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It was just the sort of attack that the fortresslike walls of the Medici were designed to repel: a phalanx of 50 or so union members and affordable-housing advocates, wielding handmade signs (most in the same handwriting) with slogans such as “Good Jobs and Affordable Housing Now” and “NO more luxury development, NO displacement, NO homelessness. YES on Prop. JJJ.”

A few bewildered residents of the apartment complex looked down from their balconies, as a clipped call came from a megaphone: “Palmer, Palmer, you can’t hide. We can see your greedy side!” The crowd chanted the words back.

The Medici is one of those half-dozen or so faux-Italian apartment buildings built and owned by Geoff Palmer, perhaps L.A.’s most notorious developer, known for — aside from his predilection for gaudy architecture — his opposition to affordable housing. He also happens to be one of Donald Trump’s biggest donors, thus the chant by protesters: “We want Prop. JJJ, not Trump’s L.A.!”

Proposition JJJ also is known as Build Better L.A., though neither name will be all that familiar to Angelenos. The ballot measure has been rather lost in a riotous campaign season dominated by Donald Trump. The initiative will appear near the bottom of an impossibly lengthy ballot, which will include not only presidential, senate and congressional races but also no fewer than 17 statewide initiatives, including marijuana legalization, and a few local measures, among them two tax proposals to pay for mass transit construction and for supportive housing for the homeless.

Buried though it is, Proposition JJJ lies at the center of L.A.’s most critical and existential debate: What kind of city should it be? Should it be tall and dense, with more mass transit and bike lanes and pedestrian-friendly streets, or more like it was 30 years ago — wide, sprawling, dominated by single-family homes and freeways and cars?

But instead of trying to halt development, it seeks to gain concessions from developers. It proposes to let developers construct apartment buildings taller than the planning code currently allows for, on two conditions: One, that the projects devote a certain number of units to affordable housing; and two, that they pay their workers according to something called the “area wage standard.”

It’s being backed by a group calling itself the Coalition to Preserve L.A. (funded, controversially, by the AIDS Healthcare Foundation). They, of course, are the preservationists, and they’re opposed by the urbanists. Meanwhile, Build Better L.A. is somewhere in the middle. Like the Coalition to Preserve L.A., it seeks to paint developers — or at least some of them — as the enemy. Hence the protest against Geoff Palmer.

“Build Better L.A. says, in a situation where the city is giving value to developers, we want something back,” says Alan Greenlee, executive director of the Southern California Association of Nonprofit Housing.
May the 26th of 2015. So you’d have to go back and look at my previous comments on that particular issue because I’ve got nothing else to say about it.”

He says he doesn’t remember what media outlet he said it to. But the date still sticks in his mind. In fact, he appears to have spoken with a group of journalists, including former L.A. Weekly reporter Gene Maddaus, on May 29, saying, “I take responsibility. … I always assumed, incorrectly, that this standard legal language [would be included]. … I assumed wrong.”

Even before the minimum-wage law passed, Hicks says, he saw that the housing issue was becoming a crisis.

That’s why there are so many homeless people sleeping on the streets. But the housing crunch has other knock-on effects. For instance, more people are sharing apartments, sometimes in cramped conditions.

“People are doubling up in buildings, which is bad for health,” Greenlee says. “Or they’re moving out to Riverside or San Bernardino. Have you seen the 10 West in the morning? It’s a fucking nightmare.”

Traffic also has helped to push the politics of housing to the forefront of voters’ minds.

“It wasn’t too many years ago that the most important issue to most voters was transportation,” says Dan Schnur, director of the Jesse Unruh School of Politics at USC. “There seems to be a dawning realization that you can’t fix the transportation problem until you fix the housing crisis.”

Developers have a simple solution to the housing crisis: Build more, and build taller.

Flood the market with supply, and the prices will drop. Traffic will get worse, sure, but then more people will use public transit.

The approach has some pitfalls. Newer housing tends to be more expensive than older housing. And at a neighborhood level, new housing can displace lower-income tenants.

A study from the UC Berkeley Institute of Governmental Studies found that while “both market-rate and subsidized housing development can reduce displacement pressures … subsidized housing is twice as effective as market-rate development at the regional level.” In other words, to prevent displacement, you need to build affordable housing.

During the New Deal, the federal government built public housing projects for people who couldn’t otherwise afford a home. For example, Jordan Downs, in Watts, was built by the government, first as veterans housing, and is now run by the Housing Authority of the City of Los Angeles. Nearly 22,000 Angelenos live in public housing, paying an average rent of $452 a month.

Nearly 90,000 Angelenos receive rent vouchers, also known as Section 8, a program where the tenants pay 30 percent of their income in rent and the federal government covers the rest. That program, created in 1974, serves more than 2 million Americans, although it has been drastically cut over the years. In most cities there is a long waiting list, and more and more landlords are refusing to accept Section 8 tenants, especially in L.A., where the amount of money the housing department pays isn’t enough to cover the cost of most rental units.

In Los Angeles, 4,446 people are on the Section 8 waiting list — a list that has been closed to new applicants since 2004.

In 2004, the California Legislature passed SB1818, a law that grants density bonuses to developers, allowing them to build up to 35 percent more units per square foot of lot size than the planning code allows if they set aside a number of units as affordable. In the last three years, density bonuses have created nearly 1,000 affordable units in L.A.

One part of Proposition JJJ would, in effect, act as a density bonus law on steroids. Projects within a half-mile radius of a “major transit stop” (light rail and certain bus stops) could be built taller than the zoning code or even the current density bonus law allows for, as long as the project includes a to-be-determined number of affordable units.

But Proposition JJJ also mandates that any project applying for a zoning change or General Plan amendment would have to reserve between 11 and 25 percent of all of its units for lower-income and extremely low-income residents. Developers also could choose to pay money into an affordable-housing trust fund, in lieu of building affordable units.

Projects applying for a zoning change or General Plan amendment also would have to meet certain work requirements. All workers would have to be paid what Hicks calls an “area wage standard” — something akin to a prevailing wage, which would be set by the city. There are a plethora of other work requirements — at least 30 percent of the workers would have to live in Los Angeles. And, crucially, at least 50 percent of the workers would have to have completed a “joint labor management” apprenticeship program — which all construction union members have — or have enough hours of on-the-job experience required to have graduated the program.

In practice, most of the people who qualify for either of these two provisions would be union members.
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It is, in short, a very long (more than 10,000 words) and complicated law. “You gotta be a planning guru to understand it,” says city budget watchdog Jack Humphreville, a self-described “uber gadfly” and “professional bellyacher.” “And even then, you have problems.”

When the City Council passes a bill, it can amend the law at anytime. But a ballot measure, passed directly by the voters, can only be amended by another ballot measure. Which is what makes them so dangerous. Build Better L.A. has a sunset provision for this very reason — the law will cease to exist 10 years after going into effect.

But until then, any unforeseen consequence would be impossible to weed out without another ballot measure. The dual nature of the law is designed to follow the dual nature of L.A.’s unaffordability problem — housing and wages. Which means the law has two constituencies — affordable-housing advocates and labor.

“It’s certainly a broad coalition,” says Harold Meyerson, executive editor of The American Prospect. “If it were just construction unions, it wouldn’t stand a chance in hell of passing.”

It also has two sets of critics.

First there are the preservationists. They support the Neighborhood Integrity Initiative and regard new development as the enemy, a tool for displacing low-income tenants. Elizabeth Blaney is co–executive director for Union de Vecinos, a tenants-rights group based in Boyle Heights. She says Build Better L.A. will create very little affordable housing, and doesn’t give priority to tenants whose buildings are torn down to make way for new construction.

“Those tenants who are there, they need to have the right to come back,” she says. “Otherwise, they’re just being displaced.” And, she adds, “It still allows for the demolition of rent-control housing.”

But most of Build Better L.A.’s opponents come from the other side of the ideological spectrum — developers, business groups and urbanists who favor a more freewheeling densification. “The initiative states, as its goal, to create affordable housing,” says Stuart Waldman, president of the Valley Industry and Commerce Association. “In reality, it’s a handout for unionized labor. It will mean increased labor costs, which will mean higher housing costs. Which adds to the problem.”

It’s unclear just how many future projects Build Better L.A. would affect. Large scale projects — the ones with hundreds of units, which take enormous cranes to build — already use union labor. Smaller projects of between 20 and 100 units, however, would likely see their costs increase (buildings with fewer than 10 units would be exempted from Proposition JJJ).

To this point, Hicks says: “I would probably disagree with the viewpoint that paying a qualified workforce to construct a project necessarily results in the project being more expensive and less affordable.”

But a study from the UC Berkeley Program on Housing and Policy, published in 2005, concluded that a prevailing-wage law (which is similar but not identical to Hicks’ “area wage standard) would increase the costs of projects by 10 to 35 percent.

Even Greenlee says smaller projects would see their labor costs “significantly increase” if Proposition JJJ passes.

“I do think there’s some reason for concern in that context,” Greenlee admits. Developers say that California’s panoply of building regulations and environmental laws — particularly the California Environmental Quality Act, which allows anyone to file a lawsuit against a development — serve to slow down individual developments for years. That means investors don’t get their money back for years. Which means they demand an even greater return. Which incentivizes larger, more profitable projects — i.e., luxury towers, the very thing that the protest at the Medici was aimed at.

“We’ve demonized developers and made it so difficult to build, so that the only people who can develop are the developers we hate the most,” says Shane Phillips, an urban planner. “We scared away all the little guys. [Build Better L.A.] is one more step in that direction, and that bothers me.”
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A friend from Arizona told me about his first experience at Salazar in Frogtown. “When I sat down, I started to get this vivid sense of being home,” he said. “The smell of mesquite smoke, the desert atmosphere, the gnarled trees. It was so evocative of Arizona, the way it looks, the kind of Mexican food we have there. It was kind of intense, like, it made me feel actual feelings!” Shortly after, he overheard two men who appeared to be on a first date at a restaurant that seemed “somewhat in consistency from night to night.” They were pulled from a 1980s high school cafeteria, the sandy dirt underfoot gives everything a slightly dusty vibe — but it is beautifully laid out and designed. A sprawling patio fronts a modern box of a building at the back of the property, which used to be a mechanic’s shop. It’s now been transformed into a glassed-in kitchen and a small bar area. In the part of the kitchen that faces the patio, you can watch women putting out masa for the restaurant’s house-made tortillas. Ninety percent of the seating is outdoors — I don’t know how the place will fare if we ever get a few rainy months (please almighty Goddess, we beg of you), but for L.A.’s usual sunny climate this is the perfect breezy dining setup.

It’s Sonora, Mexico, not Arizona, from which chef Esdras Ochoa takes his inspiration. (My friend also said that dining at Salazar was the first time he realized the Sonoran roots of the Mexican food cooked in his home state; many people there just think of the mesquite-cooked, grill-heavy cuisine as generalized “Mexican.”) Ochoa is known to L.A. diners as the guy behind Mexcali Taco & Co. When I came to California for the job interview that landed me in this position, Mexcali was the site of my first L.A. taco. Its vampiros and salsas are part of what convinced me that living in this city would be a rewarding way to exist. Ochoa is a Mexico City native, but he grew up in Calexico, the bordertown adjacent to the heart of the Sonoran Desert, which connects the Mexican state of Sonora with the American Southwest. The comparative lack of Sonoran Mexican food in L.A. — and its prevalence in Arizona — is thanks to that transnational connection. Where we are tied geographically and culturally to Baja, the same is true of Sonora and the Southwest.

With Salazar, Ochoa hopes to give Sonoran food a more prominent platform in L.A. The restaurant, with its bar program and its layout worthy of a spread in a fancy design magazine, is in some ways a far more ambitious affair than Mexcali Taco & Co. But the food is exceedingly simple: There are a few tacos, some sides, and a short list of grilled items that come with thick corn tortillas and can serve as entrees or as platters to share with the table. The tacos come on freshly grilled, slightly stretchy flour tortillas that have improved greatly in the three months since Salazar’s opening, though they still vary slightly in consistency from night to night. I’m going to say the variations are weather-conditional, because I love the romance of climate science as it relates to baking and other flour-based skills, but I have no idea. You can taste the smoke of the grill on the meats in the tacos, you can dribble the very good house-made hot sauce over them, and they make for an exceedingly satisfying few bits of food. The carne asada has a garlic char; the al pastor a hint of pineapple sweetness. If Salazar served only tacos and nibbles and drinks in these magical surroundings, it would still be a success. In fact, there’s part of me that wishes the restaurant’s utility were a little different — Salazar to me feels as if it should be an all-day bar, a place where you could meet friends at 2 p.m. and hang out till 6, drinking alcoholic aguas frescas and eating a taco or two. The sides are great drinking food — the papas con chorizo are especially seductive, the potatoes silky and rich, the nodules of chorizo full of fatty flavor. This place reminds me of a great beer garden, somewhere you’d spend a long Sunday afternoon getting tipsy and debating the meaning of life. L.A. has plenty of restaurants — it has far too few laid-back outdoor bars where you can eat and drink and while away a day.

This lazy bar vibe becomes more apparent late at night, and Salazar is open all day on the weekends so that whiling away technically is possible. I’m not sure how many people treat this place as their living room and not as a restaurant, or how few aimed upon that would be by the establishment. Try it out and let me know.

