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FROM HBO’S BIG LITTLE LIES TO UPCOMING ROLES IN STAR WARS: THE LAST JEDI AND THE TWIN PEAKS SEQUEL, THE UBIXUOUS LAURA DERN HAS DEFIED HOLLYWOOD’S EXPECTATIONS. BY APRIL WOLFE.
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FINANCING AVAILABLE TO EVERYONE
Laura Dern doesn’t want to draw attention to herself. She lowers her voice as she settles into a red-and-white vinyl booth at Jones Hollywood, where only a few early-evening diners share pizzas in the front cafe. But Dern blows her cover when she exclaims, “Is Rian Johnson not the greatest person you’ve ever talked with?”

He is, of course, but so is the effusive and charming Dern, who’s enjoying a welcome career boom. Just in this year, the actress has significant roles in Johnson’s Star Wars: The Last Jedi, HBO’s Big Little Lies, John Lee Hancock’s The Founder, Craig Johnson’s indie comedy Wilson, Jennifer Fox’s chilling personal drama The Tale and Showtime’s Twin Peaks reboot, the latter being so hush-hush that she’s been absolutely forbidden to say a word about her fourth collaboration with David Lynch.

This might be the busiest she’s been since her streaks in the late ‘80s and early ‘90s, when she did strings of high-profile projects: In Mask (1985), she was a blind girl in love with a man with physical deformities, and in Smooth Talk (1985) and Rambling Rose (1991) a sexually curious teenager, while Blue Velvet (1986) had her playing a cartoonish goody-goody. Her spastic lover-on-the-lam in Wild at Heart (1990) then gave way to the ever-curious scientist in one of the most profitable films ever made, Jurassic Park (1993).

Now as then, Dern can imbue the most tarnished characters with a gleaming heart, even as she defies typecasting. In many ways, she is a conduit to the renaissance days of the 1970s, when risk-takers and
Alexander Payne says. He directed Dern in his feature debut, the daringly hilarious abortion satire *Citizen Ruth* (1996), and also worked with Bruce Dern on 2013’s *Nebraska*. “There aren’t enough roles worthy of her talent and of her pickiness. In yesteryear’s Hollywood, female actors were much more valued and written for. I tremble when I think about these great actors’ lack of opportunities to do quality roles.”

Yes, women are getting less than a third in a scene.”

Payne credits Dern as the actor who convinced him he should be a collaborative director. He even invited her to see early cuts of *Citizen Ruth*, rare for a director — the kind of practice you’d see back in the 1970s, when people who acted were more often writers and directors on other projects. But Payne says Dern would often remember or recommend a take other than the one he had used. And he would find she was right: It was better.

“WHEN YOU’RE AROUND HER, IT’S LIKE SUNLIGHT. SHE’S A FORCE. SHE DEFINITELY HAS THE FORCE.”

— STAR WARS: THE LAST JEDI

DIRECTOR RIAN JOHNSON

Dern — who dropped out of college multiple times to take on some of the most rewarding roles of her career — learned everything she knows about film and life through the act of doing. Other former child stars haven’t always been so lucky in their careers. She laughs as she wonders aloud if anyone ever considered her a “Hollywood casualty,” but Dern insists her grounded nature wasn’t by mistake. “She definitely has the Force.”

Like the Force, talent is in her blood. Dern’s character-actor parents, Diane Ladd and Bruce Dern, raised her on their ideals. She, too, has sought out the daring roles snubbed by actors worried over the trajectories of stardom.

“If you don’t feel longing,” Dern says, “or if you’re already casting a lot of other people in the part while you’re reading the script, maybe you know it’s not yours.”

Her father recalls one of the roles she initially felt unsure about, one anyone else would have leapfrogged through traffic to land. “She called me up and said, ‘Dad, do I really have to do a dinosaur movie?’” Bruce Dern says he was shocked but understands her hesitance. “She’s a force,” he laughs, as if he can’t believe he’s actually saying it. “She definitely has the Force.”

Remember, though, that the kid who was so desperate to work with her — Johnson even calls casting Dern in *Star Wars* a “selfish move” on his part. “I just thought she was the coolest person on the planet since I saw *Blue Velvet.* It hit me right between the eyes, that shot of her coming out of the shadows — oh my God, that film.”

In last year’s quietly powerful indie *Certain Women*, Dern played a frazzled, small-town lawyer who gets caught up in a hostage situation but wants nothing more than a relaxing night at home with her dog and a pizza. Director Kelly Reichardt laughs as she struggles to describe the somehow ethereal quality Dern brings to a set, but then offers a more concrete example of the actress’s wisdom and experience. “There’s something in the take,” Reichardt says. “We might say, ’There’s a dead spot in this scene,’ and she would go, ‘Oh yeah, it’s on this word.’ And she could intuitively sense exactly what was missing.

Bruce Dern hesitates to tell this story, because it’s particularly painful.

“It’s heavy, but it’s true — Diane and I lost a child,” he says, from his car.

“She drowned in a swimming pool. Laura was born years later. When she was 7, we were driving out to my home in Malibu, and she turned to me on a rainy day just like today and straight out said, ‘Daddy, I miss my sister.’” He pauses, and through the phone there’s the sound of cars honking and tires slashing through the water on the roads. “We never talked to her about her sister. But she knew. And I knew right then that she was tremendously special.”

Laura Dern thinks of herself as being like a sponge — for better or for worse — sucking up all the emotions around her. She doesn’t remember the story her father told me: “God, I did miss her though. It’s so funny that I learn this stuff from the press.”

Though Dern’s parents divorced when she was 2, her impressions from childhood are happy:

“We lived in an apartment across from Chasen’s restaurant.” For decades, the Beverly Boulevard hangout was the place to be for the Hollywood elite, like Frank Sinatra and Cary Grant. “My grandmother and I would walk down the street to go to the market and we’d see icons — Jimmy Stewart! — and we’d get so excited. We got to have my birthday at Chasen’s when I was 15. My three best girlfriends and I dressed up like grown-ups. And my mom gave me [the credit card and left]

In 1995, Chasen’s was torn down. The location is now a Bristol Farms grocery store. Dern says she’d start weeping if she talked about all of her favorite long-gone Angeleno landmarks.

“They should be here, and they’re not. I saw David Bowie twice in my life, once when he was buying records with Iman in Tower,” she reminisces. “Tower Records, Tower Video, Rocket Video… Thank God for Vidiots.”

Then she hears the bad news. Vidiots just moved out of its physical location and won’t reopen for at least another year.

“No! But they’re going to be OK?” I tell her they will.

She sinks back into her seat, relieved.

“The loss of the video store and bookstore, to me, is a tragedy. It’s where you discover the artists you would not otherwise have known. I don’t need for the airport to define to me the three best-selling books, or the one movie everyone’s seen. I want to find what I don’t know.” That impulse reflects the way she selects her film roles — she looks for the one that tells her what she doesn’t know.

With infectious wonder she describes walking to the long-gone Beverly Park and Ponyland — now the Beverly Center. Remember, though, that the kid who was so psyched on a pony ride, the track star and student council president, was also already a movie actress, appearing with Jodie Foster in *Taxi Driver* and Diane Lane in *Ladies and Gentlemen, The Fabulous Stains*, the story of three angsty teen girls in a Slits-like post-punk band.

Lane fondly remembers their time on set:

“Watching Laura at 12 years old explore her own insouciance and petulance toward her on-screen mother [Christine Lahti] was so liberating,” she says. “She didn’t have to be liked! Or that dreaded word: sympathetic.” Dern herself, of course, was those things her character didn’t have to be. “Laura could cut the cord so easily when Lou Adler said ‘cut!’ and laugh at herself. She didn’t have to be liked! Or that dreaded word: sympathetic.” Dern herself, of course, was those things her character didn’t have to be. “Laura could cut the cord so easily when Lou Adler said ‘cut!’ and laugh at herself. She didn’t have to be liked! Or that dreaded word: sympathetic.”

At the time, Lane says, they didn’t know they were feminists, even though
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Laura Dern, right, co-stars with Reese Witherspoon, left, and Shailene Woodley in HBO’s Big Little Lies.

Laura Dern is not afraid of looking stupid, and she doesn’t have a brand to ruin. At 50, she’s ready now to take even bigger risks.

After wrapping 2014’s mother-daughter drama Wild, Dern took a trip to Big Sur with Cheryl Strayed, the author of the book on which the film was based. Dern had played the role of Strayed’s mother, a rollicking, fearless woman and the backbone of the story. On the trip, the two were with their children out in the woods on a rocky trail in the dark when they heard howling. Dern felt from everyone else a growing sense of trepidation — everyone except her. Dern’s son, one of two children she shares with her ex-husband, musician Ben Harper, also felt “by the time they got to me, I’d adopted their fears, every single one, like I was plagued by so much terror that I couldn’t even articulate a fear [of my own]. It’s worse than hypochondria.”

This happens all the time. If you say you love Indian food, Dern suddenly feels that she does, too. But this also means she’s up for anything, the tag-along buddy who will say “yes” to outlandish ideas, a trait that’s come in handy when she’s playing “dance partner” to some notably eccentric actors, such as Nicolas Cage in Wild at Heart. “You’re locked in,” she says. “The characters have to be in sync every second. If they’re gonna go insane … well, you’ve gotta go insane.”

“Those Derns, they give it all,” Payne says, the respect heavy in his voice. “They
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Dern's look as she stands up in that Jeep and stumbles out into the grass is one of absolute wonderment. She can't remember what she was thinking at that moment, but she knows Spielberg had described the scene with such clarity that she felt she could see it. And then we could, too — her belief grounded the fantastical.

In Citizen Ruth, Dern did the reverse, making a very human woman into a larger-than-life character. Her pregnant drug addict, Ruth, pogo-bounces through one scene, then slumps like a wet blanket into a pile of trash the next. The film follows a woman considering getting an abortion in order to get a leaner jail sentence, when she's caught between warring factions representing the pro-life and pro-choice movements. It may sound odd, but this is a comedy. And a great one, sold completely by Dern's loving portrayal.

Payne told her Ruth was like a lovable alley dog that scrounges in the garbage “because she doesn’t give a shit about anything else or anybody else, just a wild, feral creature that’s just surviving, without consideration of other life around them.”

Dern's continued success is a reminder that a career founded on risks — not top billing or leading-lady roles — will never go out of style. Hollywood may tire of stars but Dern again proved that “dinosaur movie” her face prompts us to believe that these majestic beasts are truly roaming around Earth — remember, this is the first time CGI effects on that scale had figured into a Hollywood production, and she cued the world on how to regard them.

Comedy, to Dern, involves a certain amount of love and pain, something she learned from her heroes, like Lucille Ball.

“She really was my greatest inspiration ... and broke my heart, too. I just remember as a kid always feeling such hopefulness in Love Lucy, and The Lucy Show [Ball’s post-divorce follow-up] had a very different kind of energy. I loved it, but it made me feel sad,” she says. The Lucy Show was the first on TV to feature a divorced female lead character, and it offered a more biting kind of comedy. “She taught me that you have to play the truth of the character. And the more emotional or true or even heartbreaking it is, hopefully, the funnier it is.”

She may even bring that heartbreaking humor to her now-secret role in Twin Peaks — she does credit Lynch with teaching her comedic timing, “even if it’s a bizarre brand of humor.”

As we wait for the check at the cafe, Dern lists off a few more of her acting idols of classic Hollywood: Thelma Ritter, Eileen Heckart, Beatrice Straight.

