramatic readings from Ulysses by actors James Gallo, James Lancaster, John Rafer Lee and Johnny O’Callaghan. And pianist Patrick Gutman performs a commissioned work that includes part of a tune composed by Joyce himself; traditional Irish quartet Rattle the Knee also perform. Naturally, Guinness will be flowing as well. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Thu., June 16, 7:30 p.m.; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu/programs-events/2016/06/bloomsday-at-the-hammer-2016. –David Cotner

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Sonny Dearest

David Miscavige’s father exposes Scientology’s cruelest policy in his new book

By Paul Teetor

There’s a long literary tradition of celebrities’ children writing vicious take-downs of their parents. It’s a form of therapy, they often say, that helps them exorcise their demons. And now Ron Miscavige has exorcised a few demons of his own by subverting that formula.

In Ruthless: Scientology, My Son David Miscavige, and Me (St. Martin’s Press, $26.99), he paints his son — the leader of the Church of Scientology and the successor to its founder, L. Ron Hubbard — as an abusive tyrant who has transformed a once-useful religion into a cult devoted to worshipping him, squeezing every possible cent out of church members and treating those who devote their lives to the church like sharecroppers whose measly wages will never get them out of debt at the company store — or off the church’s palatial plantation.

And if they do try to leave, the elder Miscavige says, they are typically tracked down and brought back by a combination of force, coercion and psychological intimidation. For the very few who do manage to escape and forge a new life outside the church, there awaits a special form of punishment: disconnection. That’s the church’s policy of requiring its members to shun family members who dare to leave the church or even criticize it.

“I wrote this book specifically to expose the disconnection policy,” Miscavige, 80, said in a recent interview. “Four years after I escaped, my two daughters, their children and my great-grandchildren are still not talking to me and won’t allow me to see them. And it’s not just my family that’s been shamed — it’s happened to a lot of people.”

Miscavige doesn’t break much new ground here in terms of pure shock value with his reports of what goes on inside the “church,” which was granted tax-exempt status in 1993. It’s true that he did see plenty of horrors, both brutal and banal, and he’s not shy about recounting them. His mail was read, his phone calls were monitored, and he says he went years at a time without a single day off from his church duties, which primarily involved making music for church productions and promotions. And for a long time he was relatively protected by his unique status as the father of the church’s leader. Others, he says, had it far worse than he did.

But the most compulsively readable part of this effort to understand the inexplicable trajectory of his son’s life is the explanation for it. Did Miscavige, son of a father who was himself an abusive tyrant, end up on the other side of the fence? Was it inevitable that he would do what his father did? Did his own family members — with whom he still does not speak — ever talk to him about his son’s change in heart and mind?

Yes, yes, and yes.

Gold Base in Hemet, is riveting, both for the very few who do manage to escape, the elder Miscavige says, they are typically tracked down and brought back by a combination of force, coercion and psychological intimidation. For the very few who do manage to escape and forge a new life outside the church, there awaits a special form of punishment: disconnection. That’s the church’s policy of requiring its members to shun family members who dare to leave the church or even criticize it.

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Yes, yes, and yes.
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

L.A. Pride rebrands as a music festival and exposes a generational divide in the LGBT community

BY MICHAEL CIRIACO

“T
he tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young,” Oscar Wilde quipped in his iconic novel The Picture of Dorian Gray. Chronicling a beautiful man’s Faustian bargain for eternal youth, Wilde’s most recognizable literary work crystallizes an anxiety about aging that permeates gay culture to this day.

Last month, an organization dubbed #NotOurPride threatened to boycott this year’s L.A. Pride festival for a number of reasons, one of the most pertinent being event organizer Christopher Street West’s decision to rebrand Pride as a music festival in an attempt to court a millennial audience. Other factors included an increase in ticket prices and abbreviated lesbian and trans events.

Then on May 19, the proposed boycott was lifted after CSW conceded to make Friday night admission free, re-extending the hours of lesbian and trans events and dropping the music-festival aspect of the fest’s marketing. Although the standoff has been resolved, it reflects a deeper generational schism within L.A.’s queer community.

“LGBT Pride is supposed to be representative of the entire community,” says Peter Cruz, who led the #NotOurPride movement. “When CSW puts out a statement that says we’re calling it a music festival because 80 percent of our attendees last year were millennials, that essentially says we’re not going to consider the other 20 percent, because frankly ... they didn’t see them as revenue generators. Reclassifying the event, it’s a lot deeper than just calling it a music festival.”

For Cruz, this decision wasn’t a rejection just of L.A.’s gay Gen-X and boomer populace but also of Pride’s inherent cultural significance. For those uninitiated in LGBT history, Pride commemorates the Stonewall riots of 1969, when the NYPD’s raid of a gay speakeasy was lifted after CSW conceded to make Friday night admission free, re-extending the hours of lesbian and trans events and dropping the music-festival aspect of the fest’s marketing. Although the standoff has been resolved, it reflects a deeper generational schism within L.A.’s queer community.

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In 1970, on the anniversary of Stonewall, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles hosted processions. While the other cities had political protest marches, L.A. distinguished itself by presenting a Pride parade, a jubilant, theatrical affair consisting of colorful floats and costumed performers. This inaugural event became the template for future Pride parades, not only in Los Angeles but also in almost every city that’s hosted them since. For Cruz, the idea of rebranding Pride as a music festival “reflects the idea that the world is about to beconsumed by pop music.” Cruz says. “You think of the sacrifice they made, and CSW is basically saying, ‘We appreciate that, but it’s not relevant anymore. We need to keep Pride fresh for a new generation.’ I disagree with that.”

It should be noted that even though this is the first year CSW has advertised L.A. Pride as a “music festival,” the annual event has featured multiple stages showcasing queer artists representing a variety of genres — pop, rock, hip-hop and country — for at least the past decade.

“As a ticketed event with multiple stages featuring live acts and DJs, our festival experience has been a ‘music festival’ for years,” CSW president Chris Classen says. “The experience itself remains relatively unchanged in terms of programming. The addition of the word ‘music’ this year, in an official capacity, was meant more to highlight one of the biggest draws to the festival. Even the music itself is representative of L.A. Pride and features artists that are openly LGB and T alongside allies, all of which are there to celebrate and support our community.”

This year’s Pride talent roster runs the gamut in terms of sexual identity and age. Millennial performers such as Carly Rae Jepsen and Shamir will share the stage with more seasoned artists like Da Brat, Big Freedia and Faith Evans. This heterogeneity represents a good-faith effort on the part of CSW to serve the entire spectrum of the LGBT community, as was the organization’s swift reaction to #NotOurPride’s complaints.

“The reaction by the community was actually reassuring,” says Classen, 37, a Studio City resident. “It shows that they feel ownership and engagement with a nearly 50-year-old event. We met with many community members and worked through all of the concerns to make sure they understood the event and allowed us to incorporate their input.”

In Cruz’s opinion, the entire ordeal could have been avoided if CSW itself was as diverse as the festival it organizes. “I believe there should be more community representation on the CSW board of directors,” says Cruz, 34. “I went to some of their board meetings, and it could use more diversity and representation in terms of communities of color and age groups. Millennials and seniors are not represented in that body. If they are going to present Pride for the entire LGBTQ community, they need to reflect that.”

Cruz also takes issue with CSW’s website, which lacks a visible section dedicated to the history of Pride, a feature that has been displayed more prominently on past sites for Los Angeles and other cities. Additionally, the event is referred to as “L.A. LGBT Pride” only once on the site, at the very bottom, far beneath ticket info, talent roster and a playlist featuring this year’s musical artists.

“I went on the website in early April, and I noticed they de-emphasized the LGBT community on their website,” Cruz says. “I looked at other Pride websites, and the history of the Pride movement is front and center, or at least featured.”

After a bit of clicking around on the L.A. Pride site, visitors will find a brief paragraph summarizing the origin of Pride. Meanwhile, this year’s NYC Pride site has an interactive timeline highlighting key moments in the history of LGBT rights.

“This year our website went through a complete rebuild, and things have moved around on the site, with many elements still being added,” Classen says. “Our goal is to engage the community with our history through experiential programming from on-site art and culture exhibits to highlighting amazing stories like the one from our 2016 grand marshal, Jewel Thais-Williams.”

The site does dedicate considerable space to the history of Thais-Williams, an African-American lesbian Angeleno who founded Catch One, one of the most iconic gay discos for persons of color in the world, and a prominent HIV/AIDS activist for minority communities. Again, though, this article is buried beneath info about the music festival. So how should Pride celebrations balance being both entertaining and informative?

“Pride must always be an expression of joy, even when we look back at those that have been lost, because their lives must be celebrated,” says Jorge Usatorres, 50, former owner of Silver Lake scruff palace the Faultline. “To achieve this, one must stand for all LGBTIQ people, not just those that can afford to participate. Pride must create a safe space where the new generation can be free to express their pride, as they are the hope of a continued freedom for LGBTIQ people. As for the older generation, it is our responsibility to educate the next generation of their LGBTIQ history. Many of us have fought and even lost their lives to end the abuse and discrimination for the freedoms we enjoy.”

Usatorres’ point was echoed at the other end of the generational divide by Tyler Booth, a 25-year-old WeHo bartender.

“I’m all for having performers we all love on Pride so we can have a mini Coachella for all the gays,” says Booth, who believes Pride should be a joyous, accessible event. “I do though think Free Friday should stay or at least be accessible to anyone with a high school and maybe college ID, because maybe their parents won’t support them going to Pride and won’t pay for it.”

