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A PORTION OF THIS YEAR’S BRUNCH AT THE RACES PROCEEDS BENEFIT FOOD FORWARD
The 4400 block of Sunset Boulevard sits at the nexus of three neighborhoods — East Hollywood, Los Feliz and Silver Lake. Residents of each can now peer outside their homes at night and see a large, glowing S, looped through two triangles, looming 150 feet overhead, like a beacon in the wee small hours.

It sits fixed atop a radio tower, above what is thought to be the city’s oldest continuously used movie studio, and one of the few studios deemed by the city to be a cultural landmark.

In May, after four years of fantastically expensive renovations, the studio had its grand reopening — as Scientology Media Productions.

David Miscavige, the church’s so-called “ecclesiastic leader,” says the studio is “our uncorrupted communication line to the billions,” according to a Scientology press release.

“Yes, Scientology is in the news — that’s certainly proof that the religion is so interesting,” reads the press release. “But now Scientology Media Productions IS the media.”

L.A. Weekly’s request for a tour of the new studio was denied. But photos provided to us by the church depict a state-of-the-art facility offering soundstages with “robotically controlled cameras,” a scenery shop, screening rooms, a visual-effects center and even a television broadcast studio, with the rumored goal of, eventually, creating a 24-hour Scientology cable station.

The lot also will house Scientology’s publishing department, which says it produces more than a dozen monthly publications including The Auditor, Celebrity, Reality and Freedom magazine — the “voice of the Church of Scientology.”

“The department,” boasts the studio’s publicity brochure, “is powered by an advanced, computerized, automated media system — the latest technology to disseminate Scientology spiritual technology.”

The brochure depicts a studio that is as beautiful and advanced as any in Hollywood.

“[W]e have no doubt it looks like those renderings,” says Tony Ortega, former editor in chief of the Village Voice, who now blogs about Scientology full-time at the Underground Bunker. “I have no doubt they put together a fantastic studio with all sorts of equipment. The question is why?”

The studio originally dates back to 1912, when Hollywood was still an independent city that was transitioning from farmland to moviemaking utopia. The studio was owned, or in some cases rented, by a succession of independent and unsuccessful movie producers. Among them were an optometrist named Siegmund Lubin, who went bankrupt within four years, and Charles Ray, who produced The Courtship of Myles Standish, which, at a budget of more than $3 million ($1 million of that coming from Ray’s own pocket), was one of the most expensive silent films ever.
in "the Hole" and psychologically tortured members suspected of treason were kept, according to HBO's Lake, and Golden Era Productions at the science fiction studios — Mad Hatter Studios in Silver Lake, and Scientology's newer recruits.

Scientology's portfolio includes a number of interesting real estate; they house many of a block away; it's now a Vons grocery store, and its booklet is now the Vista Theatre.

In the 1940s, Ray's old studio became Monogram Pictures. In the 50s, it became Allied Artists. In the '60s, it was ColorVision. A handful of notable films did get made around that time — Invasion of the Body Snatchers, El Cid and, of course, Tickle Me, starring Elvis Presley. ColorVision went bankrupt in 1969, and the lot and well-worn studio were bought by KCET in 1970 for $800,000.

"It was run-down," says historian Marc Wanamaker, who worked for KCET and wrote a book on Hollywood's Poverty Row. "Anyone would look at it and say, 'You have to demolish this.' But KCET didn't have money to demolish a studio. So KCET cleaned it up and modernized it as best they could."

In 2011, the publicly run TV station, newly independent from PBS, decided to sell the studio. There were a number of interested buyers but only one who wanted to preserve the studio, which had been declared a Los Angeles Historic-Cultural Monument in 1978 — the Church of Scientology, which purchased the lot for the princely sum of $42 million.

"It made the L.A. Conservancy very pleased," Wanamaker says. "We're not big Scientology fans, but when it comes to saving the properties, I don't care who they are. They've been very good stewards of their buildings."

According to Scientology spokeswoman Karin Pouw, the church owns "more than 30 properties" in Greater L.A. Most are in Hollywood.

Scientology's portfolio includes a number of gorgeously remodeled historic buildings, such as the 1927 hotel Château Elysée, now the Celebrity Center International, and the 1923 Christie Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard (the first hotel in Hollywood to offer individual bathrooms), now the Church of Scientology Information Center.

A Church of Scientology Community Center in South L.A. is a beautiful 1920s art deco building; the Church of Scientology in Pasadena occupies the Braley Building, originally constructed in 1906 for Edgar Braley's bicycle emporium.

"Meticulously restoring buildings of historical significance is another way we give back to the community," writes Pouw in an email.

There also are a number of anonymous-looking apartment buildings in the church's real estate portfolio; they house many of Scientology's newer recruits.

The church also owns two other production studios — Mad Hatter Studios in Silver Lake, and Golden Era Productions at the infamous Gold Base in Hemet, where, according to The Nation's G. Gordon Liddy, high-ranking members suspected of treason were kept in "the Hole" and psychologically tortured by Miscavige himself. Golden Era has long produced the church's promotional materials and training videos. It's unclear what that facility will be used for now.

The new studio is bigger, more attractive and advanced, and has the added advantage of being located in Los Angeles. Pouw, in a written statement, says the studio will be "a centralized global communications hub for the church's media activities, which include public service announcements, television programming, advertisements, magazines, brochures, internet and every other conceivable type of content."

Pouw says the studio also will produce simple reason the church built its new studio: money.

For decades, the Internal Revenue Service considered Scientology to be a commercial enterprise, and taxed it as such. But in 1993, after a 25-year legal and political battle, the IRS reversed itself and granted the church 501(c)(3) status. As a result, Scientology pays little in taxes.

This is what the studio looked like in 1941.

PHOTOS OF THE FACILITY DEPICT A STATE-OF-THE-ART CAMPUS OFFERING SOUNDSTAGES WITH “ROBOTICALLY CONTROLLED CAMERAS,” A SCENERY SHOP, SCREENING ROOMS, A VISUAL-EFFECTS CENTER AND EVEN A TELEVISION BROADCAST STUDIO.
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“Still bitter at having been kicked out of the sources,” Pouw says in a written statement.

Everyone was bombarded with fundraising emails. ‘Give money! This will save the same. “This was a fundraising studio. fundraising made more money for the Super Power building to be empty,” says Karen De La Carriere, who left the church in 2010, and who was once married to Scientology International president Heber Jentzsch. The purpose of Scientology in 2010, and who was once married to Scientology International president Heber Jentzsch.

According to a lawsuit the Garcias would later file, the church continued to solicit a multitude of contributions from the couple for the next seven years, for a total of $340,000, including $65,000 they were told would purchase a large cross for the front of the Super Power building, which would come to also be known as the Flag building.

The Garcias filed their suit that same year, three years after they’d left the church. A federal judge ordered the couple to settle with the church in arbitration, which the Garcias are contesting.

The Garcias and other ex-Scientology leaders say that buildings like Flag and Scientology Media Productions are how the church maintains its impressive cash flow even while its membership is dwindling.

“Fundraising made more money for the Super Power building to be empty,” says Karen De La Carriere, who left the church in 2010, and who was once married to Scientology International president Heber Jentzsch. The purpose of Scientology Media Productions, she says, was much the same. “This was a fundraising studio. Everyone was bombarded with fundraising emails. ‘Give money! This will save the world!’”

Pouw dismisses De La Carriere, Rinder, De Vocht and other vocal ex-Scientologists as “defrocked and expelled former church staffers.”

“They’re one of the largest property owners in Hollywood, if not the largest property owner. By necessity, we work with them regularly, whether for special events, development or public safety.”

Yet the church is still raising money for its production studio — months after the ribbon-cutting.

Last week, Rinder posted on his blog an email sent out to Scientology members asking for donations to fund the operations of Scientology Media Productions — or SMP, as they call it, part of the “planetary dissemination unit,” i.e., public relations arm of the church.

“You contributions are greatly valued and needed. “We are counting on you to do so.”

Los Angeles, and more specifically Hollywood, has always been something of a holy place for Scientology. Its founder, the incredibly prolific science fiction author L. Ron Hubbard, lived in Hollywood for decades. And Scientology deliberately courts celebrities to help spread the gospel.

The street’s renaming, in 1996, was not without controversy. According to the Los Angeles Times, City Council member Ruth Galanter objected to the move, calling Hubbard “manipulative” and “dishonest,” adding: “He’s a cult leader. We don’t name streets after cult leaders.”

But Councilman Richard Alatorre defended the new name: “The fact of the matter is, this is the leader of this church that has been a long-standing member of the community. They are involved in positive work — they have a lot of members.”

Councilman Richard Alarcon, meanwhile, projected bemused disinterest, explaining his yes vote by saying: “We have, literally, thousands and thousands of streets named for people, most of whom I have no idea who they are.”

The debate crystallized to a certain extent L.A.’s awkward relationship with Scientology. The church has drawn so much criticism worldwide yet has a more or less harmonious relationship with the city establishment. Kevin James, the president of the Board of Public Works, who ran for mayor in 2013 and who says he plans to run for public office again, says the city’s and the church’s interests sometimes overlap. “They’re one of the largest property owners in Hollywood, if not the largest property owner. By necessity, we work with them regularly, whether for special events, development or public safety.”

When the church wanted to put up its logo — the glowing S and two triangles — on the radio tower of its new studio, the city approved it but advised the church to pay a courtesy call on the Los Feliz Neighborhood Council. So the church made a presentation in front of the neighborhood council’s planning committee. After hearing about a dozen community members object to the proposal, the committee voted to recommend that the full council object to the sign — a purely symbolic move.

The issue was set for a hearing before the full neighborhood council, but the item was withdrawn from the agenda at the church’s request. There was no subsequent outreach. The S went up, and has stayed lit at night ever since.

“The reality is, it’s a very visible presence, and it’s for a very specific organization,” says Los Feliz Neighborhood Council president Luke Klipp, who lives 500 feet from the studio and can see the sign from both his front and back yards. “If McDonald’s put a sign 150 feet in the air, lots of people would be screaming. And I’d be one of them.”
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From the robata grill at Aburiya Raku: tomato, left; asparagus and bacon; Kurobuta pork cheek; duck with balsamic soy sauce

Eats // Fork Lift //

INCREDIBLE IZAKAYA

Las Vegas’ Aburiya Raku brings its Japanese pub fare to L.A.

BY GARRETT SNYDER

At Aburiya Raku in Las Vegas, finding an empty table before midnight can be difficult. For years, the off-strip izakaya located in the city’s small Chinatown district has been a popular late-night haunt for Las Vegas chefs and other food-world insiders, a Japanese-style pub fare where grilled skewers and bottles of sake are consumed with abandon until the wee hours of the morning. Its awards and accolades are consumed with abandon until the world insiders, a Japanese-style haunt for Vegas chefs and other food district has been a popular late-night speculation. Would the place become Hollywood invited a fair amount of second outpost of Aburiya Raku in West Las Vegas, finding an after-hours stop for L.A.’s boisterous speculation. Would the place become Hollywood invited a fair amount of second outpost of Aburiya Raku in West

City is its proclivity for using luxury ingredients. Wagyu beef appears on buttery skewers, charred and topped with a thin strip of pale green wasabi paste, as well as in thick sticks seared tableside on a super-hot stone, showered with flaming Hennessey. This might be the only place I’ve tried grilled Iberico pork cheeks — cut from the same prized, fat-marbled breed of pig used to make Spain’s famed ham. And if you’re into foie gras, there’s much to choose from: The fatty livers are blended into an extra-rich chawanmushi (steamed egg custard), and cut into slices, grilled over the coals and topped with a single dollop of black garlic. Perhaps the best way to enjoy duck liver here without overdoing

it is to try the sticky-sweet foie gras bowl; its layers of julienne romaine lettuce and steamed rice cushion the fattiness of the liver without masking its opulence. Thankfully, not everything at Raku is so explicitly high-end. The charcoal-grilled chicken (local and free-range) tastes mostly of itself, though you can dress it up with a dash of shichimi togarashi, a peppery spice blend the restaurant imports from Japan. Since the demise of Little Tokyo’s Kokekokko, there might be no better place in L.A. for yakitori than Raku (in fact Tomohiro Sakata, Kokekokko’s now-retired chef, was sitting at the bar during my last visit). It’s easy to fall in love with skewers of fatty ground chicken, shaped into long, fat drumsticks and lightly glazed; juicy niblets of grilled thigh speckled with salt; or chunks of breast wrapped in paper-thin sheaths of chicken skin to keep them moist. There are grilled options beyond poultry, too, including gooey chunks of beef tendon, crunchy slivers of pig ear, sweet cherry tomatoes sprinkled with salt, or frilly enoki mushrooms wrapped in tight curls of bacon. One evening, an innocuous-sounding corn and potato yakitori special turned out to be a ring of grilled corn, the cob replaced with mashed potatoes — like a Wylie Dufresne riff on KFC. After you’ve finished your skewers (and maybe a bottle of delicate green tea soba), choose between an absurdly fluffy round of cheesecake, or a bowl of tart strawberry sorbet and a mug of roasted green tea. Most likely your meal has stretched on for more than a few hours, but you won’t mind.

