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Bruce Lee’s daughter, Shannon Lee, is holding open a tiny, leather-bound planner for me to take a photo. She says it’s from 1968 and shows her martial arts superstar father transforming into the sculpted fighter with the bulging batwing muscles that were later showcased in his classic film, Enter the Dragon.

Scrawled in neat cursive penmanship, here’s just a single day’s worth of notes from Bruce Lee’s journal: One thousand punches on the right, 500 on the left. Eight sets each of side bends, sit-ups and leg raises. Two miles each of running and cycling. Wife Linda Lee’s birthday party. The All American Open Karate Tournament at Madison Square Garden. Two thousand more punches. A spar with “Ted.” A Jeet Kune Do demonstration for “Lewis.” James Coburn’s new phone number and address with his birthday. The Kalidasa poem reading, “Look to this day, for it is life, the very life of life, and within its brief span lies all the verities and realities of your existence.”

Shannon corrects me when I call his entries “fragmented.”

“They’re fluid,” she says, “‘Be like water,’ right?”

While most know Bruce Lee from his badass fight scenes in kung fu movies, such as Fist of Fury, The Big Boss and Way of the Dragon, Shannon says that too few realize he was also a writer and philosopher, adapting ancient Chinese wisdom with his own accessible, modern phrasing. He wanted everyone, not just the philosophers, to find enlightenment.

Shannon says her father — who died in July 1973 — was in life the same man of honor he was in his films. And he saw those films as a mechanism to share his philosophy. Shannon raises her eyebrows with a smile. “My father was an entertainer, and he knew what he was doing.”

Bruce Lee Enterprises, the company Shannon founded — originally with her mother, Linda Lee Cadwell, and chief operating officer Kris Storti in 2008 — creates T-shirts, coffee mugs, keychains and jewelry. Yet instead of just churning out widgets with Bruce’s famous visage — handsome with a broad nose, square chin and knowing smirk — Bruce Lee Enterprises also adds his words. A leather bracelet reads: “Summon the courage and walk on.” A hoodie suggests: “Be water, my friend.” The comic books from BLE’s Dragon Rises series feature a hero with great will and no weapons.

“He’s this ultimate philosopher, but he’s packaged as a kung fu action star,” says BLE chief creative officer Sharon Lee (no relation). “He was a Trojan horse. What he’s saying is, ‘Look at my awesome kung fu, and you’re close to me now, so let me tell you about Asian philosophy.’”

BLE’s latest venture is the Bruce Lee podcast, which uses Bruce’s sayings as a jumping-off point for a conversation in each episode. Shannon’s favorite: “The medicine for my suffering I had within me from the beginning.” For 50 minutes, they dig deep, espousing anti-guru, self-help techniques for a better mind. Just five weeks into production, and with little promotion, the show’s already been downloaded more than 224,000 times.

“In today’s Kardashian and...”

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Beyond Kung Fu
Bruce Lee’s daughter is sharing his philosophies with the digital generation

By April Wolfe
Shannon Lee with her father

> Trump moment, to go, ‘I think the global millennials will appreciate a long-form conversation about philosophy’ was counterintuitive,” Sharon says.

Shannon also created a wildly successful Facebook fan page — it has reached 21 million subscribers in two years — where they post his adapted aphorisms. “Memes are the gateway drug to bigger thinking,” she jokes.

She calls her father the absolute expression of yin and yang. She motions to a yin-yang hanging on the wall, which belonged to Bruce. “If you take the yin-yang, it has a piece of the other inside itself,” she says. “You can’t be too much of one thing and be balanced.”

Bruce wasn’t too much of one thing, either. He was born in San Francisco but raised in Hong Kong. He was a quarter white, living in a British-ruled area of China that was occupied by Japan. He embraced both Western and Eastern writings; his book collection contained a volume on Chinese boxing side by side with John F. Kennedy’s Official U.S. Physical Fitness Program manual.

When he opened a school in Oakland to teach his brand of martial arts, called Jun Fan Gung Fu, the entire Chinese martial arts community supposedly challenged him to a fight — their best guy against him — because they didn’t like that he would teach every person who wanted to learn, no matter their race, religion or gender. Bruce Lee won this fight and then started developing a styleless martial arts philosophy he called Jeet Kune Do.

Bruce Lee was a man of harmonious paradoxes. He shaped his body to be a weapon but trained his mind and spirit so he would rarely resort to violence. People often seem surprised, Shannon says, to find that such a hyper-masculine man also had such a developed “feminine” side. Bruce Lee penned poetry on his lunch breaks.

As their podcast and social media presence grew, revealing this other side of Bruce Lee, Shannon and Sharon noticed another curious trend. They had expected the audience devoted to self-help through Asian philosophy to skew female, but their fan base is made up primarily of young men and boys.

“My brother was gone, and I was in L.A. in this emotionally strange place,” she says. “And then I went to go do this movie in Hong Kong, something my brother — and obviously also my father — had done. But my heart wasn’t in it. Being Bruce Lee’s kid, everyone wants you to be an action-film star. I took martial arts, and it’s fun to do those types of movies, but I wanted to act, not fight.”

Shannon says the Hong Kong film industry in 1997 hadn’t changed much since her father left L.A. in the ‘70s, to find a roundabout way into Hollywood through Chinese cinema. When Bruce made Way of the Dragon in 1972, he attempted to revolutionize China’s film industry. He insisted on writing a complete script, with multiple drafts, before shooting. He demanded cast and crew choreograph and practice the fighting scenes. He brought his Hollywood knowledge and battled with the director about camera placement and story, and later vowed to write and direct his own movies. One of his most overlooked accomplishments was adding touches of humor and whimsy to an often self-serious genre.

Way of the Dragon changed Hong Kong’s movie industry for a hot second. But Bruce was around for only another few pictures, and after his death, progress quickly halted.

Fast-forward 20 years and China’s film industry was still rough. On set in Hong Kong, Shannon was hollowed by grief. Everything was recorded without sound, because actors spoke different dialects and languages. Fight scenes weren’t choreographed. There was no script. A guy would show up, teach her a routine and then scold her if she didn’t get it right immediately. Prop masters were handing her guns, showing her the empty barrels, assuring her over and over there were no live bullets in there, which only reminded her more of her brother’s death. Then the director looked at her and said, “Just do it the way your dad would do it.” Shannon remembers thinking, “I was, like, ‘OK, and you direct it like my dad would direct it.’” If Bruce had directed it, there probably wouldn’t have been any guns in the picture at all. Bruce was adamantly anti-gun in his films. He thought men with guns were weak.

“It was hard,” she says. “I cried a

“Have you to understand, this was a time when we didn’t see any black heroes on the screen. No Latino heroes, no Asian heroes. Nothing. So it was a period that brought a lot of happiness and a lot of confidence to people of color.” — Aquil Basheer, martial arts teacher, on Bruce Lee’s inspirational effect
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It was only when she began studying her father's writings after her brother's death that she first felt complete. It was then that she realized how powerful Bruce's words were — and how far his circulated image had gotten from his intention. She launched a years-long battle to regain the rights to Bruce Lee's name and likeness. She already had most of the archive, which consists of all those file cabinets of poems, love notes and planners, plus 10 large metal shelves housing things like his nunchakus, tiger-skin rug and the bongo drum he accidentally punched through (it helped him develop an arrhythmic fighting style to break into his opponent's patterns). Even some family photos belonged to third parties. "Publishers actually told us, 'But you gave them to us to make this book, so we own them now,'" Shannon says, rolling her eyes.

Shannon admits it could have been different — she could have been one of those kids looking to make a quick buck off her pop's image. "You have no idea how many bags of money I've had to turn down. But if something doesn't match up with our goals, if it's too violent, or even if it's just too boring — my father may have been a philosopher, but he was always an entertainer — we're not going to take the money." And if they can't fit a positive aphorism on it, they're not going to make it. Spreading the message is imperative.

"People can't believe he was so positive all the time," Shannon laughs. "But he was." Casual fans of Bruce Lee might miss that anger is not rewarded in his films, where violence is the last resort. Bruce Lee's adage, "Be like water," is physical and accessible. It's simple. He even demonstrated the meaning, grabbing a fistful of liquid and letting it fall through his hands: Water is too slippery to catch. Vincent Brown of the History Design Studio at Harvard University, who studies cross-cultural effects of public figures such as Bruce Lee, recalls a scene from Enter the Dragon in which Lee tricks an opponent into getting in a dinghy, which he then lets float away. "He wins the fight without fighting in that guy's way," Brown says. "It's not about overpowering the world but changing the terms so you can come out victorious."

No one knows this better than Aquil Basheer, the violence de-escalation specialist, who in 1971 founded the Academy of Tactical Street Fighters, one of the first black martial arts schools in Los Angeles — he also got his first black belt around the same time as Bruce Lee. Basheer recruited to train at his school youths who had been inspired by seeing Bruce Lee sparring with African-American actor/martial artist Jim Kelly.

"You have to understand, this was a time when we didn't see any black heroes on the screen," Basheer says. "No Latino heroes, no Asian heroes. Nothing. So it was a period that brought a lot of happiness and a lot of confidence to people of color."
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It’s men “at great pains to tell her, ‘This never happens to me. I’m not emotional.’” She doesn’t quite have words for the phenomenon. “For men to have a space in a culture with strict male-identity rules, for them to show up in front of a woman, in public, and start weeping — I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

She says Bruce Lee perhaps showed men that they didn’t have to be just one thing, or fit inside a box. “You have a lot of men in our culture who are asked to be just one thing — manly,” she says, “But what even is that?”

Bruce Lee, she says, is filling some kind of cultural vacuum. “Right now, we’re at a point where self-help says you need to relinquish your control to someone else, a guru, who can tell you what to do. But what he’s saying is you already have it inside you. Like Shannon did.”

Shannon’s got every bit of Bruce’s perseverance gene in her. She’s now partnering with director Justin Lin (the Fast & Furious franchise, Star Trek Beyond) to bring her father’s TV series, Warrior, to life with a pilot for Cinemax — featuring a multidimensional Asian action hero in the honorable vein of Bruce Lee.

She also shares her father’s sense of humor. Shannon jokes that she’s “not just the president of the Bruce Lee philosophy club; I’m also a user, too. If it can work for me, it can work for everyone.”

And she shares her father with the world. Not once has she been alone at his gravesite, she says. Almost 10,000 tourists visit him annually. On the Bruce Lee online community report having experienced from Bruce Lee’s teachings. At every event where Shannon is asked to represent her father, the rooms are packed with men from the military, martial arts and policing communities. And they are emotional.

“This is grown men weeping in front of [Shannon] on a regular basis,” Sharon says.

>> 12) Basheer, a former Black Panther, remembers showing up at rallies and protests all over Southern California in the early 1970s with his fellow martial arts practitioners. He says that while police would hassle the other black marchers, his group was left largely alone. His group was trained and confident, which led them to be calm and controlled; they fought on their own terms, using intellect, like the philosophies espoused by Lee. “If you have to resort to using the physical art, then you’ve already failed at the engagement,” Basheer says.

Lee himself dared in his films not to celebrate the dealing of death. In 1972’s Way of the Dragon — which he wrote, directed and starred in — Bruce’s character is forced to kill a karate champ played by Chuck Norris. As a filmmaker, he let the camera linger on his own face as Lee, the actor, considers the gravity of what it means to snuff out a life. The climactic spar emphasizes thinking as much as fighting.

But today, many Bruce Lee fans forget the nuance beyond his kung fu moves. “The U.S. likes the competition part, the fighting part, the violence and aggression part,” Sharon says. “The other stuff has slowly been stripped away, and what’s left is cage fighting. And it’s a far deviation from his original intentions.” But through their podcast and online community-building, Shannon Lee hopes to bring back her father’s messages of nonaggression to new audiences.

Shannon Lee has monitored the positive effects that the Facebook and podcast community has experienced from Bruce Lee’s teachings. At every event where Shannon is asked to represent her father, the rooms are packed with men from the military, martial arts and policing communities. And they are emotional.

“This is grown men weeping in front of [Shannon] on a regular basis,” Sharon says.
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can’t think of a more unexpectedly great meal this year than what I recently experienced at Kato, a minuscule restaurant in West L.A. that serves only tasting menus.

What makes Kato — named after chef Jonathan Yao's experience amounts to two stages (the industry-speak for entry.” A low barrier to entry.” A five-course dinner here will cost you $49 before tax and tip (actually, it’s more like eight courses, once you include two snacks and a dessert).

