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**MUSIC**

**How Very Becoming**
The Natural History Museum’s annual five-part series of discussions — this year themed “L.A. Invents: A Becoming Los Angeles Series” — kicks off its first event of 2018, paired with live music. It begins with guided tours of rarely seen artifacts in the history department that explore how cars, aviation, sports, architecture and the aerospace industry have evolved in our city. Next, L.A. Times’ Patt Morrison moderates “From L.A. to Infinity — and Beyond” with guest speakers Benjamin Dickow, Peter Westwick and Diana Trujillo. Finally, X’s John Doe and Exene Cervenka and singer-songwriter Phoebe Bridgers perform, and KCRW’s Anthony Valadez and DJ Reflex spin tunes throughout the evening. Natural History Museum, 900 Exposition Blvd., Exposition Park; Fri., Feb. 2, 5-10 p.m.; $20. (323) 461-2020, americanhistory.org.

**MUSIC**

**The Cat’s Meow**
Branding the microphone and her trademark two lit cigarettes in her balled-up right fist and a bottle of beer in her left hand, Meow Meow is a glorious mess on stage. Crowdsurfing is rare in the refined world of cabaret chanteuses, but the Aus- tralian singer-actor-comedian also known as Melissa Madden Gray manages to retain something resembling poise in her elegant ballroom gown and elbow-length gloves even as she’s awkwardly borne aloft like a triumphant football coach by her ardent if bewildered fans in the first few rows. The fact that Ms. Meow, backed by Pink Martini pianist Thomas M. Lauderdale, is simultaneously purring mournfully doom-ridden ballads by Radiohead and Kurt Weill and deliciously purring mournfully doom-ridden picture that Ms. Meow, backed by Pink Martini fans in the first few rows. The triumphant artistic conversation between Meow Meow: See Friday.

**MUSIC**

**Celebrating Lenny’s 100th**
Amid the orchestral celebrations this year of what would have been Leonard Bernstein’s 100th birthday, Keigwin + Company arrive to Celebrate Bernstein. This event specifically notes the conductor-composer’s impact on dance, with a quartet of works from the iconic (On the Town and On the Waterfront) to the less familiar but equally engaging Bernstein scores Piano Trio and Sonata for Clarinet and Piano. The first two dances premiered in 2012 at Washington, D.C.’s Kennedy Center to enthusiastic reviews, but the latter two have their world premiere here. Choreographer Larry Keigwin and his dancers are known for blending classical technique with contemporary dance elements spiced with showbiz strut, which makes them a perfect fit for Bernstein and his music. Younes & Soraya Nazarian Center for the Performing Arts, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge; Sat., Feb. 3, 8 p.m.; $33-$73. (818) 677-3000, valleyperformingartscenter.org/calendar/details/keigwin-company. —Ann Haskins

**COMEDY**

**All Hail the Dungeon Master!**
The game of Dungeons & Dragons has been fertile ground for comedy ever since Tom Hanks’ weird freakout in Rona Jaffe’s Mazes and Monsters, so get your damage rolls ready when you see Dungeon: A Standup Comedy Role-Playing Game. Fantasizing about mystical adventures is a bit like fantasizing about making it big in comedy, so the two are a natural match. Dungeon master John-Michael Bond faces players in exciting quests for treasure that are interrupted by routines by special guest stand-ups whose jokes are shinier and more valuable than the fiercest fiery dragon’s hoard. NerdMelt, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Feb. 3, 7-8:30 p.m.; $8 advance. (323) 851-7223, holdmypic.com/event/304862. —David Cotner

**MUSIC**

**More Lenny at the Mouse House**
Leonard Bernstein’s Mass, commissioned by Jackie Kennedy to open the Kennedy Center, isn’t a short, silent prayer or a private artistic conversation between the composer and God. Instead, the epic 1971 work, which is loosely structured like a Catholic mass, is a monumental, communal expulson of passion in which Bernstein and co-lyricist Stephen Schwartz attempt to reaffirm the idea of faith at the end of the tumultuous 1960s. Conduc- tor Gustavo Dudamel will have to rein in Mass’ occasionally bombastic tendencies like The Talk and The Real. With main hosts Janie Stolar and Lydia Hensler, the whopping 15 comedians appear in cook- ing, fashion and makeover segments and pretend to be experts while discussing hot topics or, as they call them, “Hot Flashes.” In The Female Gaze West, the ladies also will interview lone male guest — run! — actor Johnathan Fernandez. Tonight might be scarier than the showdown between Rosie O’Donnell and Elisabeth Hasselbeck or funnier than the time Sherri Shepherd said she didn’t know whether the Earth is round. UCB, 5419 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Feb. 3, 10:30 p.m.; $7. (323) 908-8702, sunset.ucbtheatre.com. —Siran Babayan

**COMEDY**

**Fight For Your Right**
If you ever wanted to see the Beastie Boys reunited, tonight is as close as you’ll get. Tonight’s screenings of Fight For Your Right Revisited and Awesome: I Fuckin’ Shot That! pay tribute to Adam “MCA” Yauch. Fight For Your Right Revisited featured a who’s-who of comedy reinterpreting the video for the band’s smash hit; Awesome! is a wondrous welter of footage shot by 50 audience members during a sold-out 2004 action at Madison Square Garden. Ad-Rock and Mike D will remember MCA, what he meant to their lives and what he continues to mean as his true legacy perpetually unfolds. Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., Feb. 2, 7:30 p.m.; $20 general, $18 students/seniors, $15 members. (323) 461-2020, americancinemathequecalendar.com. —David Cotner

**COMEDY**

**Sisters Are Doin’ it for Themselves**
If all the estrogen on The View makes you cringe, The Female Gaze feels your pain. Originating in New York in 2015, Upright Citizens Brigade’s all-female parody spoofs the daytime series and its revolving door of bickering yentas who’ve co-hosted for the past 20 years, as well as copycat talk shows like The Talk and The Real. With main hosts Janie Stolar and Lydia Hensler, the whopping 15 comedians appear in cooking, fashion and makeover segments and pretend to be experts while discussing hot topics or, as they call them, “Hot Flashes.” In The Female Gaze West, the ladies also will interview lone male guest — run! — actor Johnathan Fernandez. Tonight might be scarier than the showdown between Rosie O’Donnell and Elisabeth Hasselbeck or funnier than the time Sherri Shepherd said she didn’t know whether the Earth is round. UCB, 5419 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Feb. 3, 10:30 p.m.; $7. (323) 908-8702, sunset.ucbtheatre.com. —Siran Babayan
while steering a large version of the L.A. Philharmonic as it interacts with various dancers, a rock band, the UCLA Wind Ensemble and multiple choirs including L.A. Master Chorale and L.A. Children’s Chorus. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., downtown; Thu.-Sat., Feb. 1-3, 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 4, 2 p.m.; $20-$210 (323) 850-2000, laphil.com. —Falling James

ART
Memory and Motion
A unique gallery in Pasadena, sp[a]ce, presents “Movement + Narrative,” a group exhibition curated by realist figurative painter F. Scott Hess. The show was scheduled to hang at Gregorio Escalante Gallery in January but lost its home due to Escalante’s unexpected death. Sp[a]ce gallery, located in an advertising firm called Ayzenberg, has taken it on, and Hess has expanded the exhibit beyond its original scope to include more artists, among them Alla Bartoshchuk, Andrew Hem, Cody Jinks, Julia Lohman, Dana Christine Lewis, Sarah Steiber and Peter Zokosky. sp[a]ce gallery, 39 E. Walnut St., Pasadena; Sun., Feb. 4-Sun., March 11, open Sat.-Sun., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; free. (626) 584-4070, space. ayzenberg.com. —Richard Chang

mon 2/5
MUSIC/TALK
Musical Therapy
Music as Medicine asks, “What if music could help you manage pain or treat anxiety?” Music therapy is being used to try to relieve everything from developmental disabilities to tinnitus — so why not other, more seemingly unsolvable health issues? USC provost Michael Quick introduces the idea in this, the latest of his “Series on Wicked Problems” looking at new solutions for incessant dilemmas — this time with a confab between neuroscientist Antonio Damasio, lyric soprano Renée Fleming and L.A. Opera CEO Christopher Koelsch to discuss connections between the brain and the effect of music thereupon. Bovard Auditorium, USC, 3551 Trousdale Parkway, University Park; Mon., Feb. 5, 7 p.m.; free, reservations required, (213) 740-4211, visionsandvoices.usc.edu/events/listing.php?event_id=966212. —David Cotner

Tue 2/6
FILM/TALK
Slouching Towards Didion
Actor Griffin Dunne profiles his famous aunt in his new Netflix documentary, Joan Didion: The Center Will Not Hold. Using interviews, archival material and testimonies from family, friends and colleagues — including Anna Wintour, Harrison Ford, Vanessa Redgrave, Tom Brokaw, Hilton Als and David Hare — Dunne chronicles Didion’s life and publishing career, which began in the 1950s after she won a Vogue essay-writing contest. Didion discusses her most important novels, such as Play It As It Lays, as well as her reporting on ‘60s hippie counterculture in San Francisco, the Manson murders and civil war in El Salvador. Didion also looks back on her marriage to fellow author John Gregory Dunne and daughter Quintana, who died within a few years of each other and inspired the books The Year of Magical Thinking and Blue Nights. The screening is followed by a conversation with Dunne. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Tue., Feb. 6, 7:30 p.m.; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu. —Siran Babayan

WED 2/7
BOOKS
Let It All Go
It seems faintly ironic to own a book about how to live with less. That said, the essential wisdom of the simple life will be imparted unto you when author Courtney Carver talks about Soulful Simplicity: How Living With Less Can Lead to So Much More ($17, TarcherPerigee). In 2006, Carver’s multiple sclerosis diagnosis put her into an existential tailspin until she began to remove as much unnecessary nonsense — possessions, expectations, incredible power trips — as possible from her life. The pursuit of simplicity led her to a much better quality of life — something that, surprisingly, doesn’t take too much to achieve. The Last Bookstore, 453 S. Spring St., downtown; Wed., Feb. 7, 7:30 p.m.; $30 (includes book). (213) 428-0599, lastbookstorela.com. —David Cotner

THEATER
An Immigrant’s Story
Life is hard, and Darja, a Polish immigrant who’s squeaking by in New Jersey on a cleaning job, knows this. Inbound, written by Martyna Majok, spans 22 years to tell Darja’s story, who survives on aggressive pragmatism and sheer will. New York stage veteran Marin Ireland, who played Darja off-Broadway at Rattlestick Playwrights Theater in 2016, returns for the West Coast premiere of this play. Geffen Playhouse, 10886 Le Conte Ave., Westwood; Wed., Feb. 7-Sun., March 4; $35-$90. (310) 208-5294,
FOOD/BOOKS

The Real Pozole
The thing about cookbooks that no one mentions is that, as a culture evolves, so do the dishes that characterize that culture. Journalist Lesley Téllez talks about her cookbook *Eat Mexico: Recipes From Mexico City’s Streets, Markets and Fondas* ($25, Kyle Books) and offers up some of the meals made from the recipes within. Her tourism company, Eat Mexico, takes travelers on culinary tours concentrating on local food history and street food around Mexico City, so if there’s anyone uniquely suited to telling you what’s really happening with the culture of the cuisines down there, it’s her.
LA Plaza de Cultura y Artes, 501 N. Main St., downtown; Thu., Feb. 8, 7-8:30 p.m.; $20. (888) 488-8083, lapca.org.
—David Cotner

THEATER

Once a Slave, Now a Giant
In November, President Trump signed into law HR 2989, the Frederick Douglass Bicentennial Commission Act, which established a panel to develop programs this year to honor the 200th anniversary of Douglass’ birth. Born in 1818, Douglass escaped slavery to become one of the most celebrated abolitionist leaders and writers in America. To mark his bicentennial, the California African American Museum hosts *Frederick Douglass Now by Roger Guenveur Smith*. Similar to his solo shows about Huey P. Newton and Rodney King, Smith delivers a monologue that mixes Douglass’ 19th-century editorials, speeches and letters with his own original writing. Standing in front of an American flag and using poetry, music and rap, Smith riffs on not only slavery but modern-day racism, blurring the lines between history and right now.
California African American Museum, 600 State Drive, Exposition Park; Thu., Feb. 8, 7-9 p.m.; free, reservations required. (213) 744-2084, caamuseum.org.
—Siran Babayan

TALK

Rollin’ on the River
Whether you’re a fan of gentrification, urban renewal or just good ol’ ethnic cleansing, today might be a nice day to drop by the meeting of the minds at *L.A. River and Beyond*. Big plans are afoot for the 32 miles that make up the river corridor, and with a projected 35,000 businesses and almost 400,000 housing units involved, see what deputy mayor Barbara Romero, multinational engineering firm AECOM’s L.A. chief executive Kelli Bernard, Friends of Hollywood Park chair Alfred Fraijo Jr. and others have to say about the changes that are coming fast. *The California Club, 538 S. Flower St., downtown; Thu., Feb. 8, 5 p.m.; $85 non-members/$60 members. (888) 317-0754, laheadquarters.org/event-2619836.
—David Cotner
AN EXIT STRATEGY

Far from being a gateway drug, cannabis could help end the opioid epidemic, a startup medical group says

BY DAVID FUTCH

The solution to the nation’s opioid epidemic could be as close as your friendly neighborhood cannabis dispensary, says a California startup company of physicians specializing in online consultations. In fact, cannabis already shows success in treating opioid or alcohol addiction, the doctors say.