In any true izakaya, drinking is just as important as eating. Thumbing through Raku’s thick, leather-bound menu reveals sake with names straight out of a Miyazaki film: Dancing Goblin, Mirror of Truth, Demon Slayer. After ordering a bottle, a large wooden box of ornately decorated sake cups is presented, each painted with a different colorful design — picking out a favorite is half the fun. On most nights Endo works the pass, flipping back and forth from the dining room to chat with regulars, his coiffed hair and suave features earning him the air of a 1950s lounge singer rather than an imposing kitchen master. If there are any chefs in the dining room, they’re likely to be Japanese, certainly a badge of honor in its own right. So far, the late-night crowds of Vegas haven’t materialized. The restaurant currently stays open until 2 a.m., but there are plans to reduce those hours to midnight in the near future — unsurprising given how early Angelinos crawl into bed. And although the dining room is reasonably full on most nights, finding a table during peak dinner hours is far easier than it is at the restaurant’s original location. Does that make Raku any less important? Hardly. In a city filled with stellar izakayas, few can do so many different things so well.

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as opposed to an offensive lineman, who sport requires a lot of balance, a good diet needs to account for that. "Their weight is very likely different from his listed stats of 6 feet, 1 inch, and 250 pounds.)

So the diet for the shot putter is going to be about 5,000 calories a day, split up between five or six meals a day. That is going to include about 30 grams of protein every three hours, no matter if it's midseason or during competition. "Throwers are going to lift the same amount regardless of whether they're throwing, because it's part of their training and prep," Twombley says, "whereas a gymnast is trying to be extremely efficient with all their calories."

To throw out a theoretical, let's say our gymnast is 5 feet tall, 125 pounds, and has 12 percent body fat (like your intrepid author, certainly). She is going to need roughly 25 to 30 calories per kilogram of body weight during training days. "They're going to eat more along the lines of 1,800 and 2,200 calories during the Olympics," Twombley says. "They're not trying to bulk up, just repair and put back in what they used that day."

Gymnasts also are going to eat about five or six meals a day, which is standard operating procedure for a lot of athletes. "Our bodies don't like to be freaked out," Twombley says. "There's a certain way they like to burn calories. A thrower or gymnast still needs to eat five times a day, even if [for the gymnast] the portion size is smaller. But the ratio of protein to carb is going to be the same, versus, say, a marathon runner."

Like swimmers, marathon runners use up so many calories during competition that their diets differ from other types of competitors. "A thrower or gymnast might have a ratio of three grams of carbs to one gram of protein, but a runner is going to have four grams of carbs to one gram of protein," per Twombley. That's an average throughout the day, each meal slightly different from the last. Before a race, a runner may shift to a 10-to-1 carb-to-protein ratio to get boosted energy; after a race, that may go down to 1-to-1.

Of course, this information is all faulty because everyone is different, meaning every diet is different. To get a little more specific, let's take a real-life example: UCLA graduate Nicholas Scarvelis, who is competing in the shot put for Greece in this year's Olympics. (While Scarvelis graduated last year, and his current weight is very likely different from his time at UCLA, he used his listed stats of 6 feet, 1 inch, and 250 pounds.)

"With that weight, he'd eat 4,000 calories a day," says Beth Miller, director of...
Good Greek Grill Was Born From a Broken-Down Food Truck

Like many successful restaurants, the Good Greek Grill owes its existence to a delicate balance of careful planning and fortunate mishaps. Co-owner Dino Pantazis says he and his partners had always planned for a brick-and-mortar location, but it was a broken-down food truck that urged them to finally pick an address. Their most productive employee was a long-shot hire with no previous culinary experience. "He didn't know how to hold a knife," Pantazis said. "I couldn't go more than 10 miles an hour," Feradouros says. When he got back to the commissary, Feradouros told his partners he was finished with rolling kitchen work.

It took six months of looking, but the Vermont Street address tucked next to the Los Feliz Cinemas turned out to be a perfect location for a group of restaurateurs that were still timid about their offering. The space was small and cozy and the foot traffic was good. Plus, the neighborhood was filled with quirky people who were open to trying new food.

Since they opened, Pantazis and his partners have been determined to show L.A. the pork-based sandwich they fell in love with over numerous family trips to Greece. They were poetic about hand-shaved, service fumes as he is with Greek street food. But back in the States, gyro filling is typically shaven from an emulsified meatloaf made from beef trimmings and maybe a little lamb. The practice got its start in Chicago in the 1970s, and has become so ubiquitous that gyro fanatics have made it into a competing "authentic" experience. Pantazis says he was forced to put strips of the meat on his menu. Gently charred on an open grill and slathered with yogurt sauce, the gyro's appeal is hard to deny.

Still, he hopes customers will try the pork they see slowly turning in the window, hissing, popping and cascading with rivulets of rendered fat. Place an order and a cook will shave a hefty measure of pork from the spit, heap it into a store-bought flat bread and add tomatoes, garlicky tzatziki and a fistful of seasoned French fries. The aluminum sheet is as much a casual wrapper as it is a structural element. Eating this gyro requires concentration and even modesty, as the yogurt-painted faces that line the sidewalk can attest. "We have so many Greeks coming here and there's nowhere for them to hang out," Pantazis says of the Los Feliz location, which isn't much larger than the food truck that started the business. With only a few seats, it can be hard to score real estate.

But that sandwich has turned this tiny takeout into a bit of a neighborhood anchor. And it's that same foil-wrapped gyro that will call diners to a soon-to-open location, which isn't much larger than the food truck that urged them to finally pick an address. Their most productive employee was a long-shot hire with no previous culinary experience. "He didn't know how to hold a knife," Pantazis said. "I couldn't go more than 10 miles an hour," Feradouros says. When he got back to the commissary, Feradouros told his partners he was finished with rolling kitchen work.

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But that will change next month when the new Hollywood location opens for business. The new space will seat 80 between the dining room and patio, offer TVs and backgammon, and hopefully provide a hub for local Greeks. There are also plans for coffee service based on the same vacation experiences that inspired the team's first food truck. Picture yourself on a patio sipping a foamy frappé to put an edge back in that post-gyro haze. It's not a bad image. And it beats chasing a food truck all over the city or wrestling for a seat at the original space. —Scott Reitz

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Fiesta, Forever

Culver City is probably best known for being an entertainment-industry hub, home to motion picture makers from Hal Roach Studios to Sony (formerly MGM). But long before it was a hotbed for filmmaking — long before it was called Culver City, in fact — the area was part of a Mexican land grant called Rancho la Ballona and was later the site of training camps for Union soldiers during the Civil War. Culver City continues to celebrate its cultural heritage as a vital L.A. neighborhood with its annual blowout in Veterans Memorial Park. Expect more than 100 booths featuring everything from handmade goods to swag from local organizations, as well as food trucks, a beer-and-wine garden, live music and dance, and a full-on carnival.

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Fests:
- **Fiesta, Forever**: Fri., Aug. 26, 4:30-10 p.m.; Sat., Aug. 27, 11 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sun., Aug. 28, 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; free. (310) 253-6667, fiestalaballona.org

Books:

Off! To the Races

Even among all the charismatic personalities spotlighted in the L.A. punk documentary *The Decline of Western Civilization*, Keith Morris stood out, with his manic onstage energy and sudden sarcasm, revealing a soft heart when he admonished bullies to stop picking on smaller kids in the slam pit. The Hermosa Beach native was the first and fieriest of the four Black Flag singers; he later went on to lead Circle Jerks, Burning Brides and Earthless. The dreadlocked warrior has seen (and recovered from) a lot of madness in his 60 years, and this evening he discusses his new memoir, *My Damage: The Story of a Punk Rock Survivor*, with co-writer and Vermin on the Mount ringleader Jim Ruland.

Feliz; Fri., Aug. 26, 7:30 p.m.; free, book is $24.99. (323) 660-1175, skylightbooks.com. —Falling James

Sweet Stuff

Everything Is Awesome

Legos aren’t just for kids. Though the Danish toy company is one of the sponsors, *Brick Fest Live!* is a purely fan-run operation that began in 2014 in Philadelphia and now takes place in other cities as well, attracting Lego fans of all ages who love building stuff with those plastic bricks. The daylong event takes up 60,000 square feet with Lego-themed activities and attractions, including a derby race along a 35-foot-long track; the chance to contribute to a large-scale floor mosaic; video games; miniature golf; live entertainment; vendors; hosts from the Lego YouTube channel’s *The Brick Show*; and 7-foot-tall Lego models of Woody from *Toy Story* and other popular characters. Pasadena Convention Center, 300 E. Green St., Pasadena; Sat.-Sun., Aug. 27-28, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; $27. (866) 442-4433, brickfestival.com. —Tanja M. Laden

Dance

**Who’s Your Mami?**

Coming off last year’s highly successful residency at UCLA, L.A.-based Contra-Tiempo joins Brooklyn’s Urban Bush Women in a shared evening, part of the Ford’s prestigious Signature Series. Defiantly blending polished technique with elements drawn from the African diaspora, UBW takes on the life and legend of jazz musician John Coltrane in *Walking With ‘Trane*, set to a score drawn from Coltrane’s music. Provocatively, L.A.’s Latin dance troupe Contra-Tiempo worked with African-American choreographer and former UBW member Marjani Forté-Saunders to consider the counterpoint in the lives of Mexican artist Frida Kahlo and Nigerian deity Mami Wata in *SHE WHO: Frida, Mami & Me*. It’s two high-energy dance ensembles in one show. Ford Theatres, 2580 Cahuenga Blvd. E., Hollywood Hills; Sat., Aug. 27, 8 p.m.; $30-$70. (323) 461-3673, fordtheatres.org. —Siran Babayan

Food & Drink

**Pig Out**

Lately it seems as if beer is the vegan’s one true liquid love, what with all the vegan beer festivals around town. The San Pedro Bacon & Beer Festival pushes back, pairing beer with its more traditional accompaniment: pork products. Specifically bacon, which will be provided by a number of food trucks, which have been given a mission to present their best bacon dishes for the evening, though that will cost you extra. Enjoy a plethora of beer vendors, both authentically local and those that would have you believe they’re local. (As long as the beer’s good, right?) VIP tickets allow early entry and a free mimosa bar. Battleship Iowa, 250 S. Harbor Blvd., San Pedro; Sat., Aug. 27, 6-10 p.m.; $60-$75, eventbrite.com/e/beer-bacon-festival-san-pedo-tickets-24499891836. —Katherine Spiers
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LIFE & STYLE

Before the Afterlife
How will your essence be preserved when you die? A slightly more evolved version of accidentally swallowing a loved one’s ashes when the wind shifts during a scattering, the Hereafter Institute Tour is a futuristic exploration of life and death. The tour invites you to contemplate options for uploading yourself to the digital realm, including but not limited to wearable memorials, 3-D body scanning and personal data monuments that will stay behind long after you’ve been released into the Great Beyond. They’re even offering individual consultations. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Sat.-Sun., Aug. 27-28, 10 a.m.-1:30 p.m. & 3-4:30 p.m.; free with RSVP. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org/event/hereafter-institute-tour. —David Cotner

HISTORY

Downtown, Underground
Tag along with LAVA (Los Angeles Visionaries Association) co-founder/L.A. historian Richard Schave and special guests for the organization’s latest DTLA walking tour: Broadway on My Mind. Following LAVA’s Sunday Salon, tour attendees will gather in the basement of Grand Central Market, where things start with a brief slideshow; then it’s into the wild noisily yonder to explore downtown’s moodily evocative deserted and surviving tunnels along Hill Street and Broadway. Be smart and bring bottled water and wear good walking shoes; a hat couldn’t hurt. The Sunday Salon and tour are separate events, so sign up for either/both. Grand Central Market, 317 S. Broadway, downtown; Sun., Aug. 28, 2-4 p.m.; free, reservations required. lavatransforms.org/event/broadway-on-my-mind-16. —John Payne

SPORTS

Peaches and Kareem
In the nearly 30 years since he retired from basketball, former Laker Kareem Abdul-Jabbar — the NBA’s all-time leading scorer — has become a prolific author, Time magazine columnist and Sherlockian, having published memoirs, children’s books and last year’s Mycroft Holmes, his first novel about the life of Sherlock Holmes’ older brother (now a comic book series, which he debuted at Comic-Con). As part of Live Talks Los Angeles, Abdul-Jabbar discusses his 11th book, Writings on the Wall: Searching for a New Equality Beyond Black and White, co-written by Raymond Obstfeld. In the midst of the current spate of racial violence, Abdul-Jabbar looks at race as a starting point but also examines and offers humble advice on other contentious topics, including religion, gender, gun control and education, as well as the Constitution. Ann & Jerry Moss Theater, 3131 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica; Mon., Aug. 29, 8 p.m.; $20-$95. (310) 828-5582, livetalksla.org. —Siran Babayan

