AN ARTIST'S OBSESSION

ROBERT TOWNSEND SAW "MOD WOMAN" IN VINTAGE SLIDES AND UNCOVERED HER STORY. A NEW FILM DETAILS HIS DECISION TO MAKE HER HIS LIFE'S WORK.

BY AMY ROBERTS
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PAINTING BY ROBERT TOWNSEND/COURTESY SERENA CREATIVE

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Punks on Film
Punk rock movies can be as life-changing as the musical genre that inspired them, and the L.A. Punk Film Festival presents an entire evening of loud, aggressive and anarchic features, shorts, documentaries and videos. Co-hosted by Sandie West, director and founder of Marina del Rey–based Beach Dancer Films, and Tequila Mockingbird, curator at L.A. Punk Museum, the festival features such highlights as Lost Grind: Riot Grrl in Los Angeles, Who Is Billy Bones? and The Blackest Hussar, Jack Bond’s 2013 documentary on Adam Ant. The schedule also promises discussions with Don Bolles, DH Peligro and Angelo Moore, readings by Iris Berry and Geri Lewis and cartoons by Craig Clark, in addition to a preview trailer for Suzi Q, an upcoming doc on Suzi Quatro, and We Are the Flowers in Your Dustbin, West’s documentary on ‘80s British punk, which includes members of U.K. Subs, The Specials, Sham 69 and Cockney Rejects.

Beyond Baroque, 681 N. Venice Blvd., Venice; Fri., March 30, 8-11 p.m.; $4-$10. (310) 822-3006, beachdancerfilms.com/la-punk-film-festival. —Siran Babayan

Highlight Reel of Lowlights
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STORYTELLING

It Is a Silly Place
Is there a comedy that has aged better than Monty Python and the Holy Grail? After all, even its adapted musical, Spamalot, has been running since 2004. Starring Monty Python members John Cleese, Michael Palin, Eric Idle, Graham Chapman, Terry Jones and Terry Gilliam, the 1975 Middle Ages parody about King Arthur and his knights searching for the Holy Grail is perfection throughout, from the fake Swedish subtitles in the opening sequence to the taunting French guards (“I fart in your general direction”). But did you know that Palin played the most characters in the film, with 12? Or that Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd and Genesis were investors in the movie’s budget? Both casual and hard-core fans likely will learn those and more behind-the-scenes tidbits straight from the Black Knight/Sir Lancelot the Brave/Peasant 3’s mouth at the Saban Theatre’s screening and discussion, John Cleese and The Holy Grail. Saban Theatre, 8440 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; Sat., March 31, 8 p.m.; $59-$70. (888) 646-5006, wheremusicmeetsthesoul.com/saban-beverly-hills/. —Beige Luciano-Adams


P.9 SAT CELEBRATE 17 YEARS OF LOOKING STUFF UP ON WIKIPEDIA

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HISTORY

Wikipedia’s Birthday
Celebrate Wikipedia’s 17th birthday and its creeping march toward legitimacy with a deep dive into L.A. history at Wikipedia Day Los Angeles 2018: L.A. on Record at the Ace Hotel. Panel discussions will cover mining L.A. resources with archivists from the Autry Museum, Cal State Northridge and LACMA; a foray into Wiki’s changing role in education with local academics; and some big-data talk. Run by a nonprofit and maintained by volunteer editors, Wikipedia’s body of knowledge — content and perspective — still skews white and male, but that may be changing, too. You might as well pay attention and flex your trivia brain. Keynote speech by civic instigator John Bwarie, an appearance by the lead researcher for Jeopardy! and cake from Hansen’s. Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Sat., March 31, 10 a.m.; free. (213) 623-3233. RSVP: acehotel.com/calendar/los-angeles-wikipedia-day-los-angeles-2018-la-record. —Beige Luciano-Adams

PRO WRESTLING

Bar Fight
The environment at a Suburban Fight Pro Wrestling show resembles a chaotic bar fight more than a traditional pro wrestling show. All matches are staged without a wrestling ring. Instead, the wrestlers brawl throughout the entire bar. Attendees will need to be ready to dodge flying bodies at all times, as if they were in a mosh pit at an extreme-metal show. The show will be co-headlined by a battle between high-flying daredevils Matt Cross and Darby Allin, in a bout that will surely see multiple dives off the bar counter, and...
EASTER