Diners generally view tasting menus as a premium experience, and for the most part they’re correct — dinner at Providence runs $180 for seven courses, n/naka offers 13 courses for $185, and Le Comptoir charges $89 for seven. And we’re one of the cheaper big cities when it comes to tasting menus.

In Liquid Farm’s $200-plus menus have become standard at any remotely ambitious restaurant.

Of course, these places operate in the highest echelon of fine dining, offering the metaphorical first-class seats. Kato, by contrast, is more akin to the low-cost carrier, the Spirit Airlines — its tasting menu experience is whittled down into pure form and function.

On one evening, the first bite tastes like a shotgun blast of umami — a buttery cube of toast dabbed with egg yolk and a rich miso-sunflower spread, capped with a furl of uni and salty, micro-shaved country ham. Next comes a flat green disc made of fermented mandarin skin and lip-numbing Sichuan peppercorns — pretty heady stuff. After the cod, a wide saucer of rice porridge arrives — pure comfort, thickened with dried scallops and shredded crab — followed by a few slabs of fatty Wagyu beef, grilled over Japanese charcoal and paired with a silky, smoked eggplant purée.

At this point I’m mostly full, but it’s hard to turn down Kato’s one supplement, an $8 bowl of lu rou fan, a hearty Taiwanese stew made from braised pork belly. The meltingly soft meat is scooped over rice, along with an oozing, soft-boiled egg that piles richness on richness. A few wedges of pickled radish probably would turn this into the best pork belly rice bowl in town, but who can complain?

Dessert, a firm buttermilk pudding gilded with rose-flavored shaved ice and mar de bois strawberries, is thankfully as light and ethereal as it sounds.

Kato’s tasting menu is a borderline steal. It’s probably worth twice the price. More importantly, though, it’s a reminder that, even when done simply, the dramatic unfolding of a tasting menu can be captivating and unabashed fun, a sensory pleasure-fest on par with immersing your brain in a Stranger Things binge or streaming the new Frank Ocean album in full.

As much as we covet the power of choice, entrusting yourself to a chef with a story to tell — letting someone else dictate what you put into your mouth, more or less — is still the most exciting way to eat. In this case, it probably helps when the check stings a little less, too.

So how is Yao able to make a tasting menu feel fun again? I can imagine one way — by cutting back on certain amenities often associated with traditional restaurants. Besides the sparse square footage of the space, the most visually obvious clue at Kato is its decor. With bare, whitewashed walls and a cement floor, the dining room takes minimalism to its inevitable conclusion. The result is somewhere between an Apple Store and an indie art gallery robbed of its paintings. Wooden stools with thin cushions serve as seating. Service, at times, can be described as endearingly amateur.

That said, I sincerely hope Kato is able to obtain its alcohol license soon, not merely because this type of cooking would pair beautifully with wine but also because it’s hard to imagine a restaurant of this size surviving without the additional revenue. Profit margins, even at very popular restaurants, are notoriously thin. The truth is, I have no idea whether Kato, in its current incarnation, is sustainable as a small business. I do know we’re blessed to live in a city where that type of autonomous experiment is even possible.

Perhaps it prompts a larger discussion: Amid a tide of rising food, labor and rent costs, what is our highest priority when judging the value of a restaurant? What are we willing to overlook?

So consider this caveat: If you’re someone who ruffles at certain austerities — blank walls, uncomfortable furniture, no sommelier — this place might not be your cup of tea. But just as some air travelers are willing to skip leg room and a complimentary beverage in exchange for a cheaper flight, Kato could well be a harbinger of what to expect from the next generation of independent restaurants. If that means eschewing certain luxuries in favor of the exquisite and extremely personal cooking that Yao is pulling off, I’d imagine that the future might not be so bleak after all.

KATO | 11925 Santa Monica Blvd., Sawtelle | (424) 555-9041 | katonrestaurant.com | Mon.-Thu.: 5:30-10 p.m.; Fri.-Sat.: 5:30-11 p.m.; No alcohol | Lot parking
Bye-Bye, Border Grill

SANTA MONICA LOCATION IS CLOSING, BUT MARY SUE MILLIKEN AND SUSAN FENIGER HAVE PLANS

“Did you ever see the two women?” Susan Feniger asks. “Schweddy Balls,” chimies in Mary Sue Milliken. “That was us!” they exclaim in unison. The chef duo is referring to a recurring Saturday Night Live sketch that may have been poking fun at the KCIR show they started, Good Food. The two are dressed in colorful Border Grill embroidered chef’s coats at a corner table in their 26-year-old, mammoth restaurant on Fourth Street in Santa Monica.

“We thought we had arrived then. We were being parodied by Saturday Night Live!” Feniger says. The chefs, who opened their first successful restaurant, City Cafe, in 1981, followed by the original Border Grill in 1985, clearly “arrived” long before SNL poked fun at their earnest enthusiasm for all things culinary. Even with the recent announcement of their landmark Border Grill Santa Monica closing, the chefs show no sign of slowing down anytime soon.

Along with continuing to run their downtown and LAX Border Grill locations, the pioneering chefs have a new project in the works. What exactly it is, they’ve never seen, come back and cook with her. That’s how we sort of started to learn about the Mexican kitchen,” says Milliken.

Those aforementioned products that they’d never seen turned out to be the inspiration, challenge and ultimate reason for Border Grill’s success.

“You couldn’t get chipotle chilies [in L.A.]. When we came back, we brought some. We smuggled them in our suitcase,” Milliken says.

Apparently, the smuggling was worth it, because the original Border Grill was so popular that they were forced to move it to the larger Santa Monica location in 1990. “We were so busy, bursting at the seams. We had a whole bank of home refrigerators in the alley,” Milliken says.

The Santa Monica space still has the same original wood tables and interior design, with colorful paintings by artist friends Sue Huntley and Donna Muir. But the neighborhood has evolved around it. “It was really a sleepy little beach town. There was a Woolworth’s on the Promenade. It had just become a walking street. No one was there. Nobody wanted to be there. There was a huge empty parking lot behind us. Everything has changed so drastically that it’s almost like a whole different city,” Milliken says. That said, the changing neighborhood had nothing to do with their decision to move, and they will most likely stay in the area.

“Our career has always been about, what’s the next interesting thing? What’s that next thing that excites us?” Feniger says. This modus operandi has worked out well for the pair. When they opened the original Border Grill on La Brea in 1985, the kind of vibrant, sophisticated, authentic Mexican food that excited them was nowhere else to be found, and the city was hungry for it. What exactly was around in L.A. before they opened Border Grill? Milliken says, “A lot of gloppiness, beans loaded with cheese and sour cream, very old-school Mexican-American food that was very toned down in any kind of real flavor.”

Feniger adds that no one was making their own tortillas at the time, except for a small taqueria at Melrose and Western called Anelcy’s, where the duo were regulars. After lunch service at City Cafe, they’d wait in line for dozens of soft cornitas tacos to bring back to their staff.

“We were in love with it. It gave us awareness of how the cuisine was really different than what was at Lucy’s or El Coyote or El Cholo. It really had us thinking, there’s something here, something fresher, more flavorful, with lots of sparkly citrus, chilies and cilantro, and not just yellow cheese and sour cream and lard,” Milliken says.

The tiny taqueria in East Hollywood wasn’t the only thing that inspired Border Grill. In the early ’80s, the two chefs took a trip with a City Cafe employee to visit his family in Mexico.

“We went to his family’s house in Mexico City, and every morning we would go with his mom to the markets, get all of these products that we’ve never seen, come back and cook with her. That’s how we sort of started to learn about the Mexican kitchen,” says Milliken.

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Eats // Squid Ink //
MARIJUANA

This Farmers Market Proves That Weed Is the New Wine

Wine has long flowed through the heart of our state. Whether you’re a connoisseur or a casual sipper, tasting California’s world-renowned wines offers the chance to practice mindfulness, exhibit your adept preferences and appreciate the artful idiosyncrasies that spring from each vineyard. Wine tasting isn’t (usually) about getting hammered. At the inaugural Emerald Exchange farmers market, a group of Mendocino farmers descended upon Malibu’s bluffs to prove that cannabis consumption is no longer about dirty bongs and debasing highs.

In some ways, the Emerald Exchange is like any other farmers market one might find in L.A.’s more upscale and bohemian neighborhoods. It’s set up on a tucked-away side street, flanked by retro storefronts and hipster coffee shops. And yet, it’s also fit into the category, as do shapes that look like a giant version of the food sold within. Perhaps a coffee cup, or a tamale, or a donut. Giant, decorative representations also fit into the category, as do shapes that describe the name of the establishment: a dog for the Bulldog Cafe, a woman for the Betsy Ann Restaurant.

The Brown Derby was probably the most famous example. L.A. is in the midst of a nostalgia boom, even when it comes to food. This is the perfect time for Tail O’ the Pup to reintroduce its classic combos. For instance, the Mexican Olé is topped with chili, Parmesan cheese and onions. Does the name or pairing make sense? No. Will Angelenos go nuts for it? Of course.

Speaking of which, the original Pup was famed for topping its hot dogs with a variety of nuts. No word on if those are coming back, but new dog designs include the Pastrami Dog (pastrami, sauerkraut, Swiss cheese, mustard) and the Nacho Dog (guacamole, cheddar cheese, pico de gallo). Welcome back, you kitschy deliverer of calorie bombs. –Katherine Spiers

451 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood; no phone, facebook.com/tailotheup. Open daily 11 a.m.-10 p.m.

NOSTALGIA

Tail O’ the Pup Stand to Make Its Triumphant, Nostalgic Return

Beloved hot dog stand Tail O’ the Pup, closed these past 11 years, is set to finally reopen this week in West Hollywood.

This version will be a food truck, the first location in what the new owners — Kevin Michaels and Brett Doherty, along with Jay Miller, the grandson of Eddie Blake, the Pup’s previous owner — hope will be a number of Tail O’ the Pups. The original hot dog–shaped building, a classic of mimetic architecture, has been in storage since 2005 and is rumored to be due for delivery at a downtown location in early 2017.

Mimetic architecture, also known as programmatic architecture, is a style that developed in the 1920s as a way to attract passers-by, who were then in fast-moving cars. The building itself would be built to look like a giant version of the food sold within: perhaps a coffee cup, or a tamale, or a donut. Giant, decorative representations also fit into the category, as do shapes that describe the name of the establishment: a dog for the Bulldog Cafe, a woman for the Betsy Ann Restaurant. The Brown Derby was probably the most famous example.

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Welcome back, you kitschy deliverer of calorie bombs. –Heather Platt

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away, pebbly patch of land. The ocean is visible from each vendor's canvas booth. There were wealthy women in floppy hats, cute dogs and even a well-dressed toddler. One could sip organic whole lemon–ade, sniff fragrant body lotions or sample fresh gazpacho.

Unlike at a typical farmers market, though, all of these wares could be infused with THC.

The market was a way for Mendocino growers to showcase the bounty of the agriculture that grows on their historically fertile land. Since the late 1960s, Mendocino’s ideal climate and remote location have made it a hotbed for marijuana agriculture. In light of the plant’s growing popularity and likely pending statewide legality, growers in the area are, in increasing numbers, moving their business to a less stigmatized market. “I’ve been farming my whole life,” says Megan Champion, founder of Deviant Dabs. “I was ready to move off of the black market.”

In an attempt to move toward legitimacy, Champion and many farmers in her area have joined with Mendocino magnate Justin Calvino to divide the county into several “Cannabis Appellations,” or regions defined by their specific location and geological properties. Formally breaking up the area into regions, proponents say, will foster business for local growers, who will be able to uniquely brand their product and establish consistent standards.

Champion, who has been on the legitimacy market for only a few months, has already begun to carve out a specific identity for her hash concentrates, which are grown on an all-female farm. “I heard what people were saying about concentrates — that it’s the crack of marijuana — and I wanted to change that,” says Champion. Indeed, Deviant concentrates look like something you’d buy in Sephora, not smoke in an alley. “I also wanted to target women because I am a woman,” Champion says.

“We’re above the fog line, which is really great, because the fog is what causes mold on plants,” says Janae Doutel Ebert. She and her boyfriend, Leo Miti Hartz, are the young, tanned proprietors of Shine On Farms, which is perched at 1,800 feet above Mendocino’s Anderson Valley.

Ebert comes from a wine family, and she has brought the principles of harvesting grapes to Shine On Farms, where she and Hartz harvest a wide plethora of organic produce, honey, livestock and cannabis flowers — all without using any electricity. The farm is entirely powered by two solar panels and a propane tank. They brought with them a number of sun-grown buds, including one strain called the Doutel & Miti — named after their grandparents — because the seeds are proprietary and “come from (their) own genetics.”