COMEDY

Punx Not Dead
Who says punk rock doesn’t have a sense of humor? Punx N Punx is a punk-themed night of stand-up comedy featuring tattooed and pierced comedians delivering punchlines with an edge, minus the threat of getting elbowed in the eye in the pit. Jenn Scott emcees fellow comics — sans scabies and safety pins — Will Weldon, Melissa Villasenor, Kyle Clark and Ed Galvez, who hosts the Ed Galvez Punk House show at the Westside Comedy Theater. San Diego’s one-man, sci-fi punk and electronic band The Digital Lizards of Doom will perform originals and covers in between comedy sets. Nerdist Showroom at Meltdown Comics, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Mon., Aug. 29, 9-10:30 p.m.; $8. (323) 851-7223, nerdmeltda.com. —Siran Babayan
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COMEDY

As Good as it Vets
“Vets would kill for us,” reads Operation Comedy’s tagline, “so our comics kill for them.” The recurring nonprofit series has featured stellar lineups featuring the likes of Judd Apatow, Adam Carolla, Joe Rogan, Ron White, Jeff Ross, Christopher Titus, Jim Jeffries and Pauly Shore. Tickets are free for current and veteran military personnel. Tonight’s lineup, which includes The Carmichael Show star Jerrod Carmichael and former MADtv ensemble member Bobby Lee promises good comedy for a great cause. Comedy Store, 8433 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; Tue., Aug. 30, 8:30 p.m.; $18. (323) 650-6268, thecomedystore.com. —Julie Seabaugh

PODCASTS

This Week Tonight
Caroline Goldfarb’s celebrity-centric podcast This Week Had Me Like is notorious for many reasons, but her brief celeb beef with Sarah Jessica Parker’s son is perhaps one of the more telling ones. The 13-year-old was addressed on air after he mildly cyber-bullied Goldfarb on her insanely popular Instagram account, @OfficialSelena. —Tanja M. Laden

MUSEUMS

Wax Nostalgic
It’s been 21 years since Tejano superstar Selena Quintanilla was shot and killed by Yolanda Saldivar, but her legacy lives on, thanks to her fans — and Change.org. In two separate online petitions, fans lobbied MAC Cosmetics to create a line of makeup dedicated to Selena and they encouraged Madame Tussauds to create a wax sculpture of the singer. Both campaigns were successful, and on Tuesday, Madame Tussauds in Hollywood unveils the likeness of Selena. The museum’s general manager, Colin Thomas, said in a statement: “Her influence has transcended generations, and her passionate fans continue to be inspired by her to this day... We are proud to join her fans in celebrating her legacy by immortalizing her.” Only the first 300 annual pass holders in line will be admitted to the event, so get there early. Madame Tussauds Hollywood, 6833 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Tue., Aug. 30, museum opens at 10 a.m.; $30 for annual pass. (323) 798-1670, madametussauds.com/hollywood/en. —Gwynedd Stuart

BOOKS

Leave a Light On
Authors Tom Zimmerman and J. Eric Lynxwiler present their new book, Spectacular Illumination: Neon Los Angeles 1925-1965. With more than 200 images of the stunning signs that drenched Los Angeles in light from Broadway to suburbia, photographers Will Connell, J. Howard Mott, John Swope and others were savvy enough to commit to pictorial posterity these beacons of L.A. culture, some of which are fortunate to have been preserved at the Museum of Neon Art in Glendale, for which Lynxwiler hosts the fantastic Neon Cruise. Skylight Books, 1818 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz; Thu., Sept. 1, 7:30 p.m.; free. (323) 680-4540, thevirgil.com. —Neha Talreja

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After nearly 50 years, a photo archive built by a family of Golden Age child stars—turned—newspaper photographers will close its doors

BY TONY MOSTROM

In 1967, pioneer L.A. news photographer Delmar Watson established the Watson Family Photo Archive in a two-story building on Hawthorn Avenue in Hollywood. Over the decades, the archive grew to comprise hundreds of thousands of photographs and negatives, including many of early L.A. and vintage Hollywood, and became a popular source of historical images for filmmakers, authors and private collectors. The collection gradually outgrew the Hollywood space, and in 2007, the Watsons moved the massive hoard to its current, more spacious location on Glendale Boulevard.

Delmar’s wife, Antoinette, has overseeing the archive since her husband died of prostate cancer in October 2008. But after nearly 50 years, Antoinette announced that she's selling both the archive and the building that has housed it.

Delmar Watson joined the old L.A. Mirror-News in 1948 as a news photographer, eventually taking countless, memorable shots for a string of papers that would create a collective portrait of the city, circa 1946 through 1970. He shot Frank Sinatra testifying in court against Confidential magazine in the early ’50s, Ann-Margret arriving in quick succession.

It was Delmar Watson's unusual dual biography, as both a child actor in the 1930s and then as a Weegee-style news photog in L.A. in the ’50s — shooting crime scenes, accidents, actors caught in scandals and cute kids eating ice cream — that made his archive of L.A. treasures possible. And the lives of Watson’s five brothers followed a similar course.

in Hollywood history that the children’s father, Coy Watson Sr., is considered by film historians to have been L.A.’s “original stage mother.” He was already employed at Mack Sennett’s Keystone Studios in 1912 as a stunt rider (on horses, that is), and overseeing the prop department, when the nine babies started arriving in quick succession.

The family lived in Edendale, a patch of land now considered part of Echo Park, and which was also home to Mack Sennett’s studio, a literal stone’s throw from the Watson family dwelling at 2211 Berkeley Ave. Coy Jr. was billed as “The Baby” in at least three films shot in the neighborhood in 1913, including a “Fatty” Arbuckle short. According to his obit in the L.A. Times, “Coy Watson Jr. would go on to appear in so many ... Keystone Cops comedies that he earned a nickname: ‘the Keystone Kid!’... When a director would say, ‘I need a child for a movie, do you have one?’ the senior Watson was said to respond: ‘What size and what sex?’”

All of the Watson Kids were archetypally cute, with pinchable, Irish faces, an all-American ideal for the time’s majority Anglo moviegoers. Round-faced Delmar (born in 1926) made his acting debut at 6 in the 1932 film To the Last Man, with an unknown, even tinier tot named Shirley Temple. But if there was a climax to the collective career of the Watson Kids, it was the appearance of four of them in one high-profile film: Garry, Delmar, Billy and Harry all show up in the 1939 classic Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, starring Jimmy Stewart. In one scene they’re all together, fractionally composing type to put out their Boys’ Stuff newspaper, in an effort to clear the name of the valiant Mr. Smith.

This film turned out to be a fictional glimpse of the Watson sons’ real-life futures. The family was not only a creative bunch but also a resourceful one. After serving in the Coast Guard during WWII, five of the brothers headed for the offices of L.A.’s five dailies and found their calling as photographers; earlier in the century, the family’s place in L.A. history had already been rooted in the press by their uncle George R. Watson, who joined the staff of the Times as a photographer, in 1917. He’s credited with having taken the first aerial photograph of L.A., in 1919.

So the Watson boys fanned out to make and record history. Coy Jr. became a pioneer of early television, producing some of the first filmed-on-location news stories for the primitive TV stations that began forming here in 1947 and ’48. (The number of TV sets in L.A. in 1947? Oh, about 350.)

As a roving news photographer, Delmar had an endless number of “war stories,” the kind of harrowing “how-I-got-the-shot” reminiscences that made you gasp, and which he enjoyed recounting years later. Delmar retired in the early ’70s and settled into running the Watson Family Photo Archive, both as a business and as a lifelong, sentimental look back, not resting upon his laurels but collecting more photos from his brothers and other veteran photographers. They all came to Delmar with treasures in hand.

Watson spent many years contentedly working alone in his Hollywood offices, which resulted in the production of several self-published photography books, complete with his signature jokey captions. Major-league luminaries of the Hollywood-history set such as Kevin Brownlow, John Gilmore and Marc Wanamaker all visited the Watson shrine in search of rare pictures and to listen to Delmar reminisce about the old days. On these occasions, holding court, in his element, he had a constant twinkle in his eye.

Colleagues who remember him recall what a rarity the gravel-voiced, sentimental curmudgeon was: a real-life throwback to the world of L.A. newsmen downing drinks in Main Street bars, chasing down murder stories, sometimes rubbing elbows with the cops in an era of cozy police-and-press relations. He was a survivor of Jack Webb’s and James Ellroy’s Los Angeles.

It was a true-crime book that brought Delmar and his true crime—buff wife together. Antoinette was working at the Central Library when a book caught her eye: Brad Schreiber’s Death in Paradise (1998), an illustrated history of the L.A. coroner’s department. “It said, ‘Special thanks to the Delmar Watson photo archive in Hollywood’ and I went, ‘Oh my God, I’ve gotta see this place!’” Antoinette recalls. They met, fell in love, married and Antoinette took on the herculean task of bringing order out of the chaos that was the archive; it took a full year.

At 72, grumpy-but-lovable Delmar was now a very happy, grumpy-but-lovable Delmar. In another bit of good luck, in 2000 the Getty Museum bought from the Watsons 93 choice, vintage prints.

Asked about the archive’s fate, Antoinette, who clearly misses her husband, says, “Researching pictures here is one of the things I was born to do, but I can’t afford to keep it going any longer. Delmar’s nephew Daniel and I have been slowly selling off the photos on eBay. But there are movie cameras here, scripts, memorabilia — the list goes on. Once our escrow closes, we’re outta here. It’s the end of a dynasty.”

PHOTO BY STAR FOREMAN

THE END OF AN OLD HOLLYWOOD DYNASTY

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The first thing to know about My Girlfriend Is an Alien! by Keith DeFacto is that the play isn’t written by somebody named Keith DeFacto. It has no thrillers. It’s a comedy. It’s a prequel to the 1950s proto-feminist drive-in classic I Married a Monster From Outer Space. In fact, nothing in Neil McGowan’s topsy-turvy, Pirandellian funhouse of a romantic comedy is exactly what its camp title suggests — beginning with its ostensible object of desire.

Like any metatheatrical journey, the true object of McGowan’s love story is as much the theater as it is the fractured romance of its putative lovers. From the personal and the “fictional” becomes a kind of verbal equivalent to a conehead (Keith’s neurotic dating philosophy is of the “I don’t care to belong to any club that will have me as a member” variety.) But in true sitcom boilerplate fashion, his very admission of plagiarism unwittingly triggers inevitable romantic complications even as it pushes the play-within-the-play completely off its rails.

For fans of screenwriter Charlie Kaufman, the mounting chaos and whimsically absurd descent into surreal fantasy will strike an immediately recognizable chord. Like Kaufman, McGowan freely bends storytelling reality conventions in order to open an area between dreams and desire, the fantastic and the unconscious, which allows him to comically unmask the obsessional fears and self-loathing that lurk behind the artistic impulse.

Unlike Kaufman, however, McGowan’s playful liberties ultimately lapse into contrivances so broad that they violate the very logic of his own imagined world — a defect that is most deeply felt in Act 3’s precipitous plunge into the patently implausible. Despite its hallucinatory nature, the play’s laughter is nevertheless dependent on the larger shared reality — and self-conscious presence — of the audience, which is effectively conscripted as an active character in the narrative. The play loses sight of that around the hour mark, to the peril of its flagging momentum.

Fortunately, under Guillermo Cienfuegos’ crisp and dynamic direction, enough of My Girlfriend Is an Alien! connects to distinguish McGowan as a writer of mordant wit and outlandish invention. And though the strong ensemble (which includes Elspeth Weingarten, Michael Prichard, Dan Cole and Sophie Pollono) cleary revels in the possibilities offered by McGowan’s off-kilter hall-of-mirrors metatheatrics, the coup of the evening is the teaming of Stevenson and Weyers, whose commitment and daffy comic chemistry is an unwavering delight.

MY GIRLFRIEND IS AN ALIEN! BY KEITH DEFACTO
Pacific Resident Theatre, 707 Venice Blvd., Venice | Through Oct. 21 | (310) 422-8392 pacificresidenttheatre.com

THE ORIGIN OF A PRODIGAL SON

The prodigal child is a staple of family drama, in theater as in life. It’s a conflict that affects families at all income levels, although we probably hear more stories from the middle and upper classes (perhaps because they’re more ready or able to articulate their pain). Anyone who’s worked in the movie or TV business can tell you of a producer or artist they know who is agonizing over some distant progeny, and we’re all cognizant of troubled celebrities who were themselves once troubled youths.