On the walls at Jones Hollywood, framed photos of celebrities partying it up in the 1970s scene about black-and-white snapshots of regular Angelenos living their lives. Jones is the kind of throwback neighborhood spot where a union worker can hop in for spaghetti and meatballs and sit next to Robert Plant with little fanfare — everyone’s an equal. It’s the kind of place that feels like home for a kid who grew up among other kids who are “deeply unaccepting of stature games” and who worked on the film sets of the ’70s, where everything was “messy and familial, and nobody was making more money than anyone else.”

That’s a less glamorous kind of Hollywood, far from the Walk of Fame, where Dern’s and her parents’ names are emblazoned on adjacent stars.

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Dern’s continued success is a reminder that a career founded on risks — not top billing or leading-lady roles — will never go out of style. Hollywood may tire of stars but it adores characters. So as young hopefuls find themselves unwitting participants in an industry indifferent to their dreams, Dern is the messenger straddling the past and present while holding an important secret: It doesn’t have to be like this.
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WAITING FOR THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

Maestro in Pasadena gives a taste of the modern Mexican food revolution

BY BESHA RODELL

If there’s one potential great leap forward for American dining that we all should be pulling for this year, it’s the promise of a new generation of Mexican chefs. Mexico’s modern culinary scene has emerged as one of the most exciting in the world, and that excitement is steadily creeping across the border. Because of L.A.’s proximity and cultural ties to Mexico, the city has the potential to be at the forefront of that leap. In many ways we’re already there: Chefs such as Jaime Martín del Campo and Ramiro Arvizu, Coni’s Seafood’s Vicente Cossio and mole queen Rocio Camacho have been showing us the joys of creative regional Mexican cooking for years. Now Ray Garcia’s downtown restaurant, Broken Spanish, and Carlos Salgado’s Taco Maria in Costa Mesa are proving how well Mexican flavors translate at the high end. And this year L.A. is anticipating the first U.S. projects from two of Mexico’s most prominent chefs: Diego Hernandez and Maycoll Calderon both have forthcoming restaurants in the city.

In Pasadena, another chef looking to push the food of Mexico in new and exciting directions has made his L.A. County debut. Danny Godinez has three restaurants in Orange County, all exploring the potential and diversity of the food of his home country. His latest O.C. restaurant, El Mercado, which debuted in September in Santa Ana, serves 31 dishes, each representing one of Mexico’s 31 states. Godinez, who is originally from Acapulco, backpacked through all of those states, for research and inspiration purposes, in anticipation of El Mercado’s opening. And now he’s brought Maestro to Union Street in Pasadena. Maestro is less thematic than Godinez’s O.C. restaurants, which have focused on French/Mexican cooking, or molecular techniques, or the aforementioned state-specific dishes. At Maestro, Godinez is looking to present “things that people have never tried before while still using Mexican flavors.”

The room is long and cozy and dark, backed by a small bar decorated with traditional Mexican tiles. There’s a focus on tequila and mezcal cocktails. The margaritas are stellar. There are small plates meant for sharing. There’s huitlacoche ice cream. More on that later.

Godinez loves acidic flavors, and his best dishes act as a showcase for the wonders that lime can work on other ingredients. The shrimp and octopus ceviche is fairly straightforward, but the seafood is fresh and lovely, the balance of ingredients just right. Tacos ahogados is a soup/chicken taquito hybrid, the latter presented in a gorgeous citrus-tinged broth, showered with crisp radish and shredded cabbage.

There are a couple of plates of juicy stewed meats that are deeply satisfying, including a lamb barbacoa that comes with thick, house-made tortillas.

There’s a focus on presentation that’s more whimsical than artful — octopus with chorizo salsa and avocado puree is plated on the side of an empty mezcal bottle. There are a couple of plates of juicy stewed meats that are deeply satisfying, including a lamb barbacoa that comes with thick, house-made tortillas.

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Maestro in Pasadena gives a taste of the modern Mexican food revolution

I'm truly excited about a revolution like this. If anything, I wish Godinez would get bolder with his flavors — there are dishes at Maestro that lack depth and impact, that taste too one-note. The L.A. snob in me immediately wonders if the chef has had to tone down his cooking in the past to please a less adventurous suburban customer base, and that maybe he assumes Pasadena residents also will be conservative in their tastes. But that assumption is more about my own shameful anti-suburbia bias, and you don’t go serving huitlacoche ice cream to folks whose palates you underestimate.

About that huitlacoche ice cream — it was served atop a puddling like corn cake that’s the only dessert option, and while the musky flavor was intriguing, the ice cream itself had an icy consistency and tasted a little of freezer. It wasn’t the only problem that spoke to basic flaws in sourcing or technique. The heirloom cherry tomatoes mixed in with the ceviche were stiff and unripe, and the huge tortilla crisp that came atop it had the unyielding stiffness and dull flavor of extreme staleness.

One night I ordered a shaken, frothy cocktail that arrived 10 degrees warmer than room temperature. I’m assuming the bartender forgot to perform the secondary shake with ice that’s standard with sours — that would also explain why the drink seemed a little short, having gotten no dilution from the ice — and it’s indicative of the haphazard quality to some of the food and service here. A fluffy, sweetish brioche-like buttered toast comes with the duck carnitas, and when we asked what kind of bread it was, our server told us firmly, “It’s a cross between sourdough and pumpernickel.” The bread was neither sour nor dark — if anything it tasted a little like yellow cake — and it made me wonder what else we were being told that were just words plucked from the air.

Am I quibbling? A little bit. Godinez is obviously a thoughtful, talented chef, and his brand of cooking is an important contribution to the wave of modern Mexican that’s sweeping Southern California. I hope the boldness of his flavors begins to match the boldness of his platings, and I hope he and his staff get a little bit more precise as the restaurant matures. I’d love to see a wine list that runs more than a few bottles, and perhaps focuses on the great strides currently being taken being taken by Mexican winemakers.

It’s possible that I ask for too much when I’m truly excited about a revolution like the one Maestro represents. But something tells me that Godinez’s ambitions are as broad as my hopes for the genre.

CRITIC’S RATING ★★★★★☆

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ = Excellent
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BATHROOM BUSINESS

CALIFORNIA’S LAWS ABOUT RESTAURANT BATHROOMS ARE MORE PROGRESSIVE THAN L.A.’S

Last September, Gov. Jerry Brown signed AB 1732, a bill requiring all single-stall restrooms in the state of California to be designated “gender-neutral.” It is the nation’s most inclusive restroom-access law, and it went into effect on March 1.

“When we heard of people going to restrooms being harassed, of not feeling they could use restrooms in public without the fear of violence, we looked at a common-sense approach,” says Assemblyman Phil Ting of San Francisco, who wrote the bill. “It just makes sense for every single-room restroom to be open to everybody. Our legislation is very simple.”

AB 1732 doesn’t worry at all about any restroom that’s intended for two or more people, focusing entirely on single-occupancy restrooms, that is, “rooms with a toilet and/or urinal and sink.” All it’s saying is that the sign outside must be changed from “male” or “female” to some other designation indicating that it can be used by all genders.

But contradictory laws make it confusing after all.

Eddie Navarette has worked as a restaurant license consultant in Los Angeles for 19 years. He makes sure prospective restaurateurs dot the regulatory i’s and cross the licensing t’s before opening.

“I try to tell them all the bad news up front,” Navarette says. “Sometimes they walk away and say, ‘I’m not going to do it anymore.’”

One thing that’s been on Navarette’s mind lately is restrooms. “There are so many contradictions, especially when it comes to food establishments, of what’s applicable and what’s not,” he says. “And with [AB 1732], there’s no direction or guidance.” A problem with the implementation of AB 1732 is that, in certain jurisdictions, it goes against laws currently in place.

For instance, in the city of Los Angeles, when an establishment decides to try to obtain a liquor license, a few other regulations kick in. For example, if alcohol will be served, the venue needs to have both a male-only and a female-only restroom. (This requirement seems to come from three different agencies: a County Health Department code, an L.A. municipal code and a California Plumbing Code.)

A large percentage of restaurants and bars in Los Angeles don’t have restrooms that conflict with AB 1732, since they’re designed for more than one person to use at a time. But many small restaurants currently only have the two necessary restrooms (one for men, one for women), and there’s no current instruction for how to comply further. If the new regulation means they have to add a third “gender-neutral” restroom, for many, that’s simply out of the equation.

“They don’t have the square footage,” Navarette says.

Say you have 700 square feet total in which to create your restaurant. The current L.A. regulations state you need to spend nearly 200 of that on two separate restrooms. Does AB 1732 mean they have to spend another 100 feet on a third “all-gender” restroom? Would that even satisfy the seemingly simple requirement that says all single-occupancy restrooms have to be gender-neutral?

Frankly, it’s too early to answer a lot of these questions. As with any new, broad legislation, it will be an ongoing process as local and county regulations jockey for position around the law handed down by Sacramento. Technically, the requirements of AB 1732 supersede any other regulations. “Those [local] regulations will need to be adjusted,” says Jo Michael, legislative manager for Equality California, a civil rights organization that sponsored the bill. “Legally speaking, [AB 1732] is what businesses should be complying with.”

Eats //

Squid Ink //

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Josef Centeno’s Culinary Realm Extends to the Westside With BäcoShop
Chef and restaurateur Josef Centeno has created an empire in downtown L.A.’s Historic Core district. With five restaurants practically in a row near the intersection of Fourth and Main, you could happily bar-hop all night in his establishments alone. But now Centeno is branching out, conceptually and geographically.

BäcoShop, a counter-service restaurant in Culver City, opens today, bringing Centeno’s half-pita, half-burrito creations to an area that could really use the way toward restroom inclusion, perhaps there’s an opportunity to change the standard design entirely.

“I like the Japanese solution,” says Ricki Kline, an L.A.-based interior designer. “You just go into a restroom, use the cubicle of choice, do your job, and that’s it.” Restrooms, then, would simply be an extra part of the restaurant melting-pot experience. “We’re alone in our cars, in our apartments, in cubicles, in front of our computers. We go out to mix it up. Bathrooms could eventually be another way to mix it up.”

Get Into Real Congee at Huo Zhou Wang in San Gabriel
Chinese rice porridge goes by a few names, depending on whether you’re saying it in Cantonese or Mandarin dialects, with monikers such as jook, zhou, congee or xi fan. In its purest form, congee is simply soft, watery rice served hot. But most people eat it fortified with meat (say, pork strips) and garnished with chopped spring onion as well as fried onions. Typically accompanying zhou are a myriad of small dishes, usually salty sides to liven up the blandness of the porridge. Fermented tofu and pickled mustard greens are favorite zhou enhancers.

Huo Zhou Wang is a specialty rice porridge restaurant located in the Hilton Plaza along a fashionable stretch of Valley Boulevard in the San Gabriel Valley. You won’t spy a single ladle of plain zhou here. Huo Zhou Wang specializes in, let’s say, fancy rice porridge and makes each pot to order. The least expensive — Kefi and potatoes — are a myriad of one cook is assigned one pot of porridge at a time so it doesn’t overcook: It’s not too mealy or soft. This isn’t the reasonable prices, the healthful menu — shrimp, steak, eggplant, etc. — saucy and soulful. My current favorite is the “green herb chicken” with thyme, spiced yogurt, green cabbage, parsley and a Meyer lemon vinaigrette.

The menu is rounded out with a numb-
this congee purveyor around China, and the one on Valley is the first U.S. outpost. Just about every type of seafood is offered as an ingredient to customize congee here. There are two kinds of crab, lobster, abalone and shrimp, all live from the tanks and brought to the table for your approval. Fish fillet, sea cucumber, dried scallops, clams, mussels and frog cover the rest of the watery world. The exotic and invigorating silkie chicken is your fowl option. Lamb is a good choice, too, for warming the body.