**Watch Out for That Wascally Wabbit**

What better way to enjoy the rare cosmic confluence of Easter Sunday and April Fool’s Day falling on the same day than a matinee of *Bugs Bunny Cartoon Classics*? From Easter Yeggs (1947), during which Bugs takes over for an exhausted Easter Bunny, to Bugs becoming a toreador after a failed attempt to get to the carrot festival in Coachella (!) in *Bully for Bugs* (1953), you’ll bask in the glory of these 14 examples of Warner Bros.’ finest animations. There’s also free Easter candy for the kids — probably even those kids who are in their 30s but ask nicely. The Aero, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sun., April 1, 2 p.m.; $12 general/$8 members. (310) 260-1528, americancinematheque.org.

—**David Cotner**

**Egg-stravaganza**

Even the youngest children can enjoy mystical metaphors as the biggest *Easter Egg Hunt* in the San Gabriel Valley returns with this year’s 30,000-egg extravaganza. The Easter Bunny will be on hand to hang out and do whatever it is the Easter Bunny does when you come up and ask (him? her?) for things for Easter. And nine egg hunts will unfold against the backdrop of the races at Santa Anita. Face-painting and pony rides round out the day, and just in case you thought it was one exhausted chicken laying 30,000 eggs, they’re not real and they’re full of candy. Santa Anita Park, 285 Huntington Drive, Arcadia; Sun., April 1, 11 a.m.; $4 per hunt. (626) 574-7223, santaanita.com/events/easter-egg-hunt. —**David Cotner**

**MUSEUMS**

**Your Eyes May Deceive You**

You’ve already proven that having a straight job is an illusion if you’re hanging out on Hollywood Boulevard at 10 a.m. on a Monday, so go all the way and leave “reality” behind at the *Museum of Illusions Experience*. With more than 30 murals that gently fuck with your sense of perspective and scale, it’s one long litany of SIIIIIIIKE as you move from painting to painting in this topsy-turvy world that graces the museum’s innards. They really want you to take photographs, too — just in case your future self wasn’t already confused enough about how weird your life turned out. Museum of Illusions, 6751 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Mon., April 2, 10 a.m.; $25. (747) 274-9374, facebook.com/pg/MuseumofIllusion/bigfunny.net. —**David Cotner**

**ART**

**Get Out There and Paint!**

If you’ve been looking for an excuse to set up your easel on a downtown corner, the fourth annual *Los Angeles Plein Air Festival* kicks off Wednesday, and inspired scenes of quotidian city life await. The U.S.’ largest urban plein air festival runs for five days and anyone can participate, from any downtown location. Submitting finished work for exhibition, sale and a juried competition at the April 12 Downtown Artwalk is optional. Check
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the festival website for a list of “paint out” locations to connect with other artists and discover popular sites. Participants can register online and get their canvas stamped at Raw Materials Art Supplies (436 S. Main St) before starting; submissions for exhibition/competition are due by 5 p.m. on Sunday, April 8. Bring your own supplies. Tip: The first 100 registrants get a goodie bag downtown; Wed., April 4-Sun., April 8; free; lapleinairfestival.com/.

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**DANCE**

**Local Dancers Made Good**

Led by Benjamin Millepied, the contemporary company L.A. Dance Project returns to its new home theater with a quartet of works that boasts three L.A. premieres and duets gleaned from Martha Graham. Celebrated Israeli choreographer Ohad Naharin contributes Yag, while American choreographer-of-the-moment Justin Peck offers Helix set to a score by Esa-Pekka Salonen. Millepied participates with his Sarabande for four male dancers, while Martha Graham’s Duets draws duets from the legendary choreographer’s Diversion of Angels and Canticle for Innocent Comedians. These shows mark LADP’s return from performances in Texas and precede its departure for France. The designation of LADP as the venue’s resident company and the troupe’s downtown studios are encouraging signs that the name reflects the troupe setting down roots and not just branding for touring. Wallis Annenberg Center for the Arts, 9390 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills; Thu.-Sat, April 5-7, 7:30 p.m.; $45-$125. thewallis.org.

