The Voice of Resistance

From her Los Feliz basement, Stephanie Miller is rallying millions of Americans against Trump

By Bryan Smith
INT. OFFICE - DAY
Grey walls, grey desk. It's a grey life for JAMES who sits staring blankly at a computer.
CARL, his boss, enters.
CARL
I need those reports ASAP. It'd be great if you could stay late and finish them.
JAMES
Sorry, yes, you'll have them soon.
Carl leaves. James falls back with a sigh.
There's a MAGAZINE on his desk. He flips through it, stopping on a page about THE L.A. FILM SCHOOL. It's bright. Colorful. In big text, there's a phone number.
James looks at his grey walls. Grey desk. Then at the ad again.
He takes his phone and dials. It rings.
Hello? JAMES

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From her Los Feliz basement, Stephanie Miller is rallying millions of Americans against Trump.
BY BRYAN SMITH.
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At precisely five minutes before the crack of ass, or stupid o’clock, as it’s known in these parts—which is to say a sylvan street of houses perched regally near the entrance to Griffith Park—a Lululemon-clad whirlwind with a spinner-sinewed frame clatters downstairs two steps at a time. Uggs bumping carpet, she makes her way toward the hothouse warmth of a brightly lit, dorm room-sized basement space, a cup of coffee cantilevered in one hand against a page freshly printed with Donald Trump atrocities in the other, two polar bear–white Great Pyrenees lumbering behind her like a furry snow front.

She stops short in the doorway, looks in wide-eyed astonishment at her two “stem cells” (her term for her millennial producers, Vanessa “Baby” Rumbles and Sean Comiskey) and issues her version of a morning salutation: “Did that motherfucker start a war while we were getting shitfaced?”

She’s referring to the evening before, when President Donald J. Trump, in the midst of hoovering up “the most beautiful piece of chocolate cake you’ve ever seen,” while meeting with Chinese President Xi at his Mar-a-Lago estate, ordered a showy but ultimately meaningless Tomahawk missile strike on a Syrian airfield.

Trump did so, he tweeted, as payback for the country’s leader gassing his own people. But to those like her, who (along with many others, including a recent panel of psychiatrists gathered for a conference at Yale University) consider him a sociopathic liar, the real reason was less noble: He was desperate to stop his tanking poll numbers and cauterize the metastasizing cancer of Russia revelations spreading through the press.

At the time the Syria story broke the evening before, she and her friends were several glasses deep into a chardonnay haze, watching the images flashing on her flatscreen default-tuned to MSNBC—images of the “expert” panels, of the silly Chryon crawls and of the man she calls (take your pick) Blotus, Cheetolini, Agent Orange, Hair Furher, Mango Mussolini or Fat Donny Two Scoops. Anything but president.

Now, in the predawn darkness, Rumbles and Comiskey barely pause to respond. They simply shake their heads and, with seconds to go before the first power chords of the radio show’s theme song—Christina Aguilera’s girl-power anthem “Fighter”—rip into the morning, return to the task of preparing the daily menu of Trump tweet storms and head-exploding sound bites.

At 6:06 a.m., the crew assumes battle stations—swivel chairs, computer screens, dial- and button-filled boards—and Aguilera begins to belt: “So I want to say thank you, cuz it makes me that much stronger…”

Stephanie Miller, host of The Stephanie Miller Show, pulls on her headset, chair-dances up to her mic and launches the day’s first salvo.

“Pardon me, Baby Rumbles?” she says over one of her go-to sound drops, a round of polite applause. “But did that motherfucker start a war while
nightly MSNBC show now boasts the highest ratings in all of cable news — bestowed her imprimatur on Miller a few years back: She is, Maddow said on her show, "the high priestess of excellent liberal talk." In addition to Miller's stable of regulars — a collection of political comics that includes John Fugelsang, host of SiriusXM's excellent Tell Me Everything; Angela Seldon and Frances V. Callier, better known as "Frangela"; Dean Obeidallah, a regular publisher of the influential trade publication Talkers Magazine, estimates Miller's weekly listenership, including terrestrial radio, online, satellite radio stations and Free Speech TV, to be nearly 6 million. That number — huge for any talker but mammoth in the wasteland that is liberal radio — routinely lands her on the magazine's "Most Listened to Talk Show Hosts in America," a list that includes ratings behemoths Limbaugh and Sean Hannity.

Miller is perhaps the underground's answer to those celebrities — if someone belonging to the underground can host Hollywood A-listers for dinner and reach millions of households (and cars) across the country. In the last six months, she has emerged as one of the nation's most influential radio personalities, conservative or liberal (and yes, that includes Rush Limbaugh), certainly the most consequential to be operating without mainstream fame.

"I listen to Steve Colbert every night, and I love what he's doing," says Lily Tomlin, the comedic icon and Miller's mentor, who currently stars in the Netflix dramedy Grace and Frankie. "But there's something about Stephanie's show, the fact that it's longer format and they can talk in a different way, like a conversation. I just see it as having compassion and being a true person and being a true human being and being able to relate to everything in a more sensitive, human way. I just wish we had so much more."

Among the cognoscenti, in fact, the 55-year-old Miller has become something of a lodestar, with her home, she jokes, serving as a sort of "resistance central." Since Trump's election, she has held regular "resistance" dinners, with a highly curated guest list that includes everyone from political heavy-hitters like House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi, to Hollywood celebs like Tim Allen and Rob Reiner, to high-level operators such as Malcolm Nance, intelligence analyst for NBC, and Lisa Bloom, the lawyer largely responsible for taking down Fox's Bill O'Reilly.

"There's no bullshit," Reiner, the director of This Is Spinal Tap and When Harry Met Sally, says of Miller. "She doesn't mince words and she doesn't throw out lies.

"I'm sleeping tonight!" Well, Stephanie is just as ridiculous as Infowars and Alex Jones," Reiner adds. "No. Alex Jones says that Sandy Hook was a made-up thing. Stephanie doesn't say anything insane like that. You may not agree with her politics, but she doesn't make shit up."

Lest there be doubt about Miller's influence, no less than Rachel Maddow — whose CNN and MSNBC contributor who also has a SiriusXM show; and two out-lesbian stand-ups, Suzanne Westenhoefer and Dana Goldberg — she routinely counts as guests on her show the same heavyweights who attend her dinners. Congresswoman Maxine Waters, for example, whose fierce opposition to Trump includes calls for his impeachment, has made several appearances. California Rep. Adam Schiff, ranking member of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence, also is a friend of the show. Nance counts himself among Miller's biggest fans — and credits her show with helping launch his analyst career.

Miller's lack of big-time name recognition beyond Los Angeles, where her face appears on buses and billboards, remains something of a paradox, given the stunning size of her audience. Michael Harrison, list for weeks. Both of her comedy albums debuted at No. 1 on Amazon, iTunes and Google Play. In addition to her online subscription, which has more than 5,000 subscribers at just under $60 annually, she offers a weekly "Happy Hour" show, a far more personal (and, loosed from FCC strictures, profane) one-on-one interview with celebrities and industry insiders that adds yet another revenue stream.

Miller's success, of course, has made her a target of the political right, particularly in the tin-hatted reaches of the rolling internet. In an interview with Miller for Breitbart News, writer Larry O'Connor called her show "mostly fiction and vitriol" (although he also called her a "big media mogul" whose show he found "entertaining"). She is a favorite object of derision for Newsbusters.org, another far-right outlet, which bills itself as a website dedicated to "exposing and combatting liberal media bias." (One headline, over a Miller bit about how her Republican mother's bird masturbates to Fox News, tsk-tsk'd at the "sick and bizarre attempt at humor reveals [her] as Seriously Unfunny.")

Miller includes such jabs — and her frequent "hate stack" of emails and mean tweets — on her show.

In one sense, she is lucky. The advent of Trump has united the notoriously disparate factions of the left in a way unprecedented in modern politics. Saturday Night Live just wrapped a banner season. Colbert and Jimmy Kimmel are regularly thumping the once seemingly invincible Jimmy Fallon in the late-night ratings wars. Maddow has ascended to the ratings summit.

Even Miller, who in a 30-plus-year broadcasting career has always logged solid ratings, stands in awe at her success and others'. "We've sold out the Chicago Theater three times," she says — along with Hollywood's historic Pantages and New York's Beacon. "People in the stand-up field are like, 'What the fuck?'' she says, curled on the couch of her elegant, multit story home. "When the first Sexy Liberal Tour album hit No. 1 on Amazon, iTunes and Billboard magazine, industry folks called me and were like, 'Who the fuck are you guys? You don't have a record company, you don't have a publicist. How are you No. 1 on Billboard?'"

The answer is, on one level, simple. She's good — a polished pro who has honed what she does through stints as a music deejay, once seemingly invincible Jimmy Fallon in the late-night ratings wars. Maddow has ascended to the ratings summit.

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It was still dark out when I pulled up in front of Miller’s house one Tuesday morning in March, stifling a yawn as I checked my watch — yup, crack of ass — trying not to spill one drop of my jumbo-sized, gas-station coffee. I didn’t want to be late, but we hadn’t exactly worked out whether I should knock, ring a buzzer or hoist a boom box over my head, Say Anything–style.

The place was dark except for a small lamp. I knocked and one of the little, especially compared with the rest of the house — requires navigation through an exercise room filled with ellipticals and stationary bikes. When I entered the studio itself, the other stem cell, Rumbles, looked up with a puzzled smile. Just then Miller trundled down the stairs: “Oh yes, this is Bryan. He says he’s a reporter, but he may be a Russian assassin, I’m not sure yet.”

Republican couple before going on to find fame as a featured pole dancer at the Itchy Kitty in Reseda.

All of that is fake news, of course, including, sadly, the fictional Itchy Kitty, though part about the kindly Republican couple comes close.

Miller was raised not as a wolf child but in a comfortable suburban home in Lockport, New York. She wasn’t taken in by a kindly self-deprecation. Stephanie Miller. You don’t want to be Carol Burnett; you’re the Carol Burnett of radio.

“Of course I cried,” Miller says, laughing at the recollection.

After graduation, she works in Sexy Liberal, that her father was an assistant prosecutor at Nuremberg and “most of what my brother was doing to me in our own home could technically be categorized as war crimes, and yet it seemed to escape his attention entirely.”

After high school Miller moved to Los Angeles, where she earned a theater degree from the University of Southern California with a plan, she says, laughing, to be “the Chicago and, in 1989, on her own morning drive show at HOT 97 New York City, becoming a ratings smash in both cities.

She traveled West again in 1989, when Warner Bros. offered her a sitcom, but the moment I moved to Los Angeles, everyone from Warner Bros. got fired, including all the people who had made my sitcom deal,” she writes. As luck would have it, however, her old manager at Yuk Yuk’s in Buffalo knew the program manager at KFI, the 50,000-watt mega-station in Los Angeles. She started there with a weekend show in 1994. “It was the first time I had done talk radio, and I was like, ‘Oh, you mean just me talk, with no music?’” she recalls. “I was like, ‘oh, I still have 10 minutes left. That’s when Miller flatly asserts, “This was a turning point in my career.”

The turning point came in August 1989, when she heard Pat Buchanan’s now-notorious gay-bashing “culture wars” speech.

“It was just so mean,” she says. “It changed everything for me.”

In short order she was offered a five-day-a-week gig at KFI and then, a year later, a shot at the real big time: a chance to host a late-night network talk show, going up against Letterman and Leno. “I thought that’s how it worked,” she says. “I’m like, there aren’t many, knows she has no audience — except those of progressive talk stalwarts and Obeidallah, who made his name as a humorous gay-bashing “culture wars” speech. “It was just so mean,” she says. “It changed everything for me.”

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20 years,” right-wing host Mark Levin jabbed on his show. “She’s sarcastic and ultra left-wing.” Today, Miller gleefully uses the sound bite. Still, she admits, the moment was devastating, enough to make her wonder whether to continue.

“Boy, nevertheless she persisted,” says Miller, referencing the words U.S. Sen. Mitch McConnell used to silence Sen. Elizabeth Warren’s objections during the confirmation hearings of Attorney General Jeff Sessions, now a feminist rallying cry.

“We found out right before Christmas that they were pulling the plug on KTLK, and I was like, ‘Fucking dammit, really?’” Miller recalls. First, her dreams of TV stardom were all but dead. Now, radio too? “Certainly that would have been a time when a lot of people would have just quit, just would have gone, ‘Fuck it.’ I had to take an almost 50 percent pay cut. We all had to take huge pay cuts.

“That’s when the rubber hits the road. You either go, ‘I quit,’ or it makes you more determined. It made me more determined.”

First, Miller and her business partner, Ron Hartenbaum, decided that relying for studio space on a corporate broadcast entity was untenable. The solution was to build the basement studio.

Doing so would not be easy — particularly around the holidays, and on a tight deadline. Miller would have to pay for the construction, a major outlay given what was required to create the kind of high-tech studio — with its walls crammed with posters and photos and odds and ends (a Goldwater/Miller campaign placard, a peace sign pillow, a bronze bust of Miller’s butt sharing a table with mics and laptops), and with her two dogs, Max and Fred, loping in and out — fit perfectly with the show’s spirit and personality.

“It’s really true what they say: Sometimes your dreams turn out differently than you thought,” Miller muses. “Or as I say sometimes: When God shuts a door, he shuts a window, too, and then you’re fucked.”

It’s Friday, mercifully, the end of the week, third hour of the show, time for one of Miller’s — and her audience’s — favorite segments, announced by the rising tide of the Laura Branigan song “Gloria!” (sung by comedian-actress Tichina Arnold and reworked by show regular Rocky Mountain Mike, who creates a variety of parody songs and guest jingles).

As the song soars, Frangela (motto: “Get your back up and get your black up!”) chairs, arms waving, butts shaking, heads weaving. Simultaneously, the pair pull referee flags from their back pockets and toss them onto the table in front of them.

“Good morning, Frangela!” Miller says. “Well, no news to talk about.”


The conversation suddenly turns serious.


“It’s really true what they say: Sometimes your dreams turn out differently than you thought,” Miller muses. “Or as I say sometimes: When God shuts a door, he shuts a window, too, and then you’re fucked.”

The conversation continues, somber and thoughtful. But this is The Stephanie Miller Show, which means the lure back to laughs is irresistible.

“We are not Boo-Boo the Fool up in here! Fat meat is greasy!”

“No you can’t,” Miller says. She pauses, trying to catch her breath. “I think I’m starting to speak Frangelinese.”

And the dogs lumber in. Aguilera’s “Fighter” pounds the basement studio.

“The dogs lunker in. Aguilera’s “Fighter” pounds the basement studio. And the woman in the baseball cap and “Herr Twittler” T-shirt, the high priestess herself, leans in, uttering a few words that offer at least some small assurance that the world will continue to turn for her anti-Trump congregation:

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WHAT IS IT?

Mh Zh in Silver Lake is both infuriating and fantastic

BY BESHA RODELL

Despite myself, I’m aligned with the line-standers. My jaded heart tries to protest, to cast derision on those who choose to wait on tired legs for $33 avocado toast or $11 hot chicken sandwiches. Yet I somehow cannot muster the appropriate disgust. While I don’t care enough about a cronut™ or a rainbow bagel or the Instagram followers these items might generate (I’m already suffering from this disease), I cannot make the same case about a cronut™ or a rainbow bagel or the Instagram followers these items might generate. While I don’t care enough about a cronut™ or a rainbow bagel or the Instagram followers these items might generate, I also cannot make the same case about a cronut™ or a rainbow bagel or the Instagram followers these items might generate.

I bring this up because, aside from the long lines, there is something else that is being endured by the crowd at the door of Mh Zh in Silver Lake. The difficulty of the name alone is enough to cause consternation (it’s a shortening of the Hebrew phrase mah zeh, which roughly translates to “what is it?”), but there is so much more here that invites ridicule.

Where to begin? The menu is scrawled in marker on greasy brown paper bags. Most of the food is served in bowls, accompanied by rustic bread. It’s BYOB. It has a phone number and a website, but neither is currently functional. Your server might not remember that he’s already taken your order, but he will confer “blessings” upon you multiple times. The crowd is generally, painfully Silver Lake—hipster vibe and its food. Despite myself, I’m aligned with the line-standers. My jaded heart tries to protest, to cast derision on those who choose to wait on tired legs for $33 avocado toast or $11 hot chicken sandwiches. Yet I somehow cannot muster the appropriate disgust. While I don’t care enough about a cronut™ or a rainbow bagel or the Instagram followers these items might generate, I also cannot make the same case about a cronut™ or a rainbow bagel or the Instagram followers these items might generate.

