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NEWS...6 What happens to children when their parents are deported? BY JASON MCGAHAN.

GO LA...8 An anti-Trump disco dance party, a Buster Keaton classic with live score. L.A. Weekly’s own The Essentials party and more to do and see in L.A. this week.

CULTURE...15 Photographer Noé Montes’ portraits of Coachella Valley farm workers shed light on an unseen populace. BY CATHERINE WO-Mane.

MUSIC...27 SARAH BENNET meets the young artists, promoters and managers who are ushering in a new era of alternative Latin music, and Adam22 tells JEFF WEISS how he combined hip-hop and BMX racing into a career. Plus: HENRY ROLLINS: THE COLUMN, listings for ROCK & POP, JAZZ & CLASSICAL and more.

ADVERTISING CLASSIFIED...44 EMPLOYMENT...46

99 ESSENTIAL RESTAURANTS ...Pullout

Our annual rundown of the 99 restaurants that help define the local eating scene. Plus The Freshmen 15, our favorite restaurants that have opened in the past year.

BY L.A. WEEKLY STAFF.

CORRECTION

In The 99 Essential Restaurants section, the wrong phone numbers were given for Coni’Seafood and Gjusta. The correct numbers are: Coni’Seafood, (310) 672-2339; Gjusta, (310) 314-0320. Also, the opening hours for El Coralense were inadvertently omitted; they are Tue.-Sun., 11 a.m.-8 p.m. We regret the errors.
PLANNING FOR THE WORST

What happens to children when their parents are deported?

BY JASON MCGAHAN

Since President Trump’s Jan. 20 inauguration, previously unseen numbers of undocumented immigrant parents in Los Angeles, fearing the splintering of their families, have taken steps to ensure they have someone to care for their children in the event they are deported, according to several prominent immigrant rights organizations in L.A. The advocates say that in the past two months, the requests from those immigrants for information on how to authorize a guardian is at an all-time high.

The traditional route for appointing a legal guardian is through a court appearance, but that option has proven tricky now that agents from Immigration and Customs Enforcement appear to be staking undocumented immigrants in courthouses to make arrests. So immigrant parents have resorted to a seldom-used loophole under California law known as the caregiver affidavit. The caregiver affidavit empowers the legal guardian is when we decided we had to do it.”

The caregiver affidavit empowers the designated individual, usually a relative who is a U.S. citizen, to act as the child’s legal guardian. It’s a simple form the parent can complete and have notarized, ensuring the child will be enrolled in school and able to see a doctor, among other concerns.

Areli says she is appointing her brother, a U.S.-born citizen, as her daughters’ legal guardian in the event she is detained. “He knows without having to ask that he’d be the guardian,” she says. “We hope nothing happens and that we never have to use these resources, that everything remains a precaution and nothing more.”

Maira says her children’s education is her foremost concern, and that she has been gathering educational equivalency documents “so if we ever needed to rejoin Mexican society, they’ll have everything they need in terms of schools.”

Maira has lived in the United States for 14 years and says that in recent months the fear has been “enveloping.” She says she has considered pulling her son out of youth soccer and her daughter out of drill team, for fear of being stopped on the way to a practice or game.

“For as long as I’ve lived here, I never worried like I have since Trump took the oath on Jan. 20,” she says.

Areli, 40, who works on a cleaning crew for several offices in the city, says she is in the process of completing the caregiver affidavit and of gathering legal documents such as birth certificates and passports for her daughters, ages 2 and 8.

Areli works late at night; she drives her third-grader to school in the morning and her toddler to Mommy and Me meetups in the afternoon. She says she’s preparing for the worst because “one never knows when you will end up in the wrong place.”

She says ICE is ramping up sweeps near South L.A., where she lives. Last month, the agency issued new guidelines rescinding the previous system of enforcement established under the Obama administration. President Obama had made violent and serious criminal offenders a priority for removal.

“It used to be that as long as you lived right and went to work, you could live without fear,” Areli says. “But with the new rules one has to look at things differently.”

She says of her and her husband’s decision to file the caregiver affidavit: “The moment the new president took office and began to talk about new reforms in the area of immigration is when we decided we had to do it.”

The council of Mexican Federations’ executive director, says hundreds of undocumented immigrants attend the presentations by COFEM every weekend — audiences larger than any she has seen at such trainings in her four years at the helm of the organization.

“What happens to children when their parents are deported?”

Areli, 40, an undocumented mother of two children in South L.A., attended one of the recent COFEM trainings and agreed to speak to L.A. Weekly, on the condition that her last name be withheld for fear of deportation.

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Fatima Avelica, 13, second from right, was in the car on her way to school in Highland Park when Immigration and Customs Enforcement arrested her father.

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FRI

NIGHTLIFE

Trump Card
In February, DJ Groupchat and Satellite booker Jennifer Tefft hosted the inaugural Funk Trump, a disco dance party/protest in the name of a president who’s devoid of soul in more ways than one. The night was such a success, they’re making it a monthly thing and giving the money to charity. This month, Planned Parenthood gets the door proceeds plus a cut of the bar, and revelers get a chance to dance to funky tunes and forget, if only for a few hours, that we’re all at the will of a madman. The Satellite, 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Silver Lake; Fri., March 24, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.; $5 donation. thesatellitela.com. —Gwynedd Stuart

MUSIC

Up All Night
No doubt you’ve attended concerts, theater and dance at the Music Center in the past, but have you ever experienced one of downtown’s biggest cultural institutions late at night through the early morning hours? The Dorothy Chandler Pavilion and adjacent venues host Sleepless: The Music Center After Hours, a multimedia event for night owls that includes, among other things, oceanic projections and ambient music by Sean Hellfritsch at the Music Center Plaza; a vine forest designed by Martin Valjeo in the Pavilion’s Stern Grand Hall; a dance party with Dub Club in the Pavilion’s Founders Room; performances by professional whistlers led by Molly Lewis; and workshops on making origami and floral crowns. If, however, you need to take a disco nap, you can nod off on one of the beanbags. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion at the Music Center, 135 N. Grand Ave., downtown; Fri., March 24, 11:30 p.m.-3 a.m.; $30, $20 in advance. (213) 972-0711, musiccenter.org. —Siran Babayan

MUSIC

Tooting His Own Horn
You may not know the name Josef Leimberg, but odds are you’ve heard his music. The virtuoso trumpeter and composer appeared on Kendrick Lamar’s Grammy Award–winning LP To Pimp a Butterfly, and has produced or collaborated with Snoop Dogg, Erykah Badu, Funkadelic, Thundercat and Dr. Dre, among others. Last October, the L.A.-based artist released his dazzling debut album, Astral Progressions, a fusion odyssey that blends cosmic jazz with soul, R&B and hip-hop. This Friday, Leimberg and his Astral Progressions Ensemble will be performing not one but two free sets in Union Station’s iconic ticketing hall, the perfect setting for his innovative and expansive jazz vision. Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St., downtown; Fri., March 24, 8:30 & 9:30 p.m.; free. unionstationla.com/happenings/metro-art-present-josef-leimberg-and-the-astral-progressions-ensemble. —Matt Stromberg

SUN

BOOKS

Play Misty for Me
Teaching by example is the order of the day when acclaimed American Ballet Theatre principal dancer Misty Copeland unveils Ballerina Body: Dancing and Eating Your Way to a Leaner, Stronger and More Graceful You ($30, Grand Central). Copeland brims with tips on how to grow wellness than just eating proper fats and steel mace training. Health is also largely mental, and Copeland covers that with wisdom on motivation and the importance of finding a mentor to guide you through life, because loneliness can make you feel incredibly unwell. Eso Won Books, 4327 Degnan Blvd., Lincoln Heights; Sat., March 25, 8 p.m.; free. (323) 290-1048, esowonbookstore.com/event/misty-copeland-booksigning-ballerina-body. —David Cotner

TUE

Check Out Cheech
Minus His Chong
Tooting His Own Horn

FILM

Hold It, Buster
One hundred years after he first appeared on screen, stone-faced comic performer Buster Keaton is still considered an entertainment-industry pioneer. Of his countless shorts, theatrical films, talkies and late-career TV appearances, the 1927 film The General remains one of the iconic comedian’s crowning achievements. The story of a Civil War soldier who steals a train, it was one of the most expensive films to be made during the silent era. With music prepared by organist Dennis James and conducted by native Angeleno Richard Kaufman, The General with a live score by the New West Symphony shines a spotlight on Keaton’s brilliance while offering a fresh take on an old classic. Actor Jamie Farr will take part in a discussion of “film, comedy and Keaton.” Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge; Sat., March 25, 8 p.m.; $28-$48. (818) 677-8800, valleyperformingartscenter.org/calendar/details/the-general. —Tanja M. Laden

FOOD & DRINK

Party Like It’s 99
If you’re reading this in print, chances are you noticed that this week we’re celebrating what we consider to be the 99 Essential Restaurants in L.A. — the must-try places for anyone eager to get a taste of the heart and soul of L.A.’s food scene. As a companion to that project, on Sunday we’re hosting The Essentials, a chance to sample food from more than...
50 of the 99 restaurants on our list, plus wine from local and national wineries. This year’s roster includes Spago, Night + Market, Chengdu Taste and many more. Critic Besha Rodell, who curates the 99 Essentials, says, “I think it’s quite safe to say that there’s no cheaper way to get a taste of such a wide range of L.A.’s very best cooking.”

Critic Besha Rodell, who curates the 99 Essentials, says, “I think it’s quite safe to say that there’s no cheaper way to get a taste of such a wide range of L.A.’s very best cooking.”

California Market Center, 110 E. Ninth St., downtown; Sun., March 26, 2-5 p.m.; $65. essentials.laweekly.com.
—Gwynedd Stuart

STORYTELLING

In Transit
There are two types of people in Los Angeles: those who drive and those who have to rely on public transit. Storyteller Scott Schultz’s spoken-word series Busted! celebrates its third anniversary today with a reading that focuses on the myriad encounters and surreal exchanges that occur daily on buses, trains and other forms of transportation. The tales range from the whimsical to the poignant, such as Katya Duff’s portraitlike observations of various extremes of human behavior (a handsome bus driver being hit on by female passengers, or a mother and her young violinist daughter scolded by a curmudgeon on a train). Tanya White opines that BMW drivers are assholes, while Horus RA portrays thieves who use the bus to get away after robbing a Taco Bell. Stories Books & Café, 1716 W. Sunset Blvd., Echo Park; Sun., March 26, 5-8 p.m.; free. (213) 413-3733, storiesla.com.
—Falling James

DRAG

Feel the Beat
A lady never reveals her age, but Jackie Beat and Sherry Vine are no ladies. In Battle of the Bitches, the drag-queen divas, both known for their vulgar musical spoofs, celebrate 25 years as friends and performing together in theaters and clubs. (You may have caught them playing the senior gals of Miami in Golden Girls Live at Silver Lake’s Cavern Club.) Refereed by actor Alec Mapa, they pull topic suggestions out of a hat or bucket and sing crude parodies, usually to the tune of a pop song, to see who’s the biggest bitch. Think ABBA’s “Mamma Mia” rewritten to rhyme with diarrhea and gonorrhea. A portion of the proceeds benefits the L.A. LGBT Center. Los Angeles LGBT Center’s Renberg Theatre, 1125 N. McCadden Place, Hollywood; Sun., March 26, 7 p.m.; $30. (323) 860-7300, lalgbc.org.
—Siran Babayan

FOOD & DRINK

Keep on Truckin’
Whole Foods has struck up a partnership with Roy Choi, the L.A. chef most famous for kicking off the whole food-truck trend when he started Kogi, the Mexican-Korean mashup on wheels. Almost 10 years later, Kogi is opening permanent locations in Whole Foods supermarkets. The El

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Segundo location has just been remodeled, and part of the expansion is a new Kogi. To celebrate, Choi will sign copies of his book, *L.A. Son: My Life, My City, My Food*. Ticket price includes drinks and some Kogi snacks, plus a chance to meet Choi. Proceeds go to anti-violence group Women of Watts. Whole Foods, 760 S. Sepulveda Blvd., El Segundo; Mon., March 27, 5-7 p.m.; $10. (310) 333-1900, wholefoodsmarket.com/stores/elsegundo. —Katherine Spiers

**CELEBRITIES**

**One Take Over the Line**

In 1968, Cheech Marin moved to Vancouver to dodge the draft during the Vietnam War; there he met a topless-bar owner named Tommy Chong and the rest is far-out history. Marin writes about how he formed one of comedy’s great partnerships and became one of the world’s best-known stoners in memoir *Cheech Is Not My Real Name... But Don’t Call Me Chong!* Born Richard Marin to — ironically — an LAPD officer in South Central, he recalls growing up in the San Fernando Valley, brief stints as a singer and music journalist, performing improv with Chong and making the *Citizen Kane* of marijuana movies, 1978’s *Up in Smoke*. Marin also recalls his other film and TV roles and discusses his extensive and renowned collection of Chicano art. As part of Central Library’s ALOUD lecture series, Marin discusses his book with singer Marisol Hernandez of band La Santa Cecilia. (Also at the Broad Stage with Carolina Miranda on Thu., March 30, 7:30 p.m.) Japanese American Cultural & Community Center, 244 S. San Pedro St., downtown; Tue., March 28, 7:30 p.m.; $25-$45. (213) 680-3700, lfla.org. —Siran Babayan

**FOOD & DRINK**

**In Good Taste**

Secret City offers guided food tours of neighborhoods, and this super-specific tour, *Taste of Grand Central Market*, walks guests through downtown’s historic market, an establishment that started as a grocery and is now a world-class food hall. The 90-minute experience coincides with dinnertime on purpose: Though you’ll be getting relatively small bites at each vendor, enough are participating that those bites will, collectively, be a rather heavy meal. The tour meets at the Hill Street entrance and then weaves through the market’s 38 stalls, 23 of which opened within the last three years. *Grand Central Market*, 317 S. Broadway, downtown; Wed., March 29, 6:30-8 p.m.; $50. eventbrite.com/e/taste-of-grand-central-market-tickets-32344584523. —Katherine Spiers

**MUSEUMS**

**Street Art**

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“Art in the Street: 25 Years of the Pasadena Chalk Festival,” traces the evolution of one of the city’s most popular annual attractions. Founded in 1993 by nonprofit arts organization Light Bringer Project, and named the largest street-painting festival in the world in 2010 by Guinness World Records, the event brings together 600 artists from around the country to create concrete murals that draw 100,000 visitors over two days. The retrospective features photos, video and artists’ biographies, plus artist demonstrations and interactive events throughout the display’s run.