“I’ve seen cannabis help with pain, anxiety, insomnia, migraines and depression,” says Dr. Perry Solomon, a 64-year-old Bay Area anesthesiologist and chief medical officer of HelloMD, an online clearinghouse where patients can get advice, read articles on cannabis effectiveness in treating medical conditions and secure a medical marijuana recommendation. “Using cannabis as an alternative to opioids should be looked at everywhere.”

Opioids, Solomon says, are best used to fight acute pain from a temporary medical condition — think broken ankle or dental surgery. But he firmly believes that throughout the United States, doctors are wrongly prescribing opioids for chronic pain. More than 65,000 Americans died of opioid overdose in 2016, making opioid addiction — not cancer or heart disease — America’s No. 1 killer.

But Solomon has a plan to help patients kick their deadly opioid addiction: Use marijuana, not pills, to fight chronic pain.

He presented that idea a few months ago at a 2017 Harvard University seminar full of doctors curious about cannabis. Many told Solomon they attended specifically because their patients wanted to know if marijuana could help wean them off opioids.

To Solomon, the packed room indicated how ignorant his fellow physicians are about pot. Most had never been taught anything about cannabis in medical school.

They can’t sell an idea they know nothing about, he says.

“If someone stops their chemotherapy and replaces it with cannabis,” Solomon says, “they’re doing themselves a disservice. But there are medically sound reasons to recommend cannabis for certain patients, and opioid addiction is one of them.”

Four years ago, Dr. Pamela Hadfield and her husband, Mark, realized it was too difficult for non-physicians to find sound medical research about pot. The couple decided to fill that void by founding HelloMD, which Pamela Hadfield says is the “largest online community of health and wellness for the cannabis curious.”

The curious can visit HelloMD and read scientific studies, ask questions via online chat and maybe feel comfortable enough to try cannabis, Hadfield says. Would-be patients can request a “tele-health evaluation” from one of several doctors who offer pot prescriptions for almost any affliction. Just make sure you live in California or New York, the only states where online health evaluations for marijuana are legal.

“I suffered from migraine headaches for 25 years and used Vicodin [an opioid] to combat it,” Hadfield says. “I felt dependent on Vicodin and that’s why I then tried marijuana. I was resistant, but in the four years I have been using cannabis, I have not had a migraine. People are finding that cannabis is far more effective in dealing with chronic pain.”

One scientist at the University of California Berkeley found that 97 percent of the patients he interviewed used cannabis to decrease their opioid use.

Last May, HelloMD’s M. Zimmerman wrote a story about how people were kicking heroin by using cannabis. Zimmerman also pointed to a 2014 study published in JAMA, the American Medical Association journal, that found a 25 percent drop in opioid overdose deaths in states that have legalized medical marijuana. The study looked at all 50 states between 1999 and 2010 and came to the conclusion that cannabis showed great promise as an alternative to opioids.

Writer Jean McKinney posted a Jan. 24 story on HelloMD.com stating cannabis could help people stop, or reduce, their alcohol use. The late psychiatrist and marijuana advocate Tod Mikuriya of UC Berkeley conducted a 2004 study of 92 patients for whom he had prescribed marijuana as a treatment for alcohol abuse, according to McKinney.

A majority of the people in Mikuriya’s study group reported having emotional or physical health conditions, such as anxiety, depression, PTSD, arthritis, glaucoma, bipolar disorder, traumatic brain injury or chronic pain from a number of causes. Almost half acknowledged they were using alcohol as a way to cope with these conditions.

When study participants used cannabis rather than alcohol, many reported that their symptoms improved, Mikuriya said in his study. They had less need for alcohol and reported an improved quality of life, without the complications caused by alcohol such as aggression, poor judgment or trouble with law enforcement.

When they stopped using cannabis, their symptoms returned — and so did the desire to drink, he reported.

Mikuriya observed that people frequently use alcohol to relieve emotional or physical pain — and that cannabis has well-documented benefits for treating both those things, along with the symptoms of all the conditions experienced by the patients in his study. For those reasons, he concluded, cannabis could be an effective and generally safe substitute for alcohol use.

Dr. Uma Dhanabal, owner and operator of Uplifting Health & Wellness Total Health Care in Natick, Massachusetts, was a panelist with HelloMD’s Solomon at the Harvard seminar last year. She’s not officially associated with HelloMD but preaches from the same pulpit by trying to change the stigma related to cannabis while addressing opioid addiction. Each patient in pain who comes through her clinic hears about cannabis as an alternative to opioids.

A family doctor and cannabinoid medicine specialist certified by the American Academy of Cannabinoid Medicine in California, Dhanabal has a master’s degree in public health from Harvard.

She was not a cannabis believer, she says, until her mother was diagnosed with lung disease and she witnessed first-hand how cannabis provided her mother pain relief.

Now she believes cannabis is the can-do drug.

“Cannabis is not an entrance drug like we’ve been taught to believe,” Dhanabal says. “Cannabis is an exit drug for getting off of pharmaceutical narcotics, alcohol and I’m adding in nicotine. Opioids and alcohol kill. Cannabis saves lives.”

“It’s blatantly criminal for the United States to continue to list marijuana as a Schedule I drug (like opioids),” she says. “We have no research showing cannabis is harmful. It’s no longer ignorance on the part of politicians. It’s pure arrogance.”
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This research project is sponsored by the National Institute on Drug Abuse.
Zoe Taylor and David Connelly are not only the two artists behind the Dosshaus collective — and a ubiquitous, fast-rising art-star couple on the national scene — they are also chameleonic, inescapably endearing characters who often show up, Zelig-like, at the center of their own work.

The L.A. artists like to reimagine classic tableaux and imagery by René Magritte and Marc Chagall, or reinvent themselves as rock stars such as Patti Smith and David Bowie posing glamorously and studiously as the subjects of iconic album covers and photos. But what they do goes beyond mere homage or parody.

Dosshaus’ exhibition at Gallery 30 South in Pasadena last May, “In the Country of Marvels,” was ostensibly a playful salute to Magritte, James Ensor and other Belgian surrealists, but the pair’s assemblage of lovingly “sculpted vignettes” — including a piano, an artist’s easel, marionettes, a bookshelf and, suspended from the ceiling, a chair — was arrayed with clever visual allusions to Frida Kahlo, Jean-Michel Basquiat and André Breton and demonstrated the couple’s mastery of presentation.

In December, Dosshaus revealed their most puzzling work yet, “Paper-Thin Hotel,” a limited-edition double 7-inch single on the notorious underground-music label Sympathy for the Record Industry. It’s a curious art piece that unfolds with an extravagant gatefold sleeve of Dosshaus’ whimsical photos of various rock & roll icons yet contains no actual music. “Paper-Thin Hotel” is also the name of Dosshaus’ next solo exhibition of new work, an ambitious monthlong installation in which Taylor and Connelly will take over Corey Helford Gallery, beginning with an opening reception on Saturday, April 7.

All the duo’s art — which encompasses sculpture, painting, photography, video and fashion design — is layered with icinglike, monochromatic gray embellishments streaked with Dosshaus’ own instantly recognizable style. That means Connelly, 32, and Taylor, 25, aren’t commenting on classic imagery of the past so much as they are incorporating it into their own self-contained and almost cartoonlike universe.

And that self-described “highly idealized” universe is constructed primarily out of one of the most prosaic and ordinary materials around: cardboard.

“The idea of cardboard being mundane appealed to us,” Connelly says over the phone in a joint interview with Taylor.

“What if you could take cardboard and make it anything but cardboard … make something beautiful out of it?”

Connelly, who was raised in a SoCal town that “I left the minute I could,” moved to Los Angeles in 2010; there he met and began collaborating with Taylor, a native of Taos, New Mexico. According to Taylor, the two were working together on a video with cardboard art and stop-motion animation when “one of us said, ‘Wouldn’t it be great if we could live in this?”

Dosshaus construct their own fantastic universe out of the most mundane material imaginable

All photos courtesy of Dosshaus

By Falling James
“When we got into cardboard, it gave us the ability to do everything,” Connelly says. “We were painting and didn’t have any more canvas, so Zoey went out in the street and got cardboard. The pieces started falling in place, and we started making rudimentary clothes.”

Those rudimentary clothes evolved into elaborate cardboard costumes that the duo have worn in tribute to their favorite style icons, musicians, fashion designers and photographers: Jane Birkin with Serge Gainsbourg, a cardboard cigarette dangling from his lips; The Burrito Brothers’ Gram Parsons in a Nudie suit; The Sex Pistols sneering in Vivienne Westwood punk regalia; Bob Dylan recording Blonde on Blonde; Patti Smith as photographed by Robert Mapplethorpe; Andy Warhol with the Velvet Underground; and David Bowie sporting fantastic designs by Kansai Yamamoto.

Is it difficult to wear cardboard clothes? “Yes,” Taylor says. “Next to impossible!” Connelly agrees. “At the L.A. Art Show [where Dosshaus was included in a January 2017 exhibition], Zoey was able to do it for the entire day.”

What if it rains? “We don’t wear the cardboard shoes outside,” Connelly admits. “It’s not masculine. It’s not feminine. It’s both at once,” he adds about the Dosshaus aesthetic. “We are two unique people, but we are trying to make one singular expression.”

When asked if the pair ever have artistic disagreements, Taylor says, “We really do not argue. When we’re working on a new project, if one of us has a problem, the other party knows this isn’t going in the right direction.”

“If we are not both immediately passionate, we move on,” Connelly says. Dosshaus have taken part in more than a dozen group art exhibitions in L.A., New York and Miami; they staged their first solo exhibition at Gregorio Escalante Gallery in Chinatown in January 2016. Their public installations and other art have included a life-size telephone booth in the desert, a small sedan, various masks, clocks, motion-picture cameras, an artist’s studio, and an entire rehearsal room with a guitar, amplifier, bass and drum set — all of it rendered in recycled cardboard, acrylic paint, glue and paper.

“When working together, we have a similar musical language,” Connelly says of Taylor. “Before we met, both of us were huge music fans and vinyl collectors.” But, as its title track implies, Dosshaus’ “Paper-Thin Hotel” single is made of cardboard instead of vinyl.

“We’re not musicians,” Connelly emphasizes. He explains that the idea for making a single came from John Edward Mermis, aka Long Gone John, the impresario behind Sympathy for the Record Industry (The Detroit Cobras, Roky Erickson, Gun Club, The White Stripes). He only rarely releases new records after relocating a few years ago to Washington state from his longtime home in Long Beach.