The corner building, which used to house Madame Matisse (and then, for a short while, Purgatory Pizza), is taken up almost entirely by the open kitchen, where chef-owner Conor Shemtov and his band of cooks work behind a counter. Shemtov grew up in Los Angeles, but his father is Israeli, and he’s spent a lot of time eating in Israel. As such, this is being billed as an Israeli restaurant, a distinction that’s becoming common as a catch-all designation for restaurants with jumbled Middle Eastern influences.

This is both understandable — the food of Israel is genuinely broad, a mix of Arabic and Mediterranean and European and countless other foods contributed by the Jewish diaspora — and problematic. In a time when appropriation is a major part of the food conversation, we ought to consider the implications of a country that’s 70 years old being given ownership of dishes that have been around for millennia. This is both understandable — the food of Israel is genuinely broad, a mix of Arabic and Mediterranean and European and countless other foods contributed by the Jewish diaspora — and problematic. In a time when appropriation is a major part of the food conversation, we ought to consider the implications of a country that’s 70 years old being given ownership of dishes that have been around for millennia.

Once you’ve endured the long wait and popped open your BYOB bottle and the dishes begin to arrive at your wonky table, it’s hard to keep up any façade of annoyance. If you do manage to maintain some ambivalence throughout your meal, the last vestiges will likely dissipate when you get your check. I have stuffed myself silly here numerous times and have never yet cracked $50 (pre-tip) for two people. Mh Zh is cheap, cheap enough to warrant the wait and the grease-stained menus and the impossible trendiness of it all.

Look, it’s entirely possible you might hate this place, and I’d sympathize if you did. But it would almost certainly be for reasons other than how the food tastes and what the food costs. Because for all the derision we tend to cast on food trends, there really is a simple formula that stands behind almost every Los Angeles restaurant with this brand of popularity: Make food that’s better than it needs to be and make it affordable. If you do that, I and the rest of the line-standing rubes will show up without fail.

ONCE YOU’VE ENDURED THE LONG WAIT, IT’S HARD TO KEEP UP ANY façADE OF ANNOYANCE.

But of all the (many) new restaurants that use Israel as inspiration, Mh Zh captures the feel of a casual Israeli café the most honestly, in both its lackadaisical hipster vibe and its food. You may be tempted to start with an order of the bread (from Bub and Grandma’s) with labneh or tahini, but most of the other dishes you’ll order come with that same bread, sometimes toasted and sometimes not, dense and grainy and malty and pleasingly sturdy. A round of cardboard stands in for a plate underneath the lovely house salad “molto benne [sic] style,” which indeed takes its cues from Italy: peppery arugula, a shower of sharp cheese, a light but pert dressing and a section of ripe avocado. This is both understandable — the food of Israel is genuinely broad, a mix of Arabic and Mediterranean and European and countless other foods contributed by the Jewish diaspora — and problematic. In a time when appropriation is a major part of the food conversation, we ought to consider the implications of a country that’s 70 years old being given ownership of dishes that have been around for millennia.

**CRITIC’S RATING**

★★★ ★★★★ ★★★ ★★★★★

★★ Zero = Poor ★ Fail ★★★ = Good ★★★★ = Very Good ★★★★★ = Excellent ★★★★★★ = World-Class

MH Zh | 3536 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake
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WHERE TO BEGIN? THE MENU IS SCRIBLED IN MARKER ON GREASY BROWN PAPER BAGS. MOST OF THE FOOD IS SERVED IN BOWLS, ACCOMPANIED BY RUSTIC BREAD. IT’S BYOB. IT HAS A PHONE NUMBER AND A WEBSITE, BUT NEITHER IS CURRENTLY FUNCTIONAL. YOUR SERVER MIGHT NOT REMEMBER THAT HE’S ALREADY TAKEN YOUR ORDER, BUT HE WILL CONFER “BLESSINGS” UPON YOU MULTIPLE TIMES. THE CROWD IS GENERALLY, PAINFULLY SILVER LAKE—HIPSTER VIBE AND ITS FOOD. DESPITE MYSELF, I’M ALIGNED WITH THE LINE-STANDERS. MY JADED HEART TRIES TO PROTEST, TO CAST DERISION ON THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO WAIT ON TIRED LEGS FOR $33 AVOCADO TOAST OR $11 HOT CHICKEN SANDWICHES. YET I SOMEHOW CANNOT MUSTER THE APPROPRIATE DISGUST. WHILE I DON’T CARE ENOUGH ABOUT A CRONUT™ OR A RAINBOW BAGEL OR THE INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS THESE ITEMS MIGHT GENERATE, I ALSO CANNOT MAKE THE SAME CASE ABOUT A CRONUT™ OR A RAINBOW BAGEL OR THE INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS THESE ITEMS MIGHT GENERATE. THE CROWD IS GENERALLY, PAINFULLY SILVER LAKE—HIPSTER VIBE AND ITS FOOD. DESPITE MYSELF, I’M ALIGNED WITH THE LINE-STANDERS. MY JADED HEART TRIES TO PROTEST, TO CAST DERISION ON THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO WAIT ON TIRED LEGS FOR $33 AVOCADO TOAST OR $11 HOT CHICKEN SANDWICHES. YET I SOMEHOW CANNOT MUSTER THE APPROPRIATE DISGUST.
The United States has a pig problem. Wild boars have been wreaking havoc on farmlands for decades, causing $1.5 billion in damages and associated costs every year.

First introduced to North America (in the Southeast) in the early 1500s as a source of food, and then again in the 1900s to give hunting enthusiasts something else to kill, the invasive swine that roam across the country are a hybrid of the originally introduced wild boars and escaped domestic pigs. In 2016, the National Feral Swine Damage Management Program (NFS-DMP) estimated 5 million to 6 million of the beasts were distributed across at least 35 states. They destroy farmland, creating chaos and eating nearly everything they see, from crops to man-made waste.

They’re also terrible for the ecosystem: A Rice University/Texas A&M study pointed out that areas used by wild pigs saw a significant reduction of plant diversity.

“One day I was watching the news and saw a segment on wild boar overpopulation,” Emil Chiaberi, co-owner of Burattino Pizza in Rancho Palos Verdes, says. “I think we can all come together as a country and solve it.”

Chiaberi called a supplier in Texas that contracts with local hunters and asked for wild boar sausages and custom-made boar pepperoni. His restaurant co-founder and chef Lee Kim took the ingredients and crafted a wild boar pizza.

The pizza comes with cheese and a scattering of mushrooms, or with black garlic, gorgonzola and cherry tomatoes.

Feral pig meat has a more peppery finish than standard pepperoni. “I’m from Uzbekistan and my uncle used to hunt boar,” Kim says. “It’s a flavor I remember vividly from my childhood.”

The team hopes to expand its boar menu to include wild boar sausage sandwiches. While it’s an unconventional ingredient, Chiaberi and Kim say their customers have taken a liking to it.

“At first we were just giving it to loyal customers, but we got excellent feedback and found out that people really love it,” Chiaberi says.

Erik Sun, a California-based chef, restaurateur and hunter, hopes wild boar will find increased popularity in the mainstream restaurant industry. He’s an investor at downtown’s Bestia and is opening two meat-centric restaurants in the Bay Area.

“If we make a comparison to tuna, everyone starts off liking the fatty toro but then over time gravitates toward the more nuanced akami,” Sun notes. “As kids we want the sweetest things, but as we grow older we enjoy less sweet desserts.”

For him, boar is that more nuanced cut of red meat. “[It’s] loaded with flavor, and the age and sex of the animal can alter the taste,” he says.

A hobbyist hunter on both sea and land, Sun started shooting boar in the Central Valley more than a decade ago.

“One thing led to another, and I ended up getting a special permit to hunt pigs because wild pigs have such an overpopulation problem,” he says. “The Department of Fish & Wildlife will give out permits on certain properties that have too many pigs.”

In California, wild pigs exist in 56 of the state’s 58 counties, and the state has a manual on how to legally and safely kill and handle the swine. It includes recipes.

Wild boar in California present an abundance of food, but as someone who processes his own catch, Sun is realistic...
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about the challenges of cooking wild game. “People really need to know how to cook it. It can still be tough,” he says, pointing out that these are free-roaming animals whose meat tends to be on the drier side. “I would say 10 out of 100 boars that I catch are truly amazing. And not all the cuts are good.”

Still, the taste of the meat can be complex, depending on what the boar was foraging. “It can be almonds, figs, pistachios, grapes or pomegranate. What they finish on is what they taste like,” Sun says.

“While it’s still a niche market, I’ve noticed that people are more open to it now.”

—Clarissa Wei

Magic Touch Delivers Table-Ordered Sushi by Mini Bullet Train

Magic Touch Bullet Train Sushi in Cerritos does not look like an ordinary sushi restaurant. There is no visible sushi bar, no traditional waitstaff. Instead, across an open floor plan are several long rows of booths and counter seats, all arranged with access to a small, rail-like system that winds out of a hole in the kitchen wall and through the dining area.

After you’ve been seated (via a tablet-managed waitlist) and punched your order into a tabletsided iPad (maximum four dishes at a time), the bizarre double-decker beltway is how Magic Touch delivers its affordable sushi rolls, fried appetizers and mochi balls — direct from the chef to your seat via “high-speed” miniature bullet trains.

The technology for loading digitally ordered dishes onto model bullet trains was developed by Japanese chain Genki Sushi, an industry leader in those popular revolving (conveyor-belt) sushi restaurants. Last year, Genki converted its conveyor belt-equipped location in Santa Ana — where slow foot traffic meant prefab rolls swirled around the room untouched for hours — into the country’s first Genki Bullet Express.

Magic Touch Bullet Train Sushi opened in March as the second of its kind in the country and the first in L.A. County. But because the restaurant is not in the Genki family, it was able to rethink the server-free concept and make some tweaks for American eaters.

The most immediately noticeable upgrade is the elimination of Genki’s campiness, which started with its angry-emoji logo and continued with bright booths, wild interior design and a custom ordering program designed with Japanese users in mind.

Magic Touch, by contrast, is all-around sleeker, with a subtle color scheme, DIY (from a spout at your table) hot green tea and a simpler tablet menu (which automatically ends the train back after you take your food off — no need to press a button!). It all makes the bullet train delivery seem less like a gimmick and more like a crucial part of the future-of-sushi experience.

It also makes for fewer distractions from the food itself, which runs an extensive menu designed to clearly represent the peak of the mashup — and what could be more naturally for the soulfulness intact.

Broken Spanish May Have the Best Happy Hour in Downtown Los Angeles

The high-low culture of Los Angeles is particularly apparent in its restaurants these days, where chefs are honoring home-style cooking by adding comfort-food elements to their menus, perhaps bringing some gastronomic flair to the dishes but keeping the soulfulness intact.

Broken Spanish is a perfect example of the trend: an expensive, beautiful, award-winning restaurant that serves fried chicken, waffles and rabbit meatballs. In fact, those dishes are highlights of the happy hour menu at the bar, which is also playing around with crowd-pleasing recipes.

The current drink menu is a bit of a Mexico/tiki hybrid — and what could be more L.A. than that? Mezcal features prominently, as well as made-in-Mexico versions of ingredients more often associated with other countries, such as rum and bitters.

The tiki element comes from the liberal use of fruit and the relatively complicated layering involved in just about every drink on the menu. The Tranquiler might represent the peak of the mashup: cachaça, Mexican rum, Cynar, coconut cream, orgeat and lime. Plus it comes with a drink umbrella.

It’s a big drink, too. You’ll probably wind up staying for dinner. Good thing tiki cocktails are a great antidote to spicy food.

—Katherine Spiers

1050 S Flower St, downtown. (213) 749-1460, brokenspanish.com.
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**FRI 6/23**

**BOOKS**

**XX Marks the Spot**

The name Jonathan Goldsmith might not immediately ring a bell, but his TV persona — the “Most Interesting Man in the World” — in a long-running series of commercials for Dos Equis — perhaps does. You know, from the TV ads that claim “his charm is so contagious, you will never forget him.” On Friday, Goldsmith discusses his new book, *Stay Interesting: I Don’t Always Tell Stories About My Life, But When I Do They’re True and Amazing*. The 78-year-old writes that he was practically living out of his truck when he auditioned for the part of the suave, older man, which he landed by mimicking Fernando Lamas. Goldsmith played the role for 10 years and became so popular he was invited to President Obama’s 50th birthday party at Camp David and had celebrity fans like Michael Jordan asking for his autograph. In his memoir, Goldsmith recounts how he spent decades as a struggling actor in Los Angeles and New York, his friendship with Dustin Hoffman, affairs with one of Groucho Marx’s wives and Gilligan’s Island’s Tina Louise, and even that time he dated Judy Garland. “Suicide Is Painless” loves films like *Star Wars* and *A Clockwork Orange* and has been a household name like Disney, but the Japanese animation studio has amassed legions of dedicated fans who commit suicide. For this visit, the parody of a parody known as Suicide Girls: Blackheart Burlesque hits the stage to fill your eyes and ears with campy set pieces loaded with an array of moving stories, fantastical characters and visual whimsy. These aren’t your parents’ cartoons, though. Beloved films like *My Neighbor Totoro*, *Princess Mononoke* and *Spirited Away* have an emotional and narrative maturity that has made them popular with children and adults alike. “Cute culture” shop JapanLA is hosting a monthlong *Studio Ghibli* Pop-up featuring a wide array of Ghibli merch, plus limited-edition enamel pins and jackets. There’s also a Totoro photo booth, so you can pose with everyone’s favorite oval-shaped cat-owl-raccoon creature. Organizers recommend arriving well before the 11 a.m. opening time, as they will be giving out tickets to only the first 800 people in line. *JapanLA*, 7320½ Melrose Ave., Fairfax; Sat., June 24, 11 a.m.-8 p.m.; free. (323) 934-5201, facebook.com/events/769244469910420.

**FOOD & DRINK**

**Get Lucky**

Assuming you didn’t party too hard on Friday night or you just want to get your Saturday night started very early, Resident in downtown L.A. hosts daytime dance party *Daft Brunch*. While guest DJs spin a selection of French house, disco and, naturally, the music of masked electro duo Daft Punk, you can nosh on a burrito or scramble from KTCHN DTLA’s all-day eggs menu and then dance it all away in time for dinner. Resident, 428 S. Hewitt St., downtown; Sat., June 24, 7:30 p.m.; $34-$125. (213) 972-0711, musiccenter.org/eifman. – Ann Haskins

**Burlesque**

**Suicide Is Painless**

By, for and about geeks, basically, the Suicide Girls reclaim the body for themselves and like-minded misfits everywhere. The parody of a parody known as Suicide Girls: Blackheart Burlesque hits the stage to fill your eyes and ears with campy set pieces loaded with an array of moving stories, fantastical characters and visual whimsy. These aren’t your parents’ cartoons, though. Beloved films like *My Neighbor Totoro*, *Princess Mononoke* and *Spirited Away* have an emotional and narrative maturity that has made them popular with children and adults alike. “Cute culture” shop JapanLA is hosting a monthlong *Studio Ghibli* Pop-up featuring a wide array of Ghibli merch, plus limited-edition enamel pins and jackets. There’s also a Totoro photo booth, so you can pose with everyone’s favorite oval-shaped cat-owl-raccoon creature. Organizers recommend arriving well before the 11 a.m. opening time, as they will be giving out tickets to only the first 800 people in line. *JapanLA*, 7320½ Melrose Ave., Fairfax; Sat., June 24, 11 a.m.-8 p.m.; free. (323) 934-5201, facebook.com/events/769244469910420.