As for Pride’s mandate to education, Booth adds, “Absolutely, they should show photos and videos of gays being discriminated [against]. ... Back in, I don’t know, 1940, there was a fat sign [at Barney’s Beanery] saying ‘No Fags Allowed,’ before West Hollywood was its own city. That’s stuff kids should know [that] their elders fought for — and they should stop calling old men gross and being disrespectful to them.”

In this case, it would seem that the tragedy wasn’t that one is old or young — but that neither was consulted.
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LIFE AFTER DEATH
PASTEL PAINTINGS ABOUT REINCARNATION AREN’T AS SWEET AS THEY LOOK AT FIRST GLANCE

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

The last days of John Doe Company, for many decades a cross between a juicer and a flute: the name John Doe Company decades ago, after his accountant told him he had to become a business if he was going to be an artist, “so the tax people can understand you.” He liked the anonymity of “John Doe.” His work, though, is distinctive. He printed photos on molded plastic in the 1960s and ’70s, creating half-translucent, awkward forms: a man holding balloons, men being pushed around in wheelchairs. Some of these are on view at Cherry and Martin, in Cheng’s first solo show in 20 years. So are Cheng’s nature machines, glowing boxes that contain natural substances; “Erosion Machine” has water and pebbles inside. His 1970 sculpture “Supply and Demand” consists of a grass-covered pedestal and a Venus flytrap and humidifier inside a plastic box. Grow lights abound, and the whole gallery seems like a fantasy laboratory, full of perfect, plastic contraptions with ambiguous functions. 356 S. La Cienega Blvd., Mid-City; through July 30. (310) 559-0100, cherryandmartin.com.

Cat women
Rachelle Sawatsky’s current show at China Art Objects, “Reincarnation Clash,” conjures Narnia, Noah’s Ark, pop science and alien fantasies. Her paintings, some of them cut out like illogically shaped puzzle pieces, are almost all pastel-colored, making everything look sweeter than it probably should. In one painting, a plane has gone up in flames and smoke pours from its windows; each plume of smoke forms a bubble with a portrait in it: a woman with a black cat, a woman with cat ears, a cat with a woman’s long hair and a red kangaroo.

Weird plastic
L.A. artist Carl Cheng started going by the name John Doe Company decades ago, after his accountant told him he had to become a business if he was going to be an artist, “so the tax people can understand you.” He liked the anonymity of “John Doe.” His work, though, is distinctive. He printed photos on molded plastic in the 1960s and ’70s, creating half-translucent, awkward forms: a man holding balloons, men being pushed around in wheelchairs. Some of these are on view at Cherry and Martin, in Cheng’s first solo show in 20 years. So are Cheng’s nature machines, glowing boxes that contain natural substances; “Erosion Machine” has water and pebbles inside. His 1970 sculpture “Supply and Demand” consists of a grass-covered pedestal and a Venus flytrap and humidifier inside a plastic box. Grow lights abound, and the whole gallery seems like a fantasy laboratory, full of perfect, plastic contraptions with ambiguous functions. 356 S. La Cienega Blvd., Mid-City; through July 30. (310) 559-0100, cherryandmartin.com.

Bibles and glitter
In the concrete courtyard behind 356 Mission, speakers installed up high amplify a deep male announcer voice reciting austere biblical lineages. One man begets another, and on and on. This is New York artist Lutz Bacher’s exhibit “Magic Mountain.” Inside the galleries, a seductively blue photo of a mountain has been hung from the ceiling so it cuts across the space and extends out onto the floor. Covered in glittery sand, the floor is full of footprints and glitter tracks down into the basement, where a spiky, gray-blue foam growth commands attention. 356 S. Mission, downtown; through July 31. (323) 609-3162, 356mission.com.

Southern gossip
Nelson Sullivan’s Aunt Nancy didn’t like to be filmed, so sometimes when the New York–based filmmaker would visit her in his hometown of Kershaw, South Carolina, he would have to pretend his camera wasn’t trained on her. Once, in the ’80s, Sullivan visited Aunt Nancy when she was in rehab for overeating. She told him about a woman who prayed her way out of a violent marriage and an old friend who drove badly. Sullivan’s films, never banal because they’re so sincerely curious, are the centerpiece and inspiration for “Aunt Nancy,” the current show at Night Gallery. They play in the center of the space and, on all sides, other works by younger artists explore ideas of influence, intimacy and impulsive expression. Dripping sunflowers by Andy Robert co-exist with Sam Lipp’s precise portrait of Michael Jackson, and a frosting-embellished tiered table by Anna Rosen.

Do the Juicerina
At the Getty this weekend, artists Michael Parker and Wesley Hicks will showcase their new instrument: the Juicerina. It’s a hybrid between the handmade ceramic juicers Parker makes and the ceramic flutes — called ocarinas — that Hicks makes. The instrument has a eerie, windy sound, and 30 musicians will play it, moving through the museum’s galleries, responding to artworks. 1200 Getty Center Drive, Brentwood; Fri., June 10, 6-9 p.m. (310) 440-7300, getty.edu.

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HEDDA AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE REST

Andrew Upton’s updated version of Ibsen’s Hedda Gabler blows the cobwebs off a century-old story

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

I’m someone who usually dismisses 19th-century theater classics as stuffy and stiff, you might want to reconsider and go see Hedda Gabler at Antaeus Theatre Company, where Jaimi Paige delivers a mesmerizing performance as the beautiful and manipulative title character.

Henrik Ibsen’s play caused a scandal after its premiere in 1891. At the time, despite Norway’s growing women’s movement, women were regarded as intellectually inferior to men, suitable solely for marriage and motherhood. Unlike Nora in A Doll’s House, who does her best to be dutiful before an epiphany spurs her to famously fly the nest, Hedda lacks the courage to defy society; instead, she sublimates her anger and frustration by pulling the strings of her good-hearted new husband, Tesman (a spot-on Adrian LaTourelle), her besotted ex-suitor, Lovborg (Daniel Blinkoff), and anyone else unfortunate enough to cross her path.

Lovborg is a brilliant but troubled man, and the tragedy upon which the drama turns is his loss of an original manuscript; as it’s decades before either carbon paper or computers, there is no copy. Having learned of this, Hedda ensures that he will never get it back, and in doing so destroys his life, and ultimately her own. (It’s a weirdly convoluted act of vengeance, given it’s she who rejects him — twice! — and not the other way around.)

The old-fashioned melodrama surrounding this incident doesn’t detract from the story. Ibsen’s aim was to portray a highly intelligent but mentally unstable person, perilously mired not only in the dictates of convention but in the fears and out-of-control impulses that direct her behavior. He succeeded brilliantly, as his place in the pantheon of great European dramatists attests to.

Directed by Steven Robman, Andrew Upton’s updated version, which debuted in New York in 2006 with Cate Blanchett (his wife) as Hedda, preserves the strength of the original while dusting off some cobwebs and bringing the character of Hedda into bright, contemporary focus.

As Judge Brack, the serpentine man-about-town who sees through Hedda’s machinations, Tony Amendola is excellent. Ann Noble, who has succeeded so often in strong female roles, has either been miscast or misdirected as an overly mousy Thea, a married gal who loves Lovborg and is willing to give up everything for him — precisely what Hedda can’t bring herself to do. Blinkoff comes off as rather subdued for an extraordinary intellectual who also rouses the passions of both these women.

There’s nothing in these portrayals that cannot be recalibrated, however. The production is strong, and it’s impossible not to be fascinated by Paige when her Hedda, beautifully costumed by Leah Piehl, moves gracefully but with malign purpose across the stage. (Note: The production is double cast.)


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This production includes nudity, violence, mature themes and adult language.
Not recommended for children.
BY BILGE EBIRI

In Anna Rose Holmer’s The Fits, emotion becomes motion and psychology becomes space. It’s a coming-of-age story, but Holmer mostly eschews dialogue and standard storytelling devices; she tells her tale through movements and patterns and the way that she films them. The Fits follows Toni (Royalty Hightower), an 11-year-old tomboy who spends her days in an inner-city Cincinnati boxing gym with her brother, furiously doing situps and working on her punches and footwork. Practicing next door in the same community center is an all-girl dance squad, the Lionesses. Pulled in by their allure, Toni joins them, but she struggles to fit in.

Holmer films the story as if it were a documentary is essentially step by step, title by title, mixing montages that illustrate his points. Paltrow and Baumbach don’t get fancy with the filmmaking. They’re smart enough to let De Palma’s own images—his gorgeous compositions, his smooth camera moves—do much of the work. (After all, if you can’t make an awesome clip reel out of Brian De Palma films, then what good are you?) —Bilge Ebiri

HOLMER TELLS HER STORY THROUGH MOVEMENTS AND PATTERNS AND THE WAY THAT SHE FILMS THEM.

At 72 minutes, The Fits never overstays its welcome; its brevity might be part of why it’s so hard to shake. Its terseness lets you fill in the blanks and invites you to take note of the smallest detail or gesture. Without putting too fine a point on it, Holmer occasionally shows us the concrete-covered blankness of the outside world, the hard-edged reality through which Toni must move. The boxing gym—a place of aggression, where one learns to punch and defend—may prepare her to confront that environment. But the Lionesses—with their liberty, their creativity, their flow—teach her to transform it.

THE FITS | Directed by Anna Rose Holmer | Written by Saela Davis, Holmer and Lisa Kjerulff | Oscilloscope Films

De Palma directs John Travolta in Blow Out.