The easygoing pair brought a bounty of farm-fresh foodstuffs to the Malibu market. Their tomatoes and eggplants contributed to the evening’s communal dinner, as did the two roosters they recently harvested.

Dinner was served on the lot at the base of the property, and on the walk down to the dining area, Foria, which manufactures cannabis-based lubricants, had set up shop next to a VW van. People in loose-fitting clothing loitered around the vehicle’s exterior. Propped in front of them was a sign that read “Legalize love.”

In the Galaxy’s Easiest Meal food truck, chef Joshua Fisher prepared our farm-to-I-5-to-table meal. As we waited for dinner, a DJ spun at a station that was wrapped in living tree roots. There were white Christmas lights hanging above the dance floor and multicolored silks draped on the couches in the smoking area. A few people had cigarettes and several of us inhaled flower from Fireflys, the handheld vaporizers used to sample product.

Mark Williams, the stylish and smiling co-founder of Firefly, presented several of his sleek devices and offered them to the handful of people milling around him.

“Ten years ago,” Williams says, taking a long drag of flower vape, “could you have ever seen this coming?”

When the sun set, the mood became relaxed. At vendor Evoxel Laboratories’s booth, which was lit with multicolored psychedelic lighting, founder Michael Katz showed off his essential oil vape pens, which are made in America and come in red, white, blue and black. Each color-coded device was filled with organically grown oils and strains designed to give the user exactly the targeted effect desired: The white pen is non-psychoactive CBD blended with frankincense and tangerine for focus. The red pen will perk you up with sativa and peppermint. The blue one will put you to sleep with indica and lavender.

Dinner was served in near-darkness. There was baba ganoush and grilled vegetables and fresh olives, slick and coarse with salt. The venison and chicken that were brought down for the day were served family-style, alongside brimming plates of flatbread grilled just behind us. After the food was set, servers dished out small spoonfuls of THC extract for anyone who wanted to “infuse” their meal.

A woman at my table from Mendocino County said it was her first time in Malibu, and she was a little disappointed by how dry and desertlike it was. It’s greener where she’s from. “But maybe,” she says, “I’m just partial to home. California is the best place in the world,” she added.

All of us, absorbed in our thoughts and food, tacitly agreed. —Tess Barker
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PUNK ROCK

In Living Color
It was an unusual era in rock music when Chris Amouroux began shooting photos for her fanzine, Beyond the Blackout, in 1984. The punk scene still overlapped with the goth and deathpunk subcultures, and the previously hidebound denizens of the hard-rock and metal worlds were starting to grudgingly acknowledge the influence of underground music. It was a nexus in time when Nick Cave was still opening for The Cramps, and a then-unknown Guns N’ Roses were supporting their idol, Johnny Thunders. Most of the local photographer’s images of such disparate figures as Lemmy Kilmister, John Waters, Specimen and Girlschool were seen only in the ephemeral black-and-white pages of her zine, but they reappear in their proper, fully garish color in her new exhibition, “Beyond the Blackout: The Color Photos of Chris Amouroux,” Lethal Amounts, 1226 W. Seventh St., downtown; Fri., Sept. 9, 8-11 p.m.; free. (213) 265-7452, lethalamounts.com. —Falling James

DANCE

A Woman of Letters
A writer of erotica who counted several husbands and lovers including competitively erotic Tropic of Cancer author Henry Miller, an inveterate diarist and a luminary in the literary and artistic circles of Paris and New York, Anaïs Nin’s life provides rich subject matter. Director-choreographer Janet Rosten and composer-librettist Cindy Shapiro have reassembled for The Wallis’ 2016-17 season of Performing Arts’ 2016-17 season of theater, classical music, jazz, dance and children’s entertainment spans from the live soundtrack show For the Record: Scorsese in September to Hershey Felder’s play with music Our Great Tchaikovsky in July. To preview its upcoming lineup, the Wallis hosts the Wallis WelcomeFest, an inaugural open house, which offers more than two dozen teaser shows staged throughout the venue. Saturday features Deaf West Theatre, Debbie Allen Dance Academy, the Fossey Jazz Band and Combo, Lorenzo Johnson & Mutant Salon. There will be a live and a silent auction of 42 works donated by notable artists. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., Sept. 10, 6:30 p.m.; $440-$500. (213) 625-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles. —Neha Taleja

FUNDRAISERS

Nature of the Beast
In the last year, politicians in at least 24 states have taken action or threatened to end access to care at Planned Parenthood. Obama vetoed the U.S. House’s last attempt to defund the organization, but it remains in danger of losing resources. Sexy Beast: A Benefit for Planned Parenthood aims to harness the art world’s power to catalyze positive change and protect women’s (and men’s) health care. The fundraiser for Los Angeles’ chapters of PP will be hosted by comedian Andy Richter and feature performances by WIFE, DJ Rashida and Mutant Salon. There will be a live and a silent auction of 42 works donated by notable artists. The Theater at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., Sept. 10, 6:30 p.m.; $440-$500. (213) 625-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles. —Neha Taleja

ART

Big Frida
Frida Kahlo is, without question, one of the most fascinating figures of the 20th century: a self-taught artist, a communist, a lover to both men and women and, yes, wife of muralist Diego Rivera, a relationship that (sadly) overshadowed her own contributions to Mexican art until many years after her death at age 47. In celebration of Kahlo’s timeless self-portraits, Picture This in Long Beach hosts the 16th annual Frida Kahlo Artists Exhibit, a collection of tributes to Kahlo in all media. The exhibit is up through Oct. 1, but on Saturday, the gallery hosts a reception for participating artists, replete with a look-alike contest and traditional Spanish music from Casi Son. Unibrows are sure to abound. Picture This Gallery & Custom Framing, 4130 Norse Way, Long Beach; Sat., Sept. 10, 4-8 p.m.; exhibit runs through Oct. 1; free. (562) 933-3765, facebook.com/events/73167586979366. —Gwynedd Stuart

Performing Arts’ 2016-17 season of theater, classical music, jazz, dance and children’s entertainment spans from the live soundtrack show For the Record: Scorsese in September to Hershey Felder’s play with music Our Great Tchaikovsky in July. To preview its upcoming lineup, the Wallis hosts the Wallis WelcomeFest, an inaugural open house, which offers more than two dozen teaser shows staged throughout the venue. Saturday features Deaf West Theatre, Debbie Allen Dance Academy, the Fossey Jazz Band and Combo, Lorenzo Johnson & Mutant Salon. There will be a live and a silent auction of 42 works donated by notable artists. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., Sept. 10, 6:30 p.m.; $440-$500. (213) 625-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles. —Neha Taleja

Welcome to Me
The Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts’ 2016-17 season of theater, classical music, jazz, dance and children’s entertainment spans from the live soundtrack show For the Record: Scorsese in September to Hershey Felder’s play with music Our Great Tchaikovsky in July. To preview its upcoming lineup, the Wallis hosts the Wallis WelcomeFest, an inaugural open house, which offers more than two dozen teaser shows staged throughout the venue. Saturday features Deaf West Theatre, Debbie Allen Dance Academy, the Fossey Jazz Band and Combo, Lorenzo Johnson & Mutant Salon. There will be a live and a silent auction of 42 works donated by notable artists. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., Sept. 10, 6:30 p.m.; $440-$500. (213) 625-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles. —Neha Taleja
“World’s Largest Cooker” at the annual Long Beach Original Lobster Festival. Even if you’re not into lobster, it’s a bustling event with two stages, a children’s area, a dance floor — and live music so you can put that floor to use. But really, everyone’s there for the lobster. The meal setup includes the lobster, of course, with coleslaw, a dinner roll, watermelon, lemon wedges and butter dipping sauce. VIP tickets include a covered seating area, your choice of the biggest lobsters and drink tickets. Rainbow Lagoon, 400-403 Shoreline Village Drive, Long Beach; Fri., Sept. 9, 5-10 p.m.; Sat-Sun, Sept. 10-11, noon-10 p.m.; $13-$107. originallobsterfestival.com. —Katherine Spiers

MUSIC & BOOKS
Death Row Inmates
Last year’s Straight Outta Compton pretty much reignited everyone’s obsession with West Coast rap (not that it has ever really waned in L.A.). With N.W.A and affiliated acts’ legendary status further solidified, former L.A. Weekly music editor Ben Westhoff’s new book, Original Gangstas: The Untold Story of Dr. Dre, Eazy-E, Ice Cube, Tupac Shakur, and the Birth of West Coast Rap, delves deeper into the cultural legacy of classic gangsta rap. The launch party will feature readings by Westhoff, a panel discussion moderated by HipHopDX.com editor-in-chief Justin Hunte, featuring “Godfather of Hip-Hop Radio” Greg Mack and legendary producer Chris “The Glove” Taylor, and special guest DJ sets. Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Tue., Sept. 13, 6 p.m.; free with RSVP. (213) 623-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles. – Neha Talreja

CONVERSATIONS
Us and Femme
This fall, the Hammer Museum launches Bureau of Feminism, a multifaceted initiative that aims to “bring a feminist perspective to a range of activities at the museum,” including feminist-themed performances, talks and films. For its kickoff event, museum senior curator Connie Butler hosts “Bad Feminism,” a panel discussion that...
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A portion of the proceeds from this year’s Sips & Sweets event benefits foodforward.org
addresses the “political, social and cultural relevance of contemporary feminism” with Roxane Gay and Andi Zeisler. Gay, a writer and associate professor at Purdue University, wrote the 2014 collection of essays Bad Feminist. Zeisler is a fellow author and co-founder of Bitch Media, a Portland, Oregon–based nonprofit feminist media organization. Hammer Museum, 1080 Wilshire Blvd, Westwood; Tue., Sept. 13, 7-7:30 p.m.; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu/programs-events/2016/09/bad-feminism. –Siran Babayan

PODCASTS

Faris Wheel
Even sitcom actresses have caught the podcasting bug. Launched in November, Anna Faris Is Unqualified is a weekly podcast on which the funny lady and her co-host, Sim Sarna, interview comedians and big-name actors, and dole out practical advice to callers asking about online dating, sex and friendship. Guests have included Chris Pratt (aka Mr. Faris), Jennifer Lawrence, Shaquille O’Neal, Rosie O’Donnell, Chelsea Handler, Ellen Page, Courtney Love, Julia Stiles, Aubrey Plaza, Chris Evans, Jenny Slate and Faris’ Mom co-star Allison Janney. (The two demonstrated their orgasm voices and joked about camel toes, moose knuckles and testicles.) For the podcast’s first live taping, Faris will be joined by fellow comedian and writer Whitney Cummings. The show is a precursor to EW PopFest in October, Entertainment Weekly’s two-day, pop culture festival at the Reef downtown, featuring screenings, panels, performances and appearances by Jodie Foster, Ryan Murphy, James Corden, Nick Jonas and many others. Nerdist Showroom at Meltdown Comics, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Tue., Sept. 13, 8-10 p.m.; $10. (323) 851-7223, nerdmeiltla.com. –Siran Babayan

thu

9/15

HAUNTED HOUSES

I’m a Creep
Much more than a haunted house, CreeplA: Entry is a psychological horror experience that takes audience members inside the terrifying, twisted world of a troubled 1970s artist named Erebus Burwyck. Beginning in the seemingly innocuous preshow lounge, guests embark on a dark journey through a 12,000-square-foot environment in which a series of disturbing scenarios emerges. CreeplA debuted last year, but for this year’s installment, founder Justin Fix expanded not only the space but also the storyline, which he says is inspired by the likes of David Lynch and Stanley Kubrick. What could go wrong? 2316 N. San Fernando Road, Glassell Park; Thu., Sept. 15, 7-7:30 p.m.; runs through Oct. 31; $40-$50. creeplA.com. –Tanja M. Laden

COMEDY

Spruce Bruce
Last year, actor, director and Kids in the Hall alum Bruce McCulloch appeared at UCB to read from his 2014 book, Let’s Start a Riot: How a Young Drunk Punk Became a Hollywood Dad. The collection of essays covers growing up in Calgary, forming the famed Canadian comedy troupe and now living in the Hollywood Hills as a 50-something father. (Based on his semi-autobiographical stage show, Young Drunk Punk is also the name of a short-lived Canadian sitcom McCulloch starred in and directed last year.) On a recent episode of fellow comedian Steve Agee’s podcast, McCulloch discussed writing another book and directing TV (including Brooklyn Nine-Nine), as well as doing more stand-up. For tonight’s Bruce McCulloch: Tales of Bravery and Stupidity, the funnyman returns to the club to perform stand-up and selections from a new theatrical show, Tales of Bravery and Stupidity. UCB Franklin, 5919 Franklin Ave., Hollywood; Thu., Sept. 15, 7-8 p.m.; $5. (323) 908-8700, franklin.ucbtheatre.com. –Siran Babayan

wed

9/14

MEDIA

A New Lisa Life
For the past two years, CNN’s documentary series This Is Life With Lisa Ling has followed the TV journalist as she investigates unorthodox subcultures in America, from a gay rodeo in Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Satanists in Detroit to the adult children of convicted polygamist cult leader Warren Jeffs in Salt Lake City. Ling, who previously hosted Our America With Lisa Ling on OWN, is also the author of two books, including 2011’s Somewhere Inside: One Sister’s Captivity in North Korea and the Other’s Fight to Bring Her Home, which she co-wrote with her sister, Laura. As part of Live Talks Los Angeles, Ling discusses and screens clips from This Is Life’s upcoming season with Michaela Pereira, host of HLN’s new morning news program, Michaela. Ann & Jerry Moss Theater, New Roads School, 3131 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica; Wed., Sept. 14, 8 p.m.; free with RSVP. (310) 828-5582, livetalksla.org. –Siran Babayan

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“ELECTRIC EARTH” GETS PLUGGED IN

Finally, the enormous, amorphous, labyrinthian Doug Aitken show L.A. deserves arrives at MOCA

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

Over the last 20 years, Los Angeles–based artist Doug Aitken’s multichannel video installations, sculptures and “happenings” have defied categorization as they charmed audiences and critics worldwide. While his eclectic pieces regularly draw on his California roots, often incorporating barren landscape imagery of the great American West, they are, more often than not, exhibited elsewhere.