—Beige Luciano-Adams

**MUSIC**

**Dudamel Does Mahler**

Whether they’ve been staving off a Martian invasion in Annie Gosfield’s eerily playful War of the Worlds, welcoming the Age of Aquarius in a massive presentation of Leonard Bernstein’s epochal Mass or riding along on composer Andrew Norman’s fancifully delightful A Trip to the Moon, the musicians of the L.A. Philharmonic have not only been performing ambitious music but have been at the center of some elaborately fantastic visual presentations over the past few months. Tonight, conductor Gustavo Dudamel invokes Das Lied von der Erde (Song of the Earth), Chinese poems adapted by his favorite composer, Gustav Mahler, in a multimedia performance with powerful tenor Russell Thomas and mezzo-soprano Tamara Mumford that combines the notable visual flair of director Yuval Sharon with the artistry of Chilean theatrical group Teatrocinema. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., downtown; Thu.-Sat, April 5-7, 8 p.m.; $20-$199. (323) 850-2000, laphil.com.

—Falling James
“ENOUGH IS ENOUGH”
March for Our Lives participants take to streets and take a stand

BY GREG MELLEN
They came Saturday morning from all directions. Rivers of sign-toting chanters and marchers. Flowing from the east and west, off Spring and Hill streets, up and down West Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets. They disembarked from public and private buses, hopped off the Metro at Pershing Square and followed the sea of humanity onto North Broadway toward City Hall.

As noon approached, the Los Angeles version of the nationwide, student-inspired and led March for Our Lives to protest gun violence had drawn tens of thousands. They packed Grand Park in front of City Hall and overfilled the Broadway steps. And still they came, a stream stretching out down Broadway.

The March 24 march was organized mainly by teenagers and survivors in response to the Feb. 14 mass shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida. It came 10 days after a National School Walkout during which students across the country left their schools and observed 17 minutes of silence for the Florida victims.

Emblematic of the gathering were students Gabrielle Vargas, 17, and Aracely Sotelo, 16, of DaVinci RISE High School, who came with Jessica Sotelo, Aracely’s mother. Aracely Sotelo carried a sign decorated with images of 39 bullet holes; it said a gun could fire that many bullets faster than someone could read the sign. “We should be heard,” Sotelo said of students who have been ignored for too long. “We’re the generation that’s going to make a difference.”

Vargas said the proliferation of campus violence needs to stop. “We’ve grown into a situation where this kind of thing is normal,” she said. “People underestimate us. We have technology at our hands 24/7. We know a lot more than people think we do.”

Thousands had been expected at the march, but those estimates were dwarfed by the numbers who came to proclaim “enough is enough” and call for an end to the gun violence that has swept through schools increasingly since the massacre at Columbine High School in Colorado in 1999, and even before at Jonesboro, Arkansas, a school shooting marking its 20th anniversary on Saturday.

Among the speakers Saturday were Los Angeles Mayor Eric Garcetti, actress-comedian Amy Schumer and Black-ish star Yara Shahidi. Garcetti exhorted the crowd with chants of “Whose streets? Our streets. Whose lives? Our lives. Whose nation? Our nation.” He also touted California’s existing gun control measures and told President Donald Trump to “get with the program.”

Schumer reached out to the youth in the audience. “All of you have said, ‘No more.’ All here have learned so much from you. Thank you for teaching us,” she said.

Schumer also urged politicians to refuse donations from the National Rifle Association. “You can make a little less money and look in the mirror and know you don’t have blood on your hands,” she said. Otherwise, she added, “You’re digging the graves of those you are sworn to protect.”

For Shahidi, 18, who was accepted to Harvard to start classes in the fall, the Florida tragedy spurred her already extensive activism. A supporter of causes ranging from intersectional feminism to Black Lives Matter, Shahidi said: “People have the right to know we’re being protected, especially in a place dedicated to our education.”