Pasadena Museum of History, 470 W. Walnut St., Pasadena; Wed., March 29, noon-5 p.m. (and Wed.-Sun. through Aug. 13); $7, children under 12 free. pasadenahistory.org.

—Siran Babayan

thu

FILM

Afraid of the Darko

What happens when you find out that your purpose in life actively involves your own death? Meaning and time coincide when you meditate on that at tonight’s screening of the newly restored Donnie Darko with director Richard Kelly in person. Hamstrung both by the events of 9/11 and a confused public when it was barely released in theaters in 2001, Donnie Darko remains a weird, darkly fascinating fable involving pre-buff Jake Gyllenhaal and his adventures with a 6-foot-tall, prognosticating rabbit named Frank, navigating the whirlpools of adolescence even as he struggles to handle rifts in time and star-crossed love. Vista Theatre, 4473 Sunset Drive, Los Feliz; Thu., March 30, 10 p.m.; $14, free for members. (323) 660-6639, cinefamily.org/films/donnie-darko/adonnie-darko-off-site-at-vista-with-richard-kelly-in-person.

—David Cotner

COMEDY

Kasher Is King

If you’re a fan of Moshe Kasher, you’re probably familiar with The Hound Tall, the stand-up comic’s monthly podcast taped live at UCB, where experts and fellow comedians discuss topics from Scientology and Brexit to the history of raves. So it’s no surprise he has landed a talk show on Comedy Central, Problematic With Moshe Kasher; he describes it as a Donahue for millennials, which will tackle all things internet, especially social media, trolling, fake news and the like. (Kasher co-executive produces the network’s costume-drama spoof, Another Period.) In anticipation of its April 18 premiere, Kasher recently hosted a test run at UCB, which included Buzzfeed investigative reporter Jason Leopold and comedians Nicole Byer and Joe DeRosa. Tonight Kasher hosts another teaser show, featuring a panel of TBA guests.


—Siran Babayan

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T his week, a drab Ivanka Trump scarf inspires a performance piece about refugees, and a Paris-founded gallery pays tribute to its new L.A. home with a show called “I Love L.A.”

The silent enabler
The largest crate that ever came into LACMA’s galleries held Robert Grosvenor’s sculpture Untitled (yellow), or so said curator Stephanie Barron a few nights ago at a preview of “Los Angeles to New York: Dwan Gallery, 1959-1971.” Grosvenor’s sculpture, a futuristic abstraction in bright-yellow aluminum, hangs from the ceiling and juts across the space without ever touching the ground.

Dwan showed the original version of its in her Los Angeles gallery in 1966, and LACMA’s show highlights the impressive scope and ambition of Dwan’s program. She helped artist Michael Heizer dig two huge gashes in the Mojave Desert and helped Charles Ross build his temple-like star chamber in New Mexico. Later, after she opened her New York space, she showed the conceptual, wry and strange work of Lee Lozano. Dwan cared about her artists and their work deeply and showed the conceptual, wry and strange work of Lee Lozano. Dwan showed the conceptual, wry and strange work of Lee Lozano. Dwan cared about her artists and their work deeply and showed the conceptual, wry and strange work of Lee Lozano. Dwan cared about

Praz-Delavallade’s debut L.A. exhibition is a love letter to the city, organized by two dealers who initially admired L.A. art from afar. It includes work by artists such as Jim Shaw, Jim Isermann and Marnie Weber, who have been making and showing since the ’70s and who consistently make clichés seductive. Then it includes work by artists who have only been working and showing this past decade, much of it visually lush even when it’s political. Matthew Brandt’s Hillary Clinton Greets Employees at the Mirage in Las Vegas, L.A. Times, 11.05.16 is exactly what it sounds like: a depiction of hands reaching out to be taken by a candidate. Only Brandt has crafted the entire image out of colored rhinestones rather than pigment — election season theater painstakingly created from cheap bling.

6150 Wilshire Blvd., Carthay; through May 15, (323) 509-0895, praz-delavallade.com. Quietly serious
One 6-foot-high image in longtime L.A. artist Uta Barth’s show at first looks like a painting when you see it at 1301PE. In fact, it’s an especially sharp photograph of the white-painted exterior wall of Barth’s studio. The sunlight makes the subtle inconsistencies of the paint job apparent and, as with much of Barth’s best work, the image’s quietness has more intensity than serenity. It requires your attention and demands that you acknowledge all its mundane but idiosyncratic details. 6150 Wilshire Blvd., Carthay; through April 22. (323) 939-5822, 1301pe.com.

Just for show
The title of Kim Schoen’s show at Moskowitz Bayse comes from a book with no content and no pages. “Hawaii,” the book’s spine reads in a buoyant font. The book originated in a factory near the Black Forest in Germany that makes only book covers. The titles of these books are invented as needed. Often, the factory provides books for trade shows or furniture showrooms, but once a man called with a special problem: His wife had left him and taken all the books, and he needed to fill his bare shelves. So he ordered a collection of made-up titles with nothing between the covers. Schoen’s film and photographs — all elegantly composed, minimal depictions of these empty objects — have a permanently open-ended quality. There’s no way these books, made to adapt easily to any situation, can tell a conclusive story. 743 N. La Brea Ave., Fairfax; through April 22, (323) 790-4882, moskowitzbayse.com.

Ivanka’s peach-colored scarf
Artist Lara Salmon’s mother accidentally acquired an Ivanka Trump scarf in “a boring peach hue,” as Salmon writes in describing her performance at POST. Titled Ivanka Loves Refugees, the performance will last about three hours and likely will invite audience interaction. The artist has done work about the refugee crisis before — for her “Refugee Notes” project, she invited people to write notes to refugees on her skin and had one of them permanently tattooed (“Pride and dignity were her clothes,” the tattoo says in Arabic). This performance, she writes, “is just another attempt to rewrite reality” by someone who has already made programs at LAX and finds news coming out of the Middle East and Washington, D.C., unerving. 1206 Maple Ave., #515, downtown; Sat., March 25, 7 p.m. postlosangeles.org.
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WINES COURTESY OF
Maria Aguirre Rosales de Bañuelos looks directly into the camera, the bright desert sun illuminating her strong cheekbones and dark eyes. Her weathered skin is deeply creased, taut and beautiful, and her hair is pulled back tightly, adorned with a bright white bow that resembles a rose. She is dressed up for this portrait in a festive, Sunday-best, black-and-gold sweater vest, sparkling earrings and three thick strands of pearls.

Artist Noé Montes took this photograph of Rosales de Bañuelos as part of his Coachella Valley Farm Workers project. A 2015 Alicia Patterson Foundation grant allowed Montes to spend the larger part of a year researching and photographing people of the Coachella Valley—many of them farm workers or children of farm workers—who are actively working to improve the lives of individuals in their communities.

Montes’ Coachella Valley portraits are intimate and kind. On their own, without backstory or context, they are immediately impactful works of art. But the photographer’s portraits, landscapes and contextualizing images are merely an entry point to what is ultimately a much larger and more complex, politically and socially significant artwork.

Click on Rosales de Bañuelos’ ‘written profile’ at Montes’ coachellafarmworkers.com, for instance, and you can read her incredible life story, communicated beautifully through Montes’ direct and honest prose.

“Maria was in an abusive relationship for most of her life,” the artist writes of his subject. He goes on to tell how, at age 60, she attended a meeting where she heard other women speak about domestic abuse. “For the first time she saw herself from the outside, she gained self-awareness. She had never thought that she did not have to live with violence. This was a turning point in her life.”

Montes tells how, after Rosales de Bañuelos established financial independence and left that abusive relationship, she went on to become a leader in the Lideres Campesinos organization, helping to educate women across the Southwest about their rights.

A similarly powerful story lies behind each of Montes’ Coachella Valley Farm Workers portraits. In addition to the artist’s written profiles, many of the project’s subjects tell their histories in their own voices in single-shot videos that feature stoic backdrops such as a post office, a nondescript intersection or a used car lot with its flags and banners blowing in the breeze. As

“IT’S NOT LUXURIOUS, BUT I’M ALSO NOT WORKING LIKE MY PARENTS. THEIR BODIES ARE BROKEN. THEY SPENT THEIR WHOLE LIFE WORKING IN THE FIELDS, AND I’M NOT DOING THAT.”

—NOÉ MONTES

By Catherine Womack

The son of migrant workers, photographer Noé Montes set out to give voice to unheard populace with his Coachella Valley Farm Workers project.

Montes grew up picking crops in the San Joaquin Valley every day after school, on weekends and over long, hot summers. His parents worked hard to make a life for Montes and his two siblings in the United States so that they could go to school. They were constantly moving from farm to farm in search of the next crop, the next job. Montes attended multiple elementary schools per year, and remembers more than a few nights spent as a family in the car in between jobs and apartments.

After high school Montes attended a junior college, where he studied electronics. His first job doing component-level repair work earned him enough money to explore his lifelong interest in art by taking a few evening classes, including a photography course, at a local community college.

For Montes, looking at the world through a camera lens was transformative. “I found that it was a way that I was able to understand the world, to remove myself from it a little bit and observe it more objectively. I was also able to express myself, to express the results of those observations through photography,” he explains.

That objectivity and outlet for expression led to a growing sense of agency, and photography gave Montes the ability to envision a bigger life for himself. He dedicated himself to developing his skills as an artist, supporting himself by doing technical work, printing and Photoshop for stock agencies. Eventually he was able to make a life as a freelance photographer in Los Angeles, where he now lives in Mid-City with his wife and two young children.

As a young photographer, Montes avoided making art about immigrants or farm workers. “For a long time I didn’t want to do any work about that,” he says, “but eventually I came around to thinking that I really had a responsibility to do something about that subject.”

Today, the mostly blank walls of Montes’ small Koreatown studio are punctuated by two large pieces of paper, tacked to the wall with strips of blue painter’s tape. On each is a simple statement, handwritten in thick black or blue Sharpie: “Take Action” and “Make Work,” they read.

Sitting at his desk in front of those mantras, Montes talks about photography with passion. He has a deep knowledge and admiration for the medium and its history. He is as passionate about making mature artwork as he is about making a difference in the lives of young people and immigrant farm workers.

“This is my life,” he says, gesturing toward his computer and sparse, neatly organized desk. “It’s not luxurious, but I’m not working like my parents. Their bodies are broken. They spent their whole life working in the fields, and I’m not doing that. I’m working with my brain, which is new to me.”

Montes is still close to his mother, who he says has been very supportive of his artistic career despite the fact that...
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> 17 ) “she doesn’t really understand or have the context to know what my life is like.” He thinks that she might have been an artist herself under different circumstances. She never completed elementary school, and art was not a part of her reality. But, he says, “She’s a romantic for sure.”

When Montes talked with his mother about the Coachella Valley project, he told her that many of the women he met during his research related horrifying stories of sexual abuse in the fields. “Because so many of the women working in the fields are undocumented, they have no recourse, they can’t go to the law,” he explains. “I told my mom about that and she actually told me that that had happened to her as well. She said she’d never really talked about it with anyone. Suddenly it became really personal.”

Montes feels a deep responsibility to the people and towns he photographed in the Coachella Valley. The Coachella Valley Farm Workers project has not yet shown in a gallery or museum (although it absolutely should) but is available in digital form online. “What I have been able to do,” the artist says, “is use it as a tool for education. I’ve been giving workshops, especially to youth, about agency, about finding their voice. And that was actually one of my goals when I first started working on this project, to be able to take it back into the community. So I’ve gone back to the Coachella Valley to talk about it there, and to use the work as a tool for education.”