In Wendy Graf’s Please Don’t Ask About Becket, the title character (Hunter Garner) is the son of a big muckymuck in the studio world. He’s also a twin, and while the plot revolves around his erratic behavior, it’s the narrator, his sister Emily (Rachel Seiferth), whose path to womanhood is the ascendant focus of the drama. Given the pathos and irony of childhood, Emily and Becket grow up to be very different. He is handsome and charismatic, while she is shy and awkward. While they’re loved more or less even-handedly by their father, Rob (Roch Nagle), it’s evident from the beginning that Becket is abundantly favored by their mother, Grace (Deborah Puente), Emily adores her brother too, which is why she tolerates growing up in his shadow. Becket begins to go astray when the twins are in their teens, testing the ability of everyone in the family to forgive. He’s not evil — just weak and irresponsible and addicted to his own pleasures, which take precedence over all else.

Directed by Kiff Scholl, Please Don’t Ask About Becket doesn’t break any ground, but its familiarity makes it easy to connect with, and it has touching moments. Many of these, however, are dissipated by the production’s staging in the round. For example, Emily may be pouring her heart out, but you see only her back when she’s doing so. Also, because the characters keep moving about the space (turning this way and that so that everyone in the audience gets a look), there’s never a chance of a group portrait, a visual sense of what the family was like when it cohered, and correspondingly of what is being taken away.

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PHOTO BY ED KRIEGER
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**WALKEN ON SUNSHINE**

A PLASTIC CHRISTOPHER WALKEN CAN’T ESCAPE ZOMBIES IN A FILM SHOWING AT A MID-CITY GALLERY

**BY CATHERINE WAGLEY**

This week, a priestess curses an artist’s materials, and another artist remembers the store-bought hen he buried 38 years ago.

**Zombie blood**

In Mathis Gasser’s film *In the Museum*, a Christopher Walken action figure pursues pristine art galleries — or, rather, he tries to, but zombies keep attacking him. With the help of artworks that become fleetingly animated, plastic Walken kills off his attackers one by one, leaving a trail of blood that looks as if it’s part of the art. Gasser’s film appears in “A Stranger in My Grave,” a show that roving venture Evergreene Studio organized at Four Six One Nine. Also in the show is a recreation of Blinky, the frozen chicken that artist Jeffrey Vallance gave a proper burial in 1976, and Liz Craft’s life-size, fiberglass sculpture of a fairy woman laid out on a pink couch.

**Roasting Ruscha**


**Girls doing things**

In Carmen Winant’s “Pictures of Women Working” at Skibum MacArthur, an uninterrupted line of framed collages runs along the gallery walls. They consist mostly of vintage photographs of women: on football teams, nursing, giving birth, digging holes, climbing mountains, laughing. Looking at them is appealing in the same way that flipping through some vintage collection of *Life* magazines is, except that Winant has made the experience more focused. Since so many of the images are “pretty,” the viewer can become preoccupied with prettiness, even though the activities have nothing to do with looks.

**Alone with the exit signs**

Only one person at a time can see the activities have nothing to do with looks. In LACMA’s Bing Theater, which seats up to 600. The lone viewer is led to an empty chair in the middle of the room. (The chairs around it have been moved away.) The film, which runs just under 50 minutes, is black, white and red, the red matching the glow of the theater’s exit signs. Sculpt pays romantic, heavy homage to Voodoo, punk, existential crises, cultural rituals and Care Bears — though mostly it’s about itself. A priestess does a ritual, cursing rolls of film that will later be used to shoot footage the viewer is watching. At some point actress Charlotte Rampling dons a Grumpy Bear suit, though she looks so esoteric that you might not make the cartoon connection.

**Dancing about antiquities**

In her fantastic 1977 essay on the Getty Villa’s garishness, Joan Didion described the Getty’s famous antiquities collection as evoking not ancient times but the 18th- and 19th-century rage for old things. The collection was, in other words, about wanting and owning other mysterious cultures. Choreographer Taisha Paggett and sound artist Yann Novak developed a performance for the Getty Villa about how blackness relates to antiquities. Both make seductive work with political edge, and they will perform all day Saturday, navigating the museum’s campus as visitors come and go. 17985 Pacific Coast Hwy., Pacific Palisades; Sat., Aug. 27, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. (310) 440-7300, getty.edu.

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SPLIT DECISION
There’s no champ emerging from boxing biopic Hands of Stone

BY VADIM RIZOV

Robert De Niro — the Raging Bull himself, now aged from boxer to trainer — is introduced in Hands of Stone bathed in Madison Square Garden’s overhead spotlights, moments after the defeat of a reigning champ than the promising fighter whose American debut he character, Ray Arcel, has come to see. It’s impossible to follow the actual trajectory of the choppy edited fight, so it’s only clear how impressive Roberto Durán (Edgar Ramírez) is supposed to be from the look on De Niro’s face. For every punch thrown, there’s a reaction shot: a quizzical eye or a raised eyebrow, a head cocked left or right. It’s like watching De Niro get his eyes checked; you can practically see the optometrist behind the camera, asking him to follow a finger. This sequence is immediately followed by a post-fight locker-room scene in which Durán shews down on all 31 flavors of Baskin-Robbins, a moment of product placement that’s too blatant and too early, setting the amateur-hour tone for this biopic of the Panamanian fighter.

The real Durán’s reputation is paradoxical: Nearly every reference source deems him one of history’s greatest boxers, but the single fight he’s most associated with is his infamous 1980 rematch against Sugar Ray Leonf (Usher Raymond), which Durán stopped in the eighth round after clearly getting the worst of it. He claims he never actually said “No más” (the title of the inevitable 30 for 30 doc on the subject), but any film about him must eventually reckon with this blot on his record. Some claim the film about him must eventually reckon with this blot on his record. Some claim

Ramírez as the grown, swaggering one assailed during his lowest moments (represented solely by occasional appearances from John Turturro as a red-sauce caricature of a mobster). His wife worries that working with Durán will incur their wrath, but Arcel doesn’t fret: “That thing with the wise guys? That was 17 years ago!” Wiseguys was the title of the Nicholas Pileggi book that became Goodfellas, and intentionally or not the reference is another way the second-billed De Niro hangs heavily over this film.

Ditto the boxing scenes: Raging Bull is the obvious (and predictably unflattering by comparison) reference point. A Steadicam busily circles the ring, catching plausible jabs from Ramírez and the equally master-passing bouncing of Usher, who translates his dance training into an acceptable pantomime of the sport. But the bouts are all muddles lacking sustained choreography or a sense of trajectory, with crowd reaction shots and sports announcer voice-over carrying the slack. Hands of Stone isn’t any smoother in its non-athletic downtime, which includes several regrettable opportunities for “comic” bonding between Arcel and Durán that show De Niro at his late-period-improv worst. The prevailing dialogue mode is a complete assortment of clichés, from purely expository opening data points (“This is his 22nd knockout in 25 fights!”) to the rote obstacles impeding Durán’s courtship of his upper-class wife, Juanita (Jurnee Smollett-Bell): “We come from different worlds,” she says sadly, but that attitude doesn’t last long.

Note that Durán’s courtship gambits cross what we now consider norms of consent and nonharassment, as he repeatedly stalks her down the street and even pulls her to a wall when she wants to get away. Juanita subsequently fulfills the usual onscreen wife functions of nagging, crying and (less standard of late) disrobing for a plainly gratuitous sex scene; Leonard and his spouse get one, too.

When the movie tears itself away from De Niro, it rushes through a fairly standard, Behind the Music-esque rise-fall-rise narrative: Ramírez roars, cries and breaks down in drunken rages and binge-eating fits before his inevitable comeback fight, when he trains with someone other than Arcel. Here, once and for all, he must overcome his anti-Americanism. “The American you’re talking to?” Arcel scolds his former protégé. “He gave you the best years of his life.” And so, at the climax of a film about one of Panama’s most famous citizens — one assailed during his lowest moment by visions of brutal American soldiers and an impoverished childhood — a very odd, and presumably inadvertent suggestion comes through: In order to win, Durán had to learn to love the Yanqui.

ZULAWSKIS' COSMOS MARKS THE CHALLENGING, HILARIOUS SWAN SONG OF A MASTER

The late Polish master Andrzej Zulawski’s final feature comes 16 years after its predecessor. His farewell zips along with his whims and rages, pitting louche young bucks Witold (Jonathan Genet) and Fuks (Johan Libéreau) against — well, it’s not easy to say just what exactly these men encounter when they rent rooms in a guesthouse run by a squabbling family of wart salters and radish buffs.

Someone has strung up a dead bird outside, which staggers Witold and Fuks marvel at the slip lip of a maid (Clémentine Pons) and Witold flirts with Lena (Victoria Guerra), the daughter of the home’s owners, via synchronized utensil-fondling at one of many mad dinner scenes.

Everyone’s reeling from dreads and reveries they can’t quite comprehend, and Zulawski’s daft incidents, comic sketches and stab at profundity will likely put you into a similar awed stupor — the energy lunacy, self-referentiality, pun density, all shot and staged with brisk expressiveness and smooth-gliding camerawork.

Witold is a lanky figure of Byronic mojery and self-importance; he’s named for the novelist Witold Gombrowicz, the prickly absurdist of Polish lit, whose 1965 novel Cosmos gives Zulawski a framework and a spirit.

Everything happens and nothing happens: Genre and identities shift, a cat gets offed, there are a couple vaguely translated jokes about how much the barfing sound bleurgh suggests the name Scherstuhl, and the characters visit the sea for another long, discursive dining scene, this time with a field of restless blue ocean roiling behind them. The characters themselves wonder whether all of this is adding up to anything — puzzling over baflements is the price and privilege of existence. — Alan Scherstuhl

COSMOS | Directed by Andrzej Żuławski | Kino Lorber | Cinematheque

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**THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY JEWISH MOVIE SINCE ‘SCHINDLER’S LIST’.**

- Stephen Marche, *Esquire*

**“THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY JEWISH MOVIE SINCE ‘SCHINDLER’S LIST’.”**

- Andrew Pulver, *The Guardian*

**“AN ELEGANT AND INTIMATE MOVIE. LOVELY AND MEMORABLE.”**

- AO Scott, *The New York Times*

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**Love Story //**

**Southside With You Can Be As Cheesy As It Wants To Be**

**BY APRIL WOLFE**

Just as there’s a bizarrro internet where Donald Trump is celebrated as a warm, loving, generous, successful businessman who really wants to earn a Purple Heart, I wonder if there’s also a bizarrro, ravenous audience awaiting a feature-film re-enactment of Donald and Melania’s epic first date. (He literally tricked his girlfriend at the time into waiting in the bathroom while he hit on Melania.) No bother. Liberals get a romance for the ages in Michelle and Barack Obama with Richard Tanne’s directorial debut, *Southside With You*, which recounts the First Couple’s first date in the manner of a *Before Sunset* that’s been cleaned up and sent to Sunday school for some manners.

Writer-director Tanne has done his research. The first-date divulges rolling off of Michelle’s (Tika Sumpter) and Barack’s (Parker Sawyers) tongues seem unusually detailed — do people really reveal all their secrets within 30 minutes? — but this isn’t any normal couple. Barack takes Michelle to a community organizing event so she can hear him give a speech wherein he tells the beleaguered crowd that they need to get past thinking that “no” is the end of the line.” It’s an interesting, canny rhetorical gambit, and not just political, because Barack spends many minutes leading up to that scene crossing Michelle’s boundaries with some no-means-yes skeezing he mistakes for charm. As uncomfortable as those scenes are, they’re also setting up a central tension — Michelle can teach Barry about rules and respect, and Barry can give Michelle a taste of life without limits.

Sawyers seems to have abscended with one of the real Obama’s discarded cigarette butts and sucked in his Marlboro Red essence, while Sumpter gives a solid but overshadowed performance as the more rigid Michelle — she at first offers a dutiful, rule-abiding lawyer. But as Michelle is able to break out of being straitlaced and pushes back against her date’s more arrogant tendencies, Sumpter embodies her character with greater ease.

Still, both actors occasionally hit stumbling blocks with the wordy script and Tanne’s direction, neither of which allow quite the right kind of fluid in his few minutes onscreen, signifying that he likely will get a bigger role next time out. Set in the 1980s, the film features production design that never feels as if it’s screaming for its authenticity as the couple strolls through Chicago’s south and west sides. Little details in the furniture, costuming and Barack’s rusted-out Nissan Sentra convey the period, and whoever chose Janet Jackson’s breezy “Miss You Much” for Barry to cruise to deserves a gold star; dust off your old *Rhythm Nation* tape to remember, because it’s the perfect tune for this film: fun, sweet and a little magic.

Yes, the whole premise is a little hokey, and if you’re convinced Obama is a Muslim terrorist who founded ISIS, you’ll probably get caught up on the less politically cautious admissions that the character of Barack smokes weed and is religiously undecided. (It was true of the real guy, but we don’t like to talk about that.) It’s impossible to divorce the characters on the screen from their real-life counterparts. And while this can hurt other biopic filmmakers if, for instance, their subjects are more morally ambiguous and the director feels the burden of portraying them positively, Tanne’s subjects are a boon to the script. They afford him some leeway in how cheesy he can get, because the real Obamas have already shown the world that romance knows no limits.