She also praised students for forcing a global discussion on guns and violence. Hundreds of marches Saturday drew massive and diverse crowds across the country, from New York to Los Angeles and across the Southland in cities including Long Beach and Burbank. In Washington, D.C., half a million youths and their supporters marched along Pennsylvania Avenue. Together they spoke a single message meant to rattle the walls and echo down the corridors of power: “Enough is enough.”

In Los Angeles, they were high schoolers, hipsters and old hippies. There were teens and their families, toddlers in strollers and the occasional family dog. They came from school, civic, social justice and religious groups.

Avery and Rob Clyde, of South Pasadena, brought their sons Kayson, 10, and Kieran, 4, to the march. “It’s simple, enough is enough,” Avery Clyde said, adding that it is a sad statement that children and teens are the one who have to educate their elders about the problem of campus violence. “I think adults are finally waking up to it,” she said. “My kids are going to be in high school one day and that scares me.”

Asked why he thought the event was important, Kayson Clyde said, “I don’t want to be afraid to go to school.” The fifth-grader said his school recently went through what was called a “soft lock-down,” which he said “was pretty scary.”

Avery Clyde said it was a sign of the times when she saw an announcement for an “active shooter protocol meeting” — at her younger son’s preschool.

Sprinkled through the crowd were volunteers encouraging those in attendance to register to vote. Amalia Walter and Ellie Reingold, 18-year-old first-year students at Pomona-Pitzer, took advantage of the opportunity, although they weren’t sure how much good it would do.

“It’s better than nothing,” Reingold said.

“It seems everything is going to shit at once,” Walter said.

Also at the march were many who have been affected by gun violence in various ways. Bill Reid of Rialto said his son, Jonathan Reid, was lucky to survive seven bullet wounds as a victim of the 2015 San Bernardino terrorist attack at the Inland Regional Center that killed 14 people and seriously injured 22.

Although Reid said he has never been a supporter of gun ownership, nearly losing his son has given the issue much deeper resonance for him.

On hand were representatives and survivors from other high profile shootings, including Sandy Hook Elementary School, where 20 students and six staff members were killed, and the Route 91 Harvest music festival massacre in Las Vegas, where 58 were killed and more than 850 injured.

One of those concertgoers, Shana Caputo, 52, from Thousand Oaks was there with her friend, Ellen Rivera. “I was in the killing zone,” said Caputo, referring to an area where much of the carnage occurred at the concert site. However, as harrowing as that was, she said, “When I heard about Parkland, something really changed in me.” Rivera added, “I felt like I was in the shooting all over again.”

Caputo said of the two events, “It’s completely changed my life. They say you can’t change someone. Well, here I am. I was a Republican,” and a gun supporter, she said.
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Robert Townsend saw “Mod Woman” in vintage slides and uncovered her story. Now a documentary details his decision to make her his life’s work.

An Artist’s Obsession

Robert Townsend

Robert Townsend is celebrating a woman’s life — someone he never met. Townsend knew this woman would keep his career busy for a few months, but he never imagined she would inspire an 18-year project to produce 100 paintings of her life and become the subject of *My Indiana Muse*, a short documentary that is amassing accolades and tears.

The film just won the Audience Award for Best Short Documentary at the San Luis Obispo International Film Festival and will be shown in the Beverly Hills Film Festival on Friday, April 6. In 2014, Townsend, a Los Angeles native born and raised in Downey, was browsing eBay for vintage Kodachrome slides to source material for his next oil painting when he found her. She was “Mod Woman in Hawaii” and “Mod Woman in the Snow” and “Mod Woman at the Beach,” a nameless, middle-aged woman photographed with a friendly smile, ’60s bouffant, cat-eye glasses and heels — always wearing heels. She was the epitome of everything Townsend loved and was known for painting, a 1950s American dream life lived to its fullest.

When Townsend realized the Mod Woman appeared in eight listings of individual slides, he contacted the seller to ask if she knew the family and if more slides from the collection existed. The seller explained that she had purchased 30 carousels of slides from an estate sale in Highland, Indiana — nearly 3,000 slides. Townsend’s proposal that he travel to the seller’s home in Chicago to view the entire collection and make an offer was declined.