But the larger, more “restaurant-y” dishes served here are delicious, so it would be silly to complain. There are better places in town to spend $54 on a rib-eye — though the dish is perfectly satisfying, the cooking isn’t quite precise enough to be worthy of the expense — but the simply grilled pork and Flatiron steak are as good as the best backyard meal, and the fish is significantly superior to what most home cooks could achieve over a live flame.

Delightfully, Salazar also has one of the best veggie plates in town: a pile of grilled eggplant, portobello, squash, spring onions and broccoli. It need not be treated as an entire meal — it works beautifully as a shared supplement to whatever else you’re eating.

Like many restaurants in emerging neighborhoods, it’s hard to consider Salazar without mentioning the “g” word. This is especially true in Frogtown, which sits adjacent to Silver Lake but has thus far avoided thorough gentrification. That’s unlikely to be true for long. There’s a sandwich shop that names its sandwiches after NPR personalities, for chrissakes, and the proximity to the river plus the abundance of industrial buildings is catnip for — what shall we call them? — the artistic class.

The clientele of Salazar could be actors on a set of a parody comedy show about Silver Lake, especially early in the evening, when throngs of impossibly beautiful women call after frisky toddlers named Sage or Beatrix. All of this can be seen as good or terrible, depending on your point of view. Another friend said to me: “What I think is genius about that place is they’ve taken the essence of an L.A. taco stand and turned it into something super trendy and sexy for wealthy yuppies.” Well, I didn’t say it, but it’s hard to argue with the point.

But I’d be a hypocrite if I told you I didn’t find Salazar massively appealing, for its look and feel and food. I’m not from Arizona, or Sonora, I have no desert wonderland in my past, but even so the place feels magically transportive. Every now and then, a restaurant can rise above the sum of its parts and be perfectly suited for its exact moment in time. Right now, in Los Angeles, Salazar is that restaurant.

BY BESHA RODELL

BORDER CROSSING

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Photo by Anne Fishbein

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LA WEEKLY // September 30 - October 6, 2016 // www.laweekly.com
ANTHONY BOURDAIN LOVES L.A.

He wants to die at Chateau Marmont and is a fan of the Magic Castle.

Anthony Bourdain was recently in Los Angeles on a weeks-long trip, tackling everything from winning Emmys to visiting dive bars in Boyle Heights.

The former cook and current television host, writer and pontificator also did a press junket promoting his YouTube series, Raw Craft, produced with Scotch maker the Balvenie. It’s a fun, high-quality collection of episodes, each profiling a different artisan in a style that feels like a mini version of Bourdain’s TV work.

And it turns out Bourdain is a fan of L.A., gaining a greater appreciation for the town with every visit. He even finds beauty in the more absurd elements of our culture. “I rented a muscle car this time out here, and one of my principal pleasures during my time here — everyone bitches about driving — I love the traffic. Everybody slows down at once for no visible reason.”

Read on for more of his thoughts about the culture of the City of Angels. The man even wants to take his last breath here.

L.A. WEEKLY: It’s so great that you love L.A., because the knee-jerk reaction of so many New Yorkers is to disdain it.

ANTHONY BOURDAIN: Well, that was my knee-jerk reaction for the first few years. But I learned over time. Now I know just how to enjoy myself out here. I should say, I know nothing about L.A., relative to people who live here. But what little I do know, I really like, and I like learning more about the place every time I come out.

Do you have any favorite bars in L.A.?

There are a few. But I don’t go to bars much out here. I like old-man bars, where I can be alone at 4 in the afternoon.

People take me to various divey places sometimes, places I don’t even remember the name. I like Jumbo’s Clown Room a lot, that’s good clean family fun that I like. It is, honestly. I wouldn’t hesitate to take my daughter there. Everybody’s dressed. It’s the kind of place I like.

Because I drive everywhere here — I stay at the Chateau. That’s the hotel I want to die in. I have the room all picked out. But if I’m really getting into it, I’m drinking there, because I just gotta stagger to the elevator.

Oh, I love the bar at Musso & Frank’s. That’s something that L.A. does really, really well. It has great old bars, and old institutions that are still going in a complete un-ironic way. There’s no irony at Musso & Frank’s. There’s no irony at the Magic Castle. Those are two of my favorite places in L.A. They’re just so straight-up, “This is what we do, this is what we’ve always done, move it along, get off my lawn.”

You’re a Magic Castle fan?

I want to be in the Magic Castle. I want to join. I’m completely uncoordinated; I don’t know what tricks I would learn. I don’t know anyone there who would invite me to even try to get in, but that’s a place that could exist nowhere else but L.A., and it is fascinating to me.

Are you able to go to restaurants when you’re here, or are you so busy it’s all room service?

No, I’ve been eating around a lot, not anywhere near enough to... Someone just asked me my favorite restaurants, and I don’t know enough here to give you any kind of “my top 10,” but I do know that every time I come out here I go to Park’s BBQ. I love that place ferociously. I bring chef friends there — I brought Eric Ripert, I brought Nigella Lawson. I think Ludo [Lefebvre] brought me there to start with, and everyone’s blown away by the place. Their banchan is insanely good. I haven’t eaten better, in the States and in Korea.

I ate at Broken Spanish recently, it was great. Chi Spacca I hadn’t been to before — does anyone eat dessert in that place? They’re really good, but, they sent this bloated, cliched, gasbag of a song than “Stairway to Heaven”? I don’t think so. But I found myself, 2 o’clock in the morning driving down Sunset, and I’m like, “Dude,
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Koreatown’s R Bar Secretly Has a Great Brunch

Going to brunch is a weekend ritual for a lot of people in L.A., and there is no shortage of cute restaurants with sunny patios and “elevated” menus to choose from. And then there is R Bar. Yes, R Bar, that long-standing, not-quite-a-dive on Eighth and Irolo in Koreatown, where you have a blurry memory of singing something embarrassing at karaoke. It’s not your typical brunch joint, but it is worth ducking into. R Bar is marked with a single “R” affixed to its black exterior. On Saturdays and Sundays from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., its equally elusive brunch is marked with a simple yellow sign, pale after so many mornings out in the sun, which reads, “Coffee, tea, biscuits, toast.” The sign really downplays R Bar’s weekend culinary offerings. It’s far more than simple cafeinated beverages and assorted carbs. It has a robust menu of well-priced dishes. It feels like a secret, and it’s often sort of empty, which is relaxing and pleasant enough that this writer contemplated never telling anyone R Bar’s brunch existed. But here we are.

While ’80s and ’90s tunes dominate inside during spring and summer, football games take over in the fall. It’s not too loud, except for the occasional sports fan screaming at the TV. The service is usually on point yet casual and friendly.

You could start with a hot cup of joe, or one of the iced coffees, which has a hint of cinnamon. There is also booze, of course, including a fine bloody mary, various twists on the michelada and a creamy coffee concoction topped with whipped cream. If you plan to stick around, you can get bottomless mimosas for $15, assuming you at least drop $10 on food.

That can be harder to do than you might think. Nothing on the menu is more than $10, and there is a budget section where you can get a small but serviceable breakfast for a mere $5. Options include a single buttermilk biscuit with sausage gravy, or a couple of scrambled eggs with a side of apples and bacon. You might not get leftovers, but these bargain plates will fill you up well enough. And you can always tack on a side, like the meaty charro beans or curried hash browns.

The best item, however, is the breakfast burrito. It stands up to other burritos around town, tastewise, and it’s also gigantic. The cooks take scrambled eggs, hash browns, crisp lettuce, tomato, basil, melty jalapeño jack cheese, avocado cream and chipotle sour cream, then wrap it up with either additional veggies or chorizo in a tortilla. This comes served with a side of sour cream, a light cilantro salsa and a fried jalapeño. The burrito itself is not particularly spicy, so top it off with some hot sauce if you like, and you’ve got a tasty breakfast that wholly fulfills your calorie requirements for a long day.

For something a little spicier, try the tings tostadas, two flat corn tortilla shells, each topped with spiced shredded chicken that’s seasoned in a chipotle adobo sauce. Then, it’s piled with shredded cabbage, avocado cream and sliced avocado.

For those who prefer a sweeter breakfast, the Triathlete is a hearty breakfast sandwich on sourdough made with peanut butter, bacon, banana and maple syrup, with an egg on the side. R Bar advises hitting up Runyon Canyon after this one.

And if you’re in it for the long haul and just want a meal that feels like you’re in a bar, try the Buddy Special. A mere $20 will net you 10 wings, two beers (PBR or Coors Light) and two well shots.

You can enjoy all of this at your leisure in the main bar area, which has a reasonable amount of natural light, or you can slouch in the back and stare off a hangover in one of the padded booths. Either way, starting your day instead of ending your night at R Bar is an interesting change in routine.

—Juliet Bennett Rylah

One Night at Eagle Rock’s Casa Bianca

Casa Bianca just reopened after its summer break.

It’s the end of Saturday night, at the end of summer, and on the end of Eagle Rock’s main Mayberry drag, two young men have a cigarette out on the curb. Across the street, the lights are still on at the upscale New American eatery that’s recently opened, where couples have had reservations for a while let the candied bacon settle in their stomachs. Here, though, under the neon “Pizza Pie” sign outside of Casa Bianca, the neighborhood’s go-to pizza place for the past 61 years, an older man walks out of the building to tell the smokers that break time is up.

After the dinner rush, Casa Bianca is still busy. It is the only place in the area where you can get a decent bite past 12. At midnight, the smell of pizza is thick, the lobby is full, and people scan the headshots on the walls as they wait for takeout. There is merchandise available for purchase, too, including Casa Bianca’s signature T-shirt, on which a caption reads, “The country is going to pizzas.”

On this midnight, a handwritten sign is up behind the register. It informs customers that starting tomorrow, Casa Bianca will be closed for 18 days, so that its employees can go on vacation.

Casa Bianca was, at its inception in 1955, owned by Sam and Jennie Martorana, who moved to Los Angeles by way of Chicago. The Martoranas’ three kids were young when they first came out here. The kids are fully adults now, and Sam and Jennie have both died, but Casa Bianca is still owned by the Martorana family and run on the elbow
Sweets:
- Crème Caramel LA
- McConnell’s Fine Ice Creams
- Copenhagen Pastry
- WP24 by Wolfgang Puck
- Beardlaw Kitchen
- The Gourmandise School
- Choctá Single-Origin Ice Cream
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- Salt & Straw
- Ococoa
- Mercedes Binge Desserts
- Beverly Hills Beignet
- The Broadway Baker
- Mascarpone Cheesecake
- Nickel Diner

Sips:
- The Roger Room
- The Bar at Belcampo Santa Monica
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grease of young people. If you’re a teenager, the family might throw you your first job. You’ll start out making salads. Once you prove yourself there, perhaps you’ll get bumped up to server. Whether you’re a bus boy, a cashier or a Martorana yourself, your summer — which has been spent saying no to parties during which you had shifts — will be capped off with a few weeks right after Labor Day when you can finally kick off your shoes.

The red-checked tablecloths here match the red-checkered curtains in the front window — short and dainty as ribbon candy. Under the glass on the tables are paper placemat maps of Italy, drafted in the color scheme of the Italian flag. There are the usual matching parm and pepper shakers, too, and stained glass chandeliers — all familiar relics that make a good Italian place comforting. Wherever you grew up, and even if you’re a first-timer here, you feel that you are home.

To my side is a small wooden placard illustrated with a wine bottle and the text “Vecchi amici e vino vecchio sono i migliori.” Under it, printed out from a label maker, is the English translation: “Old friends and old wine are best.” The walls here are full of pictures of Italy. Shots you’ve seen in souvenir shops if you’ve actually been there. Trevi Fountain. A close-up of the David’s face. Then, there is an old photo of the Eagle Rock for which this quiet pocket of L.A.’s Eastside is named.

The Eagle Rock sits alone at the northeast corner of town. It is so called because it cleaves at the top, into a wide set of wings. There is a short hike you can do around its base, and from here, you can see a lot of Los Angeles, clear down to the Griffith Observatory. There is a fence around this hiking area, which protects it from the outside world, including the rows of RVs, full of veterans and others in hard times or with hard-to-pin spirits. The denizens of these vehicles are often the subject of controversy in the neighborhood Facebook group. Members generally agree, though, that “Casa B.,” is the best pizza around.

Casa Bianca and this fenced-in rock are the two most untouched and essential spots in this small town where the consignment stores are exceptional and there is so much cold brew coffee and once, last year, much cold brew coffee and once, last year, the streets were shut down by a motorcade so that President Obama could do Marc Maron’s podcast in the comedian’s garage. Obama himself is a former Casa Bianca regular. He is rumored to have regularly swung by for Hawaiian-style pies while briefly a student at Occidental College.

Sam’s son, Ned Martorana, is working the counter when I go to pay. It’s cash only, because it can be. There’s an ATM if you need it. I ask him where he’s headed tomorrow.

“Tahiti!” he says, tapping his fingers gid-dily on the register, “Tahiti!” he says again, as he takes my check. It’s almost time. He’s almost on the beach in paradise, but first the last few tables have to close out, and the last few booths have to be wiped down.