Complimentary snacks of fried peanuts and two types of fermented cabbage show up before the congee does. Other appetizers, such as wok-fried pea sprouts and a leafy green known as a choy, marinated pig ears, grilled eel, scallion pancakes and, a congee must, the Chinese doughnut, are all available to pass the time and occupy your belly until the large clay pot of congee arrives to the table.

The sizable pot contains enough porridge to spoon out six or so servings, but each guest is to order his own. Congee isn’t a heavy food, therefore ingesting an entire pot isn’t entirely unheard of. Though you might have leftovers.

Lastly, there’s a little red crock on the table holding salty, pungent, fermented yellow beans. Use it as a condiment, as you would soy sauce. It’s magic and does something deliciously alchemical to the congee, transforming a humble bowl of watery rice into something truly special.

—Eddie Lin

227 W. Valley Blvd., San Gabriel; (626) 872-1102.

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**Restaurant Openings**

**Green Tea Lattes and Breakfast Jars Arrive in Silver Lake**

MatchaBar, the New York City purveyor of green tea–based concoctions, has opened its first West Coast location. The company—which in addition to the cafes also sells bottled drinks at other stores—was already very Instagram-friendly, with its colorful drinks and pretty interiors. Appropriately, it’s only gotten more colorful in L.A., as the menu has expanded to include yogurt parfait jars and grain-and-vegetable bowls.

MatchaBar has partnered with some well-known restaurants for this initial West Coast expansion. The pastries are provided by Gjusta, and the aforementioned savory dishes by Amara Kitchen, which was an early adopter of avocado toast.

Though it is technically just a tea shop—signature drinks include coconut water–almond milk–matcha and turmeric–ginger–almond milk lattes—MatchaBar can expect some Millie’s spillover. And definitely some of that sweet farmers market and brunch action that takes over Sunset Junction every Saturday.

—Katherine Spiers

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FRI 3/17

FOOD & DRINK

Luck of the Scottish
First things first: Tam O’Shanter is a Scotland-themed restaurant. But we can’t fault a business for trying to make money, and every year it capitalizes on St. Patrick’s Day madness. Ah well — West Coast St. Paddy’s celebrations aren’t all that authentically Irish anyway. There will be green beer, of course, and all the usual menu items in the restaurant and bar. In addition, the large parking lot will be tented, the better to party no matter the weather. You’ll be able to eat, drink and join raffles out there. Look for the kegs of Guinness, beer, of course, and all the usual menu items in the restaurant and bar. In addition, the large parking lot will be tented, the better to party no matter the weather. You’ll be able to eat, drink and join raffles out there. Look for the kegs of Guinness, too, and enjoy the live music. 2980 Los Feliz Blvd., Atwater Village; Fri., March 17, noon-mid.; free. lawrysonline.com/tam-oshanter/events. —Katherine Spiers

FILM

The Doc Is in
Did you know that Eric Stoltz was originally cast as Marty McFly in Back to the Future? Or that the movie was almost titled Spaceman From Pluto? Or that Doc Brown’s pet dog, Einstein, was supposed be a pet chimpanzee? Whether you’re a die-hard or moderate fan, you can ask the mad scientist himself any burning questions you have about the making of the movie trilogy at Christopher Lloyd Goes Back to the Future. This screening of the 1985 sci-fi comedy about time travel is followed by a Q&A with the actor, who discusses how he landed the part, whom he based the character on and which of the films in the franchise is his favorite. Fred Kavli Theatre, Thousand Oaks Civic Arts Plaza, 2100 E. Thousand Oaks Blvd., Thousand Oaks; Fri., March 17, 7:30 p.m.; $36-$131. (805) 449-7633, civicartsplaza.com. —Siran Babayan

SAT 3/18

FANDOM

Gone to Pott
Wanna feel old? (Does anyone say yes to that question?) The first Harry Potter book, The Philosopher’s Stone, came out in 1997, which means that the 10-year-olds who read it are now 30. Suffice it to say, J.K. Rowling’s series of young-adult fantasy books and their subsequent film adaptations have a lot of grown-ass fans. On Saturday, L.A.’s most fervent “Potthead” gathering for PotterCon Los Angeles, a fan event that features a Hogwarts-style “Sorting Ceremony,” a costume contest, trivia and specialty cocktails. And — wait, let me guess — butterbeer. Pour some out for Alan Rickman. 18 and up welcome. Echoplex, 1154 Glendale Blvd., Echo Park; Sat., March 18, 2-8 p.m.; $15. potterconusa.com/tickets.html. —Gwynedd Stuart

MUSEUMS

The Great Outdoors
Interact with nature and wildlife in the big city at the Natural History Museum’s third annual L.A. Nature Fest. The museum’s Nature Gardens will be jammed with staff, authors and more than 30 exhibitors and representatives from organizations on hand to answer questions, including folks from the L.A. Zoo, UCLA, National Park Service and Modern Hiker. Each day begins with a nature hike led by an NHMLA bird expert, followed by feedings and presentations on animals — including L.A.’s famous mountain lion P22 — and demonstrations on taxidermy, canning and coffee roasting, plus storytelling, painting and a scavenger hunt. Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, 900 Exposition Blvd., Exposition Park; Sat.-Sun., March 18-19, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; $12, $9 seniors and students, $5 children, free under 2. (213) 763-3466, nhm.org. —Siran Babayan

DANCE

Dance Man
Three faces of George Balanchine’s genius take the stage as Los Angeles Ballet’s 11th season continues. Mr. B.’s classical inclinations are illustrated in Divertimento to No. 15, an LAB premiere set to Mozart. The dramatic Prodigal Son dates from Balanchine’s time with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the only time he worked with composer Sergei Prokofiev. The joyfully jazzy Who Cares?, set to some of George Gershwin’s most beguiling tunes, harkens back to Balanchine’s time choreographing for Hollywood in the 1930s. Redondo Beach Performing Arts Center, 1935 Manhattan Beach Blvd., Redondo Beach; Sat., March 18, 7:30 p.m.; $37-$89. (Also at UCLA’s Royce Hall, Sun., March 19, 7:30 p.m.; $31-$99. —Ann Haskins

MON 3/20

SEX & VACATION

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with Dick. Tonight’s fundraiser for the soon-to-be-released film has stand-up, storytelling and music performed by Moby, Dana Gould, Greg Fitzsimmons, Laura Kightlinger, Mike Catherwood, PETA senior vice president Dan Mathews, Lady Bunny and host Kira Soltanovich, as well as Dick. Hollywood Improv, 8162 Melrose Ave., Hollywood; Sun., March 19, 9:30 p.m.; $25. (323) 851-2583, hollywood.improv.com.
—Siran Babayan

BOOKS

Pulp Fiction
Long before the internet, bored Americans got their rocks off from tawdry tales in cheaply bound books printed on crummy paper. Dime-store novels, trade paperbacks and pulp magazines often featured vibrant covers, racy titles and lurid literature — a perfect storm of page-turning, easily digestible text with a friendly cover price. Operating for more than 35 years, the Los Angeles Vintage Paperback Show features nearly 100 vendors, dozens of authors and illustrators, and thousands of books celebrating an erstwhile stalwart of entertainment. It’s the largest pop-up vintage paperback marketplace in the world. Glendale Civic Auditorium, 1401 N. Verdugo Road, Glendale; Sun., March 19, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; $5, (818) 548-2787, la-vintage-paperback-show.com.
—Tanja M. Laden

MUSEUMS

No Bunny Does It Better
Nearly 20 years ago, Candace Frazee and husband Steve Lubanski opened up the Bunny Museum in their home, in order to share their extensive collection of rabbit-related items — dolls, furniture, books, games, even bunny bushes from former Rose Bowl floats. They’ve also got a few real rabbits that scamper freely around the house, apparently trained to use a litter box. Their collection, which was appraised by Guinness at 8,437 objects in 1999, has now swelled to more than 31,000 items, outgrowing its original site. Celebrating the museum’s new Altadena home is the Grand Hoppenin’ Party, for which bunny-themed attire is recommended. While the proprietors will gladly accept bunny gifts to add to their collection, they ask that you leave any live bunnies at home. The Bunny Museum, 2605 Lake Ave., Altadena; Mon., March 20, 6:30-9 p.m.; $15 (includes $8 museum admission, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.); free, members and kids under 4. (626) 798-8848, thebunnymuseum.com.
—Matt Stromberg

MUSEUMS

Read All Over
What’s worse than books written by celebrities? Books written by pop stars. Emmy-nominated writer-performer Eugene Pack and award-winning playwright Dayle Reyfel developed Celebrity Autobiography about 10 years ago in L.A. after they were inspired by Vanna White’s 1987 memoir, Vanna Speaks. Now based in New York, the touring show features actors and artists interpreting star-penned autobiographies that are simultaneously earnest, boastful, trivial and unintentionally funny. For Celebrity Autobiography: The 2017 Music Edition, Pack and Reyfel will be joined by Margaret Cho, Tony Hale, Jennifer Tilly, Fred Willard, “Weird Al” Yankovic, Laraine Newman and Peter Asher as they read the priceless ruminations published by Zayn Malik, Celine Dion, Barry Manilow, Jennifer Lopez, Britney Spears, Beyoncé, Michael Bublé, Dolly Parton, Kenny Loggins, Elvis Presley’s girlfriend Linda Thompson, and Justin Bieber, who, at the ripe old age of 23, has already released two books. Grammy Museum, 800 W. Olympic Blvd, downtown; Mon., March 20, 8 p.m.; $45. (213) 765-6800, grammymuseum.org.
—Siran Babayan

COMEDY

That’s a Wrap
Writer, director and Second City graduate Eva Ceja tries to both shatter and spoof Muslim and Middle Eastern stereotypes in the theater’s new sketch comedy show, Turban Outfitters. It’s a sendup of religious and cultural misrepresentations, complete with burkas, hijabs and skits that involve everything from a Jewish girl falling in love with a Muslim boy and an actor auditioning for a role as a terrorist to what ISIS would look like if it was rebranded as a cosmetics company. Ceja and fellow cast members Zoe Farmingdale, Venk Potula, BJ Lange, Jack Zullo, Paula Dulla, Brent Wirfel, Armen Pogosyan, Kim Marie Muligan and Shireen Hakim even throw in a few pop-song parodies, such as “Material Girl,” “I Got You Babe” and “California Love.” Second City Studio Theater, 6560 Hollywood Blvd., 2nd floor, Hollywood; Tue., March 21 (also Tue., March 28), 8 p.m. ($10. (323) 464-8542, secondcity.com/shows/hollywood.
—Siran Babayan

COMEDY

Go to Hell, Belle
You’ll dial “femme” for murder when you see tonight’s cabal of women comics annihilate Fantasyland at the Fictional Roast of Disney Princesses. With equal parts disappointment, scorn and perspective, stand-ups Kim Congdon, Scout Durwood, Andy Erikson, Heidi Heaslet, Leah Kaya, Atsuko Okatsuka, Kate Quigley, B.J. Lange, Riley Silverman and Candice Thompson set their sights on Cinderella, Snow White, Ariel, Aurora and maybe even Merida — dressing as those self-same princesses and roasting one another. What ordinarily would be a paradise of Disney fairy tales instead becomes a night of real people taking these magical dreams, folding them into a tiny square with sharp points and jamming it. Nerdist Showroom at Meltdown Comics, 7223 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Tue., March 21, 9-10:30 p.m.; $10, $8 in advance. (323) 851-7223, holdmyticket.com/event/7976704.
—David Cotner
LIVE SHOWS

