BATTLE OF THE TRIBUTE BANDS

Southern California is the most competitive market in the world for tribute bands. But how many imitation Led Zeppelins does one city really need?

By Andy Hermann
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EAT & DRINK...15
Red Herring aims to perfect the neighborhood restaurant in Northeast L.A. BY BESHA RODELL

GO LA...19
A Tiny House workshop, a Chinese New Year parade, a Super Bowl viewing party with Doug Benson and more to do and see in L.A. this week.

CULTURE...25
A new exhibit at the Chinese American Museum details the history of L.A.'s glossed-over Asian-American Movement. BY LILIAN MIN. In ART PICKS, an apocalypse plays out across gray-green linoleum, and two longtime eco-artists have a comprehensive show in Hollywood. In STAGE, August Wilson’s King Hedley II gets an impressive remount in WeHo and a one-man show takes on neurology.

FILM...31
ALAN SCHERSTUHL reviews Robert De Niro as The Comedian, and SERENA DONADONI reviews Ibsen update The Daughter, plus timely docs Oklahoma City and other movies OPENING THIS WEEK, and YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST.

MUSIC...37
CHRIS KISSEL meets the mysterious creator of the legendary East Side Story lowrider R&B compilations, and JEFF WEISS explains how Jaime Wyatt is putting the “outlaw” back in outlaw country. PLUS: HENRY ROLLINS: THE COLUMNI, listings for ROCK & POP, JAZZ & CLASSICAL and more.

ADVERTISING
CLASSIFIED...52
EMPLOYMENT...53
REAL ESTATE/RENTALS...53
BULLETIN BOARD...54

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYAN ORANGE

BATTLE OF THE TRIBUTE BANDS ...
...7
Southern California is the most competitive market in the world for tribute bands. But how many imitation Led Zeppelins does one city really need?
BY ANDY HERMANN.

CORRECTION
In the Dec. 22 issue, we erroneously published the mural Buddha Cat without properly crediting the artist. The work is by Karen Fiorito. We regret the error.
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Anaheim, are you ready to rock & roll?" booms an announcer at City National Grove, a cavernous theater tucked into a corner of the parking lot of Angel Stadium. A crowd of about 1,400 responds with an alcohol-lubricated roar. It's 10 o'clock on a Saturday night and they're ready, all right.

In near total darkness, a band enters and begins playing a midtempo, smoldering blues jam. The lights slowly come up, and anyone wandering in off the street would swear they're seeing Led Zeppelin tear through "How Many More Times" off their 1969 debut.

It's not Led Zeppelin, of course. This isn't some secret warmup gig for Oldchella 2017. It's Led Zepagain, Southern California's top Zeppelin tribute band.

For the next two hours, they channel the British blues-rock icons with an accuracy that occasionally borders on the uncanny. Lead singer Swan Montgomery struts and shakes his leonine blond mane like Robert Plant, hitting high notes the actual Plant hasn't been able to reach in years. Guitarist Jimmy Sakurai plays with such casual virtuosity that you'd swear you're watching Jimmy Page circa 1975 and not a Japanese guy in flared dragon pants. Jim Wootten's bass lines are dead ringers for John Paul Jones', and Derek Smith pummels his green drum kit with a Bonzo-like sense of power and groove.

Much of the crowd responds as if witnessing the real thing. Men raise fists over their gray and balding heads to the opening riffs of "Kashmir." Women old enough to have kids in college dance with youthful abandon to the elastic grooves of "Bring It on Home." Nearly everyone goes apeshit when Sakurai breaks out a double-neck Gibson and plays the madrigal-like intro to "Stairway to Heaven."

Most are here mainly as fans of the original. But like all successful tributes, Led Zepagain, who have been around since 1988, have their own devoted fan base, many of whom weren't even born when Zeppelin called it quits in 1980. A few Zepagain T-shirts are being unironically worn amid the sea of vintage Zeppelin tees in the crowd.

"I was born in '77, so I never got to see Zeppelin," one fan says. "I figure this is the closest I'll get."

Once dismissed as a novelty, tribute bands now are an integral part of the concert industry—especially here in Los Angeles, where, thanks to an overabundance of skilled musicians in search of paying gigs, there are now hundreds of tributes plying their trade. The Facebook group So-Cal Tribute Band Scene has more than 3,100 members, who post dozens of selfies and video clips of their latest shows.
Despite its success, the tribute scene continues to get a bad rap, in part because the vast majority of the acts are not very good — a reality tribute artists and promoters readily admit to. About 95 percent of them range from hideous to horrific,” says Jose Maldonado, the Moz-channeling frontman for Smiths/Morrissey tribute Sweet and Tender Hooligans.

But the best tributes, like Led Zeppelin, are carefully constructed and choreographed replicas of the bands they emulate. The most authentic can even receive the imprimatur of the artists they’re based on. A Montreal-based tribute called The Musical Box has received endorsements from Peter Gabriel, Phil Collins and other members of Genesis. Members of the real Pink Floyd have appeared onstage with a tribute called the Australian Pink Floyd. In Los Angeles, Ray Manzarek and Robby Krieger plucked Jim Morrison doppelgänger Dave Brock from the Doors tribute Wild Child and made him their singer for four years.

Looking the part is almost as important as having the right sound. When she joined The Contenders, a Pretenders tribute, singer-guitarist Tracy Niles “showed up to the audition in full costume,” she says with a laugh. “I bought a wig and actually had my hairdresser style the wig to be more like Chrissie [Hynde’s] shag cut.” Niles, who is blond, now convincingly channels Hynde not only in her brassy vocals but in her black wig, tie and men’s vest.

For established tributes, no visual detail is too small. From the front row, you can see that even the way Zeppelin lead singer Montgomery purrs his lips and holds his microphone in accurate imitations of Plant. Drummer Smith owns four different kits, some complete with gong and kettle drum, each an era-appropriate replica of Bonham’s. Saku- ryu’s guitar strap and cables match Page’s gear as accurately as his riffs. For the past 36 years, he says, “I only study Jimmy Page.”

But as active as it is, the L.A. tribute scene has a problem: With so many bands competing for gigs, the market is oversaturated. There are, to give just one example, no fewer than five Doors tributes plying their trade in Los Angeles: Wild Child, Break on Through, Peace Frog, Strange Days and Light My Fire. There’s a Cure tribute called The Cured and another called The Cure. There are even tributes to more recent artists such as The Killers and Deadmau5.

Because of this, says scene veteran Brent Meyer, many of L.A.’s best tribute acts seldom play local gigs. “If they want to pay for money, they need to get out of town.”

In addition to playing Martin Gore in the Depeche Mode tribute Strangelove, Meyer is the co-founder of Music Zirconia, a San Diego-based management and booking agency with an active roster of more than 1,300 bands, most of them tributes. He and his partner, Michael Twombly, who plays Robert Smith in The Cured, encourage their best bands to travel as often as possible. “In L.A., it may seem a bit played out,” Meyer admits. “But elsewhere in the country and certainly elsewhere in the world, that’s not the case.”

Tribute acts have existed for decades, going all the way back to the Elvis impersonators who first became popular in the 1950s. In Southern California, the tribute scene can be traced to 1975, when a band from Orange County originally called Reign changed their name to Rain (after a semi-obscure Beatles song, the B-side to “Paperback Writer”) and began playing all-Beatles sets on Mondays at the Mine Shaft, a nightclub in Calabasas. “When we started doing it, nobody knew what a tribute act was,” says Mark Lewis, the band’s original keyboardist. Audiences members would approach the band between songs and ask, “Don’t you do anything besides Beatles?”

“No,” they’d reply, in their brightly colored Sgt. Pepper costumes. “This is it.” Despite the confusion, Rain were an immediate hit. Lewis remembers the group earning about $800 from the door at their first gig, a small fortune for a local band in those days. “People went nuts,” he says. “There was an emotional attachment to the music.”

Rain’s success soon inspired others. At first, Lewis says, it was mostly copycat bands doing other Beatles tributes. But by the late ‘80s, an embryonic scene had formed, led by Rain, Wild Child, Cubensis (Grateful Dead), a Hendrix emulator named Randy Hansen, and The White, an original band fronted by Robert Plant—like singer Michael White, which sometimes doubled as a Led Zeppelin tribute. It was the latter group that inspired a young band from Ventura called ECLPSE (without the “F”) to reinvent itself as Led Zeppelin in 1988.

“We all carpooled out to Magic Mountain for a shot,” says Tracy Longo, the band’s original guitarist. “When we got there, we saw a photo of Robert Plant wearing a T-shirt of The White.” Since everyone already said ECLPSE sounded like Zeppelin, they decided to give the tribute-band thing a shot.

L.A. concert scene.

Montgomery had moved to L.A. for a record deal that didn’t pan out. “It just all fell through,” he says, pronouncing it “tru” in an Irish accent he drops while playing Plant. “And it was a matter of like, well what do I do? Then I get this call from Led Zeppelin. At the time, tribute bands were practically nonexistent. I didn’t even know what a Zep band was. We were just a novelty, tribute bands now are an integral part of the concert industry — especially in L.A., where there’s an overabundance of skilled musicians.
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About 95 percent of tribute bands range from hideous to horrific.

—Jose Maldonado, Sweet and Tender Hooligans

Homing Beach. Casinos and outdoor summer concert series frequently book tributes as well, and many bands say their biggest paydays now come from private parties and corporate events.

Though some successful tributes remain loyal to Paladino’s—popular AC/DC tribute Bonfire recently headlined a night there, as did The Iron Maidens, widely regarded as the best all-female tribute in the business—many have moved on. “Now it’s more of an incubator” for new bands, says Music Zirconia’s Meyer.

But if Paladino’s is no longer the hub it once was, it remains a kind of holy site for successful tributes who cut their teeth there. “We have a lot of history with Paladino’s. I helped start that scene,” says Led Zeppelin Again co-founder Tracy Longo, who was there for the opening night. “You had the closest thing the L.A. scene currently has to a club that’s a kind of holy ground.”

For more established bands, this may be true. But anyone attempting to get into the tribute scene now, especially in Los Angeles, faces an uphill battle.

“Some of our members have done stuff with AC/DShe,” Shirasaki says. “It’s never really been competitive for me, and I don’t think for anybody else in my band. We just do this for fun. There’s plenty of gigs to go around.”

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Zepagain strive to innovate in other ways, too. They were among the first Zeppelin tributes to jump on streaming services, long before Led Zeppelin licensed their music; the Zepagain version of “Stairway to Heaven” has more than 12 million plays on Spotify. They occasionally play original acoustic arrangements of Zeppelin songs with a string quartet under the name Symphony to Heaven, and Montgomery is developing a multimedia version of their stage show called Evermore, which he hopes can become the next phase of Zepagain’s evolution.

Ultimately, Montgomery foresees a day when Led Zepagain continues on without him. “When I’m older and I cannot perform, I want to be able to sit back and let the brand continue — and get another Robert Plant.” There is already some precedent for tribute bands carrying on like long-running Broadway shows, with new members (or “cast,” as the Music Zirconia website tellingly puts it) swapping in as others age out. Remember Rain, the Beatles tribute that started it all? Co-founder Mark Lewis now manages it as a Broadway-style revue; in fact, Rain: A Tribute to The Beatles even had a 300-show run on Broadway in 2010 and 2011. Rain’s current Paul McCartney is the son of their former Paul McCartney.

When asked how far tribute acts have the potential to evolve, Brent Meyer cites Steel Panther, who began as a genre tribute (or “variety band,” as Saenz prefers to call it) to ’80s hair metal before achieving worldwide success with original songs that simultaneously lampoon and pay homage to their Sunset Strip forebears. “They got a six-figure Broadway show deal and regularly appear on TV and have millions of YouTube views,” Meyer notes. Most bands interviewed for this story agree with him, citing Steel Panther as the best example of an L.A. tribute that “made it,” even if by the time they did, they had long since broken the tribute-band mold.

In fact, Steel Panther are now so popular that they have inspired their own tribute band. “They’re called Surreal Panther. They’re out of the U.K.,” Saenz says, sounding genuinely excited. “How ironic is that? I don’t wanna say it’s a dream come true, but it’s fucking pretty awesome to have four guys that want to do all Steel Panther songs and dress up like us.”
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EAGLE ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

Red Herring aims to perfect the neighborhood restaurant in Northeast L.A.

BY BESHA RODELL

The neighborhood restaurant is often just as difficult a puzzle to assemble as an ambitious destination hot spot. There may be less money involved, and a more focused audience. But therein lies the rub. If the pieces don’t fit exactly with the tastes of a small pool of locals, you’re pretty much doomed.

But something’s not quite clicking at Red Herring, something that’s keeping the restaurant from being reliably busy. I think there are a few reasons for that. The first is that they should take the advice of the maître d’ who trained me, on my first day as a hostess: Put customers in the window seats. If a place looks bustling from outside, it will make people want to come in. Red Herring’s main dining room is upstairs, and it’s a lovely place to sit, but the fact that the host puts all the guests upstairs means you’re often walking into what looks like an empty restaurant. Whether you rely on foot traffic or not, it’s not a great look.