– Matt Stromberg

**Teragram Ballroom, 1234 W. Seventh St., Westlake; Sat., June 24, 9 p.m. (doors 8 p.m.); $26-$486. (213) 689-9100, teragramballroom.com. – John Payne**

**Teragram Ballroom, 1234 W. Seventh St., Westlake; Sat., June 24, 9 p.m. (doors 8 p.m.); $26-$486. (213) 689-9100, teragramballroom.com. – John Payne**

**DANCE**

**From Russia With Love**

Tortured souls are among choreographer Boris Eifman’s favorite subjects, and to whom to build sensual, even downright erotic ballets for his splendid dancers. On prior visits, Eifman and his *Ballet of St. Petersburg* have focused on a Soviet-era ballerina who went mad; sculptor Claudine Claudel, muse/mistress of Auguste Rodin, who went mad; and other troubled souls including Anna Karenina, the Tolstoy protagonist who commits suicide. For this visit, the choreographer’s subject is a historic Russian man. *Tchaikovsky*, Eifman takes on the Russian composer whose life has previously been mined in pop culture creations such as Ken Russell’s 1970 film *The Music Lovers*, a fever dream about the lushious music that emerged from the composer’s troubled life, hellacious marriage and early death, possibly by compelled suicide. Whether or not Eifman is Russell’s match, there’s still all that swoony Tchaikovsky music. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., downtown; Fri.-Sat., June 23-24, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., June 25, 2 p.m.; $34-$125. (213) 972-0711, musiccenter.org/eifman. – Ann Haskins

**SAT 6/24**

**Japanese Animation**

The parody of a parody known as Suicide Girls: Blackheart Burlesque hits the stage to fill your eyes and ears with campy set pieces loaded with an array of moving stories, fantastical characters and visual whimsy. These aren’t your parents’ cartoons, though. Beloved films like *My Neighbor Totoro*, *Princess Mononoke* and *Spirited Away* have an emotional and narrative maturity that has made them popular with children and adults alike. “Cute culture” shop JapanLA is hosting a monthlong *Studio Ghibli* Pop-up featuring a wide array of Ghibli merch, plus limited-edition enamel pins and jackets. There’s also a Totoro photo booth, so you can pose with everyone’s favorite oval-shaped cat-owl-raccoon creature. Organizers recommend arriving well before the 11 a.m. opening time, as they will be giving out tickets to only the first 800 people in line. *JapanLA*, 7320½ Melrose Ave., Fairfax; Sun., June 25, 11 a.m.-8 p.m.; free. (323) 934-5201, facebook.com/events/769244469910420.

– Matt Stromberg

**SUN 6/25**

**Nostalgia**

Off to the Races

The first pinewood derby was held at a Manhattan Beach Cub Scout lodge in 1953, beginning a beloved American tradition of racing small, homemade wooden cars, originally crafted from pine. This summer, Golden Road Brewing has come up with an adult twist on this event: the inaugural *Golden Road Beer Can Pinewood Derby*. For $25, entrants will receive a kit, a shirt and a six-pack of beer ($15 without the kit) from which to fashion their vehicle. Each car must feature elements of a beer can, so you may need to put back a few before you get it right. Prizes will be awarded for speed and style, so build the fastest or most original rig and you might just win a one-year beer club membership, a tasting and tour or a swag bag. It’s not just about having a fun day at the races, however; it’s also about giving back to the community, as 100 percent of the proceeds will go to My Friend’s Place, a charity that supports homeless youth. *Golden Road Brewing*, 5410 W. San Fernando Road, Atwater Village; Sun., June 25, 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; $15-$25 entry fee.
Hold the Cheese

Do you love mac and cheese? Are you also a vegan? Well, you may just be in luck. Mac Down L.A. (which is actually in Pasadena) hosts eight cooks in its quest to create the best vegan macaroni and cheese on the planet. The contestants aren’t all full-time chefs, but they’re all known in the health/wellness/raised-consciousness arena. Attendees will get to taste the entries and vote for their favorite. It’s a pretty good deal, price-wise, since vegan food vendors will be at the event, handing out free samples of their products. DJ Veg-O will perform.

Shumei Hall, 2430 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena; Sun., June 25, 11:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m.; $8. eventbrite.com/e/mac-down-la-tickets-34872513627. —Katherine Spiers

Body Talk

Since her book of essays, Bad Feminist, was released in 2014, Roxane Gay has shaped conversations on a variety of topics, from feminism to right-wing firebrand Milo Yiannopoulos. (Gay famously pulled the aforementioned book from Simon & Schuster when the publisher offered Yiannopoulos an enormous book deal.) In her new book, Hunger: A Memoir of (My) Body, Gay discusses her lifelong struggles with food in the wake of childhood sexual abuse and her own self-image. Tonight, she appears in conversation with Call Your Girlfriend podcast co-host Ann Friedman.

Aratani Theater, Japanese American Cultural and Community Center, 244 S. San Pedro St., Little Tokyo; Mon., June 26, 6:30 p.m.; $32-$55. (213) 628-2725, lfla.org/event/evening-roxane-gay. —David Cotner

Free Smells

Since 2014, the Institute for Art and Olfaction has hosted an awards ceremony to recognize the preeminent names and organizations in fragrance creation. Creations by perfumers from all over the world are available for sniffing at the IAO’s Art and Olfaction Awards Finalists: Smelling Party. This year’s winning concoctions have names such as Bruise Violet, Altruist and Fathom V. If the aromas aren’t sufficiently intoxicating, there will also be beer and wine for quaffing.

The Institute for Art and Olfaction, 932 Chung King Road, Chinatown; Tue., June 27, 6-8 p.m.; free. (213) 616-1744, artandolfaction.com. —Gwynedd Stuart
COMEDY

Buddy System

One of the best characters created by famed Canadian comedy troupe The Kids in the Hall was Buddy Cole, a gay, ascot-wearing, cocktail-sipping raconteur with a blond pompadour, who claimed Oscar Wilde stole from him, and who sat on a barstool delivering bitty monologues about everything from racism and gay marriage to the Great White North. (“Americans know as much about Canada as straight people do about gays.”) More than 20 years after the series ended, actor Scott Thompson has periodically resurrected his alter ego in one-man shows; Kids reunions; a 1998 parody memoir, Buddy Babylon: The Autobiography of Buddy Cole; and, most recently, as a correspondent from the 2014 Sochi Winter Olympics for The Colbert Report, in which he reported on Russia’s anti-gay laws. Still bitter, Cole will doubt rant about Trump and whatever else has him currently incensed. UCB Franklin, 5319 Franklin Ave., Hollywood; Wed., June 28, 8 p.m.; $7. (323) 908-8702, franklin.ucbtheatre.com

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1940: Fantasia Original Zeus/Pastoral Symphony pastel concept artwork
Estimate: $2,500 - $3,500

ART

Cig City

One exhibit, one night, one theme: Nick Cave smoking. “Lethal Amounts Presents Nick Cave Smoking” is a collection of photographs of goth’s sharpest dressed man doing just that. Inspired by a blog post Lethal Amounts ran last year, and curated by gallery-founder Danny Fuentes with Andi Harriman and Hannah Nance Partlow, the display features some 40 color and black-and-white images by 15 photographers, dating back to the late 1970s. Shots by the likes of Ed Colver, Dave Corio, Polly Borland and David Arnoff capture the singer indulging in his favorite vice, whether he’s onstage, surrounded by books or sitting in a bathtub. For fans not going to Cave’s sold-out show at the Ace Theatre tonight, this will be like a secondhand thrill, or secondhand smoke, but without the health risks. Segovia Hall at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Wed., June 28, 6:30-10:30 p.m.; free. (213) 623-3233, acehotel.com/calendar/losangeles/lethal-amounts-presents-nick-cave-smoking. —Siran Babayan

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COMEDY

True North

Canada turns 150 on July 1. Before you express indifference, remember that our nonfrontonational northern neighbors have given us such comedic legends as Lorne Michaels, SCTV, The Kids in the Hall, Trailer Park Boys and half of Cheech and Chong. Yes, blame them. To celebrate, the Comedy Store’s annual Canada Day show, the largest such event in town, hosts a special Canada’s 150th Birthday Comedy Bash, featuring host Angelo Tsurouchas and fellow Canadian-born comics Russell Peters, Ara Basil, Kristeen Von Hagen, Darrin Rose, Lisa Gay Tremblay, Dylan Mendelson, Renee Percy, Eric Johnson, Tracy McDonald, Christina Walkinshaw, and Jeremy Hotz, who once joked that Americans are the “most un-Canadian people you’ve ever met.” The Comedy Store, 8433 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; Thu., June 29, 8 p.m.; $20. (323) 650-6268, hollywood.comedy.store.com. —Siran Babayan

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A UCLA meth clinical trial may be able to help. UCLA is conducting a clinical trial to find out if an anti-inflammatory medication can help patients to stop or reduce their meth use, and improve mental functioning, by reducing toxic brain inflammation caused by meth. Counseling, study medication, and compensation are included in this 18-week outpatient clinical trial. Interested in learning more?

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UCLA Meth Clinical Trial

UCLA Research Study

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For more information contact the UCLA CARE Center at careoutreach@mednet.ucla.edu or via phone 310-557-9067

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.

For more information contact the UCLA CARE Center at careoutreach@mednet.ucla.edu or via phone 310-557-9067
A SWEAT DREAM

Pony Sweat, a “fiercely noncompetitive” workout dance party, may be the future of fitness in L.A.

BY CATHERINE WOMACK

You know those superhuman magic people who love to exercise, gluten when they sweat and leave every workout with a healthy, beautiful glow? I am the opposite of that.

The last time I went to a dance aerobics class, I swore I’d never go back. Giant wall-length mirrors and harsh fluorescent lights are not my friends (are they anyone’s?). No matter how hard I tried to hide in the back of the room behind the good dancers, I couldn’t escape disheartening glimpses of my reflection, my siren-red face and awkward, jerky moves mocking me with every beat. Since then, I’ve limited my dance-cardio sessions to the safe confines of my apartment. I decided Robyn is right when she sings “Dancing on My Own”: Solitude is best when tackling heart rate–raising turns.

“I see you, girl,” Emilia Richeson tells me when I explain my dance-class phobias. “I grew up really unathletic,” she continues. “I was a theater nerd. I took piano lessons. I could never run the mile. I was terrified of sports, mostly because I was just scared of doing something wrong. I never felt safe moving through the discomfort.”

Now in her early 30s, Richeson has tackled her fitness fears and transformed into a strong, contagiously energetic dance aerobics instructor. In 2014 she launched a new kind of dance class/fitness experience called Pony Sweat, a “fiercely noncompetitive” group class that is more free-spirited, living-room dance party than polished Hollywood workout. What began as a once-a-week hobby has morphed into a part-time job for Richeson, whose accessible, $10 classes are rapidly increasing in popularity. This week she released her first full-length (free!) Pony Sweat video on YouTube.

Richeson gets a little emotional when she talks about Pony Sweat’s origins. Everything about the class — the music, the moves, the encouraging, inclusive vibe — is a product of her passion and personal experience.

“I love music so much,” Richeson says. “It’s been such a strong identifier for me. When I was young and growing up in rural Vermont, music was how I connected. I was an adolescent. I was queer. The only queers, the only punks, the only freaks I knew were the people that were singing and playing the music I listened to.”

The goth, post-punk and Riot Grrrl music Richeson loved as a teen dominates the soundtracks that accompany her catchy routines. Each month she puts together a new mixtape and, at home in her bedroom, develops dance steps to her favorite songs. (This month’s playlist features music by Goldfrapp, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Nine Inch Nails, Grace Jones and The Cure, Richeson’s all-time favorite band.)

Richeson got serious about aerobics in her late 20s with the help of an instructor at a treatment center. As she let go of her fears and learned to move her body in new ways, she discovered that exercise helped her with depression and anxiety. She had always been self-conscious about how much she sweat when she worked out, but at the treatment center’s aerobics classes, she embraced her body’s profuse, salty release.

“I SWEAT A LOT WHEN I EXERCISE. BUT I FEEL REALLY GOOD AFTERWARD. IT’S NOT ABOUT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE. IT’S ABOUT WHAT IT FEELS LIKE.”

—EMILIA RICHESON

“You can’t avoid discomfort forever or your life becomes totally fucking unmanageable,” she says. “I finally got to a point of desperation where I stopped giving a fuck about being perfect or looking a certain way. I sweat a lot when I exercise. But I feel really good afterward. It’s not about what it looks like. It’s about what it feels like.”

In 2014, her friends urged her to rent a space and lead them in a dance aerobics session once a week.

Beyond Instagram and word-of-mouth, Richeson hasn’t really marketed her Pony Sweat classes. She calls her students “ponies” and has created such a strong bond with them that they keep bringing their friends to class, steadily increasing her fold. She now teaches six classes a week at three locations, some so popular she ends up turning people away at the door because she runs out of floor space.

It was two of Richeson’s enthusiastic ponies who made her new artsy, gritty video a reality, and a group of dedicated ponies who star in it alongside her. The video was shot in just two days in the studio where the punk/indie rock children’s television show Pancake Mountain is filmed. It was the perfect location for a grown-up punk kid to dance her heart out with her friends and students.

“It is basically my dream come true to dance to Siouxsie and the Banshees with a bunch of kind-hearted people,” Richeson says. “The most rewarding part is when I feel like we’re all in it together, when the ponies are connecting with each other and taking care of each other. I just want everyone to feel included, regardless of their experience level.”

After talking with Richeson, I was excited to experience Pony Sweat but still a little hesitant about tackling a group aerobics class, no matter how cool the playlist or encouraging the instructor.

On a recent Wednesday morning at the Sweat Spot in Silver Lake, things started OK. The soft yellow lights were dimmed. Nobody seemed to be paying much attention to the mirror, which was partially hidden by a friendly, industrial-sized fan.

I felt pretty good about things as I stomped my feet in warm-up mode to Depeche Mode’s “Personal Jesus.” It’s actually hard not to have fun jumping around while Lady Gaga and Beyoncé belt out “Telephone.” It wasn’t until somewhere in the middle of Mew’s “Water Slides” that my concentration, stamina and willpower waned and I started to panic. Richeson was energetic, encouraging the class with high-pitched screams of “Fuck the moves!”

“Fuck you!” I thought to myself. I was still desperately trying to keep up, tripping over my own feet as I sashayed in the wrong direction. Again.

And then there it was: the familiar pulsing bass line of Robyn’s “Dancing on My Own.” Richeson was still running around unbridled abandon, darting above the music, “Fuck the movesssssss!!!”

“OK,” I thought. “Fuck the moves.” I embraced the mantra, let go and ran in place as fast as I could, singing the familiar words of the song to myself. I quickly realized that nobody cared whether I was following the steps or what I looked like. Everyone was just having a really good time dancing to music they love. Actually, I was, too. I even smiled when I saw my reflection in the mirror. In that moment I was just one of Richeson’s weird, sweaty little ponies, following our fearless leader as we danced on our own, together.
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| Arts // Art Picks // |

WOMAN O’ WAR

SWISS ARTIST MAI-THU PERRET HAS PUT AN ARMY OF WOMAN WARRIORS ON A PEDESTAL

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, amateur cartographers map whiteness and a festive cemetery springs up in Arlington Heights.

Wonder women

You have to look up at the female warriors in Mai-Thu Perret’s show “Féminaire” at David Kordansky Gallery. Standing on chest-high white plinths, they’re a motley bunch. One, made of papier-mâché and fabric and wearing camouflage, sits beside her dog. Another has dark, glazed ceramic limbs and stands with legs apart. Some hold colored plastic guns. Perret, based in Geneva, calls these sculpted warriors Les guérillères after the 1969 novel by French feminist Monique Wittig. In the novel, a war between the sexes rages, and the females, helped by some sympathetic men, fight and live almost euphorically: They tell secrets that “provoke full-throated laughter,” “leap onto paths” and sing to goddesses. Perret’s warriors, in contrast, appear more on guard, perhaps not as certain they will win whatever battle approaches. 3301 W. Edgewood Place, Mid-Wilshire; through July 1. (310) 586-3030, davidkordanskygallery.com.

Third-world comeback

Ever since Ana Mendieta’s 1985 death and ever since her husband, sculptor Carl Andre, was acquitted of her murder, friends and supporters have protested Andre’s museum exhibitions. Many still believe Andre played a role in Mendieta’s 34-story fall from a New York apartment and also want to ensure Mendieta’s art isn’t marginalized. Since the Andre retrospective opened at MOCA’s Geffen Contemporary in April, artists around the city have made an effort to pay tribute to Mendieta. In 1969, the Cuban-born artist curated an exhibition called “Dialectics of Isolation: An Exhibition of Third World Women Artists of the United States,” which explored how women of color could engage with a whiter, wealthier feminist mainstream. This weekend, four artists — dancers Rebeca Hernandez and Crystal Sepúlveda and performance artists Angie Jennings and Artemisa Clark — will do their own one-night show, Dialectics of Isolation, paying homage to Mendieta through performances that explore belonging and not belonging. 410 Cottage Home St., Chinatown; Fri., June 23, 7 p.m.; free. humanresourcesla.com.