Green With Envy
From 2011 to late 2016, the debauched, vaudeville-burlesque-circus extravaganza Absinthe called a tent at Caesar’s Palace home. It eventually will move to the Cosmopolitan, but in the meantime, master of ceremonies the Gazillionaire, his assistant, Penny Pibbets, and their cast of acrobats, dancers and other performers are posting up at L.A. Live for a five-week run of the show that’s kept Vegas crowds entertained for five years. The New York Times described it thus: “Imagine Cirque du Soleil as channeled through Rocky Horror Picture Show ... A blend of skill, erotic innuendo and zaniness. The memorable moments make a jaded audience literally gasp.” The show warns audiences in advance about coarse language and some nudity — so sign us up. L.A. Live Event Deck, 1005 Chick Hearn Ct., downtown; Wed., March 22, 7 p.m. (runs through April 23); $49-$119. absinthela.com. —Gwynedd Stuart

THEATER

There Will Be Blood
The New York City–based Wooster Group is an experimental theater company that has gained a reputation for staging groundbreaking multimedia works that challenge the boundaries of creative expression. The company’s latest project is a stage adaptation of Town Bloody Hall, a documentary by Chris Hegedu and D.A. Pennebaker about a 1971 feminist panel moderated by Pulitzer Prize–winning thinker Norman Mailer. The Town Hall Affair is directed by Wooster Group founding member Elizabeth LeCompte and features impassioned performances that offer a fresh perspective on the advocacy of women’s rights today. REDCAT, 631 W. Second St., downtown; Wed., March 22-Sat., April 1, 8:30 p.m. (no performance Mon.); $50-$55. (213) 237-2800, redcat.org. —Tanja M. Laden

COMEDY

Pony Up
If the people making the all-female Ocean’s 8 caper film have any sense, they’ll rip off the Wild Horses “Heist” sketch on Funny or Die until there’s nothing left but husks of raw videotape. Incisively, hilariously nuanced, Wild Horses is the comedy troupe that, like a quality cocktail, is greater than the sum of its parts. Four best friends — Stephanie Allynne, Mary Holland, Lauren Lapkus and Erin Whitehead — chat about issues of the day in their onstage show The Perspective, blab with surprise celebrity guests, then do improv and drink. Largo, 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Grove; Thu., March 23, 7 p.m.; $30. (310) 855-0350, largo-la.com. —David Cotner

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This study is for HIV-positive people who are taking antiretroviral therapy and are interested in strategies to reduce heart disease.

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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.
HERSTORY IN THE MAKING

“Mujeres de Maiz” celebrates 20 years of a feminist Chicana art collective

BY JESSICA LANGLOIS

In the summer of 1997, 30 Chicana and Chicano artists from East L.A. traveled to Oventic, a village in Chiapas, Mexico, to commune with the Zapatistas, indigenous rebels who rose up three years earlier to reject corporate globalization policies that threatened their way of life. The Zapatistas declared their native lands autonomous the same day in 1994 that the North American Free Trade Agreement was implemented, which led to the economic devastation of hundreds of thousands of small-scale Mexican farms. The Zapatistas started their own schools, sewed their own clothing, grew their own food — and they continue to do so today. “It’s inspiring, the philosophy that you have a right as a human being on this earth to live how you and your community see fit,” says Martha Gonzalez, lead singer of East L.A. rock band Quetzal, who went to Chiapas at that summer.

In the morning they talked politics and strategy; in the afternoon they made art. “We dialogued about our low-intensity war in L.A., political prisoners and police brutality. They would talk about the helicopters coming down on indigenous communities, and we had helicopters and ghetto birds too in East L.A.” says Felicia Montes, who helped organize the encuentro. The idea of art as process rather than product — a tool for community building, political organizing and liberation — was eye-opening for artists like Gonzalez and Montes, and it launched a movement in East L.A.

That trip to Chiapas is one installation featured in “Mujeres de Maiz: Twenty Years of ARTivism & Herstory en L.A.,” a three-month exhibition at La Plaza de Cultura y Artes that celebrates Mujeres de Maiz, a Chicana feminist collective whose programming focuses on the intersection of political activism, spirituality and the arts. In addition to artworks and artifacts from the collective’s 20 years of social activism in L.A., the show will include a series of artistic “interventions” — live mural painting by four generations of women, cleansing rituals under a Mexican pirul tree and a poetry procession from Macarachi Plaza to Olivera Street. The exhibit launched with a festival on March 4.

Montes, one of the “artivists” who founded Mujeres de Maiz in 1997, says the exhibition is especially urgent right now. Recent ICE raids on immigrant communities have struck fear in the lives of many Angelenos; it’s just the latest iteration of ongoing rhetorical and legal attacks against immigrants and communities of color in the U.S. The purpose of Mujeres de Maiz, and the exhibition, is to create a safe, sacred space for activists to find the strength necessary to carry on in the struggle.

“It’s heavy, dealing with racism, deportations, Islamophobia, violence. It bears down on you physically and spiritually, so it can’t just be about fighting back or theorizing oppression, it needs to be about doing this healing work,” says Amber Rose Gonzalez, assistant professor of ethnic studies at Fullerton College, who wrote her dissertation on Mujeres de Maiz. In March 2009, Gonzalez, feeling burned out in her Ph.D. program and missing the powwows and Day of the Dead ceremonies she frequented in East L.A., took the train from Santa Barbara to downtown L.A. for the Mujeres de Maiz annual live art show. The theme that year was La Sagrada, or “She the sacred.” Arriving late, Gonzalez worried she’d missed the opening ceremony but quickly realized the entire event was a ceremony.

Eight hundred people were gathered under the stars, the air was fresh, even though it was under the freeway. That was L.A. It felt like home.” For 20 years, Mujeres de Maiz has been throwing these live art shows, hosting free coincinas in parks, teaching social justice workshops in schools, publishing poetry zines, organizing mercaditos for women of color — all funded through donations. The La Plaza show is the group’s first foray into the formal art world, and it’s a step in the process of becoming a nonprofit. While they’re eager to bring their artivism to new communities through a museum exhibition, for the mujeres, staying true to their collectivist, indigenous identity is key.

“How do you talk about communities of color in white walls?” Montes asked herself over the two years she spent curating the show with collective members Michelle Lopez and Ana Guajardo.

The exhibition, curated by Erin M. Curtis, begins with the “herstory” room, designed like a codex to tell the story of Mujeres de Maiz and other intersectional movements, with murals on the walls along with archival photos and paintings that pay homage to the Brown Berets, the Zapatistas, South Central Farm, Black Lives Matter and the Standing Rock water protectors. In the exhibition’s “ephemera” room, the mujeres decolonized the space by dousing the walls in essential oils infused with frankincense, creating a medicine wheel out of ancient grains on the floor and placing a mobile botanica cart in the center of the room. Four large, humanlike sculptures with animal heads stand at the room’s cardinal points. These nahuales, or shape shifters, made by artist Gina Aparicio, each hold an instrument and invite visitors into the ceremonial space.

La Plaza de Cultura y Artes is the ideal place for the show. Open since 2011 and funded by the county, La Plaza tells the story of L.A. through a Mexican-American lens, which is rarely the way it’s presented in state-sanctioned histories. Visitors can stroll among medicinal herbs and edible plants in the garden, learn about Mexican-American cannery workers who formed a women’s union in the 1930s or explore a re-creation of Main Street in the ‘20s. It’s an antidote to the manufactured Mexican-American history of Olvera Street.

“We’re a brown space, but as people come from other communities, we build a scaffolding so they feel comfortable exploring new things but also feel OK being vulnerable,” says Erendina Delgadillo, one of the museum’s curators. “Being at La Plaza gives access to different audiences, bringing together ancestral knowledge, academic knowledge and street knowledge — without hierarchies,” Montes says.

THE PURPOSE OF MUJERES DE MAIZ IS TO CREATE A SAFE, SACRED SPACE FOR ACTIVISTS TO FIND THE STRENGTH NECESSARY TO CARRY ON IN THE STRUGGLE.

“Coatlicue State: Josie Channels the Goddess” by Crystal Galindo

COURTESY MUJERES DE MAIZ
HULL HANG ON THE WALLS

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

A mannequin and a Klansman go for a ride in a Beverly Grove gallery

This week, one artist pays homage to Donald Duck’s trouble-making nephews, and another makes bad jokes in Hollywood.

Sardine can militancy

A life-sized doll of a KKK member sits next to a tiny man with a receding hairline and orange-ish skin and curls. They’re both inside the antique, three-wheeled motorized cart at the center of Steven Hull’s show at Meliksetian Briggs. The cart has a jerry-rigged speaker attached to its roof and blasts a muffled sermon given by an old-school preacher. A Power 106 DJ Truck, Blue Moon Dueling Piano Bar, Food Truck Alley, and a Beer Connoisseur’s Lounge.

Globalized mischief

A firecracker exploded under their father’s chair, which is why Huey, Dewey and Louie had to move in with their Uncle Donald Duck. Only later did Donald realize they’d placed that firecracker under the chair themselves. So the story went in 1937, when comic artist Al Taliaferro added the nephews to Donald’s bio. Since then, the nephews have become nearly as popular as their uncle. Their international presence is, in a way, the impetus for Sarah Ortmeyer’s show at newly opened alt-space Potts, run out of a former plumbing supply shop in Alhambra. Berlin-based Ortmeyer has hung white baseball caps on walls and laid them out on the floor. Loosely arranged in sets of three, the hats have the nephews’ names on them, translated into a variety of languages. Dulik, Bulik, Kulik; Rip, Kap, Rup; Tick, Trick, Track. The hats’ whiteness homogenizes the diversity of the translations, emphasizing the ducks’ identity as global export over their quickriness as cartoon characters. 2130 Valley Blvd., Alhambra; through April 10. potts.la.

Grass through concrete

Kishio Suga first made Differenitated Order, a sculpture of paper and stone, in 1979. For his Blum & Poe show, he has remade it, placing a large, circular sheet of black paper over a constellation of gray stone blocks. Perfect rectangles cut into the paper reveal the stones holding it up, but the surface looks so smooth that it almost seems the stones’ gray has been painted on. Such subtle tricks are Suga’s forte. In the gallery’s foyer, a thin branch stands on the floor and arcs across it as if in frustration. So does the painting, the text scrawled your eyes at?/There on the floor, pick ‘em up.” So does the painting, the text scrawled across it as if in frustration. 6750 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; through April 14.

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The third installment of Annie Lesser’s ABC Project takes over an East Hollywood wine bar

BY BILL RADEN

Since last year’s launch of the ABC Project, Annie Lesser’s poetic explorations of romantic volatility have established her as an accomplished miniaturist in Los Angeles’ experimental immersive theater scene. In the ongoing series of 26 one-on-one and two-on-one actor-audience interactive duets, her ABC plays have delivered big emotional wallops that are all the more profound for their relative brevity and almost claustrophobic scale of intimacy.

With C(ovell), the C play of the cycle, which takes its name from its site-specific performance venue — East Hollywood’s Bar Covell — Lesser abruptly reverses direction in both the scale as well as the almost symphonic complexity of what clocks in as her most ambitious and wryly funny work to date. The show has been designed to accommodate 15 audience members and is the first ABC production to incorporate both food (Babbreads, antipasto, cheese) and wine, the latter in tongue-in-cheek drinking games and what often seems like an unending series of head-spinning toasts offered by the play’s genial characters (though mineral water is always on hand). Working from a strong center, Coco is on tenuous. Working from a strong center, Coco is on target from start to finish, having to do with a “complicated” backstory, having to do with a “complicated” backstory, but Okin is saddled with a backstory, having to do with a “complicated” backstory.

THE AUDIENCE IS FREE TO ROAM AMONG (C)OVELL’S FANCIFICLY COSTUMED CAST OF STROLLING MINSTRELS, MAGICIANS AND COMMEDIA-PAINTED MYSTICS.

