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In the Bruce Meyer Family Gallery

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EAT & DRINK...17
The Indonesian influence at Pasadena’s Bone Kettle is far more fascinating than the bone broth. BY BESHA RODELL.

GO LA...23
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MUSIC...35
A Perfect Circle’s Maynard James Keenan reflects on his legacy and his first Hollywood Bowl headlining show with PAUL ROGERS, and JEFF WEISS argues that the golden age for L.A. hip-hop is now. Plus: HENRY ROLLINS: THE COLUMN!, listings for ROCK & POP, JAZZ & CLASSICAL and more.

25 YEARS AFTER THE RIOTS: AN ORAL HISTORY ... 8
The uprising in the wake of the Rodney King verdict forever changed Los Angeles. In many ways, the city is still mending—and that’s not necessarily a bad thing.
Together, we’ll write the next chapter.

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The uprising in the wake of the Rodney King verdict forever changed Los Angeles. In many ways, the city is still mending — and that’s not necessarily a bad thing.

When did you realize the riots had broken out? It’s a simple enough question, and the nine Angelenos in these pages — indeed, any Angeleno who lived through April 29, 1992, and its aftermath — have no trouble answering it.

But the responses themselves are far from simple. For some, the riots materialized at a distance: a television newscast that could no longer be ignored, or columns of smoke that began rising on the horizon. For others, they began brutally: with a punch in the face or a kick to the head. And for far too many, the awareness that something was deeply wrong dawned not on April 29, 1992, but much earlier. For them, the outrage over the Rodney King verdict was the final indignity; the riots were a constant — and the uprising of late April was merely a release.

City officials and government servants might not have seen them coming — and might not have known what to do with them once they arrived — but many Angelenos were all but expecting their arrival. Nearly five months had passed since the Korean store owner who shot and killed Latasha Harlins, a black teenager in South L.A., had been sentenced to probation. The rage over that and other problems that might be related to a verdict. I think I probably had an afternoon-to-evening shift. One event I knew I was going to cover was a playoff game with the Lakers down in Inglewood. I believe they were playing the Bulls.

I usually took surface streets going down to South L.A. to get to the Forum. When I heard that there was a commotion down at Florence and Normandie, that’s where I went. I don’t remember telling anyone I was going over there. I was probably just being a little cowboy. It was on my route, so I went.

That’s the last thing I remember well.

Tim Goldman, South L.A. resident and videographer: I was in Gardena helping some friends move. We were traveling back and forth from downtown through South L.A. I remember walking into their home and everyone appeared to be sad. When I heard about the verdicts, my heart just fell into my stomach. I was stunned. We can do this move later, they agreed.

I headed back to the home where I was staying, at 75th and Vermont. My friend Alfred, who stayed down the street, was there. Maybe five or 10 minutes later I could hear him yelling: “Hey, there’s something going down at Florence and Normandie. We have to go.” We rolled in his truck. It was just a few blocks away. We got to Naomi and 73rd and, because of the commotion, traffic was at a standstill. I jumped out of the truck.

Jon McDuffie, L.A. firefighter: I was working at one of the busiest fire stations in the world, Fire Station #9, right on Skid Row. I was 22, and with 3½ years on the job I was one of the most senior firefighters in the station, because old firemen don’t go to that station. You’d go there to get your call load up, get your experience, and then you get the hell out of there.

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I was at my girlfriend’s house. We heard that the verdict was coming down, so we stopped to watch. I was disappointed—not surprised but disappointed.

Firefighters and police officers are so closely aligned that in the fire station most of those guys thought that the police officers being tried weren’t guilty. You know: “They did what they had to do.” That’s what you’d hear day in and day out. I worked at a station where I was one of only two or three black firefighters, which was not uncommon. At fire stations, even then, it was cowboy music and Vietnam vets and a whole lot of code switching to get through the day.

We watched it go down on TV, saw everything blow up at Florence and Normandie. And I realized this was going to be a long night. So I just told my girlfriend, “Hey, I got to go.”

Glynn Martin, LAPD Major Narcotics detective: The verdicts came down, and we were in a squad room. There wasn’t a television. And at least for a short while, I didn’t detect anything that was particularly out of the ordinary.

The Major Narcotics office was on the third floor of Central Station, which is at Fifth and Wall downtown. I waited in the office until the verdicts came down, then I got in my car and went to take care of some case-related matters.

When I headed out in the field I started hearing all the radio traffic. They were calling for assistance and calling for a large number of officers to respond. I want to say it was within an hour of the verdicts. I was down on Spring looking north. I’m a Major Narcotics detective, far from being the first line of defense. And on top of that, long hair, not fit to be in uniform or anything. So really I’m just looking and watching and hoping that this is going to be a short-lived event.

Hill’s Code 7 was a restaurant frequented by people assigned to Parker Center. It was on the south side of First Street, right where the current LAPD headquarters has since been built. I was south of Hill’s Code 7 when I saw all kinds of crap going on there. I just remember sitting there looking northbound going, eh, an awful lot of people black and white wouldn’t be doing, doing things that they normally wouldn’t be doing. And that was my first indication, my first personal observation that things were not well.

Nana Gyamfi, law student: I was at UCLA Law School. Some friends and I were putting together a group called the Black Law Institute that we had started in Watts. I was all the way in Westwood when I heard the verdicts and decided I should get back to my folks in Watts.

As I got closer to South-Central, I had to walk and ride in cars to get to Watts. It seemed like the bus drivers, many were black or brown people, they were maneuvering their own way the best they could. They went on Florence and Figueroa, Manchester and Broadway. At a certain point they weren’t riding down the streets, so you had to walk and hitchhike. I walked and got one or two rides.

When I got to Watts, people were coming outside. People were upset, commiserating had been acquitted. I parked near a payphone across from the Experience Motel on Olympic Boulevard, an area now home to Staples Center. Then the neighborhood was a seedy red-light zone, home to crack hookers, junkies and hustlers. I called an assistant national editor, who dispatched me to an LAPD press conference at Parker Center. By the time the presser broke up, angry demonstrators were gathering outside police headquarters. I found another payphone and called home to let my parents know I’d be working late.

I asked Pop what the TV news was showing. Rioters were pulling motorists out of cars at Florence and Normandie and beating them, he told me. Bingo. I thanked him and drove my beat-up little rental.

Mike Woo, L.A. City Councilman: One of the first things that I did after I found out that trouble seemed to be popping up on the streets is I took a few of my staff members and we just went out and started driving around. We didn’t really have a destination. It was more, “Let’s drive around and see what we see.”

I remember driving on some north-south street in downtown L.A. and seeing a man with a big knife. He was strolling up the street using this knife to tear holes in the awnings in front of storefronts. He wasn’t looting or stealing, as far as I could see. He was just out destroying things with his knife.

Around City Hall, the feeling was very different. It was like a quasi-military setting, with police cars basically flanking City Hall, giving City Hall the sense of being like an impenetrable fortress. Of course, it’s sort of like that on normal days.

I remember going down to visit a room underneath City Hall East. It was called the Emergency Operations Center. The EOC was the nerve center of communications. What was really striking was how antiquated the place was. The city employees who were there staffing seemed to be dependent on TV and radio. There were all these little video screens. When somebody said, on TV or on the radio, “report of vandalism at this site,” somebody in the room would write something on a yellow Post-It note and go walk over and put the Post-It note on top of a screen.

And there were just Post-It notes everywhere.

Goldman, videographer: Alfred beat me to Florence and Normandie. I witnessed the LAPD making arrests. That’s when I started recording video. It was during the initial standoff with the LAPD.

The last police car left. That drew most of the people into the intersection. There was really nothing going on at Florence and Normandie until the police withdrew. The last police car, you can see it on the video, it left, then people took the place of police. And they stayed.

They started looting Tom’s Liquor store. There was looting prior to the liquor store, [but] the most intense beatings came after the liquor store. People will say it had nothing to do with it, but I think alcohol had something to do with it.

I was walking east on Florence to Budlong and I saw a guy on the street laying down unconscious and I recorded that. My brother recorded him being attacked.

People were pulled out of their cars.
vehicles. I stood on top of a car recording [truck driver] Larry [Tarvin] as he approached the intersection. When he was pulled out of his truck, I ran around the back and recorded him on the ground.

Then [Reginald] Denny comes to the intersection and my brother is recording Denny being pulled out of the truck and laying on the ground. It happened so fast I never saw the Denny attack firsthand, but I did record him on his knees as he was struggling to get back into his truck.

Fujii, photographer: I have this memory of standing looking at the Tom’s Liquor store with a bunch of other people. I can’t tell you now if there was a fire going on or what, but for some reason we were looking in that general direction. That’s pretty much all I remember.

What I do know is I probably went to photograph whatever was going on there across from Tom’s Liquor store. Then I got beaten.

There’s actually videotape of me being accosted. I can tell you what happened after kind of piecing it together from videotape that this guy Timothy Goldman shot. He was probably well known to people there, so they didn’t do anything to him.

I’m an Asianface in South-Central, and the only other Asians you saw owned liquor stores. By my dad’s reckoning, I’m a fourth-generation Japanese, a yonsei. I tell my friends that if I spoke English with a heavy accent, I probably would have gotten it worse, beaten far more badly.

In the videotape, it’s actually a fairly tight shot of me from the waist up. I’m wearing a black patterned, kind of casual shirt. A camera is being taken from around my neck. My press credentials, my LAPD credential is bouncing around. Then I’m on the ground and, again, it’s a fairly tight shot of me. And someone’s kicking me.

The shoes of the person assaulting me actually belonged to — his nickname was Football, Damien “Football” Williams. He was one of the young men who were charged in the Denny assault, which happened maybe 10, 15 minutes after I was assaulted, based on the timestamp on these videos.

Castaneda, reporter: The assault [by the Crip] didn’t deter me. If anything, it hardened my determination to get to Florence and Normandie. I was 30, super-ambitious and barely six weeks sober from a nasty crack and alcohol habit. It’d taken plenty of dumb risks to get high. Getting to ground zero of the riot zone seemed to me a risk worth taking.

I maneuvered to a side street near Florence and Normandie, hopped out and, notebook and pen in my back pocket, jogged to Florence. I was on Florence, headed toward Normandie, when I heard screaming in my direction. I turned and saw a black couple on a porch maybe 30 feet away. “You can’t go!” the woman yelled.

I’d been so intent on getting to the corner of Florence and Normandie that I’d engaged in tunnel vision; now, I took a good look at the horrors unfolding around me: Dozens of black men, and some women, were flinging bricks, rocks and full bottles of beers at passing motorists. Across the street, a Latino man, his face bloodied, staggered about. A man with dreadlocks waved a handgun.

The mob had coalesced behind me. Going forward or backtracking would be suicide. “Come up here!” the man implored. I hustled to his porch and took notes. An LAPD cop in a squad car edged up to an intersection, saw what was happening on Florence, and drove away.

It was clear that not only was I not safe on the porch, my presence could be putting the couple, James and Barbara Henry, and their son, Jacques, who was watching the news in the living room (at one point crying at the violence), in danger. We retreated inside, where we watched TV footage of rioters pulling trucker Reginald Denny out of his cab and beating him.

A van broke down on the opposite side of the street. From the living room window, I watched a small Latino man get out of the vehicle. He was rushed by five young black men, who pummeled him with their fists and gleefully flashed gang hand signals as they left him lying in the street, supine. Moments later, a speeding car ran over his legs.

Though the attackers stood maybe 40 feet away, a righteously angry James Henry, a native Mississippian who was built like a lineman, marched out, pulled the man to the sidewalk and stood by him.

An hour or so later, after the mob had moved on, some 30 LAPD cops in riot gear iched their way onto Florence. I hustled out when they reached Henry and the injured motorist. I knew one of the cops, George; we’d played pickup hoops together at the Boys and Girls Club in Boyle Heights. I asked George, “What took you guys so long?”

George said he and his squad had been at a station for a couple of hours, waiting for orders.

Councilman Woo: I remember going into Mayor Tom Bradley’s office. Again, there was a feeling of, “There isn’t really a game plan here.” Now, I don’t know to what extent you can really plan for this kind of thing, but when I was in the mayor’s office I really didn’t get a strong feeling that people knew what to do.

I was in his office when he read an announcement to the city. That was part of his role as mayor — making a statement on television about what was known, and also what the city was going to do. Basically, trying to be a calming presence and to be a symbol [showing] that City Hall was in control. He was a very calm and stoic person.

You wouldn’t know what’s going on beyond the surface there, even in normal times.

To have something like this happen at the end of his career, I’m just assuming, must have been a big letdown for him. In a way, it was the tragedy of Tom Bradley. He was one of the first black mayors elected in a city that was not majority black. To become mayor, he had to find a way to put together a coalition to win a majority.

That was something he not only believed in, I think he felt he embodied this new, multiethnic identity of Los Angeles. In a way, the riots in 1992 represented a crack in the façade. It showed that the racial tensions in Los Angeles were worse than a lot of people in L.A. thought. I think a lot of non-African-Americans were surprised that things were that bad.

But you would never have been able to see that on his face.

Fujii, photographer: Somehow, people got me out of [Florence and Normandie]. I drove back to the AP bureau. I was somehow able to do that, but I don’t remember doing that. The people in the bureau said that they figured out something was wrong because I kept repeating: “What’s going on? What’s going on?”

I was at Cedars-Sinai and diagnosed with a concussion. I didn’t have any broken bones or anything, but I had a black eye and a lump on the side of my face, the right temple, that I had for probably close to a year.

I remember sort of coming in to the emergency room. My girlfriend at the time picked me up and took me home. They basically said you’re on sick leave until you get better. I went home to my apartment in Palms and just huddled in.

I was just sitting there glued to the television, watching all of this stuff going on and just feeling pretty horrified. You didn’t know what was going to happen next, how big it was going to get, if it was the end of L.A. as we knew it.

McDuffie, firefighter: They gave us five [fire] engine companies from outside the city, from Culver City, Beverly Hills. And they lumped us together and said, “OK, you’re ready to go on calls.” And once we went on the first call, they didn’t stop.