Aside from that, it’s the tricky neighborhood-restaurant equation with which Red Herring seems to be struggling. It’s not anywhere near cheap enough to make for an easy Tuesday-night dinner. The crab-cakes appetizer is $15, the pork chop is $32. There are reasons for that expense. The ingredients are high quality, and there are touches that give the place an extra serving of glamour, such as beautiful vintage-style glassware and a lovely drinks list. But it’s not quite special enough to qualify as thrilling on a citywide level. So the food is better than it needs to be but also costs a lot; Red Herring isn’t quite family-friendly enough but it isn’t exciting enough either.

When we ate our first meal at Red Herring, my husband kept asking, “Who is this for?”

“It’s for you,” I told him. “It’s grown-up food with a little bit of glamour that’s close enough to the house that we don’t need to spend a fortune on babysitting.”

He wasn’t quite convinced, despite the fact that he kept exclaiming about the quality of the food. If Red Herring were a tiny bit cheaper (portion sizes would have to shrink; I don’t think anyone would mind), and a tiny bit more buzzy-feeling (seat the maître d’ here!), it might go a long way toward being less confusing to its intended audience. I do hope that happens — it would be a shame for this nice food and this lovely room to go to waste.

The chicken liver pâté is gloriously smooth and rich, and the house-made sausage shows a mastery of sausage making. Local yellowtail comes over a silken carrot ginger puree and is cooked exactly right. The mushroom risotto is so jam-packed with crimini, shiitake, oyster, chanterelle and matsutake mushrooms that it’s barely a risotto at all — I’m not complaining because the jumble of mushrooms tastes fantastic.

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But something’s not quite clicking at Red Herring, something that’s keeping the restaurant from being reliably busy. I think there are a few reasons for that. The first is that they should take the advice of the maître d’ who trained me, on my first day as a hostess: Put customers in the window seats. If a place looks bustling from outside, it will make people want to come in. Red Herring’s main dining room is upstairs, and it’s a lovely place to sit, but the fact that the host puts all the guests upstairs means you’re often walking into what looks like an empty restaurant. Whether you rely on foot traffic or not, it’s not a great look.

Aside from that, it’s the tricky neighborhood-restaurant equation with which Red Herring seems to be struggling. It’s not anywhere near cheap enough to make for an easy Tuesday-night dinner. The crab-cakes appetizer is $15, the pork chop is $32. There are reasons for that expense. The ingredients are high quality, and there are touches that give the place an extra serving of glamour, such as beautiful vintage-style glassware and a lovely drinks list. But it’s not quite special enough to qualify as thrilling on a citywide level. So the food is better than it needs to be but also costs a lot; Red Herring isn’t quite family-friendly enough but it isn’t exciting enough either.

When we ate our first meal at Red Herring, my husband kept asking, “Who is this for?”

“It’s for you,” I told him. “It’s grown-up food with a little bit of glamour that’s close enough to the house that we don’t need to spend a fortune on babysitting.”

He wasn’t quite convinced, despite the fact that he kept exclaiming about the quality of the food. If Red Herring were a tiny bit cheaper (portion sizes would have to shrink; I don’t think anyone would mind), and a tiny bit more buzzy-feeling (seat the maître d’ here!), it might go a long way toward being less confusing to its intended audience. I do hope that happens — it would be a shame for this nice food and this lovely room to go to waste.
**Tiki Is Trending**

**THE 7 BEST TIKI BARS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

Tiki was created in Southern California by a self-made man named Don who lied his way onto movie sets and made friends with famous people so that they’d come to his Hollywoodbar. Though that bar, Don the Beachcomber, is long gone, tiki has persevered in California, and is currently thriving here, as appreciation for tropical decor and creatively made cocktails converge once again. Here are the best bars in SoCal that are taking rum and running with it.

**Tiki Ti**

There’s a lot of Hollywood history packed into this garage (literally a former garage, and then a violin shop) of a tiki bar. Ray Buhjen opened Tiki Ti in 1961 after working in a number of bars around town, including Don the Beachcomber. The drink menu is huge, featuring just about every concoction that has been considered a tiki drink over the years, including big blended ‘80s creations. And though it famously allowed indoor smoking, that changed recently when the Buhens hired their first non-family employee. 4427 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake. (323) 669-9382, tiki-ti.com.

**False Idol**

This bar is a big deal. Opened by Martin Cate, the man behind the legendary Smuggler’s Cove in San Francisco, False Idol is reached by a hidden door in another bar, Craft & Commerce. Crossing the threshold means entering a tiki wonderland, and no expense was spared in its creation. The drinks are not cheap, but order the right scorpion bowl and you’ll be treated to some theatrics of the smoke and bright light variety. 675 W. Beech St., San Diego. falseidoltiki.com.

**Bootlegger**

This teeny-tiny (smaller than Tiki Ti) bar is just about perfect: Every shell, every vintage postcard, has been placed just so. Located in part of the building that once housed a Don the Beachcomber, Bootlegger stays pretty close to its classical roots, with dim lighting from blowfish pendant lights hung from a ceiling covered in woven rattan. The staff gets experimental with the drinks, offering unusual combinations on a menu that changes fairly frequently. 1101 N. Palm Canyon Drive, Palm Springs. (760) 318-4154, bootleggertiki.com. Tonga Hut

Open since 1958, Tonga Hut has not always been a tiki bar; the owners finally settled on tiki, clearly the North Hollywood dive’s true purpose, years ago. The extremely dark bar (your eyes will need a minute to adjust) serves the most classic tiki cocktails in town, all made with love and thoughtfulness, as well as a bartender’s menu of new creations. There’s a separate 78-drink menu called the Grog Log — if you can finish the whole thing in one year, you’ll be inducted into the Loyal Order of the Drooling Bastard. 12808 Victory Blvd., North Hollywood. (818) 769-0708, tongahut.com.

**Pacific Seas**

This brand-new bar, on the third floor of Clifton’s downtown, is named after a now-defunct other Clifton’s location, from back when L.A. County was dotted with the whimsical cafeterias. Reached by a hidden staircase (there must be an elevator somewhere, but I haven’t found it), this gorgeous space features actual, and expensive, antiques, and a boat in the middle of the bar that’s mostly used as a DJ station. It can take a while to get a drink. (Tiki drinks are complicated!) But you might not notice: There truly is so much to look at here. 648 S. Broadway, downtown. cliftonsla.com/pacific-seas.

**Tiki-Ko**

Open less than a year, Bakersfield’s tiki bar of choice prides itself on classically made drinks, with all ingredients made in-house. The bar’s décor isn’t as entirely tiki-fied as the cocktail menu, but it’s playful, which is the most important element of tiki. And it’s tea! Teal neon, napkins, chairs and booths. 1919 K St., Bakersfield. (661)
Mariscos Tocho in Watts Serves Weekend Surf and Surf, Puerto Peñasco–Style

Recently, despite torrential rains and flooded roadways, I made the drive to Mariscos Tocho, a weekend-only seafood trailer parked along the Alameda Corridor in Watts, to which I have become hopelessly addicted. In an ideal world, I guess, Mexican seafood is best consumed when the sun is shining. But sometimes you just have to scratch an itch.

The first thing you’ll notice about Mariscos Tocho is its splashy logo: a giant cartoon shark in a baseball uniform brandishing a bat, along with the caption “Estilo! Rocky Point.” There is good reason for this. Over-chef Pancho “Tocho” Esparza hails from Puerto Peñasco (Rocky Point), a touristy fishing town in northern Mexico located along the upper edge of the Gulf of California. Tocho (everyone calls him Tocho) was a minor league baseball pitcher on a team called the Puerto Peñasco Tiburones (Sharks). At some point, he pulled a Kevin Costner in Bull Durham, hung up his spikes and trained to become a chef. And after years of cooking at various Mexican restaurants around L.A., he opened his own truck in April 2016.

On my previous trip, when the sun was shining, the lot outside the tire shop where Mariscos Tocho set up was packed with cars, and the plastic tables that serve as seating were filled with young Latino families and elderly couples bobbing their heads to the oompah-oompah sounds of norteño. If you go at the right time, the place can feel like a party. If you go during a thunderstorm, somewhat less so.

If Mariscos Tocho has a signature item, it’s probably the tochito, a cheese-oozing corn tortilla filled with charred carne asada and grilled shrimp, a humble one-two punch of surf and turf. Puerto Peñasco is near the border between Baja California, land of killer seafood, and the state of Sonora, where beef is king — thus its food forms Chinese food takes.

Beijing Pie House is a great place to learn about food traditionally made and eaten in northern China. It’s heavy on lamb and pastry and noodles, and the vegetables are mostly served cold and sometimes lightly pickled. The cabbage is a great mystery. Served chopped and tossed with oil and Sichuan peppercorn, it is perhaps the best presentation of cabbage I’ve ever come across, even this year, when the cruciferous vegetable is having its moment at restaurants further west. It’s also a great introduction to Sichuan peppercorn, which strikes fear in many hearts (mine included) but in truth offers a complex flavor, not just searing heat. It does make your water taste a little funny for a bit. It’s totally worth it.

The menu offers a range of dumplings that can be had either fried or steamed, as well as savory pancakes that are a bit like crepes layered with thinly sliced meat and/or leeks or green onions.

But the real reason to make the drive to this industrial stretch of South L.A. is the tostaditas, oh the glorious tostaditas. Tocho uses fresh seafood, which costs more but makes a noticeable difference. The salsa stands out, too. Three large plastic Clamato bottles, stripped of their labels, are each filled with a different chili: a bright, incendiary salsa verde, a garlicky salsa roja and a less commonly seen salsa negra, a devilish black concoction made from burnt dried chilies blended with a little brown sugar and Maggi sauce. Tocho insists on making fresh batches daily.

Though you have your pick of shrimp aguachile, sea scallops a la plancha or abalone molusques, the wisest move is to order the tostada portcente, a mound of ceviche dressed with the whole family of salsas. It’s everything you could want in a tostada, and when paired with a Styrofoam cup of shrimp consommé and a Clamato or Squirt preparado (seasoned with lime and chili), it’s hard to imagine life in Los Angeles getting much better. And that’s true even when it’s raining.

Mariscos Tocho, 11401 S. Alameda St., Watts. (562) 415-7519, instagram.com/mariscostocho. Open Friday-Sunday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Learn About Northern Chinese Cuisine at Beijing Pie House

Los Angeles County has an abundance of Chinese restaurants, representing perhaps every region of mainland China, and Taiwan too. Which means that everyone here has the duty and the utterly delicious privilege to learn about all the different forms Chinese food takes.

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But the must-try dish is the meat pie. Get the lamb and green onion version. It’s the shape of a hockey puck, and served outrageously hot. Turn it up vertically on your spoon and take a little nibble off the top to let out the steam. —Jim Thurman

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Learn About Northern Chinese Cuisine at Beijing Pie House
LA WEEKLY & FOOD FORWARD PRESENT

THE ESSENTIALS

THE 99 ESSENTIALS CONFIRMED RESTAURANTS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Angelini Osteria</th>
<th>Chichen Itza</th>
<th>Jitlada</th>
<th>Night + Market</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Animal</td>
<td>Colonia Publica</td>
<td>Jon &amp; Vinny's</td>
<td>Park's BBQ</td>
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<tr>
<td>A.O.C</td>
<td>Coni's Seafood</td>
<td>Kogi</td>
<td>Pine &amp; Crane</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baroo</td>
<td>Dune</td>
<td>La Casita Mexicana</td>
<td>Providence</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bestia</td>
<td>El Coraloense</td>
<td>Le Comptoir</td>
<td>Racion</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beverly Soon Tofu</td>
<td>El Huarache Azteca</td>
<td>Locol</td>
<td>Republique</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bigmista's Barbecue &amp; Sammich Shop</td>
<td>Elf Cafe</td>
<td>Love &amp; Salt</td>
<td>Ricebar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Burritos La Palma</td>
<td>Erb Bar</td>
<td>Lucques</td>
<td>Rose Cafe</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cacao Mexicatessen</td>
<td>Guelaguetza</td>
<td>Lukshon</td>
<td>Rustic Canyon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chengdu Taste</td>
<td>Guerilla Tacos</td>
<td>Maude</td>
<td>Salt's Cure</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chi Spacca</td>
<td>Guisados</td>
<td>Melisse</td>
<td>Sotto</td>
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<td>Isaan Station</td>
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*The Freshmen 15 Confirmed Restaurants:

71ABove | Baran's 2239 |ERVEN |Gus's Fried Chicken
|Here's Looking At You |Holbox |Kali |Kato
|Lalibela |Michael's |Salazar |Shibumi |Winsome

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KATI
LALIBELA
MICHAEL'S
SHIBUMI
KATO
LALIBELA
MICHAEL'S
SHIBUMI
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HOME & GARDEN

Think Small

Tiny homes are the latest real estate trend for buyers who have no use for open-concept living spaces or man caves. If you think that smaller is better, the Craft & Folk Art Museum’s Tiny House Pre-Build Party and Building Workshop will help you downsize. Friday features a party and talk by Derek Diedricksen, host of HGTV’s Tiny House Builders, as well as demonstrations by fellow micro-builders Michelle Boyle, Andrew Odom, Marty Skrelunas, Jedediah Voltz, Palo Coleman and Diedricksen’s brother, Dustin, plus a cash bar and food. On Saturday and Sunday, Derek Diedricksen leads workshops on how to “build a small dwelling from salvaged materials.” If you want to win a tiny house, the museum will raffle off a micro-cabin custom-built by Diedricksen and his team on-site at CAFAM (winner TBA March 18).

