Rape Choreography Makes Films Safer but Scenes Still Take a Toll on Cast and Crew

PORTRAIT OF THE ACTOR AS A YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER

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CORRECTION:
The cover illustration of the July 7-13, 2017, issue was by Rachel Idzerda.
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It’s already dark outside when Deven MacNair laces up her shoes for work. Like anyone’s job, MacNair’s occupation can fall into routine. For her, it’s a lot of direction: “Right arm on left shoulder.” “Left elbow on right hand.” “Right knee on left thigh.” That’s not a game of Twister — it’s a choreographed rape. “I never meant to be a specialist in rape scenes,” MacNair says with a touch of incredulity. “But I really am, because I’m a female stunt coordinator.”

MacNair is blond-haired and blue-eyed, with an easy smile that could convince you to sign a petition. She’s also a reluctant expert in staging sexual assaults on television and film. An independent pro wrestler (character name: Fire!) and trained actor, MacNair made her way to L.A. to work as a stunt double in comedies. She loves Buster Keaton–esque physical comedy, “almost Three Stooges with seltzer water” stuff, she says, but she rarely gets that kind of work. Shortly after she got to Hollywood, she was introduced to the macabre career of rape choreography by a male mentor who abruptly quit coordinating fights, because she says “he found himself exclusively choreographing rape scenes.” The intensity took its toll on him.

MacNair might prefer to be working on Disney and kids projects, but a job’s a job, and men still get the best stunt-doubling gigs (even for female characters). So she picks up the phone when producers call with a potential scene. She has continued to pick it up — rape scenes are everywhere. MacNair is grateful, always positive, ready to do what’s asked of her. At the same time, she — and others — hope the industry might stop to consider the toll of the number of rapes it depicts on screen.

While narratives of sexual assault are nothing new — every-thing from early Old West films to the various Renaissance-era depictions of The Rape of the Sabine Women and Japan’s 19th-century ukiyo-e prints (an art form that influenced anime today) depicts gendered violence — these storylines have become particularly common in film and TV lately. In the last few years, there’s a laundry list of media involving rape: The brutal rape scene in Stanley Kubrick’s A Clockwork Orange drove away at least one actress who called the filming “too humiliating.”

SEXUAL ASSAULT IS A COMMON FILM PLOTLINE, BUT HOW DO ON-SCREEN RAPES AFFECT THE CAST AND CREWS WHO ENACT THEM?

BY APRIL WOLFE
RARELY DO WE THINK ABOUT THE FILMMAKERS, ACTORS AND CREW WHO MAKE ON-SCREEN RAPES HAPPEN, LIKE DEVEN MACNAIR.

How many are filmed in a year? Does all this normalize rape or expose it as horror? Are these depictions power-fantasy turn-ons, victimizing exploitation, or dramatically vital? What toll do they take on viewers (and critics) — and on the people who produce the scenes? Until recently, most rapes in TV and film were told from a male point of view. What happens when women direct rape scenes?

Back when director Rachel Feldman was starting her career, in the late ’80s and early ’90s, the demand for rape stories was high. She’d been working in television — The Commish; Picket Fences; Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman — and wanted to break into features with a Lifetime movie. The producers were receptive to the script she had written but demanded one big change: “The only way it was going to go into production was to take this direction where they wanted [the character] to be raped.”

Feldman felt, and still feels, that it’s possible to direct a tasteful rape scene that can serve a larger purpose. Her compromise was to write a scene where the victim could fight and keep her rapist. “It’s not like I left her whimpering in a pool of semen,” Feldman laughs. “She had strength.” Feldman had developed a rapport with...
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all of a sudden that it feels wrong. And so times you would watch a clip and know was. It helped me define what works. Some-viewing, but if it’s useful for you…” And it “He said, ‘It’s not going to be in any way fun Brian Yorkey, provided her with a supercut as a corrective, portraying the complexity Tolentino certainly has a point — but the creators tout them as “a public service.”

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In a New Yorker piece, Jia Tolentino writes on the two rape scenes in Netflix’s 13 Reasons Why, arguing that the rape scenes stretch out far longer than necessary and that the show exploits these scenes even as the creators tout them as “a public service.” Tolentino certainly has a point — but the depictions of rape in 13 were conceived of as a corrective, portraying the complexity of emotions and denial swirling around a sexual assault.

Jessica Yu, who directed the rape of Hannah (Katherine Langford) — recalls that the series’s creator, Brian Yorkey, provided her with a superb cut of assault scenes she could choose to study. “He said, ‘It’s not going to be in any way fun viewing, but if it’s useful for you.’ And it was. It helped me define what works. Sometimes you would watch a clip and know all of a sudden that it feels wrong. And so

“I THINK RAPE CULTURE IS GETTING WORSE IN A WAY BECAUSE WE’RE NOT DISCUSSING IT. IF YOU FILM [RAPE] LIKE A SEX SCENE, THEN IT IS GLORIFYING IT.”

–DIRECTOR JESSICA M. THOMPSON

remembers that both he and Wood got caught up in the emotions. It was Eklund’s last day, so he got out of wardrobe and drove home and went through what he calls “recovery time.”

“Just the physicality of it, you carry the emotional side of it with you. It doesn’t fade away that quickly,” he says.

A year later, Into the Forest premiered in Toronto. Eklund was there, reuniting with cast and crew. In a quiet moment, Page and Wood took the actor aside and apologized. At first he was confused. But then they explained that they hadn’t fully realized how much filming that scene, playing the rapist, would affect him emotionally.

“It meant a lot to me that they actually pulled me aside and wanted to check in with me,” Eklund says.

His experience opens up yet another buried aspect about the prevalence of rape in film: how actors who play rapists cope with the experience.


Beatty most famously played Bobby, a character who is brutally raped by a hillbilly in John Boorman’s tense thriller Deliverance (1972). They rehearsed for days and finally completed the scene in a four-minute shot that would forever change Beatty’s

covery was not so quick. Witnessing a rape over and over, as the production crew and editors have to do, takes its toll.

Working on Brian De Palma’s heart-wrenching war drama Casualties of War (1989), editor Bill Pankow and the postproduction crew edited one of the most emotionally charged rape scenes committed to film, in which Sean Penn’s character and three others assault a Vietnamese girl over the objections of Michael J. Fox’s character. Alarmed, Jodie Foster, who was watching the rape scene for The Accused (1988), Foster said that the mostly male crew became insomniacs and lost weight, stressed out over the four-day shoot. Foster cried so hard in the scenes that she popped blood vessels around her eyes but quickly eased into an upbeat attitude afterward. “At night, I’d watch the dailies of the rape scene and make jokes,” she told Vanity Fair. The men? Their re-

and once rape scenes were the territory of men, crafted according to their desire for a lurid “realism,” they’re now often created by women, who feel a sense of duty for more.

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For Derek Boonstra, the few days of crying was worth it, because both Kirby Dick documentaries he cut — The Invisible War and The Hunting Ground — led many to take viable actions against sexual assault. In some cases, with fictional narrative films, constructing these rape scenes does start to feel like a public service: If you can make it believable, make people care about the victim, then you’ve created a better story and honestly shown the horror.

Stories like these editors “abound, though many other artists and technicians prefer not to go on record. Editor Tom Pilla, who assisted in finding interview subjects for this article, expressed some shock at the number of responses he’d received when he put out a call. “I was surprised how many editors contacted me to say they cut a rape scene but were uncomfortable talking about it,” he said via email. Truth is, every writer, director, actor and editor wants to work, and they’re not likely to turn down a film with a rape scene.

There’s one downside to accepting work on a rape scene that is exclusive to actors: What kind of roles will you get if people remember you, for instance, as a rapist?

For the filming of the British crime drama Peaky Blinders, actor Sam Neill got “wobbly,” requiring pep talks in the lead-up to his character’s rape scene with Helen McCrory. In an interview with the Belfast Telegraph, McCrory lamented how difficult it is for male actors to take on the role of a sexual predator, because it could likely affect the trajectory of a career. “People stare at you on the tube,” she said. “They can’t remember why they want to batter you to death, but they just remember that they do.”

Whether or not rape scenes are deemed meaningful or “good” for the culture, the reality of an actor’s career in Hollywood includes a high likelihood of eventually either being raped or raping someone else on screen. For a certain unlucky few, they will play the role multiple times.

Mark Kelly is a genial, thoughtful guy, who moved from Oregon to Los Angeles for a career as a comic actor. You might know him as Connor in Fear the Walking Dead or Dale in Mad Men. As a father of two, Kelly’s thankful that he often plays “good people,” but that’s not always the case. Every director I’ve spoken to for this story says it’s imperative to cast the kindest human you can imagine as the rapist, to make the actor playing the victim as comfortable as possible. According to his director for The Night Stalker, Megan Griffiths, Kelly is that guy.

The actor actually has a long history of playing the abuser. His mother runs an Oregon nonprofit called Hands & Words Are Not for Hurting Project, aimed at domestic-abuse awareness, and early in his career, he would return home with his girlfriend to act out a stage play centered around domestic abuse for illustrative purposes. As Kelly describes having to play-hit and verbally berate his girlfriend onstage, he groans. “Man, this gets dark real fast. I swear I’m an optimistic guy.”

In case of performing the play again and again, Kelly eventually convinced his mom that they should make a film, Loves Me Loves Me Not. So when Griffiths cast him as the rapist in The Night Stalker, Kelly took the part specifically because he trusted the director not to sensationalize rape and to use the film as a teaching tool, that rape is not about sex but power.

“Her vision toward film reminded me of how pure and honest these years working on domestic abuse with my parents were,” he says. “Shooting something like this is something you’re proud to do for the cause, but you’re definitely not having fun.”

Kelly’s background makes him uniquely knowledgeable on the topic of assault. As we talk, he easily rattles off disturbing statistics about rape in America and sighs when he admits he’d thought we as a culture had already made astounding progress in demystifying rape and starting a dialogue but was proven wrong by politicians saying “crazy shit.” Kelly says, “If I have to, God forbid, play a rapist again, I will for a good cause. But I don’t like it. God, I really do not like it.”

Right now, America — and much of the rest of the world — is simultaneously mired in rape stories and also completely unable in reality to face rape and its repercussions. Many filmmakers’ decisions to portray a rape stems from a desire to change the conversation around rape, but this has opened the door to an oversaturation of sexual-assault images, where some might become numb to it. Should we demand fewer rape scenes for fear of perpetuation, rather than representation? What’s the right amount of rape to create that dialogue that might lead to actual change?

Arriving at a magic number is impossible, of course. That means it remains urgent for every filmmaker to think deeply about what their rape scenes convey, whether they’re necessary, whether they help or hurt the culture itself or the people they’ve entrusted to re-create these scenes.

We may never know just how many rape scenes appear in movies or TV in a given year. According to a Motion Picture Association of America spokesman, the organization adds descriptors before films and programs to indicate that they contain sexual violence but does not have data on how many times that descriptor has been used. (Anecdotally, when I was a script reader, I found that 46.7 percent of the 30 scripts I’d read in a three-month period contained rape.)

So it’s not too much to ask screenwriters, directors and producers to ask themselves these questions before adding to that number: Are you the right person to tell a rape story? What does this scene illuminate? Remember that there are skilled professionals, like Deven MacNair, who ensure the scene’s realism and safety — and it’s also worth considering whether there isn’t some fresh, more interesting stunt you’d like to see MacNair attempt in your film.