YOUR DE PALMA MIX TAPE

Back in 1980, the Village Voice gave front-page space to a debate between Andrew Sarris and J. Hoberman over whether Dressed to Kill was “derivative” or “dazzling.” (The articles make a brief appearance in this doc.) Brian De Palma’s films were confrontational and controversial, filled with indulgent technique and provocatively explicit levels of gore, violence, and sex. To some, it was sleaze and style devoid of content. To others, the sleaze and the style were the content. But compare the contentious reception of Dressed to Kill—what greeted the director’s most recent release, the deliciously paranoid 2012 erotic thriller Passion. The kind of ridiculous and breathless exercise in high style that would have once torn critics apart, Passion was regarded as a quaint throwback—a beloved filmmaker taking his favorite genre out for another spin. The film was neither

De Palma (1926–) was regarded as a quaint throwback—a beloved filmmaker taking his favorite genre out for another spin. The film was neither

loved nor hated, but its reception gave you the sense that De Palma had finally become (gasp) respectable. I realize I’m making it sound like the poor guy is dead. Hell, he’s not even retired. Garrulous and good-humored, De Palma presides over Jake Paltrow and Noah Baumbach’s De Palma, taking us through his life and career step by step, title by title, in chronological order. The documentary is essentially one long interview, peppered generously with clips and montages that illustrate his points. Paltrow and Baumbach don’t get

DE PALMA | Directed by Jake Paltrow and Noah Baumbach | A24 | Landmark
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CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

Films teach every new generation of teenagers that sex is like a powerful roadside IED made out of shame and consequences that will explode and mangle their awkward, gangly bodies. Starting in the 1970s, movies taught that the normal outcome of premarital sex is backwoods slashers, but with Careful What You Wish For, director Elizabeth Allen delivers a watered-down James M. Cain—style noir thriller warning kids that, if they have sex, they'll be framed for murder. Horny teenager virgin Dougie (Nick Jonas), whose body is going through many important physical changes, is on vacation with his mom and dad. Next door to the family’s lakeside house, the Harpers are moving in: Dermot Mulroney is Elliot, an unpleasant, middle-aged dude with a sweet car, a sick boat and an extremely young wife, Lena, played by eerie Darryl Hannah replicating Isabel Lucas. Lena seduces Dougie during a thunderstorm after she locks herself out of the house and needs a big, strong man to break a window for her. At this point, the film forgets Dougie is a virgin as he plows through some implausibly agile and non-awkward sex scenes that do not reflect adolescent reality, but whatever. As their affair progresses, Dougie learns that normal outcomes of premarital sex are backwoods slashers, but with Careful What You Wish For, director Elizabeth Allen delivers a watered-down James M. Cain—style noir thriller warning kids that, if they have sex, they’ll be framed for murder. Horny teenager virgin Dougie (Nick Jonas), whose body is going through many important physical changes, is on vacation with his mom and dad. Next door to the family’s lakeside house, the Harpers are moving in: Dermot Mulroney is Elliot, an unpleasant, middle-aged dude with a sweet car, a sick boat and an extremely young wife, Lena, played by eerie Darryl Hannah replicating Isabel Lucas. Lena seduces Dougie during a thunderstorm after she locks herself out of the house and needs a big, strong man to break a window for her.

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**THE CONJURING 2** Back in 2013, James Wan's *The Conjuring* represented the high point of a wave of mainstream horror that showed there was still value in old-school scares — that there was life beyond torture porn and slick slasher robots. It was a ghost story turned possession thriller that found horror in simplicity. Wan stripped down each set piece to its essentials: a roving camera, a patch of darkness, a fearful face, paralyzing silence.

His camera stalked his characters like an obsessed presences, and he found pathos in the story's tumultuous relationship between hot-tempered, Ashville, North Carolina-born Thomas Wolfe, played by noted Londoner Jude Law, and his most British person alive, Colin Firth. Also showing up are Sheffield, England's Dominic West as Ernest Hemingway and Australia's Guy Pearce as (who else?) F. Scott Fitzgerald. Don't get me wrong: These are all excellent actors, and they acquit themselves quite well. But it's still odd. I can only assume that Kenneth Branagh's William Faulkner and Benedict Cumberbatch's John Steinbeck are on the cutting-room floor. Perkins effectively discovered Fitzgerald and Hemingway, helping shape *The Sun Also Rises* and *The Great Gatsby*, often in the face of skeptical colleagues. And the uniquely untamed Thomas Wolfe may have been his greatest challenge — psychologically wounded, narcissistic, seemingly incapable of handling a manuscript that wasn't thousands of pages long. The film — directed by Michael Grandage and based on A. Scott Berg's 1978 *Maxwell Perkins: Editor of Genius* — makes good use of its lead actors' contrasting energies — of Firth's prim reserve and of Law'sellowing flamboyance. They're representing two specific, competing ideas of genius — unrestrained, anti-establishment Wolfe versus focused, probing and intellectual Perkins. The film is more about the collision, and collusion, of these forces than it is about the friendship of two flesh-and-blood men. (Bilge Ebiri)

**DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** *D’UNE FEMME DE CHAMBRE* Octave Mirbeau's “The Diary of a Chambermaid”, a 1900 novel about the depravities in all social strata written from the point of view of a servant named Célestine, has famously been adapted twice before, by two of cinema's immortals. Benoît Jacquot's uneven *Mirbeau's Immortals*. Benoît Jacquot's uneven *Mirbeau's Immortals*. But star Léa Seydoux — in her second collaboration with Jacquot after *Farewell, My Queen* (2012) — further demonstrates, with each sly, gap-toothed grin, a keen understanding of power and impotence. As it did in *Farewell, My Queen*, about the chaos at Versailles on the eve of the 1789 revolution, Jacquot relentlessly tracks his protagonist in *Diary of a Chambermaid*, with the camera often positioned just a few inches behind or in front of Célestine. Resplendent in Belle Époque finery, the protagonist plays Célestine with the camera often positioned just a few inches behind or in front of Célestine. (Bilge Ebiri)

**THE GOD CELLS** In the 1970s and ’80s, Dr. William Rader made a name for himself by appearing on daytime talk shows to discuss fringe subjects such as eating disorders and the psychological aftermath of sexual abuse. It was based on the boundaries of what medicine could do, he claims in Eric Merola’s provocative documentary *The God Cells*. But then he pushed too far. In the early 2000s, when he began injecting fetal stem cells into patients with illnesses ranging from diabetes to Parkinson’s, California’s medical board revoked his license. The film alleges that Rader’s stem-cell treatment arouses controversy because the cells are “harvested” from aborted fetuses, and anti-abortion and Big Pharma lobbyists have pushed to make the practice illegal in the United States. Why risk his license? Because according to patients featured here, the injections stymied — and in a couple cases reversed — their symptoms. In a particularly moving interview, a mother describes her teenage daughter expressing a wish to die during the worst bouts of pain caused by an autoimmune disease. After the stem-cell injections, the mother says through tears, her daughter’s pain all but disappeared. The film relies solely on patient testimony to argue for the legalization of the injections. But what it lacks in comprehensive research, it makes up for in fascinating rhetoric. More than one interviewee insists that God would want to legalize the treatment — a tactic most often associated with religious anti-abortion groups. Another patient commandeer’s right-wing polemics by damning the government’s interference in his medical care. The God Cells isn’t the first documentary to take on a controversial subject, but through some impressive rhetorical jiujitsu, it might be one of the few to change some minds. (Amy Brady)

**GURUKULAM** In their equanimous portrait of an Indian religious community, Jillian Elizabeth and Neil Dalal contemplate enlightenment through an earthly source. They capture the quiet activity of Ansh Vidya Gurukulam, an ashram in the lush 500 years of marriage... is enough. (Bilge Ebiri)
Your weekly movie to-do list

Take the Kids to The Witches, Labyrinth or Jumanji

Friday, June 10

One of the most vaunted of all Westerns, Once Upon a Time in the West isn’t even Sergio Leone’s only classic of the genre. That’s why, after this screening of his 1968 epic, the Aero is playing Man With No Name trilogy at the 35th of this month: A Fistful of Dollars, For a Few Dollars More and The Good, the Bad and the Ugly. Until then, sate yourself with Charles Bronson and Henry Fonda’s three-hour blood feud, which was co-written by Dario Argento and Bernardo Bertolucci and features Ennio Morricone’s iconic score. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Fri., June 10, 7:30 p.m.; $11; (323) 468-3456, americancinemathcalendacom.

Roald Dahl deemed Nicolas Roeg’s adaptation of The Witches “utterly appalling,” which is only one reason to get excited about Cinefamily’s midnight screening of the off-kilter cult classic, Roeg (Don’t Look Now and The Man Who Fell to Earth) collaborated with producer Jim Henson and star Anjelica Huston to bring the beloved book to the silver screen, creating one of those kid-unfriendly movies that’s easier to appreciate with age than it is as an actual kid. Cinefamily, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., June 10, 11:59 p.m.; $12. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org.

We didn’t need dialogue. We had faces” has always been Sunset Boulevard’s most famous invocation of the silent era, but another line is even more poignant: “I am big. It’s the pictures that got small.” It’s likewise spoken by Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson), a fading star of yesteryear whose glorious disenchantment is one of many sad, beautiful elements in Billy Wilder’s Hollywood noir. Old Town Music Hall’s screenings of the 1950 benchmark are preceded by a sing-along on the famous Mighty Wurzilton pipe organ. Old Town Music Hall, 140 Richmond St., El Segundo; Fri., June 10, 8:15 p.m.; Sat., June 11, 2:30 & 8:15 p.m.; Sun., June 12, 2:30 p.m.; $10. (310) 322-2592, oldtownmusichall.com.