You’ve got to imagine: You’ve been doing your job for five years, and 90 percent of the work you do is medical [calls]. So every time you get a fire, there’s a chance to practice this craft that you’ve been working toward. I don’t think any of us at the time were thinking about the history of it, or even the politics of what was going on. It was a shitload of fires! Even when we started, we weren’t thinking about gunfire or people shooting at us.

I don’t think we were fired at, but man, there were a lot of bullets flying over our heads! I grew up in South L.A. I’ve heard a lot of gunshot. That was my first time hearing bullets whiz. You hear the "pap" and the ”fssssss!”

The communications weren’t like today, so it’s not like we were getting real-time updates. You’re mailing ass down the street going to a fire, and a group of firefighters are passing you the other way. We’d go from smoke column to smoke column.
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Councilman Woo: An image that is still very strong in my mind is the smoke. In L.A., because it’s so spread out, there’s a natural tendency for people to say that they’re not from Los Angeles, they’re from Sherman Oaks or Harbor City or Boyle Heights. I think the collective identity is weaker than it is in a lot of other places.

I remember thinking at the time that the cloud of smoke, which didn’t respect political boundaries and was just air that everybody was breathing, was a reminder that in some ways the city really is one city, not just an aggregation of separate neighborhoods and suburbs.

**PART III**：“I FELT A SENSE OF RELIEF THAT THE COMMUNITY HAD FINALLY SAID ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.”

Myka 9, rapper: I get to the studio [to mix Freestyle Fellowship’s second album, *Innocent Griots*]. There was a Radio Shack right across the street. This studio was right on Fairfax, right on Melrose. I see Koreans posted up with guns in their hands. There’s a standoff.

Then I go to the studio. They’re boarding up the windows. There’s white folks who own the studio. They’re perched on top of the roof with like AKs on fucking tripods and shit.

The engineer was there mixing the record. It was just me, because everyone else [besides the engineer] was gone. I checked on my mom, rest in peace, she’s white. She knew the engineers. She lived in the ‘hood, so of course I called to see if she’s OK.

Eventually some of the homies came to the studio real quick to check in. I remember Peace [of Freestyle Fellowship] coming in, and he had like two bandannas on. He had a red bandanna and a blue bandanna tied together. He was like, “It finally happened! The revolution is on!” And I’m like, man, they’re just out there looting. But I felt his energy. And everybody went back out except for me. I kept mixing the album.

McDuffie, firefighter: We get back to the station in the morning. We weren’t supposed to have been working the day before and now, Thursday, was our work day. We were all in the kitchen. There was me and [black firefighter] Tony Sheen and I want to say one other black guy. There was some tension in the station. And this one knucklehead said: “Hey, where you guys coming from?”

“Worked all night. What are you talking about where am I coming from?”

“I didn’t see you. I’m sure you were out there looting with your brothers.”

All hell broke loose in that kitchen. It wasn’t a knock-down drag-out fight, but it was a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like, a physical tussle — pushing and shoving and holding back. It was like,
UCLA Research Study

Are you interested in participating in a study focused on improving heart health?

If yes, you may be able to join a study where you add an FDA-approved medication to your HIV-regimen to help prevent cardiovascular disease (CVD).

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

Statins are a group of medicines used to lower cholesterol and triglycerides (fat in the blood) and to prevent problems related to heart disease, such as heart attacks in persons with high risk for heart attacks.

To join you must be:
• Between the ages of 40 and 75
• HIV-positive
• On antiretroviral therapy for at least 6 months
• T-cell count at or above 100

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

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

UCLA CARE
Clinical AIDS
Research and Education

Are you interested in trying to improve the way your brain works?

If yes, you may be able to join a study where you add FDA-approved medication(s) to your HIV-regimen to improve neurocognitive performance.

This study is for HIV-positive people who also have HIV-associated neurocognitive disorder (HAND) as defined by the Frascati criteria.

It will help us to identify if adding Maraviroc (MVC) and/or Dolutegravir (DTG) to their current antiretroviral therapy will improve neurocognitive performance. Participants will be enrolled in this study for about 96 weeks. Compensation will be provided.

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

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

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

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“Motherfucker!”

On my first day on the fire department, I had just turned 19, and my captain called me in at 7 o’clock at night. As he’s giving me my station orientation, he said: “You know and I know that the only reason you’re here is because of affirmative action. There’s no way a 19-year-old nigger from Watts should be in this department.”

I think a lot of guys experienced different versions of that. But after the riots, I think all of us kind of looked at each other and just went, you’ve got to be true to yourself. You’ve got to let your voice be heard in the station. It’s not about starting shit, but speak up. Just like other people’s opinions impact you, if you present the other side of that, maybe it’ll impact them.

**Myka 9, rapper:** I eventually made my way back home, checked on my mom. Then I went to where I had some homegirls.... They were thinking the same thing I was thinking. They were concerned about how the elderly people are going to get their food, their water, their supplies, their medicine.

So we went to the nearby councilwoman and, I think at the time it was Maxine Waters. [Ed. note: Waters was actually a U.S. Representative at the time, having recently been elected in 1990.] We had this warehouse set up at her campaign spot. There was a lot of food being delivered. But we needed transportation for the food, and they had to check the food to make sure it was OK, with expiration dates and stuff.

I remember talking to Maxine Waters: “Hey, you got this youth, this body of youth right here that is driving and we’re not interested in looting or anything. We’re interested in doing something good and trying to help people.”

**Montes-Rodriguez, high school student:** I think I probably walked over 3 miles to get to my house. We saw the Compton Swap Meet, and some of the Korean business owners were standing on the roof, water all around. They were trying to contain the fire, to make sure it wouldn’t get to the swap meet. They’re pointing rifles down at us, and guns. It wasn’t directly at us, it was at anyone who would go near the swap meet.

Near my house, people had broken into the Top Valu grocery store on the corner of Long Beach, and they were just coming out with crackers and milk and diapers. There was no police anywhere. I don’t remember feeling unsafe, just a little afraid; no one was assaulting anyone, and as kids street, and when he got down to get the television somebody got in his truck and drove away with it.

My mother was really upset at us when we got back home. We knew we were in trouble and that we wouldn’t be able to leave, at least for a little while. We did get away once more to get burgers at a local burger shop. We drove by Lueders Park on Rosecrans and saw Bloods and Crips hanging out together in the park. It was the first time either of us had seen people hanging out together in the park. It was thinking, oh my gosh, how far is this goin’ to go? Is this violence going to spill into our homes? Because no one is here to protect us.

When my brother got home he was like, “Hey, you got this youth, this body of youth right here.”

**Gyamfi, law student:** On the second day, that’s when the National Guard first came out. I remember them setting up at that Smart & Final near Imperial and Central. I remember seeing the back of the Smart & Final with its gate up, and people literally coming out the back with groceries, and the National Guard wasn’t doing a damn thing.

It was a very interesting energy. People were in good spirits. There was an us vibe, a really strong community vibe, a Black Nation kind of vibe. People were referring to each other as sister and brother.

What I witnessed those days was not tear- ing down. I saw people mending their relationships. People who normally wouldn’t have spoken to each other. People were showing up trying to find out what people needed. Are you hungry? What do you need? There was a sense of community.

We keep us safe. We keep us fed. We’re going to have to take care of us. We weren’t having a say in what gets opened on this block. Now that it’s burned down, we have a say. I had a grin on my face the whole three days.

Some were just seeing the ashes. I was seeing what was coming up from those ashes.

For more, please go to laweekly.com/news.
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TAKING STOCK

The Indonesian influence at Bone Kettle is far more fascinating than the bone broth

BY BESHA RODELL

Not since artisan toast has a food trend been so widely derided. Even the term “bone broth” sends people into fits of rage. “It’s just stock!!” the agitated mobs tweet, while we wonder vaguely how you’d even serve such a thing — are there whole businesses based on selling cups of meat water? — before going on about our day.

Trends are slippery beasts for chefs to grab onto and ride into the great sunset of success. While artisan toast is now a staple on the menus of highly respected restaurants (I recently was served avocado toast at a $250-per-person tasting-menu joint; it was awesome), bone broth is still laughable, at once too simple and too pretentious. That’s a bad combination.

This might help to explain why many of us have overlooked that Pasadena’s Bone Kettle is a major advancement of our city’s best food trend — the one that involves chefs with immigrant backgrounds and fine-dining training taking the two parts of their culinary identities and merging them into something new and delicious.

At its inception in February, Bone Kettle was touted as “a bone-broth concept.” This description buried the lede, and probably inspired those vague “how do you build a business around meat water?” thoughts I mentioned. The far more interesting thing about Bone Kettle is its chef, Erwin Tjahyadi, and his use of Indonesian flavors.

Tjahyadi and his family left Indonesia in 1995, when he was a child. He attended Le Cordon Bleu in Pasadena, worked at high-end restaurants in San Diego and then landed at the Hotel Bel-Air. When that job ended — because of a union dispute, Tjahyadi says — he decided to launch a food truck. Komodo was best known for its “phorrito,” a pho/burrito mashup, and the truck eventually became a fast-casual restaurant in the Pico-Robertson area.

There are some hints of Tjahyadi’s Indonesian heritage on Komodo’s menu, but mostly it’s pure fusion, with everything from kimchi to pineapple teriyaki sauce finding its way onto the menu.

Bone Kettle is a more serious enterprise, in both its food and its sleek setting. Tjahyadi recently returned to Indonesia for the first time in more than 20 years, and the trip had a profound effect on him. The chef now understands the food of his heritage, beyond his family’s home cooking.

Bone Kettle is not a purely Indonesian restaurant, nor does Tjahyadi claim it is. It’s inspired, he says, by his travels throughout Southeast Asia, and particularly by the many bone broths he tasted along the way. I can see the tweets now. “He just means soup!” Perhaps. But broth is a central part of this restaurant’s identity, and “soup concept” doesn’t have quite the same ring.

As concepts go, this is a slightly confusing one, even once you’re sitting down to eat. The menu has a list of shareable small plates; a section detailing the $10 broth, which comes with noodles; and a separate list of meats you can order alongside the broth, which costs extra. Each serving of meat is supposed to be shared by two or three people. Got it? No? Basically, you can have appetizers before your bowl of noodle soup, and you can have meat with it.

And the soup is great! Local company Sun Noodles provides the slightly bouncy, ramen-style noodles, and the broth, made from boiling beef and spices for 36 hours, is milky and rich and comforting. It’s more like tonkotsu broth than pho, though it’s made from beef instead of pork, and it’s far less fatty and slightly more restrained. Each bowl comes with sliced fresh chilies and a sprinkling of microgreens, and is perfectly satisfying on its own.

The meats you’re encouraged to order on the side would be almost superfluous if they weren’t so good, particularly the beef rib, which is a fiscal commitment at $39 but nonetheless sells out most nights. It’s tender and rich and deep, deeply beefy. The fatty brisket, too, is a wonder of falling-apart braised meat with crisp edges.

So the broth is good and the noodles are good and the meats are good. But what’s far more interesting about Bone Kettle are the small plates, and the evolution they represent in terms of bringing Indonesian flavors into the New American canon.

These dishes are the work of a modern American chef in the way they’re composed, both visually and in terms of flavor. But many are also unmistakably Indonesian, so much so that they induced unexpected memories of meals I had in Indonesia more than 30 years ago, when I was a child. Gado gado, an intense peanut sauce usually served as a dressing over vegetable salad, is used by Tjahyadi as the binding for a small pile of chewy rice cakes. A hard-boiled egg often accompanies the traditional dish; here tiny quail eggs fulfill that role. Mie goreng pedas — literally fried spicy noodles — are chock-full of shrimp paste–fueled, fermented fish funk. A sous vide egg comes nestled in the middle of the bowl, adding to the dish’s slick richness.

There’s a fair amount of straight-up fusion here: the ubiquitous hamachi crudo with ponzu, an oddly soft steak tartare that’s supposed to be Vietnamese in some way, though its overpowering fruity sauce resembles no Vietnamese food I’ve known. Gnocchi with apricot, duck confit, crushed pecans and spiced coconut sauce works well despite its thoroughly mixed heritage.

For dessert, a somewhat gummy cassava cake sits alongside what I experienced as a truly unfortunate avocado ice cream, though I recognize its inspiration — avocado milkshakes are commonplace in Indonesia. (I hated those too, so maybe it’s me; if you like creamy smooth sweet frozen guacamole, have at it.)

Bone Kettle is currently without a liquor license, though it plans to serve beer and wine eventually. In the meantime, lots of customers stop by the Eyeworks Route 41 wine shop just up the street and bring in bottles. My guess is that Bone Kettle might have received way more attention if, rather than being spun as a bone-broth joint, the modern Indonesian small-plates aspect had been its main selling point. Gussied-up beef stock and phorritos are all good and well, but Tjahyadi is worthy of attention for reasons that go beyond any one trend.

HOW DO YOU BUILD A BUSINESS AROUND MEAT WATER?

Bone Kettle | 67 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena | (626) 795-5702 | bonekettle.com | Tue.-Sun., 5-10:30 p.m. | Small plates, $8-$15; broth and noodles, $10 per person; shareable protein, $16-$39 | BYOB | Valet and street parking
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- **James’ Beach**
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- **EMC**
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Vote for your favorite cocktail at www.laweekly.com/Sauza
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### Whole Coconuts Are the Latest Health Food Trend — But Where Do They Come From?

One of the cruelest jokes nature has played on L.A. is that our palm trees don’t produce coconuts. If they did, the newest frontier in the coconut water arms race might not have been such a long time coming.

“Millennials want an experiential product, they want something healthy, and they want their money to go to something good,” said Vincent Zaldivar, aka Coco Vinny. “If you drink right from the coconut, you know where it’s coming from.”

Coco Vinny is putting his mouth where his money is. He started selling whole “tapped” coconuts — precut with a “Coco Tap” screwed into the opening — in L.A. in February 2016. He said he made about
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$250,000 that first year, translating into about 50,000 coconuts sold. On Friday, en route to delivering 2,500 tapped coconuts to Coachella for client Cirroc Vodka, he said demand is still growing, even after he recently pulled his coconuts from Whole Foods Markets. In fact, he noted, he had a record week — $20 grand!