MacNair is focusing on a new cause these days: pushing filmmakers to actually hire women stunt actors to double for female actors. She’ll still choreograph your rape scene — and do a damn good job.

“But,” she says, “if I do less next year, that’s OK by me.”
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BAD RELIGION
Tao in Hollywood defies expectations, and not in a good way

BY BESHA RODELL

There’s an odd, pervasive myth about the way Americans eat that at its most basic goes like this: The privileged among us eat well, while the poor eat poorly. It’s an assumption that’s deployed frequently when discussing food deserts, obesity, nutrition and other issues of food insecurity and hunger.

But it also smacks of classism and ignores the fact that most Americans, regardless of financial status, eat poorly. In fact, I’d say that if we are going to generalize, it would be more accurate to say that the very wealthy in this country have some of the worst taste when it comes to food.

How else to explain Tao? The outrageously over-the-top mini-chain that originated in New York has seen its Las Vegas outpost become the highest-grossing and most profitable restaurant in America, and its New York locations aren’t far behind. As of this past April, Los Angeles has a Tao of its own, along with a handful of other concepts from the same owners, all attached to the new Dream Hotel in Hollywood.

Much has been written about the genius of Tao as a moneymaking operation, about how 75 percent of its revenue is in alcohol when the industry standard is around 30 percent, and about how in Vegas the restaurant and its adjacent nightclub manage to attract convention-goers during the week and celebrities (as well as rich-kid wannabes) on the weekends.

Hollywood is an obvious place to try to re-create that dynamic, and I can attest to the fact that it’s working. During the week a steady stream of tourists fills the multilevel dining room; on weekends the valet line is a parade of brightly colored luxury cars disgorging brightly colored luxury people. Paparazzi swarm. Kardashians pout. Etc.

Inside the heavy wooden doors and through the dark entrance corridor, the space is a massive, overwhelming fantasy, crammed with symbols of Asian mysticism, spirituality and sexuality, as well as any other lazy stereotype you can think of. Dragon’s Red lanterns! A giant statue of a multi-armed Guanyin bodhisattva that has birds and a glowing red heart and other random shit projected onto it!

The dining area is arranged like a theater, with the bodhisattva statue where the stage or screen would be and the large bar and lounge where the balcony would be. To reach your table, you descend into the tiered room and get a seat either on one of those tiers or at the bottom, under the statue. Much of the seating is engineered from the same owners, all attached to the new Dream Hotel in Hollywood.

I wanted to try to understand this very popular thing. Surely there’s something to learn from Tao’s massive success.

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How else to explain Tao? The outrageously over-the-top mini-chain that originated in New York has seen its Las Vegas outpost become the highest-grossing and most profitable restaurant in America, and its New York locations aren’t far behind. As of this past April, Los Angeles has a Tao of its own, along with a handful of other concepts from the same owners, all attached to the new Dream Hotel in Hollywood.

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FARMING SEAFOOD

Catalina Sea Ranch is the United States’ first offshore shellfish ranch

A

s we become more conscious about the proteins we eat, how they were raised and where they come from, the question of sustainable seafood has come more into focus. Which species and whether wild-caught or farmed are regular considerations in mindful seafood consumption.

When it comes to farming finfish, for instance, the feed conversion ratio — the poundage of feed per pound of weight gain in the fish — is a commonly used indicator of sustainability. Though FCVs vary across the different finfish species, averages range between 1:1 and 3:1. All finfish, with the exception of bluefin tuna (15:1), tend to fare better, in terms of efficiency, than their land animal counterparts, especially cattle.

Even more efficient than finfish are shellfish, which act as natural filters for our lakes, rivers and oceans. Since shellfish feed on phytoplankton, the question of feed is taken out of the equation, making them some of the most sustainable — and perhaps delicious — seafoods around.

Addressing this demand for not only shellfish but locally sourced shellfish is a particular operation stationed in the waters off Long Beach and first permitted (the first of its kind domestically) for construction in 2012.

Catalina Sea Ranch is the first offshore shellfish ranch in U.S. federal waters and is a 100-acre aquaculture farm, currently equipped to grow Mediterranean mussels. The ranch’s first harvest is scheduled for mid-July and is only available wholesale, which means you’ll have to find them on menus at restaurants in the Los Angeles and Long Beach areas.

The mussels are grown on suspended ropes, away from predators (typically starfish and snails) and in open, upwelling waters atop the San Pedro shell, which plates at 150 feet. This means that the mussels grow plump (2.5 to 3 inches) from standing up to strong currents created by nearby oil rigs. They feed on microorganisms suspended in clean, turbulent water while avoiding the sludge and bacteria typically brought up from the bottom dredges of the ocean. From feed to market, these mussels achieve full size in 10 months as opposed to the typical 12 to 14 months.

A solar-powered NOMAD buoy constantly monitors the ranch’s wave and current measurement, nearby marine mammals, water quality, weather and more, facilitating research in shellfish farming and environmental studies. Scientists have access to this information through a cloud server so they can analyze the findings.

At 100 acres, the sea ranch has a capacity of a total 2.5 million pounds of mussels with the ability to supply restaurants with more than 200,000

Eating mussels. The ranch’s first harvest is scheduled for mid-July and is only available wholesale, which means you’ll have to find them on menus at restaurants in the Los Angeles and Long Beach areas.

 prosperity from this futile exercise and say: To the tourist visiting Hollywood and looking for an outrageous experience, you deserve better. To the guy looking to impress a date, you deserve better. To the food world live in our food-world bubble; we tie ourselves in knots talking about the peril of cultural appropriation in Portland food trucks while the highest-grossing restaurant in America blithely offers bottle service under a giant, reclining Buddha statue as paintings of demure geishas cast their eyes alluringly downward behind the bar.

Don’t we?

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Canned wine is having its day in the sun. Between Cinespia screenings and Hollywood Bowl shows, cans of rosé, sparkling whites and reds are becoming a staple in Angelenos’ picnic baskets. New selections are popping up all over the city, from $3.99 four-packs of Trader Joe’s Simpler Wines to $10 16-ounce cans of “small-batch” cabernet. Some are what you’d expect out of a canned wine but others are actually quite delicious.

But here’s the real reason we drink canned wine: to have a good time. No one takes a swig off their tallboy of pinot noir to identify notes of elderberry and fresh cement. With alcohol by volume (ABV) numbers between 5 and 15 percent, canned wine takes a less-is-more approach to dining on a blanket. One tall can of 12.5 percent, canned wine — it’s just smart picnicking.

In August, it’s expanding to a full 1,000 acres. Do the math and you’ll count a lot of California-grown mussels, which positions the ranch as a major player in locally sourced seafood. The ranch also has plans to harvest scallops, oysters and kelp in the future. Since the United States imports 80% of the seafood we consume, this is a small but needed step in the right direction for not only conscientiously sourced meals but the California economy.

The sea ranch is currently providing tours to distributors, chefs and educational groups to view the offshore operation and consider sourcing from Catalina Sea Ranch. Given that we’re starved for locally sourced, quality seafood, we have a lot to look forward to in the shellfish being harvested at the ranch. —Esther Tseng

## The 5 Best Canned Wines and Grocery Store Snacks for Summer Picnics

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But here’s the real reason we drink canned wine: to have a good time. No one takes a swig off their tallboy of pinot noir to identify notes of elderberry and fresh cement. With alcohol by volume (ABV) numbers between 5 and 15 percent, canned wine takes a less-is-more approach to dining on a blanket. One tall can of 12.5 percent Everyday Rosé is the perfect setup for an outdoor movie: less bulky than a six-pack of beer and not nearly as filling as an IPA. On top of providing an efficient buzz, canned wine cuts the need for corkscrews and glasses, and removes the risk of shattering the bottle on the way up those Hollywood Bowl hills. Canned wine — it’s just smart picnicking.

In aid of smart picnicking, and because stopping by an artisan cheese shop isn’t always in the cards, we’ve researched great canned wine pairings that can be found at the grocery store.

### Barefoot Moscato Spritzer and fried chicken

Ralph’s fried chicken, to be exact. It’s battered and fried every morning, and at $8 for eight juicy pieces, one platter can feed a crowd. Drink it with Barefoot’s Moscato spritzer for a sweet and effervescent balance to the crisp and savory chicken. At 5 percent ABV, this can will get you about as buzzed as a can of Bud Light and costs roughly $10 for a

### Alloy Wine Works Everyday Rosé and Savorish Garlic Chive Chèvre snack packs

These $6.99 tallboys of 12.5 percent ABV Grenache rosé are excellent, and pair well with everything from melty cheese to spicy wasabi peas. We recommend these $5 Savorish snack packs, which are basically grown-up Handy Snacks (yep, the ones from the ‘90s with the red stick) and perfect for smart picnicking. A scoop of herby goat cheese and a pile of flatbread crackers are presented in a sleek little box, freeing us from purchasing a whole tube of chèvre with a box of 45 water crackers. Savorish snack packs and Everyday Rosé can be found at Gelson’s and Whole Foods.

### Sofia Mini Blanc de Blanc with Sweet Olive Oil Tortas and goat brie

Trader Joe’s is a treasure trove of snacks and ridiculously cheap wine. Its canned wine costs $4 for a pack of four, so it’s no surprise that Simpler Wines are not superior in taste. But at 10 percent ABV per can, they’re completely acceptable for boozy picnics. The muted flavor works as a palate cleanser for bold and briny flavors, such as the single-serving packs of pitted Manzanilla olives for just 99 cents apiece, and bomber sardines in oil for $1.69. Eat the sardines with multigrain crackers to add a touch of sweetness and crunch to the ensemble.

### Fiction Red with cured meats and cheeses

Canned red is tougher than whites and pinks, but this Fiction 14.7 percent ABV blend defies the odds. It’s a perfect balance of dryness and fruit, which pairs well with meats and cheeses. No need to be adventurous with this one. Grab some salami and provolone from the deli counter, or pick up a pack of Fiorucci mozzarella wrapped in prosciutto ($4.79 at Whole Foods), and you’re in business.

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Psychedelic Sunsets

Friday Flights soars again with tonight's titanic triad of creative energies: Artist Molly Surno and Yeah Yeah Yeahs drummer Brian Chase meld choreography and barbering with We of Me, a soundscape mixed live and propelled by 20 men and their amplified, handcrafted hairbrushes. There's also a set by Long Beach psychedelic velvet jammer Sun Araw and their amplified, handcrafted hairbrushes. Mixed live and propelled by 20 men and barbering with Brian Chase meld choreography and a cabal of artists that unites New Age thinking and corporate mindsets to create "new ways of feeling and ways of thinking," in the words of the book *Democracy in America*, and find out if the American dream is still accessible to working-class people. Since 2013, the New York–based comedian and SiriusXM host (he's also been a host on VH1 and of *America's Funniest Home Videos*), has applied that same political sensibility when emceeing *Comedy Nation*, a stand-up show in which fellow comics crack wise about such topics as sex, sexism, gambling and legalizing drugs, followed by a panel discussion. Tonight's lineup for *Comedy Nation: Patriotism vs. Party: Are They All Drunk on Power?*, features Dulcé Sloan, Rick Overton, Felicia Michaels, Tamer Kattan, Bill Dixon and Robin Tran. Nerdist Showroom at Meltdown Comics, 7522 Sunset Blvd, Hollywood; Fri., July 14, 7-8:30 p.m.; $10. (323) 851-7223, nerdmltla.com.