MUSEUMS

Gut Instincts

The Natural History Museum’s annual discussion and live music series First Fridays, this year themed “Serving Up Science: The Dish on Food,” looks at the science behind how food evolves. Its kickoff event starts with a guided tour on “Food for Thought” led by the museum’s Jessie Jennewein, followed by a discussion about “Your Plate & Your Gut” with UCLA assistant professor Dr. Elaine Y. Hsiao, USC professor Dr. Craig Stanford and author Mark Schatzker, moderated by L.A. Times columnist and radio host Patt Morrison. Musical performances include Dawn, Mndsgn and Oddisee, in addition to KCURW’s DJ Anne Litt and DJ Aaron Byrd. Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, 900 Exposition Blvd., Exposition Park; Fri., Feb. 3, 5-10 p.m.; $10, $5 seniors & 18 years & under. (310) 458-8634, smgov.net/Departments/CCS/MilesPlayhouse/content.aspx?id=26314. –Siran Babayan

PARADES

Stay Golden

The two-week-long Lunar New Year celebration that kicked off on Jan. 28 is in full swing. How appropriate that the Year of the Rooster coincides with a bright orange cock’s entry into the White House! Celebrate our city’s diversity while it’s still a thing at the 118th Golden Dragon Parade. Floats, marching bands, dignitaries and more colorful dragons than you can or should shake a stick at weave their way through Chinatown (beginning on Hill at Temple, cutting right on Bernard, right on Broadway and back to Temple). According to the parade’s site, “1.5 million people of Chinese, Korean and Vietnamese descent in Southern California” celebrate the Lunar New Year. Sounds like they’re on to something. Chinatown (Mill Street, Bernard, Broadway); Sat., Feb. 4, 1 p.m.; free. lagoldendragonparade.com. –Gwynedd Stuart

DANCE

Glowing, Glowing, Gone

Despite having weather the rest of the world envies, SoCal winter sometimes argues for a cozy night by a warm fire, and Santa Monica happily complies with Fireside at the Miles, the midwinter series of dance, music and other performances. The couches are comfy. The candles cast flattering light. The snacks and beverages are organic. This week’s event spotlights a trio of contemporary dance companies — locally based Angela Todaro, Rebekah Brown’s H2O Dance Company from San Diego and Pressology Dance Company. There is even free, validated parking. Reservations recommended. Miles Memorial Playhouse, 1130 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica; Sat., Feb. 4, 8 p.m.; $10, $5 seniors & 18 years & under. (310) 458-8634, smgov.net/Departments/CCS/MilesPlayhouse/content.aspx?id=26314. –Ann Haskins

CULTURE

That’s the Spirit

Often referred to as “the Moroccan Blues,” Gnawa music is the captivating, hypnotic music of Morocco’s black ethnic minority, the Gnawa, whose roots lie in sub-Saharan Africa. One of the central rituals of the Gnawa is the Lila, a dusk-to-dawn participatory performance, which involves dance, color, incense and, of course, music, which is played on the lutelike sintir and percussive qarqaba (castanets). Featuring performances from New York City–based band Innov Gnawa with master Gnawa musician Hassan Ben Jaafar, Spirit of Gnawas offers a rare opportunity to experience this immersive, communal event in Los Angeles. Wanderlust Hollywood, 1357 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood; Sat., Feb. 4, 8:30 p.m.; $80, $70 in advance. spiritofgnawas.com. –Matt Stromberg

STUDENT CULTURE

Doug Benson Interrupts the Super Bowl

A welcome distraction from whatever shenanigans the president is up to at the time, the 2017 Super Bowl (edition LI, for those of you who follow ironic homophone fans), pits Patriots against Falcons in an audacious display of seething athleticism. When you bring a dish for the potluck, you can’t half-ass it and bring chips or something — you actually have to cook or bake a dish for everyone to share. Do it for the team! Cinemamily, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Beverly Grove; Sun., Feb. 5, 2 p.m.; free with RSVP, first come, first served. (323) 655-2510, cinemamily.org. –David Cotner

SAT 2/4

MUSEUMS

This Girl Is on Sire

The Grammy Museum commemorates Sire Records’ 50th anniversary with a panel discussion that looks back on its history and roster. Grammy Foundation and MusiCares vice president Scott Goldman moderates a panel featuring Sire chairman Seymour Stein, The Cult’s Billy Duffy, director Brett Ratner (onetime manager/executive producer for Sire-signed B.M.O.C.) and chairman of the

sun 2/5

COMEDY

Stoner Bowl

It’s soup and bowl when mouthy comedian Doug Benson has a potluck and watches football on the Cinemamily’s large-ish screen. Cinemamily, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Beverly Grove; Sun., Feb. 5, 2 p.m.; free with RSVP, first come, first served. (323) 655-2510, cinemamily.org. –David Cotner

mon 2/6

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performs her entire current record, on which she tackles oft-joked-about topics such as family, racism, feminism and sexuality, especially on “I Wanna Kill My Rapist” (about surviving sexual assault), “Ron’s Got a DUI” (about an aging gay friend who dies of AIDS) and “We So Worry” (featuring her Korean-American parents), as well as “Anna Nicole,” a tribute to her late friend, who died 10 years ago in February. Largo at The Coronet, 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Grove; Wed., Feb. 8, 7 p.m.; $30. (310) 855-0350, largo-la.com. —Siran Babayan

POP CULTURE
Sweet Jane
In the past, local pop culture collective Vis-à-VHS has hosted screenings of witchy ‘90s staple The Craft alongside an episode of the much-fluffier Sabrina the Teenage Witch and Pieces of April alongside eps of Gilmore Girls. Then, last October, the collective hosted a tribute to the ultimate disaffected ‘90s teen girl, Daria Morgendorffer, of the MTV animated series (and Beavis and Butt-head spinoff) Daria. As a follow-up to that event comes Daria Anti-Social: Sweet Jane, an evening dedicated to Daria’s equally angsty best friend, Jane Lane. Along with two Jane-centric episodes of the show, Vis-à-VHS screens the movie-length Daria feature Is It Fall Yet? What better time to embrace the alternative teen that lives within us all. Echo Park Film Center, 1200 N. Alvarado St., Echo Park; Thu., Feb. 9, 8-10 p.m.; $5 suggested donation. (213) 484-8846, echoparkfilcent.org/events/vhs-social-daria-anti-social-sweet-jane. —Gwynedd Stuart

WRESTLING
Twisted Sisters
The slamming spectacle of American burlesque and Mexican wrestling known as Lucha VaVOOM presents Twisted Valentines. The event’s 15-year anniversary show offers outrageously outlandish and fearfully farfetched masked and/or transvestite wrestlers who swan-dive from a third-story balcony to pin their opponents to the floor, plus naughtily nearly naked high-wire acrobats spinning high above the merry madness below. Acts — sorry, competitors — include superstar CMLL luchador Relampago vs. masked mayhem-meister Magno, and the terrible trio of Dirty Sanchez, Joey Ryan and Dama Fina. Also the Crazy Chickens, singer Prince Poppycock, comedian Ron Funches and Guinness World Record–holding Hula Hoopist Marawa the Amazing. Plus, Wednesday only, Dan Harmon joins comic co-hosts Blaine Capatch and Jeff Davies. This event is 21 and up. Mayan Theatre, 1026 S. Hill St., downtown; Wed.-Thu., Feb. 8-9, 8 p.m.; $40. luchavavoom.com. —John Payne

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To join you must be:
• 18 years of age or older
• HIV-positive with an undetectable viral load
• Have had a HIV-associated neurocognitive disorder within 45 days prior to study entry

For more information contact the UCLA CARE Center at careoutreach@mednet.ucla.edu or via phone 310-557-9062

There are limitations to the confidentiality of email communications. Do not include any sensitive health information if you choose to contact the study team via email.
THE MAKING OF A MOVEMENT

The largely forgotten history of Asian-American activism in L.A. is detailed in a new exhibit at the Chinese American Museum

BY LILIAN MIN

On Saturday, Jan. 21, hundreds of thousands of people spilled into downtown Los Angeles to protest a president whose promise to “make America great again” threatens to turn back the clock on civil liberties at least several decades for marginalized groups.

Coincidentally, just two days earlier, the Chinese American Museum opened “Roots: Asian-American Movements in Los Angeles 1968-80s,” an exhibit that digs into the largely forgotten history of Asian-American activism in L.A. Asian-American identity as possible, but part of the problem is that inter-Asian conflicts abound. Yet as Steve Wong explained during a tour of the exhibit, “Back then, because of strict Asian immigrant laws, most Asian-Americans were second-generation, third-generation, and didn’t have the same opinions about other Asians that their parents might have.”

Combined with both the recent past of Japanese internment and the vicious anti-war march in 1972, “This idea of Asian America didn’t exist until 1968, and it’s really the work of people in their 20s, even teenagers, coming together and producing culture, making institutions, working on campaigns, that defined this identity. It’s pretty remarkable to think about how ‘Asian-American’ is a term all of us use now, but it was really created and invented by dedicated young people,” says Ryan Wong, who curated the exhibit over the course of years. Wong had previously put together the show “Serve the People: The Asian-American Movement in New York” in NYC’s Interference Archive space.

That show ran from late 2013 into early 2014, and it was during this time that CAM curator Steve Wong (no relation) first entertained the notion of bringing a similar show to L.A.

The task of centering Asian-American identity in Los Angeles is extra difficult.

The city’s Asian ethnic enclaves include Little Tokyo, Chinatown, Koreatown, Historic Filipinotown and Little Bangladesh, with larger communities in the surrounding area. “Roots” makes a sincere effort to include as many intersections of Asian-American identity as possible, but part of the problem is that inter-Asian conflicts abound. Yet as Steve Wong explained during a tour of the exhibit, “Back then, because of strict Asian immigrant laws, most Asian-Americans were second-generation, third-generation, and didn’t have the same opinions about other Asians that their parents might have.”

Combined with both the recent past of Japanese internment and the vicious anti-war march in 1972, young Asian-Americans began to formulate explicitly political identities. One of the photographs on display, of an anti-war protest, features someone marching with the sign “Viet Cong don’t call me a fat chink.” Activists, who were generally young and often college-educated, mobilized to defend their immigrant elders and challenge what they saw as an imperialist war against both Vietnam and the Third World as a whole — it was part of a larger critique of Western militarization and colonialism.

As we’ve seen in the past year, public memory about the struggles of civil rights activists of all causes is incredibly shoddy. When a Trump supporter raised Japanese internment as a precedent for a new Muslim registry, which was most surprising was the vast number of people who said they hadn’t been taught about internment in basic U.S. curriculum, or about any sort of Asian-American political activity. The Asian-American movement has slipped into this information void.

What “Roots” showcases well is the breadth and reach of the movement’s efforts: old copies of Gidra Magazine, which was based at UCLA but circulated across the country, detail many of the same issues we face now. The Chinatown Education Project’s family newsletter included English, Chinese and Spanish text to reach out to the area’s heterogeneous population. And the show’s name comes from the landmark UCLA Asian-American studies textbook, published in 1971, which became both a foundational text and a reference for a new generation of people.

These artifacts were painstakingly curated from archives, museum collections and personal collections. But it was through oral histories from now-elders of the movement that Ryan Wong first became interested in this part of Asian-American history. “Roots” is necessarily formed through personal narratives like that of Yvonne Wong Nishio, whose speech for the 1977 International Working Women’s Day (the first and only one) remains fiercely relevant today. The result is an exhibit that knows its limits but leaves viewers wanting more.

The opening reception for “Roots” drew more than 700 people: activists of yore reflecting on their contributions to communities but also many young people who came to seek out a history that has largely been elided over in their education. These are the people who Steve and Ryan are seeking. The latter Wong knows this can happen because that was the impetus behind his research and curation. He hopes that what “Roots” does is give activists now a new foundation upon which to stand: “That’s a really important lesson for this moment. If you believe that history is made by presidents, then it’s really easy to despair. But, in fact, by looking back at this history, history is really made by communities, it’s made on the person-to-person level, it’s made by people organizing, by creating arts...”