Often too big, too site-specific or too ephemeral to exist inside traditional museum spaces, Aitken’s art has been displayed on the exterior of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City and on a barge off the coast of Greece. One of his more recent works—a sort of large-scale performance/light installation—escaped confinement by museum, city or even state as it raced across the continental United States on the side of a train.

Now, thanks to curator Philippe Vergne and the creative minds at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, a collection of Aitken’s works will be on view inside the cavernous and flexible Geffen Contemporary. The exhibition, “Electric Earth,” is the first midcareer survey in North America of Aitken’s extensive output. It is also the first time many people in Los Angeles will have the opportunity to view a comprehensive collection of the output of one of their city’s most important contemporary artists.

“I’m very grateful,” Aitken says of the opportunity to show his work in the city where so many of his friends and collaborators live. “I don’t want to be in a situation where I’m just taking [my art] away always.”

For Aitken, whose mantra has always been to focus on forward motion and art that hasn’t been made yet, the opportunity to look back and dwell on previously made works through a traditional, didactic survey doesn’t hold much appeal. Rather than tediously explore old works, he has reframed the exercise.

“For me, this was really a chance to create a new work,” he explains. “What was interesting to me about the project was to visualize the show itself as a work and to really try to present this constellation of pieces as a single mass.”

Aitken had the freedom to turn this survey into a sort of new artwork-of-artworks because Vergne and MOCA collaborated with him extensively on its design. “This survey could be something that is very dry and encyclopedic,” Aitken explains. “I was fortunate in that Vergne really wanted to work with me on it to create something new.”

The exhibit as it has been imagined by Aitken and Vergne will be, like many of Aitken’s individual pieces, an immersive experience. “I wanted a situation where, when the viewer walks through the door, they walk through this threshold and at that point there’s no longer a sense of time and place,” Aitken says. “There’s no formula for how you move through the space. There’s no map or guidebook.” In other words, choose your own adventure.

In advance of the show, the massive Geffen Contemporary has been built out to create a purposefully disorienting labyrinth of rooms and spaces. “Imagine you’re in ancient Rome at night,” Aitken suggests. “You’re moving through some district where the streets become like labyrinths and you lose yourself in the architecture and the motion. I wanted something like that for this exhibition.”

What you’ll see and hear as you move through this timeless, placeless labyrinth will, of course, vary by viewer and experience. On display throughout the space are some of Aitken’s multichannel films. In Black Mirror, actress Chloë Sevigny meanders through a nonlinear script. In migration (empire), a horse’s hoof makes an imprint in the carpeting of a hotel room, a deer sips timidly from a well-lit pool and an owl stares alertly, perched on a bed in the midst of a shower of hotel pillow feathers.

Sound, too, is on display and immersive. In restless minds, one of the earliest of Aitken’s works in the show, rural farm auctioneers babble in rapid-fire exchanges of commerce across several screens. “For myself,” Aitken explains, “there is always music. I was obsessed with it in a way — this idea of music, of sound, of the structure of music. So you have these men and women who are selling heavy machinery and livestock and doing so just to sell it as fast as they can, but kind of inadvertently creating this incredible sonic instrument, like the human voice as accelerated as it could be.”

Juxtapose those sounds with the constant melodic dripping that emanates from Aitken’s sonic fountain. For that piece, a large portion of the Geffen’s floor has been excavated and then filled with a white watery substance. Aitken explains: “The water moves up through the ceiling of the museum and pours back down. We designed the artwork so that the dripping and falling of the water can be very precise and can actually be a kind of musical or sonic composition. There’s a series of underwater microphones that pick up that sound and amplify it through the museum space.”

These two sound pieces are similar but contrasting. One is “minimal, haunting, restless” and the other “accelerating and fast.” Both “look at the extremes of conceptual art and sound and music and where that can go,” Aitken comments.

In addition to his video installations, sculptures and photographs, Aitken’s artwork often involves “happenings,” or performative instances that occur at specific times and sites. Two weeks before the MOCA survey opens, Aitken can’t discuss the happenings that will occur during the run of the exhibit because he’s “still working on that.”

Specifics aside, happenings will be part of the “Electric Earth” experience. “I see the exhibition in a nonprecious way,” he says. “I see it as something where I’m interested in staging live and volatile moments that will kind of happen within the installations or within the show as opposed to keeping everything fixed and frozen for the duration. I really welcome that kind of disruption.”

Thanks to Vergne’s keen eye and interest in the artist’s process, many of Aitken’s rarely exhibited sketches and collages will also be on view. Their inclusion offers the exhibitgoer the chance to peer behind the curtain and into the artist’s studio. Before a multichannel video installation exists, Aitken’s ideas often are processed on paper and through “crude matter.”

“Vergne was very interested in the process of some of the larger works,” Aitken says. “I think he was kind of surprised when he spent more and more time at our studio and saw how many stages concepts take to develop.”

Whether or not and in what order a visitor at “Electric Earth” happens upon a soundscape, landscape, sketch or “volatile moment” is unpredictable. Thanks to a curator’s flexibility and an artist’s rethinking of the genre, this survey will be unlike any museumgoers have experienced. For Angelenos, it is an opportunity to explore and celebrate one of our own, on our expansive and flexible turf, and in “synergetic dialogue” with both art and artist.
Ken Price's drawings are a delight, intentionally cartoonish and, in some cases, better than his eccentric, globular sculptures. At Matthew Marks, where 30 years' worth of the artist's drawings are on view through the end of this week, crab legs protrude from a purple vase in one framed picture. In others, a car careens off a cliff, hovering above a coastal highway as its nose faces the ocean, and an ecstatic woman does yoga moves balanced on what looks like one of Price's sculptures. Another of his sculptures, depicted on a pedestal, looks as if it's crying out for help. 1062 N. Orange Grove Ave., West Hollywood; through Sept. 10. (323) 654-1830, matthewmarks.com.

In artist Alex Da Corte's film A Night in Hell, a bandaged man who's on fire falls through the end of this week, an exhibition in Leimert Park resembles a slow-motion magic show, and Swiss children help their artist-mother negotiate 1970s feminism. Big pink lips.

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About 17,000 people have already made reservations to enter the room, and the experience is surreal.

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A LITTLE BIRD TAKES FLIGHT

With Anaïs: A Dance Opera, the controversial author reclaims her status as a feminist icon

BY BILL RADEN

“We don’t see things as they are,” declares an opening title of Anaïs: A Dance Opera, “we see them as we are.” The statement, as any habitué of Tumb- or Pinterest can attest, is a virally quoted epigram by Anaïs Nin, the 20th-century diarist, experimental novelist and erotica author whose posthumous literary fortunes have ebbed and flowed in recent years as precipitously as a Nova Scotia tide.

To the credit of this sleekly valorizing musical reappraisal from composer-lyricist Cindy Shapiro and director-choreographer Janet Roston, the line (from Nin’s 1961 novel Seduction of the Minotaur) now reads like an eerily prophetic epitaph as the writer is being rediscovered on social media and eagerly embraced by women of the Tinder generation.

Four decades after her death in Los Angeles at the height of her renown — and 20 years after Deirdre Bair’s scathing, 1995 critical biography triggered Nin’s ignominious fall from feminist icon to self-absorbed pornographer and sexual “monster” — the author’s reputation is again on the rise. And Shapiro and Roston’s 90-minute biographical homage is determined to erase past slanders by memorializing Nin through dance and song as a pioneer of women’s sexual empowerment.

Unlike a conventional book musical, in which the narrative heavy lifting is more or less divided between an ensemble of actor-singers and the production numbers of a dance chorus, Anaïs is structured as a concert staging.

Singer Madison Dewberry (alternating with Marisa Matthews) stars as a sort of balladeer/narrator — or the “Eternal Anaïs,” according to the program — who vocally comments on Nin’s interior, emotional world as the ensemble performs Roston’s balletic jazz interpretation of the defining moments of Nin’s eventful if self-obsessed life.

Those lyrical passages foreground documentarylike strands of biography that are presented onscreen in Joe LaRue’s elegantly animated art nouveau text projections and through archival recordings of Nin herself (courtesy of Jack Wall’s capable sound). The result is not unlike a live performance of an album-length Taylor Swift music video, replete with Allison Dillard’s emblematic fantasy costuming and Michelle Stann’s dynamic, low-key lights.

Sultry principal dancer Micaela DePauli takes on Anaïs (Tiffany Wolff alternates) as the show quickly zeroes in on the most celebrated and salacious aspect of Nin’s life: the decade-plus and storied extramarital affair that she carried on with the transgressive American novelist Henry Miller (a hunky Michael Quiett), but with the tacit approval of her lifelong banker husband, Hugh Guiler (Quinn C. Jaxon, alternating with Du’Ron Fishes).

Musically, the show’s synth, 17-song, prerecorded R&B and electronic dance-inflected tracks (co-produced by Shapiro and Wall) provide both brooding atmospherics and pulsating urgency for the drama, as well as a sensational showcase for Dewberry, whose smoldering stage presence and eerily soulful delivery both drives and elevates the evening.

DePauli, Quiett and Jaxon are effective in the series of passionate pas de deux and wary pas de trois that Roston has designed to represent the unconventional nature of their relationship. But her mostly illustrative choreography and its limited vocabulary of swoons, lifts and sweeping carries moves too soon exhausts itself through sheer repetition (though standout numbers like Shapiro’s feminist war cry, “And my body is mine!” with Wolff and Denise Woods distinguish themselves as personable featured dancers in both the “Café Culture” and “Delta of Venus,” numbers, highlighting Nin’s interwar literary endeavors).

“America tried to kill me as a writer, with indifference, with insults,” the show quotes Nin as complaining. And if Anaïs: A Dance Opera falls short of redressing that affront by making its case for the author’s induction into the last century’s dead-white-male-dominated literary canon, it certainly succeeds as a persuasive and entertaining argument for the cultural importance of Nin’s empowering defiance of gendered sexual stigmas, lyrically captured in Shapiro’s feminist war cry, “And my body is mine!”

MEDEA’S BIG HAPPY FAMILY

Performer Jonica Patella is a petite woman, but she packs a powerful punch. Her work is on display for one more weekend at Zombie Joe’s Underground Theatre, where she appears as Medea in Euripides’ tragedy of the same name. Running less than an hour, the show has been compressed, adapted, choreographed and staged in a remarkably small space by director Denise Devin.

When I was a kid and first heard the story, I thought of it as a far-out myth of a monster lady who murdered her own children. Now I see it as the tale of a cruelly betrayed woman driven to extreme acts by the lack of options available to her in a society where women have no rights and can be discarded by a man as easily as an unwanted garment (Too many of these places still exist today.) Medea even states in the midst of her rant that divorce is not an option for her, that it’s a “dishonorable” choice for a woman.

In order to exact her revenge, Medea must beguile both Creon (Dale Sandlin), the ruler of Corinth, whose daughter is marrying Medea’s husband, Jason (Alex Walters), and Jason himself. Both men are naturally disinclined to trust her, but she manages to secure their confidence long enough to engender the murder of her rival, the young princess (Dicle Ozcer), and Jason’s children (who do not appear onstage in this adaptation).