“We met John through Greg Escalante, and we knew and loved his work,” Connelly says. “He wondered if we would do a record with him. … He wanted to release a glorious object. … It quickly became a way to wrap ourselves in the packaging of the music world.”

“It is pop art, a celebration of the music and imagery of the music business,” Taylor says. Dosshaus even filmed a promotional video in which the couple are dressed in black, their blank, expressionless faces hidden behind black sunglasses, as they give curt, archly bored, one-word answers to an unseen interviewer. “That interview is actually referencing an interview with Andy Warhol in 1965.”
Connelly says, “His answers were not too different from ours.”

The two 7-inch discs in “Paper-Thin Hotel” are indeed made out of perfectly round cardboard, but the record includes a link (www.dosshaus.com/sympathy) and password (paper-thin) to download the four tracks, which are listed as “Paper-Thin Hotel,” “Trash,” “Images” and “(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures” in tribute, respectively, to Leonard Cohen, The New York Dolls, Lou Reed and John Cale, and Rezillos songs that share the same titles. The tracks are not actual cover songs, but the titles were chosen as allusions to cardboard (“Trash”) and as a nod to their influences (Reed & Cale’s “Images” is a song about Warhol).

Each track clocks in at the same length as its namesake inspiration, but there are no melodies or even music instruments — all you hear are strange, ambient noises.

“We set up a microphone in our studio,” Connelly says. “It is the sound of our studio,” Taylor explains.


“I like No. 1, but she’s right,” Connelly says. “No. 4 is more action-packed.”

Are they worried that people who buy the single will return it once they find out there’s no real music on it? Connelly says, “We hope they will realize, when they look at the art, that any music they can imagine is going to be better than any music we could have possibly played.”

If the single “Paper-Thin Hotel” is a kind of conceptual-art lark, the upcoming exhibition that shares its name is a much more monumental undertaking. In our art, we’ve always been ourselves,” Taylor explains.

“There’s always been a Zoey character and a David character,” Connelly says. “The single was a chance to slip into the skin of different musicians.”

In April, Taylor and Connelly will transform downtown L.A.’s Corey Helford Gallery into a flophouse — Dosshaus is a British term for flophouse — with its own lobby and several guest rooms. One room will feature the duo in character as famous rock musicians, while the other rooms will be populated by such fictional characters as the Countess (“an eccentric woman surrounded by items from her past,” Taylor says), two young Bonnie & Clyde–style lovers on the run from the law, and a traveling salesman patterned after Arthur Miller’s Death of a Salesman.

“They’re archetypes, images of Americana that don’t exist anymore,” Connelly says. “They’re sort of these...”
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EXPANDING HORIZONS
French technique informs Roberto Berrelleza’s gourmet Mexican cuisine at Babita

BY KAYVAN GABBAY
Babita Mexicuisine has been operating under the radar on an unprepossessing stretch of San Gabriel Boulevard for nearly two decades under the creative vision of chef Roberto Berrelleza. You wouldn’t know it from the looks of the humble, comfy room, but Berrelleza put in considerable time as a maitre d’ in various Los Angeles French restaurants, including the rarefied (now closed) Tower and the iconic, deeply missed Brown Derby in Hollywood. That experience seems to have informed the French technique employed in his lavish, meticulously composed, gourmet Mexican cuisine.

Babita is a family restaurant of the first order: Berrelleza’s wife or daughter will lovingly explain the unique dishes, especially the exotic nightly specials, which are surely at the opposite end of the food spectrum from the usual Mexican standards. At his previous restaurant, La Moderna, Berrelleza offered tacos, burritos and menudo but experimented to come up with unique cruds. At Babita Mexicuisine, Berrelleza offered tacos, burritos and a few paintings hang on the pale, de-encrusted green walls. But it feels more like an American classic with the looks of the humble, comfy room, but Berrelleza grew up in bucolic Topolobampo, a tropical fishing port in northwestern Sinaloa, Mexico. That

Berrelleza’s menu is carefully composed of appetizers, meat entrees and seafood dishes. Shredded crab, singing with the fresh flavor of the sea, is layered on a bed of grilled cactus and suave bean paste. It’s topped with chopped tomatoes, chili, minced onions and drizzles of Mexican crema. The vanilla sweetness of the fresh crab is perfectly complemented by the bracing heat of the chili, and the crema acts as the necessary cooling agent.

The soup of the day is far from pedestrian. The menu describes it as “a contrast study of two soups” with a light, savory pea soup ladled on one side of the deep bowl (the ying) and the sweet manzana (apple) on the other (the yang). Take a bite of the sweet, then the savory, then go back to the sweet or mix the two together with the crema for a unique taste sensation that pops with flavor. It’s a felicitous contrast that’s surprisingly complementary.

The gueritos rellenos are mild yellow chilies stuffed with a piquant, freshly chopped salmon ceviche, marinated in lime juice, and drizzled with a strawberry sauce. From the look of it, you’d expect the prosaic type of red goo that usually accompanies a slice of New York cheesecake. But here that strawberry sauce is unexpectedly savory rather than syrupy sweet. You might not think of strawberry in the same way again. The sauce works in much the same way a sour citrus dressing would in a traditional Sinaloan ceviche.

Berrelleza grew up in bucolic Topolobampo, a tropical fishing port in northwestern Sinaloa, Mexico. That
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The fried calamari is not what you would expect from the clichéd bar snack. Instead of using squid rings to prepare his calamari, Berrelleza uses fat cuts of squid steak, lightly battering and then frying them. Rather than the expected chewiness of fried calamari, this distinctive preparation is pillowy, soft and meaty. The novel cocktail sauce served with it is quite hot due to the idiosyncratic (and much appreciated) addition of fiery habanero chilies. But the heat is far from overpowering and helps to round out the flavors.

The cilantro margarita sorbet works as a perfect palate cleanser before the procession of entrees. Finely chopped red pepper-ceviche rests on top of a boozy slush of tequila and chipped ice in a deep martini glass. The sweetness and alcohol from the tequila work surprisingly well with the savory snapper. If you happen to sip the tequila slushy at the bottom of the glass after devouring the ceviche, you will be rewarded with one of the best unorthodox margaritas in town. It’s that good.

Sautéed shrimp Topolobampo — the infamous dish that critic Jonathan Gold put on the map by raving about it back when it was offered on special at La Moderna in 1992 — is as whimsically wonderful a creation as you would expect and a justly fitting homage to Berrelleza’s native port city. Fresh jumbo shrimp are sautéed in dry mustard, minced tomatoes, chopped cilantro, jalapeño and the crucial incendiary ingredient: habanero chili, described as “super hot” on a menu littered with sensible caveats. The sweetness and alcohol from the tequila work surprisingly well with the wonderful, piping hot, hand-patted corn tortillas, which speak to the earthy, rustic flavor of exceptionally fine masa dough.

Patience is the key here. Everything is prepared to order, with Berrelleza busy in the kitchen. He might make the rounds of the dozen or so simple tables in the Liliputian space toward the tail end of dinner service, engaging in the rich history of the creation of chiles en nogada, cutting up a slab of beef to get at the prime morsel, carefully explaining his general philosophy to cooking great food (spoiler alert: It has to do with not cutting any corners).

Desserts combine the ethos of savory and sweet, too. The poached pear rests on a ball of vanilla ice cream laced with chili. The heat of the chili plays against the sweet vanilla ice cream to resounding success. The chocolate flan plays it somewhat safer with a bittersweet chocolate custard laced with the ambrosial essence of cinnamon, surrounded by a moat of bitter caramel sauce and sour goat milk cream.

Babita is a true gem, thanks to its chef’s dedication to unique flavors, delicious inventiveness and desire to expand the horizons of what we think of as Mexican food. It’s so much more than merely tacos and burritos.

> 17) helps to explain the heavy emphasis on fresh seafood on Babita’s menu.

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Too Cool in The Hothouse

Antaeus’ revival of Pinter’s rarely produced government satire fails to find its political teeth

By Bill Raden

If the world is a vastly different place since Harold Pinter wrote The Hothouse, his savage Orwellian satire of corrupt state power only gets more prescient with age. Penned in 1958 but famously shelved until 1980, its pitch-black lampoon of a daffy incompetent head of a secret government torture facility and his backbiting, Machiavellian staff uncannily anticipates both the euphemistic “enhanced interrogations” of Abu Ghraib as well as some of the more surreally sociopathic posturings of the current commander in chief.

While that might be reason enough to cheer any Hothouse revival in the age of Trump, the production being mounted by Antaeus Theatre Company seems to have misplaced some of the play’s more pointed political incisors. Which is not to say that director Nike Doukas’ otherwise glossy staging doesn’t deliver its share of charms.

Take Peter Van Norden’s letter-perfect comic portrayal of Roote, the aging British ex-colonel who oversees the “rest home” for patients “specially recommended by the house’s silkly but psychopathic staff nymphomaniac, Miss Cutts. The pair are at their most chillingly effective in the most explicit set piece, in which they don lab coats and treat the hapless, asexual milquetoast Lamb (a florid JD Cullum) to an “examination” aimed at extracting his unlikely confession as the impregnator of patient 6459.

Unfortunately, such moments are rare in a production plagued by the director’s penchant for soft choices, under-imagined execution and a reflexive grasp for the easy laugh. Missed opportunities abound.

With an ensemble at Antaeus’ enviable level of craft, the flaws ultimately can be traced to a fundamental lack of faith by the director in the language. Pinter’s comedy of menace is located between the words, in the legendary pregnant pauses where its characters’ search for the polite euphemism always bristles with the darkest connotations. His language, Pinter reminded in his 2005 Nobel Prize acceptance, is “a highly ambiguous transaction, a quicksand, a trampoline, a frozen pool which might give way under you.” In this Hothouse, regretfully, the ice remains firm and the slush is only occasionally felt.

The Hothouse | Antaeus Theatre Company, 110 E. Broadway, Glendale | Through March 11

— Los Angeles Times
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ANALYZING THE GOLDEN STATE

Sam McManis talks about Crossing California

BY RICHARD CHANG

hell of a lot has already been written about California, but journalist and former Sacramento Bee feature writer Sam McManis is expanding the canon with a new book (out Feb. 1) documenting his crazy travels and quirky encounters here in the Golden State.

Crossing California: A Cultural Topography of a State of Wonder and Weirdness (Craven Street Books, $14.95) captures the funky, strange and oddball characters and places in virtually all corners of the nation’s most populous state. In a company-issued hybrid Honda Civic, he journeys from the Oregon border to the international boundary with Mexico, from the Pacific coastline to the High Sierras and Death Valley.

During his five years on the road as the Sac Bee’s “California Traveler,” McManis visited Los Angeles about four times a year. McManis also grew up in Southern California and spent 10 years working for the Los Angeles Times, primarily as a sports writer. He dedicated 54 pages to L.A. in his book.

L.A. Weekly caught up with McManis, who now lives in Yakima, Washington, and teaches at Central Washington University, to get his perspectives on L.A. past and present, and on our diverse state.

L.A. WEEKLY: You talk a lot about downtown L.A. in your book. How has it changed since you lived there?

SAM McMANIS: I worked at the L.A. Times from 1980 to 1990. When I’d get off work, downtown was dead. After 5 o’clock, it pretty much shut down. Seeing the transformation (in recent years) was just incredible. It really was a stark change.

I remember specifically working on Thanksgiving. The copy desk wanted to go to Skid Row for Thanksgiving dinner. It was bleak, with tent cities set up across the street from the justice center. There really wasn’t a whole lot to do at night. The Broad wasn’t on anybody’s radar. All that stuff came along after.

But since the Broad — I just saw more people out and about at night. There was a vibrancy now that wasn’t there before. Now, obviously, with the lofts and all that, people are living downtown. They’ve done a really good job of that.

What can you say about gentrification in certain parts of L.A.?