**Southside With You** | *Written and directed by Richard Tanne | Miramax/Roadside Attractions | Theaters TK
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CINECON AND JERRY LEWIS
Friday, Aug. 26
The Nutty Professor and The Ladies Man, two comedy classics most viewers of a certain age are likely to have seen only in their remake forms, kick off the weekend at the Aero. The double feature is part of the theater’s Jerry Lewis to the Max series, ongoing through Sunday, Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Fri., Aug. 26, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456; americancinematheque.com.


Saturday, Aug. 27
Sixteen Candles screen in the ideal setting for an '80s teen movie: the drive-in. The chronology can be difficult to remember now, but in preceding both The Breakfast Club and Pretty in Pink, this was the film that birthed the Hughes/Molly Ringwald collaboration; the writer-director is even said to have penned the script in a single weekend for Ringwald after seeing her headshot. Electric Dusk Drive-In, 2930 Fletcher Drive, Glassell Park; Sat., Aug. 27, 6:30 p.m. (doors at 5); $10 lawn, $14 car, $60 VIP ($18) 653-8591, electricduskinvisin.com. They’re here — here being Hollywood Forever Cemetery, which, though not quite an Indian burial ground, nevertheless seems a fitting venue for a late-night screening of Poltergeist. Written and produced by Steven Spielberg but directed by Texas Chainsaw Massacre auteur Tobe Hooper, this early-'80s horror standout is a strange melding of its makers’ contrasting sensibilities that’s most frightening in some circles for the persistent rumor that the film itself is cursed; several cast members died premature deaths. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Aug. 27, 9 p.m. (doors at 7:15); $16. (323) 221-3343, cinemaspa.org.

Sunday, Aug. 28
Lawrence of Arabia is the rare classic that actually exceeds its imposing reputation, and nothing does its breathtaking sweep better like a giant screen. Lucky then, that ArcLight Hollywood is screening it in the Cinerama Dome. Don’t be intimidated by the 216-minute runtime: David Lean’s epic flies by with all the force of a passing sandstorm. ArcLight Hollywood, 6360 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Sun., Aug. 28, 3 p.m.; $27.25. (323) 464-1479, arclighthollywood.com.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1
Cinecon Classic Film Festival returns to the Egyptian for its 52nd edition over Labor Day weekend. Among the rarities and special screenings are The Crown Princes of Hollywood, 1932’s four-hour Jungle Mystery (presented in 12 chapters between Thursday and Sunday) and the newly restored King of Jazz. Several silent films will be accompanied by live piano, Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Thu., Sept. 1 Mon.; Sept. 5; $40 day pass, $150 weekend pass. (323) 466-3456; cinecon.org.

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11523 Santa Monica Blvd.  West L.A., CA 90025
310-478-3836  laemmle.com

WHAT WAIT CARED ABOUT IN AN EMPLOYEE, Norman says, was what he or she could do for Wait, and that’s part of why Norman doesn’t make too big a deal about being the first African-American Disney animator—he was hired for his talent. And when Wait was in the room, Norman did great, like the time he presented his and Vance Gerry’s storyboards for the dazzling Jungle Book sequence of the snake, Kaa, hypnotizing Mowgli. Norman’s life is too packed for this sunny, sympathetic doc to do it justice. (His summation of the day Hanna-Barbera asked him to come up with stories? “Hey, I can write this crap, too!”) Michael Fiore and Erik Sharkey’s film is most revealing and involving when Norman, now 80, talks and sketches, his pen and mind both lively. Too much time is spent on recent footage of Norman parading about Disney offices being cheered. Nothing is more involving here than when Norman and his contemporaries Leo Sullivan, another black animation lifer, sit back to reminisce and discuss the curious business of being pioneers. (Alan Scherstuhl)

GREATER
So are we gonna have a faith-based, fanboyish true story about a goofy-two-shoe football star who touched the lives of many and died too young every year now? For those who wiped away tears after watching last year’s fact-based sports drama My All-American comes Greater, another tale of a God-fearing, incessantly kindhearted football player who was taken from fans way too soon. The real-life player this time is Brandon Burlsworth (Christopher Severio), a gentle giant who made it his mission to play for the Arkansas Razorbacks. The movie takes us through his awkward, formative years playing pee-wee and high school ball to his time as a Razorback—first as a walk-on, then as a full-fledged player who ended up becoming the heart and soul of the team—right up to the car accident that took his life. Like All-American, it’s competently made. Director David Hunt (who also co-wrote) hits all the familiar beats as our outcast goes from ostracized weirdo to pulverizing hero, gawdily winning people over one tackle at a time. But Burlsworth’s life is wrapped around scenes of his faithful older brother (Neal McDonough, also executive producer), silently, angrily mourning at his brother’s memorial service and butting heads with a bile-spewing, nihilistic farmer (Nick Searcy) over the choices God makes— if there is a God, of course. These excessive scenes (which should have been cut from the 130-minute film) turn Greater from predictable earnest sports biopic to clumsy, grueling maudlin lesson on the importance of faith. Yes, Burlsworth was truly an angel among us, but Greater takes the audience through some heavy-handed hell. (Craig D. Lindsey)

THE HOLLARS
The Hollars tells the familiar tale of a dysfunction family pulled together by unfortunate circumstances. John Hallar (John Krasinski, who also directed) is a frustrated graphic novelist with a pregnant girlfriend, Rebecca (Anna Kendrick). When he learns that his mother (Margo Martindale) has a brain tumor, he goes to see her, reigniting old tensions with his father, Don (Richard Jenkins), and...
I AM NOT A SERIAL KILLER is a story about becoming a father. Still, it’s easy to roll one’s eyes at how neatly birth and death are paired here: Rebecca literally goes into labor at a funeral. The night before his mother’s surgery, John sneaks her home, and Don and Ron join, going into labor at a funeral. The night before his mother’s surgery, John sneaks her home. John’s head (yuck), but, as is the fashion, plays the death obsession and corpse play as dry humor. It’s not a riot, though the Midwest textures are sharp (especially for an Irish filmmaker in an entirely Irish production), and the idea of witnessing a killing spree from the POV of a town’s funeral home is full of rich discomfort. It’s the stuff of the sub-subgenre itself that gives you a running gag. Entertaining private serial-killer title card for each body, beginning with whitened cemeteries and tripping down a spiral bath of disposed bodies that owes quite a bit to the tang of the Coen Brothers’ Fargo. The first domino is the death of a young airport worker who turns out to be the son of Stellan Skarsgård’s Nils Dickman, a civil servant. The kid technically OD’d, but we know (as the dad suspects) that it was murder, and almost immediately Skarsgård’s brooding Everyman goes all Liam Neeson on everyone, quickly tracking down the drug-gang punks responsible and killing them one by one. The movie halts for a few moments with a memorial title card for each body, beginning with Dickman’s son, as if each killing were another twist to a joke the director hasn’t told us. (Director Hans Petter Moland’s movies, like 2010’s A Somewhat Gentle Man, tend toward the cynically smirk-some.) But things get messier as the gang’s drug-smuggling kingpin Greven (Pal Sverre Hagen) decides to take action against whoever is killing his employees. Hagen’s turn as a stylish, huffy, unblinking nutcase in designer coats and a ponytail juicess up the second half, sometimes suggesting a Will Arnett shtick. As homicidal-misunderstanding cascades go, it’s slick and implausibile and unsurprising and, with its relentless drifts and snow-moving machinery, about as serotonin-depleting as you’d expect from around the 62nd parallel. (Michael Atkinson)

THE INTERVENTION Clea DuVall’s debut feature, The Intervention, is one of a mighty handful of indies to eschew the star system for an ensemble cast, placing up-and-coming actors often relegated to supporting roles into the shared lead spot. She’s written and directed an honest, intimate portrayal of three couples who endure a weekend of emotional maintenance while trying to convince a fourth couple to get a divorce. Annie (Melanie Lynskey) and Matt (Jason Ritter) are perpetually postponing their wedding and trying to keep Annie on the wagon. Sarah (Natasha Lyonne) and Jessie (DuVall) have yet to discuss moving in together after three years of dating. Jack (Ben Schwartz) and Lola (Alia Shawkat) have a huge age difference between them and are living only for the moment — but it’s pretty obvious that moment might end any day. Somehow, Peter (Vincent Piazza) and Ruby (Cobie Smulders), the only committed couple with children, are the ones who need the marriage intervention. They snap like dogs at each other, but the other three couples are in no position to give advice. Everyone gets a chance to be annoying or terrible to one another, and their many convos realistically trace the bizarre turns that little quibbles take before becoming full-blown arguments. DuVall’s focus is on her cast, as is often the case when actors take their first turn behind the camera. Her spare, simple style extends...
Moretti also interperses brief dream sequences in which Margherita reenacts figures and events from her life. This hints at the key questions on Moretti’s mind, which concern how we value and work and how life interferes with it. (Bille Ebrii)

**MY KING (MON ROI)**

Depleting and sham- room in Our King, the latest by Moretti, this enigmatic and enervating, unwittingly imparts an obvious lesson: One person’s rakish charmer is another’s sociopath. The sovereign of the title is Giorgio (Vincent Cassel), a manic restaurateur whose caprices prove mag-

The attempt to reconcile every frame. And the shots of him literally out films. (infuriating ones (out films (infuriating ones (infuriating ones)

**SPA NIGHT**

There have been upbeat coming- out films (but I’m a Cheerleader) and tragic, infuriating ones (Boy Don’t Cry, Brokeback Mountain). Andrew Ahn’s Spa Night is exec-

The historical front was still relatively invincible. Over and over, the volume is never turned down and these characters are never less than the most unendurable company. (Melissa Anderson)

**MIA MADRE**

Just as it looms over the
do in the contemporary circumstances — and defines the film’s early reels. But what remains fascinated

**WAR DOGS**

Winchester, just as it looms over the

do in the contemporary circumstances — and defines the film’s early reels. But what remains fascinated

**Kubo and the Two Strings**

Winchester, just as it looms over the

do in the contemporary circumstances — and defines the film’s early reels. But what remains fascinated

**FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS**

I wish and work and how life interferes with it. (Bille Ebrii)

**MIA MADRE**

Just as it looms over the
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**SPA NIGHT**

There have been upbeat coming- out films (but I’m a Cheerleader) and tragic, infuriating ones (Boy Don’t Cry, Brokeback Mountain). Andrew Ahn’s Spa Night is exec-
Vinyl Renaissance

L.A. is home to more record stores than it has been in decades, and these 10 stand out as the best.

BY L.A. WEEKLY STAFF

Record-collecting culture is alive and well in Los Angeles. In fact, with venerable institutions such as Rockaway and Poo-Bah still going strong, and new shops opening all the time, you could argue that L.A. now has the best assemblage of record stores in the country. As more and more music consumers grow disenchanted with the ephemeral nature of downloads and streaming, that assemblage is likely to keep growing. Here are the L.A. Weekly staff’s picks for the 10 best. (To see our complete list of L.A.’s top 20 record stores, visit our website.)

10. Fingerprints

No trip to Long Beach is complete without a stop at Fingerprints. The Blue Line–adjacent record shop is consistent in its quality stock; you won’t leave here empty-handed, even if you’re trying not to buy anything. Sure, you can stock up on new releases at Fingerprints, but make sure you spend some time among the used bins. The selection here is particularly good for ‘80s post-punk and goth, at better prices than what you might find in L.A. proper. Check the calendar for in-store events, too; recent visitors found in L.A. proper doesn’t seem to mind. 5123 York Blvd., Highland Park, 90042. (213) 422-0069, wombletonrecords.com. —Gustavo Turner

7. Wombleton

Opened seven years ago by a globe-trotting collector, this Victorian-themed vinyl boutique’s specialty is rare imports, particularly from Europe and the U.K. Los Angeles’ most discerning record collectors (including the staff of other stores on this list) know that Wombleton stocks unique items that are rarely seen elsewhere, from original pressings of Pulp records to unusual 12-inches by ‘80s French synth-pop bands. Be prepared to pay market (i.e., high) prices; the store is not a bargain hunter’s paradise, but its lofty clientele of hip celebrities and music insiders doesn’t seem to mind. 5123 York Blvd., Highland Park, 90042. (213) 422-0069, wombletonrecords.com. —Andy Hermann

6. The Record Parlour

It takes some chutzpah to open a used-record store a couple of blocks from Amoeba in Hollywood, but that’s exactly what Chris Honetschläger and Chadwick Hemus did three years ago. Located right off the Cahuenga corridor, the Record Parlour offers a different experience: a cozy environment, art-directed to old-timey perfection, with a 50,000-item strong collection of vinyl for all budgets. Watch for its popular “Free Record Days” — a $20 purchase gains you entrance to an all-you-can-eat buffet of crates from which you can dig out up to 100 free items. 6408 Selma Ave., Hollywood, 90028. (323) 464-7757, therecordparlour.com. —G.T.