Games in the graveyard

The Paris tombstone shared by philosophers Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir has lipstick kiss marks all over it, left by adoring fans. It looks quite whimsical in contrast with the seriousness of the minimal, off-white stone. In Lorien Stern’s show at Och projects, a series of ceramic tombstones offers comparable levity. One stone has a leaping pomy on it. Another is painted to resemble a watermelon, little black seeds floating across its front and back. Oversized flowers, a duck and a laughing black-and-white alligator share space with the tombstones — it’s like a cemetery merged with a mini-golf course. 3301 W. Washington Blvd., Arlington Heights; through July 2. ochprojects.com.

Grab-colored silhouettes

Rosha Yaghmai titled her current show at Kayne Griffin Corcoran “The Courtyard,” inviting viewers to stay a while. The lit benches in the middle of the room make it possible for one to sit and stare indefinitely at the weird, human-sized silicone curtains Yaghmai has hung from steel hooks. A mostly blue sheet of silicone called Imitation Crab features a pinkish-orange rectangle at its center, which projects pinkish-orange light onto the wall behind it. The material it’s crafted from — the same stuff used to make, for instance, breast implants — has such a bodily, fleshy quality that it’s hard to resist the urge to touch. The show includes a series of stand-alone totems, all called Pipe because each consists of resin-encrusted found objects attached to rusty pipes. A clear sheet of resin with multicolored corrective lenses embedded in it casually hangs over one pipe’s bent top. 1201 S. La Brea Ave., Mid-Wilshire; through July 8. (310) 586-6886, kaynegrinncorcoran.com.

Cartography for consciousness-raising

European-made maps have for centuries positioned the north upward, an unnecessary convention (north doesn’t have to be up) that ensures Europe always remained literally on top. Racial and cultural bias have influenced map-making in countless other ways (depicting the continent of Africa, for instance, as smaller than it really is). So why not make maps of bias and its effects? At the Women’s Center for Creative Work, the group called the School of Otherness will offer a workshop on “mapping whiteness.” They’ll briefly contextualize whiteness historically and present certain map-making strategies, and then participants will work on their own cartographic experiments. Supplies are provided and no cartography experience is required. 2425 Glover Place, Elysian Valley; Sat., June 24, 2-5 p.m.; free. womenscenterfor creativework.com.
FOUR-LETTER WORD
Giovanni Adams’ autobiographical solo show Love Is a Dirty Word is a profound journey

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

There are so many fine elements in Giovanni Adams’ autobiographical solo show Love Is a Dirty Word that it’s hard to decide which to mention first: the cadenced flow of his beautifully detailed, 80-minute spoken-word poem, the open and disarming manner of his delivery or the production’s flawless pacing under Becca Wolff’s accomplished direction.

The piece relays Adams’ journey from his childhood as the scion of a resolute mom and a charismatic dad in Jackson, Mississippi, up through his arrival in Hollywood, via Yale, where he first intimates his attraction to men and begins to come to terms with the conflicts and doubts besiegling a Christian person of color on his road to manhood.

Adams’ first anecdote is a recollection of sitting in a pool of soapy water, bathed and embraced by a loving father, who later goes to prison and eventually disappears from the boy’s life altogether, leaving Adams’ strong and capable but love-hankering mother to raise two little boys on her own.

His grandmother emerges so clearly you almost see her — a devout Christian woman who hums hymns and mixes metaphors in the parables she uses to impart her counsel for surviving in a hurtful world. Grandma scrubs toilets in white people’s homes for a living, sustained by reveries of a future place in the Kingdom of Heaven, represented by an image of a black Jesus displayed prominently on the wall of her neat and tidy home. Then there’s Larry, the hand-some man who moves in with Adams’ mom and, imposing order, becomes a second father, until he too fades out of the family’s lives.

One of the distinguishing aspects of this narrative is the embracing of life that emanates from its telling, despite the painful experiences of the narrator, who struggled through much of his boyhood with epithets such as “sissy,” and innuendo from various family members that he somehow needed to develop more manliness.

The performance would have impressed even without Rachel Myers’ artful, eye-catching set design, but having it there lends down-home context to the story. Designer Derrick McDaniel’s lighting is likewise nuanced and enhancing, while the musical interludes effected by guitarist and music arranger Arturo Lopez add another lovely thread to this profound, poetic yarn.

**LOVE IS A DIRTY WORD | VS. Theatre, 5453 W. Pico Blvd., Mid-Wilshire Through July 15 | (323) 739-4411 brownpapertickets.com/event/2351780**
INTENSIVE CARING

The Big Sick finds laughs and insight at a hospital bedside

BY BILGE EBIRI

The pitch for The Big Sick might sound like a tacky weepie you’d have been afraid to watch on TV in the 1990s. But it’s hard to do justice to the balancing act that the creators of this singular comedy have achieved. Based on events in the life of star Kumail Nanjiani (who co-wrote the screenplay with wife Emily V. Gordon), it starts as a lighthearted, freewheeling opposites-attract rom-com and then heads into surprisingly grim territory — without ever betraying its wild sense of humor.

Nanjiani plays himself, a struggling comic and Uber driver; the exceptional Zoe Kazan plays Emily, a psychiatry student. At first, their common challenge is a mutual antipathy toward long-term relationships. She’s busy and divorced; he’s from an immigrant family that keeps trying to set him up with young, eligible Pakistani women. After they become an item, Kumail continues not to tell his parents about the new love in his life, which in turn leads to a nasty breakup with Emily. Then, suddenly, she’s in the emergency room with a bad case of the flu, and Kumail is the only one around to be by her side.

Her condition worsens, and a doctor asks him to sign a form allowing her to be put into a medically induced coma. Soon, Emily’s parents (Ray Romano and Holly Hunter, both fantastic) come to town. Trouble is, unlike Kumail, Emily shares everything with her parents, and her mom and dad have heard all about what a dick this young man has been to their daughter. The excruciating period of waiting that ensues forces Kumail and the parents together, even as Emily lies perilously close to death and needs more and more medical intervention.

Even after it becomes a story about a person in a coma, the film is hilarious — I daresay it gets even funnier. Director Michael Showalter and Nanjiani and Gordon find bracing, unpredictable humor in the spectacle of an ex-boyfriend and two harried parents stuck together in the most awkward circumstances. At one point, Kumail invites the skeptical parents to watch his stand-up act; when a racist bro heckles him from the audience, Emily’s mom suddenly leaps to Kumail’s defense — the defense of the man who broke her daughter’s heart — and all hell breaks loose. This bizarrely funny moment of solidarity and horror might be cheap in another context; here, it seems dead-on, because the filmmakers never lose sight of their characters’ real suffering. If anything, that suffering — the unthinkable anxiety of worrying you might lose your child — heightens the absurdity. The cast helps tremendously. Nanjiani proves that a filmmaker can get away with any tonal shift, any kind of joke, so long as the focus remains on people.

The Big Sick was produced by Judd Apatow, and it shares with some of his recent films an attempt to break out of the bubble of improvisatory comic fancy and locate itself amid the messiness of real life. (Even the very direct title has an Apatowian echo, a plainness to match his own.) And, not unlike some other Apatow productions, it has its soggy moments. The various bits of (probably improvised) banter between Nanjiani and his fellow stand-up comics are pretty funny at first but grow tiresome. Still, those are minor concerns. For most of its running time, The Big Sick astutely pulls you between the twin poles of agony and glee.

THE BIG SICK | Directed by Michael Showalter
Written by Emily V. Gordon and Kumail Nanjiani
Amazon Studios and Lionsgate
Landmark, ArcLight Hollywood, Century City,
AMC Fallbrook, L.A. LIVE

SOFIA COPPOLA’S THE BEGUILED SKIMS THE CIVIL WAR PAST

Since her feature debut, The Virgin Suicides (1999), Sofia Coppola has ranked among the finest distillers of mood (especially languor) and milieu. Those qualities abound in The Beguiled, her sixth film, an adaptation of Thomas Cullinan’s Civil War–set novel of the same name. This Beguiled is restrained, composed, clement. This is not always a compliment.

Its action confined primarily to a Greek-revival mansion that houses a girls school in the deep South — where repressed desire hangs heavy in the air — The Beguiled opens with one of the few scenes to take place outdoors. Pigtailed pee-wee naturalist Amy (Oona Laurence), one of the institution’s charges, encounters the unexpected while picking mushrooms: a wounded Union soldier, Cpl. John McBurney (Colin Farrell), bleeding under an oak tree that drips with Spanish moss. She leads the enemy combatant back to her academy, presided over by Miss Martha Farnsworth (Nicole Kidman), a hard-praying Christian who reluctantly agrees to take in the blue-belly.

After stitching up McBurney’s purifying wound, Miss Martha installs him in the music room, where he soon becomes the object of fascination for all seven of the school’s residents. The headmistress continues to minister to her newest resident, her wet sponge shown in close-up as she inches it closer to his groin. The recuperating soldier’s other frequent visitors include dispirited instructor Edwina (Kirsten Dunst) and Alicia (Elle Fanning), the eldest of the pupils and the most carnally curious and assured.

Coppola and her cinematographer, Philippe Le Sourd, forgo ornate, unhinged visuals for simpler beauty: shafts of sunlight, candles illuminating a celebratory feast. Still, McBurney may suffer grievous bodily harm, but Coppola’s movie never breaks the skin.

—Melissa Anderson

THE BEGUILED | Written and directed by Sofia Coppola | Focus Features
ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark
Building A Badder End Times

ANA LILY AMIRPOUR'S THE BAD BATCH OFFERS A TIMELY, INVENTIVE APOCALYPSE

BY APRIL WOLFE

Ana Lily Amirpour’s comic post-apocalyptic action-drama offers little explanation of what exactly its “bad batch” is, or how the members of its motley, unfortunate tribe of humans wound up banished to a desert wasteland. Instead, Amirpour’s instinct is to let her scenes speak for themselves. The Bad Batch needs no lengthy setup because its premise is already vivid in our collective imaginations — it’s the waking nightmare of what America could become, a worst-case scenario in which all the president’s promises have been fulfilled, and undesirables are banished to godforsaken places ravaged by climate change and climbing temperatures. Somehow, Amirpour’s film is also funny.

Arlen is almost immediately kidnapped by a band of survivalists, bodybuilding cannibals. A slow-motion shot follows a man’s muscular, Speedo-clad butt through a Crossfit jungle gym inhabited by sun-baked gladiators and their downtrodden, limbless human feasts. Arlen loses a lower leg and an arm that first day, but she’s a crafty survivor and escapes the camp. A homeless wanderer delivers her to the makeshift town of Comfort. Meanwhile, the girl’s father, Miami Man (Jason Momoa) — named for the tattoo across his chest — comes looking for his lost little girl, whom Arlen has lost after an LSD trip gone awry. A cult leader (Keanu Reeves) guarded by pregnant, gun-toting women in shirts reading “The Dream Is Inside Me” has taken the girl for his growing harem. Sound like a complicated mouthful? It is. But no matter how confounding the story gets, details and humor ground the narrative, and a simple guiding premise about the importance of human connection and artistic expression fills in the blanks. Arlen and Miami Man may be enemies in this world, but they’re the only people who actually care about anyone or anything. It’s a rare depiction of mutual, platonic love — or something like it, at least.

Despite the star power involved in this project, there’s something wonderfully lo-fi about all of it. Amirpour’s inventive, less-is-more aesthetic shows up the usual CGI wastelands. She also doesn’t seem to give a shit about exposition, that habit of explaining every premise to death. As in her debut, Home Alone at Night, she lets the pictures do her talking.
IN TIMES LIKE THESE, SEE A MOVIE ABOUT LOVE AND HUMANITY


MAUDIE

The New York Times Critics' Pick
“SALLY HAWKINS AND ETHAN HAWKE, A BEAUTIFULLY MATCHED PAIR WHO OPEN UP TWO CLOSED PEOPLE, UNLEASHING TORRENTS OF FEELING.”

“ACHIEVES A GENUINE GRACE AND CONSIDERABLE POIGNANCY. HAWKINS BRINGS AN ECCENTRIC TO VIVID LIFE WITH PRECISION AND SOUL.”

- Robert Abele, LOS ANGELES TIMES

VIEW THE TRAILER AT WWW.MAUDIEMOVIE.COM

STUNNING.
FUSES OUTRAGEOUS GENRE PASTICHE WITH A COLORFUL HOMEGROWN UNIVERSE.

- INDIEWIRE

MOKA

Though it’s a phlegmatic, sometimes stumbling thriller, Moka, directed and co-written by Frédéric Mermoud, still has its share of gripping suspense. These tense moments arise not from any plot machinations but from the anticipation of the next exquisitely calibrated response by Emmanuelle Devos, the film’s star, who appears in every scene. She plays Diane, a grief-sick woman determined to find the driver who killed her subsistence son in a hit-and-run six months ago. A private detective has traced the automobile — an old, little car with a faded coffee color — to Évian, the French town that’s a ferry ride away from the home in Lausanne, Switzerland, where Diane’s semi-strangled husband awaits her return. Diane has abandoned all bourgeois stability, bunking down in hotels or in her car’s back seat; her life is organized solely by her monomaniacal pursuit. Diane is a quiet, subdued, unassuming woman, vivified by Devos’ arsenal of infinitesimal gestures and physical responses; few performers share her skill at inhabiting long stretches of silence so absorbingly. The planes of the actress’s wide, square face and her enormous, Bondi-blue eyes give Devos a satiric mien, one that’s immensely helpful in establishing Diane’s demeanor. But beneath that exterior, an expressive melancholy, more fervid instincts — revenge, bloodlust — churn. As Diane seeks to fulfill those urges, though, Moka, based on Tatiana de Rosnay’s 2009 novel, becomes cluttered and somewhat incoherent. Its resolution owes more to syrupy maternal melodrama than to the Highsmithian mood aimed for (and sometimes achieved) in earlier scenes. (Melissa Anderson)

MY JOURNEY THROUGH FRENCH CINEMA (VOYAGE À TRAVERS LE CINÉMA FRANÇAIS) The key word in the title is My. Bertrand Tavernier’s three-hours-and-change film essay is not a history lesson. It’s an invitation to take a seat next to a renowned director as he shares the movies that mean something to him. We begin in Tavernier’s childhood, during WWII. In Lyon, his father, publisher René Tavernier, hides refugees in the family home. The doc concludes just as Tavernier is about to graduate from his position as Rome-Paris Films’ press liaison to become a director in his own right. That journey is inexorably linked with the films he watched along the way. Tavernier isn’t interested in delineating historical context. There are other places to learn the ins and outs of the post-Vichy collaborator purges in the French film industry, or why Cinémathèque co-founder Henri Langlois got sacked in 1968. Tavernier would rather share anecdotes about actors, directors and composers, nipping around the edges of his subject. This leads to his film’s principal frustration, which takes about an hour to reveal itself: There seems to be no larger point. I’m not sure “isn’t this great?” passes muster as a thesis. Still, there are fascinating observations at every turn, some specific, such as examinations of how French movies differ from those in their Hollywood counterparts, or how even the most basic film grammar, the shot–reverse shot, can exude elegance when crafted by a master. The juicier second half represents Tavernier’s years working as an assistant to a director in his own right. The key word in the title is My. (Daphne Howland)