Montes thinks that education and storytelling are key to helping farm workers understand their value. “I guess that is the only thing I can do directly,” he says. “To hopefully show people their value, and have them gain a greater perspective of their place. I feel like that’s the ability that I have.”

A Los Angeles Institute for the Humanities fellow, Montes’ recent work includes “New Americans,” an Annenberg Foundation commission for which he photographed recently resettled refugees in Sacramento, Oakland and San Diego. His brilliance as a portrait photographer shines in these works as well.

Montes’ future ambitions involve helping young people gain agency through photography projects (something he has worked on extensively with various nonprofits and would like to formalize in the future), and a future work about mental health in Hispanic communities. Regardless of the subject, cause or means, one thing is certain: Montes will continue to do what he does best — take beautiful, revealing photographs of people, and tell stories that matter.

“I’ve gotten to the point where [portraiture] really is my favorite kind of photography,” he says. “That interaction between photographer and subject is unlike anything else. You are trying to get that person to open up, to let go of some of their defenses, and they are trying to show you what they want you to see about them. That interaction becomes really interesting. Space opens up and time opens, and hopefully you’re able to together create something real, something true.”
YOU MAY BE REICH

BY BILL RADEN

ne doesn’t have to look very hard to encounter political gestures that offend. To many Angelenos of Mexican descent, for example, building a $21.6 billion “wall” along the U.S.-Mexico border is the political equivalent of flipping the bird. Same goes for Muslim Americans and Trump’s travel bans. But the uncontested mother of them all is the infamous salute at the center of The Offending Gesture, experimental playwright Mac Wellman’s wickedly clever, 2016 musical burlesque of authoritarian narcissism and control.

Receiving its West Coast premiere by Son of Semele Ensemble in director Edgar Landà’s riotously pitched production, Wellman’s densely poetic political satire begins with one of the more risably absurd-but-true episodes of World War II.

In 1941, as Germany and Finland were finalizing plans for the invasion of the Soviet Union, Nazi agents learned that Finnish pharmaceutical manufacturer Tor Borg had trained his dog, Jackie, to lift its paw in a Nazi salute whenever Borg said, “Heil Hitler.” The Germans were not amused. Borg was summoned for questioning, and in a Nazi salute whenever Borg said, “Heil Hitler.” The Germans were not amused.

In an inspired coup, Wellman imagines Hitler’s dog becomes a means for lampooning America’s costly Middle East misadventure.

IT’S A TIMELY REMINDER OF JUST HOW VITAL A FORCE FOR POLITICAL RESISTANCE LIVE THEATER CONTINUES TO BE.

“Working toward the leader is what you do when you do not quite know what the leader would have you do. But because it is part of your job,” Blondi explains to Jackie in what may be one of the most clear-eyed analyses offered yet for the chaotic inner workings and early policy misfires of the Trump administration.

As the play progresses, Wellman slyly shifts from an absurdist debate on the distinction between the natures of dog and human to focus on the most unpleasant gestures: the legacy of the 1920s British Mandate that gave the world the unworkable modern state of Iraq. And while Landà’s arch staging and designer Stephanie Petagno’s emblematically pointed costumes leave little room for ambiguity about which current leader of the free world the play is lampooning, the production’s most remarkable aspect may be that it’s a timely reminder of just how vital a force for political resistance live theater continues to be.

GOOD AND EVIL DANCE IT OUT

A s a Puritan, John Milton almost certainly would have disapproved of Paradise Lost: Reclaiming Destiny, Jones Welsh Talmadge’s steamy dance/theater rendering of his classical poem. Nor would he likely countenance some of Talmadge’s revisionist tweaking. For example, the Supreme Deity, traditionally perceived as an angry male patriarch, has been halved into a Father God (J-Walt Adamczyk) and a Mother God (Marguerite French). And in the expulsion from Eden, it is Adam (Leslie Charles Roy Jr.) rather than Eve (Alina Bolshkova) who first eats the forbidden fruit.

On the other hand, Milton probably would have put his stamp of approval on the ensemble’s depiction of ferocious battles between the forces of good and the forces of evil, which, like its sensual elements, are brilliantly evoked in a fusion of dance, lighting, costumes, illuminating interactive video and acrobatics. The stunning videoography has been imaginatively conceived by Adamczyk, who as Father God opens the play using a hand-held computer device to spin abstract design images on the back wall. As we move into the story, the images colorize and expand to suggest the chaos of Creation, and still later segue into a lush, verdant idyllic landscape, which is Eden, where the first two humans caper about like happy fawns.

But we’re still in the creation stage when we’re introduced to the rapacious Satan (Talmadge), who wreaks his contempt on what God has wrought (streaks of red on the backdrop) and is then pitched out of Heaven into Hell, where he hooks up with Sin (a sizzling Laura Covelli) and Death (James Bane), a lumbering, bearish figure. Satan’s given a couple of chances to mend his ways but perversely declines.

Collectively choreographed, with leaps and bounds and startling suspensions from the ceiling, the subsequent encounters between Satan’s minions and God’s, led by the noble Archangel Michael (Anne-Marie Talmadge) are enacted with spectacular skill, with the performers utilizing not only their bodies to express emotion but, like any good speaking actor, their faces as well. The striking costumes (Ashphord Jacoway) and fluid lighting (John Bass) enhance the story further. It’s all most impressive.

Although the spectacle is enough to warrant kudos, what marks the show as memorable is how Talmadge has reinterpreted the story to make it contemporary and relevant, and injected psychology into the mix. His Satan is a powerhouse of carnality and venom. Toward the end, there’s a prolonged sequence where Satan separates the passionately devoted Adam and Eve, then proceeds to indoctrinate the trustful Adam step by step into the ways of male dominance and wife abuse — until finally the paradise of the spirit he and Eve shared has been destroyed, and we are fast-forwarded to the present.

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Alice Lowe on making her inimitable pregnancy horror thriller Prevenge while pregnant herself

BY APRIL WOLFE

Alice Lowe’s baby Della whacks two knives on the table as Lowe describes for me the nightmare she had before she knew she was pregnant: A horde of shadow selves in ninja gear were trying to kill her, and she had to battle Lowe after Lowe to survive. Lowe looks at Della, who’s in her high chair.

“Sometimes you ask yourself, ‘Should I let my baby play with these butter knives?’ But I can’t actually prevent her from playing with these.”

Della’s fine and contented and — yes — safe. But people have been asking Lowe lately if she’s nervous for Della to grow up and see Lowe’s new horror film, Prevenge, about a pregnant woman whosevengeful fetus instructs her to kill.

“We’re quite a gothic household,” she laughs. “Dario Argento posters all over the walls. The health visitor came after Della was born and said, ‘Oh, these are scary pictures,’ and we worried, ‘God, she thinks we’re Satanists. She’s gonna call child services.’”

Lowe — a mainstay of cult British series like Garth Marenghi’s Darkplace, Black Books, Little Britain, The Mighty Boosh and The IT Crowd — wrote, directed and starred in the film. Lowe says she was on the set of Ben Wheatley’s Sightseers (2012), the black comedy feature she co-wrote about two childlike serial killers on vacation, when it hit her that she could actually direct films herself.

“I sort of felt like the woman in Arrival when she suddenly realizes she could see the future — ‘I understand films, and I know how to make them,’” she says, mimicking Amy Adams. “Of course, everyone looks at you like you’re a nutters.”

It took her another five years of trying to convince the money people to fund projects from a director they saw as an unknowable variable. People not accepting that a woman who’d been writing and acting in the business for 15 years could direct was ultimately what frustrated Lowe into making Prevenge. “I don’t know how many films I have to put myself in the lead where people decide I’m not a box office risk.”

Industry types would still balk at the characters she wanted to play: “She’s too stupid, she won’t be likable.”

Ruth is one in the long line of Lowe’s seriously flawed women, and guess what? Audiences relate to interesting, not likable.

Her biggest “bugbear” is being offered a comedy script in which her character, she’s told, would be “smart, cool, with a great job and she’s the only one with sense in the whole show.”

She scoffs. “So, yeah, you’re saying she’s not funny. Sure enough, you look at the script, and she’s the only person in the whole show who’s a real killjoy.”

Creating a “strong female,” she says, is code for “boring woman.”

Since her early 20s, touring around in Sightseers, Lowe has often written and directed for Charlotte Rampling, are decorously treated with a weirdo like her — she simply doesn’t drop a grilled cheese to the floor. Lowe shrugs. She made a kind of vow that she wouldn’t be one of those overprotective parents and tries not to focus all her attention on her daughter. Her biggest fear about having a kid, after all, was losing herself and her career. But what she’s learned in her year of being a parent and director is that you take things as they come, and sometimes, it’s OK to let the baby play with knives.

“THERE ARE VERY OBVIOUS REASONS WHY PEOPLE DON’T FILM WHEN THEY’RE ACTUALLY PREGNANT.”

men who aren’t quite sure of what to do with a weirdo like her — she simply doesn’t fit into a narrow view of what women are supposed to be. Producers have told her that some men she’s working with, despite having total respect for her, have no idea where she’s coming from, that she’s “like an alien.” So, she’s now often writing for herself. And now that streaming-platform-turned-distributor Shudder is bringing Prevenge to theaters Stateside, she’s getting more opportunities.

“They’re not all good, of course. It was ‘It was funny, for a little bit after I’d made the film, I started getting offered roles to play pregnant women. I was like, ‘I just played a pregnant woman. I don’t want to play more pregnant women. That’s not a niche I’m interested in. Or a niche, full stop.’”

But I can’t actually prevent her from playing with these knives?”

“It was quite funny, for a little bit after I’d made the film, I started getting offered roles to play pregnant women. I was like, ‘I just played a pregnant woman. I don’t want to play more pregnant women. That’s not a niche I’m interested in. Or a niche, full stop.”’

It’s even more of a turnoff in meetings when people tell her they’re interested in “female-helmed projects.”

“You sort of go, ‘OK, so just any women. You don’t care what it is. Any woman at all is hip right now, like it’s a genre.’” In the meantime, Lowe’s writing herself into her next project, a romantic comedy.

When the waiter drops by our table, Lowe’s eyes dart to Della, who’s about to drop a grilled cheese to the floor. Lowe laughs. She made a kind of vow that she wouldn’t be one of those overprotective parents and tries not to focus all her attention on her daughter. Her biggest fear about having a kid, after all, was losing herself and her career. But what she’s learned in her year of being a parent and director is that you take things as they come, and sometimes, it’s OK to let the baby play with knives.
can’t tell at first if she sees him.

Anna welcomes him and even thongs and waving dongs. But dumpy Kostis hesitates as he smothered over his pale face, balding head and sunscreen faces and limbs. A hat over his to act cool, the doctor tolerates interactions, the movie opens with glum, portly, middle-aged doctor Kostis (Makis Papadimitriou) arriving to the tiny island of Antiparos to be the local physician. It’s a desolate place: empty streets, dim buildings, sour people. Watching these early scenes, I found myself settling in for a wry, dry wallow in minimalist miserabilism. And then summer starts. It’s first announced with the arrival of Anna (Elli Tringou), a beautiful young woman who has suffered a nasty leg wound from a moped accident. As Kostis tries to treat it, her chums — long-haired, scantily clad and quite moped — are whirligigs of abandon and dancing through seas and beaches and clubs. Kostis, tight and tense, struggles to keep up — he can’t seem to do anything right, try as he might. But he persists, because there’s something magical about these kids and their otherworldly freedom. When Kostis hangs out with fellow townspeople his age, the partying is more depressing, more transactional — they prowl bars and dance floors in search of different people don’t, which is why the central ruse in Romy and Michelle’s High School Reunion works as it does — for a time, at least. Cinespia screens the ‘90s comedy as part of a special prom party at the Palace Theatre, where all are invited to dress to impress their former schoolmates, avail themselves of the famous free photo booth and down a few Businesswoman Specials at the bar. Palace Theatre, 630 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., March 25, 9 p.m. (doors at 7:30); $25. (213) 553-4567, cinespia.org.

Do you know who invented Post-It notes? Most people don’t, which is why the central ruse in Romy and Michelle’s High School Reunion works as it does — for a time, at least. Cinespia screens the ‘90s comedy as part of a special prom party at the Palace Theatre, where all are invited to dress to impress their former schoolmates, avail themselves of the famous free photo booth and down a few Businesswoman Specials at the bar. Palace Theatre, 630 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., March 25, 9 p.m. (doors at 7:30); $25. (213) 553-4567, cinespia.org.