Once inside, the audience is free to roam among C(ovell)’s fancificly costumed cast of strolling minstrels, magicians and commedia-painted mystics, who perform off-kilter vaudevilles in a carnival-like preshow. It sets the stage for the game’s blackly comic meditations on the fateful influence that family and trauma stamp on all of our lives.

Though not every idea in C(ovell) all- ways connects, and its level of interactiv- ity can be demanding for its more timid audience members, the sheer fertility and invention of Lesser’s script and its unfailing capacity to surprise continue to be the most exhilarating signatures of the ABC Project’s impressive output.

BY BILL RADEN

O SAY CAN YOU C

S

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The heart of C(ovell) is “The Game,” a mysterious, 90-minute team competition whose rules and purpose seem to get murkier as the evening progresses. Its carefully orchestrated illogic is one of the show’s genuine pleasures. Lesser’s playful, semi-nonsensical lyricism and emotionally wounded comic caricatures evoke the double-edged paradoxes and existential absurdities most associated with Lewis Carroll, beginning with C(ovell)’s (equivalent to the Adventures in Wonderland’s plunge into the rabbit hole of the unconscious: “Are you ready to gamble with the unknowable?”) cryptic emcee Lena Valentine asks as she guides audience members from the bar’s public room into an interior playing space. “Losers may lose, but winners may lose too, and even if you have the chance to fall, it’s fun to see the great fall with you.”

As the lecherous Terry, Bray probably has the juiciest role, but his portrayal is adequate, not the scene-stealer it might be. Jennifer Sorenson delivers a smart and entertaining cameo as a Gypsy fortuneteller Dasha Kittredge round out the cast of engaging Carrollian archetypes. Though not every idea in C(ovell) always connects, and its level of interactivity can be demanding for its more timid audience members, the sheer fertility and invention of Lesser’s script and its unfailing capacity to surprise continue to be the most exhilarating signatures of the ABC Project’s impressive output.

PHOTO FINISH

Though it aspires to be profound, Alexander Dinelaris’ aptly titled Still Life can’t transcend its commonplace dialogue or the limitations of an inadequately conceived central character.

That character, Carrie Ann (Laurie Okin), is a celebrated photographer whose latest exhibition features photos of dead chickens, which hints at something not quite right in her mind and spirit. Introduced at an arts seminar with great fanfare, she mounts the podium to deliver a quasi-inaugural speech that concludes with the words “We’re all going to die.” Although it’s startling in the moment, the audience forgives her because, after all, she is an “artist.” Later we learn that the reason for her strange behavior may be the recent death of her dad (Frank Collison in flashback), also a photographer, who deeply influenced her life and work.

Her photographs do seem to fascinate folks, and they propel Carrie Ann into a meaningful love affair with Terry’s father. Jeff’s a straight-shooter whose appealing qualities favorably compare with the crude lechery of his boss Terry (Jonathan Bray), who appears in scene after scene launching crass come-ons to women and blowing his mind with increasing amounts of cocaine.

Things pick up in the second half when illness challenges the lovers to make some hard choices, and the drama coalesces around a concrete event, shedding some of the annoying ambiva- lences and half-baked digressions (into the nature of feminism, for one) that have gone before. But Okin is saddled with a backstory, having to do with a “complicated” relationship with her father, that comes off as more contrived than organic. It doesn’t help that the flashback scenes with her dad during his illness do not play persuasively, primarily because Collison’s performance is over the top.

Directed by Michael Peretzian, the performance’s boasts of legitimacy are mixed bag. Both Okin and Coco are genuine and likable in their roles, although their physical attraction often appears somewhat tenuous. Working from a strong center, Coco is on point from start to finish, but Okin is saddled with a backstory, having to do with a “complicated” relationship with her father, that comes off as more contrived than organic. It doesn’t help that the flashback scenes with her dad during his illness do not play persuasively, primarily because Collison’s performance is over the top.

As the lecherous Terry, Bray probably has the juiciest role, but his portrayal is adequate, not the scene-stealer it might be. Jennifer Sorenson delivers a smart and entertaining cameo as a not-to-be-snookered barmaid who gives Terry his comeuppance. Tania Verfeldt (as a talented photography student anxious to please Carrie Ann) and Alexandra Helquist (in a variety of small roles) lend able support. —Deborah Klugman

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NOTHING THAT WASN’T THERE BEFORE

More is less in the cluttered, clamorous new Beauty and the Beast

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

It’s the take as old as time. Yes, Beauty and the Beast’s love story can be read as a tale of abuse and brainwashing, of a woman imprisoned by a tyrant until she starts chatting with the table settings—and then, as seasons pass, chastising herself in song for not having earlier noticed her fearsome jailer’s sweetness.

Remember, though, that the creators of Disney’s shimmering animated pleasure, the most perfectly shaped film of the studio’s late ’80s/early ’90s renaissance, weren’t dummies. Perhaps recognizing the Bluebeard nastiness of the scenario, they dared something Uncle Walt had allowed only once in his animated features, back in 1955’s Lady and the Tramp: actually showing the lovers in a Disney love story discover that they love each other. 1989’s The Little Mermaid resorted to a crab singing cabaret to convince that simp Prince Eric to smooch the gingermute in his dinghy—not that she’d shown him any braided just for teaching a kid to read.

Kevin Kline twirls behind whiskeys as Belle’s dad. Luke Evans as Gaston is the standout, a parody of toxic masculinity who’s cartoonish in the right way—he embodies the hand-drawn original as persuasively and hilariously as Granville Owen once did L’il Abner. Evans and Dan Stevens, who rumbles alluringly as the Beast, have the trickiest roles: Both characters slip, as the plot demands, between villain and romantic hero, one in a comic register, the other tragic. Their fates still work out the same way they always have, in a rooftop showdown that absolves hero and heroine of any responsibility for the villain’s dispatch.

This time, though, it’s longer, louder and much more work to track with the human eye. As for the “gay moment” that has outraged the globe’s greatest idiots: It’s pretty much that beat from the prom scene at the end of ’80s teen movies, where the nerd meets and then dances with a girl who looks just like him, except now both nerds are men. It’s cute, and Josh Gad scores some laughs in his role as Gaston’s lackey/hype man, but it’s not enough to lighten this beast. Condon and his team have alchemized gold into lead.

KORE-EDA’S LATEST
MASTERWORK, AFTER THE STORM, IS INDISPENSABLE

Director Hirokazu Kore-eda’s stories, such as they are, unfold in unlikely ways. He doesn’t play so much with structure but with focus: He’ll allow a scene to go on and on before slipping into a new direction. That could result in chaos, but Kore-eda’s absorption in these lives, his ability to imbue the slightest exchange or glance with warmth and humor, transfixes us.

After the Storm might be his most devastating work yet. The film follows divorced dad Ryota (played by a movingly moepy Hiros? Abe), a failed novelist and gambling addict looking to put his life back together. When we first meet him, he’s raising his mom’s apartment and searching the possessions of his recently deceased father for anything he might be able to sell. Unfortunately, dad too was a gambling addict and had already pawned it all.

Ryota wants to clean up his life but is somehow both too proud and too defeatist to do so. That might seem like a contradiction, but Kore-eda, who draws from life and not from sim-plistic loglines, understands that those impulses often go hand-in-hand. Ryota spends time on buses and trains with a notepad, presumably gathering ideas for a new book, and working for a private investigation firm to make ends meet.

Respect for human fallibility shines throughout. After the Storm, as Kore-eda patiently charts the process by which his protagonist comes to understand that he might never become the man he wants to be—and starts to reconcile aspiration and acceptance.
JUNK NOSTALGIA

THE SEQUEL TO TRAINSPOTTING IS AN UNEVEN MESS, BUT THAT’S NOT THE WORST THING ABOUT IT

BY MIKE LAWS

Consider, before you consider anything else about the sequel to Trainspotting, that the director of both films is an artist whose signal trait had been a seeming repulsion at the thought of ever going back to the well. Between the original and the new T2 (cheeky title, innit), Danny Boyle gave us the following: a black-comic romance, an island adventure, a zombie horror, a kids flick, a sci-fi, an Indian melodrama, a nature-survival picture, a heist film and a biopic.

That Boyle would break from his pattern of not having a pattern was cause, I think, for at least mild alarm among the faithful. Why do this? Why now? And why take the risk? Beyond the possible self-referencing, T2’s creators have no idea what kind of movie they want this to be. Renton and Sick Boy eventually come to terms, more or less, the former aiding and abetting in Simon’s various scams to drum up money for his fledgling business (which is either a pub or a sauna or a brothel, maybe all three). So is T2 a buddy picture, a comic crime caper? Maybe, except then there’s Begbie, freshly escaped from prison and now not so much a drunken brawler as some kind of Midlothian terminator, stalking and stabbing and garroting his prey; in these passages Boyle dips literally into horror and suspense.

And this is to say nothing of the rather underdeveloped father-son stuff going on: There’s an out-of-left-field glossing of the chapter from the original novel in which the crew runs into Begbie’s father, the diplomasricial trainspotter of the title, in a rail station; and now Begbie’s got a grown son of his own, with whom he gets a scene that might have been touching if it didn’t come right in the middle of his savagely hunting down Mark Renton.

Not all these bits are bad. The lead-up to Spud’s attempt at self-nullification, as well as an early sequence of the recovering addict in a 12-step meeting, are nearly as poignant as anything in the first film (and might have, with due expansion, made for a better spinoff). Conversely, T2 comes singing to life after Renton and Sick Boy’s first score, as they’re hoovering up rails of coke and talking over each other so furiously that Boyle decides to subtitle the exchange in quick-crashing waves of evaporating text. (Likewise, the single episode of heroin relapse is a cracker, which might make you wonder whether the sequel to a film about dopers should’ve maybe included more, you know, dope.)

But for each inspired moment, there’s something doubly deflating: the snatch of dialogue in which Sick Boy explicitly lays out the beats of the plot to come; the overall tendency toward the cheap, crowd-pleasing punch line; yet more of those oblique-angle shots Boyle’s come to favor and is now piling on to the point of distraction.

All of which gestures toward the bigger problem with the picture: It’s as if the filmmakers recognized the waneess of the material and settled on a strategy of padding it out with empty high style on the one hand and clever meta awareness on the other. Toward the end of T2 comes the curious development of Spud becoming a writer — and what he’s writing, on rumpled yellow pages in an unsteady hand, is Trainspotting, as in Welsh’s novel; snatching a sheet, Begbie reads out what is the real-life book’s opening line, The sweat wis lashing oafay Sick Boy.

What we’re meant to take from this is unclear, but there’s a suggestion to it, and the suggestion is more than a little cynical: that T2 is, in the final accounting, nothing more than a two-hour advertisement for itself, for the book that begat the movie that begat the book, and its creators are telling you they needn’t do more than keep you trapped within this circularity, where Spud is forever hapless and Begbie forever volatile and Sick Boy forever scheming and Renton forever fucking up at going straight, and you’ll eat it right up because that’s how it was when you fell in love with them. As Sick Boy says to Renton, in perhaps T2’s most thoroughly transparent moment, “Nostalgia — that’s why you’re here.”

The audience at the screen I attended gave the closing credits a thumping ovation.

T2 TRAINSPOTTING | Directed by Danny Boyle | Written by John Hodge | TriStar Pictures | ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark
OPENING THIS WEEK

One of J.K. Simmons’ most appealing qualities is the incongruity between his assertive jock presence and his average, bumbling appearance — a little turtle, right? But the kind of turtle you’d willingly follow into combat. The man also has one of the best voices in film, a character actor who’s become mysteriously inoperative. Its standard M.O. is spending as close to zero as possible on its productions, and there’s nothing more dollar-store than Syfy’s original movies. A brief, incomplete list of the rad activities Swampy engages in since the studio’s rubber banks in a Ronald Reagan mask, skydiving, ripping out a dude’s throat with his bare hands, riding way-gnarly waves. Most of the crimes his Bodhi commits in Kathryn Bigelow’s surfing/crime drama Point Break are regrettable, but at least he’s got a Zen philosophy to inspire co-star Keanu Reeves with: “If you want the ultimate, you’ve got to be willing to pay the ultimate price. It’s not tragic to die doing what you love.”