After a year of waiting for the seller to post more listings, Townsend had finished two paintings based on the slides he had already purchased. He contacted the seller again, this time offering to purchase the entire collection, sight unseen. The seller agreed after Townsend explained why he wanted the slides.

“I pay respect to people’s lives from another generation,” Townsend says during a phone interview with *L.A. Weekly*, echoing what he told the seller: “Even though we don’t know who these people are, they took the time —
over 30 years— to document their lives, their travels, their family, and kept it all together. They passed away but their story is still intact. If you sell the slides separately, their story disappears forever.”

The purchase was a risk, but even if there were only 10 more usable slides, Townsend would gain two more years’ worth of work. Instead, he found a lifetime. With the slides in hand, Townsend knew the paintings of the Mod Woman would be some of the largest he’d ever painted, measuring 6 feet by 9 feet, on custom-made canvases weighing more than 150 pounds.

“These scenes are so mythic that it feels wrong to paint them small,” Townsend says. “I want people to feel the physical presence standing in front of these paintings. I want to paint the people in the paintings as close to actual size as I can so when you’re standing in front of them, there is an emotional connection, looking into someone’s eyes who is almost life-size.”

While reviewing the slides, Townsend found an image that helped him identify his muse. It was a slide of the Mod Woman and her husband wearing Hawaiian shirts and name tags with their full names. The nameless woman (whom Townsend had dubbed Kay in his first painting of her, Just Kay and Party) was Helen and next to her was her husband, Roy. After a quick internet search, Townsend was able to find Helen’s obituary. He contacted the funeral home that had handled Helen’s services and asked that her next of kin contact him. Two hours later, Townsend received a call from Helen’s niece, Cheryl Berea.

The more Townsend revealed about his project, the more Berea shared with him about Helen’s life. “It was kind of a fairy tale,” Townsend said. “Helen was born in the Great Depression. Roy was in World War II. They got married. Were married for 69 years. Traveled extensively.”

Townsend was even more delighted to learn why the couple was wearing name tags. Berea explained that her aunt and uncle had gone to appear on the Head Game. Their uncle had gone to appear on a short-lived game show host- tags. Berea explained that her aunt and uncle had gone to appear on Head Game. Their uncle had gone to appear on a short-lived game show host- tags. Berea explained that her aunt and uncle had gone to appear on Head Game. Their uncle had gone to appear on a short-lived game show host-

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By now, there was more to Helen’s story than Townsend could paint, so he enlisted filmmakers Ric and Jen Serena, the husband-and-wife duo behind Serena Creative, to document his journey, which included traveling to a few of Helen and Roy’s road-trip destinations and to their hometown of Highland, Indiana, to meet Berea—a impromptu offer Townsend couldn’t wait to accept.

“Our initial interest was definitely Robert,” Ric Serena tells L.A. Weekly by phone. “I was curious to know what is it about Helen that is so inspiring to him. That was our motivation, more so than Helen. There was such an exuberance in his voice — that was what was so endearing to us — and that quality never left in the two years I was working with him.”

“The big thing for me was that Robert is willing to spend so many years of his life painting just this one person,” Jen Serena says. “That intrigued me immensely.”

Despite the compelling and photogenic life Helen led, the success of the documentary is due more to the master than the muse. Ric was surprised to see that Townsend, a self-proclaimed introvert who had never been on-camera, was so natural during filming.

“Honestly, you could sit down with Robert and you could spend that same time — that 44 minutes — watching the film or just sitting talking with him and be enchanted,” Jen says. “I feel like every time we sit down with him, there is something beautiful he has to say.”

Townsend initially thought he was embarking on a 10-year project, but after the documentary was filmed, he decided to extend the number of projected paintings to 100, instead of 80.