Thursday, March 28
That Carrie Fisher is still being memorialized onscreen three months after her untimely passing is testament to the singular impression she left on the world. The latest tribute comes in the form of Postcards From the Edge, Mike Nichols’ adaptation of the actress’s semi-autobiographical novel. Meryl Streep and Shirley Ma-Laine play the Fisher and Debbie Reynolds surrogates, respectively. Daughter moves in with mother after a stint in rehab, an arrangement neither is thrilled about but both need. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., March 28, 1 p.m.; $4. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

Thursday, March 30
Everything you’ve heard about how great John Cassavetes is true, and yet none of it will fully prepare you for the depth of feeling in his wrenching body of work. That’s as true of Minnie and Moskowitz as it is of any of his films, which is saying a lot. The romantic drama stars Lena Headey (the writer-director’s wife and constant collaborator) alongside Seymour Cassel, another Cassavetes regular; their love affair, like those in most of Cassavetes’ films, is painful in its authenticity. CSUN, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge; Thu., March 30, 7 p.m.; free. (818) 677-1200, csun.edu. —Michael Nordine

BY BILGE EBIRI

A rygisis Papadimitriou’s Suntan begins in such grim, static, deadpan fashion that you might be forgiven for assuming you’ve traveled back in time to an international film festival circa 2000. All sharp angles and stony faces and oblique interactions, the movie opens with glum, portly, middle-aged doctor Kostis (Makis Papadimitriou) arriving to the tiny island of Antiparos to be the local physician. It’s a desolate place: empty streets, dim buildings, sour people. Watching these early scenes, I found myself settling in for a wry, dry wallow in minimalist miserabilism. And then summer starts. It’s first announced with the arrival of Anna (Elli Tringou), a beautiful young woman who has suffered a nasty leg wound from a moped accident. As Kostis tries to treat it, her chums — long-haired, scantily clad and quite possibly high — wreak havoc in his clinic. Shy but also eager to act cool, the doctor tolerates them, even playing along a bit. He should be annoyed, but that grin suggests something else.

Before we know it, the gray, strained milieu has transformed into one of heaving bodies and hedonism. The camera loosens up, moving more and pressing closer to faces and limbs. A hat over his balding head and sunscreen smothered over his pale face, dumpy Kostis hesitates as he walks onto the island’s crowded nude beach, with its half-thongs and waving dongs. But Anna welcomes him and even seems to like him — though we can’t tell at first if she sees him as a friend or a pet. He reminds her to cover up the wound on her leg, that’s about the only part of Papadimitriou’s long game. It’s reminiscent, oddly enough, of how Martin Scorsese and Paul Schrader set up the universe to viewer to identify with Travis Bickle’s alienation early on in Taxi Driver before revealing the full extent of his madness. In similar fashion, Suntan pulls you into this strange man’s world before slyly and slowly turning the tables. You won’t like the darkness you find there.

Opener this week

AMERICAN ANARCHIST
Since every cell of you dies and sloughs away so many times in your life, can you imagine being the same you at 65 that you were at 20? This is the subject of William Powell, the humanist who happens once to have been an adult who happens once to have been a friend or a pet. He reminds his legacy. Despite that, Siskel turns unanswerable questions during the Nuart’s midnight screening of The Anarchist Cookbook, which has persisted as any hardware store. A sensation upon its publication, the Cookbook has persisted as both underground legend and legir-how-to guide, its formula cribbed from military operations manuals. Even when out of print, it flourished online, often in bastardized and anonymously updated versions written long after Powell, abashed, had moved on with his life. Charlie Siskel’s film finds Powell trying to live a good life — he works with developmentally challenged children in far-flung international locales — while facing the fact that his youthful rage persists as inspiration for killers. Powell expresses surprise when Siskel confronts him with the fact that the Cookbook and its ripoffs are still frequently turned up in the homes of mass shooters and homegrown terrorists. At times, the author seems disingenuous about his work’s influence; more often, though, he speaks with pained regret about his legacy. Despite that, Siskel turns many interviews into interrogations, brow-beating his subject, demanding dramatic apologies, eager to expose a hypocrisy that Powell doesn’t seem to have in him. (Alan Scherstuhl)

DIG TWO GRAVES
If a mysterious group of men shows up promising to bring back your dead brother, chances are things won’t end well. DIG TWO GRAVES offers subtle, backwoods gothic scares built around themes of painful loss and dangerous deals that have informed many horror films before it. The movie, which opens with an ominous 1940s-set vignette and then jumps ahead to the 1970s, is pleasingly old-fashioned in form. It’s not a remake, even if many of the tropes (creepy men in old-timey, mysterious amulets, aging sheriffs) may be familiar, and it’s largely free of gru-}

SUNTAN
Directed by Argyris Papadimitriou | Strand Releasing | Royal, Playhouse
Wilson scam). This is our introduction to voice-over kicks in, a peroration that opens hates people but needs them, too. His from sleep, about to face another day World (2001), the first of Clowes' comics Ghost pop-culture esoterica, as was the case bearded, bespectacled man in Dockers spatial and tonal incoherence. Why is this his 2010 graphic novel, is replete with some viewers, further confirm their mis- beiging platitudes drive her into a rage, and even tries to drown out its hectoring with a And baby does, again and again. Ruth what to do. Baby will tell you what to do. “Baby knows what to do. Baby will tell you what to do.” Hoping to calm Ruth's nerves, a doctor assures her: “Baby knows control of her body. Hoping to calm Ruth's marginalized by her pregnancy and losing her father, Frank (Simmons), shows up to Ginnie's workplaces and hangouts, nonetheless, he spends the rest of the that charm, revving this comedy up from running on gravity of his alpha-male charisma can appeal throughout the course of the film, he It's proof that Condon and co. aren't as to the simple expressiveness of the original's clock (voiced by Ian McKellen), candlestick a heart-stirring video chat. But on those occa- when he's at the central focus, the gravity of his alpha-male charisma can reshape a whole film. All Nighters run on that charm, revving this comedy up from average; somewhat above average. Months after Martin (Emile Hirsch) breaks up with girlfriend Ginnie (Analeigh Tipton), her father, Frank (Simmons), shows up at his door asking if he knows where she is. Martin, a banjo-playing Canadian vegetarian, is the polar opposite of the hard-charging, meat-eating businessman; nonetheless, he spends the rest of the night grudgingly guiding Frank around to Ginnie's workplaces and hangouts, having conversations with women and meeting L.A. weirdos, including Tarun Killam and Kristen Schaal as a couple in a hate-based romance. The introverted and peaceful Martin takes abuse from everyone he meets, disregarded for his passivity and banjo playing. And without multiple layers colored as “do- able” throughout the course of the film, he leads a terribly lonely life, isolated from his family. He shows Martin how to win a fist fight; Martin convinces him to reconnect with his life. In other words, it's a super- ordinary buddy plot elevated by one man's godlike charisma. (Chris Packham) BEAUTY AND THE BEAST I: 1989: Beauty and the Beast: Belle and her beau/jailer come to know each other over time and a showtune, stirring through the gardens of the crumbling palace, feeding birds and tossing snowballs. Unlike most earlier Disney lovers, these two have traits to match up to each other. No matter how po- sioned the hostage-lover setup, romance blooming ostensibly between these two, captured in elegant rhyme and line work. The best that can be said for Bill Condon's clamorous live-action remake: It sets aside a couple of its 125 minutes to allow Belle (now Emma Watson) and her waistcoated bison-man (Dan Stevens) to find a new point of connection. Now they both love reading — last time, the Beast was illiter- aye — and debate the merits of Romeo and Juliet. When they take up those walks, though, she again lofts a snowball at him, and in response he clutters her with a snow boulder, knocking her to the ground. It's proof that Condon and co. aren't as shrewd about judging their material as Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise, who directed the original. Shouldn't Beauty and the Beast downplay the suggestion of abuse? Other confounding choices: Why let the lyrics of comic bookstopper “Gaston” mush together into incomprehensibility? Why aspire for phoneticism in depicting the castle's talking tchotchkes, denying the simple expressiveness of the original's clock (voiced by Ian McKellen), candlestick (Ewan McGregor), and animal (voiced by James Napier?). The clock, Cogsworth, serves as a perfect metaphor for the production itself: It's just as poky and lumbering as he is huffing up the staircase to escort Belle to her bedroom. (Alan Scherstuhl) THE BELKO EXPERIMENT Time was a movie like this could stir some outrage. Impressive murder-and-gore makeup test footage passed off as a narrative provoca- tion, Greg McLean's grimmubb day-ruiner 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 vengeful idea in The Dark Knight plotting, which finds a Belko office building getting locked down and all 80 employees trapped inside told they must murder each other to survive; occasional feints toward the idea of a Millgram-like so- cial experiment exposing how quickly ev- eryday people can become monsters; the willingness to headshot that idea 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 en- suing carnage as something the filmmaker- ers themselves are shaken and disgusted by, even as they cut to pulsed flesh as of- ten as The Big Bang Theory pauses for the laugh track, and even as such displays are the only reason the film exists. In its late reels, the killers diversify, clever-hacking, twisting necks, crushing a dude with an elevator. Only once does a character take true advantage of the office setting, cracking a tape dispenser again and again into a villain's face. And then again. (And again.) Don't expect style or invention, much less satire. Its only interesting experiment is that, out of duty, the room full of critica I saw it with all stuck around until the end. (Alan Scherstuhl) I AM NOT YOUR NEGRO Like Ava DuVernay's 13th, Raoul Peck's I Am Not Your Negro travels a straight, well-researched path from the darkest tragedies of American history to the ones that plague the country today. Both films filter African-American life through the prism of the societal construct called race, but while DuVernay's dissertation focuses on mass incarceration and the constitutional meanings by which it was made possible, Peck's thesis observes the Daily struggles of black folks in America from the brilliant, pointed view of James Baldwin. Almost 30 years after his death, there is still chatter concerned with who could possibly succeed him as master of black social commentary. I Am Not Your Negro suggests that there is simply no viable replacement. Peck chooses as his jumping-off point Baldwin's Remembrance This House, an unfinished work in which the author sought to discuss the assassina- tions of three prominent black leaders of the civil rights era: Medgar Evers, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. Baldwin knew all of them, and their deaths “devastated his universe.” The daunting task of documenting their lives eventu- ally took its toll on the writer, who had to overcome his grief to tell their stories. 2016 was a rich year for films about American history and prejudice, but Peck's contribution is unique because its narrative arcs — we'll be cued that these people still mean well. Here, each slight stings and lingers, Peeler's comic mind weaponized. Each gag joke is simultane- ously a send-up of white cluelessness, an evocation of the pain and humiliation of being viewed only as a body and a clue in the twisty, satisfying mystery of what's re- ally going on in Rose's suburb. And some- thing is going on, of course. The buildup to the big revelations can be uneven, but at the screening I attended the mixed-race crowd cheered the bloody third act, the violence — like its victims — all stunningly well executed. (Alan Scherstuhl)
completed only 30 pages of this project before his death in 1987. I Am Not Your Negro presents a good chunk of this on its soundtrack, masterfully syncing Baldwin’s words to images binding past and present. (Eren Jarecki) Jackson brings Baldwin’s words to life, nailing the cadences in his speech, punctuating his words with humor, anger, exasperation and hope. At times, there’s an almost feminine quality to Jackson’s punctuating his words with humor, anger, soundtrack, masterfully syncing Baldwin’s I Am Not Your… before his death in 1987. (Brie Larson). As soon as the helicopters (Tom Hiddleston) and a photojournalist led by a hard-ass sergeant (Samuel L. scientists, a helicopter attack brigade is island. His team includes bureaucrats, take a voyage to a remote, skull-shaped all that, it remains charming, insistent Kong: Skull Island when a giant lizard-monster vomits out BOKEH FINDS AMERICANS vacating in the end times creative graphically, and the spectacle of brawling beasts in beautiful, forgiving settings is at times as captivating as it probably was in 1933, when audiences first gasped at Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper’s original King Kong. But there’s something curiously soulful about the whole enterprise, even as filmmakers continually strive for greater resonance or meaning. (Bilge Ebiri)

THE LAST LAUGHT The Holocaust is not funny. But does that mean it’s off-limits for comedy? Such is the topic of The Last Laugh, Ferne Peartison’s insightfully open-ended inquiry into the role of humor as it relates to unspeakable tragedy. Mel Brooks, Gilliotterd, Carl Reiner, Silvermanm, Bob Reiner and more weigh in on their own attempts to tackle taboo subject matter in an amusing way (be it on the stand-up stage or through movies like The Producers) and discuss their own personal boundaries — if they have any — as they relate to such material. Meanwhile, former Auschwitz resident Renee Firestone serves as the primary face of Holocaust survivors, expounding on her desire to educate and her commit- to engaging life to the fullest, even as she exhibits scant fondness for many Final Solution-themed comedy bits. Of course, whether there’s a definitive line between acceptable and improper ultimately proves to be a question without an answer, just as it remains open to debate whether such humor is a means of cathartic release, a way to get revenge on historic villains or merely tasteless garbage. In the end, what seems most clear is that the passage of time is an enormous factor in this equation — and that the age-old maxim about porn also holds true with regards to a Holocaust joke’s appropriateness (and worth): You know it when you hear it. (Nick Schager)