Globally, the market for “alternative water beverages,” i.e., coconut and maple water, grew 21 percent in 2016 to $2.7 billion, according to a report by market research firm Zenith Global. That number is expected to double by 2020, with the bulk of it (96 percent by volume in 2016) being coconut water. But with major corporations including Coca-Cola (Zico and Innocent), PepsiCo (One, Kero Coco and Naked) and All Market (Vita Coco) dominating the drink market, entrepreneurs like Coco Vinny and former Shark Tank contestant David Goodman (Coco Jack) are also selling tools to open the fruit at home.

For the uninitiated, the desirable coconuts sold in L.A. are the young, green fruits from Thailand. U.S. regulations don’t allow the fruit to enter the country with the green outer husk intact. That’s why those appearing at farmers markets, specialty grocery stores, restaurants and Coachella tents are shaved down to a “diamond-cut” white husk. In the last couple of years, green Mexican coconuts have started to trickle in, but the market remains dominated by Thai product.

“The best ones are from Thailand. The soil, how they treat it — there’s lots of reasons why the Thai ones are the best,” said importer Norman Phan of Panda Produce. The downtown business has been importing the young coconuts by the container for the last four years. “Now a lot of people — non-Asian — who are into health cleans-ing, they come here and buy by the container,” Phan said.

A case of nine coconuts sells for $13, or $1.44 each, versus the $4 or $5 each they sell for in stores. Coco Vinny’s tapped fruit is sold at the Universal lot for $7 each.

Asked about the popularity of the new gadgets to husk coconuts, Phan was nonchalant, saying, “I do it the old-fashioned way. You get a big giant knife and just smash it.” —Soo Youn

Serve at Least One of These Cakes at Your Next Birthday Party

There’s a birthday party scene in the 1998 Ally Sheedy movie High Art where the crowd gathers ‘round to sing and blow out the candles on a cake. And then they all walk away, without cutting into the cake. That would never happen in L.A. Here are six of the most excellent birthday cake option in town, ranging from the classic to the extremely silly. But always delectable.

Valerie Confections

This bakery made a name for itself re-creating the classic cakes of L.A. — of which there are many, it turns out. There’s the grapefruit cake, originally served at the Brown Derby; the coffee crunch from department store Blum’s; and the banana shortcake from Chasen’s. There’s also the three-layer Champagne cake, where the tipple is mixed into the milk chocolate ganache; then it’s all covered in bittersweet chocolate, and they throw some gold on top. This cake is perfect for stuntin’. Multiple locations; valerieconfections.com.

King’s Hawaiian

The desserts at King’s Hawaiian are absolute treasures. The cakes are all light, fluffy chiffon, and usually dyed beautiful pastel colors. You can get a coconut pudding (haupia) cake, or a pineapple tres leches, or chocolate-butterscotch. But the one you need to get first (and perhaps forever) is the Hawaiian Paradise. That’s a layer each of guava, passion fruit and lime cake, with whipped cream and glaze. It tastes like fruit-flavored clouds. 2808 Sepulveda Blvd., Torrance; (310) 530-0050, kkbakery.com.

Lady M

A mille crepe cake sounds so elegant, but despite its French name, it’s not so much fancy as it is a labor of love. To create it, the baker makes a tons of crepes and layers them with pastry cream, whipped cream, chocolate, Nutella — you name it. The name means “1,000 crepes,” but that would be a bit much. Lady M is the current L.A. master of the mille crepe, with flavors ranging from coconut to hazelnut; the classic is caramelized along the top for extra sweetness. 8718 W. Third St., Beverly Grove; (323) 825-8888, ladym.com.

Sheila Mae

Danielle Keene is a local pastry chef who has worked at a number of notable bakeries and was a contestant on Top Chef. Desserts. Her current project is a mysterious dessert emporium: There is no brick-and-mortar location to visit but she’s nonetheless managing to churn out the most beautiful works of cake art. Get a unicorn cake, a stars-and-moon cake, or something customized like the adorable Totoro vignette above. She does elegant tiered cakes with just fresh flowers as decoration, too, and while you’re at it, pick up some cookies: Keene’s icing work is worth framing, were that possible. See website for ordering details; sheilamae.com.

Sweet Lady Jane

Triple berry. If you didn’t know, now you do. This cake is both the most fashionable dessert in L.A., for at least 10 years running, and genuinely delicious. It’s a three-layer yellow cake with whipped cream and raspberries, blackberries and strawberries between each layer. The frosting is whipped cream; the green vines are buttercream; it’s finished with more berries. It sounds simple, and yet each slice is perfect. Multiple locations; sweetladyjane.com. —Katherine Spiers
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LIVE LIT

Werd Up
No one really reads anymore, so co-promoters Goldenvoice and Red Light Management are presenting an evening in which a virtual magazine opens its pages and does the reading for you, in the form of Werd: A Live Magazine Celebrating Music & Activism. The event corrals disparate personalities from widely varying eras in a benefit for the local arts-education organization P.S. Arts. Jane’s Addiction/Porno for Pyros frontman Perry Farrell engages in a conversation with artist-activist Shepard Fairey about the ever-evolving nexus of music and art, and Garbage lead singer Shirley Manson unleashes her notoriously fearless and defiant opinions in an onstage interview with former Doors drummer John Densmore, before the soree closes with an all-star jam. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Fri., April 28, 7:30 p.m. (doors 6:30 p.m.); $33.50-$55. (213) 235-9614, theatre.acehotel.com. —Falling James

sat 4/29

FOOD & DRINK

Got Buns, Hon?
L.A. Weekly’s Burgers & Beer is back, and this year it’s bigger than ever. You’ll get unlimited sliders from more than 20 of L.A.’s best burger joints and beer pours from at least 40 of the greatest craft breweries in the state. Look for beezy bites from Belcampo Meat Co., Button Mash, Macheen, Slater’s 50/50 and many more (plus cheesecake from Chef Turok), and liquid refreshment from Angel City, Boomtown Brewery, Homage Brewing, Kombucha Dog, Golden Road and lots more. That’s a lot of good stuff vying for valuable stomach space. Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, 3911 S. Figueroa St., Exposition Park; Sat., April 29, 4-7 p.m.; $55-$75 VIP, burgersandbeer.laweekly.com. —Katherine Spiers

DANCE

Pier Pressure
Just in case anyone needs a reason to head to the beach to watch beautiful bodies in motion, there’s a new, live performance component to the preeminent dance film festival as L.A.-based Dance Camera West launches To the Sea: Dance Concerts on the Pier. Curated by former skateboarder, Venice Boardwalk street dancer and local dance power player Jacob Jonas, the new series is a mix of artistic and commercial dance troupes, plus some filmed dance. Announced performers include Les 7 Doigts de la Main, Tony Testa, Circo Collective, the Seaweed Sisters, Andrea Schermoly, Andrew Winghart and host Jacob Jonas The Company. West end of the Santa Monica Pier, Colorado Blvd. at Ocean Ave., Santa Monica; Sat.-Sun., April 29-30, 6 p.m.; free, reservation required. tothesea.eventbrite.com. —Ann Haskins

sun 4/30

MUSIC

Water Signs
Looking to commune with a higher power without having to set foot in a church? The Master Chorale presents Wade in the Water, a program of music that centers on spiritual renewal. Spirituals—which often appear only at the end of vocal programs—are presented in concert with traditional American folk music, a contemporary Korean selection and a pair of choral pieces from 20th-century Europe. In particular, listen for composer Moses Hogan’s arrangement of “Wade in the Water,” performed by soprano Zanaida Hogan’s arrangement of “Wade in the Water” performed by soprano Zanaida Robles; Robles is a composer and conductor, and her arrangement of “Lift Every Voice” also will be featured. We could all use a little renewal right about now. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., downtown; Sun., April 30, 7 p.m.; $29-$129. lamasterchorale.org/wade-in-the-water. —Owynned Stuart
FOOD & DRINK

Back East

The definition of “Eastside” is debated all over L.A., always acrimoniously. But even if you think the name of the one-day food festival Taste of the Eastside is a lie, at least you can go to it and eat some of L.A.’s most interesting food. This year the event will be held at the rather beautiful Los Angeles River Center and Gardens, where ticket holders can try eats from Belle’s Bagels, Tsukak, Red Herring, McCracken’s, Momed, FrankieLucy Bake-shop, Pazzo Gelato and more. There are plenty of beer, wine and spirits vendors as well. Los Angeles River Center and Gardens, 570 W. Avenue 26, Cypress Park; Sun., April 30, 4-8 p.m.; $55 day of event ($45 in advance), $85 VIP ($75 in advance), tasteoftheeastside.com.

–Katherine Spiers

FAN CONS

Big Mouth Strikes Again

Maybe you remember the first time you heard L.A. radio DJ Richard Blade play The Smiths. Your ears perked as you heard Morrissey wail that he knew “how Joan of Arc felt.” You knew in that moment that this band was everything to you. Perhaps you soon learned that your New Favorite Band had already split, but that didn’t matter. You could still catch their former lead singer live. You could still memorize every lyric in their small but substantial catalog. Now, it’s time to put your fanaticism to work as Richard Blade hosts the 2017 Smiths/Morrissey Convention. The annual event is made for die-hard fans (and, maybe their kids too, as it’s all-ages), “Sing Your Life” during karaoke sessions, dance to your favorite Moz jams or stake a spot in front of the stage to catch one of the three tribute bands — This Charming Band, Strange-ways and Maladjusted. Avalon, 1735 Vine St., Hollywood; Sun., April 30, 6 p.m.-2 a.m.; $25 (presale), $30 (door). (626) 914-5267, musicconventions.com. —Liz Ohanesian

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HISTORY

Sawtelle Me About It

This year marks the 75th anniversary of the signing of Executive Order 9066, the legislation that prompted the Japanese internment, a dark and disturbing period in American history (especially given today’s political climate). Institutions all over the city have staged programs and exhibits honoring the city’s Japanese-American population, and for Asian Pacific Heritage Month, the L.A. Public Library is keeping it up with a display titled “Japanese-American History of Sawtelle Japantown Neighborhood.” Since the early 1900s, Sawtelle — which was its own city before it was absorbed by L.A. in the ’20s — has a long, rich Japanese history that predated the internment and survived it as well. The Sawtelle branch library will have a display on the neighbor-}

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THEATER

Test Your Metal

Dave Hill is a New York–based comedian, radio host, author and musician who created Metal Grasshopper, a hilarious 2014 web series in which Hill learns the ways of heavy metal with help from mentor and former Pantera frontman Phil Anselmo.

PEOPLE

Princess Cailt

Say what you will about her politics (or her family, for that matter), but Caitlyn Jenner remains one of the most fascinating public figures of the decade. Her transition from male to female is a journey countless others have embarked upon, but few (if any) have done so squarely in the gaze of the public eye. As part of the L.A. Times’ Ideas Exchange, Jenner appears alongside Buzz Bissinger, co-author of her new book, The Secrets of My Life, for a conversation with columnist Pat Morrison. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 933 S. Broadway, downtown; Tue., May 2, 7:30 p.m.; $20-$100. (213) 235-9614, theatre.acehotel.com. —Gwynedd Stuart

HISTORY

Remembering Rodney

Since 2012, Roger Guenveur Smith has been touring Rodney King, his one-man show in which he recounts the crucial moments of King’s life, as well as some of the other victims involved in the 1992 civil unrest. On April 28, Netflix premieres Spike Lee’s film adaptation of Smith’s theater piece, which coincides with the 25th anniversary of the court acquittal of the four LAPD officers who beat King in 1991. (See Culture, page 28) This isn’t the first collaboration between actor and director; Smith has appeared in Lee’s School Daze, Do the Right Thing and Malcolm X, in addition to 2001’s A Huey P. Newton Story for PBS, based on another of his stage performances. The UCLA Department of History and UCLA Interdepartmental Program in Afro-American Studies co-present this screening, followed by a discussion with Smith and Lee, moderated by UC Santa Barbara professor Stephanie Batiste, in addition to a reception and DJ set with the movie’s composer, Marc Anthony Thompson. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Tue., May 2, 7:30 p.m.; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu. —Siran Babayan
Back in 2004-05, Hill began emailing a Norwegian black-metal record executive named Saiitham while posing as Lance, a 19-year-old kid from Gary, Indiana, who was a member of a fictitious, one-man black-metal band called Witch Taint. More than 10 years later, Hill has turned that correspondence into Witch Taint: The Black Metal Dialogues Live!, a touring, staged reading, featuring fellow musician Phil Costello, complete with corpse paint, gauntlets and stage smoke — think of it as the 2008 documentary Until the Light Takes Us meets The Vagina Monologues. The two also will play as Witch Taint.

Hosted by genre website Metal Assault, the evening includes additional performances by support acts Grand Lord High Master and Vile Descent. No goats will be sacrificed or pentagrams burned during the making of this show. The Viper Room, 8852 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; Wed., May 3, 8 p.m.; $10. (310) 358-1881, viperroom.com. —Siran Babayan

CINCO DE MAYO

Plead the Fifth

Now in its 15th year, Lucha VaVOOM continues to wow with its potent mixture of violence, sex appeal and hilarity. Who is more macho: Rey Escorpion or Laredo Kid? Or perhaps the great Rey Horus? Find out at Lucha VaVOOM’s Cinco Cinco de Mayan, the biggest Mexican party of them all, aside from Día de los Muertos and several local quinceañeras. Besides the usual combo of wrestling, burlesque and comedy, this Cinco de Drinko extravaganza features Mexican electro-punker Silverio, lowriders, authentic Aztec dancing and, naturally, plenty of tequila. The Mayan, 1038 S. Hill St., downtown; Thu.-Fri., May 4-5, 7 p.m.; $48.50. (213) 746-4287, luchavavoom.com/tickets/cinco-de-mayan-may-4-5-la. —David Cotner
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Roger Guenveur Smith’s one-man show looks back at the 1992 riots’ most misunderstood figure

By April Wolfe

Roger Guenveur Smith stands centerstage, a spotlight tracking his every move. In this moment, the sweat’s not yet dripping from his face. His voice is dropped low, adopting the swagger of a late-’90s rapper as he says the words, “F**k Rodney King. In the ass.” The audience is stunned silent.