Photo by Alex Gillman

Laying Down the Claw

The 18th annual *Port of Los Angeles Lobster Festival* is the world's largest lobster festival, with four Guinness World Records to prove it. The star item here is fresh discount Maine lobster meals flown in daily, including lobster rolls, lobster mac and cheese, lobster quesadillas and ... well, you get the idea. (Note: The admission price does not include lobster meal.) Dine and dance to free entertainment, including a variety of bands and street performers, and savor a stroll in the pleasant outdoor park along L.A.'s historic waterfront, with tall ships harbored nearby and shopping at Ports O' Call in San Pedro. *Port of Los Angeles, Sixth St & Harbor Blvd, San Pedro; Fri., July 14, 5-11 p.m.; Sat., July 15, 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Sun., July 16, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.; $12, free veterans, military and kids under 12. (310) 798-7478, lobsterfest.com. —John Payne

**GALLERIES**

**Beasts and Bikinis**

*Heavy Metal* Magazine — or “Naked Chicks With Wings Monthly,” as it was known in eighth grade — embarks upon its fifth decade of riveting fantasy, science fiction and artistic vibrancy at the opening of the *Heavy Metal 40th Anniversary Art Show*. The group exhibition presents works by more than 80 artists — everyone from European greats like Moebius and Milo Manara to American visionaries such as Richard Corben and the late genius Jeffrey Catherine Jones. From the breadth and depths of the magazine’s history, you’ll also see live body painting, cels from the 1981 *Heavy Metal* film, limited-edition prints, memorabilia and more. Copro Gallery, Bergamot Station, 2525 Michigan Ave., Ste. T-5, Santa Monica; Sat., July 15, 8-11 p.m. (exhibit runs through Aug. 19); free. (310) 829-2156, copronason.com.

**Masked Mayhem**

Despite its flamboyant personalities and over-the-top histrionics, American professional wrestling can’t hold a candle to *lucha libre*, the highly theatrical and acrobatic style of Mexican wrestling. The Museum of Latin American Art celebrates the popular sport with its *Lucha Libre Extravaganza!* an evening of film, music and, of course, wrestling. The program begins with a *Wrestling School*, Max Minor’s documentary about the Santino Bros. Wrestling School, followed by a meet-and-greet with international superstars whose prowess inside the ring unites fans on both sides of the border. Museum of Latin American Art, 628 Alamitos Ave., Long Beach; Sat., July 15, 8-11 p.m.; $25, members $20. (562) 437-1689, molaa.org.

**CULTURE**

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—Matt Stromberg

**MUSIC**

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—David Cotner

**FOOD & DRINK**

**Laying Down the Claw**

The 18th annual *Port of Los Angeles Lobster Festival* is the world’s largest lobster festival, with four Guinness World Records to prove it. The star item here is fresh discount Maine lobster meals flown in daily, including lobster rolls, lobster mac and cheese, lobster quesadillas and ... well, you get the idea. (Note: The admission price does not include lobster meal.) Dine and dance to free entertainment, including a variety of bands and street performers, and savor a stroll in the pleasant outdoor park along L.A.’s historic waterfront, with tall ships harbored nearby and shopping at Ports O’ Call in San Pedro. Port of Los Angeles, Sixth St & Harbor Blvd, San Pedro;

Fri., July 14, 5-11 p.m.; Sat., July 15, 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Sun., July 16, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.; $12, free veterans, military and kids under 12. (310) 798-7478, lobsterfest.com. —John Payne

—David Cotner
CULTURE

C’mon Ride the Train
Union Station, with its Early California architecture built in 1939, hosts the first Union Station Summer Train Fest. It’s a nostalgic nod to trains of that era, featuring a display of vintage train engines and cars, including the 1927 Santa Fe 3751 steam locomotive and the 1959 Tioga Pass business car. The daylong family event includes model trains, tutorials, a kids zone organized by Griffith Park Travel Town, food trucks, DJs and live music by harmonist Ross Garren. And if you’re a hobbyist, Skylight Books, Train Shack and other local vendors will be offering model train supplies, themed merchandise and train safety education.
Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St., downtown; Sat., July 15, noon-6 p.m.; free; tour of Santa Fe 3751 $20, $10 children, under 5 free. (213) 683-6875, unionstationla.com.
—Siran Babayan

CULTURE

Flying Lotuses
Every year Echo Park Lake becomes the site of a festival timed to coincide with the awe-inspiring bloom of countless lotus flowers along the northwest shore. Thanks to last winter’s much-needed rain, the lakeside blossoms are particularly showy this year, which is as good a reason as any to drop by the 37th annual Lotus Festival. Each year’s event is hosted by a different country, and this year it’s Bangladesh. Dancers from the host country join vendors selling street food and handmade crafts, adding to a range of other multiulti attractions that have become part of an L.A. tradition spanning nearly four decades.
Echo Park Lake, 751 Echo Park Ave., Echo Park; Sat., July 16-Sun., July 17, noon-9 p.m.; free. (213) 485-5027, laparks.org/lotusfestival.
—Tanja M. Laden

THEATER

Speed Writing
Even if you’re a musical-theater hater who doesn’t enjoy watching people break into song and dance, you might be intrigued by The 24-Hour Musicals: Los Angeles. An offshoot of New York–based the 24 Hour Company’s The 24-Hour Plays, The 24-Hour Musicals challenges film and TV actors, writers, composers and choreographers to create four wholly original, short musicals within the 24 hours prior to performance, from 8 p.m. to 8 p.m. The lineup for tonight’s first L.A. event features Shoshana Bean, Wayne Brady, Nellie McKay, Michelle Visage, Garrett Clayton, Janina Gavankar, Alicia Witt, Vella Lovell, Donna Lynne Cham-

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**NOSTALGIA**

**It's Alliiiiive**
No 1980s-inspired party would be complete without Oingo Boingo’s theme song to *Weird Science*, with its synths, horns and sample from 1935’s *Bride of Frankenstein*. The soundtrack to John Hughes’ 1985 teen-angst comedy, about two Chicago suburban nerds who gain popularity by using their computer to create the perfect woman (“just like Frankenstein … except cuter”), is one of the director’s most memorable. Tonight, Film Independent at LACMA will do away with that at **Bring the Noise: Weird Science with Live Music** by Ulises Lozano, Carlos Chairez and Gil Cerezoe of Kinky. Launched earlier this year, the museum’s screening series has paired classic films with original scores composed by Seth Bogart, Yacht and Jack Antonoff, who, in April, performed to that other famous Hughes movie, *The Breakfast Club*. **LACMA, Bing Theater, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire, Thu., July 20, 7:30 p.m.; $30, $25 students and seniors.** (323) 857-6010, lacma.org. —Siran Babayan

**MUSIC**

**Outer Limits**
The boldly ever-morphing *Zola Jesus* is not one to shy away from the scary potentialities to be encountered in trekking the outer parameters of a new “pop” sound. The singer-composer’s somewhat gothy path along several sonics-stretching albums of uncanny vocal acrobatics laced with electronic atmospheres — and, more recently, big brass and beats on her choicey ultra-wide-screen Taiga album (2014) — is a thrilling one, if only for her brave-hearted determination to do things her own way. Also performing: singer-songwriter Lawrence Rothman, Norwegian electronic duo Smerz and the Echo’s Part Time Punks DJ Michael Stock. **The Geffen Contemporary at MOCA, 152 N. Central Ave., downtown; Thu., July 20, 6:30 p.m.; free with reservation.** (213) 621-1741, moca.org. —John Payne

**TALKS**

**Spooky Synths**
Part of the success of *Stranger Things*, Netflix’s retro-themed, sci-fi/horror drama that takes place in a small Indiana town in 1983, was its soundtrack, which featured tunes from The Clash, Joy Division, New Order, Echo and the Bunnymen and Modern English, as well as an original, synth score, including the opening credits, composed by Kyle Dixon and Michael Stein. The two are half of Austin quartet SUR VIVE and were nominated for two Grammys for Best Score Soundtrack for Visual Media. In anticipation of the show’s season-two premiere in October, **Grammy Museum executive director Scott Goldman interviews Dixon and Stein about The Music Behind Stranger Things**, exploring the creative process and the pair’s collaboration with series creators the Duffer Brothers. **Grammy Museum, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., downtown; Wed., July 19, 8 p.m.; $15. grammymuseum.org.** —Siran Babayan

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**THEATER**

**Scully and the Symphony**
One of the quintessential elements of any proper Southern California summer soundtrack has long been the affable voice of *Vin Scully* deftly weaving in references to Shakespeare and post-war Brooklyn in his broadcasts of L.A. Dodgers games. Because of the ongoing limitations of the Dodgers’ current television deal, most local fans couldn’t see much of Scully’s final seasons covering the baseball team before he retired last year, but he emerges from retirement tonight, putting his reassuring, mellifluous voice to use in his orchestral debut with the L.A. Phil as the narrator of *Lincoln Portrait*, composed by fellow New York native Aaron Copland. Conductor Gustavo Dudamel throws out the first pitch with Copland’s *Fanfare for the Common Man* before guiding the orchestra through Beethoven’s epic, choral-infused Ninth Symphony. **Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood; Tue., July 18, 8 p.m.; $1-$154.** (323) 857-6010, hollywoodbowl.com. —Falling James
BY CATHERINE WOMACK

Before he ruined Sandra Bullock’s commute by strapping a bomb to a city bus; before he manically inhaled gas from a plastic mask, morphing into one of David Lynch’s most sadistic, unhinged villains; and before he donned a hippie headband, straddled a custom chopper and rode easy with Peter Fonda across the American West, Dennis Hopper took photographs.

They called him The Tourist. With his trusty Nikon slung around his neck, Hopper spent his 20s capturing images of 1960s Hollywood, Harlem, Tijuana and Selma, Alabama. He knew he was living through a unique time, and he wanted to document it.

It was James Dean — a co-star (Rebel Without a Cause, Giant) and close friend of Hopper’s — who suggested to the young actor that the practice and discipline of photography would help him prepare to direct films. When filming a movie, Dean explained, shots had to be framed correctly along the way so that people will get the sense that they are hearing directly from him, as if he is walking them through the show.

Along this posthumous tour, viewers will be greeted by images of Hopper’s extraordinary friends. A disparate group of up-and-coming actors, artists and musicians at the time, the individuals in Hopper’s album are now cultural icons: There’s Jane Fonda sunbathing in Malibu and Paul Newman squatting into the California sun. Andy Warhol lounges on a couch at the Factory. James Brown, surrounded by adoring fans, shoots a million-dollar smile at the camera. Ed Ruscha’s piercing, serious eyes seduce as he poses in front of a TV repair shop’s neon sign.

“You become this little voyeur,” Bohn-Spector says of the sensation upon viewing these intimate moments of art world and Hollywood celebrities. “Hopper was a very privileged photographer. He had access to a lifestyle, to connections, to travel, to money.”

The curator suggests looking behind the seductive curtain of celebrity. “I would love for people to take Dennis’ photography seriously,” she says. “Not just because he was in the right place at the right time or for who he was depicting but for the genuine artistic quest and hunger that is apparent. I feel he was a very hungry person — hungry for experience and hungry for artistic expression.”