The Hateful Eight didn’t quite have the impact of either Inglourious Basterds or Django Unchained, which is a shame — Quentin Tarantino’s chamber drama is his best work since at least the Kill Bill cycle. It’s also a curiously intimate showcase for the now-rarefied 70mm format, which is how The Aero is screening it during a series dedicated to new movies shot on ultra-wide film stocks. It also includes: Animal Kingdom, Inherent Vice, Master. Watching the ensemble cast white itself down — there are nine main characters to start with, despite the title — and figure out which of them aren’t who they say they are gives new meaning to the term “process of elimination.”

Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Fri., March 17, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendared.com.

Among the highest-grossing Japanese productions in history, Howl’s Moving Castle is also Hayao Miyazaki’s favorite of his own films — high praise from the revered anime auteur responsible for the likes of Spirited Away and Princess Mononoke. Miyazaki adapted (and made significant changes to) Diana Wynne Jones’ novel in his allegorical response to the Iraq War, centering the story around a young girl who joins up with a wizard after being transformed into an old woman by a witch. (Fret not, purists: This is the subtitled version, not the dubbed one.)


Saturday, March 18

Kaneo Shindo made nearly 50 movies in his 100 years on Earth, none of which have had like Kuroneko and Onibaba. Two of the best, most unsettling horror films ever made, both take place during centuries-old civil wars and feature vengeful spirits exacting revenge after being brutally murdered (Kuroneko) and women murdering the soldiers who happen upon their meager home (Onibaba). Shindo evokes the anger of the dead and destitute but also the mournful sadness — his leads, only Monaghan, as the future HVAC technician or whatever, has significant screen time. Sizemore doesn’t show up until the film, and then — seriously — delivers the majority of his performance from the comfort of a cozy bed. Plot point, or Sizemore contract demand? That question is more interesting than the film’s limp mysteries: Where did the rest of the crew go? Why is the plant offline? Why is Monaghan such a creep-o? The bizarre story delves into moments such as Abby catching him watching her shower but immediately engaging him in shop talk and coffee in the next scene.

In the futuristic year 2025, the human resources department has no power over harassment. (Chris Packham)

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST
Celebrate Swampy or Support Film Preservation
Friday, March 17

Celebrate St. Patrick Swampy Day with two of the dearly departed star’s best movies, Point Break and Roadhouse, both on 35mm. A brief, incomplete list of the rad activities Swampy engages in in these films: robbing banks in a Ronald Reagan mask, skydiving, ripping out a dude’s throat with his bare hands, riding way-gnarly waves. Most of the crimes his Bodhi commits in Kathryn Bigelow’s surfing/crime drama Point Break are regrettable, but at least he’s got a Zen philosophy to inspire co-star Keanu Reeves with: “If you want the ultimate, you’ve got to be willing to pay the ultimate price. It’s not tragic to die doing what you love.”

The Belko Experiment opens up the idea of a Milgram-like social experiment of being celebrated itself. It’s a celebration of cinema worthy of being celebrated itself. It’s a celebration of cinema worthy of being celebrated itself.


— Michael Nordine

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The Belko Experiment Time was a movie like this could stir some outrage. Impressive mustache-and-groove makeup test footage passed off as a narrative provocation, Greg McLean’s grimy dumbday-runer The Belko Experiment offers the following: a relentless parade of executions, mostly via gunshot to the head, of the white-collar employees of the Belko Corporation; a weak spine of Die Hard meets Lord of the Flies or Office Space meets The Hunger Games meets the ferry scene in The Dark Knight plotting, which finds a Belko office building getting locked down and all 80 employees trapped inside told they must murder one another to survive; occasional feints toward the idea of a Milgram-like social experiment exposing how quickly everyday people can become monsters; the witless idea of headshaving as soon as it’s introduced, as it’s revealed that the tracker at the base of each employee’s skull will go kaboom if employees don’t play along; the chutzpah to present the ensuing carnage as something the filmmakers themselves are shaken and disgusted by, even as they cut to pulped flesh as often as The Big Bang Theory pauses for the laugh track, and even as such displays are the only reason the film exists. In the late reels, the killers diversify, cleverly-hacking, twisting necks, crushing a dude with an elevator. Only once does a character take true advantage of the office setting, cracking a tape
MALICK’S SONG TO SONG REACHES FOR THE WONDER — BUT SUGGESTS WE STAY GROUNDED

In Terrence Malick’s work down these days — tease a story or philosophy out of it — and you’re usually faced with something simple, almost corny, that seems to undercut the spellbinding invention of his filmmaking. For all the worldly experimentalism of his style, when Malick’s characters actually do “experiment” — when they break boundaries, try new things, toss out old rules — it leads to disaster. We’re left with works of formal abandon and moral resolve. But that’s also part of what makes them so fascinating and, yes, beautiful. The overall effect is that of an artist trying to understand his times, to indulge in the newness of a world he doesn’t always grasp. "Song to Song" follows four people in and around the Austin, Texas, music scene. Aspiring musicians Faye (Rooney Mara) and BV (Ryan Gosling) meet at a party thrown by their mutual pal, record producer Cook (Michael Fassbender), and quickly fall for each other. BV does his playful Ryan Gosling thing; Faye does her wide-eyed Rooney Mara thing. The two fall in and out of love, then find other people without ever quite letting go of one another. Meanwhile, Cook charms and slimes his way through everybody — cheating BV, compromising Faye and pretty much ruining a schoolteacher/waitress (Natalie Portman) whom he woos, marries, then upgrades.

"Song to Song" continues the mosaiclike stylization of To the Wonder and Knight of Cups — an indulgence that has turned much of the critical establishment off to Malick. But connect with its kineticism, and it might just leave you breathless. — Blige Ebiri

SONG TO SONG | Written and directed by Terrence Malick | Broad Green Pictures | ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark

STARTS FRIDAY, MARCH 17
1:30pm and 3:30pm
Landmark Regent - 10155 Roosevelt Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90024

THE SON OF JOSEPH (LE FILS DE JOSEPH)

Virtue — and virtù — triumphs over vice in Eugène Green’s wry if sometimes too whimsical reimagining of the Nativity story, set in a current-day Paris overrun with lit world bobos, teenage internet entrepreneurs and other 21st-century vulgarians. High schooler Vincent (Victor Ezerfini), already rolling with adolescent rage, grows even more agitated after his saintly single mother, Marie (Natacha Rögnier), tells him the sordid story of his biological father, whom the kid has never met. In the process of tracking down and plotting revenge on his deadbeat dad — an overweening book publisher named Oscar (Mathieu Amalric) — Vincent meets humble Joseph (Fabrizio Ronzone), Oscar’s brother. The new intergenerational pair state raptly at Philippe de Champaigne’s Le Christ Mort at the Louvre, just one of several Baroque masterpieces that are scrutinized in depth here. The art-historical lessons typify Green’s reverence of the past, obsession that is further evident in the filmmaker’s signature use of mannered, declaimed dialogue and other nods to classical French theater. As for the present, Oscar and his insane milieu are too easy a target, though Amalric’s episodic and lisp-satire by wholly embracing his unrepentantly self-serving, libertine character. Yet nothing buoys the occasionally claustrophobic Son of Joseph more than the radiant, freckled face of newcomer Ezerfini: Vincent may insist that “an angel” instructed him to set up his mother and Joseph, but the real love story is between the boy and his older friend. (Melissa Anderson)

PERSONAL SHOPPER

In paparazzi shots, Stewart’s Maureen hopes to make contact with her recently deceased twin brother, with whom she shared a paranormal gift. When she’s not waiting to receive signals from the dead, Maureen dashes from one high-end boutique to the next for the fashion-fascist celebrante/gorilla-rights-activist boss she says she despises, Kyra (Nora von Waldstatten). Just before boarding the Eurostar to London for yet another haute-couture errand, Maureen seems to receive a message from the beyond: the first in a string of menacing texts from an unknown source. The iPhone clutched in Maureen’s hand becomes Stewart’s most significant screen partner, a film in which she is often framed in isolation. The premise is ludicrous, but not unexpected from Assayas, a restlessly inventive filmmaker whose sinister global thrillers Demonlover and Boarding Gate likewise pivot on absurd plot points to plumb 21st-century malaise and disorder. Here, he allows one of the most famous people on the planet to become smaller. And also, paradoxically: bigger. I can’t think of another Stewart vehicle, not even any of films from the Twilight pentad, in which the actress appears in every scene, often alone or as an anonymous figure in a crowd. In this supernatural tale, the phantom looming largest is that of Stewart’s actual celebrity. (Melissa Anderson)

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ENTERTAINING, thought-provoking” — Variety

“Funny and sobering at the same time” — The Hollywood Reporter

MEL BROOKS ROB REINER SARAH SILVERMAN

SO MANY MORE!

MILANEVA

STARTS FRIDAY, MARCH 17

www.lastlaughfilm.us

Q&A with director Ferne Pearlstein and guests this weekend!

Friday 3/17 & Saturday 3/18 at Laemmle’s Music Hall after the 7:30 show.
Sunday 3/19 at Laemmle’s Town Center after the 3:10 show.

35
TCL Chinese Theatre

Fri: Sat, Sun, 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:30, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST Digital 3D
Fri, Sat, Sun, 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.

LIVE AT ROSARIO
Fri, Sat, Sun, 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.

THE WAVE
Fri, Sat, Sun, 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.

OISHI: THE MOVIE
Fri, Sat, Sun, 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY VILLAGE

Fri, Sat, Sun, 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2:15, 3:30, 4:15, 7:00, 8:15, 10:30 p.m.
By Jeff Weiss

It was 2011 and Kingdom was living up to the dominion implied in his name. Spinning three or four times a week at New York clubs, the DJ/producer operated at the vanguard of North American underground dance music. His collaborations with Fools Gold and rising London imprint Night Slugs cast him as one of the few American producers capable of matching the imagination and energy of the flourishing British post-dubstep diaspora, which encompassed U.K. funky, purple and instrumental grime.

But something felt off — partially due to a Type 1 diabetes diagnosis the year before, which had forced Kingdom to drastically alter his lifestyle. “Dealing with it became a full-time job. I’d go to my weekly DJ residences but felt like I was in my own world, where the people didn’t know what I was going through,” says the artist born Ezra Rubin, who grew up in the far-flung suburbs of Boston and eventually moved to New York to study fine art at Parsons. “I’d leave the club to eat my snack to keep my blood sugar even,” Kingdom continues. “Nobody really knew, but they weren’t about to understand why I was going to Subway in the middle of DJ sets either. I’ve recovered, but those initial years felt really isolating. I knew I needed to remake my life from scratch.”

So Kingdom quietly headed west, attracted to the weather, weed, food and our city’s bizarre fusion of suburb and city. But if his sound — a futuristic, late-night collision of hip-hop, contemporary R&B, ballroom, Baltimore and Jersey Club, and subterranean U.K. dance music — naturally fit in New York, he quickly discovered that he had to build his own scene here.

Just over a half-decade later, his Fade to Mind label has become one of the most important L.A. dance music (and R&B) institutions, in the top tier alongside Body High, L.A. Club Resource and 100% Silk. It has classic warehouse parties and indelible releases from Kelela, Dawn Richard, Nguzunguzu, Fatima Al Qadiri and DJ Sliink to its name.