One of the most effective scenes directorially takes place between Medea and Jason, who tries to convince her that his leaving her for another woman is in everybody’s best interest: His status will be upgraded, and with plenty of money he can take care of her and the kids. Medea isn’t buying it, of course, but it’s laughable to see to what degree Walters’ dissembling betrayer believes his own excuses — it really is classic. Both performers are neatly on target.

Not everything works: The biggest flaw in the production is the inconsistency among the supporting players, some of whom aren’t adept handlers of the literary language. But Patella is magnetic, and the tiny venue elevates rather than detracts from her intensity. Devin’s inclusion of a hypnotic song (composed by Elif Savas), along with Taiko drums and other percussionist instruments, brings a haunting quality to the drama.

—Deborah Klugman
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BRAVE THE DARKNESS

Demon’s director committed suicide. Now his wife/producer perseveres.

BY APRIL WOLFE

What happens when a director takes his own life before he’s able to see his work open in theaters? In the case of Marcin Wrona and Demon, his mesmerizing Polish art-horror film, Olga Szymanska, Wrona’s producing partner and wife, has pressed on. She has traveled with the film, watching it over and over, talking at length about her husband’s intentions and dutifully enduring Q&As in which she will inevitably be on the was killed by Nazis, but it turned out that almost the whole village of Jedwabne morders. They were saving Jews. In Warsaw, a large rainbow sculpture installation was repeatedly set ablaze by anti-LGBTQ goons (it was rebuilt each time, until the rebuilding became too much of a hassle). The Jewish Theatre was shut down in June. A 2013 Warsaw University poll found that 63 percent of Poles believe there’s a Jewish conspiracy to take over banking and media; 90 percent of Poles say they have never in their lives met a Jew. Demon has become more than just a beautifully executed, original horror film. It’s a statement on anti-Semitism, on remembering and on the ways our bodies and minds can betray us. But it’s also a goodbye, an I love you, an I’m sorry.

“Poland suffered a lot during the second world war,” Szymanska says, “but the uncomfortable truth is that [Poland] said almost the whole village of Jedwabne was killed by Nazis, but it turned out that people from the village actually burned the barn with the Jews kept inside. And at the same time, there were many Poles saving Jewish lives, so I think we need to remember both — the positive and the negative. We shouldn’t reject the past.”

This is a philosophy Szymanska and Wrona shared, and one she abides by as she discusses her late husband. Szymanska recognizes the importance of acknowledging this loss in her life, but she channels her energy into promoting this last film they made together, which is equal parts unnerving, entrancing, torturously sad and still sometimes flat-out hilarious, exactly when comic relief is needed. But Demon, which Wrona saw premiere at the Toronto International Film Festival in 2015, can’t help but reflect the personal. While early critics said nice things, they were dumbfounded by what they perceived as an illogical premise: Why would Piotr not tell the people he loves about what he has discovered — and what’s happening to him? The question lingers over both the film — Piotr doesn’t talk about the bones, just as the Poles who killed their Jewish neighbors remained silent — and Wrona’s life. Watching Demon, it’s difficult to remove Wrona’s backstory from the movie’s context. Szymanska says she sees him everywhere in the film, from the cinematography to the costuming — the protagonist wears the same black leather jacket Wrona did. But, for her, drawing parallels between the fictional and the personal is off-limits.

“I think the movie itself has its own life, and I’m trying not to get into the context too much. Otherwise I could get crazy,” she says. “I treat it as something which is finished but still like a child. And the child needs to be taken care of!”

This “child” was filmed in a rural area of Krakow after months spent looking for a proper location — a place that felt, well, haunted by its past. The house and barn featured in the film, built in 1890, are just that. Inside the house, crumbling plaster walls reveal the brick beneath. Along the property, a thick mist rises over bluffs, with the distant sound of running water.

The choice to set the story amid a wedding ties directly to Polish cultural traditions; Szymanska says it’s common for weddings to carry on for up to four days, often devolving into a temporary, communal insanity. “There’s much alcohol — it cuts the stress of meeting new people,” Szymanska says. “And when they are in this atmosphere, it’s difficult to tell who is the crazy one. Is Piotr crazy? Or is the father who does not believe him?”

Wrona illuminates the thin, taut line between elation and madness and the crossing over from one to the other. As the doomed groom, Tiran, an Israeli actor, delivers a breathtakingly physical performance, which took weeks of choreography work with a pantomime master from Warsaw’s historic Jewish Theatre. As Tiran bends backward in the throes of possession, craning his neck at impossible angles, swinging his arms out wide, he’s grotesque. Szymanska says they shot one dance scene for hours, just letting Tiran go on.

Wrona grew up in Tarnow, a city whose population was roughly half Jewish before the war — after it, only 700 came back, and most of those relocated to Israel. Despite Demon’s bearing the label of a horror film, it has a strong activist bent.

“It was more important for us to make a movie about remembering who we were and how Poland looked like before the war,” Szymanska says. “We had Gypsies, Ukrainians, Jews — it was a multicultural country, and after the war, something happened. Our government right now doesn’t want any immigrants coming into Poland.”

This year, Polish prime minister Beata Szydlo declared that the country would not be taking in any refugees. In Warsaw, a large rainbow sculpture installation was repeatedly set ablaze by anti-LGBTQ goons (it was rebuilt each time, until the rebuilding became too much of a hassle). The Jewish Theatre was shut down in June. A 2013 Warsaw University poll found that 63 percent of Poles believe there’s a Jewish conspiracy to take over banking and media; 90 percent of Poles say they have never in their lives met a Jew.

Demon has become more than just a beautifully executed, original horror film. It’s a statement on anti-Semitism, on remembering and on the ways our bodies and minds can betray us. But it’s also a goodbye, an I love you, an I’m sorry.

“There will always be a question mark,” Szymanska says. “You will never get the answer to the question — what happened, why it happened. There’s something that he took with him. Even though I would give everything to know what happened, I know that I will not have the opportunity to know it, but this life ... it’s about not forgetting, and it’s also trying to live with what you will never know.”
A decade after the fact, the scandal of JT LeRoy — the HIV-positive, young male (though gender-fluid) writer adored by scores of global alt-celebrities who was revealed to be the creation of a woman named Laura Albert — is relitigated in Jeff Feuerzeig’s queerly absorbing documentary Author: The JT LeRoy Story. But only the defense is heard from.

Backdropped by an enormous book spread (an effect typifying the film’s overreliance on dopey visual and aural gimmicks), Albert, now 50, expansively recounts her miserable Brooklyn childhood spent in and out of institutions. One particularly abhorrent episode from her youth is saved for Author’s final minutes, seemingly positioned as the defining incident from which the writer’s most infamous, but certainly not her first, alter ego emerged.

By the time of the publication of the novel Sarah (2000) and the short-story collection The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things (2001) — works attributed to LeRoy that, although fiction, were marketed and consumed as having been informed by his “real-life” endurance of Sadean levels of emotional, physical and sexual abuse — Albert was long a veteran of avatar designing. Ashamed of her body (“There’s nothing worse than being a fat punk,” she says in Feuerzeig’s movie), teenage Sex Pistols fan Albert sent out her sister as her double to mosh for her. It was also sometime during her adolescence that Albert had this wish: “Let me wake up as a blond, blue-eyed boy that a man would like to fuck.” She became one, in a way, through her multiple calls over several years to hotlines posing as “a boy in trouble,” chats that served as first drafts of the chronicles of abjection that made LeRoy so beloved by, to name only a few, Dennis Cooper, Gus Van Sant, Courtney Love and Asia Argento, whose 2004 adaptation of The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things, as sordid as its source material, is generously excerpted from here. Feuerzeig — best known for The Devil and Daniel Johnston (2005), a complex, empathic portrait of the troubled musician of the title — lets his subject recount, unchallenged, the minutiae of her mythomania, the dizzying jumble of circumventions and feints required to sustain the LeRoy cult.

Admittedly, many of these details are fascinating, and Albert’s lack of repentance over propagating this intricate web of fabrication gives her a kind of tawdry nobility; there is, after all, a long, illustrious history of deception in literature. But what she and Feuerzeig and many others interviewed in the film do not address is why LeRoy’s output — motored by extravagant debasement and centered around unspeakable things done to a child that were recapitulated in lackluster, ersatz Southern Gothic prose — captivated so many. “And with his shame she knows she is recognized,” goes a typically timid line in The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things, written by someone who cynically trafficked in it.

BY MELISSA ANDERSON
If the idea of afterbirth makes you squirm, you'd probably do best to avoid Antibirth. Body horror of the unexplained-pregnancy variety, writer-director Danny Perez’s low-fi, high-anxiety grossout stars Natasha Lyonne as a woman whose conception is anything but immaculate. Lou (Lyonne) and her bestie, Sadie (Chloe Sevigny), spend the easygoing first act driving around snow-covered Michigan in a red Saturn (RIP), taking bong rips in her out-of-the-way trailer and watching late-night TV that resembles a Max Headroom fever dream— all signs, in their own way, that something is amiss. After blacking out during a hallucinatory party, Lou begins experiencing telltale symptoms of being with child, which might make sense if she had gotten laid in the last few months. Lyonne settles into the same casually vulgar mode she inhabits to great effect on Orange Is the New Black, with Sevigny receding into the background as our devil-may-care heroine begins to realize she may be the pawn in a conspiracy involving two-bit drug dealers and governmental agencies. The further Antibirth drifts from her crude magnetism and toward a Cronenberg-lite vision of Lou’s rapid, worryingly transformative pregnancy, the less compelling it becomes. Lyonne, to her credit, seems wholly aware of this, with Lou shutting down one conspiratorial discussion by yelling, “I don’t like talking about aliens when I’m getting high— just don’t do it!” If only the film she’s in would listen. (Michael Nordine)

Brother Nature

Brother Nature amiable evokes John Hughes’ midperiod comedies about grown-ups, which offered minimalistic plots that served to accentuate the performances of actors he liked—films such as Planes, Trains and Automobiles, Uncle Buck and The Great Outdoors. In those films, slobby, big-hearted Oscars and tucked-shirt Felixes took turns anagonizing and being antagonized, finally reconciling in warm, family-affirming conclusions. Modest hits, they eventually became basic-cable staples thanks to predictable stories, mildly schmaltzy emotional beats and casts of seasoned pros. Roger (Taran Killam), an uptight political aide on the verge of announcing his own congressional campaign, travels to visit his girlfriend’s (Gillian Jacobs) family at their lake house with the goal of proposing marriage over the weekend. There, he meets his future brother-in-law Todd (Bobby Moynihan), a gigantically extraverted full-time camp counselor with a huge heart and impulse-control problems. Todd instantaneously embraces Roger as a “brother,” which involves a lot of uncomfortable boundary crossing, boogie boarding, proposal hijacking and televised public humiliation. Directors Matt Villines and Oz Rodriguez populate the film with a tremendous cast, including Kumail Nanjiani, Rita Wilson, Kenan Thompson and Bill Pullman. Killam and Moynihan play to their strengths—Killam lends self-awareness, humor and flexibility to Roger, a character who’s way less gregarious than his new family and who could have been played as a fathoms-deep stick in the mud. And Todd is a grubby off-road vehicle for Moynihan’s naturally gargantuan personality and pops of childlike excitement. There’s nothing new in the friction between these characters, but it’s fun to watch a couple of pros showboating on the field, even when the stakes aren’t high. (Chris Packham)
The LANDMARK at W. Pico & Westwood (310) 470-0492

COPLEY II, same wavelength as the J.J. Abrams–produced end long, commencing the festivities with 1979’s /The Egyptian opens its doors to Trekkies all weekend-

Friday, Sept. 9
A Star Trek Retrospective and Voice of the Beehive

Saturday, Sept. 10
If you’re a 20-something struggling to adapt to adulthood, it may come as cold comfort to learn that Reality Bites tackled that exact issue back in the ‘90s — especially since that’s probably the era you’re longing for. Electric Dusk adds to the feeling of a bygone era by allowing you to take in this Gen X document from the comfort of your car, preferably with a Lisa Loeb cassette loaded in the tape deck. Electric Dusk Drive-In, 2930 Fletcher Drive-In, Glassell Park; Sat., 6-10 p.m. (doors at 6:30); $10 lawn, $14 car, $60 VIP. (818) 653-8591, electricduskindrivein.com.