Saturday, June 11

If the mere fact of To Catch a Thief’s principals — Alfred Hitchcock, Cary Grant and Grace Kelly — isn’t enough to convince you, then maybe the chance to see its famous fireworks sequence under the stars will be. Grant’s former cat burglar who must convince the authorities he isn’t responsible for a new string of robberies by catching the upstart himself. Set in the French Riviera, To Catch a Thief is both the first Hitchcock film shot in the arresting VistaVision format and his last with Kelly. Arrive early and avail yourself of Cinefamily’s famous photo booth. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., June 11, gates 7:15 p.m., movie 9 p.m.; $16. (323) 221-3343, cinespia.org.

The Music of Strangers: Yo-Yo Ma and the Silk Road Ensemble

This frustrating behind-the-scenes concert doc makes accomplished musicians look like nervous suitors at a manic speed-dating meetup. Five members of Ma’s 59-piece group, including Iranian kamancheh composer Kayhan Kalhor and Chinese pipa expert Wu Man, briefly introduce themselves by explaining why they joined Ma’s cross-cultural project. Then these artists explain why preserving their cultural traditions matters to them. Spanish gaita player Cristina Pato wants to share vibrant but relatively obscure Galician customs, while Syrian clarinetist Kinan Azmeh uses his art to raise awareness of his country’s ongoing civil war. But soon after that, director Morgan Neville (20 Feet From Stardom) makes Ma’s loved ones and colleagues defensively repeat their respective motives rather than develop them further. Instead of asking Ma to dig deeper into his fascination with Leonard Bernstein’s search for a “shared universal language,” Neville shows Ma repeatedly explaining how he feels about his group being criticized for “cultural tourism.” Over-edited concert footage only hints at what makes Ma’s Silk Road Project such an exciting combination of different styles of music. Neville briefly showcases individual musicians but never really delves into why they slap together three times before clapping, drop facedown to the road or gravel or mud, and then lift themselves or gravel or mud, and then lift themselves up to walk a few steps and do it all again. They wear wooden blocks on their hands that they slap together three times before bowing, or “kowtowing.” The pilgrims wear aprons made of animal skins but no protection over their knees or faces. These roads, mostly paved, wind up and down the mountains toward Lhasa, Tibet’s capital and the home of Buddhist religious sites. A tractor hauling a trailer and their supplies rumbles slowly behind the pilgrims, and trucks blast past with little warning, terrible reminders of the world outside these peaks. Their devotional trek circumnavigates the top of the world at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet. The tucking mist along their route is a reminder of their devotion as they stand up as pain-full face is as funny. Jack and Ben’s relationship, though, is ultimately secondary to Jack’s own coming of age. We discover that Jack is in some ways responsible for his own loneliness, denying the love and affection of others by frequently putting himself up to be tougher and more mature than he actually is. He’s introduced spray-painting an obscenity onto older bully Shane’s (Danny Fisherty) garage door, and that inciting moment leads to an escalating series of violent incidents that exposes the inner coward behind the hardened exterior and puts his burgeoning bond with Ben to the test. When Jack eventually learns the value of being less selfish, it’s a tribute to Thompson’s humane sensitivity to character detail that its concluding jolt of affirmation feels fully, inspirationally earned. ( Kenji Fujishima)

King Jack

The title character of Felix Thompson’s brutally honest debut feature may be a delinquent teenager, and life in the small town where he and his brother, Tom (Christian Madsen), and mother (Erin Davie) all live may be bleak. But King Jack is thankfully no wallow in working-class misery. When Jack (Charlie Plummer) finds himself forced to look after his shy cousin, Ben (Cory Nichols), over a weekend, he develops a tentative fondness for the kid as they hang out around town. Their initial scenes together exude a wealth of warmth, humor and life — especially a game of truth-or-dare they play with a couple of local girls that is as painfully frank as it is funny. Jack and Ben’s relationship, though, is ultimately secondary to Jack’s own coming of age. We discover that Jack is in some ways responsible for his own loneliness, denying the love and affection of others by frequently putting himself up to be tougher and more mature than he actually is. He’s introduced spray- painting an obscenity onto older bully Shane’s (Danny Fisherty) garage door, and that inciting moment leads to an escalating series of violent incidents that exposes the inner coward behind the hardened exterior and puts his burgeoning bond with Ben to the test. When Jack eventually learns the value of being less selfish, it’s a tribute to Thompson’s humane sensitivity to character detail that its concluding jolt of affirmation feels fully, inspirationally earned. (Kenji Fujishima)

“On one of the great recent films by a woman about women” — Richard Brody, The New Yorker


The Meddler

Margaret (Susan Sarandon) is a retired New York City child welfare worker who travels to Los Angeles to help her son clean up his act. Margaret’s son (Rose Byrne) is trying to make it as a stand-up comedian, but he’s been through two marriages and is in debt to a loan shark, and his career is floundering. The plan is for Margaret to set up a business in L.A. to help fund his career. She moves in with his fiancée (Kate. Bryker) and her son (J.K. Simmons), who live in a tiny apartment. In between working on the business, Margaret sets out to make the most of her time in L.A., but her interventions end up causing more problems than they solve. The Meddler is a touching and often hilarious film about a mother’s love and the lengths she’ll go to help her son. It stars Susan Sarandon, Rose Byrne and J.K. Simmons. Written and Directed by Lorene Scafaria. Starts Fri., June 10.

The New York Times

For 2,000 kilometers, the Tibetan pilgrims of Zhang Yang’s extraordinary travelogue Paths of the Soul clap, drop facedown to the road or gravel or mud, and then lift themselves up to walk a few steps and do it all again. They wear wooden blocks on their hands that they slap together three times before bowing, or “kowtowing.” The pilgrims wear aprons made of animal skins but no protection over their knees or faces. These roads, mostly paved, wind up and down the mountains toward Lhasa, Tibet’s capital and the home of Buddhist religious sites. A tractor hauling a trailer and their supplies rumbles slowly behind the pilgrims, and trucks blast past with little warning, terrible reminders of the world outside these peaks. Their devotional trek circumnavigates the top of the world at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet. The tucking mist along their route is a reminder of their devotion as they stand up as pain-fall face is as funny. Jack and Ben’s relationship, though, is ultimately secondary to Jack’s own coming of age. We discover that Jack is in some ways responsible for his own loneliness, denying the love and affection of others by frequently putting himself up to be tougher and more mature than he actually is. He’s introduced spray-painting an obscenity onto older bully Shane’s (Danny Fisherty) garage door, and that inciting moment leads to an escalating series of violent incidents that exposes the inner coward behind the hardened exterior and puts his burgeoning bond with Ben to the test. When Jack eventually learns the value of being less selfish, it’s a tribute to Thompson’s humane sensitivity to character detail that its concluding jolt of affirmation feels fully, inspirationally earned. (Kenji Fujishima)

Paths of the Soul

If you’re in search of a kids’ movie that’s actually family-friendly, you could do far worse than Jumanji. A favorite among self-proclaimed ‘90s kids whose nostalgia knows no bounds, the story of a board game come to life has earned its reputation via a rewarding blend of laughs and thrills. Many of the former come from Robin Williams, of course, but this winsome tale is also peak David Alan Grier. Watch it now before the remake starring the Rock ‘destroys your childhood. Cities, 831 S. Hope St., El Segundo; Tue., June 14, 7:30 p.m.; $14. (310) 607-9630, arclightcinemas.com. — Michael Nordin
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TRADEWEEKLY
Ramona Gonzalez is crouched below a diner counter inside Alma at the Standard Hollywood hotel, gleefully flipping through her records. Gonzalez, best known for her funky synth-pop project Nite Jewel, has been DJing at the restaurant on Tuesday evenings in May. It’s a collision of interests for her; she worked as a server in her pre-music days and remains passionate about food and drink. Alma even has a cocktail named after Nite Jewel, a mix of rye, bitters, Fernet and shrub with a cherry on top, based on her personal taste. “It’s very boozy-forward,” Gonzalez says.

But it’s music that really gets Gonzalez chatting. Her pulls for this night are an eclectic mix of new and old, experimental and pop: Kendrick Lamar, Aphex Twin, Madonna, Tears for Fears. The Cocteau Twins’ Heaven or Las Vegas is a favorite, but she points to Bill Nelson, a British musician best known for the 1980 single “Do You Dream in Colour?”, as one of her greatest influences. “Never really recognized in his time.”

Peeking into Gonzalez’s DJ selections reveals more about her music than could a review of Nite Jewel’s latest album, Liquid Cool, out on June 10. She doesn’t think about songs in terms of genre. “I think that’s what’s confusing to certain critics and fans alike,” she says. She does, however, gravitate to a certain era of music, falling roughly between 1978 and 1982, when synthesizers added new textures to everything from Top 40 to underground acts, and the bass lines were often thick and funky, regardless of what scene you called home. Gonzalez’s Nite Jewel catalog reflects hours spent listening to the music of that era, exhibiting the influence of early-’80s roller-rink jams and former college-radio darlings.

She talks about the overlooked connections between artists, such as the shared producers and session musicians and the use of similar instruments. You can tell she has spent a lot of time thinking and talking about this. There’s something very studious about her approach. Indeed, she considered going into academia before heeding the call of music.

Born in Oakland and raised primarily in nearby Berkeley, Gonzalez had played in bands before, but it wasn’t until she landed in Los Angeles in 2006 that Nite Jewel took shape. While studying at Occidental College, she took up an interest in sound installation and started making music in galleries. Eventually, she added her voice to the sonic experiments, and that evolved into Nite Jewel.