Mellon says he sees Hopper’s artistic brilliance in images captured away from celebrity-saturated Hollywood. “I think he turns into a different photographer when he’s somewhere — be it geographically or at a point in time — in which he is less famous. When he’s able to be anonymous, he’s much more ambitious with his photography.”

This show won’t replace Hopper-the-actor with Hopper-the-photographer in the public’s imagination. His films were too great, his villains too affecting, his roles too memorable. What the “Lost Album” does reveal is that behind this famous actor — behind all the bad guys and great lines — was a young man with a camera, learning his craft and making himself vulnerable in pursuit of art.
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WEIRD SCIENCE
Transplanted from Broadway with Mary-Louise Parker and Denis Arndt.
Heisenberg is an 80-minute slog

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

British playwright Simon Stephens’ Heisenberg tracks the ups and downs in the relationship of an American woman in her 40s and an Irishman in his 70s. First produced at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 2015 and later remounted on Broadway, the play shares its appellation with physicist and 1932 Nobel Prize winner Werner Heisenberg. Heisenberg was most famous for his Uncertainty Principle, which posits limitations to our understanding of the dynamics of matter. Stephens clearly had in mind a parallel between Heisenberg’s dynamics of matter.

While the script’s limitations to our understanding of the behavior of the characters may be clear, the script itself is underwhelmed me from the start. Under its original director, Mark Brokaw, Mary-Louise Parker and Denis Arndt, and Mark Taper Forum with the original cast, Heisenberg, transplanted to the Mark Taper Forum with the original cast, Mary-Louise Parker and Denis Arndt, and under its original director, Mark Brokaw, underwhelmed me from the start.

Mary-Louise Parker and Denis Arndt

My main issue is with Parker’s rendering of the American woman, Georgie — representative of those annoying people who, having no aim or purpose, devote their otherwise directionless energy to cultivating an eccentricity for display to others. This character drives the action, but she does so with a tedious sameness. Add to that Brokaw’s theater-in-the-round staging, which forced me to muse on the actors’ profiles when I longed to view their faces, and I was tapping my foot till curtain time.

Complete strangers, Georgie and Alex (Arndt) meet in a metro station after Georgie approaches Alex and spontaneously kisses him on the neck. Reticent and soft-spoken but with an innate dignity, Alex isn’t the sort of man most people are likely to notice — which makes him a perfect target for Georgie, who’s looking for someone to give her their undivided attention.

After their initial meeting, Georgie tracks Alex down in his London East End butcher shop and continues her efforts to probe his reserve and sexually entice him, which she eventually succeeds in doing.

By design, Heisenberg is a talky piece, which makes it all the more important for its characters to be engaging enough to watch and to listen to. Arndt makes the most of what the playwright has given him, and his taciturn Alex deepens and enriches as we get to know him. But Parker’s detached posturing (reminiscent of her portrayal of Nancy on Weeds), in tandem with the odd, beating way she delivers many of her lines, is countereffective and makes you not care a hoot about her.

Where was the director in this? His lack of oversight, if that’s what you kindly want to call it, delivers a piece that’s an 80-minute slog.

Heisenberg | Mark Taper Forum,
135 N. Grand Ave., downtown | Through Aug. 6
(213) 628-2772 | centertheatregroup.org
MOONKEY SHINES

War for the Planet of the Apes is the most vital blockbuster since Mad Max: Fury Road

BY BILGE EBIRI

Somehow, while we were worrying about superheroes and star destroyers and hot rods and whether Captain America could beat up Superman or whatever, the goddamned Planet of the Apes movies became the most vital and resonant big-budget film series in the contemporary movie firmament. And they did it with the most confrontational of high concepts: Humans suck, and now the apes are the good guys.

To be fair, the films didn’t initially state this outright; they’ve steadily built to the idea. But elements were present right from the beginning. The Simian flu might be killing humans and making apes hyper-intelligent, but what’s really undone us across these three films has been our selfishness, cruelty and nihilistic propensity to destroy that which we claim we want to save. War for the Planet of the Apes picks up a couple of years after 2014’s Dawn of the Planet of the Apes, which ended as all-out war was declared between the ascendant apes and the declining remnants of the human race, just 10 years after the events of 2011’s Rise of the Planet of the Apes. Now, the tribe of apes led by Caesar (Andy Serkis) is hoping to flee to safety, behind a mountain range and across a desert — beyond which, they believe, humanity will not follow them.

But of course, the humans won’t stop their pursuit. Sometimes they come in small, heavily armed invading armies, using turncoat apes as slaves and scouts. Sometimes they come in quiet raiding parties. One of this film’s most striking achievements — especially in its first half — is making us fear even the silhouette of a human being. The men in this movie might as well be the xenomorphs from the Alien movies: strange, unspeakable beasts uncurling out of the shadows like demons from your worst nightmare.

Leading the humans is the messianic Colonel (Woody Harrelson), who inspires them with his kind of mindless devotion. I’m not sure if the Colonel has a kind of preening, godlike bluster in thrall to the preening, godlike bluster of the Colonel. There’s something weirdly disquieting about the spectacle of humanity reduced to an animalistic throng. And it gives the film a disturbing, powerful kick. Of course, people are often capable of great evil; we don’t need the movies to tell us that. But the mindless, tribal destructiveness on display in this film is not some outside, unfamiliar force. These aren’t zombies. We recognize this impulse, this willingness to embrace raw hatred and give ourselves over to leaders who focus and cultivate our rage. These days, we know it all too well.

These last two Apes films were directed by Matt Reeves, who previously distinguished himself with the bleak, beautiful teen-vampire drama Let Me In, a superior remake of the hit Swedish thriller Let the Right One In. This new one has all the reliable virtues of a well-made studio blockbuster: The effects are incredible, the action is exciting, the music is great, and Andy Serkis — once again embodying a nonhuman character through motion-capture technology — remains terrific.

But there’s something more here: Reeves likes his stuff dark — visually, thematically, narratively — and now he plunges us headlong into the gloom. War for the Planet of the Apes is certainly the most melancholy tempalte since... well, since Dawn of the Planet of the Apes. The subject matter may well lend itself to melodrama and spectacle, and while Reeves never skimps on suspense or emotion or epic imagery, he also understands the power of restraint, of quiet. The apes usually speak in sign language. The humans barely speak at all — those who can don’t really have anything worth saying. Meanwhile, the grim settings and mood — thick forests and desolate valleys and pitch-black caves — enhance the imperative for survival at all costs. The picture pulls us as viewers into an atmosphere so oppressive that it leaves us no room for morality; we’re too caught up in the characters’ struggle for survival to worry about anything else. This movie is a dangerous place to be.

THE MINDLESS, TRIBAL DESTRUCTIVENESS ON DISPLAY IS NOT SOME OUTSIDE, UNFAMILIAR FORCE. THESE ARENT ZOMBIES.

JODOROWSKY’S ENDLESS POETRY OFFERS A PHANTASMAGORICAL COMING OF AGE

At 88 years young, the rebel-shaman filmmaker Alejandro Jodorowsky has packed his origins and his emotional baggage in 2013’s The Dance of Reality (the first in a proposed pantheon of autobiographical magic-realist fantasies), which concerned his melancholic 1930s childhood in Tocopilla, Chile. You need not have seen that film to delve into its spectacular follow-up, Endless Poetry, which picks up in the 1940s with Alejandro and his Jewish-Ukrainian folks moving from their provincial home to open a garment shop in Santiago. Dazzlingly shot on location by cinematographer extraordinary Christopher Doyle (In the Mood for Love), this color-splashed, user-friendly sequel draws a heartfelt portrait of a young man growing into his identity by leaning into his creative passions.

Episodic in structure, Endless Poetry feels like a scrapbook of amended memories filtered through Jodo’s lysergic proclivities. There are Nazi dwarves and amputees. There is more full-frontal nudity than the MPAA could stomach. Epic choreography commingles a marching band of red devils with a street procession of skeletons. It’s more loopy, more irreverent and more intensely personal than anything its mystic creator has invented before.

—Aaron Hillis

ENDLESS POETRY | Written and directed by Alejandro Jodorowsky | Abiko Films | Nuart
by leaving her in the house alone with the servants. This is the first of the fatal flaws in the thinking of these male characters: their assumption that a woman’s biggest fear is being left to herself.

The moment the house is free of men, Katherine’s corset is loosened (or gone altogether). Later, when decorum demands that her servant Anna (Naomi Ackie) — who happens to be black — must again tie her up tight at the waist, Katherine deals with the pain by slurping red wine. And when Katherine takes a lover — farmhand Sebastian (Cosmo Jarvis) — her demeanor grows hungrier, and Oldroyd finds in her desire deliciously dark humor.

In one moment, Katherine’s arms are splayed wide across the footboard of her bed while she and Sebastian writhe in ecstasy. The creaking wood of the bedframe beats like a frantic heartbeat against the floor, echoing through the cold, prisonlike home. Then Oldroyd brusquely cuts to fresh-faced, prim Katherine in daylight, holding out her cup for some of Anna’s tea, the gentle tinkling of liquid in the china so at odds with the sounds that preceded it. This is a house with no secrets. Rule-abiding Anna hears the ruckus from the lovers, and her tight-lipped, prudish response (she is unable to question her mistress’s exploits) at first contributes to the comedy — at least until Katherine slowly devolves from lovable cad to vindictive murderess.

When Boris returns at last and requests a special wine for dinner, Anna must deliver the news that it’s all gone — Katherine drank it. But the lady’s anxious face and cold eyes challenge Anna, and the servant has no choice but to take the blame for the wine disappearing. It’s a multilayered, almost dialogue-free scene that ends (achingly) with Anna crawling on hands and knees out the door, at Boris’ behest. Oldroyd frames her so that we only see the top of her back at the bottom of the screen, like a little worm undulating away from its tormenters. Pugh’s and Ackie’s performances here are electric and expressive, the former portraying ultimate power, the latter ultimate fear. By the end of this twisty, enigmatic story, my heart was as tight as one of Katherine’s corsets.
**BATTLE SCARS** I’m sure there’s a thought-
ful way to make a movie about a war
veteran who loses his genitals in combat.
Unfortunately, Battlescars doesn’t find it — mainly because the movie doesn’t have one original, sensible thought. It’s all about this Marine Corps soldier (Zane
Holz) who returns home after fighting in
Afghanistan, plagued with both PTSD and the loss of his nether regions. While he gets the Purple Heart and a $500,000 check for his troubles, he also leaves his
wife and crashes at his weed-dealing
brother’s place. You’d think a movie with subject matter like this would have our protagonist figuring out how to cope with such a life-changing, physical loss, maybe even interacting with men who’ve been through the same predicament. Instead, Battlescars takes a lurchheaded detour into sleazy crime-thriller land when our protagonist figuring out how to cope with the dumb, insulting shit that goes on in Battlescars. (Craig D. Lindsey)