"IF YOU BELIEVE THAT HISTORY IS MADE BY PRESIDENTS, THEN IT’S REALLY EASY TO DESPAIR.” —RYAN WONG

PHOTO BY ALAN CHASHI/COURTESY VISUAL COMMUNICATIONS ARCHIVES

Anti-war march in 1972
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1–5 pm
View student work and meet faculty and chairs from our undergraduate majors

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Directions: artcenter.edu/visit
Further information: 626 396-2373
No RSVP necessary.
Free shuttle available between campuses.

“\textit{I enjoyed these poems immensely.}”
- William Peter Blatty, author of \textit{The Exorcist}
BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, an apocalypse plays out across gray-green linoleum, and two longtime eco-artists have a comprehensive show in Hollywood.

Wine glasses in a pile of bricks

John Armleder’s exhibition at David Kordansky could pass for a group show. The Swiss artist associated with the intentionally eccentric Fluxus movement of the 1960s has been a performer and an object maker over his long career. Sometimes his work has gravity to it; sometimes he’s like a stuntman. For this show, he has built a pile of bricks, sand, wine glasses, and white candles, and included highly stylized wallpaper paintings of octopuses alongside his messy puddle paintings, made by pouring paint onto canvases laid on the floor. A vintage leather couch, lamps, plants and an oversized towel rack overtly reference domestic spaces, and the show begins to feel like the domestic fantasy of a conflicted iconoclast.

5130 W. Edgewood Place, Mid-Wilshire; through Feb. 25. (323) 935-3030, davidkordanskygallery.com.

Not quite, but almost there

The inkjet print that Kang Seung Lee made from a graphite drawing based on a photograph stretches across one wall in Commonwealth & Council’s small side gallery and shows bunched-up sheets on an uninhabited bed. But in the source photograph, which Peter Hujar took of the inimitable David Wojnarowicz in 1983, there is a body wrapped in those sheets. “Absent Without Leave,” Lee calls this show: “Poof — you are neither here nor there, but there remains proof of you everywhere,” says the press release. Another print is based on a self-portrait of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe in S&M costume, leaning over a sheet-covered chair with a whip coming out of his rear. We see the sheet, chair and whip, but no Robert. The scene feels bodily, full and compelling anyway.

3006 W. Seventh St., #220, Koreatown; through March 4. (213) 703-9077, commonwealthandcouncil.com.

Movie man’s planetary theories

No sound designer had ever been credited onscreen before Walter Murch, who designed the sound for Coppola’s Apocalypse Now. The sound of helicopters at the beginning of that film, all the result of Murch’s mixing and editing, set a tone. “[H]elicopters were the horses of the sky … the cavalry-horsemen-apocalypse thing,” Murch explained in a 2000 interview. But the Oscar winner has also been pursuing another project for the past few decades: supporting Bode’s Law, an 18th-century theory about the rotations and axes of planets that shows, he believes, planets have a harmonically musical relationship. Lawrence Weschler, an art writer fascinated by artists with complex philosophical and scientific theories, will speak with Murch about science, art and sound at the Hammer this week.

10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Thu., Feb. 9, 7:30 p.m. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu.
AUGUST WILSON’S WAR

The great playwright takes on economic insecurity and family relations in the Reagan era in King Hedley II

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

August Wilson’s King Hedley II takes place in the 1980s, when Reaganomics, and the notion that wealth trickles down from the rich to the poor, was the hypothetical order of the day. The reality, of course, is that no such trickling took place; the poor, black and white, grew poorer than ever, a circumstance we see in the struggle of Wilson’s title character to earn a living for himself and his family, and to garner, against the odds, some measure of self-respect.

King (Esau Pritchett) is an ex-con who’s been to prison for killing a man who’d attacked him with a razor and slashed his face. Along with his good friend Mister (Jon Chaffin), he dreams of opening a video store. But the two men lack cash, doesn’t get them enough money, they rob refrigerators to raise capital. When that doesn’t work, they become involved in selling hot video store. But the two men lack cash, and still they are short.

Meanwhile, King’s ventures in petty crime upset his relationship with the women he lives with: his mother, Ruby (Ella Joyce), a former nightclub singer now in her 60s, and his wife, Tonya (Ciera Payton), pregnant with a child she doesn’t want to have in a world she doesn’t want to live in. Their altercations compound King’s anger and frustration at a system he perceives as stacked against him, and with reason.

As if the situation weren’t already combustible, along comes Elmore (Montae Russell), Ruby’s former lover, bent on wooing and winning back her affections. He’s an expert grifter not above enacting cons on his lady love’s son, and he sports a gun.

It’s not for nothing that Wilson is regarded as the great chronicler of the African-American experience, though his dramas, frequently three hours long as this one is, require patience from the audience and enormous craft from the performers. Moreover, King Hedley II can be a puzzle if you’re unfamiliar with Wilson’s other plays; Ruby and Elmore’s backstory can be found in Seven Guitars, and the characters’ reference to Aunt Ester, a woman with special powers, lacks context unless you know she is referenced in Wilson’s other work as well. Also, a sharp turn in the plot in Act 2, which leads to the denouement, seemed to come out of nowhere, diminishing for me the integrity of the outcome.

But the playwright’s mastery of character and dialogue remains unassailable, and director Michele Shay’s production is rendered with humor, strength and finesse. Of particular note are Joyce as the forthright Ruby, as tough, sensuous and womanly as ever, and Russell as the slippery-tongued Elmore, a man who seemingly can’t live unless he’s conjuring up some con. Pritchett knocks you out in a couple of powerhouse scenes, especially at the conclusion of Act 1; in other places the character’s heavy-duty anger could use shading. Designer John Iacovelli renders an apt exterior for the impecunious domiciles of King and his fire-and-brimstone–spouting neighbor, Stool Pigeon (Adolphus Ward), although I did wish for one or two more places for the characters to sit as they listened at length to one another. Makeup designer Sheila Dorn has fashioned a scar for King that is haunting.

KING HEDLEY II | Matrix Theatre, 7657 Melrose Ave., Fairfax | Through Feb. 12 augustinwsonkinghedleyii.eventbrite.com
MON / FEB 13 / 8:00pm
Theo Bleckmann
Beyond being a vocalist of rare purity and daring, Theo Bleckmann is a sound painter who creates what JazzTimes has described aptly as “luminous webs” in music. He returns to The Edye showcasing his latest release, Elegy.
There’s a lot of hubris onstage in Plasticity, playwrights Robert McCaskill (who also directs) and Alex Lyras’ glossy, if somewhat muddled, multicharacter medical melodrama, having its world premiere at Hollywood’s Hudson Guild Theatre. Not least is the fact that by also tackling the dozen-odd characters as the sole performer in the half-projected, half-live show, Lyras steps up into a weight class dominated by onstage storyteller-chameleons such as Danny Hoch, Eric Bogosian and Anna Deavere Smith.

But it’s the intellectual ambition of Plasticity where the creative team makes its more confident stretch. Although the play centers on the emotionally fraught decision of when and whether to remove a vegetative comatose patient from life support, its real subject is the enigma of human consciousness. And that puts Lyras and McCaskill in the company of poets, scientists and philosophers for whom cracking the metaphysical mystery of our essential being has been a timeless if elusive obsession.

The evening’s boldest gamble is how much of its tale is told as high-tech spectacle projected on lighting designer Matt Richter’s double-screen scrim set. Plasticity opens with a pulse-pumping montage by video designer Corwin Evans (set to sound designer Ken Rich’s synth-rock score) in which a psychedelic barrage coalesces into a video sequence of a climber on a rock face in a metaphoric leap across a vertiginous void. It’s only then that the action cuts to the hospital intensive care unit, where the bulk of the story is set.

Lyras mostly plays Grant Rosely, the brash, entrepreneurial twin brother of daredevil thrill-seeker David, who lies in a coma, though from a brain aneurysm rather than a climbing fall. But Lyras also plays the various doctors, nurses and attorneys who seem to feed Grant contradictory and even misleading information as he works through his conflicted feelings and memories of his sibling. Trouble comes in the form of David’s never-seen girlfriend Kate, who first maneuvers around Grant’s next-of-kin right to pull the life-support plug, and then removes the vegetative patient to her small apartment to selflessly devote her life to his around-the-clock care.

Both the medicine and the moral dilemma are undeniably compelling stuff. The play is loosely based on an actual case of a Massachusetts man who suddenly awoke from a coma in 2003 after 19 years — a miracle attributed to “neural plasticity,” the brain’s ability to rewire itself following a severe injury. Lyras and McCaskill shorten the coma to four years to better fit their plot, but their firm grasp of the philosophical paradoxes presented by cognitive disorders delivers much of the brain-teasing wonder of a ripping Oliver Sachs yarn.

Where Plasticity falters is in the strained dramaturgy dictated by its solo-performer conceit. Although Lyras gets to strut his versatility in a colorful, all-male portrait gallery of rogues and eccentrics, portraying women is evidently outside his wheelhouse. It’s a thorny problem for a narrative whose heart is the emotional and custodial tug-of-war between Grant and Kate, and the play tries to write around the wrinkle by contriving secondary characters to speak for the Penelope-like heroine. But it’s a jury-rig that only makes her absence increasingly conspicuous even as it flattens the show’s redemptive power.

Whether or not Plasticity’s seductive if insistently compact packaging is intended to accommodate touring, any future for the play may hinge on hiring an actress and expanding the cast into a two-hander.
De Niro’s stand-up won’t slay you, but The Comedian has its charms

BY ALAN SCHERTUHL

The title offers the first clue about what’s off. Calling this movie The Comedian suggests that Robert De Niro will be playing something definitive or archetypal, as if there’s just one kind of stand-up comic, as if he’s representing a genus rather than embodying someone singular. A glut of other projects — sitcoms and movies and podcasts — could share the name. Tell a friend you’ve bought a ticket to see The Comedian, and unless you’re De Niro himself, that friend will ask which one?

Only Neil Hamburger’s life-as-a-comic movie dared a more pompously general title — Entertainment — and that film was the sickest of jokes about the American tendency to find romance in the souls of men who make a living talking about jering off. De Niro’s playing one of those guys, a type, the prickly pricks whose mind processes any input’s given into rote dick jokes. Taylor Hackford’s movie mistakes that weary habit for a rare talent, and the audiences De Niro’s comic performs for erupt into joyous, scandalized laughter. They can’t believe he’s noticed that the microphone is shaped like a penis! Or that he schools a squealing bachelorette party by telling the bride-to-be that he’s going to be stuck with one dick for the rest of her life! The crowd whoops like nobody’s ever said something like that before. He’s the comedian, after all — what does it matter, to us in the real world, that he sounds like your uncle playing along with an episode of @midnight?

Hackford’s film, a no-stakes episodic hangout character study, offers few fresh insights into the comedy mind. There aren’t a lot of laughs, either, which is a problem when there are so many scenes of stand-up. De Niro gives a committed performance, and he’s compelling in scenes of bickering and uncertainty, especially when he has strong acting partners: Leslie Mann as the younger woman with whom his comic inevitably gets entangled; Danny DeVito as the brother from whom he bums money; Edie Falco as the off-the-wall manager who can only find him gigs on Long Island; and Billy Crystal, briefly, as a Friars Club pal and rival. In these moments De Niro’s Jackie Burke becomes specific and interesting, a frustrating man whom none of these people can quite dismiss. De Niro’s convincing as a prick. He’s less so as a performing comedian. His material is unstamped by any unique perspective, and his delivery lacks music or surprise — De Niro gets the jokes out but he doesn’t put them over. Actual working comics often turn up, in montages at the Comedy Cellar, and the contrast does De Niro no favors. Hannibal Buress gets you laughing before he catches you up in his drift of mind, keeps you pleasurably off-balance with his rhythms, gets you to anticipate where he’s going and then still be surprised when he gets there — your brain dances with his all the way to the joke. De Niro’s Jackie just expectorates punchlines.

At first, the film seems to be a study of a man who has lost his way. It opens with a nostalgia-night show in Hicksville, New York, hosted by Jimmie Walker. It’s an embarrassing gig, one playing on Jackie’s long-gone days as the star of a hacky sitcom. His jokes seem stale, but just when you think The Comedian might be about this guy bottoming out and rediscovering his muse, the Hicksville crowd is eating them right up — turns out The Comedian actually thinks Jackie’s artist enough as it is.

A heckler jumps in to kickstart what little story there is. In a couple of clumsey scenes, Jackie clobbers him, gets charged with assault and soon, as part of his community service, is treating the homeless guys at the soup kitchen to jokes about Pilgrims fucking turkeys. There he meets a troubled beauty played by Mann, and if the description “troubled beauty” bugs you, blame the movie, not me. Her only traits are her tem-per, some daddy issues (her pa is played by Harvey Keitel, who occasionally gives De Niro some admirable stink-eye) and an eagerness to gush praise upon dude comedians. Somehow, Mann invests this slip of a character with biting, wounded charisma, even if the final scenes let her down.