5. Gimme Gimme Records

From the punk underground of New York, now grounded in Highland Park, Gimme Gimme is a working-class record store for folks who wanna dig through the most diverse collection of hip-hop and country vinyl in town. For 22 years, Dan Cook has been handpicking his vinyl by refusing to hook onto a “gimmick,” making Gimme Gimme a staunchly unpretentious atmosphere where you can purchase used turntables, as well as new and used LPs without being shamed by a record-store clerk who looks too goth to relate. 5810 N. Figueroa St., Highland Park, 90042. (323) 550-1878, gimme recordsla.com. —A.T.

4. Atomic Records

With Backside Records crating in June, Atomic stands alone in Burbank as the only record store in L.A.’s media nerve center. For 21 years, owner Steve Alper has relied on a massive collection of vintage vinyl — everything from rare ESP-Disk LPs to new-wave singles — to serve as Burbank’s vinyl nerve center. Atomic also has a warehouse-sized collection of DVDs and CDs that rivals Amoeba, and it’s the best place in the city to track down R&B and soul compilations from legends like Johnnie Taylor and James Brown. 3812 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, 91505. (818) 848-7090, atomic recordsla.com. —A.T.

3. Amoeba Music

If you enter Amoeba with some money, you will leave with none. The third of three locations (the other two are in the Bay Area, where the chain started), the Hollywood store is a colossal warehouse of music, movies and merch and a veritable shrine to pop culture consumerism. It is among the biggest independent record stores anywhere and frequently features top-notch talent at free, in-store performances. The Hollywood institution services music consumers from the casual fan to the serious head. It doesn’t have everything, but its used CD and vinyl sections are breathtakingly vast. In the best possible way, it is the Costco of culture. 6400 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 90028. (323) 245-6400, amoeba.com. —Jonny Coleman

2. Vacation Vinyl

Vacation is one of those wonderful music-slinging shops where the owner isn’t the typical record-store guy (read: anal and condescending). The last time I went in, I walked out with six free records because owner Mark Thompson had some overstock he couldn’t sell for some reason. On the same trip, I saw him ask another customer what his “Holy Grail” was, then produce a Melvins box set from the back room that was this punter’s most desired item. Vacation boasts a deep well of rock, metal, post-metal, zines, cassettes, DIY ephemera, all that shit — and you’ll typically walk out feeling as if you got a deal and a laugh. 3815 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, 90026. (323) 666-2111, thevinyldisgoat.com. —J.C.

1. Mount Analog

Mount Analog isn’t just the best record store in Los Angeles — it’s the only one of its kind. The Highland Park shop caters to those who delight in cassette-only noise label samplers, for instance, or double-LP collections of Persian psychedelia, records that are otherwise available only via underground distros and specialty online shops. It also acts as a hub for L.A.’s underground-music community — a home base for heads to meet and pick over healthy collections of techno, Krautrock and industrial. In its few short years of existence, Mount Analog has defied the popular logic about record stores and their unsustainable niche customer base by doubling down on curation, taking the vinyl-shop ideals of discovery and surprise into adventurous new territory. 5906½ N. Figueroa St., Highland Park, 90042. (323) 474-6649, climbmountanalog.com. —Chris Kissel

You could argue that L.A. has the best record stores in the country.

L.A. Weekly Staff
IF YOUR FYF SCHEDULE DOESN'T INCLUDE THESE 10 ACTS, YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG

BY JEFF WEISS

In the reasonably near future, when President Jaden Smith presides over the Scientology wing of the White House and self-driving iCars croon Snapchat news in Auto-Tune, it will be possible to attend a different music festival every week of the year. This stratum of the economy will be responsible for one-fourth of American GDP and be standardized to ensure maximum stability.

Hence, every three-day, Heineken-sponsored orgy will boast the same lineup, and a constitutional amendment will ensure that each includes some iteration of Diplo. (In the event of his untimely demise, a cloned legion of Diplii will be waiting and ready to rave.)

FYF will be the lone exception. As the festival world has become increasingly generic, L.A.’s homegrown, two-day event has doubled down on its singularity, continuing to curate eclectic bills with the most eccentric and interesting artists. If this is the age of the playlist, FYF is its platonic ideal, the most well-booked lineup of the summer of 2016.

Once criticized for slanting too heavily toward indie rock and punk, FYF has expanded to include the best rappers and dance music acts. Roughly 92 percent of the performers playing this Saturday and Sunday at Exposition Park can and will be described by the flame emoji.

These are 10 of the many acts you’d be unwise to miss.

10. Kamaiyah

File this Bay Area rapper somewhere between Suga T of The Click, Too Short and YG. For the latter, she laced an indelible hook on “Why You Always Hatin’?” Of course, the question was rhetorical; hating on Kamaiyah is impossible.

9. Boogie

Not yet as celebrated as his labelmate Kendrick Lamar, the other Compton rapper on the FYF bill deserves similar attention for his ferocious live performances and introspective tales of social media thirst, parenthood and the dualities between the worlds of God and guns.

8. Todd Terje

Look, I dunno where you hang out, but I’m pretty sure this is going to be the best Norwegian space disco party of the summer.

7. Rae Sremmurd

I’m not trying to say that Rae Sremmurd are better than The Beatles, but reliable sources say that the release of their Gucci Mane–bumped “Black Beatles” shook up Ringo Starr and Paul McCartney so much that they tried to summon John Lennon and George Harrison via séance.

6. Wolf Parade

The north side of Long Beach birthed America’s foremost Ray J enthusiast and high-waist jeans connoisseur. He’s also a noted anti-gentrification advocate, pop culture critic and one of the best rappers on the planet. The world is better for Vince Staples. Offer this man a Sprite toast.

5. Vince Staples

The Atlanta rapper took Lil Wayne’s elasticity to galaxies that Hubble couldn’t find, made dresses cooler than any man since Kurt Cobain, and revitalized the name “Jeffrey” in ways that seemed unimaginable just a generation ago. If he isn’t better than Kendrick, he’s the closest one.

4. Young Thug

The LA native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
THE FRINGE ELEMENT

One of my favorite stops on tour is the monthlong Fringe Festival in Edinburgh, Scotland. It’s been going for decades.

I’m here now, having just finished the first of four shows. From my small hotel room, I can hear music and people yelling outside. There are a lot of people in town, even more so than in past years; apparently the drop in the British pound has made travel here affordable.

This will be my sixth time at the Fringe. The literally thousands of shows that go on here are, for the most part, comedy. All around the city center, there are posters for all kinds of acts, from teams to solo artists. Unsurprisingly, there is at least one Trump impersonator. America is a comedian’s massive tree, with a relentless supply of low-hanging fruit.

You can get a much different read on the United States when you’re abroad, observing from a great geographical distance. We Americans read about a gun homicide on our soil and feel everything from sadness and fear to a sense of unity. From here, it all seems like a disturbing sideshow.

For the last several days here, it’s been some kind of Olympic triumph at the top of the front page, along with yet another picture of Donald Trump and some I’m-trying-to-incinerate-my-campaign gaffe. I am fully aware of the hatred that millions of Americans have for Hillary Clinton, but her detractors are not doing themselves any favors by sticking it out with Trump. They might very well be handing her the election. All I’m saying is, from here, it all seems crazy.

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The Fringe is a reminder of how humans can be when conditions are optimum. It is an agreed-upon, obviously temporary environment, and in two weeks much of the surrounding will be pulled down and stored for another year. In the meantime, we are jammed up against articles about the travails of famous people pushing the edge and if he’d ever used it. But life is too short for these intellectual excavations, and I am keen to not waste time, now that I have lost less of it before than behind, so I just said, “No problem” and did my workout as I thought about what America exports to the world and wondered what he thought about the USA.

I think that the full, awesome power of America can only be appreciated from a great distance. From a different continent, it becomes easy to understand why America is envied, imitated, feared and hated all over the world. There is no shortage of countries that have brutal regimes with appalling human-rights records, corruption from top to bottom and truckloads of violence. But they don’t juxtapose their deeds so crassly against the freedom-and-equality rhetoric that America relies upon to exert its influence all over the world.

Meanwhile, I am in the dreamscape of the American version. I think it’s our body count and real-life, murderous lifestyle that makes it like a gut punch.

Days before, I was in the gym of a hotel in Göteborg, Sweden, and there was a young Tarzan type working out with songs playing loudly from a boom box. It was rap music with liberal use of the N-word. I hoped my small earphones would be enough to neutralize the din. He asked me if I minded the music. I wanted to ask him why he didn’t mind it. I wanted to know what the music meant to him, what that word meant to him, and if he’d ever used it. But life is too short for these intellectual excavations, and I am keen to not waste time, now that I have lost less of it before than behind, so I just said, “No problem” and did my workout as I thought about what America exports to the world and wondered what he thought about the USA.

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Far from outstaying its welcome, Culture Club’s comeback seems only to be gathering momentum as word spreads of how full the original lineup — augmented by keys, percussion, horns and backup vocalists — still sounds onstage. Since returning to the road last summer, the English new-wave quartet have polished up their place in pop culture with a global array of good-natured, celebratory sets spanning their original five-year spasm of hits: “Church of the Poison Mind,” “Karma Chameleon,” “I’ll Tumble 4 Ya,” “Miss Me Blind,” “Time of the Poison Mind,” “Karma Chameleon,” original five-year spasm of hits: “Church

Terrace Martin & the Polly Seeds
@ BLUEWHALE
He’s produced for Snoop Dogg, YG and Kendrick Lamar, winning two Grammys with the latter for his work on To Pimp a Butterfly. Saxophonist and keyboardist Terrace Martin’s hip-hop credentials are unquestioned, and now his jazz chops have gotten an impressive endorsement from none other than Herbie Hancock. The legendary jazz pianist also has a history with hip-hop: He helped introduce the genre to mainstream America with his 1983 hit single “Rockin.” Hancock led the way for jazz musicians to cross over to hip-hop, and with the inclusion of Martin in his new band (fresh off a triumphant concert in NYC), and as the producer of Hancock’s upcoming album, the circuit is finally completed after 33 years. Martin and his band, the Polly Seeds, will perform music from his recent soul-jazz album, Velvet Portraits. —Gary Fukushima

FYF Festival
@ EXPOSITION PARK
Compton native Kendrick Lamar reigns as homecoming king on day one of this year’s FYF Fest, handing down feverish musical sermons from To Pimp a Butterfly, an ambitious, socially minded state-of-the-union address that’s infused with the rapper’s free-flowing internal monologue. Co-headliners Tame Impala moved away from their early psychedelic hard-rock phase into a more overtly poppy and wispy synth-based sound on last year’s Currents. The rest of Saturday’s lineup is a stylistically random assortment that includes electro-soul chanteuse Kelela, sly riff deconstructionists Shellac and synth-pop charmer Grimes, although sneering garage auteur Ty Segall & the Muggers and Philly rockers Sheer Mag recall FYF’s beginnings as a more punk-oriented affair. Arty disco diva Grace Jones prowls the stage charismatically on Sunday, juxtaposed with LCD Soundsystem, Beach House, Father John Misty and Chelsea Wolfe. Also Sunday, Aug. 28. —Falling James

Diane Coffee
@ THE GETTY
Foxygen drummer Shaun Fleming’s 2013 debut as alter ego Diane Coffee, My Friend Fish, was an unexpected delight. The recording was lo-fi but crammed with catchy melodies and whimsical lyrics. On the follow-up, Everybody’s a Good Dog, the hooks are just as plentiful but fleshed out with fuller production and lavishly arranged with strings, horns and richer backup vocals. With its ebullient horn section, “Mayflower” is a poppy glam-soul anthem that faintly evokes The Saints’ Prehistoric Sounds era. “Spring Breaths” is a gauzy, delicate reverie that swirls into a psychedelic Beatles conclusion. “Tams Up” comes off like a seemingly straightforward, Motown-style pop song until it suddenly falls into a well of psychedelic echoes. At other times, Fleming combines the melodrama of Bowie and Springsteen with sugary Beach Boys harmonies. —Falling James