Just like in San Francisco, some of the long-term residents are being pushed out. I did a piece about Farmacia y Botanica Million Dollar, an old-time Hispanic pharmacy selling tchotchkes and religious items. I don’t think it’s there anymore. The old L.A. is fighting to endure in an ever-changing, hipsterish new L.A. It’s hard to criticize the Broad — it’s a beautiful museum, and Disney Concert Hall is beautiful as well. But there’s something gone, though, the way it was.

You wrote a segment on searching for L.A. noir. How did you come up with that idea, and what was the reaction when it was published?

I came up with this idea, but people are always giving suggestions. “Did you know that there’s a Museum of Death in Los Angeles?” People suggested a lot of macabre stuff. I started poking around, looking at all the dark stuff over the decades in L.A.

Orson Welles did Touch of Evil in Venice. Nathanael West wrote The Day of the Locust about L.A. Unless you’re a classic film buff, you’re going to think of it as this glitzy, glamorous city. But people don’t think of it as the depressing place where all of these bad things happened.

It was amazing — after the Sacramento Bee published the story, at least 15 newspapers took that story up. I guess the subject grabbed people. People love having schadenfreude about L.A. I talked about the terrible things that have happened in L.A. It rained when I was there — it was in February. That was perfect. The story got a good reaction. People love nostalgia.

Tell us about the chapter you wrote on a museum dedicated to the San Fernando Valley.

I interviewed a guy named Tommy Gellinas, who started the Valley Relics Museum. The Valley gets no respect. Once again, I found a guy who was very passionate. He collected interesting stuff from back in the day. For decades, the Valley’s been a punch line. You can tell when somebody’s trying to be a kitschmaster and when someone’s really trying to pay tribute or homage to something he really loves. This guy really cared. I wanted to know why.

The Valley has a distinct personality all its own.

What was your experience like visiting the world headquarters for Scientology in Hollywood?

Anyone can do it, as long as you’re willing to get programmed. You can actually take the tour of the (headquarters building). The tour guides weren’t shy. They were trying to proselytize to you. But I followed the Heisenberg principle — I wouldn’t say I was a reporter until after the tour was over. I didn’t want to spoil the tour.

They kept on asking us, “Are you happy with your life?” It was kinda creepy. I was there with just people off the street — I didn’t know them. I think they were just kind of in it for the kitch factor, too. I was happy to get out of there after an hour.

Was there any mention of Tom Cruise or John Travolta?

No. They kind of kept the Hollywood aspect out of it. There was no real Hollywood angle to it. They tried to make it very quasi-scientific, saying Dianetics is one of the most-sold books in history and all the great things (founder) L. Ron Hubbard has done.

You covered the Lakers during the Showtime era and the Dodgers in 1988, their World Series championship year. What were your impressions?

Magic Johnson was a great guy. He was very respectful to me, and to the other beat writers. Kareem (Abdul-Jabbar) — he was an enigmatic guy. Very respectful but very private. It’s interesting to see how he’s kind of transformed his life. Now, he’s a public intellectual.

I found baseball players to be very combative. Kirk Gibson and I butted heads. Pedro (Guerrero) didn’t speak to me. Tommy Lasorda — he would scream at me all the time. He did not always like what I wrote. Baseball was a tough beat — 162 games, on the road for much of the time. Two years of covering the Dodgers with horrendous deadlines — it totally ruined the sport for me.

Any parting thoughts on the City of Angels and California in general?

I’m just continually struck by what I saw, returning to downtown L.A. I think it’s a good thing, mostly. Yes, some people are being priced out, and that’s bad, of course. But overall, L.A. has transformed itself.

One thing I don’t miss: I do not miss the traffic. Maybe L.A.’s a young person’s town. But I still have a soft spot for Los Angeles. I prefer it to San Francisco, because I grew up down there. Part of me always remembers that.

As for California, there really isn’t one center. There are so many Californias — it’s such a diverse state. Someone could be a vegan, and also an NRA member. And it makes sense because it’s California.
THAT’S SO BRAVEN

Jason Momoa kills across Canada in a winningly badass thriller

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

The agreeably pulpy Canadian action thriller Braven finds man-mountaintop Jason Momoa — our one-time Conan, now and future Aquaman and eternal horse lord Khal Drogo — getting to conquer the last world left to him. Here, he’s playing an everyday sort of dude. At least, he does for 40 minutes or so, give or take an early barroom dust-up that his character, a family-man lumberjack, vaults into like a WWE star leaping into a tag-team match. Also complicating the ordinariness: That family man is named “Joe Braven,” which pretty much guarantees that his weekend away with his wife (Stephen Lang) will involve a drug lord’s kill squad storming the family cabin. Joe Braven! Years ago, on her old sitcom, Ellen DeGeneres’ character sat rapt and tense in a movie theater, shouting at the screen, “Run, Die Hard, run!” Somebody invite her to see Braven.

You might enjoy it, too, if you enjoy movies about being pushed too far, having a particular set of skills and seeing bad guys get outf in inventive ways. Any movie badass worth your dollar will bring a distinctive touch to the slaughter—Braven, while not quite an original, comes from the handyman school of John McClane or Denzel Washington’s The Equalizer. He’ll scope out a room, gather up some tools (fire poker, rope, plushy toy, bear trap), and leave you a couple of moments to puzzle over the grisly ends to which they’ll be set.

He also hails from the reluctant-killer school. At first, after he and Papa Braven discover the danger they’ve happened into, our hero tries to reason with the drug lord (Garrett Dillahunt), working up a thoughtful solution that solves everyone’s problems. The drug lord demurs, shots get fired at the Family Braven, and just like that, we’re cued to cheer all the kills to come.

It’s a filmmaking lesson that dates back to the silents, one that Irving Thalberg imposed upon the Marx Brothers between Duck Soup — in which Harpo and Chico jack up the business of a lemonade vendor for no discernible reason — and A Night at the Opera, in which we’re assured that the bullies and swells they terrorize have it coming.

There’s time to wonder, as Momoa huffs across the peaks of Newfoundland, what it says about us as a species that so many of us relish the dramatization of acts of terrible cruelty but first demand narrative justification. Another thought to consider: Did they name it Braven because it sounds sort of like Taken? Not that my mind wandered much. Director Lin Oeding is a stunt performer who has helmed television episodes and here makes his feature debut. Here, he demonstrates acuity with big rigs and big lugs, with highlights cutting through snowfall, with local diners and bars scraped free of romance, with the sinking sense that a bad situation is getting worse. He can get a laugh from you — one bearded bad guy gets to snarl at Momoa, “You get your Sasquatch ass back in there” — but he never seems to worry that anyone might find his scenes of anguished family drama funny. Before they’ve realized that armed villains are at that moment closing in on them, Braven and his father press through a tough conversation about how to handle the old man’s flights of dementia — might they need to talk about assisted living? Behind them, above the cabin’s fireplace, hang a pair of axes. You might groan or make some crack about Anton Chekhov’s hatchet or bemoan the standard action-movie lie that in the carnage to come, these men will presumably come to understand each other — that killing solves our problems and brings us closer to each other. But Braven doesn’t care if you smirk: Braven braves the hell on.

Like The Commuter’s Jaume Collet-Serra, Oeding is admirably committed to pinning down his hero’s emotional state before the killing starts. Early scenes of Braven joking with his wife, Stephanie (Jill Wagner), or tucking his daughter (Sasha Rossoff) into bed play more convincingly than such moments tend to in lesser thrillers, where these relationships get established only to set up the later kidnappings. But watch Momoa boop the little girl’s nose, pull her close and blow raspberries on her neck — this looks like a dad and his daughter. Later, of course, she will figure into the action, as will Stephanie. I’m happy to report that none of it will play it out in the usual ways.

The domestic scenes aren’t throw-aways, but Oeding does perk up as violence looms. Two early outbursts, before the cabin standoff, break the spell of small-town ordinariness. These quick scenes play as too slickly brutal, too professionally choreographed, especially as they’re set in what look like actual Newfoundland businesses. (Yes, the bar’s decor is “Tragically Hip poster.”)

The main event, though, is expertly handled. It’s tense and well-paced, varied in its scenarios, clear in its geography, shot and edited so that we can see why is doing what to whom — and so that we can anticipate what everyone’s next move might be. That anticipation makes the payoffs all the more wickedly pleasing. Surprise is most satisfying when you have expectations, when you’ve been given a breath to wonder, “Hey, why is Braven sticking the business ends of all those fireplace tools into the flames?”

Any cheapjack action movie can get a crowd to cheer at its shock kills. It’s the best ones that persuade us that there’s a clear chain-of-events physical logic at play.

ANY CHEAPJACK ACTION MOVIE CAN GET A CROWD TO CHEER AT ITS SHOCK KILLS. IT’S THE BEST ONES THAT PERSUADE US THAT THERE’S A CLEAR CHAIN-OF-EVENTS PHYSICAL LOGIC AT PLAY.

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AS ADVERTISED

Star Daniela Vega ensures that *A Fantastic Woman* lives up to its title

**BY APRIL WOLFE**

In the tense but hearty Chilean drama *A Fantastic Woman*, actress Daniela Vega plays a transwoman, Marina, who must navigate life after the death of her lover. But no matter what trials Marina faces going it alone in a city either hostile toward or simply confused by the nuances of gender identity, director Sebastián Leilo refuses to paint her as a simple victim, bucking the prevailing assumption that a transwoman at the center of a film must necessarily be a tragic figure.

In the early scenes, Marina is adored and cherished by an older man, Orlando (Francisco Reyes), who watches her in the nightclub where she sings with metaphorical hearts in his eyes. The two live a humble, happy life. Marina and Orlando live in a small Romaini community in southwest Italy, an understated, naturalistic take on a story that could easily be delivered with melodramatic clichés. The young Pio (Pio Amato) freely drinks and smokes, and after the social boundaries in his region with pretentious ease. When Pio's older brother, Cosimo (Damiano Amato), disappears, Pio's independence is put to the test as he is flung into dangerous situations. "I'm already a man," he declares near the end, in a line that might be a touch too expository. A CIAMBRA is at its best when Carpinogno captures the textures of everyday life, suggesting the neorealist with his use of non-professional actors and on-location shooting. The performers playing the Amatos are a real family (with even the same surname) and Carpinogno gives us a close-up view of busy dinners and children teasing one another. At times, this snapshot of family life feels vaguely like an intrusion. We don't necessarily get to know every family member, and are left as a fly on the wall, parsing out relationships and emotions on our own. Pio can be hard to read, given the actor's young, unstudied status, and it's easy to feel an urge to protect him from the petty crime and sweaty nightclubs around him. In one of the most compelling scenes, both emotionally and visually, Pio encounters a horse at night and follows it, seemingly transfixed. The moment jolts us from neorealism; the horse suggests a fairy tale. Pio's expression may often be ambiguous, but here he conveys an intriguing longing for a better world. (Serena Donadio)

**DIRECTOR SEBASTIÁN LEILO REFUSES TO PAINT HER AS A SIMPLE VICTIM.**

intentional one. Adriana subjects Marina to an excruciating body examination, and it's here where Leilo's film really departs from others depicting the trials of transwomen. *A Fantastic Woman* shows that the obvious insults a transperson may endure will, of course, weigh on the psyche, but the death by a thousand well-meaning cuts hurts as well.