Not much of this is funny, and none is outrageous; director Hackford (Roy, The Devil’s Advocate, An Officer and a Gentleman) is more adept at melodrama than comedy set pieces. But The Comedian has its charms — sitcoms and movies and podcasts — even if the final scenes let her down. Not much of this is funny, and none is outrageous; director Hackford (Roy, The Devil’s Advocate, An Officer and a Gentleman) is more adept at melodrama than comedy set pieces. But The Comedian has its charms — sitcoms and movies and podcasts —

DE NIRO GETS THE JOKES OUT BUT HE DOESN’T PUT THEM OVER.

has some muted charm as it bops amiably from incident to incident, helped along by glistening rainy-city digital photography and trumpeter/composer Terence Blanchard’s tasty small-group jazz score.

(Then the film is brisk, tense and informative, always returning us to the film’s praecis of the standoffs at Waco and Ruby Ridge might surprise even those of us who paid attention during the era. Here’s a 1993 video footage of Timothy McVeigh himself, gawking and not quite smiling, peddling bumper stickers to spectators not far from the Branch Davidian compound. Just two years later, on the anniversary of the compound’s immolation, McVeigh’s bomb would kill 168 in Oklahoma City.)

The film traces the steps of McVeigh’s bomb-making and eventual capture. It reports his reading habits (The Turner Diaries, an early classic of fake news), his military career (he was surprised not to love killing Iraqis) and his outrage at the federal government. It shows us the flames of his fury, and tries to identify the match that lit them, but it offers little insight into just why he was so combustible. Occasionally Goodman resorts to hoary cliché, showing us a corkboard pinned over with headlines and photos, a string from each tying back to McVeigh in the center. He can trace the connections but not the deeper why.

Still, Goodman scores a high class of talking heads: writers and journalists, survivors and witnesses, first responders and FBI investigators. There are tears and terror, and one story of an emergency amputation in the wreckage that takes an impossible MacGyver turn. But mostly the film is a procedural, reporting on the search for a suspect rather than searching for much itself. — Alan Scherstuhl

EXAMINING THE GROWTH OF A HOME-GROWN TERRORIST

Barak Goodman’s Oklahoma City — a documentaty about exactly what you think it’s about — benefits from fortuitous timing. The film is brisk, tense and informative, always compelling as it surveys the rise of the right-wing militias that boomed in the Clinton era. Elements of Goodman’s précis of the standoffs at Waco and Ruby Ridge might surprise even those of us who paid attention during the era. Here’s a 1993 video footage of Timothy McVeigh himself, gawking and not quite smiling, peddling bumper stickers to spectators not far from the Branch Davidian compound. Just two years later, on the anniversary of the compound’s immolation, McVeigh’s bomb would kill 168 in Oklahoma City.

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IBSEN, UPDATED

BY SERENA DONADONI

I
n his atmospheric debut film, Australian theater director Simon Stone whittles down The Wild Duck into a cautionary tale about welcoming home an emotional exile. While stage adaptations of Henrik Ibsen’s tragicomedy often emphasize its farcical elements, Stone sticks to tragedy in his naturalistic version, set in densely planted logging forests and a rural community of abandoned factories and few opportunities. This loose modern adaptation presents long-buried secrets as landmines on the road to happiness and strips away the play’s philosophical clash between idealism and illusion. Ibsen’s rationale for an alienated scion of the ruling class wielding truth like a weapon — and destroying his best friend’s fragile family structure by revealing the lie it was built upon.

When Christian Nielsen (Paul Schneider) reunites with Oliver Finch (Ewen Leslie) after nearly 20 years, they leap back to being teenagers, overlooking the time apart and events that made their paths diverge. Christian has reluctantly returned to attend the wedding of his father, Henry (Geoffrey Rush), who’s just announced that the Nielsen family business, a sawmill that employs most of the town, will be shutting down. This barely registers for Christian, who’s surrounded by memories of his mother’s suicide and trying to prevent the collapse of his own marriage. He’s easily pulled into his old friend’s warm embrace, and spends more time at the

FAINT ECHOES OF IBSEN DON’T LIFT THE DAUGHTER ABOVE THE AVERAGE FAMILY DRAMA.

comfortably ramshackle Finch household than he does in his father’s imposing mansion.

Stone and Leslie make Oliver an enviable figure (instead of Ibsen’s pitiable photographer), grateful for the happiness he found after experiencing his own crisis. He’s easily pulled into his old friend’s warm embrace, and spends more time at the
Donnie Darko

Wilder Theater, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sat., Feb. 4, 7:30 p.m.; $10. (310) 200-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.

Tuesday, Feb. 7
It Happened One Night has as much claim to the title of greatest romantic comedy of all time as any other exemplar of the genre. In a rare feat, Frank Capra’s lovely film won all five major Oscars (Best Picture and Director for Capra, Actor for Clark Gable, Actress for Claudette Colbert and Screenplay for Robert Riskin), which was all the more impressive considering it deserved them. Gable and Colbert play a reporter and a disenchanted heiress, respectively, brought together by necessity and kept together by, well, you know. Look for a repeat viewing at the 1000 North Wilshire, Tue., Feb. 7, 1 p.m.; $4. (323) 857-6000, boma.org.

Thursday, Feb. 9
If you’re not in a repertory mood, USC’s ongoing Outside the Box Office [series has a sneak preview for you: A Cure for Wellness. The film is Pirates of the Caribbean helmer Gore Verbinski’s first since the ill-fated Lone Ranger of a few years back, and it boasts what’s easily the strangest premise of his career: It concerns a wellness spa in the Swiss Alps whose treatments include bathtubs full of snakes, rituals involving deer masks and — perhaps most troublingly — noted Death Eater Lucius Malfoy heading the proceedings. The screening is free, but to ensure your spot in the spa you’ll need to RSVP online. USC, 900 W. 34th St., University Park; Thu., Feb. 9, 7 p.m.; free, RSVP required. (213) 740-2804, cinema.usc.edu.

When choosing a favorite David Fincher movie, there are a few different approaches. If you go with your heart, you’ll likely land on The Social Network or The Curious Case of Benjamin Button (désolé, haters!). But if you go with your brain, the only answer is Zodiac. Starring a grown-up Donnie Darko and a soon-to-be Iron Man, it may be the most cerebral, involving procedural ever made — a descent into obsession that serves as a stirring reminder that one needn’t die at the hands of a serial killer in order to lose one’s life to him. Cinemafilm/Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Thu., Feb. 9, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (323) 655-2510, cinematic.org. — Michael Nordine

DARK NIGHT
Suburban teenhood often means killing time, auditioning selves, to offer a long look at an everyday moment.

Saturday, Feb. 4
As part of What a Difference: Women and Film in the 1970s and 1980s, UCLA celebrates Donna Deitch with three shorts and a feature. A new digital restoration of 1986’s Desert Hearts will be preceded by She Was a Visitor (1979), Body (1981 to 1 (1968), and Memory (1980), with three shorts screening on 16mm. Deitch — who will appear at the event — made her feature debut with Desert Hearts, a sapphic romance set in late-’50s Reno. UCLA’s Billy Wilder Theater, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sat., Feb. 4, 7:30 p.m.; $10. (310) 200-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.

Donnie Darko

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When choosing a favorite David Fincher movie, there are a few different approaches. If you go with your heart, you’ll likely land on The Social Network or The Curious Case of Benjamin Button (désolé, haters!). But if you go with your brain, the only answer is Zodiac. Starring a grown-up Donnie Darko and a soon-to-be Iron Man, it may be the most cerebral, involving procedural ever made — a descent into obsession that serves as a stirring reminder that one needn’t die at the hands of a serial killer in order to lose one’s life to him. Cinemafilm/Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Thu., Feb. 9, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (323) 655-2510, cinematic.org. — Michael Nordine

DARK NIGHT
Suburban teenhood often means killing time, auditioning selves, inhabiting the you that you can pull off for now but also maybe worrying about the you it aims for next. Few films honor that uncertain aimlessness like Tim Sutton’s Dark Night, an antifiction offering exquisitely framed long takes that looks at Sarasota teenagers not doing much. The kids text, play video games, skateboard, go to the shooting range. Guns are all around them, in real life and in their media. They don’t speak much, and not only rarely does one shot follow the next in scenic continuity — Sutton, the writer and director behind 2013’s mytho-poetic study Memphis, tends to offer a long look at an everyday moment and then jump to another. That leaves us the chance to consider what these them-selves, all that time available to them, don’t often take a breath to think about: What do their do-nothings mean? Should we weep for the young woman passing tirelessly until she nails the perfect sports-bra selfie? Is it a jab of insincerity or annoyance we experience when we realize that Sutton’s not going to show us who is on the receiving end? Sutton makes the concrete oblique, even mysterious. His fiction films verge on documentary, with nonprofessional actors inhabiting their real-life environs. He has a poet’s vision, rendering familiar American nowhere into dreamscapes. Dark Night follows its teenagers over the course of a day that will end with a trip to the movies — and a mass shooting in the theater, inspired by the 2012 murders in Aurora, Colorado. Sutton spares us the violence; instead, he demands we study the milieu in which the shooter has steered. (Alan Scherstuhl)

DON’T KNOCK TWICE
The director Caradog W. James shows enough spectral materializing in the dead of night, that if you knock (twice!) on the door of an annoyance we experience when we realize that if you knock (twice!) on the door of an abandoned old house, a demonic witch is awakened. Believing this to be true, troubled teenager Chloé (Lucy Boynton) goes ahead and bangs away, thus dooming herself to an ordeal in which — after moving back in with her junkie-turned-sculptor mom (Katee Sackhoff) — she’s pursued by the evil hog, Prevailing her every arrival by turning off the lights and resembling a more aged and gaunt variation of The Ring’s stringy-haired ghoul Samara, this malvolent being behaves a lot like her horror cinema predecessors — which is to say, she taunts more than she actually terrorizes, preferring to jolt her would-be victims rather than just, you know, kill them. Thanks largely to images of an old-lady shooter materializing in the dead of night, director Caradog W. James shows enough visual flair to suggest that, with better material, he might be able to generate some
The Lego Batman Movie Th: 7, 9.45 p.m.
LG CHEESECAKE Theatres
190 The Grove Drive, 3rd & Fairfax (323) 902-0829
America's Most Haunted House 13455 Maxella Ave.
Thurs., 7, 10, 10:30 p.m.
Nocturnal Animals Th: 4, 7.30, 10 p.m.
Resident Evil: The Final Chapter 2 Mon.-Wed., 1:05, 3:20, 5:15, 7:10 p.m.
Ultra Violet Th: 1:30, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.
SUNDANCE SUNSET CINEMA 8003
Downtown West Seattle (323)604-2219
American Violence Th: 7, 10; Sun., 10
PASIFIC CULVER STADIUM 12
13455 Maxella Ave.
Mon., 11:45 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9 p.m.
1000 Wilshire Blvd.
(310) 274-6869
The Salesman (Forushande) Fri., 10:45 a.m., 4:30, 10:30 p.m.
9500 Wilshire Blvd.
(310) 478-3836
The King Mon.-Thurs., 2:15, 4:45 p.m.
Mon.-Wed., 12:40, 3:50, 7, 10 p.m.
La La Land: The IMAX 2D Experience Mon.-Wed., 1, 4, 7, 9 p.m.
Resident Evil: The Final Chapter Th: 3, 6, 9, 10 p.m.
Lion Th: 10:30 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
Sun., 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 1, 2:15, 3:35, 4:55, 7:25, 10:05 p.m.
La La Land Fri., 10:35 a.m., 12:50, 3:55, 7, 10:05 p.m.
The Space Between Us Fri., 7:15, 10, 10:30 p.m.
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memorable frights. As it stands, however, Mark Huckyer and Nick Ostler's screenplay is a nickety affair that attempts to generate mystery about which person is responsible for first creating this supernaturnal situation, even though the film contains only four characters — and two of them are clearly not the culprits. Consequently, Don't Knock Twice proves merely a collection of decent scary sights tattooed onto a senseless story. (Nick Schager)

ELOISE: Have we hit Peak Horror Movie Prologue? Eloise, directed by Robert Legato, gives us three. First is a scene from the bad old days of the Eloise psychiatric hospital, in which sinister shrink H.H. Greiss (Robert Patrick, within his strike zone) administers electroshock therapy to an unwilling patient. Next is a news-report montage of a 1982 fire at the asylum that killed many patients and the doctor himself. Third is a flash-forward to another hospital, as a detective questions an uncooperative patient (Eliza Dushku) about a recent tragic night at Eloise. Finally, we're introduced to a mucinective patient (Toni Trucks) about a killing he committed to the burnt-out hospital to prove merely a collection of run-of-the-mill apparitions (the film's constant flares from headlamps, each by sporadic power surges, lightning and swiping some death records so he can claim a break-in to the burnt-out hospital to generate mystery about which person is responsible for this on its soundtrack, masterfully syncing Baldwin's words to images binding past and present. Samuel L. Jackson brings Baldwin's words to life, nailing the cadences in his speech, punctuating his words with humor, anger, exasperation and hope. At times, there's an almost feminine quality to Jackson's delivery, a softness that carries surprising power. This isn't just narration — it's a full-blooded, lived-in performance, one of Jackson's best. (Odie Henderson)