Kool & the Gang, Bootsy Collins, Doug E. Fresh, Morris Day and the Time
@ MICROSOFT THEATER
Kool and his Gang get top billing at this chock-fulla-greatness show, but you don’t want to be fashionably late and miss out on the rest of one quite insanely tasty lineup. Kool & Co. are going hale, hearty and “Hollywood Swingin’” at a mere 43 (!) years old as a band, and they’ll be throwing down ultimate party jams like “Celebration” and “Jungle Boogie,” textbook examples of why this funky-jazzy crew is one of the most influential (and most heavily sampled) musical units in R&B history. We’ve got to give similar props to Bootsy Collins, the former Parliament/Funkadelic bass-slinger and prime architect of modern-day funk freakazoidness. And original human beatbox Doug E. Fresh and Prince’s Minneapolis mainmen Morris Day and the Time on the same bill, too? Our cup runneth over. —John Payne
Corbin
@ THE ECHO
For the past year, R&B fans have been asking, "Where the eff did Spooky Black go?"
Maintaining a mysterious, almost nonexistent online presence — he hasn’t posted on Instagram since 2014, and has a thumbnail of a dog as his profile picture on Facebook — it’s practically impossible to keep track of the YouTube and SoundCloud star. Despite seemingly disregarding the rules for keeping an artist’s internet buzz alive, Corbin Smidzik, formerly known as Spooky Black, doesn’t seem to be suffering for lack of attention. Following his stint at FYF Fest, Smidzik plays the Echo for a super rare, super intimate performance.
He may not go by Spooky Black anymore, but the voice that made him go viral in 2014 — powerful, pushing out from the diaphragm, with a delicate vibrato at the tail end of his moodiest verses — remains the same.
—Artemis Thomas-Hansard

Unknown Mortal Orchestra
@ SANTA MONICA PIER
Having an additional person in your marriage is generally frowned upon, but Unknown Mortal Orchestra’s Ruban Nielson has gotten enviable mileage out of his polyamorous relationship. The group’s last album, the descriptively titled Multi-Love, tells the story of the dissolution of his unconventional setup. Who knew that would translate to a psychedelic yet soulful combination whose buoyancy overrides the misery-laced lyrics? More recently, Nielson shrugged off the self-pity by contributing a super-funky Unknown Mortal Orchestra cover of The Grateful Dead’s “Shakedown Street” to the hefty Day of the Dead tribute benefit compilation. Nielson’s sassy falsetto and self-involvement are back — along with a blazing horn section — on UMO’s latest disco-flecked single, “First World Problem.”
—Lily Moayeri

Deantoni Parks, Busdriver
@ THE ECHO
Among his many other talents, Deantoni Parks has devised a way to sample music while drumming, a method that he calls Technoself, which is also the title of his 2015 album. His latest recording, Deanthoven, is no less ambitious. If anyone else combined their name with Beethoven’s, it would seem merely egotistic, but Parks chops up woozy snippets of the German composer’s string melodies and demarcates them with restrained, exacting drumbeats to create an unfamiliar, new hybrid. Parks’ hunger for experimentation has led to unusual collaborations with John Cale and Meshell Ndegeocello, and several projects with guitarist Omar Rodriguez-López, including Bosnian Rainbows and two stints in The Mars Volta. Parks’ own instrumental soundscapes say a lot without words, whereas local rapper Busdriver says a lot with dense flurries of nonstop, high-level wordplay.
—Falling James
Twilight Concerts

40

20

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PIER

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GRANDMA’S: 2209 S. Beverly Glen Blvd., Los Angeles. Dina’s, Thu., Sept. 1, 8:30 p.m., $15.50 (see Music Pick).

HISTORIC BROADWAY THEATER: 12302 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Just Dave Bernal’s Last Chance Country Jam, Thu., Sept. 1, 8:30 p.m., TBA; Fri., Nov. 18, 9:30 p.m.; Fri., Dec. 16, 9:30 p.m.

JULY 7 - SEPT 8

LATIN

NATALIA LAFOURCADE

Monsieur Periné

DANCE

RÜFÜS DU SOL

Marc Baker

CLASSIC

MAVIS STAPLES

The Suffers

90’S

SAVE FERRIS

Cibo Matto

INDIE ROCK

UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA

Steady Holiday

DISCO

OHIO PLAYERS

Holy Ghost!

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FREE THURS 7PM

**THE SMELL:** 247 S. Main St., Los Angeles. The Red Pears, Jurassic Shark, Drinking Water, Fri., Aug. 26, 8 p.m., $5. The Rose, Kief Season, No Chill, Pat & Ty, Wed., Aug. 31, 9 p.m., $5. Injury Reserve, Thu., Sept. 1, 9 p.m., $5.

**SOUL VENUE:** 133 E. Carson St., Carson. Gonzo, Sat., Aug. 27, 7 p.m., $10-$20.

**TAI TX FRENCH RESTAURANT:** 1191 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Matt O’Neill, Myrrin Blancafort, Fri., Aug. 26, 10 p.m., free.

**THE TERRAGRAM BALLROOM:** 1234 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. Squirrel Nut Zippers, Thu., Sept. 1, 8 p.m., $30.

**TRIBAL CAFE:** 1651 W. Temple St., Los Angeles. Open mic, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.; Sundays, 4 p.m.


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**FRIDAY, AUG. 26**

**COTHOUS:** With Big Search, Entrance, 9 p.m., TBA, The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles.

**G00 HORES:** With Earth, 8 p.m., $50. The Regent Theater, 424 Main St., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**G00 CULTURE:** 8 p.m., $14-$512. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave. See Music Pick.

**ER TR:** 7 p.m., $48.50-$59.50. Hollywood Palladium, 6215 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

**G00 FATHER JOHN MISTY:** With Tuss & Dave, 8:30 p.m., TBA, El Rey Theatre, 5155 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

**HEADHUNTER:** 8 p.m., $20, The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**G00 SROBAN, SROAH MCLAHELP:** With Foy Vance, 7 p.m., 560-5215. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles.

**JUAN GABRIEL:** 8 p.m., $56.50-$205.50. The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd., Inglewood.

**LATNO BIM SUMMER:** 6 p.m., free, Levitt Pavilion Pasadena, 85 E. Holly St., Pasadena.

**PERFUME:** 7 p.m., $39.50-$59.50. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**POUYA:** With Mod Suns, Volumes, Germ, Ramirez, Shakedown, 8 p.m., TBA, The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

**TERRY STEELE:** 8 p.m., $52-$560, Nate Holden Performing Arts Center, 4738 W. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles.

**SATURDAY, AUG. 27**

**THE ACES:** Wth Vokes, Salt Petal, Sophia Kameron, 7 p.m., free, Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St. Ste. 203, Los Angeles.

**AFRO FUNKE:** 8 p.m., free, Levitt Pavilion Pasadena, 85 E. Holly St., Pasadena.

**ANDY:** With Kourosh Shahnami, 7 p.m., $85-$301. Hollywood Palladium, 6215 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

**A BENEFIT FOR BIG FRANK HARRISON:** With Youth Brigade, 8 p.m., $15, El Rey Theatre, 5155 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

**G00 CULTURE:** 8 p.m., $17-$189. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave. See Music Pick.

**THE DAVE MATTHEWS BAND:** 8 p.m., TBA, Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre, 8850 Irvine Center Drive.

**G00 DIANE COFFEE:** 6 p.m., free, Getty Center, 1200 Getty Center Drive, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE EDDIE PALMIERI SALSA ORCHESTRA:** 7 p.m., free, Burton W. Chace Park, 13650 Mindanao Way, Marina del Rey.

**G00 FYF FEST:** With Kendrick Lamar, Tame Impala, Arctic Monkeys, Héctor Elizondo, Fanshawe, Fault, 8 p.m., $125 & up. Exposition Park, 700 Exposition Park Drive, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**JACKSON BROWNE:** 7 p.m., $45-$581, Santa Barbara Bowl, 1122 N. Milpas St., Santa Barbara.

**G00 SROBAN, SROAH MCLAHELP:** With Foy Vance, 7 p.m., 560-5215. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles.

**G00 I DAY FRESH FEST:** With E-40, Quik, Tha Dogg Pound, N.O.R.E., Suga Free, Ying Yang Twins, Rappin' 4-Tay, 8 p.m., $19.50-$69.50. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall, 665 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**MÔUSTAÇE HARBOR, ZeAL:** 4:30 p.m., free, Hermosa Beach Pier, 1 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach.

**OHANA MUSIC FESTIVAL:** With Eddie Vedder, Elvis Costello, Band of Horses, X, Moby, The Tallest Man on Earth, 8 p.m., $99.50-$195.50. Doheny State Beach, 25300 Dana Point Harbor Drive, Dana Point.

**OLIVER RIEF:** 8 p.m., free. Grand Central Market, 317 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

**POUYA:** With Germ, Ramirez, Shakedown, 8 p.m., TBA, The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**SUMMER BREEZE 2016:** With Keith Sweat, Sugar, J. Moss, The Suffers, Mindless Self Indulgence, 1 p.m., $55-$200. Queen Mary Events Park, next to the big boat, 1126 Queens Highway, Long Beach.

**TERRY STEELE:** 8 p.m., $52-$560, Nate Holden Performing Arts Center, 4738 W. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles.

**TRIBUTE TO ABA:** With musicians TBA, 8 p.m., free, Wigley Plaza Stage, Crescent Ave., Avalon.

**WEST SWELL:** 6 p.m., free, Redondo Beach Pier, 100 W. Terrance Blvd., Redondo Beach.
SUNDAY, AUG. 28

BASIL VALDEZ, ZSA ZSA PADILLA: 5 p.m., TBA.
Morongo Casino Resort & Spa, 49500 Seminole Drive, Cabazon.

CO: BLACK URIURU: With Pato Banton, Jah Mex & the West Coast Roots, Califa, 7 p.m., TBA. The Yost Theater, 307 N. Spurgeon St., Santa Ana.

CALIFORNIA FEETWARMERS: 7 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion Pasadena, 85 E. Holly St., Pasadena.

DICK VAN DYKE & THE VANTASTIC: 3 p.m., $56-$85. Cerritos Center for the Performing Arts, 12700 Center Court Drive, Cerritos.

FIESTAS DEL MAR: With Los Tucanes de Tijuana, El Coyote, Hijos de Barron, Banda Tierra Sagrada, Alta Conquista, 2 p.m., $40-$1600. Queen Mary Events Park, next to the big boat, 1126 Queens Highway, Long Beach.


CO: THE GO-GO’S, BEST COAST: 7:30 p.m., $49-$129. Segerstrom Center for the Arts, 600 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa.

JOURNEY, SANTANA: 7 p.m., $39.50-$149.50. The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd., Inglewood.

CO: KOOL & THE GANG: With Bootsy Collins, Doug E. Fresh, Manns Day & The Time, 7:30 p.m., $49.50-$99.50. Microsoft Theater, 777 Chick Hearn Court, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

OHANA MUSIC FESTIVAL: With Lana Del Rey, City & Colorado, Cat Power, Corinne Bailey Rae, Ryan Bingham, Jonny Two Bags, Wilderado, 1 p.m., $99.50-$195. Doheny State Beach, 25300 Dana Point Harbor Drive, Dana Point.

RADIOCITRON: 8 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion on MacArthur Park, 2230 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles.

SMOOTH SUMMER JAZZ: With The Average White Band, George Benson, Jason Miles, Jeff Lorber, 6 p.m., $14-$510. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles.

TAYLOR DAYNE: 6 p.m., free. Warner Center Park, 5800 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Woodland Hills.

VENEZUELA OMG: 5 p.m., free. Stewart Street Park, 1836 Stewart St., Santa Monica.

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

MONDAY, AUG. 29

HILLSONG WORSHIP: 6:30 p.m., $25.95-$54.95. Honda Center, 2695 E. Katella Ave., Anaheim.

OOT: With Doll Skin, Fire From the Gods, Pinkish Black, 8 p.m., $15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

TUESDAY, AUG. 30

CO: THE GO-GO’S, BEST COAST: With Kaya Stewart, 7:30 p.m., $32.50-$159. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

YES: 8 p.m., $42.50-$127.50. The Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 31


CO: L.A. PHILHARMONIC: The orchestra is joined by actors from Shakespeare’s Globe, as Bramwell Tovey conducts music inspired by the Bard’s plays, including suites and overtures by Korngold, Schmitt, Berlioz and Tchaikovsky, Tue., Aug. 30, 8 p.m.; Thu., Sept. 1, 8 p.m., $39.50-$149.50. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., L.A.

CO: VICKI RAY: The electrifying pianist gives a musical tour of her surroundings via Joseph Pereira’s Five Baroque Settings From the Norton Simon Museum, as Duchamp’s The Body of Your Dreams presents composer-librettist Cindy Shapiro and choreographer Janet Roston’s dance-infused production, based on the life of writer Anais Nin, Fri-Sunday, 8 p.m., Aug. 27-Sept. 18, $15-$30. Greenway Court Theatre, 544 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles.


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Promotions & discounts cannot be combined. All promotions only while supplies last & are subject to change.