This is an excerpt from Smith’s one-man show, Rodney King. Smith, who’s remained one of L.A.’s artistic luminaries for decades, developed this play at his home theater, the Bootleg, shortly after King’s death in 2012. Frequent collaborator Spike Lee directed this adaptation for Netflix, which premieres April 28. In it, Smith — with no props or sound effects or costume changes — captures the confusion, passion, intensity, violence and absurdity of the 1992 L.A. riots, as his narrator tells us the real story of the life and times of Rodney King.

“I wanted to keep a distance,” Smith explains. “I had with other pieces really dug into the personal world of my subjects, like Huey P. Newton, co-founder of the Black Panther Party — I worked on that for a year, diving into personal resources, meeting the family, comrades, listening to hours of cassette tapes. … [For this] I wanted to maintain the position of an outsider because I think that Rodney King was so misunderstood.”

Much of this performance is composed of questions, as though this narrator is King’s interrogator. A “post-mortem,” Smith calls it.

“I couldn’t simply stand up there for an hour and say how devastating it was to have lost Rodney King without presenting opposing points of view from the police officers who beat him to the people who disdained him, and even even Willie D of Geto Boys, who came out with a rap that year about Rodney King, who did not feel that King lived up to his idea of machismo and who resented that Rodney King would have any kind of sympathetic perspective on his assailants.”

Smith is referencing King’s infamous speech to calm the rioters and the on-edge police.

“Rarely do we see the speech, either broadcast or quoted in its entirety, because we’re always looking for a kind of shortcut or a sound bite,” Smith says. “He’s also typically misquoted. People say, ‘Can’t we just get along?’ He never said ‘just.’ And that’s important. ‘Just’ is a diminutive.” A sound bite from King — an enigmatic figure whose pain inadvertently launched a rash of violence and who was never really known — isn’t enough to convey his importance to a generation who grew up knowing King only from Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew.

“We saw him simply as a human piñata, a symbol of police brutality. The L.A. riots are sometimes called the Rodney King riots, which is a form of disrespect as well, because he never rioted. In fact, he stopped the riot. It was his speech that stopped it.”

Yet that speech brought only further pain to King’s life.

“Within his own household, he got into conflict with his own children. His kids would say, ‘Hey, Dad, can’t we get along?’ His words were thrown back at him in his own home. One of the great American speeches. He was a man who was not a high school graduate, had suffered brain damage, was obviously severely appointmented at the verdict of the officers who had beaten him, and I think was trauma-

drowned, just as King’s father had. Smith hadn’t even met King but had talked of him in some of his previous performances. “Not as the butt of a joke,” he insists.

“I saw him as a sign of resilience, and I wanted to know why my grief from his loss was so misunderstood.”

For Smith, the riots are still horrifyingly fresh in his memory; he vividly recalls being pulled from his car and questioned. But the culture of fear in that time was something he’d seen before, in particular during the 1965 Watts riots.

“It was a very disturbing moment for those of us who were in L.A. in 1965. My memories are extraordinarily visceral. My father stood in front of our family business in 1965 so that folks would know it was a black-owned business and wouldn’t burn it down. In 1992, Mark Broyard called me when it broke on April 29, and said, ‘Can you believe this? Can you believe we’re doing this again?’

In fact, he could. Smith and his collaborators had done a performance in March 1991, predicting the riots. For it, Broyard himself stood on the corner of 23rd and Crenshaw “giving people proper techniques to protect themselves during the riots.” And Kim Nickerson reported on all the black women who would go missing — yet another tragic prediction that anticipated both the Grim Sleeper case and our current epidemic of missing black women. The plain truth is that none of what happened in 1965 or 1992 or 2014 was all that surprising to the black communities that could and still can feel the tension building.

As Smith goes on, explaining the theater world’s reactions to the riots here in Los Angeles, it’s even more striking how vital those performances were to the process of exploring, grieving and healing the psychic wounds of a century of violence against the African-American community. Art became therapy as well as justice during the riots. Smith mentions Anna Deavere Smith, whose 1994 play Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992 provided a kind of catharsis in the theater. Twenty-five years after the riots, Smith finds the story of King resonates just as deeply today.

With the fierce words of a practiced poet, Smith is able to weave pertinent and poignant, heartbreaking and sometimes painful stories of black men who would go missing — yet another tragic prediction that anticipated both the Grim Sleeper case and our current epidemic of missing black women. The plain truth is that none of what happened in 1965 or 1992 or 2014 was all that surprising to the black communities that could and still can feel the tension building.

With the fierce words of a practiced poet, Smith is able to weave pertinent and seemingly inconsequential details into a poignant, heartbreaking and sometimes even funny story of a man whose life was practically erased.

“If you Google ‘Rodney King,’ there’s a couple of images that you’ll find that are not of Rodney King, but they’re pictures of black men who’ve somehow been bludgeoned,” Smith says. “Even with the indignity of his experience, he is not even granted the dignity of being identified correctly.”

With Rodney King hitting Netflix, King — whose friends and family called him by his middle name, Glen — may finally reclaim the humanity stripped from him the moment he hit the ground nearly 26 years ago.
SHARP AS A KNIFE
In L.A. Opera’s revival of Tosca, the two lead singers cut to the core of the Puccini classic

BY FALLING JAMES

With towering stage sets and starkly imaginative design, L.A. Opera’s revival of Giacomo Puccini’s classic tragic opera, Tosca, is a populist, crowd-pleasing spectacle.

But it wasn’t director John Caird’s theatrical elements that set the capacity crowd ablaze at Saturday night’s premiere. Rather, the two lead singers’ intense vocal pyrotechnics were the main reason the place was buzzing with so much excitement afterward.

As the titular heroine who tries in vain to save her lover from the Roman police during Napoleon’s invasion of Italy at the turn of the 19th century, American-Canadian soprano Sondra Radvanovsky dug deep within herself for a radiant, crystalline tone, which she wielded as forcefully as a mace. Although she relented at times and revealed a softly shimmering delivery during Puccini’s occasional tranquil moments, Radvanovsky belted out her arias and duets with unrestrained power for most of the performance. Eschewing most traces of subtlety, the soprano was nonetheless exhilarating.

As Tosca’s doomed lover, Mario Cavadossi, American tenor Russell Thomas was just as strong as Radvanovsky, exuding a properly robust heroism while maintaining a smoothly vibrant melodicism. Thomas has stunned local audiences several times in the past few years. In 2015, he provided the brooding masculine counterpoint to dueling divas Angela Meade and Jamie Barton’s femme-tastic tour de force in L.A. Opera’s version of Norma. And last spring, Thomas portrayed Cavaradossi when L.A. Philharmonic performed a non-staged, concert version of Tosca at the Hollywood Bowl.

It was fascinating to contrast the styles of the two local orchestras in the same work. On Saturday night, conductor James Conlon and the L.A. Opera Orchestra matched the lead singers’ volume with a similarly rousing, nonstop bombastic approach, particularly in the first act. When Gustavo Dudamel conducted L.A. Phil at the Bowl last April, he toned down some of Puccini’s most sentimental and syrupy instincts and imbued the work with a more nuanced and even melancholic underpinning. After all the fireworks of Act 1, Conlon and the L.A. Opera Orchestra demonstrated more tonal dynamics in the final two acts, giving the tragic themes more space to build an eerie tension after the buoyant effusiveness of the early scenes.

There were times when some of the lesser vocalists couldn’t compete with the hurricanelike intensity of Thomas and Radvanovsky. Bass-baritone Philip Cokorinos, who usually possesses a foreboding low tone, was just wan as Sacristan, and looked a bit ridiculous with his hair badly dyed. Brian Michael Moore should have been more threatening as Spoletta, one of the henchmen working for the opera’s villain, Scarpia, but the tenor’s voice was faint, and he was more mincing than menacing in too much gothlike pale makeup.

On the other hand, Ambrogio Maestri was both physically and vocally imposing as the cold-hearted, devious Scarpia. The Italian baritone started Act 2 in very dramatic fashion by punching the giant stage curtain with a gunshotlike loud pop, which brought the crimson curtain rippling downward in a bloody descent that foreshadowed his own death at the hands of the vengeful Tosca.

TOSCA
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The Acclaimed Production Returns for Two Weeks Only!
TOO LITTLE UP ITS SLEEVE

Street-magic drama Sleight has one great trick but needs more magic

BY APRIL WOLFE

K

ee your eyes on the magician’s hands. She’ll attempt to distract you with compliments and silly quips, but her most effective feint will be the story she tells as she shuffles the cards. She might give quaint mention to a lover’s spat between the King of Hearts and the Queen of Hearts. Or she’ll spin a detailed yarn about the conjoned silver rings that she’s brandishing, insisting that they were fastened together by a wise old man. The more outlandish the tale, the better: The words busy the brain until the magician hits you with the big reveal—you’re sitting on the Queen of Hearts!

At least that’s one way it could go. In J.D. Dillard’s coming-of-age (and coming-of-magic) tale Sleight — about a young street magician who turns to dealing drugs to care for his little sis — the director builds to one big, beautiful revelation. But the story he tells in the leadup doesn’t distract so much as it politely asks you to stand up so that it can place the trick card under your ass.

Jacob Latimore is Bo Wolfe, a smart kid in Los Angeles who turned down a college scholarship to hustle party drugs at clubs. Mom has just died, so Bo has to make fast cash to cover rent for him and his sister, Tina (Storm Reid). During the day, Bo does card and levitation tricks for a few dollars tossed in a canvas tote, which is how he meets Holly (Seychelle Gabriel), a bakery waitress who glows when Bo floats her golden ring in front of her face. He literally has a trick up his sleeve: an electromagnetic device he has implanted in his shoulder.

Dillard presents this body mutilation as something like a seeping, infected eye, with copper wire neatly sewn around the hole as an embroidered sun. Like a real-life comic-book hero, Bo derives his power this way, and Dillard has great fun with these comic-book hero, Bo derives his power this way, and Dillard has great fun with these appendages, but the gun cripples Bo like Kryptonite, building a little tension as we wonder whether he’ll use those hands to get out of the jam.

THE DIRECTOR BUILDS TO ONE BIG, BEAUTIFUL REVELATION.

But we know from the get-go that Bo will take a risk, get too involved with the violent side of the drug business and have to find a way to extract himself from the situation — this is a story we’ve seen before. What we haven’t seen is the untold story leading up to this plot, one that shows us how a teenage science whiz gets so obsessed with magic that he burrows copper wires into his own goddamned arm. Instead of showing us this, Dillard merely announces the backstory in a lengthy monologue delivered by Bo: As a kid, he became enamored with a street magician who put a knife through his hand without bleeding or creating a wound. Years later, Bo reconnected with the man and learned the secret: He had stabbed his palm so many times that he had built up scar tissue that would accept a real blade. Just for a trick, the man really did send the knife through his hand again and again. That’s a great story, but I don’t want to hear about it; I want to see it. Likewise, we’re never shown just how Bo got himself into his dilemma with Angela.

Bo’s hardship is established by a single shot of what seems to be an unopened bill from a hospital. Later, he says that he wishes he could move Tina out of their house and into a better school district. But we don’t see Bo struggling. How indebted is he? Was dealing drugs his first choice for a job? Did his trickster personality not jibe with other employers? (And, as drug-dealing jobs go, this one seems pretty cush; all he does is pull up in his car and exchange money for molly. The one time cops hassle him, he doesn’t seem fazed as he uses sleight-of-hand to leave the cops befuddled.) We know Bo wants to be a magician, but he doesn’t seem to have any ambition to take his act off the street. Where are the stakes for Bo?

The filmmakers and the studio seem aware that the story is missing its impetus. After the screening, I was handed a promotional Sleight comic by Ryan Parrot, illustrated by Rob Guillory. Inside, all of Bo’s backstory is laid out with beauty and feeling, starting right from that magician with the knife in his palm and showing Bo getting fired from a valet company and then taking his first job for Angelo. The biggest sleight was watching this entire movie, only to find that what I wanted was in a comic book.

SLEIGHT | Directed by J.D. Dillard | Written by Dillard and Alex Theurer | BH Tilt | Citywide casting

CASTING JONBENÉT CAN’T SOLVE A MURDER, SO IT ASKS ACTORS TO EXPLORE IT

T

wice I’ve described Kitty Green’s curious, alienating docu-whizbang Casting JonBenét to friends, and twice I’ve been asked, with surprising heat, “Why?” and “What’s the point?” So, this time, before we get into the specifics of what this documentary actually documents, let’s take a moment to consider what the film isn’t — and what truths Green, via her resolute unorthodoxies, manages to expose.

Rather than recapitulating the facts of the 1996 murder of the child pageant queen, Casting JonBenét becomes a study of what we think we know, and the casual ease with which we dish about real people. Then it becomes an exploration of how our certainty about strangers’ secrets and motivations often has roots in our own experiences of trauma — before it becomes, finally, an examination of the ways that actors draw upon their own personal traumas in order to inhabit the characters they play. That’s a grab-bag of ideas, but Green’s doc — like the case at its center — defies easy resolution.

At a studio in Boulder, Colorado, Green auditions area actors for roles in a film drama about the murder; most of Casting JonBenét is made up of her conversations with these performers. Each woman has a go at playing Patsy as she telephones the police to report that her daughter has been kidnapped. The wannabe Johns each get the opportunity to act out the discovery of JonBenét’s body in the family’s basement. Green saves the most potent of the performances for the end, when her actors connect and commit themselves to the Ramseys. They can’t play the full truth of those moments — only the killer knows what actually happened — but they each find a truth.

—Alan Schemstuhl

CASTING JONBENÉT | Written and directed by Kitty Green | Netflix | Monica Film Center
Life After Death

CITIZEN JANE CHAMPIONS JANE JACOBS’ FIGHT
FOR WHAT MAKES CITIES GREAT

BY APRIL WOLFE

Ever wonder how New York City was able to escape L.A.’s expressway-choked fate? Thank Jane Jacobs, the journalist, author and community activist who continually predicted—and fought to stave off—the public-planning policies that would kill the American city. In Citizen Jane: Battle for the City, documentarian Matt Tyrnau attempts to memorialize the now-deceased luminary by weaving together archival film clips, talking-head interviews and Jacobs’ own public speeches. What emerges is an exploration of ideas and questions more incidentally related to Jacobs. How do we retain neighborhood diversity amid rapid gentrification? Can a metropolis retain its humanity when everyone’s living in high-rises?