**CHASING CORAL** In 2016, rising
sea temperatures killed 22 percent of the
Great Barrier Reef. In Jeff Orlowksi’s new film Chasing Coral, scientist and reef
specialist Charlie Veron — born in 1945 —
throws a pained look at a millenarian marine biologist and sighs, “I’m glad I’m not your age.” The oceans are warmer, of course, because our release of carbon dioxide has
thickened the greenhouse gases in our at-
mosphere, trapping heat that once would
have bunted out into space. The seas absorb much of that heat, sparing those of us on land from radically increased
temperatures — but not sparing coral,
which after steeping in too-warm water
blanches white and then dies. Rather than just a globe-trotting report on the crisis af-
flicting our oceans, Chasing Coral is about
an ad man’s efforts to find a way to focus
us on the problem. Orlowski (Chasing Ice) tracks a race to document rather than one of
discovery, with a team of scientists and photographers traveling to endangered reefs to capture, with time-lapse cameras, the bleaching of coral and the death of the vibrant ecosystems that thrive around it. (The scientists continually compare coral to forests and cities, the point being that marine life depends upon it — and our lives, too.) At first, Orlowski’s reliance on
reality TV–style interviews about process and emotions struck me as indulgent pad-
ing, but by film’s end their necessity is clear. We watch this crew emerge from the
depths, stunned and shaken, their hearts
ripped open by their work: bearing witness to the slow death of a world. The film is a
devastating success, moving in its beauty
and touching. In celebration of a new biography by Mike
Browne’s forthcoming sci-fi extravaganza, Valerian and the City of
a Thousand Planets. Between shows, the director will
discuss his storied career. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hol-
lywood Blvd., Hollywood; Sun., July 16, 7:30 p.m.; $15. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

One of L.A.’s best-kept secrets is the Silent Society, an offshoot of the Hollywood Heritage Museum, which
screens vintage 16mm flicks at Paramount Ranch. You can eat a leisurely picnic dinner and take a guided tour
to the delightful sets of Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman while you wait for the sun to go down and the show to begin. It
doesn’t really matter what’s playing; it’s the rustic, family-friendly, congenial atmosphere that appeals.

**La Bamba**

**AN EXTRAORDINARY FILM. LIKE A JANE AUSTEN STORY WITH A DASH OF SEX AND MURDER.” — TIME OUT**

**IMAGINE ALFRED HITCHCOCK DIRECTING ‘WUTHERING HEIGHTS.” — INDIEWIRE**

**THE MOST RADICAL MOVIE OF THE SEASON.” — LOS ANGELES TIMES**

**AN UTTERLY RIVETING POWERHOUSE PERFORMANCE BY FLORENCE PUGH.” — TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE**

**A JAW-DROPPING DEBUT.” — ROLLING STONE**

**FLORENCE PUGH LADY MACBETH**

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COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES

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La Bamba: See Friday.

COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

**Silent Films Under the Stars**

**Friday, July 14**

**The Citizen Kane of cannibal pictures, Gary
Sherman’s Death Line (aka Raw Meat) is a
minor masterpiece of dread too little known in
the U.S. Sherman shot the picture in the tun-
els of the London Underground network, im-
buing this tale of subterranean savagery with
a visually precise milieu. Cinemafamily screens
this surprisingly rich suspense exercise — which
plays with audience sympathies with
masterful grace — in its Friday Night Frights
series. Sherman will be in attendance, along
with producer Paul Maslansky and star David Ladd, to
present the restored director’s cut. Cinemafamily/Silent
Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., July 14, 10:30 p.m.; $14. (323) 655-2510, cinemafamily.org.

Before dying in the same infamous plane crash that
took the lives of Buddy Holly and J.P. “Big Bopper” Richardson, Ritchie Valens achieved legendary status as the
granddaddy of Chicano rock. As played by Lou
Diamond Phillips in La Bamba, Valens comes across as a sweet, sensitive soul who overcame a culturally
stacked deck to become an American success story.

The Skirball Cultural Center will screen the film as part of its outdoor Movies That Rock series. Get there early and check out the exhibit “Paul Simon: Words &
Music.” Skirball Cultural Center, 2701 N. Sepulveda Blvd.,
Brentwood; Fri., July 14, 8:30 p.m. (doors 6:30 p.m.); $10. (310) 440-4500, skirball.org.

Sunday, July 16

Before he became the most successful French film
producer in recent history, Luc Besson was a poster
child of the “Cinéma du Look,” a 1980s movement that
privileged surface flash over abstrusem formism. By the
time he made The Professional, Besson was already
an international sensation, with seven César nomina-
tions to his credit. This was preceded by La Femme
Nikita, a robustly stylish thriller about a troubled teen-
age girl recruited and reprogrammed as a deadly spy.

The Egyptian will screen both in anticipation of Besson’s
forthcoming sci-fi extravaganza, Valerian and the City of
a Thousand Planets. Between shows, the director will
discuss his storied career. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hol-
lywood Blvd., Hollywood; Sun., July 16, 7:30 p.m.; $15.
(323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Dan Duryea might be the quintessential noir actor. The
lanky, laconic star had a knack for creating slimy
characters with a mere whine of his nasal voice. His
manners suggested a concealed insecure streak, and when he played the good guy, he could be oddly
touching. In celebration of a new biography by Mike
Pero, enjoy two classic Duryea films. In Criss Cross,
he partners with Burt Lancaster to pull off an armored
car robbery in broad daylight. In Black Angel, extracted
from a Cornell Woolrich novel, Duryea plays an alco-
holic pianist who teams up with a woman to clear her
husband of murder charges. Between films, Pero will
discuss Duryea’s legacy with Richard Duryea, the late
actor’s son, moderated by Alan K. Rode of the Film Noir
Foundation. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa
Monica; Thu., July 20, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (323) 466-3456,
americancinemathequecalendar.com. —Nathaniel Bell
that footage has outraged ISIS, which has endeavored to cut Raqqa off from the rest of the world and to exterminate the citizen journalists. Much of the original RBSS crew long ago fled Raqqa and Syria for Europe, where, in safe houses, they post to the internet reports from back home. “They executed our brother and father so that we’d stop,” says a young man named Hassan, “but we’re going to continue.” Heineman’s own footage is strong, too. He shows us his expat heroes making new lives. They field calls from Raqqaans, type up news reports, wince at photographs of air strikes. They wait to hear who has died; they are harrowed witnessing an anti-refugee rally in Berlin. Heineman’s film is invaluable, as both moral instruction and documented history. (Alan Scherstuhl)

THE SKYJACKER’S TALE Ali (formerly Ronald LaBeet), who spent 12 years in hellish U.S. federal prisons after being convicted of murder, pulled off the impossible on New Year’s Eve 1984. While being transported back to the United States from the Virgin Islands, where he had failed to win an appeal, he sneaked a gun onto a plane and hijacked it, taking everyone on the plane hostage, including the officers charged with guarding him, and ordering the pilot to fly him to Cuba. The people on the plane took him seriously because he referred to himself as “the Fountain Valley Killer.” In the documentary The Skyjacker’s Tale, Ali says he did this for effect, and maintains his innocence in the case in question. In 1972, Ali and four associates were tried and convicted for the shooting deaths of eight people at the Fountain Valley Golf Course, a bit of land in St. Croix that was owned by the Rockefeller family. Ali, then a radical, cops to sticking up tourists to fund his liberation movement. But after serving in the Army — and following orders to kill innocents during the Vietnam War, he says — Ali was done with murdering, Ali and the others reported that the cops were torturing the hell out of them in order to get confessions. (One officer who worked the case chillingly comes clean in the movie.) Tale doesn’t try to solve the murders, but it does make a compelling case that Ali couldn’t have done it; in the meantime, it focuses on the older, amusingly foul-mouthed Ali, now living free with family in Cuba. (Craig D. Lindsey)

TO THE BONE About 10 minutes into Marti Noxon’s eating-disorder drama To the Bone, Ellen (Lily Collins) sneaks away from her overbearing stepmom, Susan (Carrie Preston), to chug warm water in a public restroom — a trick to fool the body into thinking it’s full so that it will burn more calories). A fellow “rexie” bursts into the restroom — they’re at a facility to see if they’re eligible for radical treatment — and questions Ellen: “So you had some crazy fan or something?” Ellen barely reacts. She flutters her eyes, then lights a cigarette. The “crazy fan,” we find out later, is a young woman who became obsessed with Ellen’s caustic, anorexia-themed artwork on Tumblr and killed herself. Collins gets a lot of mileage out of every minute facial movement, but her flat reactions are not dramatically interesting to watch. That’s the problem in a nutshell with this startlingly authentic film about a young woman’s long road to recovery — Ellen is a character who literally wants to disappear from her own story. Noxon has said that this story is loosely based on her own experience with eating disorders, and her film is infused with some stark and horrific truths — the frank talk about calories, about the bingeing and purging. But accurate portrayals of disorders and mental illness may be at odds with the demands of Hollywood. Movies star beautiful people, speaking lines that are better than what we hear in real life, inherently romanticizing the affliction being portrayed. The evidence here suggests that “accurate” and “entertaining” may be mutually exclusive. Still, To the Bone is acted well and, in its depiction of this all-too-pervasive disorder, may be essential. (April Wolfe)
Dunkirk
Call theater for schedule.
9:35, 11:30 p.m., 12:55 a.m.; Sat., 10:25, 11:30 a.m., 12:20, 1:30, 2:15, 3, 5:05, 6, 7:30, 8:30, 9:35, 11:35 p.m., 12:25 a.m.; Wed., 10:10 a.m., 12:15, 2:15, 5:15, 7, 9:10 p.m.; Sun., 10:10 a.m., 12:15, 2:10, 3:05, 5:30, 8, 10:30 p.m.

War for the Planet of the Apes 3D FRI., 11:35 a.m., 5, 1:10 p.m.

City of Ghosts Fri., Sat., 10:25 a.m., 2:55, 5, 8:30, 10:15 a.m.
Sun., 10:25 a.m., 2:55, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.

Transformers: The Last Knight Thurs., 6:30, 8, 10:30 p.m., 12 midnight.
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Celebrating their 25th anniversary, DJ collective The Beat Junkies are on a mission to keep turntablism alive in the era of button pushers

BY JEFF WEISS

As the ashes smoldered from the riots of 1992, L.A.’s hip-hop scene reimagined the next quarter-century of sound. In what remains one of the most important years in Angeleno music history, Dr. Dre’s The Chronic turned gangsta rap into Technicolor party anthems; Pharcyde pioneered a whimsical funhouse alternative; Ice Cube redefined the meaning of a good day; and debuts from Rage Against the Machine and Sublime engineered an indigenous Southern California fusion.

Unbeknownst to the industry, another landmark moment quietly occurred far from the torched strip malls of South Central. From the fringes of L.A.’s suburban sprawl came The Beat Junkies, the most important West Coast DJ crew.

The story of The Beat Junkies doubles as a regional hip-hop chronicle of the last 25 years. During that span, the 13-man collective (J. Rocc, D-Styles, DJ Rhetmatic, DJ What?!?, Symphony, Tommy Gun, Icy Ice, Curse, DJ Shortkut, Melo-D, DJ Havik, DJ Babu and Mr. Choc) irrevocably shaped the landscape of Southern California radio, nightlife and DJ technique. They won so many battles that no one can remember the exact number. Even the term “turntablism” comes from DJ Babu.

As hip-hop scholar Oliver Wang wrote in these pages on the Junkies’ 10th anniversary, “There has never been a DJ crew in any American city as dominant as the Beat Junkies. To conceive of what they’ve done in the ‘90s, you’d have to imagine New York’s DJ kings — Red Alert, Marley Marl, Frankie Knuckles, Grandmaster Flash — all coming from the same neighborhood and forming a crew.”