—Tess Barker

1650 Colorado Blvd., Eagle Rock; (323) 256-9617, casabiancapizza.com.
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COMEDY

**Signs, Signs, Everywhere Signs**

Inspired by the #DeafTalent hashtag movement, which began last year in protest over hearing actors being cast in deaf roles in film and TV, #DeafTalent & ASL Comedy showcases local deaf comedians proving that they can get their humor across to everyone. Hosted by Jodi Skeris and CJ Jones, the variety show has moved from UCB's Inner Sanctum room to its main stage, and features comics Joshua Castille, Hemi Perez, Tyrone Oraguzie, Dickie Hearts, Kailyn Aaron-Lozano, Justin Jackerson and Tommy Korn, all signing stand-up, sketches, improv and monologues. There will be ASL interpreters for hearing audience members. **UCB Sunset**, 5419 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., Sept. 30, 7:30 p.m.; $10. (323) 908-8702, sunset.ucbtheatre.com. ~Siran Babayan

NIGHTLIFE

**Coke Classic**

In the '80s, big stuff was in style: big hair, big shoulder pads and, ahem, big boobs. Burlesque performers celebrate the decade's over-the-top sex appeal at Victory Variety Hour's *Ride the White Pony*, an '80s tribute. Strip-teasers Lemi Atom, James Bondage, Moonbow Brite, Dahlia Dimont and others perform to iconic tunes by Madonna, Hall & Oates, Motörhead and more. Dress up to be part of the costume contest and stick around for the postshow dance party, DJ'd by L.A. Weekly's own Lina Lecaro. Los Globos, 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake; Fri., Sept. 30, 8-11 p.m.; $10-$70. (323) 464-4200, fordtheatres.org. ~Gwynedd Stuart

DANCE

**Dizzy Does It**

The curtain rises after a disaster crests in *Invertigo Dance Theatre*'s nine dancers are joined by two musicians and a raft of blue trash bags to mourn the trauma and celebrate the resilience of a community grappling with an upended world. This company has a knack for taking an off-kilter viewpoint and creating insightful, contemporary dance theater tinged with wry humor. When it premiered, *After It Happened* became an extended, sold-out phenomenon. This engagement offers a second chance for anyone who missed out then. As 15th-anniversary commemorations of 9/11 continue, *After It Happened* seems more timely than ever. Ford Amphitheatre, 2580 Cahuenga Blvd. East, Hollywood Hills; Fri., Sept. 30, 8:30 p.m., $35-$75, $18 students, $15 children. (323) 461-3673, fordtheatres.org. ~Ann Haskins

HALLOWEEN

**Trick or Tweet**

Snakes, spiders, lizards, tigers, lions and other inhabitants get into the spooky spirit at *Boo at the L.A. Zoo*, the Los Angeles Zoo & Botanical Gardens' annual, monthlong Halloween celebration, which is creepy enough but not too scary for kids. Weekday activities feature dim caverns, animal-feeding stations, a haunted gallery for photo ops and a cornstalk maze. Bonus attractions on the weekends include crafts, pumpkin carving, science demonstrations, roaming costumed characters, a puppet show hosted by a mad scientist and a block party with break-dancers, DJs and games. Los Angeles Zoo & Botanical Gardens, 5333 Zoo Drive, Griffith Park; Sat., Oct. 1, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. (and daily thru Oct. 31); $20, $17 seniors, $15 children, free under 2. (323) 644-4200, lazoo.org/boo. ~Siran Babayan

MAGIC

**Feminine Magique**

In a very funny 2013 column, Jezebel's Lindy West suggested that perhaps there's a shortage of female magicians because, you know, we burned them all to death in the 16th century. Or maybe the gap in pay just isn't worth it when you're seeing people in half. Either way, there are, in fact, female magicians out there — especially in L.A. — and some of them have organized. Angela Sanchez, Kayla Drescher, Mystiki and other she-illusionists perform in the Women Magicians Association Magic Show, taking women out of the box and letting them wield the wand and top hat. Sanchez, a UCLA grad and founder of the WMA, wrote her senior thesis on unsung women in magic. *Book Show*, 5503 N. Figueroa St., Highland Park; Sat., Oct. 1, 8-10 p.m.; $10. bookshowla.com/event/women-magician-society-magic-show. ~Gwynedd Stuart
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Broussard. Big Jay Oakerson presides
over local comics on the IPC Slightly Off
Comedy Stage. Irvine Meadows Amphithe-
ater, 8800 Irvine Center Drive, Irvine; Sat.,
Oct. 1, 5 p.m.; $31.50-$125. (800) 653-8000,
oddballfest.com. –Sisan Babayan

sun 10/2

FOOD & DRINK

Upper Crust
“Sometimes I think people are sick of
hearing me say any sentence that has the
word ‘pie’ in it,” Food & Drink host Evan Klei-
man told L.A. Weekly a few years ago, in
advance of KCRW’s Good Food Pie Contest.
Perhaps she underestimates the world’s
enthusiasm for baked goods. This eighth
annual competition features the flaky-
crusted fruits of both at-home and profes-
sional cooks’ labor. In the past, 300-plus
pies have been submitted for judging (and
tasting by the public); this year, organizers
have assembled another impressive panel
of taste testers, from journalists (including
Jonathan Gold) to chefs (including Curtis
Stone) to split their efforts and take bites
of every one. The event also features shop-
ping, a cookbook swap and stuff for kids to
do. UCLA, Royce Quad, 340 Royce Drive,
Brentwood; Sun., Oct. 2, 11 a.m.; free. events.
kcrw.com/events/8th-annual-good-food-
pie-contest. –Gwynned Stuart

FOOD & DRINK

Mickey, Meet Tiki
Polynesian-kitsh lovers have always had a
perfect home at Disneyland. Old-timey
attractions like the Enchanted Tiki Room
and the Jungle Cruise sort of lend them-
selves to the tiki scene, and with Trader
Sam’s restaurant nearby, Tiki Day at the
Park is a no-brainer. L.A.’s most colorful
Hawaiian-garbed crews will gather for a
day full of good vibrations, including photo
ops at rides like Rivers of America, Pirates
of the Caribbean and the bird-puppet
paradise that started it all. Like other “unof-
cial” gatherings (Bats Day, Lolita Day and
the biggest, the three-day LGBTQ extrava-
ganza known as Gay Days, which overlaps
with Tiki Day on Sunday), Disneyland is
aware of the event and often facilitates its
activities, albeit in a sort of on-the-DL way.
The happiest place on Earth can only get
happier after a couple of mai tais. 1313 S.
Disneyland Drive, Anaheim; Sun., Oct. 2,
1 p.m.; free with park admission. facebook.
com/tikidayatthepark. –Lina Lecaro

mon 10/3

FEMINISM

She Rebel
Writer Kate Schatz and illustrator Miriam
Klein Stahl’s 2015 young-adult book, Rad
American Women A-Z: Rebels, Trailblaz-
ers and Visionaries Who Shaped Our History … and Our Future!, listed the
accomplishments of 26 notable histori-
cal and contemporary ladies in America,
from Carol Burnett, Angela Davis, Billie
Jean King, Patti Smith, Sonia Sotomayor
and Isadora Duncan to such lesser-known
figures as Dolores Huerta, co-founder of
the United Farm Workers; Maya Lin, de-
signer of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial
in Washington, D.C.; and Wilma Mankiller,
the first female Native-American chief.
Schatz and Stahl discuss their compan-
ion book, Rad Women Worldwide: Artists
and Athletes, Pirates and Punks, and Other
Revolutionsaries Who Shaped History, which
features biographies paired with cut-paper
portraits of 40 additional, international
and millennia-spanning females, including
Frida Kahlo, Miriam Makeba, Jose-
phine Baker, Venus and Serena Williams,
and Malala Yousafzai. Skylight Books, 1818
N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz; Mon., Oct. 3,
7:30 p.m.; free, book is $15.99. (323) 660-
1175, skylightbooks.com. –Sisan Babayan

tue 10/4

COMEDY

I Said Goddamn
L.A.-based comedy shows were well-rep-
resented this summer on Comedy Central,
with both Roast Battle and Goddamn Com-
edy Jam serving as tentpoles. On Tuesday
the former’s perennial judge/mentor
Jeff Ross — whose new Jeff Ross Roasts
Cops special is available now — performs
stand-up, sings and most likely breaks out
his guitar. Continuing to prove that “Every
comedian wants to be a rock star” in its
new home at the Roxy, Goddamn Comedy
Jam also welcomes guests Nick Swardson,
David Koechner and Jo Koy to perform
both stand-up and their favorite cover
song with a live band. The Roxy, 9009 W.
Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; Tue., Oct.
4, 9 p.m. (doors 8 p.m.); $20-$25. (310) 278-
9457, theroxy.com. –Julie Seabaugh

MUSIC

Keys Please
The worlds of classical and new music
would seem to be light-years away from
the often-tawdry, banal distractions of the
upcoming presidential election, but
Aron Kallay has decided to confront “the lunacy
of our time” head-on with this recital. The
local keyboardist and teacher calls this
politically themed program “I’m Worried
Now … but I Won’t Be Worried Long,” and it
features airy, experimental works for piano,
retuned keyboard and synthesizer. Joined
at times by fellow pianist Genevieve Lee,
Kallay will debut two newly commissioned
pieces by Ian Dicke (“Counterpundit,” an
electronic commentary on the politi-
cal process) and UCLA professor Laura
Karpman (“Shrill,” an allusion to media
descriptions of Hillary Clinton’s voice).
REDCAT, 631 W. Second St., downtown;
Tue., Oct. 4, 8:30 p.m.; $35. (213) 237-2800,
pianospheres.org. –Falling James

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Meet Carli Lloyd

When Nobody Was Watching
Book Signing
Monday, October 3rd, 7PM
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Santa Monica (310) 260-9110

The U.S. Women’s National Soccer Team co-captain reflects on the difficulties of her early career and her transformation into a world-class athlete.

Casey presents her new book, *When Nobody Was Watching*, in which she shares her journey from a talented child prodigy to a world-class player and Olympic gold medalist. She will be signing copies of her book at the Third Street Promenade on Monday, October 3rd at 7 PM.

Carli Lloyd will sign When Nobody Was Watching only. No memorabilia, please.

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MAKING THE GLASS CEILING DISAPPEAR

For too long, magic has been dominated by men. The Women Magicians Association is changing that, one show at a time.

BY CATHERINE WOMACK

With its top hats and mustaches and sexy, sliced-up assistants, the world of magic is, unsurprisingly, male-dominated. All the famous magicians that come to mind — Copperfield, Blaine, Houdini, Penn & Teller — are men. Most of the unfamous ones are, too.

At the Magic Castle, Hollywood’s iconic, members-only mansion of mystery, around 93 percent of the Academy of Magical Arts’ magician-level members are male.

That statistic is one of myriad facts about the Academy of Magical Arts and magic history that 25-year-old Angela Sanchez can pull from her memory as quickly and effortlessly as she makes a bright yellow silk scarf appear out of thin air.

Sanchez is one of the women who make up 7 percent of AMA’s magician-level members. She’s also a magic historian — her undergraduate thesis at UCLA explored the history of women in magic in depth — and a co-founder of the Women Magicians Association. On Oct. 1, she’ll serve as emcee for the Women Magicians Association’s latest group magic show at Jen Hitchcock’s whimsical Book Show store in Highland Park.

As a little girl, Sanchez was enthralled by the magic tricks her hobbyist father performed for her and was obsessed with the old-world magicians she read about in his collection of magic-history books. She was especially entranced by Adelaide Herrmann, the 19th-century “Queen of Magic,” whose promotion from assistant to magician followed the tragic death of her husband, Alexander.

“You really feel for Adelaide,” Sanchez says, recalling the photos in her father’s book. “You can see how grief-stricken she was. She was also a badass. Her husband died, and she still went on with the show. A giant fire burned all her props and some of her animals, and she still continued. She was the Queen of Magic! That’s cool. That’s inspiring. Who doesn’t want to be like that?”

In January 2014, the Academy of Magical Arts invited Sanchez to present her thesis research on women in magic at the Castle. One of the female magician members in the audience, Lituo Huang, approached Sanchez after the presentation with an idea: There were a lot of women in the audience — maybe they’d be interested in getting together as a group?

Sanchez and Huang gathered names and emails on a sign-up sheet they passed around, and Huang created a Facebook group. The group is now 60 strong, and 10 to 20 members attend monthly meetings.

The Women Magicians Association isn’t technically affiliated with the Academy of Magical Arts, but all of its members are magician-level members at the Castle and the AMA allows them to reserve one
of its rooms for monthly meetings. At the meetings, the women practice their “not ready for primetime” magic effects and give one another feedback. They help members with the technical aspects of their craft in a safe, supportive environment and encourage one another to perform. One member, a costume designer, even offers logistical support in the form of costume tailoring.

For 65-year-old retiree and WMA member Dawna Lee (real name Donna Furon), the monthly meetings and the friendships that have sprung from them have been transformative. “This group has done a number of things for me,” she says. “The gathering together of women is an extraordinary thing. For me, personally, it has forced me to practice. I’m doing better at magic, and I’m more comfortable wandering into the Castle on my own.”

The Women Magicians Association is not the first magic club Sanchez founded. A self-described magic nerd since childhood, she has created outlets to explore her passion at every stage of life. As a high schooler in Glendale, Sanchez co-founded Herbert Hoover High School’s first magic club. A few years later, she did the same as an undergraduate at UCLA.

Growing up in Connecticut, magician Kayla Drescher had a similar experience. She became obsessed with magic when a random bathroom stop on a family road trip took her into a magic store.