Outside of a delightful Ed Koch, most of the interviewees don’t even mention Jacobs at all. But that’s not a bad thing. Tyrnau transforms what could be a staid profile film into an urgent story about the dangers of “urban renewal,” something Jacobs herself would admire.

Tyrnau opens with a series of unidentified talking heads pleading the importance of city planning today. He then cuts to Jacobs’ own voice describing the “endless homogenizing towers” that she first wrote about in her book The Death and Life of Great American Cities (1961); the projects. Footage lingers on busy, dingy, diverse NYC streets circa the 1930s and ‘50s, when—as Jacobs says—you didn’t have to be rich to be able to “do something,” e.g., find entertainment and acquire social capital. This was a time when politicians began to label overcrowded neighborhoods “slums,” but Jacobs argues that the chaos that city planners wanted to excise like a cancer is exactly the creative system that makes a city thrive and function.

Cut to: Robert Moses, the notorious city planner, who dreamed of adopting Le Corbusier’s modernist, compartmentalized utopian concepts in NYC—giant gleaming towers plopped in the center of a park. The film sets up Jacobs and Moses as the David and Goliath of urban development, Tyrnau letting them point and counterpoint each other through dueling archival interviews. Jacobs’ voice is loud, blunt and stilted, while Moses’ is suave, sophisticated and certainly condensed. But these two charismatic figures serve as the entry point to more pressing matters.

The most emotional and lengthy segment of this film jabs into the dark history of modern American slumlike midcentury urban housing projects, designed with, supposedly, the best intentions. Tyrnau shows a grainy PR video depicting grinning white kids scrambling around a park with a pristine tower behind them, where presumably Mom and Dad keep a watchful eye—this is how the housing developments are imagined in wealthy white men’s brains.

But Tyrnau then juxtaposes that footage with reality: A dreary 1980s nightly newscast segment surveys the same project’s grounds like a crime scene, showing empty, decrepit play spaces and a crumbling, prisonlike tower. The director covers the projects in detail, invoking some of the lessons we’ve learned from Jacobs’ own mouth earlier in the film, such as how a busy street is a safe street and a dead-end street is true to its name. Then we watch a series of haunting clips showing these very same projects literally imploding—lessons learned, right?

Not quite. Around the world, we see a boom of the same poorly conceived, inhumane housing in urban centers. By 2050, 70 percent of the world’s population will live in cities. With Citizen Jane teaches us that is now is the time for smart NIMBYists to enlist with conscientious developers to find a better, more human means of housing all our citizens in the future.

Citizen Jane: Battle for the City
| Directed by Matt Tyrnau | Sundance Selects | Nuart

Opening This Week

Below Her Mouth
Before we see anything in Below Her Mouth (spoiler alert: The below in the title probably refers to a woman’s naughty bits), we hear sexual moaning. This Canadian lesbian drama is basically softcore porn, which isn’t necessarily a bad thing. It recalls the late-night cable fare of the 1990s, about which you’re welcome to nostalgia. The plot concerns—what else?—an illicit affair. Dallas (Erika Linder) is a chicy butch roofer recently out of a relationship.

Jasmine (Natalie Krill) is a pouty fashion editor engaged to bland yuppie Rile (Sebastian Pigott). One night out on the town, Dallas and Jasmine meet, and within days they begin a torrid tryst. Linder possesses a compelling, Kurt Cobain-like androgyny, but neither she nor Krill can do much to save the portentous script. To its credit, the film was written and directed by women, preempting accusations of the male gaze; still, when Jasmine directs a model at her job with the instruction “I want her nude on top,” it plays like a teen boy’s imagination. The dialogue alternates between cliché (“I’ve never done anything like this before”) and self-consciously artsy (“Have you ever tried to count how many breaths you take in a minute?”). In the most progressive moment, Jasmine asks to hear Dallas’ coming out story. “Why do I have to have one?” Dallas replies. It’s a good point, and while Below Her Mouth’s mise-en-scene consists of about 75 percent nude female bodies, and verges on gratuitous, at least it’s nice to see a queer couple meet a happy end. (Abbey Bender)
**YOUR WEEKLY TO-DO LIST**

**Porco Rosso and Animal Farm, Animated**

**Friday, April 28**

Ah, to be young and in a Richard Linklater movie. Our premier chronicler of laid-back youth is at his best in *Dazed and Confused* and *School of Rock*, which play at the New Beverly on 35mm. The writer-director’s last-day-of-school saga may be the definitive “hangout movie,” an overused term of late but one that perfectly describes this banter-heavy ode to youth. *School of Rock*, meanwhile, features the definitive Jack Black performance. Linklater grew a lot as a filmmaker in the decade that separates these two films, but both make it clear that, in good times and bad, you just gotta keep L-I-V-I-N. New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Fri.-Sat., April 28-29, 7 p.m.; $8. (323) 938-4038, thenewbev.com.

*A pig that doesn’t fly is just a pig.* That’s just one of the truisms offered by *Porco Rosso*, Hayao Miyazaki’s animated adaptation of his own watercolor manga. About a former World War I pilot who’s been transformed into a pig (don’t you hate when that happens?) in 1930s Italy, the film isn’t among Studio Ghibli or Miyazaki’s best-known efforts, but it is another examination of the lingering effects of war from anime’s most celebrated auteurs. Dub-hating purists, rejoice: This is the original subtitled version, Nuart Theatre, 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West LA; Fri., April 28, 11:59 p.m.; $11. (310) 473-8530, landmarktheatres.com.

**Saturday, April 29**

All animated films are equal, but some animated films are more equal than others. Anyone who read *Animal Farm* in high school but never saw this 1954 adaptation can correct that Orwellian oversight courtesy of Cinefamily, as an extracurricular activity, this screening will be held offsite at the Bob Baker Marionette Theater and be preceded by a puppet show. Britain’s first feature-length animated film brought the alarming allegorical novel to the screen in memorable fashion, not least because the CIA financed the production as part of its Cold War efforts. The more things change…Bob Baker Marionette Theater, 1345 W. First St., Echo Park; Sat., April 29, 7:30 p.m.; $14. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org.

**Monday, May 1**

The week’s most challenging event may also be the most rewarding. REDCAT brings the short films of Pawel Wojtakij to Los Angeles for the first time with *Cruel Radiance: Moving Image Work*. The Polish artist will appear in person for the event, which showcases documentaries set in such glamorous locales as autopsy rooms, pig farms and sewage-treatment facilities. Among the works on display are *Pigs Still, The Aquarium and Below Sea Level*. REDCAT, 631 W. Second St., downtown; Mon., May 1, 8:30 p.m.; $11. (213) 237-2800, redcat.org.

**Tuesday, May 2**

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers paired up for the first time in *Flying Down to Rio*, a 1933 pre-Code musical that promised viewers would always remember the tango. The picture stars Dolores del Río as a magnetic beauty and Gene Raymond as the bandleader who follows her from Miami to Rio de Janeiro. Drive down to LACMA for some movie magic and dance along. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., May 2, 1 p.m.; $4. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

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**EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT**

**STARTS FRIDAY, APRIL 28**

Q&A with stars Erika Linder and Natalie Krill (moderated by Charlotte Glaser) Saturday 4/29 after the 7:05 show at Los Palmas

**“A CINEMATIC VOICE TO THE FEMALE ORGASM”**

**- SHE DOES THE CITY**

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**BLACK ROSE (CHERNAYA ROZA)** Let’s cut straight to the chase: *Black Rose* is a bad film — amazingly, astoundingly, super-calligraphico-pisococcdously bad. It’s the directorial debut of Russian action star Alexander Nevsky (not to be confused with the 13th-century battling prince about whom Eisenstein made a historical epic). Nevsky plays a noble but badass Moscow police major who, of course, lives by his own rules. He travels to L.A. to aid the local police in tracking a serial killer who has a thing for Russian-immigrant streetwalkers. The film reportedly was released in Russia in January 2014, but it exudes such a tired, cheaply made laziness that it could have been thrown together in a flash. It seems to have been produced around the same time in high school but never saw this 1954 adaptation can correct that Orwellian oversight courtesy of Cinefamily, as an extracurricular activity, this screening will be held offsite at the Bob Baker Marionette Theater and be preceded by a puppet show. Britain’s first feature-length animated film brought the alarming allegorical novel to the screen in memorable fashion, not least because the CIA financed the production as part of its Cold War efforts. The more things change…Bob Baker Marionette Theater, 1345 W. First St., Echo Park; Sat., April 29, 7:30 p.m.; $14. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org.

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**Fifty years ago, one woman fought for the people of New York City.**

**“FASCINATING...Pulses with contemporary resonance.”**

**- Variety**

**“A LOVE LETTER TO NYC.**

A genuine David and Goliath story. *Citizen Jane* is the film that Jane Jacobs deserves.”

**- Movie Magazine**

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**Citizen Jane Battle For The City**

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**“A TIMELY, INSPIRING DOCUMENTARY you can’t miss.”**

**- Parade**

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**from the director of VALENTINO: THE LAST EMPEROR**

**EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT**

**STARTS FRIDAY, APRIL 28**

Q&A with director Matt Tyrnauer

**FRIDAY 4/28 AND SATURDAY 4/29 AFTER THE 7:30PM SHOW AND SUNDAY 4/30 AFTER THE 2:50PM SHOW**

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A genuine David and Goliath story. *Citizen Jane* is the film that Jane Jacobs deserves.”

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**Fifty years ago, one woman fought for the people of New York City.**

**“FASCINATING...Pulses with contemporary resonance.”**

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and “restore her to health” — any way it takes. Director Max Heller’s Los Angeles is trying to be creative in his advertising career and be a good boyfriend to Leslie (Keesha Sharp). When Marty’s free-spirited constant messes up her own life. Her son Marty (Jay Devore) in sexy connections reminiscent of Nora Ephron, Woody Allen and comedy BORN GUILTY at The Pacific Theaters at Come see an ADVANCE SCREENING of the new heartfelt, ensemble comedy is filled with wry, sly, funny and “IF IT’S NOT ONE THING, IT’S YOUR MOTHER.” Tickets available at the Box Office or at Q&A with Cast & Crew to follow screening.

A DARK SONG Writer-director Liam Gavin’s disquieting thriller pits a bereaved mother (Catherine Walker) and her bearded ginger occult adviser (Steve Oram) against the demons and angels they are amusingly heartbreaking (and hopeful) portrait of misery’s messiness. (Nick Schager)

RUPTURE Oh, boy. Here’s something actually punishing from Steven Shainberg, director of the 2002 BDSM drama Secretary. A diluted interpretation of ‘80s torture-porn with a film-student appreciation for Gaspar Noé’s color palette, Rupture is a so-fi abduction thriller that leaves little to be thrilled about. Things happen pretty fast, with a setup so half-assed you’ll keep thinking, There’s certainly more to this, right? Not really. Meet Renee (Noomi Rapace), a single mother with arachnophobia — we know this because she panics over a spider in the opening scene. Still, we’re led to believe she’s fearless in other ways — this we know because she casually plans on going skydiving while her son is at her ex-husband’s for the weekend. All her plans are thwarted, however, when she is abducted and taken to a Saw-like chamber operated by a group of what can only describe as hipster torturers (they sport ’80s hairstyles and vintage blouses), who inject Renee with shots and tell her she has “interesting skin.” We later discover that their mission is to rupture people’s genes and mutate them into advanced beings by making them face their worst fears. So, remember that scene where she ficares out over a spider? Yeah, that comes back. And when it does, it feels stupidly low-stakes in an otherwise not very scary movie that doesn’t even warrant an impressive heart rate as Renee attempts to escape. Not only does Rupture not have anything to say about fear or consent but it fails to justify why these people picked her in the first place. (Kristen Yoonsoo Kim)

SLACK BAY An early moment in Slack Bay, the latest from French provocateur Bruno Dumont, finds a plump police inspector in a black uniform rolling down a hill of white sand. It’s the kind of image that wouldn’t have been out of place in a silent short, and it sets the stage for Dumont’s general mood of absurdism. The plot, such as it is, concerns a wealthy early-20th century family, the Van Peteghems, who go to visit their summer home only to discover that the police are investigating a series of disappearances in the area. The film is highly self-aware, and Juliette Binoche’s performance as Aude Van Peteghem is delightfully redolent of the snotty dames so memorably captured by Margaret Dumont. Binoche speaks in a pinched upper-crust accent and wears garish hats. She consis
tently overreacts, even swooning at one point. Aude and her ilk’s foils are the local fishing family, the Bruforts. The rich, unsurprisingly, make their luxurious vacation destination within spitting distance of the poor. The Brufort children, in their impoverish
tment, all wear matching drab sweaters, and in case you somehow missed how dif
dent they were from the Van Peteghems, they also happen to eat people. At all times, the film seems as if it could go in any number of directions: It could be hor
ror, broad comedy or a dramatic treatise on class relations, and ends up being a little of both. The best moments recall the surreal social satires of Luis Bunuel. But while it would be unfair to expect Slack Bay to live up to Buñuel’s mastery, too much of this picaresque is meandering and frustr
ating. (Abby Bender)

VOICE FROM THE STONE In Eric D. Howell’s adaptation of Silvio Raffo’s ghostly 1996 novel, Voice From The Stone, a timid woman finds employment as a nanny with a rural family ravaged by grief. But the longer she stays in their cavernous, stone-and-stucco villa, the more she comes to act, talk and look like the family’s dead matriarch. Few vintage literary devices translate to film as well as the Gothic doppelgänger. An unsuspecting character finds a hid
en, often darker, side to herself when her double shows up — and sometimes assumes possession. Here, Howell hits some serious Gothic tones, shooting in a shadowy natural light with elaborate candelabras illuminating stale, yawning parlors. Emilia Clarke plays Verena, a 1950s Mary Poppins type who rules the Italian countryside, narrating emotionally damaged children back to mental health. Normally a good-natured gal who has no trouble trying instead of to work, Verena meets her match in little Jakob (Edward Ding), who mourns the death of his gorgeous pianist mother, Malvina (Caterina Murino), by putting his ear to the quarry stones around the family property to listen for her voice. The young nanny uses treats, punishment and her dry wit in her attempts to get Jakob to break his si
lence. Meanwhile, the lingering presence of Malvina — in her portraits, her clothes and her piano — begins to take hold of the impressionable Verena. And then Klaus (Marton Czokas), Malvina’s tempestuous sculptor husband, seduces Verena in a love scene that’s more silly than sexy. As evocative as the production design and cinematography are, multiple cheesy scenes with one-dimensional characters undermine Howell’s efforts to spook, let alone redefine a genre. (April Wolfe)
With a new biography and A Perfect Circle’s return, Maynard James Keenan is thinking about his legacy — but determined to keep pushing his art forward

BY PAUL ROGERS

At age 53, Maynard James Keenan may be contemplating his mortality — or immortality. “[Music] is a wonderful legacy, but that legacy’s all about you,” he says, sitting in a sleek North Hollywood recording studio one recent morning. “This connection with the winery, it ends up being about us; it ends up being about that place. That outlives you,” he says, sitting in a sleek North

A Perfect Union of Contrary Things, which he describes as partly “a map for my kids,” was released in October to favorable reviews.