But all the feverish labor of building the label and brand distanced Kingdom from producing a definitive full-length statement of his own. While dance music is historically a singles and EP format, producers rarely cross over to mainstream audiences without an album. Cue Tears in the Club, which Kingdom released last month and which figures to be one of the best R&B albums of the year.

A manifestation of solo nighttime hikes, sunset drives bumping music and subterranean warehouse parties, it reflects a more complex and mature artist in his latest stage of evolution, one who struck a cease-fire with himself. “I realized that I kind of hated myself for having diabetes — like, why couldn’t I be normal,” Kingdom says at the small Fade to Mind headquarters and studio at the northern fringe of Koreatown. He wears a label tee, black zippered pants, close-cropped copper-colored hair and a diamond stud in his ear.

“People hear synth sounds and think, ‘Oh, commercial,’ or they hear Baltimore club and think, ‘That’s some hood club shit,’ or they hear Syd and SZA and think alternative R&B,” he says. “It’s a little peek into my world where there aren’t any value judgments of what’s cheap and what’s fancy or cool or what’s radio. I want to allow all in but also allow for people to hear me venting my emotions. There’s a sadness and a healing element, too. It really does tell the story of my life out here.”

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.
I just returned from spending the better part of the week in Mexico City. On the flight, I shared the plane with a lot of people in heavy metal T-shirts, who I assumed were headed to the Foro Sol, a 62,000-capacity outdoor venue where Metallica would be playing three sold-out shows with Iggy Pop supporting.

As my taxi closed in on the Marquis Reforma Hotel, I thought about the practicalities of spending several days in a country whose citizens comrade Trump has all but demonized and seeks to wall off. I’ve traveled outside the U.S. many times, but I was struck by the contrasts between how we are treated and the hospitable environment when there isn’t a president of Mexico in the White House. An American in Mexico isn’t unusual but, things being what they are, I didn’t know what to expect.

The morning after arrival, I met up with Iggy’s band in the lobby to head to the venue, where, due to traffic and security logistics, we would spend the hours leading up to their set at 1930 hrs.

I was fascinated to see what Iggy and his bandmates would make of a stage with that creepy circular runway thing enclosing a group of people, like fish in a barrel, looking up at them. During the three shows over five nights, I got a good chance to find out.

Iggy Pop was made to be seen. In the tradition of all great frontmen, he does everything possible to make you forget there is anyone else in the world you should be thinking about. He’s real damn good at it, too. It was a Metallica crowd and, as with any band with such devoted fans, they are not always hospitable to the openers. But Iggy had ‘em immediately.

I watched all three shows from the soundboard. Even as close as I was, I found myself watching the images of the band on the video monitors. I was at a live show but watching a screen, and though the strangeness of that setup was somewhat hypnotizing. On the second night, he spoke the first verse of “Some Weird Sin”: “Well, I never got my license to live/They won’t give it up/So I stand at the world’s edge/I’m trying to break in/Oh, I know it’s not for me/And the sight of it all/Makes me sad and ill/That’s when I want some weird sin.” Then the band came right in and at that moment, the whole place seemed perfectly suited for him.

Several minutes later, Metallica hit the stage and it was a different thing altogether. The crowd roared and thousands of cell phones, the new lighter, created a beautiful sea of waving stars as the band totally smashed it to pieces.

It was a truly awesome thing to witness, and one of the more eclectic pairings. I think Bill Graham would have been proud.
THU. MARCH 16

XIU XIU
PETE SINGHON (DJ), OVWALLAADS, MESSH SMILE & GIRL PUSHER

THU. MARCH 16

DEDEKIND CUT
JAMES PIERMAR, EUGEN Kuzu, & KENE MULL

FRI. MARCH 17

VOLTAX
SPELL, BLADE KILLER & WITCHSTONE

FRI. MARCH 17

CRG-MAGS
STATE OF THE UNION WITH XXYXX
PLUS SPECIAL GUEST WOODEN

FRI. MARCH 17

CLAUDI VONSTROKE
LUCIDITY LOS ANGELES PRE-PARTY

COMING SOON:
3/18 BACKWOODS N' DUTCHES
3/18 HERO BOY EXTRAVAGANZA
3/18 BLESS UP!
3/19 BANJEE BALL
3/19 DISCO BALL 2017 “STAYIN’ ALIVE”
3/19 POT OF GOLD EXOTIC DAY PARTY
3/23 DEFFIE, MALCOLM ANTHONY, KOZZE
3/23 NOER THE BOY 3/25 RAVEN FELIX
3/24 CRO-MAGS
3/24 STATE OF THE UNION WITH XXYXX
3/24 GET HEAVY
3/25 RAVEN FELIX
3/25 BROIT
3/25 CARPENTER BRUT
3/25 PRIMITIVE TOMORROW U.S. TOUR 3/30 SPRING BREAK PART II
3/30 CHEECH
3/30 CURED BY CULTURE

3/30 SPRING BREAK PART II
3/31 FORGIVE ME FATHER
3/31 BLACKOUT! LA LEATHER PRIDE
W/DJ HECTOR FONSECA

4/1 DARK ARTS LA
4/2 NINASORAKE: A DRAKE THEMED
YOGA CLASS
4/2 NAMASBEY: A BEYONCÉ THEMED
YOGA CLASS
4/7 HARDHISSH: HARDCORE UNDERGROUND
4/7 HORSE THE BAND
4/15 B-SIDE0018
4/15 MECHANICAL TURK

4/21 LA RESISTENCIA
4/21 PERPETUAL DAWN / INTERSESSIONS -
PLANNED PARENTHOOD BENEFIT PARTY
4/29 AKSEI
4/29 NEW SCHOOL DAZE
5/25 THE NEW DIVISION
6/15 SADISTIC INTENT

4/7 A CLUB CALLED RHONDA
4/8 MISSING PIECES
4/8 PLAY IT LOUD
4/8 DS-13
4/10 THEE STATIC AGE PRESENTS:
SUBHUMANS
4/13 DG MAC & YOUNG GREATNESS
4/15 GILD LOS ANGELES
4/16 GHANA TREE FEATURING B. DOLE
DJ ABILITIES, CALS ONE VS FIGARE,
DOPE KNIFE, REGATED, ANALOG DIVE,
FREEWILL
4/16 THE MOTH
4/16 COAST 2 COAST LIVE
4/20 QUEEN TRIBUTE CONCERT
4/21 CLUBL 90'S
4/24 THE LISTENING TOUR
4/23 I DON'T DO CLUBS PRESENTS:
MUST LOVE BEARDS
5/4 STONER SYMPHONY TOUR
6/1 THE POISONOUS TOUR

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3/18 HERO BOY EXTRAVAGANZA
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3040 W. SUNSET BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90026 (323) 666-6669
TICKETS & INFO AT CLUBLOSGLOBOS.COM f/CLUBLLOSGLOBOS @CLUBLLOSGLOBOS @LOSGLOBOS
L Festival
@ PICO RIVERA SPORTS ARENA
The San Gabriel Valley, one of the most underappreciated parts of L.A. County and home to the region’s working-class, predominantly Latino backbone, is the appropriate setting for the L Festival, a celebration of music from Mexico, the Caribbean, Central and South America, and right here in our own backyard. Everything from norteño (Los Tigres del Norte) to reggaeton (Daddy Yankee) to rock (Juanes) to global Latin pop (Marco Antonio Solís, J Balvin) and even a hologram of late Mexican-American pop star Jenni Rivera are represented on the festival’s diverse lineup. This is the soundtrack of Alta California, distilled into a single event. Also Sunday, March 19. —Sam Ribakoff

Damian Lazarus, Heidi Lawden
@ SOUND NIGHTCLUB
Damian Lazarus doesn’t simply DJ at parties—he brings the party. The revered turntable shaman and epiphany of dance-floor cool is known for many things. At the top of the list are his outdoor parties: Get Lost, Rebel Rave and Day Zero all draw massive crowds looking for Lazarus and his Crosstown Rebels and an inimitable Heidi Lawden, who in more than two decades behind the decks has rarely made a wrong choice in her tune selection. —Lily Moayeri

AnоМagnuson
@ TREPANY HOUSE AT THE STEVE ALLEN THEATER
Ann Magnuson is the kind of restless provocative Renaissance woman who might be elusive and hard to define and yet tends to show up like Wonder Woman just when she's needed the most. In the past, the former New Yorker has personified a large galaxy of mundanely bizarre characters as a star of sitcoms and films (Anything But Love, Making Mr. Right) and as the voice of such subversively unpredictable bands as Bongwater. Tonight she returns to the soon-to-be-demolished Steve Allen Theater for a show she's pegged as “Lazarus. Seriously. WTF?” —Dream Girl Reacts to the National Nightmare. Backed by bassist Marc Doten and drummer Joe Berardi (Deadbeats/Fibonacci), Magnuson debuts a Trump-inspired spoken-word opus and post–Election Day anti-hymns, alongside her twisted glam-pop reinterpretations of famous protest songs and “freshly relevant” Bongwater oldies. —Falling James

Otep
@ WHISKY A GO-GO
Fronted by nononsense poet and activist Shamyana, the band Otep have
SATURDAY MARCH 18TH

THE KILLS
THE DANDY WARHOLS
SHE WANTS REVENGE
STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK
(50 YEAR ANNIVERSARY SHOW)

SUNDAY MARCH 19TH

ALAN PARSONS
LIVE PROJECT
CAT POWER
BLACK MOUNTAIN
TEENAGE FANCLUB

OVER 30 MORE ACTS / CAMPING ON SITE

LIVE OAK CAMPGROUND 4600 CA-154 SANTA BARBARA, CA 93105
STARRY NITESFESTIVAL.COM
BROUGHT TO YOU BY DESERT STARS FESTIVAL & STARRY RECORDS
been together for a decade and a half—and, after an ill-fated stint with hardcore label Victory Records, have found their feet again with the more metal-focused Napalm Records. Their most recent album, Generation Doom, is a furious blast of genre-defying rap-metal. While the band emerged during the nu-metal revolution, when rap and metal were becoming natural bedfellows, Otep was nothing like Limp Bizkit. Shamaya’s lyrics are intelligent—often personal, always thought-provoking. In the face of this new administration, she has been out marching in protest, and that anger is bound to translate to her music and live performances. In other words, if you think Otep were pissed off before, you ain’t seen nothing yet. —Brett Callwood

Kate Tempest
@THE ECHOPLEX
Kate Tempest lives up to her name with an angry but inspiring whirlwind of non-stop words that she spits out with hip-hop rhythms and a decidedly unsentimental worldview. The English poet isn’t waiting for her words to be discovered in a musty attic a hundred years from now. Instead, she casts out her blurry spells with a hard-driving immediacy that makes it palpably clear that now is the time to reclaim our lives from social oppressors. “We have learned nothing from history/ They people are dead in their lifetimes/ Dazed in the shine of the streets,” Tempest warns over a coldly funky backdrop on her timely new video “Europe Is Lost,” from her latest album, Let Them Eat Chaos. Later she surveys a barren landscape of racial injustice, environmental destruction, “tainted” language, poverty and seeming hopelessness: “Riots are tiny though, systems are huge/Traffic keeps moving.” —Falling James

Dungen
@THE GETTY
Ever-morphing polymusic wizards Dungen had, by the 2008 release of Dungen 4, mastered the art of a new rock that could reliably make the listener tap the chin in deep rumination while banging his or her head on the nearest wall. Over the course of a few more albums, the Swedish band’s heavily rocking psychedelia has morphed further into unfettered territories of imprecise genre, hovering amid richly musical yet blisteringly raw guitar-rock and deeply orchestrated space-jazz, like the soundtracks for films yet to exist. Just out is the band’s first all-instrumental album, Häxan (“The Witch”), on the Mexican Summer label, a stand-alone compendium of music the band composed and performed for a reissuе of Lotte Reiniger’s 1926 The Adventures of Prince Achmed, the oldest surviving full-length animated feature film. Also at Amoeba Music, Wednesday, March 22. —John Payne
CLUBS

ROCK & POP

ACEROGAMI: 228 W. Second St., Pomona. Cigarette Burns, The Ugly Kids, Steppe People, Fri., March 17, 10 p.m., free.