“The only place with an open restroom was a magic shop,” she recalls. “I was 7, and the guy behind the counter cut a piece of rope in half and then put it back together. Something clicked in my brain.” Drescher got serious. She convinced her parents to let her start taking lessons from the man who cut the rope in order to prepare for her second-grade talent show. Soon, she was asking her dad to drive her to a town an hour away to attend monthly Society of Young Magicians meetings. “I was the only girl,” Drescher recalls.

“THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR OF SAWING WOMEN IN HALF CREATED THAT ILLUSION A YEAR AFTER WOMEN GAINED SUFFRAGE IN THE U.K.”
—ANGELA SANCHEZ

“The first day I walked in, a small group of boys told me, ‘You should leave. Girls don’t do magic.’” She laughs. “I had this personality where that stuff never affected me. I just didn’t care, so I stayed. Slowly, over time, more girls came. But it was never an equal number. At most there were three girls to 50 boys.” Drescher is now a full-time magician, and one of the featured performers at the WMA’s Oct. 1 show. In college, she earned a degree in environmental science and got a job right out of school. But she realized on her first day at work that she was not cut out for the career she had planned in green energy. “On my very first day at that job, I knew I couldn’t do it,” she recalls. “So a couple months later I quit and started bartending.”

Drescher honed her craft as a magician behind the bar at a Marriott hotel in Boston. A “cool” manager let her put on a magic show when business was slow. “I would bring cards and rubber bands and stuff, but for the most part, I did magic with things from behind the bar,” she explains. “I was doing things with olives and lemons and cherries and money and bottle caps. I could magically produce a beer or use a napkin as a handkerchief.” Soon, bar customers became clients, flying Drescher to Vegas to do corporate events or entertain at trade shows. She made a website and branded her show as “Magic in Heels,” eventually moving to Las Vegas and then, last year, to L.A.

As a professional magician, Drescher has seen her share of sexism in the workplace. “I find that at magic gatherings and conventions, guys don’t know how to treat women,” she says. “It can be very invasive and wrong, like, on the level of assault.”

“It’s the world we live in, and definitely not specific to the magic community,” she adds. “Magic is such a wonderfully supportive and fantastic, loving community, so it is frustrating to go into a place where you feel like you belong and have somebody telling you that you don’t or that you’re only good for these things.”

Sanchez looks at the sexism in magic from a historical perspective. “Being a magician means being privy to information that your audience doesn’t necessarily have,” she explains. “Information equals power, and women in power have always been threatening to a patriarchal society. “It’s no coincidence that the trope of women as male magicians’ assistants came about at the same time that women got the right to vote,” she says. “The original inventor of sawing women in half created that illusion a year after women gained suffrage in the U.K.” As women found political power, male magicians literally put them in boxes and exerted control over their bodies.

“Is there sexism behind some of the illusions in magic?” Sanchez asks. “Yes, that’s undeniable. Do women in our group sometimes bump into cases where they experience sexism? Yeah, we do. But does that define our community? Absolutely not.”

On Oct. 1, Drescher and her co-performers will take the stage at Book Show, increasing that visibility. With Hitchcock as host, Sanchez as MC, Dawna Lee and the rest of the WMA as supportive community—and Adelaide Herrmann providing mystical inspiration—they’ll perform one of their most impressive tricks: making the glass ceiling disappear.

WOMEN MAGICIANS ASSOCIATION
| Book Show, 5503 N. Figueroa St., Highland Park | Sat., Oct. 1, 8-10 p.m. | $10 facebook.com/events/521367604719653

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IN MARNIE WEBER’S FILM, “DO NOT ENTER” SIGNS SHOULD BE HEeded

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, an aging matriarch serves up devil's rump in an artist's film and, in a Hollywood show, unusual-looking lumps of wood stand in for historical figures.

Won't get out alive

Three teens in retro outfits ignore menacing “do not enter” signs and climb through a hole in a fence partway through artist Marnie Weber's feature-length film The Day of Forevermore. The teens encounter a gorgeous, red-haired girl, who is trying to teach large animals with ghoulish faces to fly. The girl takes them on a tour, eventually inviting them to dinner at her house, where her bent-over, witchlike mother serves them the rump of the devil.

Later, the teens' clothes appear in a pile of debris, a sign that they never made it out alive. Music, psychedelic in a punk way and composed by Weber, propels the film along. It debuted at the United Artists Theater last week and now plays in a side gallery at Gavlak as part of a show that includes a video of a never-ending waterfall and gold, sculpted trees with stained-glass leaves. 1034 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood; through Nov. 5. (323) 467-5700, gavlakgallery.com.

Washington’s knobby doppelgänger

Artist Lazaros placed lumps of wood on narrow white pedestals in front of a white curtain at Redling Fine Art. He gave the lumps labels; the one labeled George Washington does, sort of, look like the first president if you tilt your head a bit and open your mind. These are “pareidolic sculptures,” based on the phenomenon of pareidolia, wherein the mind sees a familiar pattern when it’s not actually there (Jesus on a piece of toast, etc.). Together, the busts feel like the precious collection of an endearing eccentric. 6757 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; through Oct. 13. (323) 378-5238, redlingfineart.com.

Haphazard mechanics

Barbie dolls dangle from the complicated, haphazardly mechanical sculptures in Tong Kunniao’s show at Nicodim Gallery, “Why Don’t You Eat Stinky Tofu?” Kunniao grew up in Changsha in China’s Hunan province, which is famous for its stinky tofu, though the impudent sound of the title is more important to the show’s content than tofu itself. Kunniao worked on-site, assembling his odd sculptural attractions from junk he acquired in L.A. Skeletons make repeat appearances. So do American flags. Sculptural contraptions look like the work of a mad inventor, who’s obsessed with the process and bored by functional results. 571 S. Anderson St., Ste. 2, downtown; through Oct. 15. (323) 262-0260, nicodimgallery.com.

Magic monuments

The most strikingly opaque of the four large sculptures Carol Bove installed in Maccarone gallery's long and skinny gravel side yard has the longest title: Love Fashions the Sidereal Body of the One in the Image and Likeness of the Other. The line comes from the writing of Eliphas Levi, a French magician and occultist, and the sculpture could pass for some mysterious ritual object. Petrified wood protrudes from a steel column, an organic head on an industrial body. Another of Bove’s sculptures, Cat’s Paw, is less austere; it consists of a twisted body of bright yellow steel guarded by a weather-ravaged sheet of metal and topped by a perfect black wheel. 300 S. Mission Road, downtown; through Dec. 23. (323) 406-2587, maccarone.net.

Marking every last moment

Two sizable, well-decorated dollhouses sit on plinths upstairs at Sprueth Magers. One represents a traditional 19th-century home, the other a more modern, 1950s residence. German artist Hanne Darboven collected these dollhouses, among other popular artifacts, as time capsules representing moments in history. She was interested in cataloguing time, and the walls surrounding the dollhouses are filled with nearly 1,500 framed documents, Darboven’s handwritten mathematical calculations of how time passes. They appear at once confounding and impressively, meditatively elegant. 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; through Oct. 29. (323) 634-0600, spruethmagers.com.
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES

Director Darko Tresnjak looked to his nightmares to create L.A. Opera’s new Plácido Domingo-helmed Macbeth

BY FALLING JAMES

We live in an age when we explain everything to death.” Darko Tresnjak muses by phone the day before the opening of L.A. Opera’s ambitious new production of Macbeth, Giuseppe Verdi’s venerable Shakespearean opera, at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. The director and co-scenic designer adds that he’s trying “to be connected to my bad dreams, keeping mysterious things that should not be explained.”

Tresnjak, who was born in the former Yugoslavia and raised in Poland and the United States, has a lot of mysteries to solve this week. Macbeth is the dramatic opening to L.A. Opera’s 2016-17 season; as ringmaster of this large, three-ring circus, Tresnjak has to perform a delicate balancing act to satisfy all the disparate groups involved in the production. He’s in charge of an unusually large cast of dancers and singers — including legendary vocalist Plácido Domingo, the general director of L.A. Opera, who portray the tragic title character — and he has to choreograph every step they take within, across and above an imposing, sprawling set. He must reconcile the often-competing desires of the opera company’s donors and subscribers with purists who insist on a traditional interpretation of Verdi’s beloved opera, which features an Italian-language libretto by Francesco Maria Piave and Andrea Maffei that’s based on Shakespeare’s classic play, even as it takes certain liberties with the original text.

At the same time, Tresnjak must infuse the production with enough arty and creative elements to make the ancient collaborative art form not necessarily a democracy. On an operatic scale, it’s more intense.”

The creative crew includes costume designer Suttirat Anne Larlarb, who’s worked extensively with film director Danny Boyle (Slumdog Millionaire, 127 Hours) and was responsible for the inventive direction at the Opening Ceremony of the 2012 Summer Olympics in London. Her vivid costumes give a dash of flair and color that offsets Macbeth’s gray Scottish setting. Tresnjak partnered with co-scenic designer Colin McGurk, who translated the director’s old-school drawings into a more modern visual spectacle, in what Tresnjak describes as “a therapeutic” process.

Some of the world’s great Macbeths have been Mexican, specifically Plácido Domingo, who started his celebrated career as a tenor but mainly sings as a baritone now. He’s teased audiences with relatively limited roles for L.A. Opera over the past two seasons, including 2015’s revival of Giacomo Puccini’s farcical Gianni Schicchi and an intermittently satisfying version of another Verdi opera, La Traviata, in 2014. But in Macbeth, Domingo is a powerful presence, stalking the stage with assurance and aplomb as his warm, vibrant voice gives depth and emotional resonance to his haunted character.

As the scheming Lady Macbeth, who’s even more preoccupied with gaining power than her husband, Russian mezzo-soprano Ekaterina Semenchuk is astonishing. During Act I, as the witches prance around in a campy fashion, her chilling voice cuts through the production’s occasional artifice and restores a necessary mood of dread and fear. Semenchuk’s fierce intensity is matched later by Roberto Tagliavini as the doomed Banquo. L.A. Opera regular Arturo Chacón-Cruz steals several scenes as a sterling-voiced Macduff, in another heroic role that further cements the Mexican vocalist’s position as a rising tenor in the tradition of Domingo.

As directed by Grant Gershon, the large chorus is impressively forceful, while James Conlon, who has conducted more than 100 versions of Macbeth, guides the orchestra with nuanced restraint in the opening overture and with intuitive grace throughout. Although some of the production’s special effects, such as gigantic Mardi Gras–style dancing heads that bedeck the king, are more goofy than scary, the searing vocal performances by Semenchuk and Domingo are what really make this Macbeth so memorable.

MACBETH | The Music Center, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., downtown | Wed., Oct. 5, 7:30 p.m.; Sat., Oct. 8, 7:30 p.m.; Thurs., Oct. 13, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., Oct. 16, 2 p.m. | $27-$329 | (213) 972-0777 | laopera.org
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Deepwater Horizon makes rousing adventure from a real-life tragedy

BY BILGE EBIRI

Deepwater Horizon is the most entertaining disaster movie in years. I'm sorry — is that a terrible thing to say? Peter Berg's film is based on the true story of the BP-leased, Transocean-owned deepwater drilling rig that in 2010 exploded in the Gulf of Mexico, killing 11 and causing a devastating environmental catastrophe. Berg brings the requisite gravity to this devasting environmental catastrophe. Gulf of Mexico, killing 11 and causing a drilling rig that in 2010 exploded in the BP-leased, Transocean-owned deepwater rig. (Kurt Russell), who essentially runs the superstitious crew manager Jimmy Harrell (Mark Wahlberg) is using to plug up the well home early. (I have no idea how accurate all this detail, the tests the crew runs on the closed-off well to make sure it's properly sealed. (I have no idea how accurate all this stuff is, but it sure sounds authentic, and in the movies that's most of the battle.) Mr. Jimly is convinced things aren't right, while Vidrine (boo, hiss) smugly insists that all is fine and that it's time to move. Russell is perfectly cast as the no-bullshit veteran who wants to make sure the job is done right — a fatherly stud.

Wahlberg plays to his strengths as the smartest guy in the room who just happens to look dumb. There's an inherent sadness in what the movie's doing here, but it's of the good, Hitchcockian kind: We're on the side of our working-class heroes, under-estimated professionals who know how the job needs to be done, so we want to see them proven right — which means that we're secretly wishing for everything to go wrong. And, of course, it does.

It's a hell of a thing when it all finally goes south. Hurricanes of guck blast the rig's windows as the crew gets knocked around like rag dolls. Debris falls from the skies, and dying, mud-caked flocks of birds invade nearby ships like something out of the Bible. Berg orchestrates all this chaos with more than a little cinematic glee; this is the spectacle we've come to see, and oh my, does he indulge it. After the initial blasts, the hubbub of the early scenes gives way to an eerie, postapocalyptic climate, as our heroes do their damndest to get everyone off the burning, dying rig.

It's gripping, even quite beautiful. All the orange mists of gas and the flailing flashlight beams and the shards of broken glass achieve a weird, almost abstract quality. Near the end, when we see the Deepwater Horizon burning out at sea as the survivors kneel to pray on the deck of a rescue ship, the vision approaches the surreal.