**A FANTASTIC WOMAN** | Directed by Sebastián Leilo | Written by Leilo and Gonzalez Maza | Sony Pictures Classics

opened antastic woman turning in paycheck work. Answer: an awkwardly paced biopic full of time jumps with an unfortunate attempt at a Zack Snyder–ish climax. The rotoscoped paint animation over the end credits is a hundred times better than the CG in every other moment. (Luke Y. Thompson)

**CG SHOT IN THE DARK** "Fuck ball," coach Louis Adams tells his team at the start of Dustin Nakoa-Haider's powerful documentary Shot in the Dark. "We're not talking about basketball." Rightly so: One of his teen players has just been shot at a party a day before a big game. The film chronicles a year in the life of a high school basketball team on Chicago's West Side. There, Coach Louis carries his team through unrelenting stress as the de facto father figure and mentor for many young men. Rising star Tyrique Greer compares growing up in gang territory to quicksand — once you’re caught, "It's hard to get out." One of his friends and teammates, Marquise Pryor, knows this well. The first time we hear Pryor's voice, he's calling Greer from jail after getting caught with a gun on a rival gang's turf. From doctor appointments and jail visits to neighborhood parties and tear-stained farewellwells, Nakoa Haider's ace camera team — especially Benjamin Vogel — have significant access to Louis and the team. (It may help that Dwayne Wade and Chance the Rapper are among the doc's executive producers.) Riveting game clips round out the doc without overtaking its focus. This isn't some feel-good documentary about glory on the court. It's about survival. Shot in the Dark does well to remember that sobering fact throughout its lean running time. Everyone here is fighting for their lives, passing by the memorials of dear friends and trying to get out of the neighborhood. It's a vital, intimate snapshot of a handful of people who have been touched by gun and gang violence. (Tatiana Craine)

**12 STRONG** 12 Strong is many ways a throwback. Here's a somewhat boisterous adventure, a movie set in our current war zones where you cheer not just for the boys to make it home but for them to complete the mission itself. It tells a heightened and streamlined version of the true story of Operational Detachment Alpha 595, a squad of 12 sent in to northern Afghanistand just weeks after Sept. 11, 2001, and charged with arranging the taking of the city of Mazar-i-Sharif, the Taliban stronghold. Aiding the squad: local warlords represented in the film by Gen. Abdul Rashid Dostum (Navid Negahban). With Dostum's men, the ODA 595 must ride on horseback across 40 miles of Taliban-controlled mountains, liberating small villages on the way — and calling in airstrikes whenever they spot enemy fighters. So, of course, 12 Strong is a more rousing entertainment than most dramas of Iraq and Afghanistan. The goal is clear, the enemies are unambiguous and the connection to the attack on our homeland is direct. The movie has what George W. Bush used to call moral clarity. The soldiers — led by Capt. Mitch Nelson

**FILM**

**A CIAMBRA** A CIAMBRA, Jonas Carpinogno's tale of a 14-year-old boy growing up fast in a small Romani community in southwest Italy, is an understated, naturalistic take on a story that could easily be delivered with melodramatic clichés. The young Pio (Pio Amato) freely drinks and smokes, and after the social boundaries in his region with pretentious ease. When Pio's older brother, Cosimo (Damiano Amato), disappears, Pio's independence is put to the test as he is flung into dangerous situations. "I'm already a man," he declares near the end, in a line that might be a touch too expository. A CIAMBRA is at its best when Carpinogno captures the textures of everyday life, suggesting the neorealist with his use of non-professional actors and on-location shooting. The performers playing the Amatos are a real family (with even the same surname) and Carpinogno gives us a close-up view of busy dinners and children teasing one another. At times, this snapshot of family life feels vaguely like an intrusion. We don't necessarily get to know every family member, and are left as a fly on the wall, parsing out relationships and emotions on our own. Pio can be hard to read, given the actor's young, unstudied status, and it's easy to feel an urge to protect him from the petty crime and sweaty nightclubs around him. In one of the most compelling scenes, both emotionally and visually, Pio encounters a horse at night and follows it, seemingly transfixed. The moment jolts us from neorealism; the horse suggests a fairy tale. Pio's expression may often be ambiguous, but here he conveys an intriguing longing for a better world. (Serena Donadio)
The U.S. and Europe. She did it in pants and sometimes a poncho, singing like a man while dressed as a man. The film would be valuable by dint of its existence alone: Too few in the English-speaking world know of Vargas or her music. But it reduces a great life to a merely good movie emerging from a problem of too many documentaries. You can sense that rather than focusing on what’s most crucial in Vargas’s life were the most crucial stages of Vargas’s career and development are lost to us. We learn little of how she arrived at her own presentation of herself, much less how she went over the months and years or how the press and the public received her. The final third boggs down in repetitive comeback concerts. (Alan Scherstuhl)

The final firefight is memorable. It tells the story of the evacuation by cut-ting among three perspectives, each with its own specific time frame: one week fol-lowing a British soldier (Ronal Whitehead) on the beach at Dunkirk, as he tries to find a way off this huge, doomed stretch of land; 24 hours on the small wooden yacht Moonstone, manned by Mr. Dawson (Mark Rylance) and two teenagers as they head across the roaring English Channel to aid in the rescue effort on the other side; one hour in the cockpit with RAF Spitfire pilot Farrier (Tom Hardy, his face once again totally transformed), the first planes bombing the straddled army below. The film’s setup may sound confusing, but onscreen titles inform us of the film’s variable timeframes early on. In the end, Dunkirk suggests that you how handle the most deflating existential defeat may well be the very thing that saves you. We all kind of need to be reminded of that these days. (Bilge Ebri)

**FACES PLACES**

Nothing of a prank, a farewell, an art project, a buddy comedy, a vox populi tour of the French countryside, and an inquiry into memory and images and what it means to reveal our eyes to the world. Faces Places is a joyous lulu. It finds the great documentar-ian and photographer Agnès Varda, 88 at the time of filming, teaming up with the 33-year-old photographer JR to wander France, their itinerary set by their own whims, doing what they each have made a life doing. For JR, that’s pasting photographed portraits of people on building walls and water towers and any surface that will take them; for Varda, it’s meeting those people, talking to them and documenting the process, the results and their impact. “Jeanne, it’s not sad!” Varda says, with exquisite tenderness, to a woman who is brought to tears by the sight of her own visage in black-and-white across the brick face of her home in a mostly abandoned mining town. Varda and JR also playfully document some of their own process amid friends and their collabo-rator built upon a dead-serious idea: that a black man walking alone through white suburbs is in as much danger as any slasher-flick teenager. Peele’s playing with fire here, and I mean playing in the best sense of the word. He’s half of the comedy duo Key & Peele, who have always in their sketches glanced lightly against hard truths. Horror and comedy both turn on gaps, and Peele demonstrates a fluid faci-lity with both kinds, which often in Get Out aren’t distinct from each other at all. The story finds Chris (Daniel Kaluuya), a young black photographer, venturing into that same suburb from the opening, this time to meet the parents of his white girlfriend, Rose (Allison Williams). What he encoun ters, at first, could be a straight-faced sketch about well-heeled-but-sheltered white liberals. In a comedy, these inci-dents might each prick a laugh and then pass, helped along by jaunty music and the genre’s dependence on redemptive narrative arcs—we’ll be cued that these people still mean well. Here, each slight stings and lingers, Peele’s comic mind weaponized. Each gag joke is simultane-ously a send-up of white cluelessness, an evocation of the pain and humiliation of being viewed only as a body and a clue in the twisty, satisfying mystery of what’s re-ally going on in Rose’s suburb. And some-thing is going on, of course. The buildup to the big revelations can be uneven, but at the screening I attended the mixed-race crowd cheered the bloody third act, the violence—like its victims—all stilingly well executed. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**HOSTILES**

Since his low-key, low-expecta-tions debut, the Jeff Bridges diversion Crazy Heart (2009), Scott Cooper has specialized in thoughtul, actor-driven, character-driven storytelling. Hostiles, about two transwomen who are forever happy, the work of a great and her in-spired collaborator who are forever happy, the work of a great and her in-spired collaborator, he has pushed himself. Hostiles is going on, of course. The buildup to the big revelations can be uneven, but at the screening I attended the mixed-race crowd cheered the bloody third act, the violence—like its victims—all stilingly well executed. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**THE FLORIDA PROJECT**

Sean Baker is one of the few filmmakers working today who gets that it’s possible to find joy in small, difficult corners of the world. The next chapter of his remarkable career is a film Tangerine, about two transwomen and their hilarious exploits across Los Angeles, doesn’t bow to typical expecta-tions and lingers, Peele’s comic mind weaponized. Each gag joke is simultane-ously a send-up of white cluelessness, an evocation of the pain and humiliation of being viewed only as a body and a clue in the twisty, satisfying mystery of what’s re-ally going on in Rose’s suburb. And some-thing is going on, of course. The buildup to the big revelations can be uneven, but at the screening I attended the mixed-race crowd cheered the bloody third act, the violence—like its victims—all stilingly well executed. (Alan Scherstuhl)
ARENA CINELOUNGE SUNSET
(323) 1924-1644
The Shape of Water
5:20, 10:25 p.m.; Sat., 4:05, 9:10 p.m.
Den of Thieves
Fri., 10:40, 11:10 p.m.
Winchester
Wed., 10:45 a.m., 1:45, 4:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Sat., 1:20, 4:20, 7, 10:20 p.m.
Extraordinary Tales
Fri., 6:15, 9:15, 12:15, 3, 6, 9 p.m.; Sat., 6, 9 p.m.

ALAMO Drafthouse LA
625 North Las Palmas Avenue (323) 294-1624
Call theater for schedule.

ARCLIGHT HOLLYWOOD SUNSET
(323) 464-4226
Call Me by Your Name
Fri., 11:45 a.m., 2:10, 4, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Sat., 2:10, 4, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:10, 4, 7, 9:40 p.m.

BOOZE AND BROADWAY
3323 S. Wilshire Boulevard (310) 274-6869
The Shape of Water
Fri., 3, 10 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m., 8:20, 11 p.m.

Carnegie Hall
8555 Wilshire Boulevard
The Shape of Water
Fri., 10 a.m., 8:20, 11 p.m.

CINEMAS 4D
4020 Marlton Avenue (323) 296-6950
The Shape of Water
Fri., 10 a.m., 8:20, 11 p.m.

COLUMBUS THEATRE
1405 Pico Blvd. (310) 470-0492; No Matinee
The Shape of Water
Fri., 10 a.m., 8:20, 11 p.m.

LA RIVIERA THEATRE
3323 S. Winchester Blvd., west of Highland (323) 467-7074
Call theater for schedule.

PACIFIC THE GROVE 14
189 The Grove Dr., Third & Fairfax (323) 692-0829
Paddies 2
Fri., Mon., 11 a.m., 2:40, 4, 6:45, 9:45 p.m.; Tues., Wed., 11 a.m., 2:40, 4, 6:45, 9:45 p.m.

TCL CHINESE 6 THEATRES
8801 Hollywood Blvd. (323) 463-3331
The Greatest Showman
Fri., 11, 12:45, 2:45, 4, 6:15, 8:45, 11 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:45, 4, 6:15, 8:45, 11 p.m.

12 Strong
Fri., 10, 11:30 a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 p.m.

Maze Runner: The Death Cure
Fri., 10, 11:30 a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 p.m.

Phantom Thread
Sat., 11, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 p.m.

The Shape of Water
Sat., 12, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.

The Disforder Artist
Fri., 1, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15 p.m.

Star Wars: The Last Jedi
Sat., 12, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.


CINEMAS 10
8001 Sunset Blvd. (323) 470-0492: No Texting Allowed
Call theater for schedule.

Hollywood Hills CGV CINEMAS
261 South Western Avenue (213) 631-1033
Coca-Cola
Fri., Sat., 7, 9:15 p.m.; Sun., 7, 9:15 p.m.

Hollywood & Vine CGV CINEMAS
28
Call me by your Name
Fri., 11:45 a.m., 2:10, 4, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Sat., 2:10, 4, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Sun., 11:45 a.m., 2:10, 4, 7, 9:40 p.m.

IMAX CINEMAS LOS ANGELES
3323 S. Winchester Blvd., west of Highland (323) 467-7074
Call theater for schedule.

Programming is subject to change; please call ahead to confirm showtimes. See Film & Video Events for other entertainment venues.
for adults]

Andy King)

f Blocker’s sketched-in backstory.