LOGAN Logan is a punch in the gut in all the right ways. Onscreen, the X-Men series has always found ways to morph and expand, from time-traveling fantasy to social political to thriller. Here we have a superhero story taken to new extremes and a franchise to a spine, to a cowl, apocalyptic experience (or “finish”), with a rating action both rousing and unbearably vio- lent. The year is 2017, just a few years after Logan’s (Hugh Jackman) lives in an abandoned smelter south of the border, where he takes care of a delusional, alling Professor Charles Xavier (Patrick Stewart) inside a collapsed water tower with help from an alien monster-tracker named Caliban (Stephen Merchant). Something in this future has gone wrong. Professor X, as he was once known, is losing his mind in the worst way possible: His seizures can level city blocks. Into their dying worlds steps a former nurse named Gabriela (Elizabeth Rodriguez) and a young, mute girl named Laura (Dafne Keen). Gabriela’s trying to protect Laura from a group of, well, anyways soldiers — turns out the girl is a lab-created, rape-prone killing machine with retractable blades in her hands, just like Logan. The bitter, forgotten super hero understands better than anyone else what’s going on in the child’s mind, so away they go to esc- ape into Canada. Logan holds to its mel- ancholy, elegiac vein. The despair comes not just from what we’re seeing onscreen but from a vague memory of a better past — the companionship Logan had with his son, the community X-movies. Logan is not so much a refutation of them, but their cautionary flip side — what happens when a community falls apart and the bad guys have all but won. (Bilge Ebiri)

PERSONAL SHOPPER In Personal Shopper, Olivier Assayas’ outly yet unex- pectantly touching tale of luxury brands and eclopism, Kristen Stewart’s charac- ter is demoted to an even lower celebrityadjunct than the star played in Assayas’ Clouds of Sils Maria. A stylishly dishev-eled American temporarily in Paris (greasy hair, oversized pullwears), a look not unlike the Stewart herself has been seen sporting 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 despises, Kyra (Nora von Waldstätten). Just before boarding the Eurostar to London for yet another haute- couture premiere, Maureen manages to receive a message from the beyond: the first in a string of menacing texts from an unknown source. The iPhone clipped in Maureen’s hand becomes Stewart’s most significant screen partner in Personal Shopper, a film in which she is often framed in isola- tion. The premise is ludicrous, but not unfunny, and Assayas’ perfectly inventive filmmaker whose sinister global thrillers Demoiselle and Boarding Gate- likewise pivot on absurd plot points to plumb 21st-century malaise and disorder. Here, he allows all 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 ang. Films from the tw. premises in which the actress appears in any scene, often alone or as an anonymous figure in a. In this supernatural tale, the phan- tom looming largest is that of Stewart’s actual celebrity. (Melissa Anderson)

THE SENSE OF AN ENDING Riteh Batra’s The Sense of an Ending might disappoint you if you’ve read the suspenseful, tear-jerking Julian Barnes novel on which it’s based. Batra kills the mystery part of its story — about a 60-year-old man who comes to understand that he’s artfully edited his own memories of a catastrophic event in his youth — and instead pushes the adaptation toward the humanism that marked her debut, The Lunchbox. This ren- ders a good chunk of the plot a wash. Good thing Batra’s really adept at the human portraits. Told from the perspective of Tony Webster — in the present (Jim Broadbent) and the 1960s-era past (Billy Howe) — the story begins with older Tony receiving a mysterious letter from Sara (Emily Mortimer), the mother of one of his former lovers, Veronica (Charlotte Rampling/Freya Mortimer). Sara’s died and left Tony the diary of one of his old schoolmates, Adrian (Joe Alwyn), who also used to go with Veronica and committed suicide back in the ‘60s. If this sounds convoluted, it is, but Batra’s contending with his source material, which demands all this be explained to establish the mystery and the many scenes of conflict-backstories — to explore the fallible memory. Tony’s ex- wife, Margaret (Harriet Walter) quips about how difficult it is to parse this confound- ing story. Margaret and their pregnant daughter Susie (Michelle Dockery) become a kind of Greek chorus, trying to set Tony right as he tracks down Veronica to get the diary — What’s in it? Why did Sara want to have him to? Broadbent and Walter are madly paired, their chemistry, their closeness, their friendship and confessions always evident. Between us we see a far more compel- ling story. (April Wolfe)

SONG TO SONG Terrence Malick’s work down these days — be a story or philosophy of it — and you’re usually faced with something almost comy, that seems to undercut the storytelling invention of his filmmak- ing. 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. And so 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 Songs follows people in and around the Austin, Texas, music scene. Singing musicians Faye (Rooney Mara) and BV (Ryan Gosling) meet at a party thrown by the actual 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 — charts BV, composing Faye and pretty much ruining a school- teacher/wrassiter (Natalie Portman) whom he woos, marries, then degrades. Song to Songs continues the miscalyptic style of In the Wonder and Knight of Cups — an indulgence that has turned much of the critical establishment off to Malick. But connect with its cinematism, and it might just leave you breathless. (Bilge Ebiri)

T2: TRAINSPOTTING If you think this expansion on the Irvine Welsh Cinematic Universe ought to be appraised and adjudged entirely on its own merits, know that 2 makes that virtually impos- sible, even more so than most sequels. This is a film that takes every chance it gets to ape, echo or literally splice in 20-year-old footage from its formidable foreunner. The plot, which finds Mark Renton (Ewan McGregor) returning to his native Edinburgh, rescuing Danny “Spud” Murphy (Ewen Bremner) from an attempt- ed suicide and running afoul of Simon “Sick Boy” Williamson (Jonny Lee Miller) and Frances Begbie (Robert Carlyle), both of whom aren’t through with the Rentons for having made off with their share of the big smash deal that concluded Trainspotting the first, eventually wends its way around to a (slight) variation on that same outcome. There are, again, more or less lucky sahtes; someone calls someone else a doss cunt again. Renton reeks off an updated, noticeably purpler “Choose Life” monologue that gets the same response as the original. Bremner gawps his gawp. Meanwhile, when they’re not busy self-referencing, T2’s creators have no idea what kind of movie they want this to be. A buddy pic- tor, a comic crime caper? Maybe, except then there’s Begbie, freshly escaped from prison and now some kind of Midlothian terminator, stalkling and stabbing and gar- rotting people by the dozen, all the while directed by Danny Boyle dipes literally into horror and suspense. For each inspired moment, there’s something 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. (Mike Lawes)
Neighborhood Movie Guide

The Metropolitan Opera: Idomeneo
West Hollywood, Beverly Hills
Fri., 10:15 a.m., 1:10, 4, 9:55 p.m.
Sat., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Sun.-Wed., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Wed., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.

Beauty and the Beast: The IMAX Experience
West Hollywood, Beverly Hills
Wed., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Sat., 11:10 a.m., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Sun., 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Mon., 10:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2, 2:30, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.

Suntan
West Hollywood, Beverly Hills
Fri., 10:15 a.m., 1:10, 4, 9:55 p.m.
Sat., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Sun.-Wed., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.
Wed., 1:50, 4:30, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show
West Hollywood, Beverly Hills
Mon., 3:30 p.m.; Tues.-Wed., 5:30, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATER 11523
Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 47/5981
Afternoon Showings for the MoMA Mabou Lazur
Beauty and the Beast
Sun., 11:10 a.m., 12, 12:30, 2, 2:30, 4, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.

The Women's Balcony (Isomachi Hatani)
Sat., 11:10 a.m., 12, 12:30, 2, 2:30, 4, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.

REAL CLIMAX L.A. LIVE STADIUM
14100 West Olympic Blvd. (344)462-7342/7340
Call Theater for schedule.

REGAL CINEMAS L.A. LIVE STADIUM
14100 West Olympic Blvd. (344)462-7342/7340
Sat., 10 a.m., 4 p.m.

SUNSET WESTWOOD
10850 W. Pico Blvd. (310) 47/04942
No Texting Allowed
T2: Transporting
Fri., 11:15 a.m., 1:35, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45, 11:15 p.m.; Sat., 10:15 a.m., 12:15, 2:15, 5, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Sun., 10:15 a.m., 12:15, 2:15, 5, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.

Hollywood & Vine
301 N. Vine St. (323) 464-4266
T2: Transporting
Fri., 11:15 a.m., 1:35, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45, 11:15 p.m.; Sat., 10:15 a.m., 12:15, 2:15, 5, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Sun., 10:15 a.m., 12:15, 2:15, 5, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.

Call theater for schedule.
FYF FEST

FRIDAY, JULY 21
MISSY ELLIOTT  BJÖRK

SATURDAY, JULY 22
FRANK OCEAN

SUNDAY, JULY 23
NINE INCH NAILS

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST  ERYKAH BADU  IGGY POP  SOLANGE
RUN THE JEWELS  FLYING LOTUS  ANDERSON .PAAK & THE FREE NATIONALS  MGMT  NICOLAS JAAR
HANNIBAL BURESS  SLOWDIVE  ANGEL OLSEN  LITTLE DRAGON  KEHLANI  MAJID JORDAN
KING KRULE  GLACK  SLEEP  THUNDERCAT  BLONDE REDHEAD  THE DRUMS  MURA MASA
GRANDADDY  THE BLACK MADONNA  TY SEGALL  SEUN KUTI & EGYPT 80  THE FAINT  CAP’N JAZZ
BADBADNOTGOOD  MOTOR CITY DRUM ENSEMBLE  JOHN TALABOT  BEACH FOSSILS  NONAME
PERFUME GENIUS  ARCA  DJ HARVEY  TEMPLES  THEE OH SEES  TR/ST  JONATHAN RICHMAN
TIGA  WHITNEY  HUNDRED WATERS  TALABOMAN  MOSES SUMNEY  MITSKI  OMAR-S
JOEY PURP  DANIEL AVERY  S U R V I V E  ANDY SHAUF  HORSE MEAT DISCO  KAMAIYAH
ROYAL HEADACHE  PRINCESS NOKIA  CHERRY GLAZERR  FATIMA YAMAHA
HELENA HAUFF  NADIA ROSE  AVALON EMERSON  PARANOID LONDON
BIG THIEF  KIRK KNIGHT  YOUNG MARCO  JULIA JACKLIN

EXPOSITION PARK - LOS ANGELES - SUMMER 2017
Latin Alternative’s Second Act

A new generation of L.A.-based Latino artists and promoters is breaking down old barriers

BY SARAH BENNETT

On a chilly Wednesday night in early March, a line of too-cool 20-somethings stretches along the outside wall of Echo Park’s Club Bahia, a Latin dance hall turned Live Nation venue that still hosts cumbia and bachata nights on weekends.

Boiler Room, the popular London-based, live-streaming party promoter, is hosting tonight’s event. Their camera crews dive through the growing crowd to capture close-up footage of Latin-loving British producer Quantic (who spins old-school cumbia 45s); Afro-Cuban house duo Chico Mann and Captain Planet; and Camilo Lara, the Mexico City DJ who performs as Mexican Institute of Sound. Ceci Bastida, the L.A.-based, Tijuanan-bred ska-turned-indie rock singer, plays MC for the night, taking to the mic between sets to hype the crowd in both Spanish and English.

At about midnight the beats stop, and L.A. sextet Buyepongo drag their clutter of live instruments onto the stage.

“C’mon, L.A.,” singer Edgar Modesto says before Buyepongo launch into a frenetic set of their signature musical mezcla, a sound that’s equally influenced by Wu-Tang, funk and the pulses of West Africa and Central America. “The whole world is watching.”

As drunk white couples dance crotch to crotch and millennial Latinos spin around to Buyepongo’s infectious beats, the heavily mixed crowd confirms what many in L.A.’s indie music scene already know: The broad-based genre once marketed as “Latin alternative” isn’t just for Latinos anymore.

Aided by a growing infrastructure of open-minded venues, community radio stations and bootstrap booking and management companies, L.A.’s millennial Latinos are evaporating the old commercial structures that kept Spanish-speaking musicians in a segregated market. Instead, they’re presenting everything from garage-rock and hip-hop to Afro-cumbia and EDM as parts of a next-generation indie scene, one that embraces sonic and cultural diversity as a given.

“We want to represent all of L.A. and build those bridges because flavor is flavor, you know?” Compton-raised Modesto says before Buyepongo’s Boiler Room performance. “That’s why it’s not just music to us. It’s art, and it’s art that reflects change. … You can’t avoid it, no matter how many policies you plant or who the president is. We’re a new breed of people, and we’re not going anywhere.”

The far-reaching genre of Latin alternative (and before that, Latin rock and rock en español) has long had a solid underground following in L.A., a city that over the last three decades has seen Hispanics grow from one-quarter to nearly half of the population.

By the ’90s, the influence of Latin America’s growing rock en español scene inspired the formation of local Chicano bands such as Quetzal and Ozomatli. Radio stations like the recently shuttered Super Estrella began catering to fans of proven, radio-friendly Latin rock. Still, America’s highly commercialized and stratified music industry didn’t have much use for the growing Latin-rock movement. So independent promoters and radio DJs like Mark Torres, a second-generation Mexican-American, began creating their own outlets for the music.