It began inauspiciously in Cerritos and the neon anonymity of Northern Orange County, which most of the original members called home. They spun in various mobile DJ crews that rocked house parties, high schools and clubs.

“The roots go back to the late ‘80s, when DJing started to take a back seat to the MC. Everyone we knew seemed to stop DJing and we knew we had to stick together,” Rhetmatic explains.

“We’d go up and battle in L.A., and at first it was hard to get respect,” he continues. “We were this crew with one black dude, one Mexican and a bunch of Asians ... walking into the lion’s den.”

Expanding on the genius of the original KDAY mixmasters, within a few years the Junkies became so ascendant that it was like Larry Bird taunting his peers in the three-point contest: “So who’s going to come in second?” They were practically unbeatable. In 1997 alone, they won the International Turntablism Federation Team World Championship and the ITF U.S. Team championship, and Babu took home the ITF solo trophy for scratching and beat juggling. Shortkut’s “beat juggling strobe technique” became one of the most celebrated attacks in the turntablism arsenal. So did Babu and Melo-D’s “echo scratch.”

To be a hip-hop fan in L.A. was to be a fan of The Beat Junkies. If you wanted to buy the latest underground 12-inch, it usually required a pilgrimage to the original Fat Beats on Vermont in Los Feliz, run and stocked by Babu and J. Rocc. If you went to a local rap show, you might catch Babu DJing for Dilated Peoples or Rhetmatic manipulating the Technics for The Visionaries.

Should you turn on your radio, you could hear J. Rocc and Mr. Choc on Power 106’s seminal mix show, Friday Night Flavas. Over at the station’s chief rival, 92.3 “The Beat,” Melo-D cut up alongside Julio G. At KPFF (90.7 FM), Icy Ice and Curse unleashed Seditious Beats.

“That was the height of the turntablism explosion, which included the Junkies, The X-Ecutioners and the Invisibl Skratch Piklz,” Babu says. “They all really went for it, but we opted to spread ourselves thin and cross-market ourselves while always shouting ‘Beat Junkies’ loud and proud.”

From their genesis, The Beat Junkies strove for versatility, so as turntablism’s popularity waned in the mid to late 2000s, most of their members adapted to a hip-hop environment that prized party rocking over technical mastery.

Aligning himself with Madlib and Stones Throw, J. Rocc burnished his reputation as arguably the most artful and funkiest live DJ in the world. D-Styles took his scratch wizardry to Low End Theory, where he became one of the residents. Accepting an offer from his close friend, DJ AM, Melo-D spent several years as a sought-after club DJ in Las Vegas. Babu and Rhetmatic toured constantly with their respective groups and produced for everyone from underground legends like Ras Kass and M.O.P. to Vince Staples.

While the Junkies never quite broke up, a full-scale reunion didn’t occur until five years ago. In commemoration of their 20th anniversary, the Junkies packed out the Echoplex, which reigned their old chemistry and set the stage for their third act.

“That was the catalyst,” Melo-D says. “We’d stayed good friends but hadn’t been getting together like we used to. After that show, we started vibing and exchanging ideas like the old days.”

In an era when the importance of DJ virtuosity has been destabilized by the rise of birthday cake fingers and button pushers, the Junkies seek to once again re-imagine their role in hip-hop and move the needle, incorporating tradition but refusing to indulge in nostalgia. They established an online record pool, their own radio station on the Dash network and, most recently, self-funded their own DJ school, Gendale’s Beat Junkie Institute of Sound.

“I watch a lot of boxing and UFC and noticed how a lot of fighters have their own gyms that teach their style,” D-Styles says. “I told the guys, ‘How come we don’t have our own school like Manny Pacquiao?'” There are other schools out there, but we have our own brand and style and can pass on that foundation.

The Junkies spent a year remodeling the interior of the space, which opened in May, sparing no expense. The room’s centerpiece is “the Longtagon,” a 14-station table designed to inspire a communal and collaborative feel.

If anyone can be a DJ in 2017, the Junkies are doubling down on the things that no YouTube tutorial offers: a sense of community and the chance to absorb wisdom, history and technique from turntable wizards.

“I’d love to turn some world champions out of our school, but at the least I hope we can connect people closer to the culture and history,” Babu says. “I don’t diss people making millions without their equipment plugged in, but there aren’t any ones and zeros that can replicate the experience of getting together with someone and scratching together and building.”

The thing that made us The Beat Junkies was that we had each other to practice with — we had finally found our people.”

THE BEAT JUNKIES | Agenda Festival, Long Beach Convention Center, 300 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach | Sat., July 15, 11 a.m.-6 p.m. | $45 | agrafest.co
ON HIS FIRST ALBUM IN 11 YEARS, MC EIHT RECLAIMS HIS MANTLE AS ONE OF WEST COAST HIP-HOP'S GREATEST O.G.S

BY JEFF WEISS

F or most of hip-hop history, aging gracefully was a veritable oxymoron. Most artists disappeared into dollar-bin CD cemeteries or else attempted to stay eternally young, mimicking teenage ingenuity as convincingly as a Steve Buscemi “How Are You Doing, Fellow Kids?” meme.

Over the last few years, veterans such as E-40, Juicy J, DJ Quik and Raekwon pioneered Ponce de Leon rap. This year alone, Snoop Dogg and Jay-Z have released albums that rival anything they’ve released since the Bush years. Yet equally impressive is Which Way Iz West, the revitalized new record from MC Eiht, the Compton gangsta rapper’s first full-length in 11 years.

“I surprised myself on this get-down,” the rapper born Aaron Tyler says. “The beats got me reminiscing on the days of old and inspired me to get really articulate with the pen. Music transitions, and we have to adapt to the times, but I also felt we didn’t have West Coast music that reached back to the foundation of ‘Nuttin’ but a G Thang,’ ‘[It] Was a Good Day’ or ‘Streiht Up Menace’ — the latter being Eiht’s best-known track.

Though hip-hop is fundamentally rooted in wild-style originality, its O.G.s deserve the right to stay in the lane that they helped invent — especially with ’90s babies siphoning off influences from the decade that birthed them.

There’s an unabashedly nostalgic feel to the proceedings, with Eiht recruiting The Outlawz, WC, The Lady of Rage, B-Real, Kurupt, Xzibit, Big Mike of The Geto Boys and his own partners from Compton’s Most Wanted. DJ Premier executive produced it and contributed several beats — alongside Austria’s Brenk Sinatra, whose hydraulic thump should earn him honorary California citizenship.

“I didn’t have to put out dumb records that would be worthless or beg for a deal to stay relevant,” Eiht says. “Rap comes and goes. New styles form, some stay relevant and others disappear.”

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.

Eiht recorded 50 or 60 songs over the course of the past decade.

He stresses that money was never an issue, invoking the early days when he wanted to be like Run-DMC hopping out of limos with dookie ropes before going onstage. He admits that he barely made a dime off the first three Compton’s Most Wanted albums.

“I didn’t know anything about publishing or royalties,” he says. “I was just doing it for the love of music.”

So one song at a time, he went back to the bedrock — listening to the early CMW records, EPMD, Pete Rock & CL Smooth and the touchstones of West Coast gangsta rap. In the process, he made something authentic to himself and the tradition he helped create.

“Disregard the age thing — that always seems to make people stumble,” Eiht says. “I want people to listen and realize this is a person who knows music, who appreciates the true foundation of hip-hop and wants to tell stories that everyone has been through. I want people to feel like I’m in the struggle right there with you.”

Sometimes, you just have to sit back and be patient.”

There’s something quietly radical to this methodology. Rather than furiously attempt to claw back into the spotlight, Eiht painstakingly toiled, recording 50 or 60 songs over the course of this decade and letting Premier cull the best. He kept busy with tours, the occasional festival date and guest spots (including the latest Snoop Dogg and Quik albums) but also was happy coaching his son’s football squad.

“I didn’t have to put out dumb records that would be worthless or beg for a deal to stay relevant,” Eiht says. “Rap comes and goes. New styles form, some stay relevant and others disappear.”
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8/5 EYEHATEGOD
8/5 MEAN KROSS
8/10 RENT-DIRECTION
8/12 SMASH IT LIVE PRESENTS: WAYNE WONDER
8/17 MO LOWDA & THE HUMBLE
8/17 MO LOWDA & THE HUMBLE
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President Obama is a testament to how spec-
tacularly stupid about a third of the electorate
is. When grifter Palin spewed her “How’s that
hope and change workin’ out for ya?” line, I
thought to myself, “Great, actually. How’s
being a chew toy for Tina Fey while millions
of people all over the world howl in laughter
working out for you?”
The point I’m making is that after a while, the
anger became normal.
It feels like a long time since the election of
comrade Trump. I remember the first few days,
the frustration and accompanying exhaustion
I felt knowing that the country was going to go
backward. Several weeks later, I was resolved
to “reconfiguring my pack,” as I like to say.
I had to do my best to understand this new
landscape as America now lurched toward
greatness. There were some familiar echoes
of the Bush years: the homophobes and
misogynists taking a victory lap now that they
had one of theirs in the executive position, the
environment with a target on its back, science
getting sucker-punched in the schoolyard
once again. All part of the greatness.
Comrade Trump’s scary base is one thing,
but the man is quite another: a true study in
psychopathy and lack of self-control. The term
“dumpster fire” keeps coming up when people
mention the Trump administration. It fits. It’s
a sad mess that’s roaring away right in front
of you. That being said, that incredible ability
of humans to acclimate and find the horizon
comes into play.

THE NEW NORMAL

Almost any situation, when endured for
long enough, goes from how it is now,
to just how it is. What came before
becomes too hard to remember.
Our species adapts quickly. We have no
choice. There’s hardly a square mile on
the planet where a human can exist without quite
a bit of alteration and protection. To varying
degrees, we have always had to scramble. In
more modernized countries, we first workers
are spared a lot of the day-to-day misery
engendered by the elements. In a lot of ways,
the conveniences we enjoy have made us
inconsiderate and ignorant.

We always find a way to keep going. We’re
far too high-functioning and mean to let a
dying planet that’s screaming for mercy keep
us from further mutilating it as we customize
and innovate. No matter what, we adapt — but
most important, we forget and then repeat.

George W. Bush’s use of the English lan-
guage fascinated me. As his administration
dragged on, it seemed to progressively de-

The inexhaustible level of anger that met
Trump’s first few tweets struck millions of
people as the actions of a rank amateur. A
president wouldn’t do that, right? It took me
don’t know how many news broadcasts to
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president tweeted today that . . . .” Then the
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Sarah Huckabee Sanders is like Iraq’s
good-news knucklehead, Muhammad Saeed
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An administration with zero accountability.

I understand why the comrade uses Twitter.
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Trump spoke recently when he signed an
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Space Council.

“Our journey into space will not only make
us stronger and more prosperous but will unite
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MIKE HUCKABY DJ SET
Tastemaker, educator, sound designer, and Motor City proponent, the man behind the legendary Record Time store shares a special set of Sun Ra music.

Friday • July 14 • 4:20 PM
SNOOP DOGG CD SIGNING
Entertainment icon, Snoop Dogg celebrates the CD release of Neva Left with a signing at Amoeba. The first 200 fans who purchase Neva Left at Amoeba Hollywood will receive a ticket to attend. Due to limited time, only 1 copy of CD will be signed per person. No posed photos at the signing.