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Nixon’s film isn’t a gripping entertainment,

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Judaean masochistic and completely haunting. The Nuart is showing a new 4K digital restoration (cortesy of Kino

or for beneficial entertainment, that makes his early films have been somewhat of a reach. That’s why the American Cinematheque’s double bill of early Suzuki genre films is so alluring. Satan’s Town reportedly was the Japanese master’s first film to feature gangsters as central characters, while Eight Hours of Terror was directly inspired by Ford’s Stagecoach. Each 35mm print comes courtesy of the Japan Foundation Film Library, with thanks to Will Carroll and Alexander Fee of Doc Films, University of Chicago.

f Doc Films, University of Chicago. 

and political maneuv er’s first film to feature gangsters as

Japanese masochistic and completely haunting. The Nuart is

mystical and completely haunting. The Nuart is showing a new 4K digital restoration (cortesy of Kino Lorber) for a week beginning today. Nuart Theatre, 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Feb. 2, 1:30 p.m. (also 4:45 & 8 p.m.); through Thu., Feb. 8. $9. (310) 473-8530, landmarktheatres.com.

Saturday, Feb. 3

The American Cinematheque celebrates 10 years of Oscilloscope Laboratories, the independent film company that has distributed many of the best American indies of recent years. At the Egyptian, two films by Kelly Reichardt will be screened in 35mm: Wendy and Lucy and Meek’s Cutoff. The former is a stringently yet generous road movie starring Michelle Williams as a broke traveler stranded in Nowhere. The latter is an ascetic political western about a group of Oregon trail pioneers lost in a desert. Reichardt, a New Yorker, will appear between films for a discussion moderated by April Wolfe, Egyptian Theatre, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Feb. 3, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Saturday, Feb. 3

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger — the team that formed The Archers production company — were rare birds in the English cinema tree, and A Matter of Life and Death is one of the purest examples of their art. A fantasy of the afterlife set against the backdrop of World War II, the film is by turns romantic, satirical and mystical, and always gorgeous to behold. The Aero Theatre hosts the Los Angeles premiere of a new 4K restoration

of the American: the most beautiful moments comes during Harding’s dramatized interview. Robbie as Tonya has just recounted how the day she landed her first triple axel. She scribes at her eyes and ashes her cigarette, saying, “Sorry, no one ever asks me about that anymore.” Tonya ensures they will. (Natalie Wolf)

THE INSULT

is the most wearying on-the-nose movie about clashes involving religion and race and politics ever as on-the-nose as such clashes in our real world? I am not interested to my roll of eyes a time or two as Ziad Doueiri’s Lebanese legal thriller The Insult puff a minor personal dispute between Beirut Christian Tony (Khaled Karam) and Palestinian refugee Yasser (Kamel El Basha) into a court case that grips the nation. It also sends rioters dressed down in person by Lebanon’s president and seems to have riding on its outcome nothing less than the very possibility of peaceful coexistence. Yes, the film occasionally shows, as the film gets occasionally schematic, as Doueiri strains at times to make one on-the-street incident emblematic of every fault line in Beirut life. Yes, the characters — especially Tony and Yasser — too often seem ruled by the dictates of the storyteller’s point-mak- ing rather than their own personal motivations. But damned if everyone on the news

real isn’t like that also. And damned if the film isn’t a gripping entertainment, passionate and humane, fascinating in the particulars of its court proceedings and political maneuvering. Doueiri, with his moving camera and incise eye, excels at capturing neighborhood life, at tracking the shifting moody of a packed courtroom, at communicating several ideas in a single shot with multiple focal points — while still building to dramatic stings that would fit on a TV drama. The Insult is sometimes tough to swallow, but no more than actual geopolitics. And its plea, in its final reels, for greater understanding from all of us about each other’s suffering — well, that’s worth being on the nose about. (Alan Scherstuhl)

JUMANJI: WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

the new Jumanji movie is bigger and dumber than the previous, a feat considering the relentless clutter of the 1995 iteration. This time, the kids-to-be-harrowed — bickering, single-trak high schoolers — turn their noses up at the very idea of board games. Jumanji obliges, transmogrifying into a form they will find more appealing: a 16-bit video game cartridge. Unable to resist retro-game tech, our bored heroes thurk this new-old Jumanji into a vintage console, select the characters they wish to play and then, ka-blammo, all get sucked into the game itself — and into the bodies of their in-game avatars. The freshest element here is body-swap comedy, which finds a high school schemer (Alex Wolff) inhabiting man-mountain Dwayne Johnson, a self-obsessed popular girl (Madison Iseman) mired in the form of Jack Black and a coocky football king (Ser’Darius Blain) who gets stuck as Kevin Hart. Johnson gets yanner antilithy, which is good for a couple of laughs. Black, pinching his voice high and com- plaining about being fat and middle-aged, attempts to find the inner-life-of-a-blonde

cliche. Expect much spirited talk about penises. A final teen, a bright but awkward young woman (Morgan Jeanette Turner), gets embraced by Karen Gillan, whose short-shorts and midriff-bearing T-shirt are firmly justified by the filmmakers — Jake Kasdan and a board of credited writers — as satire. Gillan, after all, is playing a ‘90s video-game heroine; the funniest scene involves this uncertain kid trying to pilot that body alluringly. Rather than wild, the jungle here is about team-building and occasional action scenes whose gists you may get from the blur of movement. To describe it for another sentence would be to waste your time and mine. (Alan Scherstuhl)

COCO

Daniela Thomas’ exquisitely painful Vazante, her feature debut as a director after several collaborations with Walter Salles, opens in muddly gloom, as the bare feet of chained black slaves shuffle through a jungle downpour. It’s the 1820s. The slaves’ master, gruff beardo Adriano (Adriano Carvalho), rides a horse, his eyes as wild in their conviction as John Brown’s in a cave and burned nearly to ashes. Thomas’ film studies, among other horrors of plantation life, this master’s destructive zeal for purity, his conviction that this life he’s built on mud and blood, on slave labor in Brazil’s prohibitive Diamantina Mountains, can, with justifying cleaning of its surfaces, prove godly. Upon discovering his wife’s death, he promptly marries Beatriz, the deceased woman’s 12-year-old sister (Luana Nastas), Beatriz is given to lustitude, to youthful longing. The only thing that shakes her from the brooding idyl of her days is the charge in the air as between her and Virgilio (Vinicius Dos Anjos), the young son of one of the plantation’s slaves. When they grim at each other, the film’s oppressiveness lifts, for a breath. Eventually, Beatriz becomes pregnant. The final reels build with agonizing suspense to the revelation of Beatriz’s baby’s race. Thomas takes her time teeing out this drama. The film is shot in a silvery black-and-white (by cinematographer Inti Briones): Here are great ridges and towering reeds, trains of livestock lumbering across the horizon. But the photography is not just beautiful. With Vazante, Thomas imagine, convincingly, with Faulknerian reach and density, the details of those lives, what being them might have felt like. (Alan Scherstuhl)
THEMATIC AGE 2/6
THE MOTH
VIVA LATINOAMERICA 2/8
WILDHAIR-LA - EXPERIENCE
LIVE REGGAE CULTURE

CLUB 90’S 2/10
JESSE BLAZE
SEAN HEALY PRESENTS:
LITTLE STRANGER
SHABBAAAAA
BENJAMIN DU BOIS PRESENTS
LIT P ARTY

ECSTATIC BASS YOGA 2/3
PRE-CARNIVAL TOUR
KRAAK & SMAAK (DJ SET)

DEEP PRESENTS:
LOUIE VEGA & MARQUES WYATT
(ALL VINYL, ALL NIGHT)

COMING SOON:
2/3 ECSTATIC BASS YOGA
2/3 PRE-CARNIVAL TOUR
2/7 THE FEELS PRESENTS: B2Ü EP2
2/8 MOULLINEX (DJ SET),
DA CHICK, WILD & FREE W/ SPECIAL GUEST OVERJOY
2/9 A RHONDAVOUS W/ III POINTS
2/10 ECSTATIC BASS YOGA
2/10 KANYE LOVES KANYE:
808’S & HEARTBREAK
2/10 KILLAHURRTZ #019
2/11 SEKUSHI
2/15 TRINA
2/15 LOVE ME LOVE ME
2/16 LOVE & LUST 2018
2/16 BOTTLES & MODELS
2/17 WAZE & ODYSSEY, DENNEY AND SECONDITY
2/17 ECSTATIC BASS YOGA
2/18 JOLLOP N CHILL
2/19 THE SHOWCASE TOUR
2/22 MOVING CHANNELS FT.
SHIFTY RHYTHMS & FRIENDS
2/23 SUBLEVEL GETS VXCKED FEAT.
DOC MARTIN (HAPPY BIRTHDAY DOC!), JENO, GARTH, MARKIE,
SUBLEVEL LIVE +
2/24 ECSTATIC BASS YOGA
2/24 ECSTATIC BASS YOGA
3/2 CALEBORATE
3/3 UNIQUS & DAI BURGER:
NAILZ N PONYTAILZ TOUR LA
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2/9 CLUB 90’S
2/10 JESSE BLAZE
2/10 SEAN HEALY PRESENTS:
LITTLE STRANGER
2/10 SHABBAAAAA
2/10 BENJAMIN DU BOIS PRESENTS
LIT P ARTY
2/11 SWEET SUNDAYS: SONIDO LATINO
2/14 LOUD & CLEAR - A GATHERING FOR CREATIVE SOULS
2/15 CASA DE BAMBA
2/16 BAILALO BASMENT: GEOSF OLI
2/16 CLUB 90’S
2/16 DILF LOS ANGELES
2/16 YOUNG BACA PRODUCTIONS
PRESSES MONOPOLY ALL-STAR AFTER PARTY
2/18 SWEET SUNDAYS: SONIDO LATINO LOS MAGNIFICOS
2/19 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
2/19 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
2/20 THE MOTH
2/21 JUNIOR REID
2/21 KARAOKE IS FOR LOVERS
2/22 RHI RIN - DI BAD GYAL
2/22 DANCEHALL PARTY
2/23 CLUB 90’S
2/23 THE CANVAS
“I was a big fan of John’s music for many years,” comedian and musician Reggie Watts says by phone from Montana, where, as it happens, he is grocery shopping with his mother, “and I always thought he was this exotic dude living in Austria or someplace, pumping out minimal techno and other electronic music.”

L.A.-based Watts, who became famous for his highly acclaimed absurdist humor, which often incorporates his singing and beatboxing, is talking about musician and DJ/producer John Tejada, with whom he is collaborating on a new project the two have dubbed Wajatta. “Then, when I met him,” at a club night when Tejada was performing, “it was all of a sudden, ‘Oh, he lives in L.A.? That’s crazy!’”

Wajatta is a portmanteau — or what in the music world might be described as a mashup — of Watts and Tejada, “which somehow doesn’t seem so obvious to everyone,” Tejada quips.

Well known as an in-demand remixer for electronic-pop crossover acts such as The Postal Service and Télépopmusik — and well regarded for his richly detailed, emotive albums on noted German electronic music label Kompakt and others — Tejada spoke to L.A. Weekly by phone from his home studio in Sherman Oaks, where he is mastering Wajatta’s full-length debut. (His latest album for Kompakt, Dead Start Program, comes out Feb. 9.)

“We have a lot of mutual friends, but we’d never quite met that way. He just said hello that night [at the club] and we started talking,” says Tejada, who was in fact born in Vienna but grew up in L.A. “We didn’t start making music right away, but eventually it was brought up, and then immediately we made three songs, and three more, and three more and three more.”

“We’ve been kind of silently doing this for about a year, until finally Reggie said, ‘Enough’s enough, let’s at least get one song out there.’ And it was perfect timing, because now I feel like we have 12 really solid tracks, 12 keepers.”

“Runnin’,” an uptempo, Chicago house–inflected dance track, was released digitally on Dec. 1 as the lead single from Wajatta’s forthcoming album, titled Casual High Technology. The full-length likely will appear this spring, in multiple formats, on the Burbank label Comedy Dynamics. “I think April is a possibility,” Tejada says. A limited 7-inch featuring “Runnin’” with an instrumental mix on the B-side will be released as well.