“It was all for those Latin American, East L.A., Chicano and Spanish rock groups initially,” says Torres, explaining why he started the country’s longest-running weekly Latin-rock radio show, KPFK’s Travel Tips for Aztlán, in 1995. “My mission statement was to provide space so that these bands could have a platform to present their artistic creations.”

The scene wasn’t as unified as it is today, Torres says. The community was self-fragmented into specific genres and there was a cultural (and linguistic) divide between the musicians born in Latin America and those born in the United States.

“Now it’s like we’re all in this together,” says Torres’ co-host, Mariluz González. “We’re just different flavors of the same big, huge stew. But it took time for that to happen.”

For the last five or six years, many of L.A.’s young, multicultural Latinos have been breaking down industry barriers between Hispanic and Anglo artists.

Pomona native Rene Contrares’ promotion company, Viva Presents, was one of the first to start booking Latin bands from Chile, Argentina and Costa Rica on the same bills as such American bands as Crystal Antlers and The Growlers. His annual Viva Pomonal festival has become a daylong expression of this mash-it-up-and-see-what-happens approach.

“When I started booking shows, having a garage band play with a Spanish band was unheard of,” Contreras says. “I kind of had to force these bands from different communities or cultures of people to come together, and of course they discovered that they understand each other.

“The Latin music industry had its moments, but they didn’t evolve. They stayed in one spot and stayed content. We’re taking it elsewhere.”

Jorge Avila started his booking and artist-management firm, Qvółé Collective, in 2011 to help young Latino artists he wasn’t hearing on the radio. His first two acts were a then-unknown Chicano Batman and Long Beach’s Wild Pack of Canaries, a psych-rock band fronted by now-solo artist Rudy De Anda. Current Qvółé clients include Rialto-based jazz/psych-rock trio Brainstory, San Fernando Valley rockabilly act Cutty Flam and Buyepongo, all of whom Avila says can reach wider audiences by catering to the different influences they draw from.

“A lot of it is carving out different spaces for these Latin artists. Buyepongo’s roots are in hip-hop, so they can do an interview in Wax Poetics, and it makes sense,” he says.

The arrival of venues such as the Hi Hat and Resident, as alternatives to the crowded Echo and Troubadour scenes, also has been crucial, Avila says. “Even just a year ago, we didn’t really have an L.A. venue where you can have shows and grow and cultivate an audience outside of La Cita.”

That visibility got even higher earlier this month when Coachella added six more Latin bands to its lineup, including local first-timers Quitapenas and Thee Commons. Together with such previously announced acts as soulful rockers Chicano Batman and Bronx DJs The Martinez Brothers, they make this the greatest number of Latin artists to perform at Coachella in the same year.

“It’s like we had two glasses of water and they were the same size and we just got a bigger glass and dumped both glasses of water in there,” Contreras says of the way traditional barriers between Latin and Anglo alternative music continue to break down. “All the molecules are in one glass of water, and that’s the revolution.”
ADAM22 HAS TURNED HIS LOVE OF HIP-HOP AND BMX RACING INTO AN INCREASINGLY HIGH-PROFILE CAREER

BY JEFF WEISS

Addictions occasionally pay off. Hunter S. Thompson famously wrote, "I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol or insanity to anyone, but they've always worked for me." If you add to "the internet" to those vices, you could make a similar point for Adam Grandmaison.

You may not recognize his government name, but if you're familiar with underground rap or BMX racing, you know him as Adam22 or Adam Onsomeshit, or maybe just as the host of YouTube's No Jumper. Over the last few years, he's turned obsessive dives into the smoked-out vortexes of SoundCloud into one of the most popular podcasts and YouTube channels in existence.

"I stay up most nights until like 6 or 7 in the morning listening to music online, watching videos and going down weird reading wormholes," Grandmaison says, sipping a Jameson on ice. He's covered in ink, 6 foot 3 or 6 foot 4, and looks ready to front a Black Flag reunion.

It's a particularly chaotic time for the 33-year-old, but he's surprisingly Zen, especially for a guy with cranial tattoos. His BMX and clothing store, On Some Shit, is moving from its downtown digs to a larger Melrose space — complete with an area to shoot videos (the dream is to become a modern version of BET's Rap City: Tha Basement).

Tomorrow, a major label flies him to New York to discuss a potential interview series. Later this month, he'll launch and host the first No Jumper tour, a West Coast swing featuring Smokepurpp and Lil Pump, which includes an April 7 stop at the Echoplex.

"I want to keep doing big tours, but I'm not dying to take big-name rappers, just the underground dudes we've had on the podcast," Grandmaison says, underscoring an ethos galvanized in the hardcore punk and BMX subcultures. "Eventually I want to do a big festival in L.A., but it's all about building a rep first."

Raised by a community college librarian and a social worker, the New Hampshire native dropped out of college and moved to the Brooklyn neighborhood of Bushwick in the mid-2000s. Eking out a living via online poker, he developed an internet dependency that led him to start On Some Shit, which quickly became a thriving blog and de facto nerve center for the BMX world.

Moving to Long Beach about six years ago, Grandmaison finally headed up the 405 three years later. Despite a longtime hip-hop obsession dating back to the G-funk era, No Jumper's focus came about by accident. Grandmaison started doing BMX podcasts, but an early episode with a friend, rapper Xavier Wulf, blew up. Others reached out, and in just a little over 15 months, each installment usually racks up anywhere from 300,000 to a million streams. In an increasingly corporate media landscape, he's admirably done it completely independently.

It's easy to dismiss the show's occasional crudeness, but Grandmaison has a Howard Stern–like gift for coaxing information out of people. His honesty and personal admissions — including a past Xanax habit and former life dealing drugs — creates an environment where artists can't help but confess. Despite his menacing exterior, he exhibits the quiet diligence you'd expect from a librarian's son. He estimates that he does a minimum 10 hours of research on each guest.

"I find a lot of freedom in being totally honest about myself," Grandmaison says. "I know it opens you up to where people can accuse you of being a drug addict or being crazy, but I'm more than happy to put myself out there. If I had a PR debacle right now, my saving grace would be that there are these people that feel like they know me because of that openness. I never want it to feel fake."

NO JUMPER TOUR | The Echoplex, 1154 S. Glendale Blvd., Echo Park | Fri., April 7, 6:30 p.m.-9 p.m. | $15-$50 | theecho.com

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.
TO YOUR HEALTH

President Obama tried to get his fellow citizens access to affordable health insurance. Initially, that wasn’t what his many opponents had in mind. After a sustained, multiyear effort, it looks as if they will finally be able to put into action the much better plan they have no doubt spent countless hours crafting, to make things extra excellent because they love us all so much.

Paul Ryan’s plan is meeting resistance from a lot of places, perhaps some even he didn’t anticipate.

Anything with numbers and charts quickly goes over my head. It has always been this way. To try to get an understanding of governmental maneuverings in the USA, I always look at the country’s history and its streets instead.

When you look at how the country was founded and quickly rose to top global shot caller, it is easy to see that there is not going to be a health care system that will deliver on the promises of any president. It would be bad public relations for the slightly nicer Spicer to tell the press corps the truth about health care — that no matter what bills are passed, America is simply not designed for a great majority of the population to be healthy.

It sucks that the entire economy is based on dependency, financial insecurity, lifelong debt, incarceration, prolonged global conflicts, bad health, poor personal care and lethal food-stuffs. Remember what all those beansprout eaters were called decades ago? Health food stuffs. Remember what all those beansprout eaters were called decades ago? Health food freaks. That’s the gastrointestinal equivalent of “Looks like we got ourselves a reader...”

If America really wanted to lower the cost of health care, it could be done. It would take a generation or two, but it would be possible to wear the citizens off diets that are hard on the body and give little in return. Michelle Obama tried. Sarah Palin called it a “war on dessert.”

Nothing in this country is easy, besides things like falling into credit card debt or ending up in prison. Good food is expensive. It is, in fact, out of the price range of many families clinging tenaciously to the lower rungs of the middle class. Cheap food is plentiful, but it’s cheap for a reason.

The pharmaceutical industry doesn’t make its profits on health, just as weapon manufacturers don’t earn their keep when there’s an outbreak of peace. A lot has changed since the days of landed gentry, indentured servants and slaves, but a lot hasn’t. Health care, like justice, is for those who can pay for a favorable outcome, at least for now. Everyone else will ride the wild.

Humans, for all their admirable traits and abilities, are one of the least suited species for life anywhere on the planet. There is not one square mile on Earth where humans could live in relative comfort, by Western standards, without a lot of help.

Homo sapiens is the ultimate anti-nature species. We battle it on every possible front. We redirect rivers and chemically induce soil into artificial states of fertility to accommodate an animal that seemingly has no concern for sustainability.

Nature has it wired. Cancer, plague, viruses, parasites and other grotesque, microscopic killers are there to thin the herd. Of course we fight back. This being the case — along with other factors such as our inability to always play well with others — not everyone is going to have a long, healthy life.

American capitalism is a blade. It’s going to disembowel someone. On a good day, it’s not you.

Ironically, it’s the Republicans who see this most clearly. But they lack the spine to tell their supporters that, for many of them, it’s going to be a needlessly painful ride, rife with purposeful inefficiency and swollen costs, usually reserved for, you know, those people.

President Obama’s plan, called “a disaster” by comrade Trump, was offensive to those who profit from the poor health and diet plans that everything from tradition to poverty to ignorance encourages.

I figure that any health plan that can truly serve vast amounts of America isn’t in the cards. It would have surfaced decades ago.

I DON’T ENJOY AMERICA. I SURVIVE IT AS BEST I CAN.

Living in this country is like having a wolf for a roommate. It’s beautiful but it’s not your friend. You cannot convince me that I’ll receive one penny back of what I paid into the “safety net.” There is no evidence you can show me that the government will keep its word. I’m not mad about it; I just know who I keep company with and always plan for bad weather.

America’s government wields a big stick, but not as big as the ones held by the corporations who eat its lunch on a daily basis. Your elected officials serve these titans of industry first. You and I live in the spin. This is why most politicians will rarely give a straight answer. I don’t enjoy America. I survive it as best I can. I get my health care at the grocery store and in the gym.

Freedom is a tricky motherfucker. In a game that has been rigged from the very beginning, to not factor in the inherent risk of living in a coast-to-coast, for-profit environment is just plain bad planning.

You don’t hear me whining about the harshness of it all. I’m not trying to be insensitive but since I was in my early 20s, I fully understood what was up. I wouldn’t want to live anywhere else but I don’t have any illusions about how the sausage is made.

America is full of nice people. You will find them in every single state. Generous, decent beyond all measure. America just isn’t a very nice place.
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... AND MANY MORE!

LIGHTNINGINABOTTLE.ORG
Big Sean
@ THE HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM
The past year has been a prolific period for Big Sean. First, he joined forces with Jhené Aiko as Twenty88, to critical acclaim. Then, as the Flint water crisis in his native Michigan garnered national attention, the 28-year-old rapper donated $10,000 to the relief effort and channeled his outrage into his music. For his latest album, last month’s I Decided, he leaned on advice from Jay Z and Rick Rubin during the process and bought in guests ranging from Eminem to Migos to Flint Chosen Choir. Around the time of its release, he made headlines for threatening President Trump in a freestyle on New York’s Hot 97. Now the target of conservatives, Big Sean has grown into a two-headed hit-making monster. Tuxedo II has its songs firmly rooted in the swinging funk and smooth R&B of the late ’70s and early ’80s, doused with a generous dose of party vibe that hits its stride on the duo’s second album, Tuxedo II. This party is what Snoop Dogg is referring to on “Fux With the Tux” and it’s exemplified on the carefully crafted, deceptively simple “Back in Town,” which takes cues from Michael Jackson’s Off the Wall. Dress to impress for the kickoff of the duo’s tour, which doubles as their record release party. —Daniel Kohn

Los Fabulosos Cadillacs
@ MICROSOFT THEATER
Los Fabulosos Cadillacs have long been one of the leading lights in the Latin-rock scene. They are often described as a ska band, but the Argentine veterans, who started in Buenos Aires in 1985, are much richer and more musically dexterous musicians who can play a wide range of styles. Case in point is Los Fab’s latest album, La Salvación de Solo Y Juan, a rock opera about the two sons of a lighthouse keeper. “No Era Para Vos” sounds more like 1970s classic rock, as Wh-who-like power chords, church bells, swirling keyboards and thundering bass combine for a momentous introduction, with nary a hint of ska-like upstrokes. Bassist-songwriter Flavio Cianciarulo and lead singer Vic centico infuse the record with newfound power and grandeur. —Falling James