Sunday, Sept. 11
Breathless is très bien, but Jules et Jim is a French New Wave benchmark par excellence. Cinefamily presents François Truffaut’s classic outdoors, an example of Murphy playing multiple roles, it’s both weirder and more subtle than some of his better-known works. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sun., 11:30 a.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Tuesday, Sept. 13
LACMA’s Guillermo del Toro–curated Fuel for Nightmares series continues with The Spirit of the Beehive, and it’s easy to see why: Victor Erice’s masterwork concerns a little girl who becomes obsessed with Frankenstein after a mobile cinema brings it to her small town in 1940. Set in the wake of the Spanish Civil War and Franco’s rise to power, it makes her simple questions somehow haunting: “Why did he kill the girl?” she asks, “and why did they kill him after?” LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., Sept. 13, 9 p.m.; $5. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

Wednesday, Sept. 14
So bowl! no longer out for summer, but you still gotta keep L-V-N. This summer’s Everybody Wants Some!! was a worthy spiritual successor to Dazed and Confused, but there’s still nothing like the original. Richard Linklater’s last-day-of-school saga may be the definitive “hangout movie,” an overused cliche, but one that perfectly describes this banter-heavy ode to youth. ArcLight Culver City, 9500 Culver Blvd., Culver City; Wed., Sept. 14, 7-10 p.m.; $15, (310) 559-2416, arclightcinemas.com. —Michael Nordin
Cooper sits rigidly in the living room, imagining the gunfire, rearing helicopters and wailing bystanders of Fallujah playing out on a turned-off TV as his children race through the house. In Sully, Chesley (“Sully”) Sullenberger (Tom Hanks) has his own post-trauma TV-set hallucinations. In the middle of a restless half-sleep in a Times Square Marriott, he sees Katie Couric appear on the screen and call him out for making a “wrong choice” in landing US Airways Flight 1549 on the Hudson River. Clint Eastwood is 86 — an old, rich white man — and has a habit of making misguided and out-of-touch observations to the press. Eastwood also has taken to comparing himself to other biographical screenplays with uncouth technical gaffes, which get treated like smoking guns by Reddit and Twitter. To come across the garish make-up jobs of J. Edgar (2011) or the fake-baby scene of Sniper on one’s social media feed is to see Eastwood treated as a kind of defeated dinosaur. Sully stands to do him no favors in these regards: This is a talky, middle-aged white man exhibiting poise amid chaos and illustrating the sanctity of simply doing one’s job. It’s also, at 96 minutes, rather underlength for latter-day Eastwood. That it doesn’t feel like the usual movie cliche of a hustler (though plenty of stereotypes can be found in his orbit) — he has a delicate quality and is less wild than his girlfriend. In order to get Blue out of jail, Leah entices a lawyer, George Fratelli (Chris Noth), who is too expensive but plies her with his understanding of discrimination in a world of police who inordinately punish nonwhite men for drug possession. The relationship between Leah and the older, slightly sleazy Fratelli ultimately moves in a disturbing sexual direction that viewers with an inherent distrust of powerful men might not find surprising. Wood is attuned to the ways America’s power dynamics work against young women, yet scenes in which Leah has money stolen and faces sexual violence feel strangely like some kind of punishment. You might hope that a film directed by a woman about an attractive college student who constantly uses drugs would identify more with the protagonist than the leering men around her. But Leah is a bad seed, and White Girl won’t even let us forget it. (Abby Bender)
DEMON’S ARTFUL HORROR DIGS INTO POLAND’S PAST – AND SLOWLY OVERWHELMS

Horrors has in recent years been so informed by found footage, smartphones and Skype that a trend toward folklore was probably inevitable. In Marcin Wrona’s film, the mythic entity being awakened is a dybbuk, a spirit of Jewish lore that takes over the body of its host and doesn’t let go.

Demon, while not straight horror, has one foot in the genre (the other, of course, is in the grave). Wrona’s tale concerns a groom-to-be who, while digging outside his and his fiancée’s new fixer-upper at a home, uncovers skeletal remains — and keeps the secret to himself. This is mythically verboten, it would seem, as by the time Piotr (Itay Tiran) lets anyone in on his discovery the damage is already done: His body is now home to Hana, a Jew whose mysterious death during the height of World War II has entered the realm of local legend.

At first the effects of this possession are subtle enough to disregard as coincidence: a nosebleed during the height of World War II has entered the realm of mysterious death during the height of any discovery the (they) is mythically verboten, it would be impossibility to reject its new host. Wrona’s tale is a well-worn premise.

A FINELY MEASURED, HANDSOMELY CRAFTED DEBUT

“Does the internet dream of itself?” An ever-adventurous and acutely observant stretch, this is a well-worn premise.

TERRI PINSPECS

“A FINELY MEASURED, HANDSOMELY CRAFTED DEBUT” – Variety

JOHNNY SIMMONS
GABRIEL LUNA
CLIFTON COLLINS JR.

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY SEPT. 9TH
LAEMMLE’S NOHO 7 2420 LANKERSHIM BLVD. (310) 478-3836 • NORTH HOLLYWOOD

SPECIAL FILMMAKER Q&As SATURDAY 9/10

DEMON | Directed by Marcin Wrona | Written by Pawel Msadona and Wrona | The Orchard | Nuart

‘Defying the Nazis: The Sharps’ War’ is a new documentary film that explores the life of a couple who defied the Nazis during World War II.

A FINELY MEASURED, HANDSOMELY CRAFTED DEBUT

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DEMON | Directed by Marcin Wrona | Written by Pawel Msadona and Wrona | The Orchard | Nuart

Lend a Hand for Love

Sept. 9-15, 2016 • Daily at 1:00 pm
Laemmle’s Royal Theatre
11523 Santa Monica Blvd. • West L.A., CA 90025
310-478-3836 • laemmle.com

Defying the Nazis: The Sharps’ War

Sept. 9-15, 2016 • Daily at 12:00 2:20 4:30 7:20 9:45 pm
Laemmle’s Music Hall Theatre
9036 Wilshire Blvd. • Beverly Hills, CA 90211
310-478-3836 • laemmle.com
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TICKETS & INFO AT UNIONCLUBLA.COM  F  T  @UNIONCLUBLA
THE TASTE TEST

Can Long Beach’s Music Tastes Good compete in a saturated festival market?

BY SARAH BENNETT

When veteran talent buyer Jon Halperin started putting offers out to bands for Long Beach’s inaugural Music Tastes Good festival, some booking agents were confused.

Here was a pitch for a first-year, weekend-long block party of music, food and art in the heart of a city that’s viewed mostly as a secondary concert market, with a hopeful list of acts that looked as eclectic as it did ambitious. It included many of the fest’s now-confronted headliners: The Specials, De La Soul, Squeeze, Dr. Dog and Las Cafeteras, among others.

“I had two agents say, ‘What the hell did you guys book?’” says Halperin, who shared curating duties with Music Tastes Good’s founder, Josh Fischel. “Some told us it sounded like the best festival in the country and others thought we were crazy. Who has a neighborhood Space Project and The Melvins on the same bill?”

Fischel conceptualized what soon became Music Tastes Good as a weekend music festival with a heavy food component that would draw outsiders into the city — a SXSW meets Napa’s BottleRock meets French roving gastro-fest Le Fooding, with a heavy dose of Long Beach pride.

Once he had a major source of funding secured, Fischel’s dream got another score in Halperin, who got involved at the suggestion of Music Tastes Good’s managing director, Meagan Blome, one of the project’s first employees.

A longtime Long Beach resident, Halperin estimates that he’s booked more than 10,000 bands in the past 16 years, working for venues like Chain Reaction in Anaheim and the Glass House in Pomona. His previous relationships with agents meant that the unknown new festival’s offer emails would at least get read. Amazingly, most of the acts on their wish list said yes.

Fischel’s relationships with both Long Beach bands and area chefs meant the neighborhood presence would be secured. And as bands such as Rival Sons, Deltron 3000, Warpaint and Sylvan Esso began to confirm bookings, and the owners of restaurants including Lola’s Mexican Cuisine, Restoration, James Republic and Robert Earl’s BBQ signed on to serve food, it became clear that Music Tastes Good was not destined to start small like so many other boutique festivals before it.

“I think because of the regional festival market being so competitive is why we had to start in the middle instead of starting really small and growing,” Blome says. “We had to come out with guns blazing.”

The team was careful not to book too many bands that are playing the festival circuit this year, in order to separate the event from the barrage of options music fans have. They also say they took into consideration the diversity of Long Beach itself when preparing a first-year lineup, aiming to span generations and genres.

“Some people think the lineup is too eclectic, but I think that’s what Long Beach is,” Fischel says. “I’ve been talking about starting a new music festival for about 15 years, and for me, it’s the biggest block party. When you have a real big party, on one side of the street they’re playing cumbia and on the other side of the street it’s Joni Mitchell or whatever. That’s what we’re trying to re-create.”
In September 1996, Tupac Shakur hobbled out of the University Medical Center of Southern Nevada. Despite dire predictions that 2Pac wouldn’t survive four bullets, the indestructible rapper came home to L.A. — paranoid and wounded but determined to break the destructive loop of violence.

After Suge Knight returned to prison, 2Pac distanced himself from the chaos of Death Row Records. Shortly before the shooting, Shakur had formed production company Euphanasia, which gradually absorbed more of his time and energy.

Revenues from executive producing *American History X* helped him buy himself out of his record deal. A beloved comedic turn opposite Jackie Chan in *Rush Hour* partially erased past controversies. Hollywood studio heads finally saw 2Pac as a bankable star — a sinister version of Will Smith. A *Rolling Stone* cover story claimed he had “finally matured,” thanks to wife Kidada Jones and her father, mogul Quincy Jones, who’d tutored him. "Thanks to wife Kidada Jones and her father, mogul Quincy Jones, who’d tutored him," thanks to wife Kidada Jones and her father, mogul Quincy Jones, who’d become a paternal mentor.

Right as the South became a force, 2Pac signed with No Limit Records, shocking those who interpreted his California love as absolutism. In reality, he’d always loved all forms of rap, once telling *The Source* that the Geto Boys’ *Grip It!* on That Other Level was his favorite. Besides, Master P founded his label in the Bay Area, where he’d once attempted to sign 2Pac during his Digital Underground days. Both of his No Limit albums went No. 1; 2Pac’s duets with Mystikal were spectacular.

Becoming a father and husband spurred 2Pac to reconcile with his enemies (save for Chino XL). His cameo on “It’s Mine,” alongside Mobb Deep and Nas, became a definitive Tunnel banger of the era, earning back East Coast respect for the rapper who once called himself MC New York.

2Pac and Biggie brokered peace after the murder of Big L. he’d gone Hollywood, the son of a Black Panther leader reassessed himself as one of the most important civil rights figures of his generation. His efforts to diminish inner-city poverty and gang violence earned him an invitation to address the United Nations. Even the ambassador from Slovenia learned what T.H.U.G. L.I.F.E. stood for.

A generation of 2000s stars (Lil Wayne, Boosie, 50 Cent, Eminem) worshipped him as a god. Wayne even heeded his advice not to sign a rapper from a Canadian teen soap opera. Instead, Aubrey “Drake” Graham went on to become a producer for Guy Fieri.

2Pac crushed his guest appearances on 30 Rock and Parks and Rec, and emerged as a leader of the Black Lives Matter movement. Twenty years after his attempted murder, he remains one of the most revered and irreplaceable figures in American life. To think what we could have lost.

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

MUSIC TASTES GOOD 2016

A THREE DAY FOOD & MUSIC BLOCK PARTY IN DOWNTOWN LONG BEACH

FRIDAY, SEPT 23

RIVAL SONS • RX BANDITS • LIVING COLOUR • SON LITTLE

THE SOUND OF URCHIN • SPARE PARTS FOR BROKEN HEARTS

➤ DJ CREW: SLOP STOMP

SATURDAY, SEPT 24

THE SPECIALS • IRON & WINE • SQUEEZE • DR. DOG

WARPaint • DELTRON 3030 • THE 3030 ORCHESTRA • MELVINS • TWIN PEAKS

VINTAGE TROUBLE • GRLPOOL • P.O.S • L:E:F • EASY STAR ALL-STARS • METZ • NICK WATERHOUSE

CODY CHESNUTT • POKEY LA FARGE • HIPPO CAMPUS • OPEN MIKE EAGLE • SKINNY LISTER • LOS MASTER PLUS • THE DEAD SHIPS

JESSICA HERNANDEZ & THE DELTAS • FOY VANCE • THE ZIGGENS • CAMBODIAN SPACE PROJECT • DUSTIN LOVELIS • RUDY DE ANDA

LEMOLO • MACHINEHEART • SPIDER • LP3 & THE TRAGEDY • NEIGHBORS TO THE NORTH • THE MEAT FLOWERS • GOLDEN DRUGS

SPECIAL C • MC IMPRINT • THE LOST WEEKEND • SISTER CROWLEY

➤ DJS: DENNIS OWENS, BIX, TAPES, DESIRABLE D, JACK PHAROAH, JUDITH CHRIST

SUNDAY, SEPT 25

SYLVAN ESSO • DE LA SOUL • GALLANT • LAS CAFETERAS

CHRISTIAN SCOTT • EAGLE ROCK GOSPEL SINGERS

SOLO & INDRE • PREGNANT • BOOTLEG ORCHESTRA

➤ DJ: VAL FLEURY

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ALBUM SIGNING AT AMOEBA!
TUES. SEPTEMBER 13 - 5 PM

LIVE AT AMOEBA!
WEDS. SEPTEMBER 14 - 6 PM

OF MICE & MEN
Cold World
Get your copy signed and meet the band! Purchase their new album, Cold World, in-store only at Amoeba beginning 9/9 to receive guaranteed admission to this special signing event.