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**EXEMPTIONS AVAILABLE**

**THE DOCTORS**

OPEN 7 DAYS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE • NOW THREE LOCATIONS

**HOLLYWOOD**

1439 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028
Cross Street Sunset • (323) 463-5000 • (323) 463-2222
10am to 7:30pm Monday through Saturday • Sunday from 10am to 6:30pm

**LOS ANGELES**

1155 NORTH Vermont Ave. #200, Los Angeles, CA 90029
(323) 463-5000 • (323) 463-2222
10am to 7:30pm Monday through Saturday • Sunday from 10am to 6:30pm

**RESEDA**

6650 Reseda Blvd. #101B, Reseda, CA 91335
(818) 684-5882 and (818) 370-7379
10am to 7:30pm Monday through Saturday • Sunday from 10am to 6:30pm

OPEN SUNDAYS AND EVENINGS TILL 7:30

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**KUSH VALLEY COLLECTIVE**

2043 IMPERIAL ST
LOS ANGELES, CA 90021

**FREE EDIBLE!**

w/ min donation
limit one coupon per patient. Cannot combine. Expires 9/7/16

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**AUGUST SPECIALS!!!**

FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ID CARD PURCHASE

$25 * $35

For Renewals
For New Patients

**24-HOUR VERIFICATION**

(LIVE AND ONLINE)

**PROMO PRICES**

TERMS & CONDITIONS APPLY

www.TheRecommendationStation.com

All patients are seen by a California Licensed MD • Medical Board Requirement

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**FIRST TIME PATIENT & REFERRAL PROGRAM OPTIONS:**

1. Free 4th of LOVE KUNG (w/ $10 Donation)
2. Free $10 Gram (w/ $10 Donation)
3. $25 Cap on 83 Strains (Limited 2 8th’s) or $15 off Ty of C3 Products Only

* All PTP get a FREE Gift Bag on your choice of a Joint, or Phone Cable

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**FIRST TIME PATIENTS $25 EIGHTH**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

**FREE GRAM FOR 1ST TIME PATIENTS ON 6 GRAM 1/8TH ALL STRAINS**

* 24-HOUR
* PROMO PRICES
* (LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

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**BRING IN THE 420 BOOK**

GET A FREE PRE-ROLL

BRING IN THE 420 BOOK

**BONUS**

www.TheRecommendationStation.com

**FREE GRAM FROM PARTICIPATING DOCTORS**

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**KUSH VALLEY COLLECTIVE**

LOS ANGELES, CA 90021

HAPPY HOUR:
10AM–12PM & 4PM–6PM

213.612.0420
OPEN DAILY: 10AM-8PM

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**$5 OFF CHONG’S CHOICE**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

**$10 HALF OUNCE**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

**$20 FULL OUNCE**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

**7 GRAMS FOR $50 TOPSHELF**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

**2 GRAMS FOR $20 TOPSHELF**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

**FIRST TIME PATIENTS $25 EIGHTH**

(LIMIT ONE COUPON PER PATIENT. CANNOT COMBINE COUPONS) EXPIRES 9/7/16

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**LA WEEKLY**

August 26 - September 01, 2016
www.laweekly.com
**NOHO EVALUATIONS**

**$30** $40

*ANY DOCTOR* RENEWAL

*NEW PATIENT*

**4131 Atlantic Ave**
Long Beach, CA 90807
(Carson and San Antonio/Bixby Knolls)

**$35** $25

new patient

**562.519.3669**

100% CONFIDENTIAL!

**4344 Eagle Rock Blvd**
Los Angeles, CA 90041
(cross-street York Blvd)

**RENEWALS ANY DOCTOR**

**NEW PATIENTS**

MUST PRESENT THIS AD TO REDEEM SPECIAL OFFER


**ROBERT PALLAS M.D.**
Medical Marijuana Evaluations

**RENEWALS ANY DOCTOR**

**NEW PATIENTS**

*Terms & Conditions apply for promo prices*

**BEST PRICES IN LA!**

**$30** $20

**DOCTOR PICO WEST**

24/7 VERIFICATION

New Patients

Professional photo ID cards

Renewals

ALL DOCTOR licensed by California Medical Board

8126 Van Nuys Blvd. #2,
Van Nuys, CA 91402
818-985-2255

7118 Reseda Blvd
Reseda, CA 91335
818-514-6655

ORDER ONLINE WWW.ADULTWAREHOUSEOUTLET.COM

WE OFFER DISCREET SHIPPING ON YOUR PACKAGE!
**PlayPen Gentleman’s Club**

NOW HIRING DANCERS

1/2 OFF ADMISSION BEFORE 7
$5 OFF ADMISSION AFTER 7
1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY WITH AD • LAW EXP 8/31/16

10624 Hawthorne Blvd., Lennox, CA
310.671.3073 • JETSTRIP.COM
Mon-Thur 10am til 2am Thurs 11pm til 4am Fri-Sat 1am til 4am Sun 6pm til 2am
FREE PARKING • EXP 8/31/16

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**Star Garden Topless Dive Bar**

18 AND OVER
HAPPY HOUR 11AM TO 6PM
$2 DRAFT BEER AND FREE POOL WEDNESDAY’S 8-6PM

6630 Lankershim Blvd
North Hollywood, CA 91606
(818) 764-9766 • www.stargardenclub.com
@stargardenclub

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**Club Burlesque Topless Lounge**

UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP & NEW MANAGEMENT

13324 Sherman Way
North Hollywood, CA 91605
Phone: (747) 203-1268
www.clubburlesque.com
@clubburlesque

HOURS: 2PM-2AM EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR
FREE BEFORE 7PM, $5 COVER AFTER 7PM

Fully Remodeled • FULL BAR • 7 HD Screens
Pool Table • Lap Dances • Plush Seating • 21+

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**Xposed Club**

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

WINTER SPECIAL
NOW HIRING DANCERS

1/2 OFF ADMISSION BEFORE 7
$5 OFF ADMISSION AFTER 7
1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY WITH AD • LAW EXP 8/31/16

8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com

M-TH 12PM-3AM FRI 12PM-4AM SAT 2PM-4AM SUN 6PM-2AM LUNCH AND DINNER MENU AVAILABLE
to be high class escorts and
for adult films. Drivers also
needed. Also hiring person
w/computer knowledge to
post ads for company.
Call for details.

914-205-4022
617-301-8350
609-746-0043

LA WEEKLY
www.laweekly.com // August 26 - September 01, 2016 // LA WEEKLY

915 Adult Massage
GOOD MASSAGE
39340 Rancho Vista Rd. #E
(949) 487-7756
San Juan Cap, CA 92675
Touch of Excellence

Hot To Trot
like a good cat of heat.
562-500-0675

Asian Massage
3089 S. Centinella Ave, #102 & #201, LA 90066
310-465-8787
3989 S. Centinela Ave, #102 & #201.  9:30a-10p

Asian Massage
310-465-6707
5369 S. Centinella Ave, #102 & #201. 9:30a-10p

999 Roses
14550 S. Pico Blvd. #111
Garden Grove
714-554-3936

Asian Massage
310-465-8707
5369 S. Centinella Ave, #102 & #201. 9:30a-10p

Hiring Ladies & Gentlemen

CLUB TIME

GRAND OPENING!

ADULT MASSAGE

Masseur, masseuse, 38,
gives fantastic rubs!
Enrico
(818) 384-0203

Sanctuary Studios
(Formerly Passive Arts)
7,000+ sq ft fully equipped
BDSM facility. Open 7 days
310-910-0525
SanctuaryStudiosLA.com

THE DOMINION

LA's most respected
BDSM club since 1980!

925 Adult Employment

** CLUB TIME **

Hiring Ladies & Gentlemen
to be high class escorts &
for adult films. Drivers also
needed. Also hiring person
w/computer skills to post
ads. Call for details.
914-305-4022
617-301-8350
609-746-0043

Dancers/Topless
Barmmaids
Security Guards
Attractive. Will train, no
exp. nec. Excellent tips
2 SFV locations.
918-340-1188
918-309-3117 aft 12pm
918-341-0134

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## Employment & Education

### Employment

#### Appointment Setters Needed!!

Home improvement company is hiring telemarketers/canvasers to set-up free Home Energy Evaluation appointments.

**FT/PT available.**

Up to $15/hr + commissions. $200 SIGN ON BONUS!!!

**CALL NOW:** 310.405.9990

Walk-ins welcome (8AM to 3PM)

435 S. Glendale Ave #202, 91205

### Classified Ads

#### Employment

**ASSISTANT ANIMATOR**

Create visual animations to rigged assets for video game. Create conceptually sound motion graphics and animations. Mail resume: Rick Games, job #8171, 12543 W Olympic Blvd, LA, CA 90064

**INFORMATION PROCESSING CLERK**

Support our pharmacy operations. Mail resume to Palos Verdes, CA 90274.

**TO SMEAR, WEB & GRAPHIC DESIGNERS**

At Topanga Vintage Market. 310-422-1844

**MARKET RESEARCH ANALYST**

Job Site: Anaheim, CA. Send resume to 1365 Knollwood St., #R34, L.A., CA 90021.

**SENIOR STRATEGIC ACCOUNT MANAGER**

In Santa Monica. 310-405-9990, ext. 1600766.

**FARMS GROUP, INC.**

Woodland Hills, CA seeks an Application Subject Matter Expert II (Business Applications) to provide expertise in design & functionality of business applications. Requires occasional travel within U.S. Apply at FarmersGroup.com/Careers. Job ID: 1600766.

**FASHION DESIGNER**

Responsible for new designs and sampling of clothes, etc. Req'd BA in Fine Arts or Related. Resume to Anneke Studio, Inc. Attn: H.R., 1516 S. Crocker St., 8R54, L.A., CA 90029.

**MARKET RESEARCH ANALYST**

Job Site: Anaheim, CA. Send resume to 1365 Knollwood St., #R34, L.A., CA 90021.

**FASHION DESIGNER: create designs and products.**


### Classified Ads

#### Classified Ads

**TELEMARKETING $5 INK/TONER 7a-1p**

$15 AN HOUR

CALL BRIAN

VAN NUYS

FT/PT available

L #M-10, Los Angeles, CA 90015.

**INCOME FROM HOME**


**TELEMARKETING**

Can make a lot of money here! Hrly, the best office & management & our reps love working here. Start Today in Koreatown near Metro.

Call 213-915-0179 or 213-915-0180

430 S. Western Ave, 90020 (near Wilshire)

**TELEMARKETING**

FT/PT available. Up to $15/hr + commissions. $200 SIGN ON BONUS!!!

**CALL NOW:** 310.405.9990

Walk-ins welcome (8AM to 3PM)

435 S. Glendale Ave #202, 91205

### Classified Ads

#### Classified Ads

**LOOKING FOR THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS RELIABLE SALESMAN, TONER CARTRIDGES AND OFFICE SUPPLIES:**

Many Great Deals. Please call Craig Gibbs at (310) 570-6534.

**PAY IN ADVANCE! Make $1000 A Week Mailing Brochures From Home!**


**LEAD, BUILD CLIENT RELATIONSHIPS, DEVELOP CLIENT STRATEGY & PLANS, DRIVE GROWTH, STRENGTHEN PARTNERSHIPS.**

Turn Inc. Mail resumes to 901 Marshall St., Redwood City, CA 94063. Ref Job ME0695.
**ARRESTED FOR DUI?**

SOL DANNY KHORSANDI
ESQ.

**Comprehensive and Personalized DUI Defense**

(310) 858-5550

8383 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 800, Beverly Hills, California 90211

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**NEED MONEY TODAY? CALL THE FACTORING GROUP**

Get a Business Loan*

* Same Day Approval
* Same Day Funding
* Bad Credit? No Problem
* No Collateral Required
* It's that simple As 1-2-3!

Call Now 888-511-0633

*The products offered by TFG can be Business Loans, Merchant Cash Advances, or other Alternative Business Financing. These products are not consumer loans.

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**HELP TO TENANTS**

We stop evictions 1 to 5 months or more.

Call Joan Marie (310) 348-9396

In 7 DAYS!

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**URGENT NEED!**

**EARN UP TO $925 PER MONTH**

BY BECOMING A HOST

FOR AN INTERNATIONAL STUDENT

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

Call today! (310) 664-9000 x 101

310-849-5679 or text

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provides the true premium cannabis oil experience.

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info@consumerconsultgroup.com

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**TOPANGA VINTAGE MARKET**

Aug 28

Always the 4th Sunday! 8am-2pm

Over 180 of LA's top vintage vendors, plus art, crafts, music and food trucks!

Pierce College, Woodland Hills

More info at www.topangavintagemarket.com

310-422-3844

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**DR. GRUNDRY REVEALS**

The top 3 common foods that you would have never guessed were the cause of your fatigue.

Find out how at:

THAT'S VOICEOVER!
Where Voiceover Careers Are Born & Reborn
A FULL-DAY CAREER EXPO TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS IN THE VOICEOVER BIZ
WIN A PAID BOOKING TO VOICE A TV CAMPAIGN FOR CBS2
MEET & LEARN FROM TOP VOICEOVER CELEBS, TV & FILM PRODUCERS, TALENT AGENTS AND CASTING DIRECTORS

WHEN: SAT. NOV 12TH
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4000 WARNER BLVD
BURBANK, CA 91522
TIX AVAILABLE AT THATSVOICEOVER.COM

Host: JOAN BAKER
Sales benefit the

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