NOBODY SPEAK: TRIALS OF THE FREE PRESS None of the three major media stories that Brian Knappenberger explores in his film has the documentary Nobody Speak: Trials of the Free Press gets the in-depth coverage it deserves, and that’s by design. Knappenberger uses it to exhibit the anti-democratic ideology of venture capitalist Peter Thiel. This case takes up an hour of the 93-minute documentary, and Knappenberger (The Internet’s Own Boy: The Story of Aaron Swartz) methodically presents all the players who would collide in that Florida courtroom, building to the revelation that Thiel bankrolled Hogan’s libel suit against Gawker. The final half-hour exposes another secret deal between Republican kingmaker Sheldon Adelson’s acquisition of Nevada’s largest newspaper, the Las Vegas Review-Journal. Knappenberger also revisits Donald Trump’s rallies, where the then-candidate propagated violent hostility toward members of the media and the institutions they represent. United in their disdain for First Amendment freedom of the press, the conservative billionaires and their instigator-in-chief have big plans to remake society, and they don’t like being challenged by pesky reporters. Knappenberger views these men as commanding and vindictive, threatening to silence noble, besieged, hardworking, truth-telling journalists. There’s no self-reflective media criticism in Nobody Speak, only the simple plea for Americans to resolutely support journalism, in both principle and practice. (Bilge Eribi)

rippedit: There are two silvers of potentially interesting ideas underlying Ripped. First, there’s its co-director and writer Brad Epstein’s ambition to combine stoner comedy with a time-travel yarn. Two slackers in 1986, Harris (Russell Peters) and Reeves (Faison Love), suddenly find themselves in 2016 after inhaling some CIA bred, top-secret marijuana. And then there’s its fantastical twist on Judd Apatow’s usual case stories of arrested development: Though Harris and Reeves have lost 30 years of their lives, they still act like horny teenagers in the present, making them literal, rather than just psychologically, man-children. But Apatow’s bros, for all their flaws, generally exude more charm than this insufferable pair, with their rampant self-interest and pen-
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JUSTIN CHANG, LOS ANGELES TIMES

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STEVE POND, THE WRAP

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Kumail Nanjiani  Zoe Kazan  Holly Hunter  Ray Romano

"THE BIG SICK
AN AWKWARD TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN BY EMILY V. GORDON & KUMAIL NANJIANI DIRECTED BY MICHAEL SHOWALTER

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LIONSGATE®
amazonstudios
chant for female objectification. Perhaps Epstein intends us to see Harris and Reeves as '80s relics bringing attitudes of a more regressive era to the modern age. But the film doesn't establish the culture Reeves and Harris come from, so many of the fish-out-of-water jokes simply thud. But then, much of the humor in Ripped fails to inspire more than a mild chuckle at best, in part because Epstein's deliberate pacing sours the air out of countless scenes. Ripped could be seen as that rare achievement: a stoner Ripped out of countless scenes. It could be of a more regressive era to the modern age. Epstein intends us to see Harris and Reeves as '80s relics bringing attitudes of a more regressive era to the modern age. The first 10 or so minutes of this fleet, with each other as they are consonant. The build-up showcases attuned to language, Pac's contradictions but in reality was his uncontrollable energy. Simply put, Shipp fails to capture Pac's multiplicity. Director Benny Boom and his writing team seem to embody an icon. The real Pac's movies, songs, music videos and interviews are spoken, as are the lexicons of healing and affiliation specific to Southern California, here just as often as consonant with each other as they are consonant. The first 10 or so minutes of this fleet, dialogue- and dialectic-heavy film, though, are mostly wordless, tracing the routine of Beatrix (Salma Hayek), a self-described health therapist who works primarily in a cancer center, tending to her injured clients, including Kathy (Connie Britton), a Newport Beach matron who has requested an at-home rubdown before a dinner party she and her husband (David Warshofsky) are hosting. After the session, the healer's car won't start, and Kathy insists she join her six-person supper. "She's not a housekeeper or anything — she's a friend of the family," Kathy pleads to Grant, who is reluctant to let Kahlil-clad Beatrix sit at the table with their son and friends. That's one of the great things about this film; it intelligently reveals an appalling caste system and presumptions of intimacy. As other white, moneyed couples arrive — played by Jay Duplass, Chloé Sevigny, Lin Ghu and Amy Landecker — Beatrix finds herself either paternally listened to by the wives or insulted by the husbands. Beatrix has good comeback, recalling her worst work-agent last spring in her native Mexico. But she is not a saint; she can be fatefully sanctimonious, her wearsome traits finely calibrated by Hayek. Yet these nuances begin to harden into the manichaeism in the final act. (Melissa Anderson)

**THE BOOK OF HENRY** The Book of Henry really wants us to believe that its 12-year old protagonist (Jaeden Lieberher) is the smartest kid on Earth. Well, in many ways, he is. He's a rational, logical thinker who knows how to play the stock market. He handles his family's finances and works on cute, Rube Goldberg-style contraptions in his treehouse with his little brother (Room's Jacob Tremblay, looking like a baby Rick Moranis). He even knows how to self-diagnose himself when he feels under the weather. When he catches his classmate and next-door neighbor (Maddie Ziegler) getting abused and/or molested by her police-officer stepfather (Breaking Bad's Dean Norris), this whiz kid never bothers to use or the obvious tech to document the crime. After getting nowhere with the authorities and his school principal, instead of getting a camera and catching the bastard red-handed, Henry instead comes up with an elaborate plan to assassinate the commissioner. For this mission, he ropes in his mom (Naomi Watts), who has witnessed with her own eyes the abuse this man inflicts on the girl. While Henry has been busy in his public school campaign as "the most original movie of the summer," it certainly isn't the smartest. The story, by novelist and comic-book writer Gregg Hurwitz, seems more concerned with giving you major feelings throughout — wrecking you one minute, making you giddy the next. This is especially true when a big twist happens halfway through the movie, which is a shame, especially in a scene as an eloquent critique of the boilerplate franchise plotting to which the film has thus far adhered. There's even a moral: Let others take a turn sometimes, boys. Of course, to get to that ending you need to get through Cars 3, a prospect that turns out to be much more pleasant than a summary of its plot might suggest. For much of its running time, even those with a fondness for the familiar story of an over-the-hill pro out to prove himself one more time. This time it's that zippy sentient race car, Lightning McQueen, who is bested by young bucks. Director Brian Fee and his team tear into this story with such vigor that it might not occur to you wonder why exactly we should care. Lightning and his new trainer, a V-6 yellow sports coupe voiced by Cristela Alonzo, establish an uneasy friendship in the leadup to a big race, even baring their souls in a stirring argument. The series still hasn't solved the problem of how to make compelling scenes out of quiet conversations between big-eyed but inexpressive vehicles. But the ending is perfect and the sets pieces dazzling. There's no reason this guaranteed blockbuster had to be this smartly engineered. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**Dawson City: Frozen Time** Bill Morrison's method began as a poetics of film as an object, English films, including his most famous film of an over-the-hill pro out to prove himself one more time. This time it's that zippy sentient race car, Lightning McQueen, who is bested by young bucks. Director Brian Fee and his team tear into this story with such vigor that it might not occur to you wonder why exactly we should care. Lightning and his new trainer, a V-6 yellow sports coupe voiced by Cristela Alonzo, establish an uneasy friendship in the leadup to a big race, even baring their souls in a stirring argument. The series still hasn't solved the problem of how to make compelling scenes out of quiet conversations between big-eyed but inexpressive vehicles. But the ending is perfect and the sets pieces dazzling. There's no reason this guaranteed blockbuster had to be this smartly engineered. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**COURTESY UNIVERSAL PICTURES**
### Neighborhood Movie Guide

**HOLLYWOOD & VICINITY**

#### ARENA CINELONGE LAS PALMAS
1625 North Las Palmas Avenue (323)924-1644

- Call theater for schedule.
- Visit www.laweekly.com for more.

#### ARENA CINELONGE SUNSET
6464 Sunset Boulevard (323)924-1644

- Call theater for schedule.
- Visit www.laweekly.com for more.

#### ARCLIGHT HOLLYWOOD SunSet at Vine (323) 464-4226

- It Comes at Midnight, Fri.-Mon., 10:30 am, 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm; Sat., 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm; Sun., 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm.

#### LAS PALMAS AVENUE (323) 924-1644

- Call theater for schedule.
- Visit www.laweekly.com for more.

#### PACIFIC SHORES CINÉMA (323) 924-1644

- It Comes at Midnight, Fri.-Mon., 10:30 am, 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm; Sat., 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm; Sun., 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm.

#### THE BEACHTHEATRE
18000 Sunset Blvd., 6th Floor, West Hollywood (323) 464-4226

- It Comes at Midnight, Fri.-Mon., 10:30 am, 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm; Sat., 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm; Sun., 12:15, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 8:20, 10:55 pm.

### THROWBACK CINEMA

#### 6031 Center Drive (310) 905-6394

- Despicable Me 3 THU., 12:20 pm
- Hired Gun THUR., 7:10 pm

#### 6033 3rd Street (310) 896-9300

- Despicable Me 3 THU., 12:20 pm
- Hired Gun THUR., 7:10 pm

### DOWNTOWN, S. LOS ANGELES

#### LAEMMLE'S ORLY THEATER
251 South Main Street
213-250-5390

- Call theater for schedule.

#### LAEMMLE'S AHRYA FINE ARTS THEATRE
1318 North Avenue of the Arts
213-250-5390

- Call theater for schedule.

#### LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATER
11523 Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5981

<table>
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<th>Film</th>
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<td>Netflix Exhibition on Screen: Michelangelo Love and Death</td>
<td>Mon.-Fri., 10:30 a.m., 12:45, 2:45, 4, 4:30, 6, 8, 8:30</td>
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#### LANDMARK'S NUART THEATER
11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 473-8390; No Texting Allowed

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<tr>
<td>My Cousin Rachel</td>
<td>Mon., 10:35 a.m., 2:10, 4:15, 6, 9:55</td>
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#### LANDMARK'S REGENT 1045 Broxton Ave.
213-385-5020

- Call theater for schedule.

#### LANDMARK WEST L.
10850 W. Pico Blvd. (310) 470-0492; No Texting Allowed

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#### LA WEEKLY

- www.laweekly.com
- June 23 - 29, 2017

### CINEMAS 18 & XD 6081 Center Drive

- Despicable Me 3 THU., 12:20 pm
- Hired Gun THUR., 7:10 pm

#### 6031 Center Drive (310) 905-6394

- Despicable Me 3 THU., 12:20 pm
- Hired Gun THUR., 7:10 pm

#### 6033 3rd Street (310) 896-9300

- Despicable Me 3 THU., 12:20 pm
- Hired Gun THUR., 7:10 pm

### CULVER CITY, LAX, MARINA DEL REY

#### CINEMARK CINEMAS

- Call theater for schedule.

#### DOWNTOWN INDEPENDENT
251 South Western Avenue (213)388-4900

- Call theater for schedule.

#### CGV CINEMAS LA
621 South Western Avenue (213)388-4900

- Call theater for schedule.

### UNIVERSITY VILLAGE
3 323 S. Hoover St. (213) 478-6321

- Call theater for schedule.

### WEST HOLLYWOOD, BEVERLY HILLS

#### AMC DINE-IN SUNSET 8 8000 West Sunset Boulevard (323)694-2217

- Call theater for schedule.

#### LAEMMLE'S AHRYA FINE ARTS THEATRE
5856 Wilshire Boulevard (310)478-3836

- The Hippopotamus Wed., 7:30

#### MACBETH MET SUMMER ENCORE
9010 Sunset Blvd. (310) 273-7436

- Call theater for schedule.

### AMERICAN FIGHTER

#### GLADIATOR SERIES

- www.coliseumgladiatormma.com
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hands-on education that emphasizes habits of learning, strategies for managing emotions, and the possibility of college. But 30 minutes in, the Hive gets shut down, and the young men are placed back into larger, more indifferent schools. The film, like its subjects, now finds its attention divided, its clear thrust at risk of dissipating. Instead, Raising Bertie spreads out, charting in exquisite detail nothing less than what it’s like to try to grow up free in the prison capital of the world. —Alan Scherstuhl

RAISING BERTIE | Directed by Margaret Byrne
Written by Byrne and Leslie SImmer | Gunpowder & Sky | Music Hall

**MY COUSIN RACHEL** | “Was she woman or witch?” asks the trailer for Henry Koster’s 1952 adaptation of My Cousin Rachel. Unfortunately, that film proved far tamer than its marketing suggested. Today, Daphne du Maurier, who penned the book, would likely lick her lips in excitement for the second film version, this time from director Roger Michell and starring Rachel Weisz. Tense and at times downright frightening, My Cousin Rachel tells the story of an irresistible woman whose charms take down the male of a family, driving its members to madness. Or at least that’s what seems to be happening in the late 1800s, Philip Ashley’s cousin Ambrose has taken ill and left for Italy to convalesce. (Both men are played by Sam Claflin.) Then two letters from Ambrose arrive in quick succession: one announcing his marriage to the “radiant, good” Rachel (Weisz) and the other claiming that this Rachel is trying to kill him. Philip rushes to Italy, but he’s too late — Ambrose is dead and buried, and Rachel has moved away. When at last our anti-heroine arrives, Philip — who until this point has acted like an MRA intent on negging women — nearly loses the use of his mouth in admiration. But that case remains unsubstantiated. Letters From Baghdad details Bell’s private life (including her doomed love affairs), unveils her personality through her lively writing, and shows how her idiosyncrasies (including a penchant for nice clothes) and her sometimes prickly personality affected her personally and professionally. Unfortunately, the doc is devoid of any real context, including how work such as Bell’s helped lead to the quagmire that has unsettled the region for decades. (Daphne Howland)

MAUDIE | Maudie is hit-or-miss, but you’ll probably bawl anyway. Its creators have elected to dramatize nothing but the things that traditional narrative features usually botch. The film, directed by Asling Walsh, surveys the life of a beloved artist, Nova Scotia’s self-taught folk painter Maud Lewis, who produced scores of cheerily primitive — and marvelously composed — studies of her world, despite the pain she suffered whenever she held a brush or stood upright. With the right — Ambrose is dead and buried, and the young men are placed back into larger, more indifferent schools. The film, like its subjects, now finds its attention divided, its clear thrust at risk of dissipating. Instead, Raising Bertie spreads out, charting in exquisite detail nothing less than what it’s like to try to grow up free in the prison capital of the world. —Alan Scherstuhl

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THE WIZARD OF WILLOW PARK

A new compilation reveals the marvels of Raymond Scott’s ahead-of-its-time 1970s instrument, the Electronium

BY LAYNE WEISS

Throughout the 1960s, Berry Gordy’s Motown Records virtually controlled pop music. But as a new decade was dawning, the soul impresario sought to modernize his “Hit Factory.” In August 1970, he read an article in Variety about an innovative music device called the Electronium. Invented by composer, pianist and engineer Raymond Scott, the Electronium, a kind of computerized synthesizer, was capable not just of playing music but of creating it.

“It’s a dedicated computer designed to compose music. That’s the unique part of it,” explains Brian Kehew, a keyboard expert who has worked with The Who and is spearheading a current attempt to restore the Electronium. “It had this composition-generating, melody-generating function. It’s the musician that controls the choices and yet it generates without your predisposition.”

A week after reading the Variety article, Gordy, along with a sizable entourage from Motown, visited the 62-year-old Scott at his music lab on Long Island to hear see a demonstration of his creation. Gordy was so impressed by the machine that he offered the inventor $10,000 to build an Electronium for Motown.

Gordy, along with a sizable entourage from Motown, visited the 62-year-old Scott at his music lab on Long Island to hear see a demonstration of his creation. Gordy was so impressed by the machine that he offered the inventor $10,000 to build an Electronium for Motown.

Scott went out to L.A. in 1971 for what he thought would be a six-week project. Six months later, Gordy offered him the job of head of electronic research and development at Motown, so Scott and his family relocated there permanently.

Gordy knew of Scott’s early career as a jazz bandleader and composer who had written numerous hit songs — many of which, such as “Powerhouse” (often heard in cartoon depictions of an assembly line), were made famous after Carl Stalling adapted them for Warner Bros. cartoons.

“He was well aware that he wasn’t only getting a technological wizard; he was getting a guy who knew how to compose pop hit tunes,” says historian and musician Jeff Winner, who has curated Scott’s archives since 1995.

One of the major stipulations of Scott’s deal with Gordy was that he couldn’t publicize the fact that he was working for Motown. “Berry Gordy did not want word to leak out that hits were being generated by robots,” Winner explains. “So Ray had to keep it quiet, which he was a little bit disappointed about.”

It was Scott’s second stint in Los Angeles. The first was back in the 1930s, when he was signed to a multifilm contract with 20th Century Fox. He occasionally appeared as a bandleader in movies such as Ali Baba Goes to Town but mainly supplied soundtrack songs, as on Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, starring Shirley Temple. But as Winner notes, Scott didn’t like being on set and never enjoyed the film experience.