Saturday • July 15 • Noon-4 PM
SIDEWALK SALE
Join us outside the store for amazing deals such as: CDs - buy 1 get one of equal or lesser value FREE; $1 vinyl; DVD BOX SETS $4/each or 2 for $7; POSTERS $2/each or 3 for $5; DVDs $2/each or 3 for $5; T-SHIRTS $5/each; BLU-RAY $4/each or 3 for $10!

Saturday • July 22 • 4:30 PM
THE REGRETTES LP SIGNING
The Regrettres return to Amoeba to celebrate their new album, Feel Your Feelings Fool! — finally out on VINYL, 7/21! Purchase the LP (or CD) at Amoeba to meet the band and get your copy signed.

Music Picks

fri 7/14

Chic featuring Nile Rodgers @ THE WILTERN
In the late 1970s, there was an artificial divide in the pop-music scene. “Disco sucks!” chanted some white rock & rollers who were threatened by the ubiquitous popularity of such black forms of music as funk and disco. Such provincialism seems quaint today, but back then a few guitar-based bands were so threatened by advances in technology that they proudly declared their recordings were synthesizer-free. None of that mattered to guitarist Nile Rodgers, who drew from the same blues and R&B influences as rockers but blended them with sleekly danceable rhythms on such hits as “Everybody Dance” and “Le Freak,” which were distinguished by his insanely tight and slinky riffs. By the early ’80s, Rodgers’ skills as a producer and sideman were openly prized by both rockers (David Bowie, Power Station) and pop stars (Madonna). —Falling James

The Dead Boys, Junkyard @ VIPER ROOM
The validity of a band calling themselves The Dead Boys with a lineup featuring just Chester Chrome and Johnny Blitz is going to be justifiably debated by punk enthusiasts. Even if Jimmy Zero and Jeff Magnum were back in the ranks, a Dead Boys minus the late Stiv Bators is never going to sit right with many. But screw it, let’s be kind. There are many young punks out there who never got to see The Dead Boys, so, much like when The New York Dolls or The MC5 reformed, this offers an interesting top end of the bill, put together by L.A. Rock Review, while the Flamethrowers and Love Razors open the show. —Brett Callwood

sun 7/16

Jack Johnson @ HOLLYWOOD BOWL
It’s been nearly four years since singer-songwriter-surfer Jack Johnson released his last album, From Here to Now to You, and the Oahu native is on the road for his first extensive run since the end of 2014. Despite the long absence, Johnson remains one of the more influential singer-songwriters of the 21st century, with his Brushfire label providing the likes of G. Love, Bahamas and Matt Costa an outlet to showcase their sound. Appearing in the new documentary The Smog of the Sea, which focuses on how plastics are polluting the ocean, Johnson also lent a new song, “Fragments,” to its soundtrack. The 42-year-old’s re-emergence could be a sign that he’s on the verge of releasing more new material in the not-too-distant future. —Daniel Kohn

Riot Grrrl Carnival @ THE SMELL
Presented by MiddleGround Gallery, the debut of the Yass! Music & Arts Festival features three stages overflowing with music, DJs and poets. It’s part of a large group art exhibition that includes work by local artists such as Marcel DeJure and Patricia Alvarado, as well as Pablo Damas, Carissa Louise Martin and others who will paint live onstage. Almost two dozen bands are on the bill, ranging from the crazed and unrestrained psychedelic Latin-punk explosions of Bastidas! to the strangely mesmerizing interplay of The Swords of Fatima, a local duo with former Popdefect drummer Nick Scott’s alt-rock and surf beats anchoring Buko Pan Guerra’s febrile vocals and blurry layers of guitar. NK-Riot’s pulsating waves of electronics collide with Peg Leg Love’s goth-tinged punk. The musical lineup also encompasses Los Glifos, Alé, Creatures Choir, Pocket Rockets and DJ Ghetto Funk. —Falling James

Yass! Music & Arts Festival @ THE AIRLINER
Although the music industry is changing, it remains a man’s world, with tons of guitar-slinging male role models to worship but far fewer female rockers for girls to look up to. There are even fewer musical heroines for Latina girls to aspire to, hence the need for Chicas Rockeras SELA, an affiliate of the long-running Girls Rock Camp, which serves Southeast LA’s predominantly Latinx community. Now in its ninth year, the Riot Grrrl Carnival features a lineup of female-fronted punk/garage bands, which this year includes The Groans, The Vixens, Las Sagranos & El Cabron and, all the way from Argentina, Las Piñas. Proceeds from the $5, all-ages show will go to support Chicas Rockeras SELA and its influential host space, the Smell. —Matt Stromberg
Ty Segall is this era's reigning punk hero. Along with Mikal Cronin, one of his main collaborators in such groups as Fuzz, Gøggs and The Freedom Band is drummer-guitarist Charles Moothart. Moothart opens up and bleeds even more with his own project, CFM, a hard-hitting combo that shares some of his other bands' punk and psychedelic influences on debut album *Still Life of Citrus and Slime*. In contrast with the record's title, CFM are anything but a group of statues onstage, as they unreel a tangled blend of grungy riffs that stretch out with a trippy expansiveness. A track like "Lunar Heroine" comes off as a sort of altered "Hey Joe" for a new generation, with Moothart's sneering vocals buried in layers of fuzz. —Falling James

**Algiers**

@ THE ECHOPLEX

Atlanta trio Algiers burst onto the scene in 2015 with a self-titled debut album that merged gospel, chain-gang chants, ghostly electronica and jagged post-punk into soulful, raw and thrillingly original music. Their recently released sophomore album, *The Underside of Power*, explodes that sound in every direction at once, unleashing distorted collisions of goth and soul (“Walk Like a Panther”), fractured gospel laments (“A Murmur. A Sigh.”) and slashing punk rave-ups (“Animals”). It all comes to a climax on the furious title track, which sounds like The Heavy doing a Suicide cover. The producers on *The Underside of Power*, Portishead's Adrian Utley and Ali Chant, clearly helped Algiers find another gear, and it will be fascinating to hear how these emotionally charged tracks — many, like "Death March" and "Cleveland," with overtly political themes — detonate in a live setting. —Andy Hermann

**Dead Kennedys, Wraths, The Gears, The Last Internationale**

@ THE ECHOPLEX

With two of the greatest-ever bands from punk’s circa ’78 second wave (albeit necessarily featuring tattered, truncated lineups), this showdown between Dead Kennedys and The Gears is certain to provide a volcanic earful. Forget their infamous breakup with Jello Biafra; when DKs guitar genius East Bay Ray — one of the most creative, distinctive and flat-out brilliant players in punk history — bassist Klaus Flouride and ferocious drummer D.H. Peligro get to work, it’s as electrifying as ever. Taken with the high-impact punk 'n’ roll whammy of The Gears’ fast-moving music and live-wire presence of peerless vocalist Axxel G. Reese, this definitely rates as a must-slam event. Also with Wraths (featuring Jim Lindberg of Pennywise) and The Last Internationale. —Jonny Whiteside

**Eric Burdon & the Animals**

@ SANTA MONICA PIER

The headliners in this installment of the Twilight Concert Series are billed as Eric Burdon & the Animals, although its lead singer is the only remaining member of the celebrated, early-'60s rock band, which emerged from Newcastle with a bluesy, keyboard-based sound that was much rawer and more openly passionate than the more melodic strains of British Invasion rivals The Beatles and The Dave Clark Five. Burdon has employed wildly varying lineups of The Animals throughout his long career, including the more psychedelic, sometimes even jazzy combo that had evolved by the end of the ’60s. For decades, Burdon has taken his early pop-song structures and blown them up into free-ranging, rambling opuses that attempt to chart the entire history of rock music, to varying effect. Through it all, his vocals still retain an almost feral, world-weary intensity. —Falling James
TWILIGHT CONCERTS

FREE THURS
JUN 22 - AUG 17
(Skipping Jul 6)

6/22 NEO SOUL
KHALID
Bibi Bourelly

6/29 INDIE POP
LEMAITRE
Coast Modern

7/13 REGGAE
MARCIA GRIFFITHS
Jah9

7/20 ROCK
ERIC BURDON & THE ANIMALS
Mr. Elevator / Rusty’s EAC

7/27 DANCE
MIAMI HORROR
Cleopold

8/3 AMERICANA
VALERIE JUNE
IRMA THOMAS

8/10 LATIN
MON LAFERTE
Buscabulla

8/17 INDIE ROCK
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THE AIRMEN: 2419 N. Broadway, YASS Music & Arts Festival, with NK-Riot, Automatic Knives, Los Gifos, Dream Clinic, Â€é, The Swords of Fatma and others, Sat., July 15, 4 p.m. $5 & $10. See Music Pick.

ALEX’S BAR: 2713 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. Wespetine, Mike Watt & the Jom & Terny Show, TV Heads, Spare Parts for Broken Hearts, Fri., July 14, 8 p.m. $7. The Stitches, Neighborhood Brats, Thee Cornman, Die Group, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m. $10. Cheetah Chrome, Mink Diggers, The Sold & Bones, Transistor 8L, The Bourbon Saints, Sun., July 16, 2 p.m. $15. So Many Wizards, Âvi Buffalo, Very Crush, Thu., July 20, 9 p.m.

BOOTLEG THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd. T-Rexxaty, Sister Mantos, Momma, Fri., July 14, 8:30 p.m. $8. Palm, Palberta, Shit Giver, Sat., July 15, 8:30 p.m. $12. The Gavin Templeton Trio, Kid Band, Dæ Mattheisen, Sun., July 16, 8 p.m. $10. Dustin Loveis, Tino Drima, Wilding, Mon., July 17, 8:30 p.m. $7. Cymbals Eat Guitars, Palo Duro, Tue., July 18, 8:30 p.m. $15. Hazel English, Kera & the Lesbians, Wed., July 19, 8:30 p.m. $14. The Americans, Laura Jean Anderson, Camilla Webb, Thu., July 20, 8:30 p.m. $10.

BROUWERI W3: 110 E. 22nd St., Warehouse 9, San Pedro. La Luz, Mike Watt & the Messengers, JurisJurisarc, Shark, White Night, Easy Love, Sat., July 15, 5 p.m.

CODY’S VIVA CANTINA: 900 Riverside Dr., Burbank. The Rocket Reverits, Lisa Finnie, Fri., July 14, 6 p.m. $7. The Messaround, with a benefit for Dim Wanker with These Or Os, F-Word, Turbulent Hearts, Jack Rivera, Exploding Pintos, MP5s and others, Sun., July 16, 6-10 p.m. $8. Bilyx, Murphy’s Law, Mon., July 17.

THE END: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd. ExSage, Wendy Bevan, Gateway Drugs, Polyfastic, Fri., July 14, 9 p.m. $10. Now Now, Dem Yuut, Las Piñas, Sat., July 15, 5:30 p.m. $14.50. Banta, Brea Burns, Mara Connor, Sun., July 16, 5:30-8 p.m., free-9:30. Thu, Graf Orlock, Cloud Rat, False, Moloch, Sun., July 16, 8 p.m. $15. Jenny Folk, Wed., July 19, 8:30 p.m. $18. Cap’n Jazz, Thu., July 20, 8 p.m. $25.