Wild Honey Orchestra
@ ALEX THEATRE
The stars converge once more for this annual event to benefit the Autism Education and Educational Fund! As always, Amoeba matches all winning bids. The sterling cast of highly qualified participants includes original Band keyboard man Garth Hudson and his wife, Sister Maud Hudson, Jackson Browne, Van Dyke Parks, Carlene Carter, Terry Reid, The Continental Drifters, Peter Case, Pete Thomas (Elvis Costello), Motown great Brenda Holloway, Syd Straw, Jerry Riopelle, Keith Allison (Paul Revere & the Raiders), Cuit O’Riordan (The Pogues), Julianna Raye, Steve Wynn (Dream Syndicate), Louise Goffin, Victoria Williams, musical director/guitarist Rob Lauper and (whew!) no doubt plenty of other special guests. —John Payne

Tuxedo II
@ THE REGENT THEATER
Tuxedo is one of Mayer Hawthorne’s multiple music ventures, this one with his longtime mixtape-swapping partner and hip-hop crony Jake One (Drake, The Weeknd). The two-headed hit-making monster is Tuxedo II has its songs firmly rooted in the swinging funk and smooth R&B of the late ‘70s and early ‘80s, doused with a generous dose of party vibe that hits its stride on the duo’s second album, Tuxedo II. This party is what Snoop Dogg is referring to on “Fux With the Tux” and it’s exemplified on the carefully crafted, deceptively simple “Back in Town,” which takes cues from Michael Jackson’s Off the Wall. Dress to impress for the kickoff of the duo’s tour, which doubles as their record release party. —Lily Moayeri

Carpenter Brut, Dance With the Dead
@ UNION NIGHTCLUB
Retrowave, synthwave, darkwave — whatever hot subgenre title you want to assign to the new movement of synthesizer-driven instrumental bands that are cranking out music influenced by the Giorgio Moroder–inspired movie soundtracks of the 1980s, these two acts are in the upper tier. In the studio, French act Carpenter Brut has been a one-man force since 2012, so far composing a trilogy of EPs consisting of haunting soundscapes that conjure up visions of what Blade Runner forecast for the year 2019. In the live setting, he will be augmented by a live drummer and guitarist to add a hard-driving rock feel to his work. Orange County duo Dance With the Dead mix similar musical DNA strands within their own synth-laden work but have a more ominous John Carpenter–/Goldin-inspirational movie spin to their scores, as heard most recently on last year’s The Shape. —Jason Roche

Isaiah Rashad
@ EL REY THEATRE
Isaiah Rashad is TDE’s secret weapon in its ongoing campaign to take over the music game. While SZA, Lance Skiwaker and now SiR were dispatched to pacify R&B, Jay Rock and Ab-Soul to soothe the hardcore hip-hop heads, and Schoolboy Q and Kendrick Lamar to dominate the mainstream, Isaiah Rashad is creating a lane all for himself. On last year’s The Sun’s Tirade, Rashad curated a sound that was at once a part of the continuing eclectic energy of Southern hip-hop, golden-age boom-bap and jazz-influenced L.A. hip-hop. His lyrics delve into millennial anxieties of staying authentic and creative while trying to survive, thrive and maintain important relationships in the throes of late capitalism, knowing all too well that catastrophe is an ever-present threat. Also Monday, March 27, and at the Observatory on Tuesday, March 28. —Sam Ribakoff

Thee Oh Sees
@ TERAGRAM BALLROOM
Thee Oh Sees headline tonight in another benefit show for gentrification-threat-ened downtown venue the Smell. The psychedelic band have gone through a series of changes since starting 20 years ago in San Francisco, but they remain just as perennially engaging, thanks to their bandleader, singer-guitarist John Dwyer, who also heads the group’s label, Castle Face Records. On Thee Oh Sees’ latest full-length disc, An Odd Entrances, Dwyr presides over a mesmerizing blend of haunted chanting and propulsive grooves. The group might have psychedelic tendencies, but Dwyer tends to use his guitar to make otherworldly vibrations that sound more modern than retro. “Jammed Exit” is, for example, an almost jazzy budle and collage of weirdly mutating sounds, with its febrile flute and eerie keyboards. —Falling James

Dumpstaphunk
@ THE MINT
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Ivan Neville wails passionately on Dumpstaphunk’s “Justice,” a collaboration with fellow Crescent City denizen Trombone Shorty. It’s the group’s first new song since the release of the 2013 album Dirty Word, and Neville and his crew sound revitalized on the funky but strident groove. The uptempo song is a plea for equality and unity, especially in these divisive times following the election of Trump as president. “Let’s make up our mind/We don’t have much time ... There’s no one to blame/We all are the same,” Neville reminds as he’s serenaded by a cluster of funky horns and Tony Hall’s and Nick Daniels’ madly nimble, rubbery bass lines. –Falling James

of Blues Anaheim, Wednesday, March 29.

Watkins Family Hour
@ LARGO AT THE CORONET
Sibling revelers Sara and Sean Watkins have been co-hosting the monthly Watkins Family Hour since 2002, and even though the shows are located in the heart of Hollywood, the pair always manage to make Largo feel like an intimately rustic living room. The duo have attracted on-stage collaborations with such celebrity pals as Fiona Apple, Booker T, Dawes and John C. Reilly, and ace sidemen Benmont Tench (Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers), Greg Leisz (Matthew Sweet, k.d. lang) and Sebastian Steinberg (Soul Coughing) are often on hand to embellish the folky tunes and bluegrass lamentations with rich layers of empathetic accompaniment. Even with all the stellar guest visitations, the allure of the Watkins Family Hour begins with the hosts, who have an easygoing, joking charm that belies their heartfelt and moody original tunes. –Falling James

3/27
KR
@ THE ECHO
Rapper Kaalan Rashad “KR” Walker built a huge following and plenty of buzz on SoundCloud with his hazy, introspective, self-produced tracks back in 2014, earning himself features in The Source, XXL and right here in L.A. Weekly. Despite rumoringcourted from several labels, he remains unsigned. His recently self-released debut album, It Could Happen, showcases his smooth flow and woozy beats on such tracks as the seductive “Read Your Mind” and the defiant “Maybe It Could Happen.” Still only 21, KR is clearly a rising talent with room to grow. It Could Happen’s highlights, particularly the lovelorn slow jam “Complicated,” rise above the obvious J. Cole and Frank Ocean influences and reveal a singular artist with a natural gift for crafting catchy hip-hop/R&B hybrids. –Falling James

3/28
Sleigh Bells
@ EL REY THEATRE
Alexis Krauss belts out her vocals with the sugary aplomb of a pure-pop singer, but Sleigh Bells’ music really becomes unique when her yearning melodies are paired with Derek Miller’s heavy guitar. The contrast between her singing and his abrupt power-chord interjections on “It’s Just Now,” from the Brooklyn duo’s latest album, is a deliciously dirty collision of sweetness and noise. “Hyper Dark” is an aptly titled soundscape of murky electronics and fuzzy guitar that’s illuminated by Krauss’ gauzily ethereal singing. “Flags tangle in the wind,” she purrs enigmatically while Miller lowers the boom with the sound of distant thunder and insomniac sound effects. Krauss could be describing Miller’s maelstrom of noise when she shouts, “Two tornadoes touch down in Kansas/Instinct takes over ... but I’m bleeding profusely.” The pair make even bloodiness seem beautiful. Also at House of Blues Anaheim, Wednesday, March 29.

3/29

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 2017

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DRILL L.A. FEST
@ THE ECHO AND ECHOPLEX
Revered art-punks Wire have long confounded expectations with their ever-morphing aesthetic, ranging from 1977 debut album Pink Flag’s rapid-fire bursts of punkily jolting mini-song (21 tunes in 35 minutes) to the complexity structured, synth-laden explorations of follow-ups Chairs Missing and 154. Their most recent phase finds them exploring a superbly brutish yet tuneful guitar/bass/drums minimalist that’s heard to sensational effect on the band’s new Silver/Lead set, out March 31 on their own Pinkflag label. Wire also curate a series of international city festivals called Drill, which gather classic “left field” artists and similarly edge music–minded emerg- ing talent. Drill L.A. offers performances by Wire, Bob Mould, Julia Holter, Stereolab’s Laetitia Sadier, Mikal Cronin, Fitted (Mike Watt and Bob Lee with Wire’s Graham Lewis and Matthew Simms) and the Pinkflag Guitar Orchestra, among many worthy others. Also Friday, March 31, and Saturday, April 1; official Drill after-party hosted by Part Time Punks on Sunday, April 2. –John Payne

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 2017

LARGO AT THE CORONET
Sibling revelers Sara and Sean Watkins have been co-hosting the monthly Watkins Family Hour since 2002, and even though the shows are located in the heart of Hollywood, the pair always manage to make Largo feel like an intimately rustic living room. The duo have attracted on-stage collaborations with such celebrity pals as Fiona Apple, Booker T, Dawes and John C. Reilly, and ace sidemen Benmont Tench (Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers), Greg Leisz (Matthew Sweet, k.d. lang) and Sebastian Steinberg (Soul Coughing) are often on hand to embellish the folky tunes and bluegrass lamentations with rich layers of empathetic accompaniment. Even with all the stellar guest visitations, the allure of the Watkins Family Hour begins with the hosts, who have an easygoing, joking charm that belies their heartfelt and moody original tunes. –Falling James

THE ECHO AND ECHOPLEX
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3/30

Drill L.A. Fest
@ THE ECHO AND ECHOPLEX
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PAPPY & HARRIET'S PIONEERTOWN PALACE: 6714 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Kasey Anderson, Mon., March 27, 7:30 p.m., TBA.


THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 W. Second St., Los Angeles. J. Juggernaut, Cologne, The Frank & Dino Show, Fri., March 24, 9 p.m. Build Them to Break, Sat., March 25, 9 p.m. Man Rialls, Sun., March 26, 3 p.m; Red Pony Clock, Rat Fancy, Sun., March 26, 9 p.m. Name the Band, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. Thru March 29.


THE ROSE: 245 E. Green St., Pasadena. The Tubes, Fri., March 24, 9 p.m., $28-$38. The Adrian Belew Power 30, 8 p.m., $5.


STORIES BOOKS & CAFE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Busted storytelling series, Sun., March 26, 5 p.m., free.

THE TERRAGRAM BALLROOM: 2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. The Julian Cervellini Trio, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free. Tightrope Burlesque, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., free.


UNION NIGHTCLUB: 1760 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. Cro-Mags, The Last Gang, Dead Heat, Fri., March 24, 8 p.m., $15. Raven Felix, Sat., March 25, 8:30 p.m., TBA; Carpenter Brut, Dance With The Dead, Vogel, Sat., March 25, 9 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

WHISKY A GO-GO: 8901 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Chenchu Berrinches, Vienes 13, Motita, Sun., March 26, 8 p.m., TBA. SKINMOWE, Heaven Below, Society 1, Mon., March 27, 8 p.m., TBA; Zeke, Nashville Pussy, Thu., March 30, 7 p.m., TBA.

JAZZ & BLUES

ALVAS SHOWROOM: 1417 W. Eighth St., San Pedro. Cristina Rebull, Candí Sosa, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m. Juri Kamiyama, Sun., March 26, 4 p.m., $50.

AU LAC: 710 W. First St., Los Angeles. Riner Schivaly, Fri., March 24, 9 p.m., TBA; Louise Cruz Beltran, Sat., March 25, 7:30 p.m., TBA.


BLUE WHALE: 1234 Fourth St., Santa Monica. The Toledo Show, Sundays, 9:30 p.m., $10. The House of Vibe All-Stars, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., $10.

THE BUDDHA ROOM: 12204 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles. Noyes, Fancy Mansion, Solar Eyes, Fri., March 24, 9 p.m., TBA; Carpenter Brut, Dance With The Dead, Vogel, Sat., March 25, 9 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

THE DRESDEN: 1911 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Elayne, Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9 p.m., free.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT & LOUNGE: 7066 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. The Ready's, Sundays, 9 p.m.-midnight, free. Marty & Elayne, Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9 p.m., free.

THE DRESDEN: 1760 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. The Ready's, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., $5.

GRIFFINS OF KINSALE: 1007 Mission St., South Pasadena. Barry “Big B” Brenner, Thursdays, 8 p.m., free.

HARLOW'S: 7321 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Brent Carter, Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free.

HARVELLE'S SANTA MONICA: 1432 Fourth St., Santa Monica. The Toledo Show, Sundays, 9:30 p.m., $10. The House of Vibe All Stars, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., $10.

THE HIDEAWAY BAR & GRILL: 12122 Kagel Canyon Road, Sylmar. The Shuffle Brothers Blues Jam, Sundays, 4-9 p.m., free.

IL PICCOLO VERDE: 140 S. Barrington Pl., Los Angeles. David Marcus & Chris Conner, Tuesdays, Thursdays, 7:30 p.m., free. David Marcus & Jon Alvarez, Thursdays, 8 p.m., free.