Gonzalez released several Nite Jewel projects through her own Gloriette Records, as well as on hip labels like Italians Do It Better, Mexican Summer and Secretly Canadian. But when it came time to make her third Nite Jewel full-length, she hit a creative block. The solution: Revisit her past.

While working on Liquid Cool, Gonzalez went back through her work — two full-lengths, three EPs and an assortment of other tunes — to find the link between them. She asked herself. “What is the Nite Jewel sound?”

“It’s painful, but you’ve got to do it,” Gonzalez says of listening to her older work. “It’s the grown-up artist thing to do.” She grabbed some whiskey and a pair of headphones, holed herself up in a walk-in closet and started listening.

The results weren’t as bad as the thought of taking on the task. “I was really proud of myself at the end,” she says.

The catalog playback came in the midst of an arduous recording process. Gonzalez started working on Liquid Cool after the release of her 2012 album, One Second of Love. In that time, she estimates that she wrote enough material to fill at least three full-length albums. It was a productive three-year period but a frustrating one as well. “I was having a lot of difficulty with it,” she says. “I didn’t know where I was going exactly.”

In a way, that goes back to her taste in music. “I have such a love of music history and music that I can really go into a lot of different directions,” Gonzalez says. At one point, she thought she had a finished album, but realized that the new work wasn’t what Nite Jewel should be doing. “I would tour the songs and play them and it felt really, like, there was something not exactly right about it.” She tried collaborating with her husband, producer Cole M. Greif-Neill (with whom she has previously worked), and other musicians. Still, there was something amiss.

Gonzalez realized that she needed to make the album on her own. “I just need to get back to that intimate, personal way that Nite Jewel first became known, which is this woman who is alone in a room expressing herself and thinking no one is going to hear.”

Giving herself one more shot at making a record, she hauled a few key pieces of gear — including an 8-track recorder and her Juno synthesizers — into her walk-in closet and got to work. She estimates that it took “seven or eight months” to make Liquid Cool, which she started in a closet in Solano Canyon and finished in another closet in Koreatown.

To release the album, Gonzalez chose to return to her own Gloriette Records. She initially launched the imprint in 2008 and, when Nite Jewel was working with other labels, used Gloriette to release Samps and collaborate with Companion Records on a Stan Hubbs reissue.

“The dream of an artist is to be on a label, not your own but somebody else’s,” Gonzalez says. “They’re going to give you money, tell you you’re great and put pictures of you on their wall and all this kind of shit.”

Even though she had some success with Gloriette, she held onto that common goal of getting signed. “I wasn’t able to appreciate at the time my random business acumen that I had,” she says. “I was just wanting to make music.”

When she did get a deal, with indie label Secretly Canadian, it wasn’t what she expected. “It was an interesting window into what that dream really looks like for an artist,” she says. “It’s not that interesting. It’s not very much different from doing it yourself, except that you have all these people that you have to respond to and cater to in some respects.”

She says that there was “no bad blood”; she’s just not one to take directives from labels. “I think that I couldn’t relinquish control to them,” she says.

Now Gonzalez is back in control. That much is obvious as the first of the early-’80s roller-rink diners settles into Alma. Gonzalez is setting the soundtrack for the night. She plays “Sound and Vision” from David Bowie’s 1977 Low. It’s classic Bowie, existing in some space where genre doesn’t exist, where it’s OK for artists to avoid being pigeonholed. In some ways, it sounds a lot like Nite Jewel.
**UNION**

**FRI. JUNE 10**
Mr. Black Presents
ERIKA JAYNE

**SAT. JUNE 10**
KLUB LA
LA PRIDE AFTERPARTY

**SAT. JUNE 10**
HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS
FREE COMEDY NIGHT

**WED. JUNE 15**
DANCE SKA LOS ANGELES INSPECTOR
NANA PANCHA, RED STORE BUMS & MORE

**FRI. JUNE 17**
GOTH MONEY + M.I.L.F.

**COMING SOON:**
6/16 SOUNDPieces thURSDays w/ FLAVA D
6/18 LOS ANGELES PUNK INVASION
2X16 w/ CONFLICT, BLANKS 77, DEFiance, CHEAP Sex, CLiT45, TOTAL CHAOS
6/19 DYLan R OSS
6/21 CURRensY: CRUSt’N USA TOuR
6/23 SPECIAL DUTIES
6/25 SHAME AND THE ASTRAL PLANE PRESENT: EAVES
7/2 KLUB LA - LA BLACK PROUD
7/2 NOsAJ THING
7/8 TARRUS RILEY

7/8 TARRUS RILEY
7/9 THE DEFECTS
1ST LA APPEARANCE, TOTAL CHAOS
7/9 “REMEMBER” ALL VINYL
ALL NIGHT (HOUSE & DISCO CLASSICS EDITION)
7/28 THE LIFE AND DEATH TOUR 2016
W/ TERROR, POWER TRIP, HARMS WAY

**CHILE LIMÓN:**
NINA SKY, FALCONS, PROMNITE, JITJR & MORE

**FRI. JUNE 10**
GET YA CHEDDA FEST
FT. DASH X G.R.A.M.Z

**FRI. JUNE 10**
The Lazy Sessions & Street Hustlers Present:
GIRLS ROCK L.A.

**SAT. JUNE 11**
SWAGGER LIKE US
FT. UNIQus, SATURN RISING, GIANNI LEE & DAVID

**SAT. JUNE 11**
MATRE MYKA 9 & PALEFACE

**SUN. JUNE 12**
BANJEE BALL EASTSIDE PRIDE EDITION

**THU. JUNE 16**
SKYLAR SPENCE
ROBOKID, 2TONEDISCO, TDOYLE & GOJ!RA

**COMING SOON:**
6/9 WHITE CRISPY
6/9 THE PLAYGROUND
6/11 MATRE: MIXTAPE RELEASE SHOW, MYKA 9, PALEFACE
6/15 WELCOME TO THE SUMMER
6/16 SKYLAR SPENCE
6/19 KABAKA PYRAMID
6/21 COLORS COMEDY
6/23 REVERIE
6/23 PRISM SOUNDS
6/24 YOUNG VIC
6/24 ROYCE DA 5’9”
6/25 BEAUTIFUL: A ONE WOMAN PLAY BY JOZANNE MARIE

6/25 AFROBRATION FEAT DUAIN RICHMOND, AFROBEATDOWN
6/27 AN AFRICAN CITY
7/1 LA INEDITA
7/16 DESTROYER 666
7/16 ASYLUM
7/20 VINNIE CARUANA

**EVERY WEEK:**
TUESDAYS
LOS GLOBOS LOCALS
FOUNDATION REGGAE

4067 W. PICO BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90019 (323) 737-1159
TICKETS & INFO AT UNIONCLUBLA.COM

3040 W. SUNSET BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90026 (323) 664-6669
TICKETS & INFO AT CLUBLOSLOBOS.COM / CLUBLOSLOBOS / @CLUBLOSLOBOS / @LOSLOBOS
L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
S

uddenly I’m in Munich, Germany. Well, not all that suddenly. It was 10 hrs., 36 mins. in seat 54C.

I am here for the Rockavaria Festival where, in about 24 hours, I will be onstage in a priest’s outfit reprising my role in the film Gutterdämmerung, which will play on a screen behind me. If I get it right, I will speak and move in sync with myself onscreen. If I get it right, I will speak and move in sync with myself onscreen.

Whenever I have to function on a radical time change, like going from California to Europe, which is 9 hours ahead, I always try to give myself more than one day to neutralize the effects of jet lag. The first 24 hours are usually pretty miserable, with strange, work-related dreams that end in failure or limitation. Factor in fiscal insecurity, debt and the anxiety that comes with it, and a lot of people live in a day-to-day hell.

This is probably responsible for the oceans of alcohol and mountains of stimulants consumed all over the world daily, and why the “war on drugs” is as big a farce as anything humankind ever perpetrated. Getting high and many other things that fall under the heading of “incestuous behavior” are often anything but. A lot of the time, all we want is something more than what we wake up to. That’s just how we are.

I have been accused of running away from life, that I can’t handle the “real thing.” Sounds like misery needing some company from life, that I can’t handle the “real thing.” I mean always, looking to score. Need for affection toward a pet like their pets so much. Affection toward a dog allows us complex critters to bypass the incredible tonnage of emotional baggage and collateral damage done by human interaction and bring one’s imagined best side to the fore. It also could possibly describe the attraction of meeting a previously unknown person at a club and having a sexual encounter with them hours later, never to see them again.

When I am in vengeance mode, I live only me any good. I am an addict who is always, I mean always, looking to score. Need for experience, information, adventure, employment and music keep me moving. My modus operandi is based on this unfilled chasm. I am lucky that I became unhinged as a young person. I watched normal people live their lives and had the same reaction as a young person. I watched normal people live their lives and had the same reaction as a young person.