GROUPLOVE
Big Mess
Purchase Big Mess at Amoeba beginning 9/9 to receive guaranteed admission AND a limited-edition poster. Also check out Grouplove Pop Up Shop & come paint with us at the Big Mess art installation – one day only at Amoeba 9/14!

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I n Melbourne, Australia, for two days of press before my shows start. I will be here for a few weeks. I have been to this country well over 30 times. It’s always good to be back.

Road manager Ward and I arrived yesterday on no sleep from Wellington, New Zealand. As sideways as we felt, we knew that we had to drop our gear, turn around and report to Vicious Sloth Records. This is something we have been doing for years. Their prices will often cause your credit card to spontaneously combust, but the Sloth has some of the rarest titles of any store I have ever been to and I have never seen any piece of vinyl in there less than Ex+ condition.

I was on the lookout for records on M Squared and Innocent, two Australian avant/electronic/outside labels from the early 1980s. At this point, if you’re going to find any titles from either label, it will either be in Australia or from a collector in Europe. At V-Sloth, I secured a pristine copy of Palimpsest by Essendon Airport. Yes, it has the insert!

It’s always great to find records in the country in which they were pressed. For me, it’s an ultimate acquisition and makes locating titles via mail order, which I often do, seem almost insincere.

A few days ago, in Auckland, I made a great find in a store where I usually find nothing.

In the previous century, I finished a tour of Australia and New Zealand in Auckland. Usually I start in NZ and finish in Australia. I had hours before my flight, so I hauled my pack to a record store called Real Groovy for a record store called Real Groovy for some unheralded searching. It’s a great store with a friendly staff. They have a ton of vinyl and their prices are always fair.

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But for years the NZ pressing had escaped me, until Real Groovy, which I am not exactly over here to Perth, with a lot of record stores in Australia and New Zealand. As sideways as we felt, we knew that we had to drop our gear, turn around and report to Vicious Sloth Records. This is something we have been doing for years. Their prices will often cause your credit card to spontaneously combust, but the Sloth has some of the rarest titles of any store I have ever been to and I have never seen any piece of vinyl in there less than Ex+ condition.

I was on the lookout for records on M Squared and Innocent, two Australian avant/electronic/outside labels from the early 1980s. At this point, if you’re going to find any titles from either label, it will either be in Australia or from a collector in Europe. At V-Sloth, I secured a pristine copy of Palimpsest by Essendon Airport. Yes, it has the insert!

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Blondie
@ L.A. COUNTY FAIR AT POMONA FAIRPLEX
Blondie are something of a mixed bag these days. The NYC pop-rock band are currently down to three original members from the classic lineups of the late ’70s and early ’80s — singer Debbie Harry, guitarist Chris Stein and drummer Clem Burke. After intermittent forays into jazz and dance music on her solo albums, Harry is still in fine voice, but the songwriting on Blondie’s most recent studio recordings, 2011’s Panic of Girls and 2014’s Ghosts of Download, is a faint echo of the group’s heyday, when they mixed punk, pop, new wave, rap and reggae into memorably sugary confections. Such recent tracks as “Rave” and “I Want to Drag You Around” are pleasant forays into synth-based dance-pop, but they lack the catchy hooks of Blondie’s past hits. —Falling James

The Dickies, The Muffs
@ WHISKY A GO-GO
Had The Dickies imploded in 1981, it might be their image adorning $265 Barneys T-shirts today. For while these campy Valley veterans lack the sonic or sociopolitical heft of some of their now “legendary” punk peers, their marriage of revved-up Ramones rock, L.A. hardcore and cartoonish harmonies helped shape the SoCal pop-punk that later became a commercial cash cow for the likes of The Offspring and Green Day. Instead, The Dickies have soldiered on through a bewildering array of lineups. This show celebrates frontman Leonard Graves Phillips’ 60th birthday and, coincidentally, happens almost exactly 39 years since his band made their live debut at the Whisky. Similarly Ramones-y, humorous and hurried, The Muffs are a high-water mark of ’90s Angeleno punk, with instinctively catchy creations distinguished by Kim Shattuck’s sweet ’n’ sour perma-teen timbre. —Paul Rogers

The Art Laboe Show with Zapp, Lisa Lisa
@ SAN MANUEL AMPHITHEATER
The Art Laboe Connection broadcasts all over Southern California, and even into Arizona and Nevada, but Los Angeles will always be the spiritual homeland of Laboe and his celebrated radio show. It was here in L.A. in the late 1950s that Laboe set up his remotely broadcast radio show in the parking lot of a drive-in diner in Hollywood, and started taking requests for rock and R&B music from the black, Hispanic and white kids hanging out in the parking lot. Bringing the disparate parts of this diverse but often segregated city together is what Art Laboe did, and still does, with his radio show, and what he’s sure to do at his upcoming live show in San Bernardino, which will feature guests Zapp, Lisa Lisa, Peaches & Herb, Bloodstone and many other classic stars of funk, R&B and pop. —Sam Ribakoff

Cindy Wilson
@ THE SMELL
Sister Mantos have a punk-rock attitude, but the local collective prefer to pump out a more egalitarian, queer-friendly brand of dance music instead of obliterating you with raw power chords and sheer noise. A good example of Sister Mantos’ approach is their cover of Kate Bush’s early hit “Wuthering Heights,” which is transformed from a quaintly formal pop love song into a Slits-like melange of reggae rhythms and a spacey dub arrangement. Frisco Dykes are actually from Chino, not the Bay Area, and the coed trio has a more traditional, lo-fi punk approach on such ditties as “Vomit Symposium.” Bastidas! are a much stronger jumble of hard post-punk angularity and funky bass lines crowned by bratty vocals. The Baldwin Park band ascend to moments of soaring beauty (“Hue”) before collapsing back into swirling, percussive noise (“Synthesis”). —Falling James

Black Cherry
@ VIPER ROOM
Paul Black is best known as the singer who preceded Phil Lewis in L.A. Guns and then, in 2006, rejoined forces with Tracii Guns to form a new L.A. Guns, touring at the same time as Lewis’ very separate version. Confusing? Yes. Ludicrous? Also yes. Thankfully, Guns and Lewis have since reined and merged their competing L.A. Guns incarnations, leaving Black to reform his largely forgotten but underrated band Black Cherry. Musically, there are no great surprises here — it’s sleazy, trashy, bubble-gum pop-metal, copiously splashed with hard riffs and throwaway widdles. The rest of the bill is fascinating, too, with fellow hair-metalers Funhouse, Broken Glass, Smash Fashion and Hardly Dangerous, all ready to remind fans that there was plenty going on in the late ’80s and early ’90s on the Strip that didn’t get Warrant-level radio play. —Brett Callwood

Joseph Arthur
@ THE TROUBADOUR
It’s rare to say that an artist has maintained a low profile even after being covered by Michael Stipe, Chris Martin and Peter Gabriel. Yet that’s where Joseph Arthur finds himself nearly 20 years into his career. Between his music, a healthy blend of alternative and folk-rock, and his unique live shows, the 44-year-old has won over many of his contemporaries. On top of his use of pedals, distortion and other sonic tricks, the singer-songwriter will often paint onstage during and between tracks. Arthur continues to record at a prolific clip, The Family, his third album in as many years, demonstrates that his songwriting maintains the same sharpness and earnestness that made him a hit with his peers in the first place. —Daniel Kohn

The Art Laboe Show with Zapp, Lisa Lisa
@ LARGO AT THE CORONET
You might think you know Cindy Wilson, but the vocalist from Athens, Georgia, is still full of surprises. She’s part of the triumvirate of wacky singers in The B-52’s, and is perhaps as well known for her gravity-defying beehive hairdos as she is for her eerie and acrobatic vocals. She’s the sister of the late Ricky Wilson, the inventive guitarist who was the prime architect of The B-52’s sound. For the past decade, she’s also fronted The Cindy Wilson Band, a surprisingly traditional blues-rock band, in which she belts out her lamentations with unexpected soul power. But she switches gears yet again for tonight’s show at Largo, which she’s calling “Change.” In this persona, she’s more of a breathy-voiced chanteuse cooking synth-pop songs, such as “Corpsoreal,” whose title belies the airily dreamy mood. —Falling James
Poplock, California knows how to party & Low Riders 4 Life

Street People Records Released the hit song “The Westcoast October 8

PEPE ROMERO
IN CONCERT
October 8

Los Angeles Sound Foundation presents

Jamie Lidell and the Royal Pharaohs @ THE ECHO
You’ll have to wait until Oct. 14 to tune your ears into Jamie Lidell’s next album, Building a Beginning, which he’s releasing through his own label, Jajulin Records. However, fans of the British singer-musician have already had a taste of what’s to come with the single “Walk Right Back,” released in July. As funky as it is tender, “Walk Right Back” hits a ‘70s-meets-‘90s groove that wedges the track right next to Lidell’s previous retro-modern tunes “Little Bit of Feel Good” and “Big Love.” It’s made for the retro-modern tunes “Little Bit of Feel Good” and “Big Love.” It’s made for the.

Mad Professor @ THE ECHOPLEX
Modern dub master Mad Professor has long since locked in his status as one of the idiom’s most critical, instinctive and flat-out fun-as-hell practitioners. A most able successor to the rich legacy of Jamaican remix masters Lee “Scratch” Perry, King Tubby and Scientist, Mad Professor established himself as a noble tradition-bearer, with the aid of an exceptional array of sounds tracing the arc of dub’s finest moments. When Mad Professor takes the controls, the results are never less than flabbergasting. —Jonny Whiteside

Pat Metheny @ ROYCE HALL
What sets musicians such as guitarist Pat Metheny apart from the pack is a rare gift to push the boundaries of their relatively accessible, people-pleasing material in gently radical ways. He’s been doing that for more than three decades now and is as progressive as Townes Van Zandt waiting 'round to die and end up next to Peter Laughner’s total psychic obliteration. '70s, it’s the part of the ‘70s where Curtis Mayfield sang about the hell below to us. His latest album, with the aid of an exceptional array of sounds tracing the arc of dub’s finest moments.

Prophets of Rage @ THE FORUM
With three former members of Rage Against the Machine — drummer Brad Wilk, bassist Tim Commerford and guitarist Tom Morello — the new project Prophets of Rage might initially appear to be a desperate attempt to mimic, or cash in on, the hard-rocking legacy of the once-mighty RATM. But POR actually are named after a 1988 song by Public Enemy and includes that rap group’s Chuck D and DJ Lord, in addition to Cypress Hill’s B-Real. Chuck D’s presence is crucial, as it helps make up for the glaring absence of RATM’s Zack de la Rocha. Chuck D has a commanding stage presence and a gift for subversive wordplay that help to counterbalance Morello’s tendency to preach to the choir. For the time being, POR are more nostalgic than forward-looking, with set lists dominated by Public Enemy and RATM oldies — though their new EP, The Party’s Over, features two new tracks. —Falling James

Cass McCombs, Jack Name @ TERAGRAM BALLROOM
If Cass McCombs makes AOR, it’s AOR like Ned Doheny and Dennis Wilson — or Sopwith Camel’s zoned-out “Fazon” or Springsteen’s Nebraska. And if he’s got the spirit of the super sound of the ‘70s, it’s the part of the ‘70s where Curtis Mayfield sang about the hell below to which we’re all gonna go. His latest album, with the aid of an exceptional array of sounds tracing the arc of dub’s finest moments.