Berg clearly wants to honor the real men and women. He bookends the drama with sights and sounds from the actual hearings looking into the tragedy, and the film gathers in solemnity as it nears the finale. But as he proved with his Afghan war movie, Lone Survivor — and as he probably will again with his upcoming Boston Marathon bombing epic, Patriots Day — Berg can't help but try to entertain the crap out of his audience. That can lead to a troubling disconnect: In Lone Survivor, the cavalcade of horrors sometimes took on an exploitative quality. Here, he keeps things simple, tight and taut, and does right by the folks who were there for the real thing. He's made them the heroes of a genuinely exciting action movie.

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BRENDAN TOLLER

BY MELISSA ANDERSON

I n the nine years since she was first accused of and jailed for murder
— then exculpated, only to be retried and found guilty again, and finally absolved
— Amanda Knox has learned a thing or two about performance.
“Either I’m a psychopath in sheep’s clothing...” the 21st century’s most infamous
study-abroad student, now 29, says, directly addressing the camera, at the beginning of
Rod Blackhurst and Brian McGinn’s by-the-numbers documentary Amanda Knox.
She pauses, then completes her sentence with this coup de théâtre: “...or I’m you.”

The semi-provocative statement, so confidently delivered (and seemingly rehearsed),
reminds viewers that anyone of us could be, as she was, imprisoned and ensnared
in judicial incompetence for nearly a decade despite our innocence. But in the days and
weeks following Nov. 2, 2007 — when Seattle native Knox, then 20, and her boyfriend Raffaele
Sollecito (another of the film’s named, attired and indignant
interlocutors) were arrested for
the slaying of Meredith Kercher, Knox’s roommate in Perugia, Italy — the American “was extremely unconvincing in the role of the wrongfully accused,”
as Nathaniel Rich noted in his
report in Rolling Stone in 2011. As was widely reported at the
time, and is rehearsed, to diminishing effect, in Blackhurst and
McGinn’s documentary, Knox
did yoga stretches during one
lengthy interrogation at a police
station and was filmed kissing
Sollecito (who had been her
swain for one week by the time
of the murder) outside the cot-
tage she shared with Kercher
flashing the cover sheet of the
collecting — or, more accurately,
bungling — DNA evidence.
Her behavior was considered especially repellent and suspect by Italian prosecutor Giuliano
Mignini and was embellished and grossly distorted by tabloid
reporters such as Nick Pisa, then working for the U.K.’s jaundice-
yellow rag Daily Mail. Both men, overwhelming gasbags, also are
featured in current-day interviews in Amanda Knox,
demonstrating, again and again, what those who have only the
vaguest knowledge of the case already know: that, largely owing
to their hubris, sexism and sclerotic “values” (and those of many others involved in the
proceedings), Knox was damned in the court of public opinion.

Like too many recent documentaries, Blackhurst and
McGinn’s is filled with missed opportunities.
Why not spend more time with the fantastically
named, attired and indignant
Valter Biscotti, the lawyer for Rudy Guede, the man eventu-
ally convicted of Kercher’s
death? Or ask Knox more
about what her life was like
at Capanne prison? (A quick
flash of the cover sheet of the
journal she kept there, with MY
PRISON DIARY scrolled in the
bubble-letter writing of a child, is almost as jarring as some of the
crime-scene photos.)
The film ends as it began, with Knox
making a florid remark and then gazing intensely into the
camera. Like the intro, the outro
is flagrant stagecraft, but still
more rewarding to parse than
what’s in between.

AMANDA KNOX  | Directed by
Rod Blackhurst and Brian McGinn  | Monica Film Center and Netflix

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Amanda Knox

OPPORTUNITY KNOX

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MILTON’S SECRET

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OPENING THIS WEEK

AMERICAN HONEY

In American Honey, her
162-minute fourth feature, British direc-
tor Andrea Arnold sets an inflation-
at-first sight encounter to Rihannas’s
“We Found Love,” a conversation about dreams to Bruce Springsteen singing
“Dream Baby Dream” and a moment of camaraderie among itinerant young-
sters traveling across the American
heartland to — yes — Lady Antebellum’s
“American Honey.” These scenes are
not the movie’s problem. In fact, they’re among its most cathartic, as they’re
daringly open and heartfelt, even ridiculous, in their pursuit of an emotion
or idea. They generate the precious few bursts of seeming spontaneity: the flirty
stuck-out tongue 18-year-old Star (Sasha Lane) throws at Jake (Shia LaBeouf) in a
Rihannablasting department store; the sweet little wink-back QT (Veronica Ezell,
one of the non-actors Arnold enlisted to fill out the diverse strong ensemble) sends
for Star over the Lady Antebellum chorus.
The problem is that this meandering
movie about Star’s integration into life
with a crew of magazine sellers has too many
sequences where the point is ei-
ter unclear or facile. Cases of the former
usually involve Arnold inserting random
shots of bugs and plants and horses and
dogs; in the latter, she resorts to an even more
dispiriting strategy: shock tactics.
Want to turn a nothing scene in a motel
room into something sexy and contro-
versial? Show Riley Keough, the lead of
Star’s The Girlfriend Experience, getting
lotioned up by LaBeouf while wearing a
Confederate-flag bikini. Arnold has a
history of directing nonprofessionals,
and here, as with Katie Jarvis in Fish Tank
(2011), the director gets truly fiendish
out of an unknown — the dreadlocked
Lane was a college freshman on spring
break when Arnold discovered her. (Danny King)

CUT TO THE CHASE MONSTER

In this superb
coming-of-age drama, the thoughts of
high school senior Oscar Madly (Connor
Jessup) are never far from Buffy,
voiced (by Isabella Rossellini), the hamster he’s
had since he was 9, and soon after, he witnessed
a gay teen being sexually assaulted. Ever
since, whenever his distracted father
(Aaron Abrams) isn’t around, Oscar
talks to Buffy, and she talks back like a
“spirit animal” for a lonely kid. The boy has
a rich fantasy life, but writer-director
Stephen Dunn, filming his feature debut
in his Newfoundland hometown, makes
sure his protagonist’s “visions” are
always a precise expression of his inner
rummages. After receiving a college rejection
letter, Oscar runs into his room, where
every poster, book or scribbled note
screams the one word that shouted to
Oscar from that letter: “unfortunately.”

Oscar is gay, and he has a crush on a co-
worker (Alicia Schneider), and though
their inevitable moment of truth (is he,
or isn’t he?) is memorable, Dunn has a
darker, more intense reckoning in mind
for Oscar. Related to the sex crime he
witnessed as a boy, Oscar’s meltdown

OPPORTUNITY KNOX

AMERICAN HONEY

CUT TO THE CHASE MONSTER

Oscar

Oscar
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“DENIAL: HOLOCAUST HISTORY ON TRIAL” BY DEBORAH E. LIPSTADT
BASED ON THE BOOK
THEMATIC MATERIAL AND BRIEF STRONG LANGUAGE

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE FROM

”DENIAL” IS A SIREN CALL FOR TRUTH.
Rachel Weisz serves up a forceful presence.”

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IN THEATRES EVERYWHERE OCTOBER 7
intoxicated Jim Morrison’s car keys so he won’t die in a terrible accident. The other superpower is the ability to recognize artistry where no one else sees it. After becoming the press agent for The Doors, Fields talked Elektra into editing “Light My Fire” to a length that would fit on a 45 single. Teller’s film is narrated entirely by Fields via a series of lengthy recorded interviews that unroll like, instead of a misshapen bolt of yarn over hundreds of still photos, Super-8 footage and hand-drawn animations. Fields signed MCS and Iggy Pop & the Stooges to recording contracts on the same night he met them. He discovered Leonard Cohen and Judy Collins; he also managed The Ramones and utterly failed to get rich. But he gained enduring friends and interesting stories. (Chris Packham)

THE FREE WORLD (Chris Packham) explores the difference between the man who loses professional sports as egalitarian mercurials, but equestrian competitions still have the air of elitism, a rarified realm of bloodlines and blue bloods. That’s why scroopy underdog horse-sport narratives resonate: Their harrowing stories of triumph over adversity to renew the search for him, she runs away to meet the powerful Man from Beyond Fest and the New Beverly’s Shocktober Friday, Sept. 30

Bela Lugosi’s dead, but his movies live on. The first of eight films pairing the actor with fellow horror icon Boris Karloff, 1941’s Frankenstein finds the two engaged in aermal battle with satanic undertones in a remote Hungarian mansion during the interwar period. Director Edgar G. Ulmer would later go on to make Detour, a classic of low-rent noir; most of his filmmography beyond these two genre standouts remains obscure. Like all Old Town Music Hall screenings, this one will commence with a sing-along on the pipe organ and a comedy short. Old Town Music Hall, 140 Richmond St., El Segundo; Fri., Sept. 30, 8:15 p.m.; $10. (310) 322-2592, oldtownmusichall.org. There exists a sharp divide between Allen enthusiasts: those who believe that the first film in the series is the best, and those who are wrong. Which isn’t to say that Aliens, screening at the Nuart at midnight, isn’t the perfect organism of sci-fi action. Released seven years after the more horror-strengthened original, James Cameron’s sequel is a breathless cavalcade of terrifying set pieces and tension-breaking one-liners. Game over, man. Nuart Theatre, 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Sept. 30, 11:59 p.m.; $11. (310) 473-8530, landmarktheatres.com.

Saturday, Oct. 1

The transition from critic to screenwriter to director isn’t a common one. Even if it were, it’s hard to imagine many doing it better than Paul Schrader. The Aero celebrates the filmmaker all weekend long, including a 35mm double bill of Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters (which he co-wrote and directed) and The Last Temptation of Christ (which he wrote for Martin Scorsese). Schrader, whose Nicolas Cage–starring Dog Eat Dog premiered at Cannes earlier this year, will appear between films for a discussion. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sat., Oct. 1, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Whether or not Miss Peregrine’s Home for Peculiar Children is the return to form we’ve been hoping for from Tim Burton, we’ll always have Edward Scissorhands. Winona Ryder finally, rightfully being back in the spotlight thanks to Stranger Things makes this an especially fitting time to revisit what might be her greatest film — one of cinema’s most enchanting blends of whimsy and melancholy. Electric Dusk Drive-In, 2930 Fletcher Drive, Glassell Park; Thu., Oct. 5, 8:15 p.m.; $10. (310) 322-2592, oldtownmusichall.org. Beyond Fest, a two-week series celebrating genre fare old and new, presents a Lucio Fulci double feature: The Beyond and The Gates of Hell. These are two of the giallo maestro’s best-known exercises in gore, both of them concerning the apparently porous boundary between our world and the next. Fabio Frizzi will perform his score for The Beyond live, and Gates of Hell — which is also known as City of the Living Dead — screens on 35mm. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Sun., Oct. 2, 7:30 p.m.; $20 (general), $15 (senior). (323) 666-1992, oldtownmusichall.org. Tuesday, Oct. 4

It’s Shocktober at the New Beverly, which means that our most griddle-friendly repertory theatre is about to become even more so. Case in point: The Helter Skelter Murders and Abduction, two exploitation films tackling the Manson Family and Patty Hearst, respectively, in what can safely be assumed is the most lurid manner possible. New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Tue., Oct. 4, 7:30 p.m.; $8. (323) 938-4038, thenewbev. com. —Michael Nordine

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

Beyond Fest and the New Beverly’s Shocktober Friday, Sept. 30

Bela Lugosi’s dead, but his movies live on. The first of eight films pairing the actor with fellow horror icon Boris Karloff, 1941’s Frankenstein finds the two engaged in a naval battle with satanic undertones in a remote Hungarian mansion during the interwar period. Director Edgar G. Ulmer would later go on to make Detour, a classic of low-rent noir; most of his filmmography beyond these two genre standouts remains obscure. Like all Old Town Music Hall screenings, this one will commence with a sing-along on the pipe organ and a comedy short. Old Town Music Hall, 140 Richmond St., El Segundo; Fri., Sept. 30, 8:15 p.m.; $10. (310) 322-2592, oldtownmusichall.org.

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Sunday, Oct. 2

Not to be confused with the Norwegian black-metal band of the same name, Satyricon, a fabulistic portrayal of pre-Christian Rome whose bizarre excess inspires (and in some cases even surpasses) Caligula. Cinefamily Everywhere presents Fellini’s polarizing whatsthat at Barnsdall Art Park, complete with a wine tasting and “food orgy” (their phrasing, not ours). As such, the event is 21+ — we mustn’t emulate Roman opulence too closely, after all. Barnsdall Art Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., East Hollywood; Sun., Oct. 2, 5:30 p.m.; $25. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org.