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From the producers of **LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE**

**DOLCE PRESENTS:**

**WOOGIE WEEKEND**

July 8th-10th × Oak Canyon Park × Silverado, CA

ARTISTS LISTED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

ANTON TUMAS · BEACON

BENOIT & SERGIO (LIVE) · BLOND:ISH · CLAPTOINE

DAMIAN LAZARUS · DANCE SPIRIT · DENA AMY

DOUBTINGTHOMAS (LIVE) · ELI & FUR · EXTRAWELT (LIVE)

FDVM · HEIKO LAUX · JOESKI · JON HOPKINS

JONAS SAALBACH · KIDNAP KID · LAUREN RITTER

LIQUORBOX · LUM · MARK FARINA

MATHEW JONSON (LIVE) · NU · OCEANVS ORIENTALIS

OLIVER HUNTEMANN · OONA DAHL · RAMPUE

RODRIGUEZ JR. (LIVE) · ROMAN FLÜGEL

SEBASTIAN MULLAERT AKA MINILOGUE (LIVE)

SYD GRIS · TÂCHES · THYLADOMID

???? · VISIONQUEST

WWW.WOOGIEWKND.COM
The Dollyrots, Go Betty Go
@ THE HI HAT
The Dollyrots continue to tour steadily even though singer-bassist Kelly Ogden and
guitarist Luis Cabezas are raising a 2-year-old son. The L.A. duo allude to their status as parents with the title of
their new CD/DVD, Family Vacation: Live in Los Angeles, which was recorded last year at the Roxy. They also released three typically exuberant new pop-punk tunes in January on the EP Mama’s
Gonna Knock You Out. Fellow locals Go Betty Go are also a bit of a family affair, with lead singer Nicolette Vilar spitting out defiant melodies over her sister Aixa Vilar’s exacting drum beats, Michelle Rangel’s rumbling bass and Betty Cisneros’ controlled chaos on buzz-saw guitar. On their recent EP Reboot, Go Betty Go alternate between sugary, romantic pop hooks and more shadowy digressions. Both bands also appear at Maui Sugar
Mill Saloon on Saturday, June 11; The Dollyrots are at Alex’s Bar on Sunday, June 12. —Falling James

The Sadies
@ PAPPY & HARRIET’S PIONEERTOWN PALACE
The Sadies specialize in their own kind of icily pastoral Americana, a blend of mournful voices and a low-end jangle of laid-back but intricately knotty guitars. But the Toronto quartet can rock out when they want to. On their most recent full-length, Internal Sounds, guitarist brothers Dallas and Travis Good alternate between up tempo country-punk barnburners (“Another Tomorrow Again”) and more traditional acoustic ballads (“So Much Blood”) mixed with Meat Puppets-style hard rock (“Starting All Over Again”). The album even closes with a swirl of trance-like exotica featuring Buffy Sainte-Marie (“We Are Circling”). The band’s musical dexterity has attracted collaborations with fellow Canadians Randy Bachman, Gord Downie and Neil Young, as well as John Doe, Jon Spencer and such polar opposites as Neko Case and Andre Williams. —Falling James

Make Music Pasadena
@ OLD TOWN PASADENA
Luckily, the booking for this annual daylong festival in downtown Pasadena is much more imaginative than the free event’s bland name. This year’s lineup features a fairly diverse mix of indie rock, pop, Latin, hip-hop, jazz, choral and roots music, with 150 performers divided among 30 venues. The Old Pasadena Colorado Stage includes the poignant psych-pop pleading of James Supercave and the intelligently romantic synth-pop wanderings of L.A. Girlfriend, aka Sydney Banta. The Memorial Park Stage is lit up by the artily layered pop reveries of Clara Nova, the trippy cumbia-punk collisions of Thee Commons and the sunny world beat of Nahko & Medicine for the People. Other stages host the starry-eyed fan-mail pop fantasies of The Fontaines, the rudely hypnotic hip-hop imprecations of Delta 9 MC’s and the rootsy workouts of Laura Jean Anderson. —Falling James

Playboy Jazz Festival
@ HOLLYWOOD BOWL
The 58th annual PJF offers a pretty mainstream survey of mostly trad-and-true jazz-related music that will serve as pleasant background as fans happily enjoy their picnic baskets. This Hollywood Bowl affair is all about being the biggest and best summer party in town, not the edgiest. But prick your ears toward the stage and you’re in for surprises, not least how jazz itself, at least as defined by this festival, has morphed into so many other forms. Saturday’s lineup includes Stephen Colbert’s house band, Jon Batiste & Stay Human; Seth MacFarlane in crooner mode with conductor Joel McNeely; Los Van Van; The Bad Plus with Joshua Redman; Joey Alexander Trio; and John Beasley’s excellent MONK’estra. Sunday’s crew features Fourplay Silver Anniversary with Bob James, Nathan East, Chuck Loeb and Harvey Mason; Janelle Monáe; The Robert Cray Band, celebrating the music of B.B. King; and New Orleans’ Big Chief Donald Harrison Jr. and the Congo Nation. Also Sun., June 12. —Jonny Whiteside

Rumors with Guy Gerber, DJ Harvey
@ GIN LING WAY
Guy Gerber and DJ Harvey bring the island-party vibes of Ibiza to Chinatown with Gerber’s raving event, Rumors. Started in Ibiza, Rumors is about letting DJs flex their skills with extended sets in an outdoor setting. Gerber and Harvey are the perfect foils for the first Rumors party in Los Angeles, which starts during daylight hours, ends at the respectable witching hour of midnight, and takes place in Chinatown’s exotic pedestrian thoroughfare, Gin Ling Way. Harvey will be fresh — or worn out, but probably not — from his all-night Flaming Man party, which ends roughly 12 hours before Rumors begins. This should have him charged to bring his inimitable and varied combination of exactly what you need to hear, while Gerber delivers a nicely paced, curated selection of tribal-tinged, breezy house. —Lily Moayeri

Dan Bern
@ MCCABE’S GUITAR SHOP
Among the ridiculously talented Dan Bern’s singer-songwriterly exploits, at
least one item stands out: He’s the guy who wrote the songs for John C. Reilly’s titular rock-star cypher in the 2007 film Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story, one of the greatest film soundtracks of all time (but not an Oscar earner for Bern, which is a major crime). Bern’s a folk-oriented composer of rather literary songs graced with wonderfully witty wordplay and, better yet, the tastiest memorable melodies. He’s a topical kind of guy who’ll take the piss on all the latest dumb and dangerous stuff being pooped out by the media, but he’ll come off sympathetic, as if he loves people or something. And he wrote the best song ever about the Dodgers, “The Golden Voice of Vin Scully.” That alone is reason enough to Feel the (Dan) Bern.

—John Payne

Franky Flowers

@ THE ECHO

L.A.’s Franky Flowers are (just about) fresh out of high school for the summer and headed right into this June residency at the Echo, and that’s got to be some kind of local indie dream come true. Ever since early releases with the DIY Danger Collective crew, the kids in Franky Flowers — actual kids, not late-20-somethings dodging their inevitable return to grad school by forming a band — have been knocking out gloriously noisy indie rock with overcranked guitars and the kind of tense, happy/sad melodies that perfectly capture that confusing teenage feeling of everything hitting you at once. As bandleader Franky sang once: “I cannot help that I have changed/But now I would like to stay.” With support from Manny Nieto’s The Chavez Ravine, crushing AmRep-style heaviness. —Chris Ziegler

Silver Apples, Gap Dream

@ THE TROUBADOUR

Two like-minded electronauts from different generations share this bill, which pairs Gap Dream, one of Burger Records’ most idiosyncratic acts, with Silver Apples, a proto-punk duo so punk that they built their own low-budget/high-tech synthesizer rig — in about 1968. Gap Dream (aka Gabe Fulwider) has been evolving toward a more electronic sound since his first LP in 2012. His coming July full-length is a late-night loner-stoner zig-zag from bummed-out Pavement guitar shuffle to Spacemen 3/Spiritualized drone to ultra-clean electronic songs that match John Carpenter paranoia to Rinder & Lewis personality. Silver Apples — helmed by founder Simeon, who built that ‘68 synth — presaged Suicide, Neu! and more with their dedication to ecstatic repetition on their two vital ’60s albums, but even in 2016 they’ve still got their eyes on the edge. —Chris Ziegler

Bob Dylan, Mavis Staples

@ SHRINE AUDITORIUM

Bob Dylan continues to mystify, putting out in May another record of pop standards, Fallen Angels, a year after his first full-length foray into the genre, Shadows in the Night. While it may seem foolhardy to take on traditional favorites that were largely popularized by a young, callously assured belter like Frank Sinatra, Dylan makes it work, turning the lights down and shifting the mood inward with his craggy, post-midnight growl and his group’s artfully restrained backing. Dylan’s onetime muse Mavis Staples has always had a passionately soaring gospel voice, but on her latest album, Livin’ on a High Note, she makes her way through a joyfully engaging set of smart songs by Neko Case, Benjamin Booker, Nick Cave and Tune-Yards’ Merrill. With new music still in the works, 2013’s pre-resurrection Resistance remains Wop’s lingering last words. It’s a gathering of grandiose twin-guitar harmonizing, hardcore-esque vocals and machine-gun kick drums more workmanlike than wonderful. But as deathcore evolves into ever-more nuanced substrains, there’s something refreshing about this straightforward, time-honored approach, which in a 2016 context begins to have some (probably inadvertent) novelty and nostalgia value. —Paul Rogers

Sarah Jarosz

@ THE TROUBADOUR

“This house wasn’t meant for strangers, but you keep knocking anyway.” Sarah Jarosz coolly intones over a prickly mandolin on “House of Mercy,” from her latest album, Undercurrent. “You’ll never get inside this house,” she insists, her singing trailing off sadly, “You make me want to be alone.” As the Texas native’s achingly voice gives her heart away, she sews it together again with quietly moving instead of mawkishly self-pitying and sentimental. Once Jarosz has quietly moved instead of mawkishly self-pitying and sentimental. Once Jarosz has laced up these threads with Jeff Picker’s guitar and mandolin. The overall effect is quietly moving instead of mawkishly self-pitying and sentimental. Once Jarosz has laced up these threads with Jeff Picker’s nimblly anchored bass, she’s created a delicately gift-wrapped and achingly lingering melody out of the empty ashes of a ruined relationship — no easy trick. —Falling James