Mad Professor: See Wednesday.
Skeptical Youth, Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m. Baron Bandini, Gears, Pedal Strike, Johnny Otis Davila, Akrid, Bubba Zannetti, Fri., Sept. 9, 8:30 p.m., TBA. The Sept. 12, 8 p.m., free.

Chadwick, The Tearaways, Sun., Sept. 11, 7:30 p.m.

The Irma Lyons Legacy Benefit Concert, with Drew Chadwick, The Tearaways, Sun., Sept. 11, 7:30 p.m., free. Jamie Lidell & the Royal Pharaohs, Buttertones, Wild Wing, Rexx, Sea Ghouls, Mon., Sept. 12, 4 p.m., $15 & $25. TV Break 3rd Eye Open, Lantz Lazwell & the Vibe Tribe, Jaya Manouche, The Herbert Ball Orchestra, Send Medicine, Adam Ferrick & The Beautiful Noize, plus (on the indoor stage) Miss Jupiter, Veronica Biongai, Safari So Goody, Sun., Sept. 11, 4 p.m., $15 & $25.

THE HOTEL CAFE: 1623½ Cahuenga Blvd. Paul Mcdonald, Tyler Naimi, Adam Tippol, Thu., Sept. 15, 14, 8 p.m., $5.

HYPERION TAVERN: 1494 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles. Ye Olde Hushe Clubbe, with DJ Don Bolles, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., free.


LARGO AT THE CORNET: 366 La Cienega Blvd. Cindy Blackman, Shaka Blue, Thao & the Get Down Stay Down, Fri., Sept. 9, 8 p.m. See Music Pick.


THE LOVE SONG: 450 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Spainish, Salsa Dancers, 9 p.m. See Music Pick.

MCCABE’S GUITAR SHOP: 3011 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. Matt the Electrician, Fri., Sept. 9, 8 p.m., $15.


MOLLY MALONE’S: 575 S. Fairfax Ave. Precious Metal, Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m.; Paloma Rush, Sat., Sept. 10, 10:30 p.m., TBA, Keith Harkin, Thu., Sept. 15.

94th AERO SQUADRON: 16320 Raymer Ave., Van Nuys. Inazuma, Sat., Sept. 10, 8 p.m.

QUE SERA: 1923 E. Seventh St., Long Beach. Drugs in the Alley, Moondreamzzz, Cross Thrill, Sea Ghouls, Sat., Sept. 10, 10 p.m., $5.

THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 W. Second St., Los Angeles. Tiger Sex, Barrio Tiger, Mink Daggers, Telephone Lovers, Fri., Sept. 9, 9 p.m., $5-$10. Streetwalkin’ Cheetahs, Streetwalkin’ Dogs, Hollywood Sinkhole, Cyka, Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m. TBA, Hollywood Blues Destroyers, Sun., Sept. 11, 3 p.m. TBA, Blair Sinta, Mon., Sept. 12, 9 p.m. Mon, Sept. 19, 9 p.m., $5-$10. Something on the Wing, Tue., Sept. 13, 9 p.m. $5-$10. Cut Up, Crab Legs, Moonraker, Wed., Sept. 14, 9 p.m. $5-$10.


THE ROSE: 245 Green St., Pasadena. Lynch Mob, Fri., Sept. 9, 7 p.m. See Music Pick.


THE STOP: 22912 Roadside Drive, Agoura Hills. Inhale, Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m., free.


CODY’S VIVA CANTINA: 900 Riverside Drive, Burbank. Andy Roth & Stunt Road, Fri., Sept. 9, 8 p.m., free. Sidewinder, Sat., Sept. 10, 2 p.m., free; The Cody Bryant Experience, King Cotton’s Aggravation, Sat., Sept. 10, 7:30 p.m., free. The Bluegrass Ghosts & Brantley Kearns, The Bullfish Band, Sun., Sept. 11, 2 p.m., free; Debra Lee & Trigger Happy, Sundays, 6 p.m., free; Pete Anderson, Sun., Sept. 11, 6 p.m., free. The Brombies, Mondays, 7:30 p.m., free. The Flight 584 Big Band, Tue., Sept. 13, 7:30 p.m., free.
THE SMOKEHOUSE RESTAURANT:

ROCKWELL TABLE & STAGE:

THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE:

EL PORTAL THEATRE:

CATALINA BAR & GRILL:

BLUE WHALE:

AU LAC:

ALVAS SHOWROOM:

WHISKY A GO-GO:

THE VIPER ROOM:

UNION NIGHTCLUB:

TRIP:

TAIX FRENCH RESTAURANT:

SILVERLAKE LOUNGE:

JAZZ & BLUES

Thu., Sept. 15, 8 p.m., $5.

Shark, The Dead Horse Rhythm, Lepht, Rivermaker, Daisies, Steve Rodgers, Thu., Sept. 15, 8 p.m., TBA.

Gloryhammer, Sun., Sept. 11, 7 p.m., TBA. Gus G, Music Pick). Asesino, Sat., Sept. 10, 6 p.m., TBA.

The Dickies, The Muffs, Fri., Sept. 9, 7 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

Drive, Burbank. Andy Cowan & Nina Beck, third

Etzioni, Rachel Goodrich, Fri., Sept. 9, 10:30 p.m.

The Dirty Diamond, Sun., Sept. 11, 7:30 p.m., TBA.

p.m., $18 (see Music Pick). Marshall Kipp, Nova Blue, Smash Fashion, Hardly Dangerous, Sat., Sept. 10, 7:30 p.m., TBA.

Black Cherry, Funhouse, Broken Glass, Hollywood. Lucy’s 51, Nick Marzock, Fri., Sept. 9, 9:30 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

The Paul Gormley Quartet, Wed., Sept. 14, 6 p.m. The Ron Meza Quartet, Sun., Sept. 11, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. The Mark Z. Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7-11 p.m., free.

Mike Viola, Kaveh Rastegar & Larry 9 p.m., $10. Kevin Hays, Gregoire Maret, Tue., Sept. 13, 8 p.m., TBA.

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The Bridge Trio, Mon., Sept. 12, 8 p.m., $10. Strangers on a Saturday Night, Jane Monheit, Sun., Sept. 11, 9 p.m., $10. The Ron Meza Quartet, Sun., Sept. 11, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. The Mark Z. Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7-11 p.m., free.

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Thursday of every month, 7:30 p.m., free.


**VITELLO’S ITALIAN RESTAURANT:** 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City. DW3, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., $20 & $40.

**WORLD STAGE PERFORMANCE GALLERY:** 4321 Degnan Blvd., Los Angeles. Sirens of Jazz Jam Session, Sundays, 8 p.m., $5. Jazz Jam Session, Thursdays, 9 p.m., $5.

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**COUNTRY & FOLK**


**THE COFFEE GALLERY BACKSTAGE:** 2029 N. Lake Ave., Altadena. The Ploughboys, Fri., Sept. 9, p.m., $18. Janet & Her Parlor Boys, Sat., Sept. 10, 7 p.m., $20. John McEuen, Matt Cartsonis, Craig Eastman, Mon., Sept. 12, 8 p.m., $25.

**COWBOY COUNTRY:** 3321 E. South St., Long Beach. Brad Johnson, Sept. 9, 7-10 p.m., $5.

**THE COWBOY PALACE SALON:** 21635 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. Chad Watson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

**EB’S BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET:** 6333 W. Third St., Los Angeles. Tom Gramlich & Mystic Miles, Anthony Purdy, Sat., Sept. 9, 7 p.m., free.

**IRELAND’S 32:** 13722 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys. Acoustic Jam, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free.


**STATE HOUSE:** 8782 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Sunset Showdown, Fri., Sept. 9, 8 p.m.; Fri., Sept. 9, 8 p.m., free. Richie McCullough, Mon., Sept. 12, 8 p.m., $20.

**TIMHORN SALOON & GRILL:** 1724 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles. Tina Michelle & the Rhinestone Cowgirls, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free.

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**DANCE CLUBS**

**THE AIRLINER:** 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Key, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.

**ALEX’S BAR:** 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. Get Low, Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m., free. The Sunday Social, Sun., Sept. 11, 2 p.m., free.

**AVON HOLLWOOD:** 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more and 19 & over, Fridays, 9:30 p.m.; Eto, 8 Gates, Son of Kick, Clizun, Ameria, Fri., Sept. 9, 9:30 p.m.; TBA. Vini, Breathe Carolina, Atomic Mike, Sat., Sept. 10.

**BAR ONE TAP ROOM:** 12518 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood. Grove Me, with R&B DJs Stylus, Tech & Joelseke, every third Saturday, 9 p.m., free.

**CREATE NIGHTCLUB:** 6021 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Noize Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m. Arcade Saturdays, Saturdays, 10 p.m.

**DRAGONFLY:** 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Respect Drum & Bass, Thursdays, 10 p.m., $10.


**THE ECHOPLEX:** 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Club 90s, Fri., Sept. 9, 10 p.m., $12.

**GENERAL LEE’S BAR:** 475 Gin Ling Way, Los Angeles.

**THE GROVE:** 1111 S. Olive St., Los Angeles. Acoustic Jam, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free.

**THE LASH:** 117 Winston St., Los Angeles. Southern Hospitality, with DJ Charlie White, DJ Wavy, Frookes, Davey Boy Smith, Fri., Sept. 9, 10 p.m.-2 a.m., free.

**LOS GLOBOS:** 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. No Shopping, plus Liquor-ish, Fri., Sept. 9, 9 p.m. Underground Rising, Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m. Oh, Stefan Sea, Crux, Erick Hudson, Nofo Francois, Thu., Sept. 15, 10 p.m., TBA.

**THE OFFBEAT:** 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City. Dw3, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., $20 & $40.

**THE VIRGIL:** 2301 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m.

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**CONCERTS**

**FRIDAY, SEPT. 9**

**ALABAMA, JOHNNY RIVERS:** 7:30 p.m., $349.50-$519.50. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles.

**BLACKSTREET, GINUWINE, DRU HILL:** 9 p.m. Morongo Casino Resort & Spa, 49500 Seminole Drive, Cabazon.

**BLONDIE, THE SMITHEREENS:** 7:30 p.m., $44-$145. Pomona Fairplex, 1101 W. McKinley Ave., Pomona. See Music Pick.

**JIMMY ROSE:** 8 p.m., $5. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**DRAKE, FUTURE:** 6:30 p.m., $49.50-$179.50. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

**THE ECHO PARK PROJECT:** 6 p.m., free. LA Plaza de Cultura y Artes, 501 N. Main St., Los Angeles.

**FIFTH HARMONY:** With Jojo, Victoria Monet, 7 p.m. Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre, 2381 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles.

**HOLY GHOST:** 8 p.m., $29.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

**JEFF LYNEE’S ELC:** 8 p.m., $14-$182. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**LEFTOVER CUTIES:** 6:30 p.m., $5. Mono/Poly, Thu., Sept. 15, 10 p.m., $10. Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m.; Club Clit, Sat., Sept. 10, 10 p.m., $5 & $10. Mono/Poly, Thu., Sept. 15, 10 p.m., $10.

**PINK:** 6:30 p.m., $44-$145. Pomona Fairplex, 1101 W. McKinley Ave., Pomona. See Music Pick.

**THE VIRGIL:** 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Planet Rock, with DJs Chuck Wild & Canary Cody flipping hip-hop, funk, Latin, reggae, disco and house, Saturdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free.

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For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

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**LEFTOVER CUTIES:** 6:30 p.m., $5. Mono/Poly, Thu., Sept. 15, 10 p.m., $10. Sat., Sept. 10, 9 p.m.; Club Clit, Sat., Sept. 10, 10 p.m., $5 & $10. Mono/Poly, Thu., Sept. 15, 10 p.m., $10.

**PINK:** 6:30 p.m., $44-$145. Pomona Fairplex, 1101 W. McKinley Ave., Pomona. See Music Pick.

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656 Legal Notices

Order to Show Cause for Change of Name
Case No. V5203966
Superior Court of California County of Norwalk Superior Court Southeast District located at: 12720 Norwalk Blvd, Norwalk, CA 90650. Filed On 7/12/16 - In the matter of petitioner, Elizabeth De Horta. It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted. Court Date: 9/8/16. Located at Norwalk Superior Court, Southeast District 12720 Norwalk Blvd, Norwalk, CA. 90650. After appearing from said petition that said petitioner desires to have his/her name changed from Michael Khai De Horta to John Khai Tyler Cash, it being appearing from said petition that said petitioner desires to have his/her name changed from Michael Khai De Horta to John Daniel Khai Tyler Cash and there to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the LA Weekly, a newspaper of general circulation for the County of Los Angeles, once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the date set for hearing of said petition.

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