ON THE ROCKS: Comedies of misfortune don't get much more uncomfortably hilarious than On the Rocks, writers-directors Ariel Graber and Alex Kavutsky's caustic ode to personal, professional, marital, sexual, familial, social and existential dysfunction. Dallas (Chase Fein) is a mechanic whose wife, Karen (Nicoche Bagby), is a demanding bipolar disaster who (unknown to her husband) has just quit nursing school. She's only one of many problems Dallas contends with throughout this odyssey of working-class misfortune and despair, given that his life is a carnival populated by — among other obnoxious lunatics — a sycophant (Kenny Feder) and sleazy (Adey White) sisters-in-law, a drug pushing doctor (Graham Clarke), a jerky boss (DeMorge Brown) and a new AA friend (Anna Seregina) and her clique. Gardner and Kavutsky bombards Dallas with one awful person and circumstance after another, to the point that his quests to locate a mattress and uncoil a toilet take on Sisyphean proportions. Playing characters whose loathsomeness ranges from mild to punishing, the cast — led by the droll acrominocial Fein and Bagby — proves highly attuned to the filmmakers' cacophonies of catastrophic tone. Staging multiple
sequences as extended Altman-esque tapestries in which overlapping voices uneasily harmonize with the soundtrack's swelling jazz, *On the Rocks* is like a blood pressure&endash;raising anxiety attack extended to an hour and a half — except funny. (Nick Schager)

**WAR ON EVERYONE**

War on Everyone marks writer-director John Michael McDonagh’s return to the black-comedy genre, both of them showing no compunction in beating up suspects, stealing evidence and consuming illicit drugs. In other hands, *War on Everyone* might have added up to little more than a mean-spirited wallow in misanthropy. But McDonagh brings the same kind of humane attention to character detail that animated both *The Guard* and, especially, his follow-up, the spiritually minded *Calvary*. Terry and Bob may not have much of a moral compass when it comes to law enforcement, but audiences might find something redemptive in the duo’s loyalty to each other and to their (actual and surrogate) families. Mostly, though, *War on Everyone* is an excuse for McDonagh to let fly with as many comic quips as he can muster. The crime plot — something to do with monetary theft, double-crossing and eventually a child-pornography ring — matters less than his characters’ gleeful airing of highbrow and lowbrow cultural references. Here, Terry’s love of Glen Campbell coexists with unexpected shout-outs to Simone de Beauvoir, Sergej Daghilev and Yukio Mishima. Much of it feels inconsequential compared with his previous films, but McDonagh’s unflagging anarchic energy keeps it juicily diverting in the moment. (Kenji Fujihama)

**THE SALESMAN**

*The Salesman* (written & directed by Asghar Farhadi) has received a number of accolades. The film opens with married theater actors Emad (Shahab Hosseini) and Rana (Tariqah Alidoosti) being forced out of their apartment building after it starts to shake and crack, thanks to a construction project next door. They manage to find a flat that’s about to be vacated by another woman, Ahoos. But she never shows up to take her stuff away. That puts a strain on Emad and Rana’s own relationship, a situation that becomes dire when Rana is mysteriously assaulted in their new place after letting in a mysteri-ous man whom she thought was Emad. Farhadi’s ability to stage a scene, to build the tensions between his characters until you’re bursting with anticipation, remains so potent that I admired the immensity of what I was seeing. Farhadi’s mastery of intimate drama, of the glances and slights and minor transgressions that can poison relationships, is predicated on moving the pieces of his narrative puzzle into just the right configuration for maximum conflict. This time, as he manhandles things into place, cracks begin to appear in his artifice. (Bijge Ebrir)
EAST SIDE STORIES

How a collection of bootlegged R&B oldies became a time capsule for Chicano culture in 1970s East L.A.

BY CHRIS KISSEL

Joe Ruiz walks out to the parking lot of Self Help Graphics, the Boyle Heights community arts center, to show off his car—a 1964 Chevy Impala SS. It’s not so much a car as a steel monument, shining supernaturally, reflecting the street lights.

Ruiz is a sight, too, wearing a pinstripe suit jacket, beige slacks pulled up to the waist, and a flashy gold pendant. After admiring his car, he shows off a record displayed on a wall inside Self Help: East Side Story Vol. 4. There’s Ruiz on the cover, 40 years younger, crouched down next to a classic lowrider. Melissa Dueñas organized the show at Self Help as a fundraiser for her forthcoming documentary about East Side Story, the classic, unpolished 12-volume series of lowrider oldies. Originally released in the late 1970s and early ’80s, East Side Story represents a distinctive vein of horn-laden R&B and soul music, mostly from the ’60s—think The Four Tops or The Delfonics.

These were the songs often associated with Mexican-American lowrider culture, the types of songs one could expect to hear floating from the windows of a car like Ruiz’s, cruising down Whittier Boulevard or similar thoroughfares in San Jose, San Antonio or Chicago circa 1978. The songs on the records weren’t necessarily from L.A., but the East Side Story records originated here, and were particularly cherished for their covers, which featured snapshots of East L.A. Chicanos and Chicanas and their cars.

Dueñas found Ruiz in the same painstaking way she’s tracked down others who appeared on the East Side Story covers—in his case, by cold-calling a former Lowrider magazine photographer who happened to be Ruiz’s brother-in-law.

A 29-year-old from San Diego, Dueñas has been at this for more than a year, putting names to the faces on the records and digging into the stories of the “East Side Story families” who collected the records back in the day. In 2015, she started eastsidestoryproject, an Instagram account with photos, old and new, of the people she has met, partly as a way to track down more of them.

“There are a lot of narratives that intersect in these albums,” Dueñas says. “I didn’t really realize how complex it was until I started putting it out there. For example, if you post about an album cover and mention the original location, people will say, ‘Oh man, I grew up next to that park!’”

The Instagram account has built a following among young Latinos eager to connect with the culture of the previous generation, and it formed the basis for Dueñas’s documentary. “It kind of affirms who they are,” she says. “When people see the East Side Story Instagram, they get excited because it really holds a fond place in their hearts. It’s become this place for this collective narrative to really unfold.”

Dueñas started collecting records when she was 16 and now hosts an online oldies radio show called Low Rider Sundays. The East Side Story compilations, she says, helped her tap into an endless well of vintage soul and funk. The records are foundational for many soul DJs, and their handmade covers and nameless faces pictured on the sleeves have helped fuel a sense of mystery around their origin. Rumor had it, for instance, that the records were created by a man who was Greek—not Latino, like the majority of those who bought his records—known only as Mr. B.

In fact, Mr. B was there at Dueñas’ fundraiser—smiling, shaking hands, posing for pictures in front of the records mounted on the wall.

Long before the sign at the old Starlite Drive-In in South El Monte became a faded relic, 20 years before Melissa Dueñas was born, Anthony Boosalis and his sister took over their father’s stall at the Starlite Swap Meet. Then as now, the sprawling flea market was a maze of vendors, hawking all kinds of goods. Boosalis, who is in fact Greek, sold blacklight posters. It was 1969.

Before long he had added records, and by the mid-’70s his curated selection of albums and 45s was flying off the shelf. Boosalis was exclusively selling records by then, and he paid close attention to the records that his clientele requested.

He started making his own bootleg 45s, carving out a niche in the swap meet’s subterranean economy.

“I really knew the market inside and out,” he says now. “I knew all the songs, and how popular certain songs were.”

Starting in 1978, Boosalis assembled the first three East Side Story volumes. With his brother-in-law, he designed the album’s covers—the red and green lines, the chicken-scratch lettering. Without a budget for cover art, the pair drove around East L.A., taking pictures of young Chicanos and their cars.

Boosalis didn’t license the music or pay royalties until years later; in all, it was a thoroughly underground operation. But the records were a hit from the start, and grew steadily as Boosalis poured energy into the enterprise. He visited local stores and flea markets, and went on a long road trip across the country, selling the records.

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For Dueñas, the project is partly about acknowledging the records themselves but even more about communicating a collective history that, if not buoyed by the records’ enduring popularity, might have been lost. That wide focus is evident in the sheer number of names, stories and locations she’s sifted through in her work. “As this project has gotten so crazy and thorough, I’ve thought, ‘Gosh, this is insane—what am I doing?’” Dueñas says. “But then I’m like, ‘Why the fuck shouldn’t I do this?’ These albums are very influential, and not just to a small community but to many people. The Beatles were not important in my upbringing—yet how many documentaries and books are there about The Beatles? This is an important part of musical history as well.”

Dueñas’ favorite East Side Story song is “I’ll Never Be Over For Me,” by East L.A. band Thee Midniters, from Vol. 3. It’s a remarkable, perhaps perfect recording, driven by singer Little Willie G’s desperate croon, a tribute to overwhelming sorrow.

“My dad used to have this little ghetto Walkman, and he always had random tapes in it, and he would always be singing along to [that song],” Dueñas recalls. “One time, I heard him in the shower singing it.” Later, she says, she found an old 45 of “I’ll Never Be Over for Me” inside her grandmother’s record player cabinet.

“I also played that song at his funeral,” she says. “And the words—they resonate in that way, when someone is gone. You know, ‘It’ll never be over for me,’ no matter what happens. It’s a very haunting song. It has this bittersweet quality.”

“Most people, I think that’s why they like oldies—because they’re bittersweet. These are sad, sad songs, but they’re so beautiful at the same time.”

EAST SIDE STORY
COLLECTED SONGS ASSOCIATED WITH LOWRIDER CULTURE.

“Virtualy everyone bought them,” he says. He estimates that the total number of East Side Story records sold is somewhere in the high hundreds of thousands.

Looking back, Boosalis remembers the details well but doesn’t tend to get reflective about what it all means. The idea of creating a formative document of lowrider culture never crossed his mind.

“It was a business venture,” he says. “That was my primary motivation. It was strictly a way of earning some income to support my family.”

He seems genuinely surprised by but appreciative of the continued interest. “It’s kind of a validation of all the hard work I did,” he says now. “I really knew that area of music ... and I spent hours and hours putting those compilations together.”

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Most outlaw country musicians aren’t outlaws. The holy trinity of Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and Kris Kristofferson weathered their fair share of drug busts and cold wars with the Nashville establishment but ultimately avoided significant brushes with the law.

Since its 1970s heyday, “outlaw country” has become marketing shorthand — a reach across to the aisle toward urban cowboys or “country for people who don’t like country.” Basically, people like me.

Then there’s Jaime Wyatt, the latest country songwriter to break out of L.A.’s increasingly vibrant, twang-centric scene. Wyatt’s biography makes her the outlaw country answer to 50 Cent, who turned getting shot into unimpeachable street cred.

Born in Santa Monica and raised outside Seattle, Wyatt got her first record deal at 17, which led to song placements on the Wicker Park soundtrack but little more. After that deal dissolved, Wyatt moved to L.A. and received another recording contract, which also went nowhere.

In the depressive aftermath, she developed an addiction to hard drugs, part of a desperate tailspin that led to her robbing her dealer. Charged with felony counts of home invasion and robbery, Wyatt copped a plea deal and spent eight months in an Oxnard jail, with six months of treatment and three years on probation.

Malevolent guards called her a “skinhead.” One prisoner threatened to kill her, which was fortuitously averted thanks to a random cellblock switch. There was 24-hour lockdown with no yard.

“I really got to sit with myself for a long time. It was stressful but forced me to understand different parts of society,” Wyatt says when we meet at a Silver Lake cafe.

Wyatt’s been mostly crashing at her mom’s trailer-park home in Calabasas, helping to take care of her father, musician Michael O’Neill, as he battles ALS. She’s wearing a white fringe leather jacket and a colorful Western button-up with a vintage Neil Young concert tee underneath. If you didn’t know her biography, you’d just as easily assume she was a random Eastsider with a penchant for honkytonk chic.

“One of the reasons why I liked using drugs was that you’d meet real fucking outlaws or gangsters,” Wyatt says. “You’d encounter strung-out junkies and see the shadow of who they used to be. You’d see some goodness, but they’d ultimately be ships passing in the night. People in jails and institutions just come and go.”

There’s a narrow line between authenticity and procuring literary material. The works of Nelson Algren, William S. Burroughs and Baudelaire are populated by the seedy underworld characters they met. In Wyatt’s case, the songs on this month’s Felony Blues are short stories riddled with psychic carnage — gin-soaked lamentations cloaked in gorgeous arrangements and a forlorn star dust wail. Think Bonnie Raitt with a backstory closer to Boosie.