Beyond Fest, a two-week series celebrating genre fare old and new, presents a Lucio Fulci double feature: The Beyond and The Gates of Hell. These are two of the giallo maestro’s best-known exercises in gore, both of them concerning the apparently porous boundary between our world and the next. Fabio Frizzi will perform his score for The Beyond live, and Gates of Hell — which is also known as City of the Living Dead — screens on 35mm. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Sun., Oct. 2, 7:30 p.m.; $20 (general), $45 (VIP). (323) 666-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

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A MAN CALLED OVE [EN MAN SOM HETER OVE] Talks about grumpy old men, learning to lighten up thanks to colorful neighbors are hardly novel. Yet A Man Called Ove (based on Fredrik Backman’s 2012 best-selling novel) works its well-worn conceit to heartfelt tug-of-ef- fect. Ove (Rolf Lassgard) is a “nit-picking obstructionist” widower who polices his tiny town like a tyrant and is desperate to kill himself so he can be reunited with his late, beloved wife, Sonja (Ida Engvoll). Those suicidal plans are constantly inter- rupted by his community’s residents, most notably a just-moved-in fellow of four led by Iranian-born Parvaneh (Bahar Pars), who shrugs off Ove’s nastiness with preternatural bigheartedness. As
MILTON’S SECRET

syrupy melodrama. (Nick Schager)

ance between barking-mad comedy and

Muslim boy’s coming out,

and Volvo cars) or Ove’s role in a young

experience. It’s never in doubt that the

casting his senior-citizen gruffness as

Sonja — alternately sorrowful and joyous

widowed father, and his marriage to

director Hannes Holm gives us lengthy

of a stilted faith-based drama if not

have been the New Age equivalent

Purpose

A New Earth: Awakening to Your Life’s

Now

Through Then, When, and the Power of

— hiding inside it in order to protect her “peculiars,” children

within which she can eternally relive the same day in 1943

— transforming into a falcon and creating loops in time,

those roles are also outstanding collaborations with their

Canadian nice: a gentle appeal to our

is infused with what Americans see as

emphasizes Sutherland’s hippie qualities

The

embodiment of sharp-tongued evil in The

Hunger Games, here he uses those dulcet
tones to soothe this anxious tween. (Bain

emphasizes Sutherland’s hippie qualities

with Donovan songs.) Milton’s Secret also

is infused with what Americans see as

Canadian; a nice appeal to our

better angels. Bain is better at portraying

Milton’s Secret more appealing to con-
cerned parents than the kids you might

hope will heed its message. (Serena

Donadoni)

MOMMY’S BOX

Judging by his fiction

debut, Mommy’s Box, co-writer/director/

star Johnny Greenlaw has some mighty
curious ideas about storytelling. Perhaps

it doesn’t matter that Greenlaw elides

the key moment Nick (Greenlaw) and

Joey’s (Bill Sondheim) mother dies. More

worrying is that he doesn’t even bother
to show us the moment the two brothers

reunite — after what appears to be a

long period of estrangement — as Nick

begrudgingly attends her funeral. This
tic of omission pops up throughout the

film. Perhaps Greenlaw thought he was

telling his story in an elliptical manner;

most of it, it just comes off as if he’s

afraid of dramatizing emotional high

points. Perhaps that, in addition to his

unmotivated use of jump cuts and double

exposures in montage sequences, is

Greenlaw’s way of shoehorning in mild

formal interest to what is ultimately a

pretty conventional tale of an estranged

son reckoning with his family’s troubled

past. But the film doesn’t even succeed

at telling that story, failing to specify what

it was about Nick’s mother (Gina Scarda)

that led him to cut ties with her before

her death (though hints are floated of a

bipolar disorder that possibly led to an

act of violence). In the end, Mommy’s

Box doesn’t add up to anything deeper

than a Hallmark Channel movie, with a

homeless street singer voicing the film’s

platitudinous moral: “You can’t fight life.

The harder you fight it, the harder it fights

you back.” (Kenji Fujishima)

MOMMY’S BOX: The Untold Story

The Untold Story is the rare documentary from

filmmakers who are not just capable but

also in love with their craft. It’s a wonder-

ment of photography, animation and

sound, and it’s a testament to its editors

that the many interviews with activists

and scientists are compelling and infor-

mative, sometimes even poetic. “This is

the variety that explains why ‘O’ is the

biggest section of the Boston phone

directory,” says one farmer about the

strain of potato brought over by starving

Irish immigrants. Seeds are tiny capsules

of potential life that, collected properly,

ensure we can eat year after year. But

many superior seed varieties are being

eliminated by chemical corporations like

Syngenta, Bayer and Monsanto, which

employ underhanded tactics to spread

and protect their patented hybrids (and

profits). The film’s science is occasionally

tenuous: There’s not enough evidence to

assess claims that allergens and cancers

are caused by those companies’ prod-

ucts. But that’s on them, too, considering

how they quash the studies that would

shed some light. Directors Taggart Siegel

and Jon Betz, in their third film on food

and ecology, demonstrate how scientists,

farmers, seed geeks, Native Americans

and others protect biodiversity and

global livelihoods against the ravages

of climate change and capitalism by

saving and swapping rare and essential

seeds. But capitalism may help them,

as long as consumers pay attention to

well-researched works like this and limit

their gardens and dinner tables to plants

grown from non-agribusiness-tainted,

local or organic — and sometimes

downright gorgeous — seeds. (Daphne

Howland)
**NEW COLORS**

With their third album, *Heads Up*, Warpaint continue to evolve almost as rapidly as the L.A. neighborhoods where they got their start.

**BY LIZ OHANESIAN**

Warpaint billboards are popping up on Sunset Boulevard. There’s one near that spinning podiatrist clinic sign that greets drivers with either a smiling or a frowning foot, known locally as “Happy Foot/Sad Foot.” (“It’s amazing that everyone knows what it means,” says bassist Jenny Lee Lindberg.) Others dot the route along the eastern stretch of Sunset throughout Silver Lake and Echo Park.

“It was quite a treat,” drummer Stella Mozgawa says of the sight. Guitarist Emily Kokal admits that, when she saw herself and her bandmates on a billboard, she remarked to her boyfriend, “This is making me uncomfortable.”

Guitarist Theresa Wayman managed to miss the advertisements for the band’s new album, *Heads Up*, while heading from Angeleno Heights to Silver Lake to meet L.A. Weekly. Lindberg hasn’t seen the billboards either, but when she and Wayman hear they’re up, both respond with an enthusiastic, “Yes!”

Album-release billboards in this part of town are nearly as commonplace as those for superhero movies. It’s not that weird, then, for Warpaint to stand tall over traffic. It is, however, poignant. The four members of this rock band are not L.A. natives, but this is the city where they came together and made their mark.

Lindberg, who grew up in Nevada, moved to Los Angeles in 1999. Kokal and Wayman, friends since they attended middle school together in Oregon, made their first stop in L.A. around the same time, and were on-again, off-again residents until Warpaint formed in 2004. They worked with several different drummers until Mozgawa came into the fold in late 2009. Originally from Sydney, Australia, Mozgawa moved to Los Angeles about eight years ago to work with Flea; she met Kokal at a Metallica show benefitting the Silverlake Conservatory of Music.

When Warpaint were offered a deal with Rough Trade (the label responsible for all those billboards) to make their debut album, Lindberg called Mozgawa to ask if she would be their permanent drummer. Mozgawa was on tour with another band but wanted something where she was more than a “hired hand.” She said yes.

Before Mozgawa joined, Warpaint went through every L.A. band’s rite of passage: a Monday night residency in 2008 at the Satellite, then still known as Space Land, about a block from the sidewalk café where the four women now sit with Lindberg’s 2-year-old labradoodle, Ludo. The burnt-out “Dreams” sign at the top of the building is a rare relic of the time when Silver Lake was known more for dirty rock clubs than high-end coffee, and it gets the band reminiscing about the old days, when they had a practice space by the Echoplex and went to rooftop parties to watch other bands play. Wayman once thought of opening a café on Glendale Boulevard near the Sunset Boulevard overpass but changed her mind. “In 2010, people were afraid that there wouldn’t be enough foot traffic.”

“He Highland Park is the quickest gentrification I’ve ever seen,” says Mozgawa, who lived there for a year before moving to Beachwood Canyon. The changes make her think of the computer game Sim City. “We go on tour and we’re away for a month or two at a time and you come home and the landscape has changed. It almost feels as effortless and sometimes even [as] ill-considered as a video game.”

Los Angeles is in transition, and so are Warpaint — though their evolution should cause less controversy. The changes are most audible in the lead single from *Heads Up*, “New Song.” It’s a dance-rock jam at 120 beats per minute — as solid a beat for the indie rockers as it is for the house kids — with easy-to-memory lyrics and a happy earworm of a melody. For a band that usually give even their groovy tracks, like “Disco/Very,” a dirgelike vibe, it’s a striking departure.

**THEY BEGAN RECORDING HEADS UP THE DAY AFTER DAVID BOWIE DIED.**

Lindberg wrote the instrumentation for the song. The band tried to flesh it out together, but it wasn’t clicking. After setting it aside for a year, they put it in the pool of songs that could end up on the new album, but they weren’t seriously considering it until co-producer Jacob Bercovici (who previously worked with the band on their 2008 debut EP, *Exquisite Corpse*) said they had something good.

“New Song” is the most straightforward pop song on *Heads Up*, but the rest of the 11-song collection shows a band moving forward in other, less obvious ways. The title track, for example, starts off like a lost outtake from the score for *Twin Peaks*, then moves into a strange and beautiful combination of ‘80s-evoking guitars and Fleetwood Mac-style harmonies. On paper, it sounds like a hodgepodge, but everything works.

For *Heads Up*, Warpaint took an unconventional approach. They worked on their own or in two-person teams to start the writing and recording process in their respective home studios, cutting demos with Ableton and Logic. After the lengthy process of recording their 2014 self-titled album, and the tour that followed, the time off from the full band was a welcome change of pace.

“It can feel stifling sometimes … [but] we’ve learned how to deal with that,” Wayman says of band life. “We’re getting better and better at saying what’s going on with us in a moment, as opposed to shoving things under the rug and not saying anything until we explode.”

Working separately became an empowering experience, too. “I worked out some of my stuff so that I could be a contributor without having to meet everybody in the room together,” Kokal says. “That was really satisfying for me. I didn’t feel like I was dragging behind.”

They began recording *Heads Up* in their downtown rehearsal space the day after David Bowie died, until the bleed from the other artists in the building became too much to handle. They laugh as they recall the bass-heavy dup tracks that filtered into the room while they attempted to record quiet harmony vocals. “We would have loved to have done the whole thing in our space,” Mozgawa says.

“That would have felt a little bit more romantic. But I think technically it wasn’t really possible toward the end.”

Instead, they retreated to a friend’s place in Mar Vista and finished recording there. They were in the process of mixing the album when Prince died. It was, altogether, a few months of labor-intensive work, borked by the loss of two major music icons.

The lag between making the album and releasing it hasn’t been long. In fact, the songs are still so new that, at the time of this interview, they had only played “Whitewout” and “New Song” live. In the days before they head out on tour, Warpaint were learning how to make an album that was made in pieces come together onstage.

But it’s a good challenge, says Wayman, returning to a recurring theme as they discuss *Heads Up*: “We’re having to stretch ourselves.”
If the Afro-futurist science fiction author Octavia Butler was correct that “God is change,” clipping. are eligible for special communion. In the 26 months since the experimental rap trio released their debut on hallowed Seattle indie label Sub Pop, their lives have been in constant flux. One producer, William Hutson, finished a Ph.D. in theater and performance studies with a dissertation on experimental music. The group’s other sound designer, Jonathan Snipes, composed scores for a half-dozen films. And unless you’ve been stranded on an intergalactic space rocket, you’ve probably heard of the hit Broadway musical Hamilton, which until recently starred clipping. rapper Daveed Diggs as the Marquis de Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson. He won a Grammy and a Tony and became a highly sought-after actor, who has since appeared in The Get Down and black-ish.

“We just performed at the San Francisco Electronic Music Festival in front of a bunch of huge Hamilton fans. It’s usually a seriously pretty quiet crowd, but all these kids got super turnt up,” recalls Diggs, who estimates that he’s had just four days off since his Hamilton stint ended in July. “A bunch of the kids’ parents were there, thanking us for the inspiration. There I am shouting bondage rap at kids and their parents are like, ‘That’s art!’”

With this expanded fan base, the most lucrative move would have been to temper their most avant-garde impulses and use their Hamilton cachet to recruit big-name guests. But that isn’t and never will be clipping., one of rap’s most cerebral outfits, as fluent in deconstructing Derrida as they are Mac Dre. The result is the brilliant, labyrinthine Splendor and Misery, a self-described “Afro-futurist, dystopian concept album that follows the sole survivor of a slave uprising on an interstellar cargo ship, and the onboard computer that falls in love with him.”

With Splendor and Misery, clipping. may be the first rap group to claim equal influence from Octavia Butler and Dr. Octagon. Released earlier this month on Sub Pop and Deathbomb Arc, it’s somewhere between Samuel R. Delany and Deltron 3030. Diggs flips the Jay Z phrase “all black everything” to describe the abyss of space. He tweaks a classic UGK hook into a “pocket full of stars.” Snipes and Hutson invoke a paranoid lunar drift with ingenuity.

“We would have really specific practical ideas like, ‘OK, this beat takes place in a spaceship where artificial gravity has been turned off and tools and screws are bouncing around and hitting things,’” Snipes says. “We’d make that beat 12 minutes long and give it to Daveed.”

“Obviously we couldn’t make field recordings in space and there’s no sound in space, so we had to fake field recordings from inside of the spaceship,” Hutson adds. “It was a matter of figuring out how to re-create oxygen being pumped to his suit, doing a spacewalk on the outside of the ship and debris hitting his helmet.”

Depending on whom you ask, the narrative varies slightly. What’s agreed upon is the underlying refutation of H.P. Lovecraft’s concept of cosmic insignificance. In short, Lovecraft’s fear of the unknown was fueled by terror of learning that he (a straight white male in 20th-century America) was not the center of the universe. By contrast, Afro-futurism and this album posit a theory of optimism rooted in the belief that almost anywhere else must be better than this oppressive and often racist world.

“You just have to make the art that you love and assume that if there is an audience for it, they’re going to find it and get it,” Diggs says. “That’s the thing that Hamilton did really well — you don’t have to dumb things down for your audience.”