The second time around was different. Scott was in L.A. doing something he was truly passionate about. He began building an Electronium and taught Motown’s engineers and artists how to use the device.

“It was a masterpiece of intuitive thought,” says Hoby Cook, a former engineer at Motown, who worked with Scott on the Electronium. “This is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Cook recalls thinking when he first saw it. “This is absolutely the future.”

As remarkable as the Electronium was, it eventually became apparent that Scott’s vision would never match Motown’s. Cook tried to tell Scott that he needed to be able to bend the machine to do what Berry Gordy wanted, but Gordy and Scott were both visionaries and each had his own ideas for the machine.

“Ray designed this to do a specific thing, which was not at all what Berry Gordy wanted out of it or what anybody [who] used it wanted,” Cook recalls. “It was designed to be a composer, and with Ray at the controls, it did that amazingly well. But once you tried to sort of subdue it and make it do what you wanted it to do, it became infinitely more difficult, which was where it fell apart in terms of getting acceptance at Motown.” In the end, no Motown song featuring the Electronium was ever released.

Despite this disconnect, working on the Electronium was one of the best times of Scott’s life. “He wrote a letter to a fan in 1980 explaining that,” Winner says. “He said it was the most enjoyable time of his life, working with electronic instruments and electronic music.”

Artist reaction to the Electronium was mixed. Some musicians, including Michael Jackson, were fascinated by the Electronium and wanted to use it, while others disliked having to subvert their creativity to a machine. “For them to all of a sudden be asked to acquaint their talent to a machine and play along with a machine and let the machine be the leader… some of them resented it,” Winner notes. Despite Scott’s best efforts to train others, no one else seemed capable of playing the Electronium to its full potential.

Scott died in 1994, but his creative vision lives on. Devo’s Mark Mothersbaugh bought the Electronium and kept it in L.A. It was later moved to Oregon for some time, but now it’s coming back to L.A. for Kehew’s restoration attempt, which is being partially financed by “Somebody That I Used to Know” singer-songwriter Gotye. Kehew’s studio in North Hollywood is currently a mess of wires and about 200 switches controlling various aspects of the analog machine.

“It’s like a bird’s nest, although it does have logic to it,” Kehew says. Once he has a better understanding of the Electronium’s voice, he can sample or simulate it and further understand Scott’s vision.

In 2012, Winner honored Scott by producing a live multimedia show at Walt Disney Concert Hall. The show had two separate bands, one led by Steve Bartek, formerly of Oingo Boingo and Danny Elfman’s orchestra, for movies such as Edward Scissorhands and Fifty Shades of Grey, and the other by Ego Plum, a soundtrack composer for Nickelodeon and Disney.

“There isn’t a day when I’m not influenced by Raymond Scott,” Plum says. “I’m always trying to channel that or reach that height.”

Scott’s music also has inspired generations of hip-hop, jazz and electronic musicians. “I think it’s tremendous,” says L.A.-based electronic producer and Low End Theory mainstay Daedelus of Scott’s influence. “You’ve heard his music as part of your DNA. Be it from his use in popular culture — cartoons, film, that kind of thing — but then also just his influence in terms of where he took jazz and other popular forms of music.”

For hip-hop fans, Scott is probably best known for “Lightworks,” which was slightly manipulated by J. Dilla for Donuts. “When you hear the original, [Dilla] didn’t flip it super hard,” Daedelus notes. “He found it and he transformed it with his touch.”

Later this month, fans will finally get to hear Scott’s Motown-era Electronium on Three Willow Park, named after Scott’s address at the industrial park on Long Island where he developed the first Electronium. The album “features a wide array of music and sounds,” says experimental music expert Irwin Chusid, who co-produced the album with Winner and Gert-Jan Blom. “Some are accessible and pleasant. Others will peel layers off your cerebral cortex.”

Meanwhile, Kehew continues to restore the Electronium in the hope that someday others can unlock its secrets, a task no one ever fully accomplished during its inventor’s lifetime.

“It was hard to comprehend, and the only way a person could learn to play it would be to have the guts to be taught four hours a day for two or three months,” Scott said in a 1982 interview with electronic music scholar Tom Rhea. “I tried a couple of times [but] nobody had that kind of patience.”
L.A. HAS LOST A BELOVED CHARACTER, ONE WHO POSSESSED THE CAPACITY TO PARTY LIKE AXL IN ‘88

BY JEFF WEISS

The Ol’ Dirty Bastard aside, no one was more accurately nicknamed than Josh the Goon. We met right after he finished engineering The Knux’s 2008 opus Remind Me in Three Days. A friend’s friend threw a party in a rented Los Feliz mansion and word spread to the Goon, who materialized with a handle of Jack Daniels and the illicit supplies of a street pharmacist.

No party existed that the Goon couldn’t conquer, whether by hilarious vulgarity, caustic music commentary, entertaining paranoid conspiracy or merely being “the Goon.” He was a legend in dive bars across America — a bullet-headed, wheelbarrow-chested, tatted-up beast with undying loyalty and a sentimental heart.

The party temporarily halted when Josh got a little too wrecked that night in Los Feliz and knocked over a wall of shelves. You could’ve heard the crash back in Venice, where he was raised. After it fell, with the valuable shattered objects crinkling on the floor, we all stared at one another, cracked up and slowly exited. It was vintage Goon.

The party permanently stopped last week when Josh the Goon died suddenly. Without a full autopsy report, it’s not yet clear what happened. What is clear is that L.A. lost a beloved character, one who possessed the capacity to party like Axl in ’88. He was only 35.

Born Joshua Fadem, the Goon was a singular eccentric, the kind contemporary Venice rarely produces anymore — a combination of hardcore punk and hardcore rap kid spawned from the ashes of the fading Dogtown world. He turned scumbaggery into art. I mean that as the highest compliment.

The Goon never craved press or loudly demanded credit, but he was one of those overlooked integral figures who help a music scene thrive. After his stint with The Knux, which included a lyrical shout-out and cameo in their “Cappuccino” video, the Goon began engineering and producing for Freddie Gibbs. Their bond was intricate and almost familial. It was the Goon who stayed in touch with Gibbs after Gibbs got dropped from Interscope, moved to Atlanta and got caught up in drugs. He was the friend whom Gibbs called after a gunfight, while he was hiding out from his attackers. Despite being broke, the Goon purchased a plane ticket for Gibbs, demanding he return to L.A., and let him sleep for months on the couch in the apartment he shared with future Gibbs producer Sid “Speakerbomb” Miller.

As Gibbs wrote upon hearing of the Goon’s passing: “I wouldn’t be here without you…. You saved my life and resurrected my career.”

The Goon engineered almost every Gibbs project, from the classic early mixtapes to his Madlib collaboration, Piñata. He would’ve been the first to tell you that he wasn’t the greatest technical engineer, but his absurd and lovable personality allowed everyone in the studio to stay loose and produce their finest work.

Behind the boards, he also produced or co-produced some of Gibbs’ best songs, including “4681 Broadway,” “Queen” and “National Anthem (Fuck the World).” He managed to collaborate with many of his heroes, including DJ Muggs and Sick Jacken. Somewhere in there, he found time to become an expert web developer, which he did as a sideline until his final days.

Few in this warped industry were as brutally honest or consistently interesting; he was too weird to live, too raw to die. There’s only his legend now, which exists eternal in everyone who ever watched him hoist or break a glass. There’s no real way to cope except by pouring out a little bit of every type of liquor tonight in memory of the Goon. This city has gotten a little less colorful and a lot less real.

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Bizarre Ride show on RBMA Radio. Follow him on Twitter @passionweiss.
THU. JUNE 22

BOYO VIVA!
X KOLI X DANGER COLLECTIVE PRESENT

FRI. JUNE 23

BLESS UP!
ERHNY HALL, THERI, ENRUR, DJ ENZO, TOM TRIBE

SAT. JUNE 24

THE BLUEPRINT
THE BIGGEST DENIM PARTY OF THE YEAR

WED. JUNE 28

THE FEELS PRESENTS FEAT.
YETEP, INVERSEES, NAMO, OLMOZ, SARSOUK

COMING SOON:

6/22 GET DOWN LA
6/25 KIDRON (SOME) US TOUR IN LOS ANGELES
6/25 KPOP: INCognito IN LOS ANGELES
6/28 YETEP
6/29 RAVEN FELIX
6/29 DJ PAYPAL AND DJ ORANGE JULIUS
6/30 THE STEADY 45’S
6/30 MISTER SATURDAY NIGHT
6/30 THERE YOU HAVE IT WITH REASON
7/1 BRANDON ANTHONY & LA URBAN
7/1 KILLAHYTE PRESENTS KILLAHYTE & MC MESSIAN (2 HOUR SET)
7/2 CULTURA PROFETICA
7/3 KILLAHYTE PRESENTS DIESELBOY & MC MESSIAN (2 HOUR SET)
7/4 FOAM PARTY
7/6 MATIAS AGUAYO

7/7 XCELERATED PRESENTS SAM BINGA, FRACTURE, MIAT DEGO, GABRIEL HABIT, & WRATH / B-SIDE PRESENTS THE FINALE FEAT. LOEFAH, JOE NICE, OXXOSI, DUBVOL, & WATCHMAKER
7/7 ROMAN FLGEL, OCTAVE ONE (LIVE), HEIDI LAWREN
7/9 EAT YOUR FUCKING MUSIC VOL 2
7/13 MOON BOUNCE
7/15 THE NIGHT CAP: A LINGERIE AND PAJAMA PARTY
7/15 XCELERATED 4 YEAR ANNIVERSARY FEAT. FUNITCASE, JUNE MILLER, JAYLINES, DJ RUFFSTUFF, FLACO, DJ CONSTRUCT & RAWTHEE
7/20 HARDSTYLE ARENA: DYSTOPIA
8/4 LEGEND OF THE MOON
8/13 WOMANS MASS
8/17 DESTROY LOS ANGELES WITH ETCETC!
9/15 KENNY LARKIN AND JOHN TEJADA

THU. JUNE 22

FACES IN THE CROWD
FRIDAYS AT UNION

FRI. JUNE 23

ORIGINS
DJ ENROUTE, DJ AUBBELA, & DJ SEAN

FRIDAYS AT LOS GLOBOS

SAT. JUNE 24

BOOTIE LA:
LADY GAGA VS MADONNA NIGHT

COMING SOON:

7/7 NOCHE DE VERANO KANDELA
7/8 BOOTIE LA: COMIC-CON PRE-PARTY
7/10 B. FENG AKA FAMOUS
7/10 COAST 2 COAST LIVE
7/11 GLORYHOLE
7/12 THE LOVE-INNS
7/12 DESORDON PUBLICO
7/13 EVERYTHING IS ON THE ONE
7/13 HALLEY NIGHTS
7/13 MOON BOUNCE
7/13 CLUB 90S
7/13 CHAOS
8/5 J.R. DONATO
8/12 SMASH IT LIVE PRESENTS: WAYNE WONDER
8/27 WEST COAST AWARDS BALL

SUN. JUNE 25

ONE EIGHT HUNDRED
DJ FADE, SECRET GUEST, WARPSTIR, PHONOME, FLIPPS, & LEEMZ

COMING SOON:

7/7 NOCHE DE VERANO KANDELA
7/8 BOOTIE LA: COMIC-CON PRE-PARTY
7/10 B. FENG AKA FAMOUS
7/10 COAST 2 COAST LIVE
7/11 GLORYHOLE
7/12 THE LOVE-INNS
7/12 DESORDON PUBLICO
7/13 EVERYTHING IS ON THE ONE
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7/13 MOON BOUNCE
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7/13 CHAOS
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8/12 SMASH IT LIVE PRESENTS: WAYNE WONDER
8/27 WEST COAST AWARDS BALL
WINGING IT

I’m in a small hotel room, where I’ll be living for the next few weeks. I have gained temporary employment working on a television show and am out of Los Angeles, on location. It is, for me, a non-touring year, and I pick up work where I can. When in this mode, I’m constantly reminded that I’m well into my fourth decade of winging it.

In 1979, I graduated high school with no plan for my future. I saw all career paths as variations of prison. I understood, from working so many hours at small jobs I had held for years, that all employment comes with frustration, boredom and obligation you’re not always on board with. I figured the real world, which I was now very much out in, would just be more of it. I tried a semester at a local university but disliked it as much as and in the same way that I disliked the previous 12 years of classrooms. From there, I went full time into minimum-wage work. A couple of years later, I was living in Southern California and in a band. From then to now, I have been obsessed with having a job. There has never been a situation where I have had too much work, at least not so much that I couldn’t get it all done.

And yet desperation, the feeling of tread- ing water, never leaves me. No matter how much work I’m able to secure, I always feel one job away from no more jobs. I have no idea if this is good or bad for one’s constitution. In my case, it’s just how it is.

Two nights ago, I went to a meeting for cast members, the director and some of the producers. I consider these to be of the utmost importance and never to be missed. An opportunity to meet the actors before the work starts is often the only chance for me to get an understanding of who I’m going to be working with day after day. I’ve never understood actors. They have a unique and alternative current that courses through them, which has always kept me at a distance. I’m always polite but have learned to keep it short.

In these settings, anxiety is never far from me, because I know that I’m not exactly cut out for this work and will have to push myself very hard just to keep up. It might be like what a spy goes through. I do my best to remember everyone’s name but find it almost impossible, as I am just too nervous to commit them to memory. I rehearse later. Earlier today, I went through tomorrow’s shot list and started attaching names to all the faces I have met since I got here. My call time is 5:05 a.m., and I’m in almost every shot. I will run tomorrow’s lines over and over again until I am able to get some sleep.

As nerve-wracking as all of this can be, there is an intensity to it that holds a powerful attraction. This is how my life ended up. Here I am. It’s too late to evaluate what I got right or wrong. Pushing 60 years old, everything is what it is. Comparisons are useless, and the past is so far behind me it’s nonexistent. I feel like someone lost while climbing alone up the side of a mountain. I got my gear wrong, didn’t plan well and will pay in full.

This “no plan” non-plan didn’t come from some notion of badass-ness, like I’m going to take on the whirlwind and see what happens. That’s way too brave and charismatic, and reads like fiction. Also, it would be a plan. I clearly remember the summer of 1981, when I was sure my life was going to be a multidecade dead end where days blurred and I would get desensitized enough to where a year would pass and I wouldn’t notice it. It would be a toughness and a num- bers earned from the daily brain kill from work that demands little thought and a lot of repetition. In one of the straighter jobs I had, working at a lab facility, cleaning ani- mal cages by the hundred, I saw my future arrived anywhere at any time. I know enough about adulthood, at least in my case, is that all employment comes with frustration, boredom and obligation you’re not always on board with. I figured the real world, which I was now very much out in, would just be more of it. I tried a semester at a local university but disliked it as much as and in the same way that I disliked the previous 12 years of classrooms. From there, I went full time into minimum-wage work. A couple of years later, I was living in Southern California and in a band. From then to now, I have been obsessed with having a job. There has never been a situation where I have had too much work, at least not so much that I couldn’t get it all done.