“I was so close to that stuff for years and literally had to go ride my bike, skateboard and be normal to realize I can do this,” Wyatt says about the many years it’s taken her to turn these experiences into art. “I’m a perfectionist and wrote a lot of versions of these songs to find the right ones.”

The cumulative effect could convince you that there’s a country renaissance transpiring in L.A., between Wyatt, her 40 Below labelmate Sam Morrow and Sam Outlaw (who appears on Felony Blues’ “Your Loving Saves Me”).

“It might sound lame but there’s empowerment in there — you know, fuck it, live the way you want to live, live free and be happy,” Wyatt says. “Not everybody is going to approve of who you are and where you come from, but that doesn’t mean that you can’t still be all right.”

Jaime Wyatt | Bootleg Theater, 2220 Beverly Blvd., Echo Park | Tue., Feb. 7, 8:30 p.m. | $10-$12 | bootlegtheater.org

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Bizarre Ride show on RBMA Radio. Follow him on Twitter @passionweiss.
FRI. FEBRUARY 3
SKITZO
GRAMY KICKOFF PARTY FT. KENDALL LAKE

THU. FEBRUARY 2
FUNK FAM FUNKTION

SAT. FEBRUARY 4
COME CLOSE

THU. FEBRUARY 2
KILLAHURTZ

FRI. FEBRUARY 3
CLUB Y2K
MISSY ELLIOT NIGHT

SAT. FEBRUARY 4
MARYANN COTTON
WILLIE PSYCHO’S CIRKUS OF MAYHEM

SUN. FEBRUARY 5
LOS ANGELES SKA WARS
WE LOVE KANDY TOUR

THU. FEBRUARY 2
P. MORRIS

SUN. FEBRUARY 5
RHONDAVOUS
WILLIE PSYCHO’S CIRKUS OF MAYHEM

FRI. FEBRUARY 10
WE LOVE KANDY TOUR

SAT. FEBRUARY 2
WE LOVE KANDY TOUR

SUN. FEBRUARY 5
SAT. FEBRUARY 25
WE LOVE KANDY TOUR

THU. FEBRUARY 10
WE LOVE KANDY TOUR

WED. FEBRUARY 8
COMING SOON:
2/3 FUNK FAM FUNKTION
2/3 KILLAHURTZ
2/10 LARGE-N-IN-CHARGE LA
2/12 GAVLYN, SAHTYRE, BUTTERSCOTCH, AND FRIENDS!
2/14 WHORE(ER) STORIES: XEN STATION XIII
2/14 ROLLING HEARTS: POP-UP ROLLER RINK & DISCO
2/15 EXPLORE.
2/16 GATA / LOW COUNTRY KINGDOM
2/17 ANDRELIEN
2/18 XCELERATED // BIOLOGICAL BEATS // B-SIDE
2/19 NAMASDRAKE: A DRAKE THEMED YOGA CLASS
2/19 NAMASBEY: A BEYONCÉ THEMED YOGA CLASS
2/19 TRE CAPITAL, KEMBE X, MULHERIN, AND MORE!
2/23 UNIFORM
2/25 BALANCE
3/11 THE WORLD OF DRUM & BASS
3/16 XXU XXU
3/18 NERD BOY EXTRAVAGANZA
3/18 BALANCE
4/7 HORSE THE BAND

3/11 SOUND MAJESTY PRESENTS: RIPPLE MUSIC SHOWCASE
2/11 BOOTIE LA: VALENTINE’S PARTY
2/11 PINK LEMONADE
2/12 COAST 2 COAST
2/12 SKA NIGHT
2/14 THE MOTH
2/16 UNDERGROUND RISING
2/17 KAYLAS EP RELEASE PARTY
2/17 D’SKARADOS 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY
2/18 CONCRETE JUNGLE ENT. PRESENTS

CONCRETE JUNGLE ENT. PRESENTS
3/5 GHANA 60TH INDEPENDENCE PARTY

COMING SOON:
2/18 BOOTIE LA: GWEN VS. P!NK MASHUP NIGHT
2/18 FLEETMAC WOOD - THE 40TH BIRTHDAY RUMOURS RAVE
2/19 PATO BANTON AND THE NOW GENERATION
2/19 CLUB 90’s
2/20 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
2/21 THE MOTH
2/22 SUNSET ECLECTICO PRESENTS
2/24 A CLUB CALLED RHONDA
2/25 BOOTIE LA: ’80S VS. ’90S MASHUP NIGHT
2/27 COLORS COMEDY
2/28 KODIE SHANE
3/1 CONCRETE JUNGLE ENT. PRESENTS
3/6 GHANA 60TH INDEPENDENCE PARTY

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TRUMP’S AMERICAN CARNAGE

I listened to comrade Trump’s inaugural address and later downloaded the transcript. After reading it through a few times, it seemed to me that the man made a lot of yuge promises that were not only hard to define but also seemingly at odds with the plans of many of the people he wants to put into high-level positions.

As to the transition of power and how this time around it’s gonna be real special:

“Today’s ceremony ... has very special meaning. Because today we are not merely transferring power from one administration to another, or from one party to another — but we are transferring power from Washington, D.C., and giving it back to you, the American people.”

How can he say that when he wants Betsy DeVos, someone who seeks to dismantle and privatize the country’s public school system, as education secretary? That comrade Trump is not a crusader for the people is a known fact to some, but for others, it’s going to take a while for that to sink in.

“It’s all about you and your power. You’ve been held down for so long. Oh! The tyranny!”

“What truly matters is not which party controls our government but whether our government is controlled by the people. Jan. 20, 2017, will be remembered as the day the people became the rulers of this nation again. The forgotten men and women of our country will be forgotten no longer.”

Really? Of course it matters which party controls our government but whether our government is controlled by the people. It’s a false narrative that Trump and his gang have a field day with these phonies. And the hackers. And the comedians. And the criminals. And the politicians. And the priests. And the lawyers. And the doctors. And the teachers. And the nurses. And the artists. And the athletes.

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The Column!

Henry Rollins

THIS IS WHAT YOU VOTED FOR AND THIS IS WHAT YOU’LL GET.

This American carnage stops right here and stops right now.

No, it won’t. Gays, nonwhites, Muslims: all green-lit for maximum carnage. This is what you voted for and this is what you’ll get.

For a man who spent the last several months alienating over half of the electorate like no one who has hit the campaign trail, he’s feeling your pain. It was bullshit when Hillary Clinton said it and it’s even more so when it comes out of his mouth.

“We are one nation — and their pain is our pain. Their dreams are our dreams and their success will be our success. We share one heart, one home and one glorious destiny.”

One yuge, glorious destiny. That’s what everyone wants, right? The above statement is as puke-inducing as his interior-decorating sense.

Here’s the new extremist summer-camp invite:

“We will reinforce old alliances and form new ones — and unite the civilized world against radical Islamic terrorism, which we will eradicate completely from the face of the Earth.”

More of your money going to Israel and an invite to your cuddly broski Vladimir to re-create the Soviet Union. Rock on, Rex Driller. This next part will be harder than your third time through eighth grade, but you can do it!

“When you open your heart to patriotism, there is no room for prejudice. The Bible tells us, ‘How good and pleasant it is when God’s people live together in unity.’ We must speak our minds openly, debate our disagreements honestly, but always pursue solidarity.”

Open my heart to patriotism? Do I have to hug Ted Nugent? No room for prejudice? Hold on a second! There’s always room for prejudice, just ask the millions who voted you into office. Sad!

Worst inauguration speech ever. The creation of a nightmare scenario with phantom foes allows this dangerous administration to do anything it wants and call it an upgrade. It’s a false narrative that Trump and his gang have a field day with these phonies. And the hackers. And the comedians. And the criminals. And the politicians. And the priests. And the lawyers. And the doctors. And the teachers. And the nurses. And the artists. And the athletes.

“This American carnage stops right here and stops right now.”
Pinback @ THE ECHO
Pinback are presenting two contrasting sides of themselves on their current tour. In most cities, the San Diego band are playing two nights with two distinct sets. At the Echoplex on Thursday, Feb. 2, singer-guitarist Rob Crow (who also leads Goblin Cock), bassist-singer Zach Smith (Three Mile Pilot) and drummer Chris Prescott will perform Pinback’s entire 2007 album, *Autumn of the Seraphs*, in honor of the record’s 10th anniversary. The next night, the action moves upstairs to the Echo, where the trio will engage in a “regular” assortment of tunes from their various albums and EPs. The consistent thread throughout will be the group’s inventive juxtaposition of contemplative, yearning indie-rock vocals mixed with intricately undulating riffs, which bend and twist and stop and start on a dime. Also Thursday, Feb. 2. –Falling James

Kitten @ THE ROXY
Once “they,” now “she,” Kitten has effectively become the stage name of L.A. chanteuse Chloe Chaidez. Barely into her 20s, Chaidez is both a scene veteran and a major-label survivor, now releasing music independently with long-time manager/mentor/producer Chad Anderson. Last year’s *Heaven or Somewhere in Between* EP continued Kitten’s channeling of ‘80s-pop melodrama through Chaidez’s crystalline timbre and Anderson’s twinning arrangements, but the individual influences so apparent on earlier releases — Pet Shop Boys, Depeche Mode, heyday Madonna — began smearing into something more distinctive and assertive. Ostensibly continuing that collection’s religious themes (on songs such as “Church” and “Heaven”), latest track “Oh My God” is in fact an outraged late-night, lost-love lament tracing arcs of ex-directed emotions, as Chaidez’s breathless, disbelieving delivery teeters atop sparse beats, chilly synths and faux strings to persuasively “play-again” effect. Also Saturday, Feb. 4. –Paul Rogers

Pinch
THE ROXY

*Retroactive,* shrewdly rooted in sounds familiar to anyone who hasn’t been clubbing since 2005. On the decks, he’s likely to keep things darker and deeper, as on his recent edit of the Psycatron remix of Valentino’s “Flying,” which would sound right at home on any of Deep Dish’s classic Global Underground mixes. –Andy Hermann

Skawars 2017 @ UNION NIGHTCLUB
SoCal ska-punk has evolved far beyond its early-’90s origins; in fact, at this all-day ska/punk/reggae celebration, many of the bands hail from Mexico, where the sound has taken on some Latin flavors. Bellleton-based headliners Mad Caddies mix old-school ska-punk and reggae with a mellower vibe and touches of rockabilly, country and surf-rock. Mexico City’s Mas-katesta put their own melodic spin on classic Jamaican and two-tone ska, while their countrymen Tokadiscos play in a more modern, frenetic style. Local groups Viernes 13 and Chencha Berrinches combine the bounce of ska with Latin rock, surf, punk and even a little ranchera, switching up tempos as often as they jump between Spanish and English lyrics. Also with Red Store Bums, Matamoska, La Resistencia, South Central Skankers and many more. –Andy Hermann

Cool Maritime, Stephie’s Castle, Viron
@ NON PLUS ULTRA
Come experience the latest in noise that transcends its harsher nature when Contact Wave and dublab present three locals at the forefront of DIY meditative sound. New Age synth outfit Cool Maritime conjure sounds perfect for either your next isolation-tank vacation or that dreamlike, intensely long drive to San Francisco up the Coast Highway. Viron — the current nom de dormir of artist Nicholas Rossi — puts the “long” back into Long Beach with illuminating sonic cases coming on like twilight