Wajatta’s debut concert is on Tuesday, Feb. 6, at Zebulon, the performance space in Frogtown (formally, Elysian Valley). They’ll follow that on Feb. 10 at MojaMoja, a benefit event at Avalon Hollywood presented by KCRW. (MojaMoja also will feature performances by psychedelic Afro-Latin funk band Jungle Fire, alternative R&B duo Steeples and indie-pop multi-instrumentalist Elise Trouw).

“It’ll be based enough on what we do, but then it’ll be different,” Tejada says of Wajatta’s live show. “When I play live, I like songs that have no beginning or end, because otherwise that puts me in a weird box. I feel that Reggie in some ways does that naturally, so I think it’ll just be a fun time. I think it’d be weird if every time you saw us it would be by the book. And that way we can also react to the vibe of the crowd, or the space.”

Asked about his studio setup, Tejada says, “Well, we do this combination of Ableton and Logic. Both have their kind of positives for stacking and doing capturing. And I’ve got my collection of stuff, but honestly these days I’m happier with kind of less.

“I’ve got a few modular synths, a couple other neato mono synths, a couple neat poly synths, digital and analog. And I have some things to try that just spark your imagination, like the new Moog DFAMs are pretty fun at the moment, because they just spit out magic. But, generally, I have kind of a small setup. [That way] there’s not a half-hour of confusion why something doesn’t work, and that’s important to both of us,” he says.

Describing the pair’s creative process, Tejada says, “I want it to sound like both of us, and I want it to sound like Reggie and the stacking and looping that he’s so well known for, and I wanted to kind of help take that slightly to a more produced level. Likewise, Reggie helps me strip myself back a bit, and then it all just kind of melds together really nicely.”

He adds, “I’m familiar with how Reggie works, and I’m familiar with some of the gear he uses, so I try to set things up [in the studio] so they work in a similar, comfortable kind of way so we can both get our ideas down without having to stop too much for technical setup or things not working. For the most part it works out pretty well.”

Watts says, “What’s great is that I like to create quickly, and John just kind of does that naturally on his own. That on-the-fly creativity and speed works, at least personally for me, how I’ve always found it to work.”

“I get excited to work on the songs, and I’ve been learning a lot from Reggie in the process,” Tejada says. “Nothing is forced. It can just be whatever it wants to be, and I think that we plan to keep doing it just for fun. We were doing this for a year just for fun without realizing that we should progress the plan.”

“I think we’re doing a really great record that has a lot of stuff that you can dance to, and some atmospheric stuff, and it’s just something different. It’s synthetic but also has the organicism that I like to do.”

—REGGIE WATTS ON WAJATTA

“I think the first thing [listeners will] notice is that it’s a good blend of our two styles,” Watts says. “I think we’re doing a really great record that has a lot of stuff that you can dance to, and some atmospheric stuff, and it’s just something different. It’s synthetic but also has the organicism that I like to do.

“Always want to make music,” Watts says, “but what I’m excited about is to put out a track that I’m involved with and see people dance to it, in the clubs or wherever, that is particularly satisfying for me, that kind of music, and this is our version of that.”

Wajatta perform at Zebulon on Tuesday, Feb. 6 (zebulonla.com), and at MojaMoja at Avalon Hollywood on Saturday, Feb. 10 (themojamoja.com).
Girlschool
@ BOOTLEG THEATER
Girls just want to have fun — and play in bands and go to shows and otherwise feel safe from threats of violence, insults, catcalls and worse. Initiated by Airborne Toxic Event violinist Anna Bulbrook, the annual Girlschool festival returns with three days of women-fronted groups as well as poetry stage, panel discussions and a keynote conversation with Sleater-Kinney’s Carrie Brownstein, in a benefit for literary-empowerment organization WriteGirl. Friday’s lineup is crowned by the stylishly outlandish New Orleans rapper-poet Boyfriend and NYC’s Kristin Kontrol, whose open-hearted, glossy pop chansons distinctly contrast with Kristin Welchez’s previous incarnation as Dum Dum Girls and their laid-back jangle of Harrison’s “Fish on the Sand” and intones Television’s “Hard on Love,” an outtake from Marky Mark, in a dreamy daze as Pedrum Siadatian sends out spirals of guitar that glimmer like drDEE. Saturday sees Garbage’s Shirley Manson backed by secret supergroup The Girlschool Choir following Amber Coffman, Pinky Pinky and harpist Mary Lattimore. Sunday closes strong with Jay Som, Moon Honey, Lauren Ruth Ward, Low Leaf and Polartropics. Also Saturday-Sunday, Feb 3-4. — Failing James
Earth Arrow, Iris Jupiter, The Love-Inns
@ THE SMELL
It’s been a year since President Trump’s inauguration but its effects are still rippling outward. One such drama still unfolding is the plight of the J20 (Jan. 20) Defendants, 188 demonstrators arrested during D.C. protests that day. While many of these people have had the charges against them dropped, there are still several protesters who still find themselves caught in the slow-grinding wheels of justice. Tonight’s action serves as a benefit for those defendants. Lending their very specific set of skills to the proceedings are Earth Arrow (tribal Afro-Cuban hip-hop rocking in opposition), Iris Jupiter (noise-rock continually breaking up a fight between shoegaze and hardcore) and The Love-Inns (brief bursts of declamatory insistence and forceful talk about what’s really going on in the world today). — David Cotner
Allah-Las
@ LODGE ROOM
Allah-Las have released several albums of mysteriously engaging original material, but the L.A. quartet’s most recent release is the aptly titled EP Covers #1. The way they remake obscurities by George Harrison, Television, Further and Kathy Heideman not only reveals their diverse musical tastes but also shines a light on the way they create their own psychedelic pop songs on such albums as 2016’s Calico Review. Miles Michaud wraps himself up in the laid-back jangle of Harrison’s “Fish on
the Sand” and intones Television’s “Hard on Love,” an outtake from Marquee Moon, in a dreamy daze as Pedrum Siadatian sends out spirals of guitar that glimmer like drDEE. Saturday sees Garbage’s Shirley Manson backed by secret supergroup The Girlschool Choir following Amber Coffman, Pinky Pinky and harpist Mary Lattimore. Sunday closes strong with Jay Som, Moon Honey, Lauren Ruth Ward, Low Leaf and Polartropics. Also Saturday-Sunday, Feb 3-4. — Failing James
Howard Jones, Rachael Sage
@ EL REY THEATRE
One of the sweetest, most romantic montages in all of ’80s comedy happens in Better Off Dead, when “Like to Get to Know You Well” by Howard Jones plays on the little boombox next to John Cusack and Diane Franklin as they’re fixing up that beautiful ’87 Camaro. Tonight, Jones pours New Wave into old bottles on a solo tour dubbing The Songs and the Stories — piano versions of his hits, interspersed with reminiscences of what went into creating such gems as his breakout smash hits “New Song,” “What Is Love?,” “Life in One Day” and “No One Is to Blame.” It’s a rare chance to experience these songs in their totality — with time and perspective lending Jones’ interpretations a multidimensional light in his 35th year as a professional musician. Also tonight: the gently theatrical cabaret tunes of Rachael Sage. — David Cotner
Dance With the Dead
@ ECHOPLEX
This Orange County duo are part of a growing wave of acts influenced by the synth-heavy sounds of ’80s horror and sci-fi movie soundtracks. Dance With the Dead provide the pulsating beats and atmospheric keyboards that have made similar acts such as Perturbator and GosT leaders of the modern synthwave scene, but their take on the sound is boosted by a hefty dose of headbanging shred guitar. The duo of Tony Kim and Justin Pointer are adept at delivering catchy hooks that are equally at home on the dance floor and in the mosh pit. Their most recent full-length, 2016’s The Shape, was an infectious listen from start to finish, the band’s balance of beats and riffs creating a vision evocative of what futuristic sci-fi films thought the 2018 nightclub scene would look like back in the 1980s. — Jason Roche
Culture Clash feat. Buyepongo
@ THE GETTY VILLA
It was only a matter of time until one of the world’s foremost theater groups joined forces with one of the planet’s most skilled, entertaining rhythm bands. This afternoon, presenting the play Sapo, Culture Clash and jazz-funk cumbias-playing merengueros Buyepongo weave the magic of their showmanship and unveil this drama loosely based on The Frogs by Greek playwright Aristophanes. Set in the 1970s, Sapo tells the story of Chicano band SAPO and their quest to rule the charts with the smoothness of their acoustic Latin sound. On their way up the long, long ladder to fame and fortune, they meet an agent named Sapo, who dabbles in upholstery and promises them the world — all they have to do is find the music industry god living on a yacht off Malibu. Can they succeed without becoming vile reptiles themselves? — David Cotner
Blakeslee explains in a phone interview about his fascination with lepidopterans as well as “The Butterfly Cabinet: A Surrealist Cabaret,” his monthlong residency at the Love Song. As leader of Entrance Band, Blakeslee knows how to cast out savagely heavy hard-rock riffs for maximum sonic impact, but at the intimate Love Song he'll pare things down as Entrance, his kinder, gentler folkie persona, much as he did on the recent album Book of Changes (Thrill Jockey Records), a collection of subtly psychedelic romantic yearning. “It’s a new incarnation that has different sounds,” Blakeslee says of tonight’s backing band, which includes singer Rachel Fannan. “It’s more about the words and singing, more orchestrated, not as loud.” —Falling James

Simon Phillips’ Protocol
@ CATALINA JAZZ
Simon Phillips’ Protocol is the name of the first solo album by the highly respected session drummer, and it’s enjoying its 30th year of continued vitality this year — but Simon Phillips’ protocol is also to continue fighting the good fight and touring to support his 2017 Protocol IV album. He lost almost everything in December, when his Ventura County house burned to ashes in the Thomas fire, but now he steels himself to the task and brings Protocol the band (guitarist Greg Howe, keymaster Otmaro Ruiz and bassist Ernest Tibbs) to the concert stage, playing his ass off like never before. Phillips has played drums for everyone from Toyah Wilcox to Judas Priest to Toto, and that endlessly versatile imagination and alchemic technique puts him in a class of all his own. Also Tuesday, Feb. 6. —David Cotner

Emily Elbert
@ MOROCCAN LOUNGE
“Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain/Soak up the scandals, honey, drink up the diversion/Ignore the voices of the poor and sick and hurting.” Emily Elbert confides sarcastically on her 2017 single “True Power.” She slips other angry lines about life in modern America (“Don’t drink the water, or see the doctor — you can’t afford to”) within the folds of a smartly funky groove, her jazzy guitar chords slamming down curtily for dramatic emphasis. The local singer, who has toured as a member of Esperanza Spalding’s project Emily’s D-Evolution, doesn’t need to shout or scream to rattle about life’s injustices. Instead, she coaches her sly words in artful arrangements and deceptively lulling passages, such as “Letting Go,” a sleepy but foreboding idyll that erupts into a maelstrom of tangled guitars and Elbert’s serene vocals. —Falling James

Banny Grove, Media Jeweler, Young Jesus
@ BOOTLEG THEATER
In the grand tradition of Costes and Suckdog, Bebe and Serge, and possibly The Carpenters, the relentlessly weird and sunny duo of Louise Chicoine and guitarist/keyboardist Peter Nichols coalesce into one beautifully loopy robot warrior named Banny Grove. Tonight, they’ll give you only the finest in cracked electronics and no-fn ditties that fit among subjects as diverse as cheese, soccer and metaphysical identity theft. Santa Ana’s Media Jeweler are still riding high on the strength of their semi-recent 899 R/T Hawaii EP, a pleasantly noisy rock paeon to the wonders of life and existence on this spinning blue marble called planet Earth. While you might not always understand their approach to rock ecstasy, you cannot help but applaud their passion, their tenacity and their drive. Also tonight: Young Jesus. —David Cotner