THE ECHO: 1544 N. Hillhurst Ave. Derv Gordon, Creation Factory, Fri., July 14, 8:30 p.m. $26. Bloody Death Skull, Happy Hollows, Zero Deziare, Quaz & the Bambloitdis, Mon., July 17, 8:30 p.m. $3. Agilist, Sable, Moon Machines, Tue., July 18, 8:30 p.m. $15 (see Music Pick). Dead Kennedys, Wrathis, The Gears, The Last Internationale, Thu., July 20, 7 p.m. $32 (see Music Pick).

HERMOSA SOUND: 211 Pacific Coast Highway, Hermosa Beach, Rosenmann’s Billygoat, Yeastie Boys, Roadkill, Thu., July 14, 9 p.m. free.

THE HI-HAT: 5043 York Blvd., Highland Park, Alvarez Kings, Big Mother Gig, Yacht Punk, Fri., July 14, 8 p.m. $12. Playboy Manbabi, Catbings, The High Curbs, The Roseweares, Santa Barbara, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m. $10. Girl Pusher, Model/Actriz, Matter Room, Brussels VIII, Sun., July 16, 8 p.m. $5. The Chamanas, Ruzzi, The Marias, Mon., July 17, 8 p.m. $15. Yoya, J.E. Sunde, Ryan Lerman, Philip Krohnengold, Tue., July 18, 8 p.m. $8. Dzogon, Conax, Maxim Ludwig, Wed., July 19, 8:30 p.m. $7. Rozwell Kid, Vundabar, Great Grandpa, Thu., July 20, 7 p.m. $14.


MCABE’S GUITAR SHOP: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, Jon Shelley, Fri., July 14, 8 p.m. $16. The John Jorgenson Quintet, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m. $30. Led Kaapana, Sun., July 16, 8 p.m. $25.

THE MINT: 6100 W. Pico Blvd. Super Doppler, Easy Love, Allie Crow Buckley, Cole Withers, Fri., July 14, 8:30 p.m. $10. Devon Rowland, Tisdale, The Gregory Hodges Band, Matt Mackey III, Lynn Andrews, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m. $12. Of Sea & Stone, Stephanie Rice, Jimmy White, Mike Brandstetter, Aaron Bowen, Sun., July 16, 7 p.m. $8. The Alex Boneham Quartet, followed by the Mint Jam, Mon., July 17, 8 p.m. $5. Kaei Earle, Kela Parker, Megan Hutch, Tue., July 18, 7:30 p.m. $8. Mike Stockdale, Charlie Pary, Yong Sydney Bryant, Wed., July 19, 8:30 p.m. $15. Jelley Ellington, Paige Williams, Little Timmy, Madcat, Thu., July 20, 8 p.m. $10. THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 W. Second St DJ E3a, DJ Weak Sauce, DJ Luna Sole, Fri., July 14, 9 p.m. $9. Passed for Life, Sat., July 15, 9 p.m. The Swaism, Daydream Time Machine, The Premontitions, Wed., July 19, 9 p.m. Robin Zander Jr. Joe Normal & the Andymen, Thu., July 20, 9 p.m.

RESIDENT: 428 S. Hewitt St, King, Caroline Smith, Arin Ederra, Fri., July 14, 8 p.m. $10. Dead Heavens, Ages, Edraag, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m. $10. Uncle Lucius, Space Hurricane, Mon., July 17, 8 p.m. $5. The Delta Rigs, The Soft White Sixties, Tue., July 18, 8 p.m. $10. TV Heads, Crook, The Bomb, Wed., July 19, 8 p.m. $7. Jesse Baez, Thu., July 20, 8 p.m. $14.

THE ROSE: 2415 E. Seven St, Pasadena, Blue Oyster Cult, Sat., July 15, 9 p.m. $38-$56. Micky Dolenz, Sun., July 16, 9 p.m. $38-$54. The Aggrolites, Thu., July 20, 9 p.m. $30-$52.

THE ROXY: 2800 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. The M Machine, Omnibus, Madnap, Fri., July 14, 9 p.m. $18. Yung Bae, Goldwash, Sat., July 15, 9 p.m. $15. Shakedown, Ramirez & Germ, Sun., July 16, 8 p.m. $20-$50. Rosemary’s Billygoat, Yeastie Boys, Sun., July 16, 8 p.m. $12-$50. Wolftyla, Thu., July 20, 8 p.m. $15.

THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd. Swamp Dogg, Sat., July 16, 6-8 p.m. $15. AOE, Common Souls, Jennah Bell, Mon., July 17, 9 p.m. free. Psychic Love, Pom Poms, Santa Barbara, Omniflux, Thu., July 20.

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**OLD TOWN MUSIC HALL:** 140 Richmond St., El Segundo. The City of Angels Saxophone Quartet, Sun., July 16, 2:30 p.m., $20.

**THE TAP ROOM AT THE LANGHAM HOTEL:** 1401 S. Oak Knoll Ave., Pasadena. The Joe Bagg Trio, Thu., July 20, 8 p.m., free.

**VIBRATO GRILL & JAZZ:** 2930 Beverly Glen Circle, Bel-Air. Lake Carlten, Fri., July 14, 9 p.m. The Vibrato All-Stars, David Marcus & Jon Alvarez, Sat., July 15, 6:30 p.m. Anna Mjöll, Sun., July 16, 6 p.m. Greg Johnson, Ben Haukgland, Tue., July 18, 8 p.m. The Jennifer Keith Quintet, Wed., July 19, 8 p.m., $20. Rogelio Douglas Jr., Thu., July 20, 8 p.m., $20.

**THE WORLD STAGE:** 4321 Degnan Blvd. Billy Childs’ Prophecy, Fri., July 14, 9 p.m., $20.

**THE YORK:** 5019 York Blvd., Highland Park. The Elliott Caine Quintet, Sun., July 16, 7:30 p.m., free.

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**COUNTRY & FOLK**

**THE COFFEE GALLERY BACKSTAGE:** 2029 N. Lake Ave., Altadena. Sligo Rags, Fri., July 14, 8 p.m., $20. Trout Fishing in America. Dana Louise & The Glorious Birds, Sat., July 15, 11 a.m., $20; Janet Klein & Her Parlor Boys, Sat., July 15, 7 p.m., $20. The Beatunes, Sun., July 16, 2:30 p.m., $20; The Susie Glaze New Folk Ensemble, Dan Schatz, Sun., July 16, 7 p.m., $20. Patrick Carrico, Emily Zuzik, Pam Loe, Chad Watson, Thu., July 20, 7:30 p.m., $20.

**COWBOY COUNTRY:** 3232 E. South St., Long Beach. The Rye Brothers, Fri., July 14, 9 p.m., $5. The Scotty Mac Band, Sat., July 15, 9 p.m., $5. The Jimi Nelson Band, Wed., July 19, 8:30 p.m., $3.

**THE COWBOY PALACE SALOON:** 21635 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. Christian Simmons, July 14-15, 8 p.m., free. Neil Morrow, Sun., July 16, 6 p.m., free. Ben Bostick, Mon., July 17, 8 p.m., free. Hollywood Hillbillies, Tue., July 18, 8 p.m., free; Sterling Sylv, Wed., July 19, 9 p.m., free. The Morgan Ridge Band, Thu., July 20, 8 p.m., free.

**E.B.’S BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET:** 6333 W. Third St. Brea Bums & The Bozemos, Carla Olson, Sat., July 15, 7 p.m., free.

**JOE’S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL:** 4311 W.
MAGNOLIA BLVD., BURBANK. DAVE STUCKEY & THE 4 HOOT OWLS, MON., JULY 17, 9 P.M., FREE.

—Falling James

DANCE CLUBS

AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St. TM88, Nessly, No Pants Party, NC, FRI., JULY 14, 9:30 P.M. Arkham Knights, Ronski Speed, Grube & Hovsepian, Adina Butar, SAT., JULY 15, 10 P.M.

CREATE NIGHTCLUB: 6021 Hollywood Blvd. Tony Azreadon, Fri., JULY 14, 10 P.M. Any, Tom Staar, SAT., JULY 15, 10 P.M.

EXCHANGE LA: 618 S. Spring St. Awakening, FRIDAYS, 10 P.M.; WEDNESDAY, 10 P.M.; SUNDAY, 6 P.M. Wolfgang Gartner, Bixel Boys, Torro Torro, FRI., JULY 14, 10 P.M.; Inception, SATURDAYS, 10 P.M.; DEEJAY, DJS. Chai, JULY 14, 10 P.M.

FIGAT7H: 735 S. Figueroa St. Show Your Spirit Animal Quiet Clubbing Party, Fri., JULY 14, 6-10 P.M., FREE.

LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd. Ort, Magikies, Rossoq, DJ DG, JULY 14, 10 P.M.; Chai, DJ Skulikr, CTRL, Hydrogen, VHF, TUE., JULY 18, 10 P.M. All X Everything, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 9 P.M., $15; Electric Boogie, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 10 P.M., FREE.

PREGNIT: 357 S. Broadway. Queen Kong, Heklina, Plack Blagae, Big Dipper, Disinserteria, Sissy Spastik, Fri., JULY 14, 10 P.M.; DJ Josh Peace, Sun., JULY 16, 10 P.M., $5 & $10.


For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

CONCERTS

Friday, July 14

CHESTER WHITMORE & HIS TAP & JAZZ REVUE: 8:30 P.M., FREE. Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St., Ste 203.


TIM MCGRAW, FAITH HILL: 7:30 P.M. Staples Center, 1113 S. Figueroa St.


WEDNESDAY, JULY 19

ELLA & DIZZY: WITH ANDRA DAVIS, MS. MACHO, 7:30 P.M., $70. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave.


THURSDAY, JULY 20

THE B-52S: WITH Pacific Symphony, 8:15 P.M., $55-$125. Pacific Amphitheatre, 100 Fair Dr.

BRAEVES, FLAVIA, CHRIS SCHOLAR: 6 P.M., FREE. The BLOC, 700 S. Flower St.

BRAINSTORY, ETHIO CALI: WITH Ricardo Lemvo & Makina Loca, 8 P.M., FREE. Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St., Ste 203.


LA WEEKLY 43

LA WEEKLY 43
THIRD EYE BLIND, SILVERSUN PICKUPS: With Ocean Park Standoff, 5:30 p.m., $14.98-$1500. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave.

ZOLA JESUS: 6:30 p.m., free with RSVP. Museum of Contemporary Art (The Geffen Contemporary at MOCA), 152 N. Central Ave. See GoLA.

2CELLOS: Wed., July 19, 8 p.m. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave.

CRISTINA MONTES MATEO: The harpist plucks melodies by Spohr, Guridi, Godefroid, Grandjany, Saint-Saëns, Gombau and Falla, Sun., July 16, 6 p.m., free. LACMA, Bing Theater, 5905 Wilshire Blvd.

THE GOLDEN STATE POPS ORCHESTRA: The group replicates music from video games, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m., $28.50-$70. Los Angeles Theatre, 615 S. Broadway.


LUDWIG VAN: DuoFest closes with Mauricio Kagel’s homage Ludwig van, alongside music by Beethoven and variations by John Corigliano, Erik Carlson and Clarence Barlow, Sat., July 15, 8 p.m., $30. Boston Court, 70 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena.

—Falling James

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