See Thursday.
Chamberlián Trio
3/1
Brothers Collective ~ Vinyl Soul
2/22
Joe Perez Combo ~ Vinyl Soul
2/22
And The Fallen Flame
2/15
Tod Morse ~ Wicklow Atwater
2/15
The Fonda Theatre
2/9
Adam Ant
Mon 2/6
Mind Meld, Frankie and the Witch Fingers
@ THE ECHO
Mind Meld might not be the official house band of Permanent Records, but you’ve definitely seen members inside — working, browsing or hitting up an in-store — and if you know Permanent’s soft spot for hard rock, then you can guess what they might sound like. Think post-Sabbath hard rock, as excavated on their Brown Acid compilation and then reassembled by the peers and colleagues of right-now rockers like Thee Oh Sees or Ty Segall. Mind Meld’s new LP is out Feb. 17, and that’s what this residency is celebrating. In a world of barely committed psych-rock dilettantes, Frankie and the Witch Fingers deliver the real deal. Their last full-length, Heavy Roller, zigzags from S.F. Sorrow—style mind-blowers to junk-shop glam rockers like “Ice Cream” to the “And Your Bird Can Sing”–adjacent “Merry Go Round,” which closes the record with a rainbow.
—Chris Ziegler
Tue 2/7
Carl Stone
@ BLUEWHALE
Composer Carl Stone’s electronic performances reveal a poetic and playful bent grounded in his composition studies at CalArts with the pioneering likes of Morton Subotnick and James Tenney. While Stone has probed the microscopic depths of sound over the years using most every means — including modular synths, turntables, the human voice and acoustic instruments — his recent live sets have found him working primarily on a laptop with custom sound-crafting software, an array of digital effects units, his sharp ears and brain, and not much else. Stone makes beautiful, intelligent music that’s quite ear-friendly though deceptively minimal; it collages, fragments, time-stretches and loops sampled sounds often drawn from nature and urban scenes, or recontextualizes other musical materials such as Chinese and European classical pieces, Okinawan folk songs and 1960s Motown pop ditties.
—Falling James
Wed 2/8
Lordi
@ WHISKY A GO-GO
Like Gwar playing KISS songs, Finnish band Lordi have been dressing up as monsters and playing anemic hard rock since forming in 1992. Led by the inimitable Mr. Lordi, a man who looks like Gene Simmons’ yard sale come to life, Lordi remains the only hard-rock band to ever win the much-maligned and undeniably ridiculous Eurovision Song Contest in 2006, with the song “Hard Rock Hallelujah.” Amazingly, last year’s Monstereophonic was the band’s eighth studio album. It reached No. 10 on the Finnish charts, proving that these musical monsters are still beloved in their home nation. If an Egyptian mummy playing catchy heavy metal alongside a demon and a zombie-mimicking Dracula doesn’t sound like a whole lot of big, dumb fun to you, then you probably should look elsewhere for your midweek entertainment.
—Brett Callwood
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CLUBS
Mushroom, Neverland Ranch Davidians, Dream Feb. 3, 8:30 p.m., $5. Mike Watt & the Secondmen, Johnny Valentine, Alx Kawakami, Blayne Asing, anniversary, Mon., Feb. 6, 7:30 p.m., $20 (see GoLA.)
Ana. Shattered Faith, Just Because, Unit F , Fri., Feb. 3, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
Todd Kerns, Fri., Feb. 3, 9 p.m., TBA. Timothy Leavy, Jiu-jitsu, Babylon, Mon., Feb. 6, 8:30 p.m., free (see Mind Meld, Frankie & the Witch Fingers, Psychic Heavens, Tennis System, Sun., Feb. 5, 9 p.m., $18. Yops, Sat., Feb. 4, 5:30 p.m., $9.50. Lilys, Dead Vertical Scratchers, Fri., Feb. 3, 8:30 p.m., $29.50
Kaylee & the Jays, Thu., Feb. 9, 8 p.m., $5. Litronix, Mechachief, Asi Fui, Sat., Feb. 4, noon, $10.
THE ROXY:
THE ROSE:
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Fresh off of their January Echo residency, Unseen Worlds label - Carl Stone returns the ACLU - which needs our support now, (out 1/27 on Stones Throw), with a live NUMER O GROUP DJ SET Celebrating the release of his debut album, Music from the Seventies and Eighties For a full calendar of events, visit AMOEBA.COM

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Thursday • February 2 • 6 PM
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DANCE CLUBS

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

AVALON HOLLYWOOD • 178 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. Low Steppa, Bones, Bixel Boys, Sam Hiller, Fri., Feb. 3, 9:30 p.m.; Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more, 19+, Fridays, 9:30 p.m. Project 46, Chance King, DJ R2, Terry Pink, Feb. 4, 4:30 p.m. TigerHeat, Thu., Feb. 9, 10 p.m.

BAR ONE TAP ROOM • 12518 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood. Groove Me, with R&B DJs Stylish, Tech & Joeliskee, every third Saturday, 9 p.m., free.

BOARDER’S • 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Bar Sinister, Hollywood’s dark-wave bastion and goth dungeon, with resident DJs Amanda Jones, John C & Tommy, plus sexy-sinful displays and aerialist distractions, Saturdays, 10 p.m.-1:30 a.m. Blue Mondays, where it’s always the 1980s, a decade of “bad fashion & great music,” with resident DJs 18+, Mondays, 8 p.m., $5, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., $5. Tiger Heat, Sat., Feb. 4, 10 p.m. HOMENAJE • 5755 Magnolia Blvd., Burbank. The Joseph Santa Maria Quartet, Sat., Feb. 4, 11 p.m. Bar Sinister, Hollywood’s dark-wave bastion and goth dungeon, with resident DJs Amanda Jones, John C & Tommy, plus sexy-sinful displays and aerialist distractions, Saturdays, 10 p.m.-1:30 a.m. Blue Mondays, where it’s always the 1980s, a decade of “bad fashion & great music,” with resident DJs 18+, Mondays, 8 p.m., $5. Tiger Heat, Sat., Feb. 4, 10 p.m.

CREATE NIGHTCLUB • 6021 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Arcade Fire, Fr., Feb. 3, 10 p.m.; Noize Fridays, 8 p.m. Arcade Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Armin van Buuren, Sat., Feb. 4, 10 p.m. DJ ShyBoy mashes up at a dance party with special guests, third and first Saturday of every month, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Dub Club, an eternally mesmerizing night of reggae, dub and beyond from resident DJs Tom Chastain, Roy Corderoy, The Dungeonmaster and Boss Harmony, plus occasional live sets from Jamaican legends, 21+, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Night Shift, Thu., Feb. 9, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.

THE ECHO • 882 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Funky Soils, with Music Man Miles, DJ Soft Touch and others, 21+, Saturdays, 10 p.m., free.

THE ECHOPLEX • 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Franki Chan, Astley, Flying Horse, Maiko, Sat., Feb. 4, 9 p.m., free-$5. Bottle LA, whose resident DJ ShyBoy mashes up at a dance party with special guests, third and first Saturday of every month, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Dub Club, an eternally mesmerizing night of reggae, dub and beyond from resident DJs Tom Chastain, Roy Corderoy, The Dungeonmaster and Boss Harmony, plus occasional live sets from Jamaican legends, 21+, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Night Shift, Thu., Feb. 9, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.

EXCHANGE LA • 618 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Solarstone, Snieijder, Kristina Sky, Fri., Feb. 3, 10 p.m. TBA, Awakening, Friday, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m. Inception, Saturdays, 10 p.m. Jack Beats, AC Slater, Mike Skinner, Sat., Feb. 4, 10 p.m. TBA

STAR GRAND JAZZ CLUB • 943 North Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Tony Freeman spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21+, Fr., 4th, 9 p.m., $8. Boombot, first Sunday of every month, 9 p.m. Night Shift, Thu., Feb. 9, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m. www.fawekly.com // February 3 - 9, 2017 // LA WEEKLY
CONCERTS

FRIDAY, FEB. 3


CHICAGO: 8 p.m. Pechanga Resort & Casino, 45000 Pechanga Parkway, Temecula.

CHINESE ARTS TRoupE: 7 p.m. San Gabriel Mission Playhouse, 320 Mission Drive, San Gabriel.


MANNY HARVEY: 7:30 p.m., $33 & $47. George Nakano Theatre, Torrance Cultural Arts Center, 3330 Civic Center Drive, Torrance.

METHOd MAN & REDMAH: 8 p.m., $29-$30.50. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

THE MOTES, MISSING PERSONS: 6:30 p.m. The Yost Theater, 307 N. Spurgeon St., Santa Ana.

ODISSEY, MINDSON, DAWN: 8 p.m., $18. Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, 900 Exposition Blvd., Los Angeles.

STEPHEn SCHwARTZ: 7:30 p.m. Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts, 390 N. Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills.

THE VARDAN OSEVPian CHAMBER ENSEMBLE: 8:30 p.m. free. Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St. Ste 203, Los Angeles.

WARREN G: 8 p.m., $5. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

SATURDAY, FEB. 4

CHINESE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL: Featuring the 118th Golden Dragon Parade, 12-2 p.m., free, Chinatown Central Plaza, 227 N. Broadway, Los Angeles.

DASHBOARD CONFESSiONAL: With Vinyl Theatre, 7 p.m., $27.50. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

DOWN BY LAW, GUTTERMOUTH: With Pulphey, Whitekaps, Sidekick, 8 p.m. The Yost Theater, 307 N. Spurgeon St., Santa Ana.

DyvBx: 8 p.m. The NoVo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

GEOge ANNE MULDROW, STEVE LEHMAN: 8:30 p.m., $20. REDCAT, 631 W. Second St., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.


MANNY HARVEY: 7:30 p.m., $33 & $47. George Nakano Theatre, Torrance Cultural Arts Center, 3330 Civic Center Drive, Torrance.

REBELiON: With Passafire, 8 p.m., TBA. Fox Theater Pomona, 301 S. Garey Ave., Pomona.
Angeles.

**BENJAMIN HUDSON & ANTOINETTE PERRY:** Violinist Hudson and pianist Perry open up J.S. Bach's Sonata No. 3 in E major; Michael Paterson's *Avé & Esprit*; and W.A. Mozart's Sonata in A major, K. 526, Fri., Feb. 3, noon, free. First Lutheran Church & School, 2900 W. Carson St., Torrance.

**CALTECH CHAMBER MUSIC:** New music director Maia Jasper White leads a program TBA, Fri., Feb. 3, 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 5, 5 p.m., free. Dabney Lounge, Caltech, 1200 E. California Blvd., Pasadena.

**THE COLBURN ORCHESTRA:** Composer Matthias Pintscher conducts his own trumpet concerto, *Chute d'étoiles* (a tribute to artist Anselm Kiefer), followed by Mahler's Seventh Symphony, Sat., Feb. 4, 7:30 p.m., $5-$525. Ambassador Auditorium, 131 S. St. John Ave., Pasadena.

**COMMUNITY SCHOOL FACULTY SHOWCASE:** Teachers at the Colburn School take a pop quiz about the music of Béla Kovács, Gideon Rubin, J.S. Bach, Michael Roberts, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Johann Hummel, Franz Schubert, Leon Kirchner and others, Sun., Feb. 5, 6 p.m., free. The Colburn School of Music, Zipper Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**JAMES MCVINNIE:** The organist is accompanied at times by Liam Byrne (on viola da gamba) and Chris Thompson (marimba) for a half dozen pieces by Nico Muhly followed by works by Orlando Gibbons, Handel, Vaughan Williams, Messiaen and Stravinsky, Sun., Feb. 5, 7:30 p.m., $20-$58. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**GO L.A. PHILHARMONIC:** Georgian violinist Lisa Batiashvili wends her way through Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D major, Op. 35; and conductor Gustavo Dudamel summons forth Prokofiev's selections from *Romeo & Juliet* and Alfred Schnittke's anti-dream (*K)ein Sommernachtstraum, starting Feb. 2, through Feb. 4, 8 p.m., Sun., Feb. 5, 2 p.m., $20-$195, Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**LE SALON DE MUSIQUES:** A small ensemble revels in the music of Franz Schubert and Gustav Mahler, Sun., Feb. 5, 4 p.m., $85. The Music Center, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sexy</strong></td>
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The following person is doing business as: Squreek Mobile Clean Carwash 712 S. Westlake Ave. Apt 201, Los Angeles, CA, 90007. This business is conducted by an individual. The registrant commenced to transact business under the fictitious business name or names listed above on n/a Signed: Jose Vencesco

Koh-Tec, Alejandro Damien de Jesus and Armando Vidal, Notice: THIS FICTITIOUS NAME STATEMENT EXPIRES FIVE YEARS FROM THE DATE ON WHICH IT WAS FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK. A NEW FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT MUST BE FILED PRIOR TO THE EXPIRATION. The filing of this statement does not of itself authorize the use in this state of a fictitious business name in violation of the rights of another under federal, state, or common law (see Section 1450 et seq., Business and Professions Code). This statement was filed with the County Clerk of Los Angeles on 1/12/17 Publ: 02/02/17, 02/09/17, 02/16/17, 02/23/17, LA Weekly

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS DIVORCE - Case #PO90621 SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, 400 Civic Center Plaza, Pomona, CA. 91766 in regards to the marriage of Pettioner: NOEMI PLACIDA MEDINA and Respondent: ERNESTO ORNELAS, ORNELAS, by publication thereof in LA Weekly, a newspaper of general circulation published at Los Angeles, California hereby designated as the newspaper most likely to give notice to said respondents that said publication be made at least once a week for four consecutive weeks. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of said summons, petition, and his/her order for publication be forthwith deposited in the United States Post Office, postage paid, directed to said respondent if this address is ascertained before expiration of the time prescribed for the publication of this summons. A declaration of this mailing of the fact that the address was not ascertained must be filed at the expiration of the time prescribed for the publication. Dated 12/06/16, Judge Susan L. Lopez-Giss. The following person(s) is/are doing business as: Sanuk Squeek Mobile Carwash, 712 S. Westlake Ave. Apt 201, Los Angeles, CA. 90007. The following person(s) is/are doing business as: Squeek Mobile Carwash 712 S. Westlake Ave. Apt 201, Los Angeles, CA, 90007. This business is conducted by an individual. The registrant commenced to transact business under the fictitious business name or names listed above on n/a Signed: Jose Vencesco

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