Ric and Jen began filming in Townsend’s Los Angeles studio, unaware of the direction and length of the documentary, which hinged heavily on Berea’s involvement and on-camera presence. But thanks to Townsend’s charismatic sincerity, Berea’s interview could not have gone better. Her scenes breathe life into an unknown past and, frankly, make us cry. The unveiling of serendipitous events surround-
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4/20

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and detailed. Townsend's level of skill con-
labor required to paint canvases so large
to see the sometimes contorted physical
hours. The documentary shows Townsend's
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Helen painting takes Townsend an aver-
ethic. Townsend treats his career as a
executor of Helen's will.
and the decisions Berea had to make as the
story of Helen's life, as told by her niece,
cathartic. The women were touched by the
dence of relatable events in the film was
of the documentary and said the coinci-
dation — in tears — and explained that they
women approached him after his Q&A ses-
recently deceased mother's estate when
were sisters and were in town sorting their


Aside from sentiment, My Indiana Muse
also displays Townsend's incredible work
ethic. Townsend treats his career as a
painter like any other 9-to-5 job, except he
usually puts in 10 to 12 hours per day. Each
Helen painting takes Townsend an aver-
age of three months to complete. First he
must project the slide onto his canvas and
selectively trace the shapes and details he
will paint, a process that requires up to 30
hours. The documentary shows Townsend's
entire process through a combination of
real time and timelapse, allowing viewers
to see the sometimes contorted physical
labor required to paint canvases so large
and detailed. Townsend's level of skill con-
tinues to impress those who already know
him and his work well, like his former high
school art teacher, Doug Andrews.

“If you were to ask me back in the '90s
about this kid Robert Townsend, I would
have said, ‘Yeah, he’s really good but...’”
Andrews laughs. “I’m just floored. He’s a
master at what he does. A lot of techniques
that he does now are things he developed
himself. He thinks so differently than every-
one else with his use of colors and patterns
and everything. [In high school], he did a
colored pencil drawing of a little wind-up
toy that back then was like, ‘OK, there’s
something special about this kid.’ You
looked at this drawing and it stood out. It
was incredible what he was doing with just
colored pencils. I still have the drawing.”

After Townsend graduated high school,
he and a friend, illustrator Paul Wallace,
painted murals for local businesses and
homes, a side venture that lasted 10 years.
Townsend also kept in touch with Andrews,
bonding over burgers and bowling.

“I have a whole little library of Robert
Townsend stuff,” Andrews says. “I even
have images of all of the murals he did.
Over the years, he’s become really close to
our family.”

Townsend's collegiate art experience was
less positive. He took his first art course
while attending Cerritos College and was
told by his professor — the first professional
painter he’d ever met — that he would never
make it as an artist. Townsend heeded the
teacher’s advice and quit the class; he took
a seven-year hiatus from both art and college
during which he worked a series of day jobs
delivering newspapers and medical records,
eventually working at Sunset Aquatic Ship-
yard in Huntington Beach.

One night at a party, an acquaintance
encouraged Townsend, then 24, to take a
watercolor class with a different instructor.
During the first week of classes, the profes-
sor told Townsend he was too good for the
class, gave him an A for the semester and
told him he didn’t have to attend any more
classes because he already knew more than
the professor could teach him.

For six years, after his shifts at the ship-
yard, Townsend would work on watercolor
paintings in his studio apartment with what
he called “serious intent,” honing his style
and technique. Townsend credits YouTube
tutorials by artists such as Sean Cheetham
for teaching him the basics of oil painting,
a medium he surprisingly started only 10
years ago.

Once Townsend had created a portfolio
he deemed technically proficient, he ap-
proached Los Angeles painter and muralist
Kenton Nelson — whose work is collected
by Steven Martin, Diane Keaton and Dean
Koontz — for advice. Townsend brought
five of his best watercolor pieces to Nelson’s
Pasadena studio — and left without them.

“[Nelson] asked if he could keep them
to show to a few people,” Townsend says. “He
called me back a week later and was like,
‘All right, I sold one. Where should I send
the check?’ So I gave him my address, and
it was $8,000. Then I knew I could be an
artist because these are serious collectors.
I was used to living in a world where friends
were giving me $100 to paint portraits and
I was making $10 an hour at the shipyard.”