AMOEBA MUSIC: 6400 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. DJ Dirtie Blonde, fri., March 17, 8 p.m., free. Dunegen, UB40, Sat., March 18, 7 p.m., $15. PHX.


ART SHARE LA: 801 E. Fourth Place, Los Angeles. L.A. Stories, with storytelling and music from Jamie Thierryman, Reena Esmail, Eugene Micofsky, and Phil Pogham & MarkCarlson, Sat., March 18, 7 p.m., $15.

BARDOT HOLLYWOOD: 1737 N. Vine St., Los Angeles. Doombird, AllDay, Fri., March 24, 8 p.m., free. Dungen, Jason Charles Miller, 8mm, Wild Eyes, Sat., March 18, 9 p.m., $5 & $15. LB, Thu., March 23, 8 p.m., $15 (see Music Pick). The Biffers, Transistor 18, Sat., March 19, 4:30 p.m.


THE DEVIN TOWNSEND PROJECT: 419 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. Jason Alexander, 8mm, Wild Eyes, Sat., March 18, 9 p.m., $20.

THE ECHO: 1515 N. 3rd St., Los Angeles. Raised on TV, The Ooze, Carlos Carmen, Fri., March 24, 9 p.m., free. This Ain’t Your Daddy’s Big Band, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., free.

THE GLASS HOUSE: 1357 E. 2nd St., Pomona. Carawan,周三,3月22日,8:30 p.m.,免费。


THE NEXT Big Move: Hybrid, Omnibeast, Public Failure, Thu., March 22, 8 p.m., $15.


THE OZBERRY ROOM: 11184 PCH, Huntington Beach. SuperSession, Neckbreaker, Sat., March 18, 9 p.m., $8 (see Music Pick).


THE RED ROOM: 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. John Chantler, Tom Hall, Marc Kate, Tue., March 21, 8 p.m., $15. Razoum, Deathkings, The Rare Breed, Wed., March 22, 8 p.m., $8.


THE SPAZMATICS: 1891 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. The Spazmatics, Fri., March 17, 10 p.m., $19.50.


THE TIPPLE ROOM: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. P.O.D., Joey Cape, DJ Woodcut, Sun., March 19, 8 p.m., free. The Fockers, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free.
Type One, Kluo, Oceano, AG, Sat., March 18, 6 p.m. Ty Law, Sun., March 19, 8 p.m. Hot Sauce, Reti, Soul Shadows, Niunct, The Florida Mistakes, Wed., March 22, 9 p.m.

MAUI SUGAR MILL SALOON: 18389 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana. Symbol Six, The Katellas, Electric Children, Fri., March 17, 8 p.m., free. Dirty Old Town, Sat., March 18, 10 p.m., free. Nick Schnebelen, The Brenna Davis Band, Mon., March 20, 8 p.m., TBA. Just Dave Bernal’s Last Chance Country Jam, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Matt Mann & the Shine Runners, Thursdays, 9 p.m.

MCCABE’S GUITAR SHOP: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. John York, Fri., March 17, 8 p.m., $20. Tommy Keene, Ivan Julian, Sat., March 18, 8 p.m., $20.


MOLLY MALONE’S: 575 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. King Washington, Thu., March 23, 9 p.m., TBA.

OSTYER HOUSE SALOON: 2144 Moorpark St., Studio City. Record Head, Saturdays, 3 p.m., free.

PALADINO’S: 8015 Saticoy St., Van Nuys. Tom & Jeannie, Thursdays, 9 p.m., $7.

THE ROSE: 1237 S. Olive St., Los Angeles. Dirty Old Town, Ollin, La Tuya, Fri., March 17, 9 p.m., 2 a.m., $10. Alvie & the Breakfast Pigs, Bones & Bootleggers, Sun., March 19, 9 p.m. Machine Gun Vendetta, Mon., March 20, 9 p.m. Name the Band, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. TBA March 29.

RESIDENT: 428 S. Hewitt St., Los Angeles. Lakeview St. Patrick’s Day Special, with Jackie Jackson & Her Royal Gents, Fri., March 17, 8 p.m., free. Sonny & the Sunsets, Part Time, Psychomagic, Reptaliens, Tue., March 21, 8 p.m., $13. Picture This, Jim & Sam, Wed., March 22, 8 p.m., $15. Bad Pop, Thu., March 23, 8 p.m., TBA.


SASSAFRAS SALOON: 1233 Vine St., Los Angeles. The Rumpoller Organ Trio, Mondays, 9 p.m., free. The Sazacar, Steppers Brass Band, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free.

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**CONCERTS**

**FRIDAY, MARCH 17**

**DASH BERNHARDT:** 8 p.m., $35-$55. Hollywood Palladium, 6215 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

**DIANNE REEVES:** 7:30 p.m. Musco Center for the Arts, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

**FLOGGING MOLLY:** With Moanalani Beamer, 2 p.m., $47. The Rhythm B. Shannon Center for the Performing Arts, 6760 Painter Ave., Whittier.

**KIM & THE CREATURES:** With The Lovely Bad Things, Facial, in the Constellation Room, 10:30 p.m., $5. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**GO! FESTIVAL:** With Marco Antonio Solís, Alejandro Fernández, Juanes, Los Tigres del Norte, J Balvin, Banda El Recodo, Intocable, Luis Fonsi, Daddy Yankee and a hologram of Jenni Rivera, 1 p.m., $85-$225. Pico Rivera Sports Arena, 11003 Rook Road, Whittier. See Music Pick.

**MADELEINE PEYTO,** **RICKIE LEE JONES:** 8 p.m., $30-$50. Luckman Fine Arts Complex, 5151 State University Drive, Los Angeles.

**MUSINK:** With The Used, Glassjaw, Goldfinger, Story of the Year, Hella, or Hightwater, 12 p.m., $45-$299. OC Fair & Event Center, 88 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa.


**THE BILLY CHILDS TRIO:** 8 p.m., $27 & up. Alex Theatre, 216 N. Brand Blvd., Glendale.

**THE WHISPERS:** 8 p.m., $59.50-$75. Hollywood Palladium, 6215 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

**THAO:** 8 p.m., $38-$68. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills.

**YELLOWCARD:** 8:30 p.m., $59-$84. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**THE BAND PERRY:** 8 p.m., $25 & up. Rewind Theatre, 5151 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**ANDY SHAUF:** With Alouds Harding, 8 p.m., $13. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**THE BAND PERRY:** 8 p.m., $25 & up. Rewind Theatre, 5151 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**THAO:** 8 p.m., $38-$68. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Wiltshire Blvd., Beverly Hills.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 19**

**BÉLA FECKL & ABIGAIL WASHBURN:** 7:30 p.m., $57-$115. The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

**DANCE GAVIN DANCE:** With Edola, Vasudev, 8 p.m., $23. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. See Music Pick.

**ZUCCHERO:** 9 p.m., $38-$58. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Wiltshire Blvd., Beverly Hills.

**YELLOWCARD:** 8:30 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

**THE BAND PERRY:** 8 p.m., $25 & up. Rewind Theatre, 5151 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**DIANNE REEVES:** 7:30 p.m. Musco Center for the Arts, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

**MUSINK:** With The Used, Glassjaw, Goldfinger, Story of the Year, Hella, or Hightwater, 12 p.m., $45-$299. OC Fair & Event Center, 88 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa.


**THE BAND PERRY:** 8 p.m., $25 & up. Rewind Theatre, 5151 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**ANDY SHAUF:** With Alouds Harding, 8 p.m., $13. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**THE BAND PERRY:** 8 p.m., $25 & up. Rewind Theatre, 5151 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**ANDY SHAUF:** With Alouds Harding, 8 p.m., $13. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**THE BAND PERRY:** 8 p.m., $25 & up. Rewind Theatre, 5151 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.
wright’s favorite composer, Franz Schubert. The cast includes soprano Julia Bullock and actors Alan Mandell, Barry McGovern, Bella Merlin and Priscilla Pointer. Tue., March 21, 8 p.m., $20-$50. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

AN OPERA GALA BENEFIT CONCERT: Anthony R. Farmiller conducts the Hollywood Chamber Orchestra, and soprano Golda Berkman and tenor Landon Shaw II belt out operatic favorites by Rossini, Bellini, Verdi and Puccini to help fund a children’s hospital in Kenya, Fri., March 17, 8 p.m., $20 & $50. St. Monica’s Catholic Church, 725 California Ave., Santa Monica.

PACIFIC SYMPHONY: Pianist Zhang Zuo sets up Beethoven’s Third Piano Concerto, and Darrell Ang conducts Huang Ru’s Folk Songs for Orchestra and Edward Elgar’s Enigma Variations. Thu., March 23, 8 p.m.; March 24-25, 8 p.m., $25-$150. Renée & Henry Segerstrom Concert Hall, 600 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa.

PACIFIC SYMPHONY: An opera gala benefit concert: Anthony R. Farmiller conducts the Hollywood Chamber Orchestra, and soprano Golda Berkman and tenor Landon Shaw II belt out operatic favorites by Rossini, Bellini, Verdi and Puccini to help fund a children’s hospital in Kenya, Fri., March 17, 8 p.m., $20 & $50. St. Monica’s Catholic Church, 725 California Ave., Santa Monica.

THE PERFECT AMERICAN: Long Beach Opera boldly presents the U.S. premiere of a provocative work that will likely never be performed at Disney Hall, composer Philip Glass and librettist Rudy Wurlitzer’s 2013 darkly operatic contemplation of the dying Walt Disney (portrayed by baritone Justin Ryan), whose enchanting creations were contrasted by his allegedly racist tendencies. LB0 artistic director Andreas Mitisek conducts, Sat., March 18, 8 p.m., $49-$150. Long Beach Terrace Theater, 300 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach.

SACRED & PROFANE: The Gay Men’s Chorus of L.A., Christoph Bull, the Calver City Middle School Voicestra Choir and others rhapsodize over Carl Orff’s Carmina Burana, Sun., March 19, 4 p.m., $30-$40. First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, 540 S. Commonwealth Ave., Los Angeles.

GO SALOME: Soprano Patricia Racette bares it all in a searing performance as the sociopathic title character, and L.A. Opera Orchestra is at its most grandly dynamic as conductor James Conlon marshals composer Richard Strauss’ rousing melodies, Sun., March 19, 2 p.m., $29-$299. The Music Center, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave.


TRIO DINICU: The guitar-violin-bass trio performs jazz and Eastern European folk music, Sun., March 19, 7 p.m., $15. Elysian, 2806 Clearwater St., Los Angeles.

WHIPPED CREAM: Cupcakes and other sugary confections come to life during a boy’s fever dream in a pastry shop, in the world premiere of American Ballet Theatre’s reinvention of Richard Strauss’ Schlagadagores, performed by Pacific Symphony with choreography by Alexei Ratmansky and set design and costumes by iconic pop-surrealist artist Mark Ryden, Thurs.-Sat., March 16-18, 7:30 p.m.; Sat., March 18, 2 p.m.; Sun., March 19, 11 a.m. & 6:30 p.m., $29-$299. Segerstrom Hall, 600 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa.

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