Now, 25 years after Tool’s debut release, Keenan is attaining another bio-worthy landmark by headlining the iconic Hollywood Bowl on May 7. Only not with Tool. Instead, he’ll be fronting A Perfect Circle, the more melodic and accessible group he created with former Tool guitarist Billy Howerdel in 1999. It’s a fitting hometown finale for APC’s first U.S. tour in six years.

A so-called side project playing a 17,500-capacity amphitheater is all the more remarkable considering that APC has released only two original albums, Mer de Noms and Thirteenth Step, both back in the early 2000s. But the March announcement that the band had signed a recording deal with BMG and begun work on a new album fanned long-simmering interest in their ethereal yet energetic expressions.

Keenan confirms that Howerdel has been sending him instrumental demos, but deadpans, “I’m a prick when it comes to that … I’ll strip it down to the click track and just the bass and [say] let me play, vocally, with just that piece and see if we can build it up from nothing.”

Raised in Ohio and Michigan, Keenan’s childhood ambitions alternated between “soldier” and “artist.” He achieved both, serving in the U.S. Army in the early 1980s. Arriving in L.A. in 1989, he worked in pet-store design and set decoration until his prog-metal fousrme Tool turned pro a couple of years later.

Keenan’s unlikely marriage of militaristic discipline and irreverent creativity has manifested on 10 studio albums, with Tool, A Perfect Circle and parody act-turned-serious project Puscifer. More than half of these records — that is, all of Tool’s and APC’s — went platinum and, with their dramatic, ultra-dynamic arrangements and dark lyrical themes, have been widely hailed as major influences on contemporary hard rock.

“Now Billy’s in a different place. I’m in a different place — it’s time to see how we can challenge each other to draw outside the box that we kind of put ourselves in,” Keenan says. “He’s done his own work outside of A Perfect Circle; he’s done some producing, some scoring, [has] his own band, Ashes Divide. So he’s been out there and he’s actually had to be on my end of it … [so] it’s a much more stable, solid relationship now.”

Like his other bands, APC is L.A.-based. But Keenan himself moved to tiny Jerome, Arizona, in 1995, carving out his own winery, Caduceus Cellars, in an area not previously known for winemaking. Today, he juggles the life of a contemplative rock shaman with literally dirtying his hands tending the small-production operation. Indeed, the grape harvest lately takes priority over concert tours. “I challenge you to find a show date between Aug. 1 and Oct. 15 over the last 10, 12 years,” Keenan says. Yet he has long reveled in obligations and responsibilities that others might find frustrating — in solving the puzzle of self-expressing within fixed parameters.

“I think it’s liberating,” he says. “It helps my other fellow artists understand that there’s a rhythm to things. … There’s a big ‘click track’ happening that you’re a part of, whether you like it or not.”

Keenan views his vineyard as another thread in his creative conversation, as eloquent as lyrics or melody. And his winemaking philosophy may be a metaphor for his uncluttered, meticulous approach to making music.

“You’re expressing a place … if [wine-makers] get out of the way and they don’t cut corners,” he explains. “As soon as you get greedy — you crop extra fruit, you do all kinds of manipulation in the cellar — it’s no longer from that place. It’s just a product.”

As early as 1987, in a rambling manifesto accompanying demo tapes by his first band, C.A.D., Keenan lamented, “No longer do we experience the harmonious interaction between each other and our environment.” He regards such relationships as having been largely lost during the epic shift from family farming to industrialization during the early 20th century.

“I’m a firm believer in the beauty of simplicity,” Keenan says. Like Italian cooking … you get it wrong, it’s a tragic mess; but when you get it right, it sings.”

With a lineup unchanged from their last performances, at the Greek Theatre three years ago — completed by drummer Jeff Friedl, ex-Puscifer bassist Matt McJunkins and former Smashing Pumpkins guitarist James Iha — A Perfect Circle swiftly sold out much of their current, monthlong trek. Topping the bill at the Bowl will be Ice Cube, but Keenan will be leaving any reverence for the storied venue in his dressing room.

“I’m kind of a rain man, so I just need to be in my space,” he says. “When it actually comes down to the show … it can be in your mom’s house.”

“We switched to 9-to-5 factory work … [and] now the kid goes to school to be raised by some stranger,” he says. “Food comes in a can, food comes frozen — all these things that remove your connection with that core family experience. You don’t think of anything that came before and all the work that went in.”

Winemaking allows Keenan to collaborate not only with other people but also with the Earth’s topography, soil and seasons. “You can find [similar] connection in the songs … you can find your own, as it were, terroir,” he says.

A Perfect Union of Contrary Things devotes considerable space to Keenan’s preface journey (he was 27 before Tool released a record). “Only part of my story is told — the rest of it dies with me,” he says. “I needed to at least get some of that stuff written down, so that [my children] had a memory.”

Recognizing the often unseen roots of very apparent fruits — be it a rich rock star’s backstory or the process behind a bottle of wine — is a recurring theme in all that Keenan does. A Perfect Union deftly relates his self-discipline as a teen wrestler, cross-country runner and West Point cadet with his uncompromising existence since. But, as he and Howerdel teeter back and forth toward further A Perfect Circle recordings, there’s also sheer artistry at work.

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A PERFECT CIRCLE | Hollywood Bowl, 2301 Highland Ave., Hollywood | Sun., May 7, 7 p.m. | $32.50-$344 | hollywoodbowl.com
THE NEW GOLDEN AGE
L.A. HIP-HOP IS HAVING ITS BEST RUN SINCE THE EARLY ’90S, AND MAYBE ITS BEST EVER

BY JEFF WEISS

If you’re feeling self-destructive, walk into a bar (or Twitter thread) and claim that a contemporary rapper is the greatest of all time. No matter your pick, it’ll spark agitated shouting about “2PACBIG-GIENASJAYZANDREEMINEM-RAKIM.” Bring brass knuckles in case.

Rap stays relevant because of its capacity for reinvention. If rock, jazz and dance music overly reveres the past, each new rap generation usually condemns its predecessors, even as aging hip-hop traditionalists indict most young artists averse to ’90s aesthetics.

Rap fans can totally agree to disagree. But for the purposes of contention, let me point out the obvious: This is a Golden Age for L.A. rap. The best since 1992-96, and maybe the finest run ever.

You know exhibit A: Kendrick Lamar. In a three-day span, the Compton native dropped the spectacular DAMN. and the most dazzling Coachella headlining set since Prince. Kung Fu Kenny is the first native to hold the consensus “Best Rapper Alive” title since Ice Cube in the early ’90s (even though 2Pac deserved it in ’96).

Lamar’s label, TDE, has become the closest modern cognate to Death Row. It has turned Schoolboy Q into a legitimate star; nurtured the rap Larry David, Isaiah Rashad, and redefined popular gangsta rap. Freestyle Fellowship were closer to N.W.A than the media understood, but TDE finally obliterated false binaries between cerebral and street music.

YG owns two classic albums and several ’hood-platinum mixtapes. He pioneered ratchet, resuscitated G-Funk and made the letter C superfluous. Give Keenon Jackson AP’s inheritance and Marshall McLuhan. Comedy Central remains a combination of James Baldwin and Marshall McLuhan. Rap fans can’t only agree to disagree.

Consider clipping, whose popularity finally became commensurate with their talent, thanks to Daveed Diggs’ star turn in Hamilton. Busdriver continues to possess singular gifts. So does Zeroh. Versis is as thoughtful an artist as you’ll find. Warm Brew remains as effective as a lit spliff. And Nocando’s forthcoming album furthers his multidimensional evolution.

A new generation of street-rap phenomena is ascendant, too, building buzz via SoundCloud and YouTube sans major-label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed his label or radio help. Drakeo could be the heir to Suga Free. G Perico could succeed
THU. APRIL 27
DRAGS FACE VIRGIN VOGUE RUNWAY VOGUE
host/dj: PURPLE CRUSH
BANJEE BALL
PT. EUREKA FROM MI PAUL DRAG RACE

THU. APRIL 27
FLOWERS: RHYTHM DELIGHT MUSIC

FRI. APRIL 28
HOSTILE
SQUINTO, INFECT, BLANKFACE, DEFINITIVE, YAKZ, & GOOD

FRI. APRIL 28
NICE & SMOOTH

FRI. APRIL 28
4/28/17

FRI. APRIL 28
NICE & SMOOTH + DANA DANE

FRI. APRIL 28
BOSS SATURDAY

FRI. APRIL 28
TESTIFY TO HIP-HOP

FRI. APRIL 28
OLD SCHOOL STYLE
FESTER X, OSCAR S GROUCH, DEMIGOD, & MOJO

FRI. APRIL 28
BOOTIE LA
BRITNEY MASHUP NIGHT

SAT. APRIL 29
ISSA PARTY W/ FROSTY DA SNOWMANN

SAT. APRIL 29
BANJEE BALL
FT. EUREKA FROM MI PAUL DRAG RACE

SAT. APRIL 29
HOSTILE
SQUINTO, INFECT, BLANKFACE, DEFINITIVE, YAKZ, & GOOD

SAT. APRIL 29
OLD SCHOOL STYLE
FESTER X, OSCAR S GROUCH, DEMIGOD, & MOJO

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TESTIFY TO HIP-HOP

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SAT. APRIL 29
OLD SCHOOL STYLE
FESTER X, OSCAR S GROUCH, DEMIGOD, & MOJO

SAT. APRIL 29
TESTIFY TO HIP-HOP

COMING SOON:

4/29 NEW SCHOOL DAZE
4/30 TESTIFY TO HIP HOP
5/5 DEAD HORSE TRAUMA
5/6 BANJEE BALL
5/6 INTELLECT LABRON
5/7 SPILLED LIQUOR
5/11 SUPERCHILLY
5/11 HOSTILE: A POP UP ROLLER RINK & DISCO
5/12 RHONDAVOUS
5/14 RASKAHUELE XI YEAR ANNIVERSARY
5/16 JESUS PIECE
5/16 DJ UMBRO
5/19 DESPISE YOU AND COKE BUST SPLIT
7/" RECORD RELEASE
5/19 CLUB HOUSE
5/20 BDM FREESTYLE TOURNAMENT WITH LIVE PERFORMANCE BY DANGER

5/20 XCELLEBRATED PRESENTS DEEPER & DARKER VOL. 1 FEAT. AMNE, DLI, SIGNAL (USA DEBUT), XTRAH (USA DEBUT), & ZERO T [3 ROOMS OF BASS]
5/20 ONE NIGHT IN LOS ANGELES
5/21 NAMASTYLE: A DRAKE THEMED YOGA CLASS
5/21 NAMASTAY 18 FOREVER - AN EMO THEMED YOGA CLASS
5/21 SEXTACORE
5/22 BLAZE
5/25 THE NEW DIVISION
5/27 URBAN STYLES
6/3 BOHEMIA SUBURBANA
6/15 SATISFIED SILENT
6/16 CONFLICT
6/29 RAVEN FELIX

COMING SOON:

5/1 STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND
5/4 KARATE IN THE GARAGE TOUR
5/12 LAFFMOBB & TRUTV COMEDY SHOWCASE
5/14 UNDERGROUND RISING: LOCKSMITH
5/15 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
5/16 THE MOTH
5/16 BHANGRA DE MAYO
5/16 DAS BUNKER: A STAR WARS PARTY
5/17 FUNK FEST
5/19 BASS FOR BREASTS
5/20 1FEST: LOS ANGELES 2017
5/20 CLUB 90'S
5/20 BOOTIE LA
5/20 BDM FREESTYLE TOURNAMENT WITH LIVE PERFORMANCE BY DANGER

5/20 "X" CELLERATED PRESENT DEEPER & DARKER VOL. 1 FEAT. AMNE, DLI, SIGNAL (USA DEBUT), XTRAH (USA DEBUT), & ZERO T [3 ROOMS OF BASS]
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5/21 NAMASTYLE: A DRAKE THEMED YOGA CLASS
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I’ve been a music fan for as long as I can remember. While everything else around me was at best confusing and at worst terrifying, music was there for me. I went to record stores just to be in them. I listened to the men who hung out there, jostling with an endless supply of factoids. I was fascinated by how much there was to know about any one record or band. Learning about music was almost as good as listening to it. I knew then I wanted to be in the world of music somehow for the rest of my life.

Recently an old pal, Mandy Stein, contacted me and asked if I would be interested in interviewing her father, Seymour, on my radio show. That was an easy yes. Mr. Stein and the label he co-founded in 1966 with Richard Gottehrer, Sire Records, made an early and permanent dent in my musical universe. If anything, I think that maybe this was going to work out. His faith in the bands and the power of music will always find a way. I asked if he, Durant, would take chances on bands like The Rezillos and The Undertones when a guy named Bert loaned me their first album. He heard, he believed, he signed them.

When a guy named Bert loaned me their first album and told me to play it a few times to let it sink in. By the third play, my idea of music was changed forever. Ramones fans all over the world realized that this band is a huge part of their life. I will never forget it. If I live to be 75, I want to still be moved by a Ramones record the way he was.