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America
@ THE ROSE
Ironically, the band called America initially formed on an air force base in England, where they were equally influenced by the British Invasion and the music of late-1960s Laurel Canyon. Throughout the 1970s, America combined pop perfection, hippie harmonies and the acoustic-driven version of the California dream to create their signature sound, which in turn gave international audiences some of the catchiest songs of the decade. In the years since 1982, when “You Can Do Magic” was America’s last top-10 hit, founding members Gerry Beckley and Dewey Bunnell have toured consistently, delivering a high-energy, nostalgic-fueled show. It’s a wonderful treat to hear cherished classics reverently re-created by original and longtime band members, especially when they include “A Horse With No Name,” “Ventura Highway,” “Tin Man,” “Lonely People” and “Sister Golden Hair.” —Jackson Truax

She Keeps Bees
@ RESIDENT
Given the increasingly uncertain times we live in, it’s perhaps no surprise that She Keeps Bees speak up boldly for their namesake insects and other forms of vanishing life — including humans — on “Head of Steak,” their upcoming single for Planned Parenthood and Earth Justice. In the past, the Brooklyn duo of singer-guitarist Jessica Larrabee and drummer Andy LaPlant have crafted bewitching but subtly restrained songs that slowly build power through shadowy chords and enigmatic lyrics. But even these seemingly mellow mood-spinners have a harder side, and Larrabee eschews any hint of mystery as she balefully declares, “It’s not a joke/he aims to knock us over with his gnu...his greed...head of steak, you deal in snake oil/poison our water for a fucking dollar.” Meanwhile, like rising tides, her sullen, sludgy chords become bigger and more foreboding. —Falling James

Arroyo Seco Weekend
@ THE ROSE BOWL
Like a smaller version of the Grand Canyon, the Arroyo Seco literally separates Pasadena from the sprawl of Los Angeles below, functioning as a glorified (albeit dry) moat that makes the two cities feel more like separate worlds. Those worlds come together for the inaugural Arroyo Seco Weekend, a two-day gathering that skips the glitter andelectronica-pumped atmosphere of other festivals in favor of a more decidedly rootsy and down-home celebration of alt-country, R&B, jazz and classic rock. Tom Petty and his longtime Gainesville, Florida, homies the Heartbreakers headline on Saturday, although they’ll have to step up their game following the low-throated blues intensity of Alabama Shakes. Dozy British folk revivalists Mumford & Sons and pop wise guys Weezer close on Sunday, but the weekend’s bigger jolts will come from funk aristocrats The Meters, Galactic and Charles Bradley. Also Sunday, June 25.

La Luz
@ THE GETTY CENTER
At first blush, it appears that La Luz aren’t doing anything radically new. Formerly based in Seattle, the L.A. quartet rely heavily on reverb-drenched surf guitar and straight-ahead garage-rock beats, and there is a willfully retro feel to the songs on their most recent album, 2015’s Weirdo Shrine. But there is also something strangely refreshing in the way that singer-guitarist Shana Cleveland crowns her surf-rock riffs with dreamy pop vocals and unexpectedly eerie hooks. Such tracks as “You Disappear” and the spacey and funereal ballad “Sleep Till They Die (Health, Life and Fire)” take on a layer of enchantment when Cleveland’s singing twines together with the glassy harmonies of keyboardist Alice Sandahl, drummer Marian Li Pino and bassist Lena Simon. —Falling James

Summer Happenings:
Warhol Icon
@ THE BROAD
In a stunning triumph for general overall weirdness and local cultural effervescence, the events of Warhol Icon come to save you from your straitjacket of boredom with performances inspired by model German singer Nico, the likes of which you may have only experienced in your wildest and/or wettest dreams. Geneva Jacuzzi’s fractured journey into the synthesized self contrasts with confessional Norwegian chanteuse Jenny Hval. Voluptuously hypnotic Kembra Pfahler pukes out quality performance artistry while Jesy Fortino (Tiny Vipers) jumps on acoustic guitar like so many Gordon Lightfoots. Nao Bustamante projects enigmatic visuals, and Vaginal Davis works into her performance a screening of New Wave filmmaker Philippe Garrel’s 1972 La Cigarette Intérieure. This, the film for which star Nico composed her album Deserts in Space, is best summed up by Nico herself: “A queen finds a kingdom wherever she goes.” —David Cotner

Tool, Primus, The Melvins, The Crystal Method
@ GLEN HELEN AMPHITHEATER
A 10-year lapse in the release of new music would be a kiss of death for most bands. Not for Tool. Despite their relatively sparse discography, Tool created a lasting aura with the eclectic audiovisual sensory overload of their live shows; their following has remained rabid in the decade since 2006’s 10,000 Days. It’s been a whopping 25 years since their 1992 debut, Opiate, and in that time Tool cultivated an enigmatic image through artsy prog-metal overtones and the cult of vocalist Maynard James Keenan. Tool will be joined by other ‘90s Lollapalooza alums such as alternative funk-tinged metal oddballs Primus and legendary sludge weirdos The Melvins. Electronics duo The Crystal Method will provide a break from the riffs. —Jason Roche

Air
@ THE GREEK
When Air first toured North America two decades ago, the lush electronic duo’s gigs were littered with stickers identifying it as “Air: French Band.” The marketing thought process behind this slogan of sorts was lost on fans. Still, it didn’t take away from the chicquels that accompanied the pocketing of said stickers, now surely a collector’s item. Air have made collecting their otherworldly, dreamy pop sounds easy with their 2016 anthology, Twentyears. The compilation is recommended listening in preparation for the duo’s return to the Greek Theatre. As the name indicates, Twentyears features all of Air’s recognizable hits — “Kelly Watch the Stars,” “ Playground Love,” “Sexy Boy”...
**Queen and Adam Lambert**

@ THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Everybody and their dog seems to have an extreme opinion of the validity of a Queen show with American Idol runner-up Adam Lambert replacing the basically irreplaceable Freddie Mercury. Some preferred the direction Brian May and Roger Taylor took on previous tours, bringing in Paul Rodgers despite the Free/Bad Company man having an altogether bluesier, rougher style compared with Mercury’s operatic pomp. Might as well do something new, they said. Others felt that Rogers was clearly not the right man for the job, while Lambert is an obvious disciple of Mercury’s. Reality star or not, Lambert has been earning rave reviews for his performances since he started working with May and Taylor, and Queen fans with an open mind have been surprised by his vocal prowess and natural showmanship. The “glamberts,” of course, were already sold. Also Tuesday, June 27. —Brett Callwood

**Satoko Fujii & Kaze**

@ BLUEWHALE

Pianist Satoko Fujii has led numerous groups in varied formats ranging from free jazz to art rock to new-music chamber works. The possessor of a formidable set of playing chops, the Tokyo-born Fujii is an intellectually engaged, progressive musician. Her idiosyncratically shaped free jazz loaded with energy, genuinely new ideas, a hint of threat and quirky humor.

—John Payne

**Climate Day L.A. With Neon Indian, Weyes Blood**

@ THE THEATRE AT THE ACE HOTEL

For the second year in a row, KCRW will bring together environmental leaders for Climate Day L.A. Nearly 1,500 attendees, including Mayor Eric Garcetti, will descend on the Ace Hotel for talks and strategy sessions on how to offset climate change. If you want to get involved but aren’t going to the conference, you can support the cause by taking in performances by KCRW favorites Neon Indian and Weyes Blood. What better way to celebrate a day of intense strategizing than by indulging in Alan Palomo’s energetic electro-pop and Natalie Mering’s ethereal alt-rock? —Daniel Kohn

**Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds**

@ THE THEATRE AT THE ACE HOTEL

There is something majestic yet mournful in Nick Cave’s low crooning, which plumbs so far into the psychic depths of emotion that what starts out as personal and vulnerable ends up resonating in a more fully universal way. Themes of desolation and loss permeate Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds’ latest album, Skeleton Tree, although most of the tracks reportedly were already written before the singer’s 15-year-old son, Arthur, died in a tragic accident. “Girl in Amber” is wrapped up in a gauzy bandage of shifting silences and Cave’s meditative, prayerlike murmuring, which is lit up occasionally by Conway Savage’s stark chimes of piano. “You’re a young man waking, covered in blood that is not yours,” Cave intones darkly on “Jesus Alone,” as an ominous, buzzing drone wells up behind him. Also with the similarly heavy soul-tolling of Cat Power at the Greek Theatre, Thursday, June 29. —Falling James

**The Wild Reeds**

@ AEROGAMI

The Wild Reeds can wash away a world of worries with the sheer force of their harmonies. The soft hush of the local trio’s vocals swims ashore in lulling waves on “Patience” and the languously hazy ballad of reassurance “Fix You Up,” from their new album, The World We Built. All three members — Mackenzie Howe, Kinsey Lee and Sharon Silva — have rich individual voices, and the way in which their singing mingles and weaves together plumbs so far into the psychic depths of emotion that what starts out as personal and vulnerable ends up resonating in a more fully universal way. Themes of desolation and loss permeate Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds’ latest album, Skeleton Tree, although most of the tracks reportedly were already written before the singer’s 15-year-old son, Arthur, died in a tragic accident. “Girl in Amber” is wrapped up in a gauzy bandage of shifting silences and Cave’s meditative, prayerlike murmuring, which is lit up occasionally by Conway Savage’s stark chimes of piano. “You’re a young man waking, covered in blood that is not yours,” Cave intones darkly on “Jesus Alone,” as an ominous, buzzing drone wells up behind him. Also with the similarly heavy soul-tolling of Cat Power at the Greek Theatre, Thursday, June 29. —Falling James

**The World We Built**

PHOTO BY LINDA BUJOLI

—Patience

—Fix You Up
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ACEROGAMA: 228 W. Second St., Pomona. Surf & Shake, with Bodega, Crow Baby, Harriers of Discord, Daydream Time Machine, Naive Thieves, Twin Seas, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m., free. Beat Cinema, Wed., June 28, 9 p.m., TBA. Horsehead, Lest We Forget, Last Neale, Thu., June 29, 8:30 p.m., TBA (see Music Pick).

ALEX'S BAR: 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. The Picturebooks, Mike Vallety & the New Arms, 0 Zorn, Fri., June 23, 8 p.m., $12. Very Be Careful, Chulita Vinyl Club, Sat., June 24, 8 p.m., $15. Horseneck, Struckout, Esmoladera, Sun., June 25, 8 p.m., $5. Professor Colombo, Hayley Thomson King, Bloody Waters, Thu., June 29, 8 p.m., $7.

AMOEBA MUSIC: 6400 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Aura 109, Fri., June 23, 8 p.m., free.


CANYON CLUB: 28912 Roadside Dr., Agoura Hills. Mr. Big, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m., $34-$54. The Rat Pack Encore, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., $19.50-$30, Ted Nugent, Wed., June 28, 9 p.m., $58-$58, The Blockbusters, Thu., June 29, 9 p.m., $19.50.


The Hi Hat: 5043 York Blvd., Highland Park. The Donkeys, Lens Mozer, God of Love, Fri., June 23, 8 p.m., $10. Mating Ritual, Beginners, Dyson, La Bouquet, Oddness, Inspired & the Sleep, The Openers, Sat., June 24, 5 p.m., $12. Showtime Goma & Nancy Feast, Rose’s, Red Channel, Sun., June 25, 8 p.m., $8, Apie, Mon., June 26, 7 p.m., free. People Flavor, Twin Seas, The Pocket Rockets, Tue., June 27, 9 p.m., TBA. The Pocket Rockets, Tue., June 27, 9 p.m., TBA.

HANINO CAFE: 15 W. Washington Blvd., Marina Del Rey. The Johnny Hawthorn Band, Last Sunday of every month, 4-8 p.m. Thru July 30, $5.

The Hotel Cafe: 1623 1/2 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Los Angeles. People, Miss Jupiter, Major Entertainer, Fri., June 23, 8:30 p.m., $10.

House of Blues Anaheim: 1530 S. Disneyland Dr., Anaheim. Victoria Ortiz, Sat., June 24, 7 p.m., $28.50. Streetlight Manifesto, Jenny Owens Young, Wed., June 28, 7 p.m., $20, Everclear, Vertical Horizon, Fastball, Thu., June 29, 6:30 p.m., $36; Bea Miller, Thu., June 29, 7 p.m., $15.

Hyperion Tavern: 1941 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles. Te Chrome Oshie Clubbie, with DJ Don Bolles, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., free.

The Kibitz Room: 419 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. Spookery Ruben, Sundays, 3 p.m., free. The Fockrs, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free.


The Love Song: 450 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Chiparral, Wed., June 28, 8:30 p.m., free. Spain, Thu., June 29, 8:30 p.m., free.

The Marke: 3311 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Young Dolph, Goochi Mane, 2 Chainz, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., TBA.


Mccabe’s Guitar Shop: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. The Mastersons, Fri., June 23, 8 p.m., $16.


Molly Malone’s: 575 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. Phill Taffo, Fri., June 23, 10 p.m., TBA. Joseph Eid, Thu., June 29, 9 p.m., $10.
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6/30: Nikka Costa
7/1: Meatbodies
7/2: CMJ/Mixon Asian Kung-Fu Generation
7/6: BoomBox
7/7: Black Line
7/11: Joseph Arthur
7/15: Wicked Rap Party
Vol. 1: Notorious B.I.G
7/21: Javiera Mena
7/29: Rooney
8/3: Chastity Belt
8/4: Cosmonauts
8/5: STEETH
8/10: LouXeenMaggie Rogers
8/11: Jonny Lang
8/12: Nite Jewel
8/18: Brazilian Girls
8/24: Tobacco
8/28: Mark Lanegan Band
8/29: San Cisco
8/30: Filthy Friends
9/1: Hunny
9/5: D.D Dumbo
9/12: Ian Hunter & The Rant Band
9/13: Cigarettes After Sex
9/14: Cigarettes After Sex
9/15: James Supercave + The Seshen
w/ Special Guests: Rituals of Mine
9/16: GoGo Penguin
9/17: Vanessa De Mata

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**OHM NIGHTCLUB:** 6801 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Ty Dolla Sign, DJ Mustard, 2 Chainz, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m., TBA.

**THE OTHER DOOR:** 10437 Burbank Blvd., Los Angeles. Dogs & Bones, Thu., June 29, 8 p.m., free.

**PAPPY & HARRIET’S PIONEERTOWN PALACE:** $3688 Pioneertown Rd., Pioneertown, Nick Waterhouse, Sat., June 23, 9 p.m., $15, The Black Uplift, Jimmy’s Organism, Starcrawler, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., $20. The Sunday Band, Sundays, 7:30 p.m., free. Smoky Knights, Thu., June 29, 8 p.m., free.

**THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL:** 516 W. Second St., Los Angeles. DMFK, Lysolgang, Desidiss, No Divide, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m. Black Mambas, Neverland Ranch Davids, Los Boulevards, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., WRMS, Daisy, Strange Phases, Sun., June 25, 9 p.m. Blair Sinta, Tue., June 27, 9 p.m. Public Nuisance, Anti-Matter, Since We Were Kids, Off the Wall, Thu., June 29, 9 p.m.

**ROSE'S RESIDENCY:** 2279 Hewitt St., Los Angeles. She Keeps Bees, Shannon Lee, Fri., June 23, 8 p.m., $12 (see Music Pick). Daft Brunch, Sat., June 24, 1 p.m., free; $15. Kero One & Aure, Sat., June 24, 9:30 p.m, $12-$18. My Jerusalem, Mourners, Sun., June 25, 8 p.m., $12. Ray Little, Haerts, Stranger's You Know, Ethan Gruiska, Mon., June 26, 8 p.m., free. Pierce Fulton, Josh Ocean, Noosa, Botnek, Wed., June 28, 8 p.m., $15.

**ROCK CITY STUDIOS:** 2258 Pickwick Dr., Camarillo. Half the Sun, Cages, Eldola, Limbs, Two Brothers, Fri., June 23, 7 p.m.

**THE ROSE:** 245 E. Green St., Pasadena. America, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m., $55-$80 (see Music Pick). Mr. Big, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., $34-$54. School of Rock, Sun., June 25, 5 p.m., $10.

**THE ROXY:** 6009 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. GASH!, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m. Westside Gunn & Conway, Sun., June 25, 8 p.m. Godd Gracie, Loveytheband, Mon., June 26, 8 p.m. Steal Panther, Tue., June 27, 9-7 p.m., Tue., July 11, 9 p.m., $26. Fit for a Rapto, Tombo, Moon Tooth, Columbian Nectar, Wed., June 28, 8 p.m. Buzzcocks, The Dollyrots, Thu., June 29, 9 p.m. Fri., June 30, 9 p.m., $27.50.

**SASSAFRAS SALOON:** 1233 Vine St., Los Angeles. The Sza,ndrick Cross Band, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free; Alligator Wine, with the Dave Cavalier Trio plus burlesque, Tuesdays, 10 p.m., free.

**THE SATELLITE:** 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Send Medicine, Cannons, The May Company, OK Mayday, Mon., June 26, 8 p.m. Free, MetronOmm, Kilo Tango, Tolliver, The Black Heartthrobs, Thu., June 29, 9 p.m., $8.