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
THE PUSSY GENERATION

Last April, in Esquire magazine, actor-director Clint Eastwood spoke about Republican candidate Donald Trump, in what sounded to me like the follow-up to his pathetic routine with the chair at the RNC in 2012. He said, in part:

“He’s said a lot of dumb things. So have all of them. Both sides. But... everybody’s going, ‘Oh, well, that’s racist,’ and they’re making a big hoodie out of it. Just fucking get over it. It’s a sad time in history.”

What’s the sad part? That someone running for president says really stupid, divisive things at almost every turn? Or that some people find what Trump says offensive?

Eastwood clarified his opinion on this time of historical sadness with the following:

“(S)ecretly everybody’s getting tired of political correctness, kissing up. That’s the kiss-ass generation we’re in right now. We’re really in a pussy generation. Everybody’s walking on eggshells. We see people accusing people of being racist and all kinds of stuff. When I grew up, those things weren’t called racist.”

“I don’t think people are walking on eggshells. I think some people are just gross, and often what they say will be considered by many to be offensive. The idea that “everybody” is holding back what’s really on their minds is laughable.

It could be that millions of people are just disgusted and exhausted with how low the bar has been set for discourse in USA. Wanting to raise said bar is a bad thing? If we lower it just a little more, back to when our leaders are laughable?

Exactly what its title implies – this is a raucous collection of shout-along punk rock anthems anchored by frontman James Alex’s trademark heart-on-sleeve lyricism.

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Eastwood clarified his opinion on this time of historical sadness with the following:

“(S)ecretly everybody’s getting tired of political correctness, kissing up. That’s the kiss-ass generation we’re in right now. We’re really in a pussy generation. Everybody’s walking on eggshells. We see people accusing people of being racist and all kinds of stuff. When I grew up, those things weren’t called racist.”

“I don’t think people are walking on eggshells. I think some people are just gross, and often what they say will be considered by many to be offensive. The idea that “everybody” is holding back what’s really on their minds is laughable.

It could be that millions of people are just disgusted and exhausted with how low the bar has been set for discourse in USA. Wanting to raise said bar is a bad thing? If we lower it just a little more, back to when our leaders are laughable?

Exactly what its title implies – this is a raucous collection of shout-along punk rock anthems anchored by frontman James Alex’s trademark heart-on-sleeve lyricism.

THE PUSSY GENERATION

Last April, in Esquire magazine, actor-director Clint Eastwood spoke about Republican candidate Donald Trump, in what sounded to me like the follow-up to his pathetic routine with the chair at the RNC in 2012. He said, in part:

“He’s said a lot of dumb things. So have all of them. Both sides. But... everybody’s going, ‘Oh, well, that’s racist,’ and they’re making a big hoodie out of it. Just fucking get over it. It’s a sad time in history.”

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Exactly what its title implies – this is a raucous collection of shout-along punk rock anthems anchored by frontman James Alex’s trademark heart-on-sleeve lyricism.
new music on more recent albums such as Bunnymen, continue to make evocative spiky, atmospheric guitar. McCulloch propelled by Ian McCulloch’s melodramatic goth and New Romantic sounds of the era, their own unique take on the post-punk, perhaps their greatest track, “The Kill” — their 1984 masterpiece.

On earlier albums such as punks than their best-known stateside hit. much more to the venerable U.K. post-punk movement, which she’s done to startling effect in the controversial 1922 pseudo-documentary Retribution, for a more personal and direct approach. Pearl Charles is a former member of The Driftwood Singers and The Blank Tapes, but she is a more fully evolved and experienced live, breathing new life into their classic 80s material with an able group of supporting players. —Andy Hermann

Dublab 17th Anniversary @ UNION NIGHTCLUB Online radio broadcaster and culture nexus Dublab’s anniversary/birthday seems to top itself for both substance and spectacle each year. (Full disclosure: I, like many other L.A. Weekly contributors past and present, have a Dublab show.) Grown in 1999 by a group of USC students and DJs — into a powerhouse international force for unfiltered musical expression, the currently robustified Dublab uses dozens of daily DJs to broadcast beautiful and iconoclastic music to fans across the world. This blowout is a complete takeover of the historic Union (formerly Jewel’s Catch One) building, headlined by L.A. titans Egyptian Lover and Stones Throw Titan Egyptian Lover and Stones Throw founder Peanut Butter Wolf, with support from a who’s-who crew of Dublabian DJs, including the Mas Exutos selectors, Mama bear, Aaron Paar & Danny Holloway, and many more. —Chris Ziegler

Tanya Tagaq @ ZIPPER HALL Singer Tanya Tagaq comes from the Nunavut autonomous region in Northern Canada, about 300 miles from the North Pole. While she makes a roots-based music that extends the technique of Inuit “throat singing,” a tradition usually pairing two women in a singing game that simulates the sounds of nature, Tagaq is not as interested in preserving tradition as she is in hurling it into entirely new directions, an exhilarating, deeply unsettling response to a violence-scarred world. As part of the Broad’s Tip of Her Tongue feminist performance series, tonight Tagaq provides musical accompaniment to a screening of the controversial 1922 pseudo-documentary Nanook of the North. —John Payne

Pharoah Sanders Quartet, Gurrisonic Orchestra @ FORD AMPHITHEATRE When the late, great bassist Charlie Haden was asked about smooth jazz, he replied, “I play rough jazz.” Jazz gets the rough treatment every fall, when local and international avant-jazz artists converge on Los Angeles for the Angel City Jazz Festival. The festival’s marquee event at the Ford features saxophonist Pharoah Sanders, who played with Coltrane and helped to draw him into unexplored sonic regions of time and space. Sanders is joined by drummer Marvin “Smitty” Smith, pianist William Henderson and bassist Mike Gurrola. Gurrola, by last name alone, would be a good fit for José “Gurri” Gurria and his Gurrisonic Orchestra, an ambitious, super-sized ensemble that reflects its leader’s joyful, maniacal genius. They will premiere a work commissioned by the Los Angeles Jazz Society, with special guests guitarist Tom McNally, clarinetist Don Byron and Quetzal singer Martha Gonzalez. —Gary Fukushima

Conor Oberst, Pearl Charles @ GLASS HOUSE Like his hero Neil Young, Conor Oberst performs in various configurations, both solo and with such bands as Bright Eyes, Desaparecidos and Conor Oberst & the Mystic Valley Band. After spending much of the past winter holed up alone in his hometown of Omaha, Nebraska, it’s not surprising that his upcoming new album, Ruminations, is a stark solo collection of intimate piano ballads with such enigmatic titles as “Tachycardia,” “The Rain Follows the Plow” and “Till St. Dymphna Kicks Us Out.” It’s a deeper and more introspective glimpse of the songwriter, as he sheds the full-band backing of his previous solo record, Upside Down Mountain, for a more personal and direct approach. Pearl Charles is a former member of The Driftwood Singers and The Blank Tapes, but she is a more fully evolved and soulfully rootsy singer when leading her own band. —Falling James

Echo & the Bunnymen @ THEATRE AT ACE HOTEL You can’t go to an ’80s night without hearing “Lips Like Sugar,” the gushingly romantic anthem from Echo & the Bunnymen’s self-titled 1987 album. But there’s much more to the venerable U.K. post-punks than their best-known stateside hit. On earlier albums such as Porcupine and their 1984 masterpiece Ocean Rain (featuring perhaps their greatest track, “The Killing Moon”), the Liverpool quartet created their own unique take on the post-punk, goth and New Romantic sounds of the era, propelled by Ian McCulloch’s melodramatically yearning vocals and Will Sergeant’s spiky, atmospheric guitar. McCulloch and Sergeant, the only remaining original Bunnymen, continue to make evocative new music on more recent albums such as 2014’s Meteorites, but they’re best experienced live, breathing new life into their classic 80s material with an able group of supporting players. —Andy Hermann

Angela McCluskey, Wild Colonials @ THE TROUBADOUR Since she ditched L.A. for NYC, we don’t get many chances to see Scottish singer Angela McCluskey, but here’s a double dose of her bewitching music. For the first time in many years, she’s reassembled Wild Colonials, a band with strong local ties, who were a mainstay at the old Largo on Tuesday nights. With McCluskey’s heartache-y, lusty vocals and her husband, Paul Cantelon, on violin and piano, Wild Colonials created a folky, Celtic-rock hotpot, not to mention produced loads of searingly gorgeous film music. McCluskey’s a singer with the pipes to cover Billie Holiday — her version of “Don’t Explain” will tear your heart out. For this rare L.A. show, she’ll also perform material from her jazzy new solo album, The Roxy Sessions. —Libby Molyneaux

Regina Spektor @ EL REY THEATRE Regina Spektor can do more with her voice and piano than most singer-songwriters can manage with full instrumentation and lavish production. That’s not to say the New York vocalist’s arrangements are stripped down on her latest album, Remember Us to Life, which features varied musical settings by producer Leo Abrahams. It’s just that Spektor’s songs need little more than her sophisticated melodies and playfully inventive lyrics to communicate romantic emotions so skillfully. “I’m chasing a story I heard when I was here last, at the back of the class,” she declares on the opening track, “Bleeding Heart.” Spektor could be describing the passionate intensity of her own music, a romantic anthem from Echo & the Bunnymen’s self-titled 1987 album. But there’s much more to the venerable U.K. post-punk movement, which she’s done to startling effect in the controversial 1922 pseudo-documentary Retribution, for a more personal and direct approach. Pearl Charles is a former member of The Driftwood Singers and The Blank Tapes, but she is a more fully evolved and soulfully rootsy singer when leading her own band. —Falling James
Nena
@ REGENT THEATER
For children of the ‘80s, the name Nena elicits immediate song recognition: “99 Luftballons.” It’s the rare German-language song to get radio spins (although you probably also know the English-language version, “99 Red Balloons”), a song so popular in its time that one would assume she had already toured the United States many times. But 33 years later, this is the new waver’s first statewide tour. Don’t go for the nostalgia alone. Nena has had a long career and her most recent album, 2015’s Oldschool, is top-notch. The title track lives up to its name with its metronomic beat and computer-blip flourishes. Throughout the jam-heavy, 17-track album, she mixes up club-friendly synth-pop (“Mach Doch Was Ich Will”) with infectious pop-rock (“Berufsjugendlich”) and melancholy beats (“Peter Pan”). Give it a listen before you see Nena live. —Liz Ohanesian

Chvrches, Best Coast
@ HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY
This double bill is an interesting combination of contrasting approaches to pop songwriting. Scottish trio Chvrches rely on a heavily mechanized dance-pop sound that’s brightened by Lauren Mayberry’s buoyantly cheery vocals. Bandmates Martin Doherty and Iain Cook pump out a shiny backing of dual synthesizers that blends ‘80s new-wave melodies with more modern dance grooves. What separates Chvrches from other synth-pop acts is Mayberry’s vocals, which are so appealingly winsome that they transcend the sometimes-fuzzy arrangements. The ballad “Afterglow” suggests that the group can still be successful with a more organic approach. Best Coast prefer to rely on a more traditional mix of Bobb Bruno’s electric guitar and Bethany Cosentino’s garage-pop vocals to deliver their sunny summer anthems, but it will be interesting to see how their effusive tunes translate at night in a graveyard. Also Tuesday, Oct. 4. —Falling James

Ani DiFranco
@ ORPHEUM THEATRE
Ani DiFranco remains a positive inspiration to her ardent longtime fans not just through her heartrending nimble guitar style and her sinuous, folksy vocals but also via her forthright, extensive activism in support of the environment, gay rights, feminist principles and ongoing antiwar protests. The Buffalo, New York, native is deeply invested in the upcoming presidential election, having collaborated earlier this year with Rage Against the Machine’s Tom Morello on a pointed cover of Woody Guthrie’s “Old Man Trump.” Onstage, she’s an engaging and talkative muse, deflecting potential accusations of being preachy by delivering her uplifting exhortations with slyly knowing wit and free-flowing, improvisational spontaneity. She enlivens new, unreleased songs such as “Play God” with unusual, lilting upstrokes on her acoustic guitar. —Falling James

Gojira, Tesseract
@ THE WILTERN
France is hardly synonymous with heavy metal, but Gojira’s heroic mastery of the genre’s elusive, unholy trilogy — simultaneous power, groove and (relative) melody — could make them a Gallic Metallica for whom the Wiltern will one day be an “intimate performance.” However menacing and militaristic the riffs and rhythms get on sixth studio album Magma, released in June, the quartet doesn’t shy away from atmospheric, almost incanted vocals, exotic instrumental excursions and washes of (seriously) Cure-y guitars. Defying a serial singer issue (Daniel Tompkins, the band’s third frontman, recently returned to replace their fifth frontman), England’s Tesseract have produced a trio of bewilderingly accomplished yet still artsy and soulful prog-metal collections. Fourteen-minute trilogy “Of Matter,” from 2013’s Altered State, alone would be well worth showing up early for. —Paul Rogers
OUT ON THE TOWN.

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ARTISTS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK

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Fuzzy Bloodbath, Friendship Commanders, Thu., Oct. 6, 7 p.m., $30.
Neverland Ranch Davidians, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $10.
Love Ghost, Lexie Rose, Cassette Culture, Detoure, Sun., Oct. 2, 3 p.m., $8.
Harlan Hodges & Translation, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.
Singers, Whispertown, Mon., Oct. 3, 8:30 p.m., $15.