I knew that two hours to do an interview, punctuated with the occasional song, wouldn’t be nearly enough time to get even the roughest overview of a man who started working at Billboard when he was 13. Now 75, he has had more than 60 years in the music industry and is still at it.

I went through my lists of records to see how many were on Sire, and it hit me how much all this music means to him, that this band is a huge part of his life. I went to slow it down, but he made the time pass so quickly that all of a sudden I realized we would have to start wrapping things up.

Days before we were to meet, Mandy connected me with Seymour. We talked for several minutes and he seemed as interested in doing the interview as I was. He’s usually nervous about interviewing someone. I prepare to the interview as I was. I’m usually nervous about interviewing someone. I prepare to do the interview. There was a lesson in almost everything he said. I asked Seymour what compelled him to seek employment at such an early age. He said when he was around 9, he started keeping his own charts and lists of how bands were doing from the information he gleaned from the radio. He went to Billboard after school to ask if he could get access to older lists. Tom Noonan and Paul Ackerman obviously saw something in the boy and gave him a job.

From there, Seymour went to King Records in Ohio, where he was further mentored by Syd Nathan, and from there to the Brill Building to work at Red Bird Records, operated by Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller and George Goldner. In his early 20s, already with years of experience and startup funds secured by Noonan, Stein and Gottehrer launched Sire as a production company, and within a couple of years they were putting out records.

Hearing stories of how Seymour came to sign these bands was like someone telling you how the world was formed. He sees Chris Hynde play. She knocks him out; he signs her. Johnny Ramone wants him to hear the band’s new songs and sets up a show at CBGB. Seymour goes and, while standing outside, is pulled in by the sound of the opening band, Talking Heads. In the early 1980s he hires a DJ named Mark Kamins to bring him demos. The third one is by a woman named Madonna. He signs her.

These stories came out of Seymour one after another. I kept looking up at the clock, trying to slow it down, but he made the time pass so quickly that all of a sudden I realized we would have to start wrapping things up.

I was hoping that the listeners were finding all of this as interesting as I was. I asked Seymour if he had heard the newly released mono mixes of the first Ramones album. He had not. We put on “Blitzkrieg Bop” in mono, and as it blasted out of the speakers, he tear up slightly and it hit me how much all this meant to him, that this band is a huge part of his life. I will never forget it. If I live to be 75, I want to still be moved by a Ramones record the way he was.

I asked him how he could take chances on bands like The Rezillos and The Undertones and he said, as he did throughout the interview, that music cannot be stopped and good music will always find a way. I asked if he was surprised at how popular Talking Heads became. He said no, he thought they were putting out records.

His faith in the bands and the power of music is absolute.

After he left, we all stood around our cars, kind of dazed. Seymour Stein is a genuine record man, decades in the making. We were lucky to catch a couple of hours of the work in progress.
Stagecoach Festival
@ EMPIRE POLO CLUB

Just as Coachella has expanded its range in recent years to include more mainstream pop acts, the festival’s country cousin, Stagecoach, has moved beyond its country, bluegrass and Americana roots to also embrace classic and Southern rock. This year’s lineup has a pure-pop twist with appearances from particularly surprising acts like The Zombies and bubble-gum auteur Tommy James & the Shondells, as well as newly crowned city slicker Cyndi Lauper, who recently released Detour, an album of classic country covers. The headliners — Dierks Bentley, Kenny Chesney and a revitalized Shania Twain, apparently debunking rumors of retirement — don’t vary much from the sunny Nashville pop formula, but there are also flashes of shadowy, down-home intensity from Nikki Lane, The Sadies and Margo Price, not to mention such still-stirring prime movers as Willie Nelson and ever-rambunctious fireball Jerry Lee Lewis. Also Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30. — Failing James

Deadmau5
@ SHRINE EXPO HALL

When he’s not picking Twitter battles with Diplo, The Chainsmokers or Insomniac’s Pasquale Rotella, Deadmau5 continues to be one of the most recognizable forces in dance music. The six-time Grammy nominee has worked tirelessly in the past few months, releasing new album W/2016ALBUM/ in December and the compilation Stuff I Used to Do in early March. On his Lots of Shows in a Row tour, the producer performs atop a 18-foot, LED-paneled cube with an array of visual imagery accompanying his hard-hitting tracks. Love him or hate him, Deadmau5 remains unapologetically brash and, more important, near the top of his game more than a decade into his career. Also Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30. — Daniel Kohn

Big Freedia, Boyfriend, Moods
@ REGENT THEATER

Is there anything more rousing than Big Freedia’s Flintstones cry of “Yabba dabba do” cut up between proclamations of “I’m that queen that will make you bounce” in the 2014 jam “N.O. Bounce”? The New Orleans bounce sensation turned reality star (on Fuse TV’s Big Freedia: Queen of Bounce) keeps the beats high-energy and the lyrics at party-level shouts, lest anyone try to sit still and chill while listening to her tunes. Arrive early because the party jams will be flowing before the headline set. New Orleans–based Boyfriend, who collaborated with Big Freedia on the ballin’ lady anthem “Marie Antoinette,” brings her rap-cabaret show to the support slot. Opener Moods is a Rotterdam, Netherlands–based producer with some seriously funky beats. Get ready to bounce. Get ready to sweat. — Liz Ohanesian

Chicano Batman
@ THE GLASS HOUSE

After appearing the past two weekends at Coachella, Chicano Batman linger on this eastern fringe of L.A. County to play this all-ages venue in Pomona. The local Latin-soul combo exude more confidence and reveal more musical variety on their third album, Freedom Is Free, which was released last month. “Angel Baby” drifts away with languidly soothing Fifth Dimension–style harmonies, while lead singer Bardo Martinez evokes Curtis Mayfield on the funky plea “Friendship (Is a Small Boat in a Storm).” The enchanting grooves belie the confrontational lyrics of “The Taker Story,” in which Martinez decries environmental destruction and “mass killings and mass graves” during a coolly pointed litany of man’s sins against the planet. Even when the lyrics become defiant, bassist Eduardo Arenas and guitarist Carlos Arévalo continue to lay down a series of hypnotically funky riffs. — Matt Miner

The Wedding Present
@ THE ECHO

When it comes to moody yet jangly British post-punk from the ’80s, The Smiths and The Cure receive the lion’s share of the praise, with Dave Gedge’s Leeds outfit The Wedding Present often criminally ignored, particularly on this side of the Atlantic. Sure, the band are an acquired taste, with Gedge allowing his very Northern English accent to color the vocals on old songs like “You Should Always Keep in Touch With Your Friends” and “Why Are You Being So Reasonable Now?” But then, Americans didn’t need much persuading to get on board with the equally accented Morrissey. And hey, 2005’s Take Fountain was named after Fountain Avenue right here in L.A. Above all, fans of dark indie should check out The Wedding Present because Gedge is criminally ignored, particularly on this all-ages venue in Pomona. The local Latin-soul combo exude more confidence and reveal more musical variety on their third album, Freedom Is Free, which was released last month. “Angel Baby” drifts away with languidly soothing Fifth Dimension–style harmonies, while lead singer Bardo Martinez evokes Curtis Mayfield on the funky plea “Friendship (Is a Small Boat in a Storm).” The enchanting grooves belie the confrontational lyrics of “The Taker Story,” in which Martinez decries environmental destruction and “mass killings and mass graves” during a coolly pointed litany of man’s sins against the planet. Even when the lyrics become defiant, bassist Eduardo Arenas and guitarist Carlos Arévalo continue to lay down a series of hypnotically funky riffs. — Matt Miner

Richie Ramone
@ THE ECHOPLEX

When drummer Tommy Ramone died in 2014, he was the last remaining link to the Ramones’ classic early lineup. Two surviving members of the later incarnations — drummer Marky Ramone and bassist-singer C.J. Ramone — continue to separately trade on their famous surname with occasional tours and guest appearances with modern-day punk acolytes, to mixed results. But Richie Ramone could be the most legitimately interesting performer of the remaining ex-Ramones. The often-overlooked Richie was the only Ramones drummer to sing lead vocals, and he wrote several of the group’s songs, including the darkly compelling blackout anthem “Somebody Put Something in My Drink.” As with Marky and C.J., the former Richard Reinhardt continues to churn out Ramones classics onstage, but he also reveals more of an original punk soul on his recent album, Cellophane, which is both hard-rocking and seedy disturbing. — Failing James

Crystal Bowersox
@ MCCABE’S GUITAR SHOP

Since earning a national audience as an American Idol runner-up in 2010, Crystal Bowersox has proven to be one of the few talents from the show’s 15 seasons with the ability to sustain...

Amoeba! Out on 5/5, Amoeba will have The Days Celebrating their new album, For a full calendar of events, visit AMOEBA.COM

Laura Marling: See Tuesday.

Weedeater, The Obsessed, Primitive Man, Fatso Jetson @ REGENT THEATER
Representing multiple generations and branches of the oft-incestuous stoner/sludge/doom-metal family tree, this Quaalude-simulating quartet of hirsute heavyweights will keep it slow, low and likely painfully loud all night long. Originally a spinoff of early genre architects Buzzovven, Weedeater’s grizzled, Southern-accented sludge is delivered with almost incongruously good humor, as the North Carolina trio prove capable of simultaneously partying both hearty and heavy. Recently reunited for a third time, Maryland vets The Obsessed offer an accessible portal into doom metal, flying much closer to Black Sabbath and straight-out heavy metal than many of their (comparatively) come-lately kindred spirits. Relatively whippersnappers Primitive Man, only formed in 2012 but furiously prolific, bring bile and bite to their distinctively noisy doom. Widely revered as godfathers of desert rock, Weedeater, The Obsessed, Primitive Man, Fatso Jetson will keep it low, slow and likely painfully loud all night long. Their recent self-titled album on Yep Roc is riled and raucous, simply bristling with punkeroo spirit. In these times, it’s one of the rare things that make sense. —Chris Ziegler

Robyn Hitchcock @ THE TROUBADOUR
Robyn Hitchcock is the loop-the-loop connection between The Byrds, Syd Barrett and Buzzcocks — a “psychedelic punkeroo,” to borrow a term from Twink, and a songwriter who’s built a much-beloved career out of turning pop songs inside out and upside down. His lyrics glow with a rare and precise kind of sophistication and a singular sense for the outré — outre perspective, vocabulary and subject matter, too — and he sings with the sort of distant visionary detachment that comes from always peeking over the edge. His recent self-titled album on Yep Roc is riled and raucous, simply bristling with punkeroo spirit. In these times, it’s one of the rare things that make sense. —Chris Ziegler

Sir Richard Bishop, Robert Millis @ THE BOOTLEG
All you glorious weirdos are in for a rare treat when Sir Richard Bishop (of Sun City Girls) and Robert Millis (of Climax Golden Twins) descend from on high — otherwise known as Seattle — to unveil their latest music. Bishop, who’s played with everyone from Moe Tucker to Saccharine Trust, has lately been on an improvised-guitar jag; last year’s Tangier Sessions LP on Drag City found him performing on an eminently 19th-century parlor guitar. Millis continues his singer-songwriter bend, recently having released The Lonesome High on Bishop’s Abduction Records imprint. On top of all that, they’re both staunch champions of obscure music from Asia, Africa and the Middle East — via Bishop’s Sublime Frequencies label — so gird your loins for a night of expansive and life-altering strangeness. —David Cotner

AMOEBA MUSIC: 6400 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Jimmy Sanehes, Fri., April 28, 8 p.m., free. Damon Krukowski, Sat., April 29, 3 p.m., free.


BOOTLEG THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd., L.A. The Family Crest, Fri., April 28, 8:30 p.m., $15. Sallie Ford, Molly Burch, Sat., April 29, 8:30 p.m., $15. Exopoeus, Givers & Takers, Royaljag, Sun., April 30, 9:30 p.m. Bedbugz, Family Flowers, Arms Ambiko, Gardenside, Mon., May 1, 8:30 p.m., $5. Okkervil River, Bird of Youth, Tue., May 2, 8:30 p.m., $20, Lael Neale, The Cairo Gang, Allie Crow Buckley, Wed., May 3, 8 p.m., $7. Sir Richard Bishop, Robert Mills, Thu., May 4, 8:30 p.m., $12 (see Music Pick).


COUNTRY & FOLK


THE CINEMA BAR: 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Cookedey Ghost, Mod Hippie, Pacific Soul Ltd., Rob Martinez, Fri., April 28, 9 p.m., free.

THE COFFEE GALLERY BACKSTAGE: 1209 N. Lake Ave., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Fri., April 28, 9 p.m., $15.

THE COFFEE GALLERY: 316 W. Second St., L.A. The Cherry Bluestorms, Sat., April 29, 9 p.m., TBA.

THE COFFEE GALLERY: 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Furiosa, Sat., April 29, 9 p.m., $15.


THE COUNTRY & FOLK BAR: 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., L.A. R Memorial, The Cherry Bluestorms, Sat., April 29, 8 p.m., TBA.


THE DUFF THEATRE: 710 W. First St., L.A. Louis Van Taylor, Sat., April 29, 8 p.m., $15.
DANCE CLUBS

THE AIRMEN: 2419 N. Broadway, L.A. Group Home, Chino XL, DJ Lord Ron, in a tribute to Guru, Sat., April 29, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., $15.

AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., L.A. Stooki Sound & Joker, Quix, Fitz, Fri., April 28, 9:30 p.m. Berg, Trance Psyberia, Sat., April 29, 10 p.m. TigerHeat, Thursdays, 10 p.m.

EXCHANGE L.A.: 618 S. Spring St., L.A. Kill the Noise, Fri., April 28, 10 p.m. MK, Sat., April 29, 10 p.m.

THE AIRLINER: 2419 N. Broadway, L.A. Group Home, Chino XL, DJ Lord Ron, in a tribute to Guru, Sat., April 29, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., $15.

THE REGENT THEATER: 448 S. Main St., L.A. Soft Sex, With Denna Thomsen & Jasmine Albuquerque, plus Andrea Brook, DJ Richmond Talauega, DJ Danny Dolan, Wed., May 3, 3 p.m., $20-$30. Feed Me, Sat., April 29, 10 p.m., $15-$35.