**THE SMELL:** 247 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Jurassik Shark Plumber, Pure Muscle, Hot Brothers, Fri, June 23, 8 p.m., $5. KaShh, Signor Benedict the Moor, Girl Pusher, Baseck, Scumboys/Wrongboy, Rrypt, Hareld, Sat., June 24, 7 p.m., $10. Super Lunch, Cotton Club, Sun., June 25, 10 p.m., $5.

**SPOKE BICYCLE CAFE:** 3050 N. Coolidge Ave., Los Angeles. Anyi Celi, Skip Heller, Sun., June 25, 29 p.m.; Sat., July 1, 11 p.m.

**TAI FRENCH RESTAURANT:** 1911 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Geronimo Getty, Rough Church, Rachel Bennett, Sundays, 11 a.m., free. Barbara Morrison, Thursdays, 7-10 p.m., free. Rex Mennerweather, Wednesdays, 8-10 p.m., free.

**THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE:** 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach. The Doug Webb Quintet, Sat., June 24, 11 a.m.-3:30 p.m., free. The Kye Palmer Quintet, Sun., June 25, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Dave Tall Quartet, Wed., June 28, 6-9 p.m., free.

**LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB:** 431 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. Cathy Segal-Garcia & Dave Ross, Last Thursday of every month, 6:30 p.m., $10.

**94TH AERO SQUADRON:** 16320 Raymer Ave., Van Nuys, Adam Galyash & August Zadra, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., free. The Brian Swartz Trio Alumni, Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., $15. Galysh & August Zadra, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., free. Randi & Quest, Sat., June 24, 9:30 p.m., $20. Brian Charette & Doug Webb, Sun., June 25, 9:30 p.m., $20. Monday Night Jamboree, Mondays, 9:30 p.m., $10.

**BIG SOMETHING W/ FENCER:** FRI 7.14

**ROSES & CIGARETTES W/ CALEB HENRY & THE CUSTOMS:** SAT 10.21

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**JAZZ & BLUES**

**ALVA’S SHOWROOM:** 1417 W. Eighth St., San Pedro. The Non Tani & Mi, Sekai Project, Sun., June 24, 8:30 p.m., $30.

**THE ATTIC:** 14633 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks. Adrian Galyash & August Zadra, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., free.

**COCOPALM RESTAURANT:** 1600 Fairplex Dr., Pomona. Chino Espinoza & the Dudes of the Son, Fridays, 10 p.m., free.


**BLUE WHALE:** 123 Astronaut E.S. Onizuka St., Los Angeles. Walter Smith III, June 23-24, 9-7 p.m., TBA. Kenton Chen, Sun., June 25, 9 p.m. Satoko Fujii & Kaz, Mon., June 26, 9 p.m., TBA (see Music Pick). Sara Leib, Vardan Ovsepian, Wed., June 28, 9-7 p.m., $15.

**BURBANK MOOSE LOUNGE:** 1901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

**COLOMBO’S ITALIAN STEAKHOUSE & JAZZ CLUB:** 1833 Colorado Blvd., Eagle Rock. Steve Thompson, Fridays, 8 p.m., free. The Eric Eastrick Trio, Mondays, 4:30 p.m., free. Tom Arnumbruster, Tuesdays, 7 p.m., free. Karen Hernandez & Jimmy Spencer, Wednesdays, 7 p.m., free. Trifecta, Thursdays, 7 p.m., free.

**DESSERT ROSE:** 1700 Hillhurst Ave., Los Angeles. The Mark Z Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7-11 p.m., free.

**THE DRESDEN RESTAURANT:** 1760 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. The Ready’s, Saturdays, 9 p.m., free. Marty & Elyane, Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9-7 p.m., free.

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

**IL PICCOLO VERDE:** 140 S. Barrington Pl., Los Angeles. David Marcus & Chris Conner, Tuesdays, Thursdays, 7-10 p.m., free. David Marcus & Jon Alvarez, Thursdays, 8 p.m., free.

**LAS HADAS:** 9048 Balboa Blvd., Northridge. Cool Blue, Fridays, 7-9 p.m., free. Johnny Vana’s Big Band Alumni, Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., $30. Mariachi Tenochtitlan, n, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free. Rex Mennerweather, Wednesdays, 8-10 p.m., free.

**THE LITTLE HOUSE:** 30 Ave., Hermosa Beach. The Doug Webb Quintet, Sat., June 24, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free. The Kye Palmer Quintet, Sun., June 25, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Dave Tall Quartet, Wed., June 28, 6-9 p.m., free.

**LOGOS ANTHELIC CUBICL:** 431 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. Cathy Segal-Garcia & Dave Ross, Last Thursday of every month, 6:30 p.m., $10.
FALLING JAMES

COUNTRY & FOLK

BOULEVARD MUSIC: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Susie Gaze New Folk Ensemble, Rockey Neck, Sat., June 24, 8 p.m., $17.50.

THE CINEMA BAR: 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Hot Club of L.A. Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free.


THE COWBOY PALACE SALOON: 21635 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. Chad Watson, Mon., June 26, 8 p.m., free. Jimi Nelson, Tue., June 27, 8 p.m., free.

E.B.'S BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET: 6333 W. Third St., Los Angeles. Groovy Rednecks, Talkin’ Treason, Sat., June 24, 7 p.m., free.

JOE’S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL: 4311 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank. The Rolling Figs Jazz Orchestra, Mon., June 26, 9 p.m., free. G & the Swinging Three, Tue., June 27, 9 p.m., $5. Dance Yourself Clean, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., free-$5.

THE DANCE CLUBS

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

AVENON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more, Fridays, 9:30 p.m.-11 p.m.; The Fat Rat, Aposhe, Jon Mon, FatSince95, Fri., June 23, 9:30 p.m.; Hook N Sling, Atomic Mike, 9:30 p.m.; The Fat Rat, G & the Swinging Three, Tue., June 27, 9 p.m., free. Dizzy Dale Williams, Wed., June 28, 9 p.m., free. Bernie Dresel, Thu., June 29, 8:30 p.m., free.

BOARDER’S: 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Bar Sinister, Hollywood’s dark-wave bastion and goth dungeon, with resident DJs Amanda Jones, John C. & Tommy, plus sexy-sinful displays and aerialist distractions, Saturdays, 10 p.m., $10-$20. Blue Mondays, where it’s always the 1980s, a decade of “bad fashion & great music,” with resident DJs, 18+, Mondays, 8 p.m.-2 a.m.

CREATE NIGHTCLUB: 6023 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Noise Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m. Arcade Saturdays, 10 p.m.

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

THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Sex Cells, with Silent Servant, Rev. John, Xian Vox, DJ Danny Lethal and others, Sat., June 24, 9 p.m., $13. Dub Club, an eternally mesmerizing night of reggae, dub and beyond from resident DJs Tom Chastain, Roy Cordero, The DuneGnomaster and Boss Harmony, plus occasional live sets from Jamaican legends, 21+, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.-1:30 a.m., Thu., June 29, 9 p.m., $10.

EL CONDOR: 3701 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Sports Bra, with DJ Sorrell Scrutton & DJ Gina Young, Last Saturday of every month, 10 p.m.-1 a.m. Thru Aug. 27, free.

EXCHANGE LA: 618 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Space Yacht, Fri., June 23, 11 p.m.; Awakening, Fridays, 10 p.m. Inception, Saturdays, 10 p.m.; Dash Berlin, Sat., June 24, 10 p.m. RMW Los Angeles, with musicians TBA, Wed., June 28, 7 p.m., $30.

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

HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM: 6215 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. The Maxx Ret 100 Party, Sat., June 24, 8 p.m., free.

LA CITTA: 396 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Funky Reggae Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Boss Harmony, Fridays, 9 p.m., $5. Dolly Ponder, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Sundays, 2 p.m., free; DJ Paw, 21+, Saturdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free. DJ Mo, Mondays, 9 p.m., TBA.

THE LINCOLN: 2536 Lincoln Blvd, Venice. For the Record, a vinyl night with rock DJs Bruce Duff & Kasey Bombers, Tuesdays, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., free.

LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Club 90’s, Fridays, 10 p.m.; Techno Cumbia, Fri., June 23, 10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 9 p.m.


QUE SERA: 1923 E. Seventh St., Long Beach. Release the Bats, with goth and deathrock DJs, 21+, fourth Friday of every month, 9 p.m., $5.

THE SATELLITE: 1711 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Funk Trump, a funky disco dance party, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m. $5. Dance Yourself Clean, Saturdays, 9 p.m., free-$5.

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

THAT 50S BAR: 10555 Mills Ave., Montclair. ‘80s Dance Party, with new wave, old-school and freestyle favorites, Fridays, Saturdays, 7 p.m.-2 a.m., $5-$10.


THE THEATRE AT ACE HOTEL: 929 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. DJ Derek Cowart, DJ Alexander Ebrahim Ahmedi, Fri., June 23, 9 p.m., free.


THE VIRGIL: 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Conne Sail Away: A Yacht Rock Adventure, last Sunday of every month, 9 p.m.-1:30 a.m., free. Funkmosphere, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.-2 a.m., free-$5.

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23


BELANOV: 8 p.m., $45-$130. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

BET EXPERIENCE: With Bryson Tiller, DJ Khaled, Jhene Aiko, Jidenna, Khalid, 7:30 p.m., $59-$139.50. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

BLACK LIPS: With Timmy’s Organism, Starcrawler, 8:30 p.m., $27. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

THE CLAYTON CAMERON SEXTET: 6 p.m., free. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.


KEYSHIA COLE: 11 p.m. The Noyo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

THE REVOLUTION: 7 p.m., $29.50-$79.50. The Wiltern, 3700 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

THE SUMMER SOUL FESTIVAL: With Maze & Frankie Beverly, Loose Ends, Tank, Wondland, 7:30 p.m., $65-$295. USC Galen Center, 3400 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

TANK & THE BANGAS: With Sweet Crude, 7:30 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion at MacArthur Park, 2230 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles.

WHO’S BAD: 9 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24

AIR: With Lo Moon, 8 p.m. Santa Barbara Bowl, 1122 N. Milpas St., Santa Barbara.

ARROYO SECO WEEKEND: With Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, Alabama Shakes, The Meters, Dawes, Live, Broken Social Scene, Charles Bradley & His Extraordinaires, Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Jeff Goldblum, Roy Ayers, William Bell, John Mayall, Bennie Maupin, 12 p.m, $125-$225. Rose Bowl, 1001 Rose Bowl Dr., Pasadena. See Music Pick.

ASAP ROCKY, SCHOOLBOY Q, GUCCI MANE: With Rae Sremmurd, Migos, Young Thug, Lil Yachty, part of BET Experience, 7:30 p.m., $59-$139.50. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

BLIND PILOT: With Charlie Cunningham, 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

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AIR: With Lo Moon, 7:30 p.m., $45 & $55, The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.


BENYAMIN: 8:30 p.m. Dolby Theatre, 6801 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.


JACOB SARTORIUS: With Dawin, 4:30 p.m., $25. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.


PHORA: 7:30 p.m., $26.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.


SUMMER SOULSTICE: With several outdoor stages featuring music from Tony Alva’s His Eyes Have Fangs, Weekend Celebrity, The House of Vibe All-Stars, The Rising, Lynyn Skynyrnd, Dr. Wu, Balia Baila, Jake Davis, The Black Hips, Cubensis, The Contenders, The Danger Band, Whole Lotta Rosies and other tribute bands, 11 a.m.-7 p.m., free, Main Street Santa Monica, betw. Pier Ave. & Bay St., Santa Monica.

MONDAY, JUNE 26

BRIT FLOYD: 7 p.m. Fox Performing Arts Center, 3801 Mission Inn Ave., Riverside.

QUEEN & ADAM LAMBERT: 8 p.m., $44.95-$269.95. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27


JESSIE REYES: 9 p.m., $15. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6900 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.


ROGER WATERS: 8 p.m., $55-$250. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28

DAY WAVE: With Blonder, Dear Boy, 8:30 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

EVERCLEAR: With Vertical Horizon, Fastball, 8:30 p.m., $36, The Belasco Theater, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS: 8 p.m., $69.50-$129.50. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29


THE BUTTERTONES: With Pinky Pinky, 7:30 p.m., free, Levitt Pavilion at MacArthur Park, 2230 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles.

CARRIE UNDERWOOD: 9 p.m., $30-$45. The Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

THE KELLY CHE BAND: 6:30 p.m., free. San Gabriel Mission Playhouse, 320 Mission Dr., San Gabriel.

LEMAITRE: With Coast Modern, 7 p.m., free, Santa Monica Pier, 200 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica.

NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS, CAT POWER: 8 p.m., $129.50. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

SIR SLY: With Papas, 8:30 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

SURF CURSE, TACOCAT: With Starcrawler, 6:30 p.m., free, Museum of Contemporary Art (The Geffen Contemporary at MOCA), 152 N. Central Ave., Los Angeles.

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BEYOND THE WATERFRONT: Dancers from Heidi Duckler Dance Theatre perform atop nearby ships, and L.A. Opera vocalists Jamie Chamberlin, Lisa Eden and Melissa Treinkman raise their voices in a dance-opera homage to the 1954 film On the Waterfront and its composer, Leonard Bernstein, as the audience watches from City Dock No. 1. The pieces includes original music by Juhi Bansal, Sat., June 24, 8 p.m., free. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

FREDERICH CHU: Using “altered tunings,” the pianist unfolds music by Gurdjieff and De Hartmann, Sun., June 25, 6 p.m., free. LACMA, Bing Theater, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

FRIDA: Conductor Kristof Van Gysperre leads a small ensemble in a free performance of Long Beach Opera’s Frida, Fri., June 25, 8 p.m., free, at California Plaza, 300 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles. Long Beach Opera’s presentation of Robert Xavier Rodríguez’s bio-opera about Frida Kahlo is often delightful, and the outdoor garden setting at MOLAA adds to the atmosphere and charm, with pin lights of stars above and the occasional sizzle and pop of nearby fireworks punctuating the merrily macabre music-making, which is a blend of traditional Mexican folk songs and classical styles. Puerto Rican mezzo-soprano Laura Virella is vibrant in the title role, while Venezuelan lyric baritone Bernardo Bermudez is a charismatic counterpart as Kahlo’s lover Diego Rivera, Sat., June 24, 8 p.m., Sun., June 25, 8 p.m.; $49-$150. Museum of Latin American Art (MOLAA), 628 Alamitos Ave., Long Beach.

JOSHUA ROMAN & JACK QUARTET: Cellist Roman whips up the world premiere of a new work, Tornado, Mon., June 26, 7:30 p.m., $55. Hahn Hall, UC Santa Barbara, 1070 Fairway Rd., Santa Barbara.

JUNE SPECIALS!!!

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PARTCH: The ensemble resurrects its namesake Harry Partch’s score to the 1958 film Windsong, plus Partch’s Twelve Intrusions, Dark Brothers and Sonata Dementia, and Lou Harrison’s Suite for Violoncello & Harp, Fri.-Sat., June 23-24, 8:30 p.m., $25, REDCAT: Roy & Edna Disney/CalArts Theater, 631 W. Second St., Los Angeles.

—Falling James

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Legal Notices

Fictitious Business Statement 2017124530
The following person is doing business as JDAC OF LA 4221 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 393 Los Angeles CA 90010. This business is conducted by a Corporation. The date registrant started to transact business under the fictitious business name or names listed above: 04/2017.

NOTICE - IN ACCORDANCE WITH SUBDIVISION (A) OF SECTION 17920. A FICTITIOUS NAME STATEMENT EXPIRES FIVE YEARS FROM THE DATE IT WAS FILED IN THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, EXCEPT, AS PROVIDED IN SUBDIVISION (b) OF SECTION 17920, WHERE IT EXPRESSES 40 DAYS AFTER ANY CHANGE IN THE FACTS SET FORTH IN THE STATEMENT PURSUANT TO SECTION 17913 OTHER THAN A CHANGE IN RESIDENCE ADDRESS OF A REGISTERED OWNER. A NEW FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT MUST BE FILED BEFORE THE EXPIRATION. EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 2014. THE FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT MUST BE FILED BEFORE THE EXPIRATION.

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- Have been diagnosed with type 2 diabetes for at least 1 year
- Have been treating your diabetes with other anti-diabetes medication called GLP-1 for example Victoza®, Byetta®, Bydureon®, Tanzeum®, Eperzan®, or Trulicity® for at least 4-6 months and your diabetes is not adequately controlled with this treatment

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