Winds of Plague

@ WHISKY A GO-GO

Only last year, Winds of Plague were being discussed in the past tense, with heavy metal website MetalSucks even running a tongue-in-cheek “where are they now” on its members. Yet while the recently returned Upland sextet is much changed — half its six members are newbies, with only burly frontman Johnny Plague an original — its sonic manifesto remains muscular, macho, strep-throated deathcore distinguished by the symphonic contributions (and onstage glam) of keyboardist Alana Potocnik. With new music still in the works, 2013’s pre-resurrection Resistance remains Wop’s lingering last words. It’s a gathering of grandiose twin-guitar harmonizing, hardcore-esque vocals and machine-gun kick drums more workmanlike than wonderful. But as deathcore evolves into ever-more nuanced substrains, there’s something refreshing about this straightforward, time-honored approach, which in a 2016 context begins to have some (probably inadvertent) novelty and nostalgia value. —Paul Rogers
AMDEA MUSIC: 1830 S. Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. DJ Jimmy Maharas, Fri., June 10, 8 p.m., free, Bodfire, Tue., June 14, 6 p.m., free.
ARMORY CENTER FOR THE ARTS: 149 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena. Smoke Season, Melott, Act as If, Love Ghost, Lexie Rose, Max Awe, Sat., June 11, noon, free.
BARDO T HOLLYWOOD: 1737 N. Vine St. Ayer, Isaac Rodriguez, Mon., June 13, 8 p.m, free.
BOARDN’ER’S: 1652 Cherokee Ave. Aureli Voltaire, The Jimmy Psycho Experiment, Sat., June 11, 10 p.m.
BOOZE THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. The Lowclass, Laura Jean Anderson, Tuft, Fri., June 10, 8:30 p.m., $12, Mirah, Jereth Bischoff, Sat., June 11, 8:30 p.m., $14, Ray Little, Puscie Jones, Groz, Sun., June 12, 8:30 p.m., $10, Midnight Faces, Nico Yaryan, $28-$78. Al Di Meola, Thu., June 16, 9 p.m., $10.
THE ECHO: 600 S.Hopefully, Takashi Miyaki, Venus & the Moon, Wed., June 15, 8:30 p.m., $10, Globelamp, Tashaki Miyaki, Venus & the Moon, Wed., June 15, 8:30 p.m., $10, Thieves, Sun., June 12, 8:30 p.m., $5.
CENTER FOR THE ARTS EAGLE ROCK: 2225 Colorado Blvd. Summer Equinox Sound Bath, with Jamie Ford & Mary Francis Spencer, Thu., June 16, 7:30 p.m.
CLUB BAHIA: 1130 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Holy Fuck, Mon., June 13, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
COODY’S VIVA CANTINA: 900 Riverside Drive, Burbank. King Cotton, Jimmy Angel, preceded (at 5:30 p.m.) by Jimmy White, Fri., June 10, 8 p.m., free. The Cody Bryant Experience, Jake & the Wheelhouse, Sat., June 11, 6 p.m., free, Debra Lee & Trigger Happy, The Smoggy Blues Band, The Buffalo Bites, Warrant & Brantley Kearns, Sun., June 12, 12-7 p.m., free, Cody Bryant, Jimmy Lee Harris, John Palmer, Wednesdays, 7 p.m., free, Rick Shea, Thu., June 16, 7 p.m., free.
COMPLEX: 806 E. Colorado St., Glendale. Ises of Gemini, Alacrin, Deth Crux, Wed., June 15, 8 p.m., $10, Valient Thorr, Pears, You Know Who, Livin’ Alive, Thu., June 16, 8 p.m., $12.
CP TWO: 5757 Santa Monica Blvd. The Fourth Annual Unfuck the World Day, with Drew Imagination, DJ Fingers, Sun., June 12, 3 p.m., free.
CRANE’S E E DOWNTOWN: 810 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Ruby Clouds, Tap, Sun., June 12, 7 p.m., free.
DER WOLFSKOFF: 72 N. Fair Oaks Blvd., Pasadena. Make Music Pasadena, with Chelsea Lankes, Bloodbath, Dr. Doctor, Oliver Riot, Foxtax, Dream Vacation, Sleeplust, Sat., June 11, noon, free.
THE ECHO: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd. Pup, Rozwell Kid, Charly Bliss, Fri., June 10, 8:30 p.m., TBA, Qui, Tweak Bird, Egeots on Exogit, Sat., June 11, 6 p.m., $5.90, Snake Around, Sat., June 11, 9 p.m., TBA, free; Stargazers, Lilies Pale Diane, Brass Box, Sun., June 12, 10 p.m., $10, Franky Flowers, The Chavez Ravine, Heartly Har, Mon., June 13, 8:30 p.m., free (see Music Pick).
THE ECHO: 1514 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Taggart, Sticks, Thu., June 16, 8:30 p.m., $13.50.
EL CID: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd. Lost Beach, Tadhana, Todd O’Keefe, Fri., June 10, 9:30 p.m., TBA, Lucky & Love, Oyis, Hirsh, Sat., June 11, 10 p.m., $5.
HANDDBAG: 1623½ N. Cahuenga Blvd. 400 Black,花, Jun...

NON PLUS ULTRA: 4310 Burns Ave. 100 Flowers, Freak Heat Waves, Traps PS, Fri., June 10, 9:30 p.m., $10.


OUTLAWS GRILL & SALOON: 2167 Pickwick Drive, Camarillo. Sisterook, Fri., June 10, 9 p.m., TBA.

PAPPY & HARRETT’S PIONEERTOWN PALACE: 35880 Pioneertown Road, The Sadies, Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet, Fri., June 10, 8:30 p.m., $15 (see Music Pick).


PEHRSPACE: 325 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Gun Outfit, Outside Spaces, Shiv Giver, Arjuna Genome, Fri., June 10, 9 p.m., $5, Chloé Chaceal, Phoebe Bridgers, Nate Zolezzi, Blas Sour, Weavers, Dana Williams, Sat., June 11, 8 p.m., $5, Ceremony, Angel Dust, Big Bite, Mohicans, Gem, Sun., June 12, 2-7 p.m., $15.


THE REDWOOD BAR & ALL THE ARTS: 316 W. Second St., Los Angeles. Jim Williams, Heartless Folk, Fri., June 10, 9 p.m., $5-$10, Spruce Branches, Dirty Few, Plum, Sat., June 11, 9 p.m., $5-$10; The Freaks of Nature, The C.O. Hurricanes, The Sound Reasons, Sun., June 12, 3 p.m., $10, Hollywood Blues Destroyers, Sun., June 12, 9 p.m., TBA; Homesick Abortions, Death March, Three Day Holocaust, Blasting Concept, Sun., June 12, 9 p.m., $5-$10. Silent on Fifth Street, Wed., June 15, 9 p.m., $5-$10. Karl Memorial, with Joey Balls, Thu., June 16, 9 p.m., TBA.

RESIDENT: 428 S. Hewitt St., Los Angeles. Mutual Benefit, Florist, Jay Som, Fri., June 10, 9 p.m., $15. Slow Dance, with Avila Santo, NY1K0, DI Lady C, John Moses, Alison Rosenfeld, Sun., June 12, 7 p.m., free. Gaby Moreno, Marian Ruzzi, Tue., June 14, 8 p.m., $25, Neanderthal, Lex, Pegasus Warning, Thu., June 16, 8 p.m., $5.$15.

THE ROSE: 465 E. Green St., Pasadena. Justin Hayward, Mike Daines, Sat., June 11, 8 p.m., $28-$78.


SATELLIAS SALOON: 1233 Vine St., Hollywood. Eddie Clendening, The Doug MacDonald Quartet, Sat., June 11, 9 p.m., $16, Steady Holiday, Vox, Sweet Bumb It, Karoshi Mode, Mon., June 13, 9 p.m., free. Paris Radio, Adult Bodies, Some Go Haunting, DJ Jesse Carmichael, Tue., June 14, 9 p.m., $10. Young Creatures, Wed., June 15, 10:30 p.m., free. Blac Jesus & the Experimentalists, Thu., June 16, 10:30 p.m., free.


WHISKY A GO-GO: 8901 Sunset Blvd, West Hollywood. Faster Pussycat, Fri., June 10, 7 p.m., TBA.

ZONA ROSA: 15 S. Molino Ave., Pasadena. Make Music Pasadena, with Vice Versa, Sat., June 11, 7 p.m., free.

JAZZ & BLUES


AU LAC: 710 W. First St., Los Angeles. Sidney Jacobs, Sat., June 11, 7:30 p.m., $10-$25.


THE BATTERY BOOKS & MUSIC: 1005 S Mission St, Grex, Dan Clucas, Fri., June 10, 8 p.m., free.

BIG MAMA’S RIB SHACK: 1453 N. Lake Ave., Pasadena. Make Music Pasadena, with Vice Versa, Sat., June 11, 7 p.m., free. — Failing James
2:30 p.m., free. The Lolly Allen Quartet, Sun., June 12, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Jon Mayer Quartet, Wed., June 15, 6-9 p.m., free.

MALARKY’S GRILL & IRISH PUB: 168 N. Marina Drive, Long Beach. The Bruce Katz Band, Sun., June 12, 4 p.m., TBA.