SOUND NIGHTCLUB: 1642 N. Las Palmas Ave., L.A. Andhim, Isaiah Martin, Fri., April 28, 10 p.m., $20-$30. Feed Me, Sat., April 29, 10 p.m., $15-$35.

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

CONCERTS

FRIDAY, APRIL 28

BIG FREEDIA: With Boyfriend, Moods, 8:30 p.m., $23.50. The Regent Theater. See Music Pick.

DAKHABRAKHA, LE MYSTÈRE DES VOIX BULGARES: 8 p.m., $41-$105. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., L.A.

DEADMAU5: With Feed Me, 9 p.m., $35. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall. See Music Pick.

EXO: 7:30 p.m., $80-$215. The Forum.

IAMSU: 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., L.A.

TEAM SESH: 8 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A.

WERD: A LIVE MAGAZINE CELEBRATING MUSIC & ACTIVISM: Music and conversation with Perry Farrell, Shirley Manson, John Densmore, Shepard Fairey, 8 p.m., $33.50-$55. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, L.A. See GoLA.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29

BOOGIE & KAIYDO: With Kemba, Michael Christmas, Ta'East, Mark Antonio, You’re Lucky She Ain’t My Type, in the Constellation Room, 11 p.m., $15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. See Music Pick.

DEADMAU5: With Feed Me, 9 p.m., $35. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall. See Music Pick.

L.A. WEEKLY’S BURGERS & BEER: With AJ Hobbs, Sam Morrow, DJ Simon Weeden, 21 & older, 4 p.m., $39.75-$55. Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, 5900 Coliseum Way, Los Angeles, CA 90063. See GoLA.

STAGECOACH: With Shania Twain, Brett Eldredge, Kip Moore, Willie Nelson & Family, Maren Morris, Dan & Shay, Jamey Johnson, Margo Price, Nikki Lane, Robert Ellis, Tommy James & the Shondells, John Doe and others, 12 p.m., $269-$1199. Empire Polo Club, 81-800 Avenue 51, Indio. See Music Pick.

STREET VIBES: With RJ, 6 p.m., $36.50-$53.50. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., L.A.

THE WEEKND: With Rae Sremmurd, Belly, 6lack, 7:30 p.m., $39.50-$295. The Forum.

THE ZOMBIES: 8:30 p.m., $33-$85. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, L.A.
SUNDAY, APRIL 30

**P.O.D.:** With Feed Me, 9 p.m., $35. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall. See Music Pick.

**KYLE:** With Cousin Stizz, 5:30 p.m., $20-$35. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

**STAGECOACH:** With Kenny Chesney, Thomas Rhett, Tyler Farr, Travis Tritt, Cyndi Lauper, Cam, Los Lobos, The Cadillac Three, Wynonna, & the Big Noise, Cowboy Junkies, Terry Allen, Steep Canyon Rangers, Courtney Cole, The Sadies, The Hillbenders and others, 12 p.m., $269-$1199. Empire Polo Club, 81-800 Avenue 51, Indio. See Music Pick.

**THREE DOG NIGHT:** 7:30 p.m., $25-$175. The Parker Playhouse, 1200 E. Main St., Escondido. See Music Pick.

**THE WEEKND:** With Future, 3 p.m., $50-$325. The Forum, Inglewood. See Music Pick.

**OUTKAST:** 7:30 p.m., $125-$250. The Forum, Inglewood. See Music Pick.

**SICKO MODA:** 7:30 p.m., $35-$100. Hollywood Palladium, 628 W. 7th St., L.A. See Music Pick.

**THE KILLERS:** 7:30 p.m., $25-$449. Honda Center, 1800 N. Pavilion Center Dr., Anaheim. See Music Pick.

**THE BEATLES:** 7:30 p.m., $99-$299. The Forum, Inglewood. See Music Pick.

**WEEDEATER, THE OBSESSED:** 7:30 p.m., $20-$150. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. See Music Pick.

**THE BLURRY ORCHESTRA:** 8 p.m., $15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. See Music Pick.

**HAPPY HOUR 4:20-6PM**

**FIRST TIME PATIENT SPECIAL:** DONATE $20$ RECEIVE 1 FREE GRAM (SELECTED STRAINS)

**THE SOUTHLAND ENSEMBLE:** 7:30 p.m., $29-$309. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Broadway, L.A. See review in Stage.

**THE VAUGHN WILLIAMS SOCIETY L.A.:** With Ana Vidovic, 7:30 p.m., $20. Church of the Nazarene, 3700 E. Sierra Madre Blvd., L.A.

**ANNA NETREBKO & YUSIF EYVAZOV:** Sublime Russian soprano Netrebko raises the roof at the Chandler for the first time since 2006, joined by her tenor husband, Eyvazov. Italian conductor Jader Bignamini leads the L.A. Opera Orchestra through selections by Giuseppe Verdi, Francesco Cilea, Umberto Giordano and Alfredo Catalani, Thu., May 4, 7:30 p.m., $69-$539. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., L.A.

**LALLEMONT & YO-YO MA, EDGAR MEYER & CHRIS THILE:** Yo-Yo Ma, Edgar Meyer and Chris Thile engage in a set of music by Bach, Tue., May 2, 7:30 p.m., $75-$95. Royce Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood. See review in Stage.

**SHEN ENSEMBLE:** With Rui Wang, 7:30 p.m., $56. Moss Theater, 3131 Olympic Blvd., L.A. See review in Stage.

**THE SOUTHLAND ENSEMBLE:** With Rui Wang, 7:30 p.m., $56. Moss Theater, 3131 Olympic Blvd., L.A. See review in Stage.

**THE SOUTHLAND ENSEMBLE:** With Joanne Pearce Martin team for the West Coast premiere of John Adams’ two-piano piece Roll Over Beethoven. Cellist Andrew Shulman and LACO cembalist-violinist Margaret Batjer join Kahane for Beethoven’s Piano Trio in B-flat major, Thu., May 4, 7:30 p.m., $56. Moss Theater, 3131 Olympic Blvd., L.A.

**LA PHILHARMONIC:** With Los Angeles Master Chorale, 8 p.m., $40-$129. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Broadway, L.A. See review in Stage.

**THE MOODY BROTHERS:** 8 p.m., $20. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**GUNHILD CARLING:** With Maren Morris, Steve Moakler, 6:30 p.m., $54-$94. Santa Barbara Bowl, 1122 N. Milpas St., Santa Barbara. See Music Pick.

**THE DUNGEONS:** 7:30 p.m., $35-$100. The Fonda Theatre, 610 E. Broadway, L.A. See Music Pick.

**THE SOUTHLAND ENSEMBLE:** With Anthony Braxton’s Ghost Trance Music, Thu., May 4, 7:30 p.m., $20-$150. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. See Music Pick.

**THE SOUTHLAND ENSEMBLE:** With Jan-June Zeitouni conducts Mozart’s Parisian-themed Symphony No. 31 and Debussy’s Ibéria and Ravel’s La Valse, Sat., April 29, 8 p.m., $25-$195. Disney Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., L.A.

**PACIFIC SYMPHONY:** With John Adams’ Harbinger, 8 p.m., $19-$39. UCLA, 405 Hilgard Ave., Westwood. See review in Stage.

**LALLEMONT & YO-YO MA, EDGAR MEYER & CHRIS THILE:** Yo-Yo Ma, Edgar Meyer and Chris Thile engage in a set of music by Bach, Tue., May 2, 7:30 p.m., $75-$95. Royce Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood. See review in Stage.

**FALLEN ANGELS:** With Vérité, Pretty Sister, 9 p.m. The Fonda Theatre, 610 E. Broadway, L.A. See Music Pick.

**CLASSICAL & NEW MUSIC**

**WILLIE NELSON:** At Santa Monica College, 8 p.m., $10. Santa Monica College, 1313 W. 1400 N. Grand Ave., L.A.

**LALLONIumberry:** With Jeff Healey Band, 8 p.m., $10. Eagle Rock Presbyterian Church, 4848 Eagle Rock Blvd., L.A.

**KALEIDOSCOPE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: THE ECLIPSE QUARTET:** With Sergio Prokofieff’s Fifth Symphony, Sat., April 29, 8 p.m., TBA. Glendale City Seventh-Day Adventist Church, 610 E. California Ave., L.A. Sun., April 30, 3 p.m., TBA. First Presbyterian Church, 1220 Second St., Santa Monica.

**COM TRUISE, CLARK:** 9 p.m., $20. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**WEEDEATER, THE OBSESSED:** With Primitive Man, Fatso Jetson, Karma to Burn, 8 p.m., $25. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A. See Music Pick.

**TUESDAY, MAY 2**

**BETTY WHO:** With Verté, Pretty Sister, 9 p.m. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., L.A.

**LAURA MARLING:** With Valley Queen, 7 p.m., $25-$30. The Mayan, 1038 S. Hill St., L.A. See Music Pick.

**ANNE McMAHON IN THE WILDERNESS:** With Allen Ginsberg, Night Riots, 6 p.m., $33. The Belasco Theater, 1050 S. Hill St., L.A.

**MC MAGIC, BABY BASH, LIL ROB:** 8 p.m., $10. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 3**

**ANDREW MCMANIN IN THE WILDERNESS:** With Allen Ginsberg, Night Riots, 6 p.m., $33. The Belasco Theater, 1050 S. Hill St., L.A.

**MC MAGIC, BABY BASH, LIL ROB:** 8 p.m., $10. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**THURSDAY, MAY 4**

**THE COMO LA FLOR BAND:** 8:30 p.m., $55. The Novo by Microsoft, 2125 W. 7th St., L.A.

**GUNHILD CARLING:** With Dave Post, Carl Sonny Leyland, 5 p.m., free. Queen Mary, 1126 Queens Highway, Long Beach.

**LEELA JAMES:** With Daley, 8:30 p.m., $30-$50-$49.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

**LUCIA VAVOOM’S CINCO DE MAYO:** 8 p.m., $49.50. The Mayan, 1038 S. Hill St., L.A.

**P.O.D.:** With Alien Ant Farm, Fused by Defiance, 8 p.m., $33. The Belasco, 1200 E. Broadway, L.A. See Music Pick.

**TOSHI REAGON & BIG LOVELY:** 8 p.m., $19-$39. UCLA, Royce Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood.

**ANA VIDOVIC:** The guitarist strums a recital, Sat., April 29, 7:30 p.m., $30-$100. First Church of the Nazarene, 3700 E. Sierra Madre Blvd., L.A.

**ANNA NETREBKO & YUSIF EYVAZOV:** Sublime Russian soprano Netrebko raises the roof at the Chandler for the first time since 2006, joined by her tenor husband, Eyvazov. Italian conductor Jader Bignamini leads the L.A. Opera Orchestra through selections by Giuseppe Verdi, Francesco Cilea, Umberto Giordano and Alfredo Catalani, Thu., May 4, 7:30 p.m., $69-$539. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., L.A.

**CHARLES FIERRERO:** The local pianist reveals in selected preludes by Claude Debussy, Wed., May 3, noon, free. Glendale City Seventh-Day Adventist Church, 610 E. California Ave., L.A.

**THE SOUTHLAND ENSEMBLE:** With Jan-June Zeitouni conducts Mozart’s Parisian-themed Symphony No. 31 and Debussy’s Ibéria and Ravel’s La Valse, Sat., April 29, 8 p.m., $25-$195. Disney Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., L.A.

**PACIFIC SYMPHONY:** With John Adams’ Harbinger, 8 p.m., $19-$39. UCLA, 405 Hilgard Ave., Westwood. See review in Stage.
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Legal Notices
ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME
Case No. BS169172
Superior Court of California County of Los Angeles
Central Branch located at: 111 North Hill Street
Department 44, Room 418, Los Angeles, CA 90012
Filed On April 5, 2017

In the matter of petitioner ANASTASIA CAPONOPENKO, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted.

Date: 7/25/17, at 10:00 am, located at Central Court-house 111 North Hill Street Department 44, Room 418, Los Angeles, CA 90012.

And a petition for change of name having been duly filed with the clerk of this Court, and it appearing from said petition that said petitioner desires to have his name changed from ANASTASIA CAPONOPENKO to

ANASTASIA TOMAS.

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.

The court may decide against you without you being present.

Those persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name are hereby notified to appear and file a written response at this court and

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME
Case No. PS019405
Superior Court of California NORTH VALLEY DISTRICT
Chatsworth Courthouse located at: 9425 Penfield Avenue, Room 1260, Chatsworth, CA 91311
Filed On April 3, 2017

In the matter of petitioner DANIEL SCOTT POWERS, JR.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted.

Date: 7/25/17, at 10:00 am, located at Chatsworth Courthouse located at: 9425 Penfield Avenue, Room 1260, Chatsworth, CA 91311

And a petition for change of name having been duly filed with the clerk of this Court, and it appearing from said petition that said petitioner desires to have his name changed from DANIEL SCOTT POWERS, JR. to DANIEL SCOTT ROBINSON, 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.

There are other legal requirements. You may want to call an attorney right away. If you do not know an attorney, you may want to call an attorney referral service. If you cannot afford an attorney, you may be eligible for free legal services from a nonprofit legal services program. You can locate these nonprofit groups at the California Legal Services Web site: www.LawHelpCalifornia.org.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME
Case No. 16CIV02437
Superior Court of California County of Los Angeles
Central Branch located at: 111 North Hill Street
Department 44, Room 418, Los Angeles, CA 90012
Filed On April 5, 2017

In the matter of petitioner DAVID FARKOSH, an individual or corporation, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted.

DATE: 5/25/17, at 10:00 am, located at Central Court-house 111 North Hill Street Department 44, Room 418, Los Angeles, CA 90012.

You have been sued. The date set for hearing of said petition is 4/27/17.

The court may decide against you without you being present. Those persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name are hereby notified to appear and file a written response at this court and

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME
Case No. PS019405
Superior Court of California NORTH VALLEY DISTRICT
Chatsworth Courthouse located at: 9425 Penfield Avenue, Room 1260, Chatsworth, CA 91311
Filed On April 3, 2017

In the matter of petitioner DANIEL SCOTT POWERS, JR.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted.

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