THE BACK ROOM AT HENRY’S:
21601 Sherman Way, Canoga Park. The Back Room Trio, first Saturday of every month, 7:30 p.m., $5.

BEYOND BAROQUE LITERARY ARTS CENTER:
681 Venice Blvd., Venice, Baggage, Rick Lawdale, Sun., Oct. 2, 2 p.m., $5.

BOOTLEG THEATER:
2200 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. MC Chris, MC Lars, Mega Ran, Fri., Sept. 30, 8:30 p.m., $17.
Rocky Votolato, Chris Stapleton, Angelino De Augustine, Sat., Oct. 1, 8:30 p.m., $17.
Erika Wennerstrom, Petter Ericson Stakee, Sun., Oct. 2, 8:30 p.m., $15.
Mick Jenkins, Smino, Tue., Oct. 4, 8 p.m., $10.

CAFÉ NELA:

CANYON CLUB:
29912 Roadside Drive, Agoura Hills. Dweezil Zappa, Fri., Sept. 30, 9 p.m., $59-79.
Buckcherry, Hoobastank, Sat., Oct. 1, 9 p.m., $38-56.

THE CACHO HOUSE:
32157 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano. Eric Sardinas, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $10.
Shooter Jennings, Sun., Oct. 2, 7 p.m., TBA.

CODY’S VIVA CANTINA:
900 Riverside Drive, Burbank. The Woody James Big Band, Fridays, 1-3 p.m, free.
Los Dos, Fri., Sept. 30, 5-8 p.m., $10. Rocky Votolato, Chris Stapleton, Angelino De Augustine, Sat., Oct. 1, 8:30 p.m., $17.

THE DODGERS BAR:
6617 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. One Way Ticket, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $12.
The Summons, Thu., Oct. 6, 7:30 p.m., $10.

THE EAGLE ROCK GOSPEL CLUB:
Oyster Children, Hammered Satin (all ages, Sat., Oct. 1, 1 p.m., $8)

EL CID:
Magic Bronson, Grill, Ramonda Hammer, Sat., Oct. 1, 7:30 p.m., $5.
The Tikiyaki Orchestra, Sun., Oct. 2, 8:30 p.m., $10.
Open Mic, Mondays, 8 p.m., $5.
Reggie Watts & Karen, Tue., Oct. 4, 10 p.m., $10.
Short Film Night, Wed., Oct. 5, 9 p.m., $5.
Dj Tranquero, Ian Micael Weigert, Adrian & Meredith, Thu., Oct. 6, 8 p.m., $7.

THE FEDERAL BAR:
102 Pine Ave., Long Beach. The Eagle Rock Gospel Singers, Whispertown, Miwi Lupe, Tue., Oct. 4, 9-8:30 p.m., TBA.

THE GLASS HOUSE:
Cymbals Eat Guitars, Field Mouse, Wildhorn, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $12.
Children, Gloomies, The Big Nothing, Sat., Oct. 1, 10 p.m., free.
Conor Oberst, Pearl Charles, Sun., Oct. 2, 8 p.m., $30 (see music Pick). Failure, Wed., Oct. 5, 8 p.m., $30.
Cute Is What We Aim For, Thu., Oct. 6, 7-30 p.m., $18.

HARVARD & STONE:
2211 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Johnny Travis Jr. & The Delta Dawns, Sundays, 8 p.m., free.
The Magnificent, Electric Mind Machine, Thu., Oct. 6, 9 p.m., free.

THE HI HAT:
9043 York Blvd., Highland Park, TV Girl, Avid Dancer, Bad Wave, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $10.
Love Ghost, Lexie Rose, Cassette Culture, Detoure, Sun., Oct. 2, 3 p.m., $8.

THE HOOD BAR & PIZZA:

THE HOTEL CAFE:
1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Jon Brion, Last Friday of every month, 9:30 p.m., $15.
Extra Spooky, Moondreamzzz, The Habits, Test, Tue., Oct. 4, 8 p.m., $7.
Quon, Dimber, Wolf Woodcock, Wed., Oct. 5, 8 p.m., free.
Ulysses S. Grant, Adam Levy, Dear Lemon Trees, Thu., Oct. 6, 8 p.m., $8.

HYPERION TAVERN:
3110 Broadway, Los Angeles. Fans of Amanda Palmer, Sundays, 5 p.m., $10.

THE HI HAT:
9043 York Blvd., Highland Park, TV Girl, Avid Dancer, Bad Wave, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $10.

THE INNOCENTS:
5221 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Johnny Travis Jr. & The Delta Dawns, Sundays, 8 p.m., free.
The Magnificent, Electric Mind Machine, Thu., Oct. 6, 9 p.m., free.

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Sara Petite & the Sugar Daddies, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., $25. The Shadow Mountain Band, plus The Mutants (not the S.F. band) with Don Goss, Sean Wheeler, Sat., Oct. 1, 9:30 p.m., $10. The Sunday Band, Sundays, 7-30 p.m., free. Open Mic, Mondays, 7 p.m., free. Spain, Thu., Oct. 6, 8 p.m., free.

**The REDWOOD BAR & GRILL** 316 W. Second St., Los Angeles. Tunkoch Techno, Stupid Damkins, Undercover Monsters, Pussy Cow, Honor Squad, Fri., Sept. 30, 9 p.m., TBA.


**SASSAFRAS SALON** 1253 Vine St., Los Angeles. The Rumpmiller Organ Trio, Mondays, 9 p.m., free.


**TAI FRENCH RESTAURANT** 1911 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Nigel Walsh, The Danger Band, Fri., Sept. 30, 10:30 p.m., free.


**THE UNDERGROUND DTSA** 220 E. Third St., Santa Ana. Agent Orange, DJ, Knocked Out Cold, Fri., Sept. 30, 9 p.m.

**UNION NIGHTCLUB** 4067 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Clock DWA, The Foreign Resort, Nite, Fri., Sept. 30, 9 p.m., $20-$30. Show Me the Money, Blacklace, Girl Pusher, Sun., Oct. 2, 8 p.m., $13. Naoma Watanabe, DJ Eque, Tue., Oct. 4, 8 p.m., $15. Twizzt, Mac Lethal, Zodiac MFhint, Lex the Hex Master, Menace 2 Sobriety, Gooz of Kaos, Thu., Oct. 6, 7:30 p.m., $20; Deathhammer, Sakrificer, Old Cow, Crenary Stench, Thu., Oct. 6, 8 p.m., $25.

**THE VIPEER ROOM** 8852 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. The Hillgrounds, Smoky Knights, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., TBA. Anahita Skye, Mon., Oct. 3, 9 p.m.

**WHISKY A GO-GO** 8909 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Stephen Pearcy, Fri., Sept. 30, 7 p.m., TBA. London, Wed., Oct. 5, 10 p.m., TBA. Riki Rachman’s Cathouse Anniversary, with bands TBA, Thu., Oct. 6, 8 p.m., TBA.
Saturday of every month, 9 p.m.

**LOS GLOBOS**: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Club 90s, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, 1 p.m. Silent Party, Sun., Oct. 2, 9 p.m.

**THE REGENCY THEATER**: 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles. G Jones, Tsunoda, Huxley Anne, Eastghost, Sayer, Sat., Oct. 1, 9 p.m., $20; Bootie L.A., 21 & over, Every other Saturday, 9 p.m., $15.

**SHORT STOP**: 1455 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Super Soul Sundays, 21 & over, Sundays, 10 p.m., free. Motown on Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m., free.


**TERAGRAM BALLROOM**: 1234 W. 7th St., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m. 

**TOKYO/**: 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Planet Rock, with DJ Chuck Wild & Canyon Cody. flippin hip-hop, funk, Latin, reggae, disco and house, Saturdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. free. Be Kind & Rewind L.A, first Tuesday of every month, 9 p.m. free.

**ZANZIBAR**: 1301 Fifth St., Santa Monica. Seductive Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., TBA. Soundstage, Sundays, TBA.

**THE STUDY HOLLYWOOD**: 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m. 
**THE CINEMA BAR**: 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Club 90s, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, 1 p.m. Silent Party, Sun., Oct. 2, 9 p.m.


**JOE'S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL**: 4311 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Bar Sinister, Hollywood's dark-wave bastion and goth fashion & great music, “with resident DJs, 18 & over, Wednesdays, 8 p.m., $10. Mondays, 8 p.m., $3-$7. Club Moscow, an indie-pop & goth fashion & great music, “with resident DJs, 18 & over, Where it's always the 1980s, a decade of “bad wave, 21 & over, Fridays, 9 p.m., $8. Boombox, first Tuesday of every month, 9 p.m., free.

**SUNLIGHT**: 943 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Low Country Sundays, 21 & over, Sundays, 10 p.m., free.

**THE ECHOPLEX**: 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m. 
**THE WILDERNIGHT**: 4311 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. DJ Soft Touch and others, 21 & over, Saturdays, 10 p.m., $34.50-$54.50. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE REGENT THEATER**: 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m. 

**TERAGRAM BALLROOM**: 1234 W. 7th St., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m.
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HEA
Orchestra conducted by Tiberiu Soare, Sat., Oct. 8, 7:30 p.m., $30 & up. The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center.

BAKERMAT, SAM FELD: Sat., Oct. 8, 9 p.m., TBA. The Resident

CHARLES BRADLEY & HIS EXTRAORDINARIES: With The Budos Band, Fri., Oct. 7, 8 p.m., $25. The Observatory.


DONOVAN: Sat., Oct. 8, 7 p.m., $38-$58. Saban Theatre.

FAILURE: Fri., Oct. 7, 7 p.m., TBA. The Roxy.

FESTIVAL OF PRAISE: Sat., Oct. 8, 8 p.m., $41-$25. $76.25. Pantages Theatre.

GROOVIN’ ON SUNDAY: Sat., Oct. 8, 7 p.m., $30-$50. The Observatory.


GROUPLOVE: Sat., Oct. 8, 7 p.m., TBA. The Greek Theatre.


YUSUF/CAT STEVENS: Fri., Oct. 7, 8 p.m., TBA. The Greek Theatre.

THE ICELAND CONCERT: Overtone Industries presents composers O-Lan Jones and Emmett Tinley’s new opera, which features vocalist Cesili Williams, 10-piece chamber ensemble, a 12-member choir and choreography by Ken Roht, Fri., Oct. 7, 8:30 p.m., $30-$565. John Anson Ford Amphitheatre.

JAZZ 100: Sat., Oct. 8, 8 p.m., $30-$50. Golden Eagle Theatre, CSUN, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge.

THE KRONOS QUARTET: Fri., Oct. 7, 8 p.m., $29-$59. UCLA, Royce Hall.

LA PHILHARMONIC: Members of the orchestra’s string section assemble Beethoven’s String Trio No. 1 in E-flat, Op. 3; and String Quartet No. 12 in E-flat, Op. 127, Tue., Oct. 4, 8 p.m., TBA. Gustavo Dudamel conducts Beethoven’s Corinian Overture and the local premiere of John Adams’ string-piece Absolute Jest, which features St. Lawrence String Quartet. Then pianist Yefim Bronfman invokes Beethoven’s Piano Concerto No. 4, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., Sun., Oct. 2, 2 p.m., TBA. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

LINDA PERLMAN: Fri., Oct. 7, 8 p.m., TBA. The Geffen.

LONG BEACH SYMPHONY: Tyuka player Doug Tomquist pumps up Vaughn Williams’ Tuba Concerto, and Benjamin Rousse conducts Tschaikovsky’s Romeo & Juliet Overture and Prokofiev’s Symphony No. 5 in B-flat major, Sat., Oct. 1, 8 p.m., TBA. Long Beach Terrace Theater, 300 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach.


NOON TO MIDNIGHT: L.A. Phil’s Green Umbrella series of adventurous new-music concerts gets off to a grand start with a daylong marathon of performances that take place in and around the concert hall, including in the garden and on the lobby’s escalators. The lineup includes Lucky Dragons, WildUp, L.A. Percussion Quartet, Gnarwhallaby, Chris Kallmyer, St. Lawrence String Quartet, conductor John Adams, The L.A. Phil Bass Quintet, and musicians from Overtone Industries’ La L.A. Overtone’s string section assemble Beethoven’s String Trio No. 1 in E-flat, Op. 3; and String Quartet No. 12 in E-flat, Op. 127, Tue., Oct. 4, 8 p.m., TBA. Gustavo Dudamel conducts Beethoven’s Corinian Overture and the local premiere of John Adams’ string-piece Absolute Jest, which features St. Lawrence String Quartet. Then pianist Yefim Bronfman invokes Beethoven’s Piano Concerto No. 4, Fri., Sept. 30, 8 p.m., Sun., Oct. 2, 2 p.m., TBA. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.


PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA: Esa-Pekka Salonen leads the London-based group through the byways of Beethoven’s Third Symphony and Sibelius’ Fifth Symphony, Wed., Oct. 5, 8 p.m., $35-$485. Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY PHILHARMONIC: Violist Aaron Oltman recalls Martinu in a program that also includes works by Rossini and Brahms, Sat., Oct. 1, noon, $15-$58. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.


TIANSHU WANG: The pianist performs a program TBA, Sun., Oct. 2, 7:30 p.m., $15. Cal State Northridge, CSUN, 18111 Northoff St., Northridge.

—Falling James

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