Jackie Mendez,
The Wyldewood Green
@ THE ECHO
The ongoing reggae-ska night Dub Club expands to fill two rooms tonight. While regular Dub Club DJs Tom Chasteen and Ross Harmon are downstairs in the Echoplex pumping up thick walls of dub and reggae, bands from Angel City Records perform upstairs in the Echo. Jackie Mendez was raised in South El Monte, but she draws upon the spirit of ’60s Jamaican vocalists, imbuing rock-steady rarities like “So Nice Like Rice” and Boy Panton’s “Endless Memory” with her own charismatic personality. Mendez’s recent single “Forever True” is an endearing slice of steadfast, romantic pop-reggae that’s powered by her warm, soulful vocals. Distinguished by the nimbly funky interplay of keyboardist Mark Weddington and bassist Scott Bassman, The Wyldewood Green are a hard-hitting local R&B combo who evoke the tight instrumental dexterity of Booker T. & the M.G.’s. —Falling James

StéLouse
@ MOROCCAN LOUNGE
StéLouse (pronounced “Stay Loose”) has with his latest song, “Sociopath,” produced one of the most bouncily cynical electronic odes to the failure of the human condition in many a moon. Breaking out of the pack and becoming a hot property recently without the “benefit” of traditional major-label support or promotion, StéLouse — the sometime alias of Denver musician Ross Ryan — forges ahead on a path seemingly paved with gold but whose future, as always, points to enigmatic pop. That’s part of the appeal — much as with the unpredictable living of life — and StéLouse following his own constantly unfolding artistic star has yielded gems like “Sociopath” and a deeply pleasant, laid-back series of reasonable bangers with singers like Canadian electronica wunderkind il-e-sha, South African vocalist Nick Leng and post-hardcore warbler Tilian Pearson of Dance Gavin Dance. —David Cotner
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**FEBRUARY**

FEBRUARY 2 - SUNDAY, 11:30AM - 9:00PM
FEBRUARY 3 - FEBRUARY 10 - FEBRUARY 17 - FEBRUARY 24

FEBRUARY 11 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM
FEBRUARY 17 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM
FEBRUARY 21 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM

**FEBRUARY 25 - FEBRUARY 26 - FEBRUARY 27 - FEBRUARY 28**

**MARCH**

MARCH 15 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM
MARCH 16 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM
MARCH 24 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM

**APRIL**

APRIL 7 - 8:30PM - 12:00AM

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**THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL**


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**THE ROSE**


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**THE SMELL**


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**THE TERMINAL BALLROOM**

1234 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. STSK, Fri., Feb. 2, 9:30 p.m., $25.
CONCERTS
FRIDAY, FEB. 2

AMERICA: 7:30 p.m. Centrino Center for the Performing Arts, 12700 Center Court Dr., Cerritos.

BACKSTAGE: 7:30 p.m. Garden Amphitheatre, 12762 Main St., Garden Grove.

CHRIS LANE: 7 p.m. Morongo Casino Resort & Spa, 49500 Seminole Dr., Cabazon.

FETTY WAP: 7 p.m., $40. The Belasco Theater, 1050 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.

JOHN DOE & FEVEREIK: 11:00 p.m. Whisky a Go Go, 8840 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

LA RUA: 9 p.m. Belly Up, 11544 Giraud Ave., Los Angeles. Hide & Go Freak LA, with Miles Medina, Andre Power, Sasha Marie, JT Jarris, PRVNTD, Bluest., Fri., Feb. 2, 9 p.m., $20. Eno Nite, Tue., Feb. 6, 9 p.m., $10. Dub Club, 215 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.

ELEVATE LOUNGE: 8:11 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Remix Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m. Sulty Saturdays, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m.


GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB: 943 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Lanny G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21+, Fridays, 9 p.m. 5Boombox, first Saturday of each month, 8 p.m.

HARVARD YARD VILLAGE: 1400 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles. Low Freqs, Sat., Feb. 3, 10 p.m., $30.

LA CITA: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Punky Reggae Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Nettie Tingle, Fridays, 9 p.m., $5. Doble Poder, with cumbia and norteno bands, Tandas 2B Saturdays, 2-9 p.m.; DJ Piw, 21+, Sundays, 9 a.m.-2 a.m.; DJ Moist, Monday-Saturday, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Club 90's, Fridays, 10 p.m. Bootie LA, Saturdays, 10 p.m., $5 & $10.

LURE: 235 S. Spring Ave., Los Angeles. Lure Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m.


HARRY JONES: With Rachael Sage, 9 p.m., $25 & up. El Rey Theater, 5155 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.


KRYSTEN MOWEN: 3-10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

LARRY OCHOES: With The Caltech Jazz Band, 8 p.m., Thursdays, 4 p.m., $10. Beckman Auditorium, Caltech, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Pasadena.

DEMETRI MARTIN: 8 p.m. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 1126 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

GERARD ORTIZ: 8 p.m., $19-$79. The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd., Inglewood.

HIPPY SABBAGE, LIL YAN: With Melvyn, Aziz Gibson, 9 p.m., $45. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.


JESSE PALTER QUARTET: With Dave Young, 8 p.m. The Mix Restaurant & Bar, 1356 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles.


LUKE HOLLINGS: With Thomas Lauderdale, 8 p.m., $45 & up. The Belasco Theater, 1050 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.


TUESDAY, FEB. 6

BANDITS: With Sunway,Mission Ave., 8 p.m. Cerritos Center for the Performing Arts, 13500 Valley Center Rd., Cerritos.


BOBBY LEE: With Chase Atlantic, DCF., 8 p.m., $29. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

CERYS MATHESON: 8 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

CHRISTOPHER: With Can't Stop, 8 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

CRANES: 8-10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

CUPID'S CAFE: 8-10 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.

DAN JEMSTONE: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

DELLA REID: 8 p.m., $40. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JACLYN MARSHALL: 8 p.m. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JACKSON ROCHE: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JAZZ AT READING: 8 p.m., $30. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JASON DENISON: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JERRY WATTS: 8-10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

JONAS BLUE: With Culture Clash, Buyepongo, 8 p.m., $25. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JORDAN DAVIS: 8 p.m. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JULIA GREGORIO: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JULIAN SCOTT: 8-10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

JULIET SIMS: 8 p.m. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JASON SANTOS: 8-10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

JULIETTE BUTER: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JON HETFIELD: 9 p.m. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JONI MURPHY: 8-10 p.m. Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., $30.

JORDAN WILDER: 8 p.m. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JULIA DE FRICHTHOLM: 8 p.m. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

JULIETTE BUTER: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

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JULIUS CASSIO: 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Troubadour, 9280 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.
Orpheum Theatre.

**KALEIDOSCOPE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** The conductorless group delves into the West Coast premiere of Vet Cuong’s Ryan’s Nation; the U.S. premiere of Aart Stroooman’s Requiem Apotheosis; the world premiere of an untitled work by Alyssa Weinberg; and Arnold Schoenberg’s Chamber Symphony No. 1, Op. 9, Sat., Feb. 10, 7:30 p.m. LA Theatre Center, Sun., Feb. 11, 2 p.m. First Presbyterian Church.

**L.A. CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** Sun., Feb. 25, 7 p.m., $27-$124. UCLA, Royce Hall.

**GRANT GERSON: A Proposal for Handel’s Oratorio of Egypt:** Grant Gershon conducts Handel’s oratorio of Egypt in Egypt, Sun., Feb. 11, 7 p.m., $29-$129. Walt Disney Concert Hall.


**L.A. BACHATA FESTIVAL:** Thu., Feb. 15, 5 p.m., $20-$600. Westin Los Angeles Airport Hotel.

**THE WILTEN:** Fri., Feb. 2, 7 p.m., $20-$59. The Wiltern.

**THE KRESKOVICH STRING QUARTET:** The chamber-music ensembles put their heads together for quartets, sextets and octets by Shaw, Strauss, Bruckner, Shostakovich and Mendelssohn, Thu., Feb. 8, 7:45 p.m., $49 & up. Samueli Theater, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

**THE 14TH ANNUAL ALL-STAR CONCERT:** Presented by the UCLA Herb Alpert School of Music, Thu., Feb. 8, 8 p.m., free. UCLA, Royce Hall, 340 Royce Dr.

**L.A. PHILHARMONIC:** Surrounded by a mob of dancers, singers from L.A. Master Chorale and L.A. Children’s Chorus, rock musicians, and The UCLA Wind Ensemble, conductor Gustavo Dudamel summons forth Leonard Bernstein’s epic 1971 spectacle Mass, in a theatrical presentation helmed by director Ethan Pultitz. Fri., Feb. 2, 8 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 3, 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 4, 2 p.m.; $20-$210 (see GoLA pick). Members of the orchestra, including flutist Eilee Shope Henry, cellist Jonathan Karoly and pianist Junko Ueno Garrett, roll out quartets by Dvorak and Janacek and a trio by Martinu, Tue., Feb. 6, 8 p.m., $20-$59. Inventive cellist Yo-Yo Ma uncovers the West Coast premiere of Esa-Pekka Salonen’s Cello Concerto, and the composer also conducts Heinrich Biber’s Batailla and Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony, Thu., Feb. 8, 8 p.m., $20-$210. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**PACIFIC SYMPHONY:** Roger Kalia conducts a kid-friendly version of Johann Strauss Jr.’s Die Fledermaus, Sat., Feb. 3, 10 & 11:30 a.m., $15 & up. Ukrainian pianist Alexander Romanovsky plays Prokofiev’s Piano Concerto No. 2, and Carlos St.Clair conducts Brahms’ Third Symphony and the West Coast premiere of Paul Chihara’s Wild Wood, Fri., Feb. 2, 8 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 3, 8 p.m.; $25 & up. Reneé & Henry Segerstrom Concert Hall, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

**RENEE FLEMING & ANTONIO DAMASIO:** Opera vocalist Fleming and neurosurgeon Damasio discuss how the brain interacts with the sounds of music, Mon., Feb. 5, 7 p.m., free. USC, Bovard Auditorium, 3551 Trousdale Parkway, Los Angeles. See GoLA.

**RENEE FLEMING:** Backed by German pianist Hartmut Hoffmann, the beloved American soprano covers the waterfront with songs and arias by George Frideric Handel, Johannes Brahms, Caroline Shaw, Gabriel Fauré, Meredith Willson, Richard Rodgers, Rufus Wainwright and others in a recital performance, Tue., Feb. 6, 7 p.m., $24-$199. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**THE UNICAMP BRAZILIAN CELLO ENSEMBLE:** The cel-lo-heavy ensemble from São Paulo is joined by cellist Stephen Erody on Friday and L.A. Phil’s Gloria Lucia on Saturday, Feb. 2-3, 8 p.m., $30. Boston Court, 70 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena.

**VIVENTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** Pianist Noah Simon essays Robert Schumann’s Piano Concerto in A minor, and Zain Khan conducts Schubert’s Italian Overture and Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony, Sat., Feb. 3, 7:30 p.m., $20. The Broad Stage, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica.

One of the most intriguing and impactful entertainers of all time, multiple GRAMMY Award-winning artist Ricky Martin returns to his Las Vegas headlining residency at Park Theater at Monte Carlo from March 15-25 & May 23-30, 2018.

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Noisey
Music by Vice

Escape the Echo Chamber

Opening Night

FRI APR 6

THE TENTH PRESENTS THE FAIRYTALE BALL VOGUE-RUNWAY-WAACK

Vegas burns as Cinderella shines. Have a ball with the icons and legends.

Featuring:
Red Carpet Premiere and Afterparty

Hurray for the Riff Raff

Sat apr 7

MUSIC SHOWCASES


Poppy

Speaking Truth to Power

The sights and sounds of resistance and protest.

Speaker Showcases

The Book of Me: Reconciling our origins and faith with our futures.
The Side Eye: What walls will be crumbling next?
The Space Between: Will VR, AR, and AI alter humanity?

Composer: Ophi

OK Go

Sun Apr 8

MUSIC SHOWCASES


Cuco

Welcome to the Underground

Every movement begins somewhere.

Speaker Showcases

Speed Dating with God: Faith, music, and a hunt for a higher power.
Success Story: What does it mean to write your own?
Mental Wealth: Self-care for folks who live with flair.

Lineup subject to change

Tickets on sale Thursday February 1 at 10AM PT

Emergelv.com