LAS HADAS: 9048 Balboa Blvd., Northridge. Cool Blue,
IRELAND’S 32:

THE COWBOY PALACE SALOON:

THE CINEMA BAR:

THE GRANADA LA:

THE CONGA ROOM:

COCOPALM RESTAURANT:

VITELLO’S ITALIAN RESTAURANT:

VIBRATO GRILL & JAZZ:

TUNING FORK:

STARBOARD ATTITUDE:

SEVEN GRAND:

PERCH:

LUXE SUNSET BOULEVARD HOTEL:

COUNTRY & FOLK

LATIN & WORLD


City. The Other Mother Brother Band, Crooked, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m., free. Nitro Express, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 7-10 p.m., free. The Brian Swartz Quintet, Tuesdays, 7-10 p.m, free.

PIPS PIZZA SALADAS: 1356 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Jeff Robinson, Fridays, 7 p.m., free. Cal Beninit, Sundays, 11 a.m., free. Barbara Morrison, Tuesdays, 7 p.m., free.

SEVEN GRAND: 515 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. The Maker’s, Tuesdays, 10 p.m., free. The Organ Donors, Thu., March 30, 10 p.m., free.

SPAGHETTIINI SEASIDE BEACH: 3005 Old Ranch Parkway, Seal Beach. Steve Oliver, Last Sunday of every month, 7 p.m., $20. DW3, Thursdays, 8 p.m., $15.

TUNING FORK: 12051 Ventura Place, Studio City. Barry "Big B" Brinjer, Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m., free.


VITELLO’S ITALIAN RESTAURANT: 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City. Nutty, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m., $20.

LATIN & WORLD


COCO PALM RESTAURANT: 1600 Fairplex Drive, Pomona. Chino Espinoza y los Duenos del Son, Fridays, 10 p.m., free.

THE CONGA ROOM: 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. Disocoteca DTDA, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., TBA. Conga Room Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., TBA.

EL FLORIDITA: 1253 N. Vine St., Los Angeles. Salsa Ballet, Fridays, 8 p.m.; Salsa and Bachata Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m., $5. Bachata Thursdays, Thursdays, 8 p.m., $5-$10.

TIA CHUCHA’S CENTRO CULTURAL & BOOKSTORE: 1317/A Gladstone Ave., Sylmar. Open mic, Fridays, 8-10 p.m.

COUNTRY & FOLK

BOULEVARD MUSIC: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Other Mother Brother Band, Crooked, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m., $15.

THE CINEMA BAR: 6067 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Hot Club of LA, Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free.


THE COWBOY PALACE SALOON: 21635 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. Hollywood Hillbillies, Fri., March 24, 8 p.m., free. Nitro Express, Sat., March 25, 9 p.m., Sun., March 26, 6 p.m., free. Chad Watson, Mon., March 27, 8 p.m., free. 

IRELAND’S 32: 13721 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys. Acoustic Jam, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free.

JOE’S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL: 4311 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank. Mary White & Magnolia Drawl, Fri., March 24, 9 p.m., free. Decadent Decades, Sat., March 25, 9 p.m., free. San Pedro Slim, Sun., March 26, 8 p.m., free. The California Feetwarmers, Mon., March 27, 9 p.m., free. Joe Finkle & the J/10 Splits, Thu., March 30, 9 p.m., free.

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

DANCE CLUBS

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

AVON LA WOLLCITY: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Cash Cash, BB Guns, Jen Lasher, DJ Dangerhouse, Fri., March 24, 9:30 p.m.-Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more, Fridays, 9:30 p.m. Christina Novelli, Standerwick, Casey Rasch, Sat., March 25, 10 p.m. TigerHea, Thursdays, 10 p.m.

BOARDER’S: 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Alice in Wonderland Costume Tea Party, Sat., March 25, 10 p.m. Bar Sinister, Hollywood’s darkwave bastion and goth dungeon, with resident DJs Amanda Jones, John C & Tommy, plus sexy-sinful displays and aerialist distractions, Saturdays, 10 p.m., $10-$15. Blue Mondays, where it’s always the 1980s, a decade of “bad fashion & great music,” with resident DJs, 18+, Mondays, 8 p.m., 5-$7.

CANA’ RUM BAR: 714 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. DJ Canyon Cody, dropping in with global soul, reggae, salsa and funk, Fridays, 10 p.m., free. DJ Joe Galvan, spinning Caribbean and funny Latin sounds, Saturdays, 10 p.m., free.

CREATE NIGHTCLUB: 6021 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Noize Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m.; DJ Jazzy Jeff, Salva, Fri., March 24, 10 p.m., $15. Arcade Saturdays, Saturdays, 10 p.m.; Manufactured Superstars, Sat., March 25, 10 p.m., $15.

THE MUSIC CENTER, DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION: 135 N. Grand Ave., Los Angeles. Sleepless: The Music Center After Hours, with Dublab DJs, Fri., March 24, 11:30 p.m.-2 a.m., $30.

THE ECHO: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Funky Sole, with Music Man Miles, DJ Soft Touch and others, 21+, Saturdays, 10 p.m, free-$5.

THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Dub Club, an eternally mesmerizing night of reggae, dub and beyond from resident DJs Tom Chasteen, Roy Corderoy, The D ungeenmaster and Boss Harmony, plus occasional live sets from Jamaican legends, 21+, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., $10-$15.

EXCHANGE L.A.: 618 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Klingande, Fri., March 24, 10 p.m.; Awakening, Fridays, 10 p.m. Sonny Fodera, Prok & Fitch, Weiss, Sat., March 25, 10 p.m.; Inception Saturdays, 10 p.m. Bro Safari, Sun., March 26, 10 p.m. Raw: Fashion + Music + Art + Performances, with performers TBA, Wed., March 29, 7 p.m., $30.

FUPAB: 7994 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Booty Bump, Fridays, 10 p.m.-2 a.m., free. B.F.D., Thursdays, 10 p.m., free.

GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB: 943 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Larry G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21+, Fridays, 9 p.m., $8.

HONEYCUT: 819 S. Flower St., Los Angeles. DJ Ladymotion, DJ Whitney Fierce, waxing disco, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., free.

LA CITA: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Punky Reggie Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Boss Harmony, Fridays, 9 p.m., $5. Dobie Fodor, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Sundays, 2-9 p.m, free; DJ Paw, 21+, Sundays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free. DJ Moist, Mondays, 9 p.m., TBA.


THE MAYAN: 1038 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Saturday Nightclub, with DJs serving Top 40, salsa, house, pop, hip-hop and more, 21+, Saturdays, 9 p.m.-2:30 a.m., $20.

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CONCERTS

FRIDAY, MARCH 24

BEYOND WONDERLAND: 5 p.m., s99-5289. National Orange Show Event Center, 689 S. E St., San Bernardino.


CLASSICAL & NEW MUSIC

THE KNOT: 7:30 p.m., $29-$35. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 600 E. 4th St., Los Angeles.

MARIACHI WOMEN’S FESTIVAL: ¡VIVA VERACRUZ!:

SUNDAY, MARCH 26

BILLY CYCLOP: With O’Brother, 7 p.m., $25. The Belasco, 1116 W. 6th St., Los Angeles.

BIG BEAN: 6:30 p.m. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

DANZEMINT: 7 p.m. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Los Angeles.

KALEIDOSCOPE: The conductorless ensemble wanders through Dieterich Buxtehude’s Creations du monde, Francis Poulenc’s Sextet, and the dual West Coast premieres of Gennett Wolfgang’s New England Travestie and Nick O’Hicod’s Foe, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m. TDG, Glendale City Seventh-Day Adventist Church, 610 E. California Ave., Los Angeles. Sun., March 26, 3 p.m. First Presbyterian Church, 1220 Second St., Santa Monica.

L.A. CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: Members of the group dish out a lunchtime set that pairs the music of Beethoven and Mozart with the songs of Jimi Hendrix and John Lennon, Fri., March 24, noon, free. Bank of America Plaza, 333 S. Hope St., Los Angeles. All the L.A. silent auction features LACO music director Jeffrey Kahane and his pianist-composer Gabriel Kahane, plus violinist Margaret Batjer and others, Sat., March 25, 6 p.m., $75 & up. Millennium Biltmore Hotel Los Angeles, 506 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

L.A. CHILDREN’S CHORUS: Mozzio-soprano Susan Graham and soprano Lauren Libaw are on hand to sing the praises of Puccini Domingo and others at a gala, Fri., March 24, 6 p.m., $375. Millennium Biltmore Hotel, 506 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

L.A. OPERA OPEN HOUSE: The local opera company throws open its doors for a family-friendly series of workshops, screenings and performances by L.A. Opera and Pittsburgh Chamber Music Sun., March 26, 10 a.m.-6 p.m., free. The Music Center, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., L.A.

L.A. PHILHARMONIC: Violinist Christian Tetzlaff tears through Dvorak’s Violin Concerto in A minor, and Christoph Eschenbach conducts the Czech composer’s Carnival Overture and Schoenberg’s arrangement of Brahms’ Piano Quintet in G minor, Fri., March 24, 8 p.m.; Sat., March 25, 8 p.m.; Sun., March 26, 2 p.m., $20-$138. Members of the orchestra uncover chamber-music selections by Dvorak and Brahms, Tue., March 28, 8 p.m. -50-$55. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

MARK ROBBINS: The pianist sifts through Bach’s Goldberg Variations, BWB 988, Sun., March 26, 6 p.m., free. LACMA, Bing Theatre, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

NEW WEST SYMPHONY: The orchestra performs a live score during a screening of the Buster Keaton classic The General, Sat., March 25, 8 p.m., $28-$55. Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge.

PACIFIC SYMPHONY: Pianist Zhang Zuo sets up Beethoven’s Third Piano Concerto, and Darrell Ang conducts Huang Ruo’s Folk Songs for Orchestra and Edward Elgar’s Elgar Variations, starting March 23, through March 25, 8 p.m., $25-$195. Renée & Henry Segerstrom Concert Hall, 620 Town Center Drive, Costa Mesa.

THE TALES OF HOFFMANN: Italian tenor Vittorio Grigolo is the bel canto poet who reminisces about his past loves in composer Jacques Offenbach and librettist Jules Barbier’s French romance, which is the operatic equivalent of Willie Nelson & Julio Iglesias’ “To All the Girls I’ve Loved Before.” Paclido Domingo conducts most of the performances for L.A. Opera, and his wife, Marta Domingo, is credited with the production design. The cast includes vocalists Nefest, Diana Damrau, Kate Arioch, So Young Park and Liv Redpath, Sat., March 25, 7:30 p.m.; Thu., March 30, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., April 2, 2 p.m.; Thu., April 6, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., April 9, 2 p.m.; Sat., April 15, 7:30 p.m., $24-$299. The Music Center, Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

THIRD WHEEL: The windwood trio performs a program TBA, Sat., March 25, 2 p.m., free. Brand Library & Art Center, 1801 W. Mountain St., Glendale.

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**Notice to Defendant:**

TIANXIUONG ZOU, an individual YOU ARE BEING SUED BY PLAINTIFF OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE.

**CASE NUMBER:** 14A26030

**NOTICE TO DEFENDANT: SUMMONS**

**PLAINTIFF:** TIANXIUONG ZOU, an individual

**NOTICE TO DEFENDANT:**

**SUMMONS**

**CASE NUMBER:** 14A26030

**Plaintiff:** Occidental College

**Defendant:** TIANXIUONG ZOU, an individual

**Address:** 5155 W. San Fernando Rd, Los Angeles, CA 90039

**SUN - THUR 12pm - 4am**

**FRI - SAT 12pm - 5am**

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**856 Legal Notices**

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME**

**Case No. V302978**

Superior Court of California County of Los Angeles located at: 111 N Hill St #102, Los Angeles, CA 90012.

Filed on: 12/5/17 - in the matter of petitioner: ELIZABETH K HORTA. It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said matter of change of name appear as indicated herein above then and there to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted.

Court Date: 2/15/17 located at Superior Court of California County of Los Angeles 111 N Hill St #102, Los Angeles, CA 90012.

A petition for change of name having been duly filed with the clerk of this Court, it appearing from said petition that said petitioner(s) desire(s) to have his/her name changed from: ELIZABETH K HORTA to: TAYLA KHAI MI- CHALE, CASH. Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said matter of change of name appear as indicated herein above then and there to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted. It is further or- dered that a copy of this order be published in the LA Weekly, a newspaper of general circulation for the County of Los Angeles, once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the date set for hearing of said petition. Set to publish 5/21/17, 5/28/17, 6/4/17, 6/11/17, 6/18/17. Dated March 20th, 2017.

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**660 Public Notices**

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME**

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**662 Summons**

**SUMMONS**

**NOTICE TO DEFENDANT:**

YANG TI, an individual YOU ARE BEING SUED BY PLAINTIFF OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE.

**CASE NUMBER:** 14A26030

**NOTICE TO DEFENDANT:**

**SUMMONS**

**CASE NUMBER:** 14A26030

**Plaintiff:** Occidental College

**Defendant:** YANG TI, an individual

**Address:** 5155 W. San Fernando Rd, Los Angeles, CA 90039

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