MAUI SUGAR MILL SALOON: 33389 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana. The Bruce Katz Band, Mon., June 13, 8 p.m., $10-$20.


NEW LIFE L.A.: 2600 La Brea Ave. Jazizin’ for Haiti, with The West Coast Get Down, Wed., June 15, 8 p.m.


SPAGHETTINI SEAL BEACH: 3005 Old Ranch Parkway, Seal Beach. Patty Peterson, Groove Legacy, Fri., June 10, 8 p.m., $25. Anna Mjöll, Sat., June 11, 8 p.m., $25. Spencer Day, Sun., June 12, 7 p.m., $35. Rick Marcel, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., $10. DW3, Thursdays, 8 p.m., $15.


VITELLO’S ITALIAN RESTAURANT: 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City. Jonathan Karrant, Fri., June 10, 8 p.m., $20. Riva Sun., June 12, 8 p.m., $15 & up. Jason Oberman, Mon., June 13, 8 p.m., TBA. Shelly Peiken, Tue., June 14, 8 p.m., TBA. DW3, Wednesdays, 8 p.m., TBA. Rupert Wates, Thu., June 16, 8 p.m., TBA.

VROMAN’S: 6935 Colorado Blvd. Make Music Pasadena, with The Nameless Band, Shy Sam, RSD. Little Brazil, Bison War, Kira & the Major 3, Sat., June 11, 1 p.m.

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

COUNTRY & FOLK

BOULEVARD MUSIC: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Special Consensus, Sat., June 11, 8 p.m., $20.


THE COWBOY PALACE SALOON: 21635 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. Hollywood Hillbillies, Fri., June 10, 8 p.m., free. Coldwater Canyon, Sat., June 11, 8 p.m., free. Jimi Nelson, June 15, 16-18, 8 p.m., free.

EB’S BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET: 6333 W. Third St., Los Angeles. John Surge, Dinosaur Tooth, Sat., June 11, 7:30 p.m., free.


TAM O’SHANTER INN: 2980 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles. Whisky Sunday, Sat., June 11, 8 p.m., free.

—Falling James

DANCE CLUBS

AVENUE HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Lemattre, Jeneaux, Oki, The Interiors, Fri., June 10, 9:30 p.m., TBA. EDX, Foul & Wad, Antonia Gica, Atomic Mike, Sat., June 11, 10 p.m., TBA.

BAR ONE TAP ROOM: 12518 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood. Groove Me, with R&B Div Stylus, Tech & Joelkee, Every third Saturday, 9 p.m., free. DJ Canyon Cady, dropping in with global soul, reggae, salsa and funk, Fridays, 10 p.m., free. DJ Jose Galvez, spinning Caribbean and funky Latin sounds, Saturdays, 10 p.m., free.

COUTURE: 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Los Angeles. Bjarki, Fri., June 10, 10 p.m., TBA. Death on the Balcony, Patricio & Shawni, Wed., June 15, 10 p.m., TBA.

CREATE NIGHTCLUB: 6021 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Arty, Fri., June 10, 10 p.m., TBA. Noize Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m. Arcade Saturdays, Saturdays, 10 p.m.; Ruby Rose, Sat., June 11, 10 p.m.
KALEO

Icelandic band Kaleo celebrates their US debut album, A/B (Elektra/Atlantic), with a signing at Amoeba. Purchase your copy of A/B at Amoeba on Thursday, June 9th to meet the band and have your copy signed.

No live performance!

Thursday • June 9 • 6pm

ERICA DRISCOLL

Erica Driscoll and her band will be celebrating the release of their 45 “Pleasure” from their latest EP, True Confessions.

Friday • June 10 • 8pm

KARMA AND THE GHOULS

Karma and the Ghouls celebrate their debut album, “Are You Sick & Tired Again?” with a performance and Q&A.

Saturday • June 11 • 8pm

THE HANGMEN

The Hangmen return to Los Angeles with their new album, “Feel Like A Number.”

Sunday • June 12 • 2pm

ARTWALK AFTERWALK PARTY

Artwalk Afterwalk Party is a chance to explore the galleries and shops of downtown LA after the galleries close!

Monday • June 13 • 7pm

MIDNIGHT RAMBLERS

Midnight Ramblers return to Los Angeles for a night of blues and jazz.

Tuesday • June 14 • 9pm

JENNIFER MCLAUGHLIN

Jennifer McLaughlin performs a solo acoustic set at Amoeba Hollywood.

Wednesday • June 15 • 7pm

ALEX HODGES

Alex Hodges is a rising star in the metal scene and will be performing an exclusive set at Amoeba Hollywood.

Thursday • June 16 • 7pm

GENERAL LEE’S BAR

General Lee’s Bar is hosting a night of live music with local bands and DJ sets.

Friday • June 17 • 9pm

ROBERT RODRIGUEZ

Robert Rodriguez returns to Los Angeles with his latest album, “The Hangman’s Beautiful.”

Saturday • June 18 • 8pm

THE WHATEVER

The Whatever perform their new album, “We Are Better Than You.”

Sunday • June 19 • 7pm

THE WIZARD

The Wizard returns to Los Angeles with their new album, “The Magician’s Apprentice.”

Monday • June 20 • 8pm

RURU

Ruru performs a special acoustic set at Amoeba Hollywood.

Tuesday • June 21 • 8pm

COHAN & SUTHERLAND

Cohan & Sutherland perform their latest album, “The New Normal.”
You’ll want to block-hop Sunset Boulevard on Sunday, when two of our favorite hangouts are offering full-tilt bashes.

First up, “Pride on the Eastside” at Akbar promises $1 PBR all day plus a BBQ and one-hour DJ sets all day into the evening from Rudy Bleu, David Dancer, DJ Susan in Accounting, Hank Green, Frenchkiss and Max Bruce. After that, it’s time to strut over to Banjee Ball, which has blossomed the past few months at Los Globos, showcasing voguers, posers, twerkers and whackers (look it up) in fierce competition and vying for cash prizes.

For this special Eastside Pride Edition, live performances by Gia Banks, Ritchie, Crush and surprise special guests pump up the prancing and proud partying till the wee hours. 

AKBar | 4365 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake | Sun., June 12, 11:30 p.m. | $5 before 6 p.m., $10 after 21 | banjeeball.com

LOSGLOBOS | 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake | Sun., June 12, 5:30 p.m. | $5 before 6 p.m., $10 after 21

**THURSDAY, JUNE 16**

**BLOOMSDAY:** With music by Rattle the Knee, preceded by readings from James Joyce’s Ulysses, 7:30 p.m. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd. See GoLA.

**BOB DYLAN & HIS BAND, MAVIS STAPLES:** 7:30 p.m., $50-$154.50. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall, 685 W. Jefferson Blvd. See Music Pick.

**THE PHARCYDE:** 8 p.m., $55. Novo, 800 Olympic Blvd.

**TOOLS & THE MAYTALS:** 8 p.m., $31. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

—Falling James

**EASTSIDE PRIDE PARTIES**

H as the Pride festival in WeHo become less about celebrating gay equality and more about showcasing a Coachella-like music show? Naysayers think so. But for a lot of the queer community it’s irrelevant, because they never go west of Western for their revelry to being with.

For these people — and for the ones who might otherwise be over the priciness of Pride events on the Westside — there is Eastside Pride, a weekend of events in Silver Lake. (Don’t even try to argue about what is technically the Eastside here, because the gay scene has its own geographical boundaries; the Eastside is a state of mind and sometimes dress, from leather daddies to art tarts.)

**SUNDAY, JUNE 12**

LAKIM: 9 p.m., TBA, The Fonda Theatre.


**HUMORS CHINATOWN BLOCK PARTY:** With Guy Gerber, DJ Harvey, 6 p.m., $25-$50. Gin Ling Way, 451-473 Gin Ling Way, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**BETHEL MUSIC:** 8 p.m., $25-$54. The Wiltern.

**THE GHETTO FIVETET:** 4 p.m., free. San Gabriel Mission Playhouse, 520 Mission Drive, San Gabriel.

**HERENCIA FLAMENCA:** 2:30 p.m., $35-$55. Alex Theatre, 216 N. Brand Blvd., Glendale.

**HUCK FINN JUBILEE:** With The Punch Brothers, The Infamous Stringdusters, Elephant Revival, Mountain Heart, Flatt Lonesome and others, 9 a.m., $20-$171. Cucamonga-Guasti Regional Park, 800 N. Archibald Ave., Ontario.


**PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL:** With Fourplay, Janelle Monáe, Robert Cray, Ben Harper, Sheila E., Javon Jackson and others, 12 p.m., $20-$171. Hollywood Bowl, 3040 Photographic Ave., Highland Ave. See Music Pick.

**DEL THE FUNKY HOMOSAPIEN:** With Richie Cuning, Pure Power, 8 p.m., $5. The Observatory.

**TUESDAY, JUNE 14**

**LETIDE:** 5 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre.

**SUPPORT:** With The Moshman, 7 p.m., $24.50-$59.50. The Fonda Theatre, 3035 1st St., Los Angeles.

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15**

**TOKYO POLICE CLUB:** With We Were Promised Jetspacks, 8:30 p.m., TBA, El Rey Theatre.

**THURSDAY, JUNE 16**

**BLOOMSDAY:** With music by Rattle the Knee, preceded by readings from James Joyce’s Ulysses, 7:30 p.m. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd. See GoLA.

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**TOOLS & THE MAYTALS:** 8 p.m., $31. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

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