Townsend was able to work flexible shifts
at the shipyard while pursuing painting
until he was able to land gallery shows and
eventually carved out a career solely based
on art, a profession he says he never takes
for granted. Over the years, his subject
matter has included an array of vintage
Americana turned still-life: rusty cars,
matchbooks and bottle caps, as well as
sweets like doughnuts, cupcakes, lollipops
and candies. Townsend, a loyal follower of
Wayne Thiebaud, shares the same philo-
osophy as that well-known painter: Art should
be light, art should celebrate.

“That’s why my paintings are sunshine
and lollipops. Maybe it’s a little too Polly-
anna, I don’t know, but why not wake up
every morning and feel cheerful? How could
that ever be a bad thing?” Townsend asks.

“That’s why I’m always able to pull it off, mind
you. But if people are really inspiring and
excited about joyful things and celebrating
and grateful for their lives and grateful for
everything they have — it’s just contagious
and it spreads that joy to other people.”

“That is Helen.”

Helen continues to spread joy and travel
the country. Her next stop is Altamira Fine
Art Gallery in Scottsdale, Arizona, for a show
that runs April 16 through May 5. Four of
the nine completed Helen oil paintings will
be on display — the other five have already
been sold. The opening reception is April 19.

My Indiana Muse will be shown at the
Beverly Hills Film Festival on Friday,
April 6, at 7:15 p.m. Learn more about
the project and view more of the paintings
on Townsend's website: freecolortv.com.
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GLADSTONES REVIVED

Owner Richard Riordan and chef Eric Velasquez bring back classic menu favorites. But sorry, no sawdust or peanut shells on the floor

BY MICHELE STUEVEN

When Bob Morris opened Gladstones 4 Fish in 1972 in the old Ted's Grill space in the canyon, Santa Monica was still a sleepy little beach town dotted with retirement homes and surfing spots favored by Dogtowners like Tony Alva and Jay Adams.

As the sawdust-and-peanut-shells-on-the-floor beach-shack trend exploded in the early '80s with restaurants like the Pelican's Catch in Venice, Morris in 1981 moved Gladstones up the road to PCH in Pacific Palisades, to its now-iconic location where Sunset Boulevard ends or begins, depending on what part of town you're from.

The beachfront restaurant underwent several changes after Morris sold it in 1984 and bought it back in 1990. Sawdust just wasn't cool (or legal) anymore, and the food started slipping. The chips got greasy and the fish was fishy.

Gladstones has seen better days, but on Saturday, March 31, under the guidance of chef Eric Velasquez, the restaurant will celebrate a rebirth of sorts by relaunching an updated version of the original menu. “The food is back now and good as it ever was during the heyday,” says former L.A. mayor Richard Riordan, who bought Gladstones in the mid-1990s.

Everything was big in the '80s - hair, wallets and the plates at Gladstones. Monster-sized portions included a slice of chocolate cake that could feed six people. And if that weren't enough, the beast would be slathered in fresh whipped cream and served with a butcher's knife to help wrangle it into an edible state.

The lobsters were enormous, the clam chowder was thick, and it was one of the few places in town where you could get a proper bucket of steamed clams with their own house-fried thick potato chips or — even more rare at the time — oysters on the half shell. The coleslaw was legendary. Free loaves of fresh-baked sourdough bread and dishes of crunchy celery and fresh vegetables were slung left and right with reckless abandon.

The place boomed — even with reservations, the wait could be up to 45 minutes, which was easily spent at the bar nursing an oversized and over-decorated signature bloody mary. The huge fish tank at the crowded entrance was home to famed Larry the Lobster for a time. At one point Gladstones sold 95 tons of crab and 65,000 lobsters each year.

Morris opened a similar outpost in Beverly Hills for carnivores, R.J.’s for Ribs, which was one of the first restaurants besides the Charthouse to introduce the all-you-can-eat salad bar concept at $5 a plate.

Gladstones was where you went for birthdays, anniversaries, prom night, breakfast or after work. It was filled with local surfers reflecting on the day's conditions. A lot of time was spent there watching the sunset and munching on one of the biggest crab Louies this side of the Mississippi and sipping a glass of Chablis.

The shack grew and expanded into a worldwide destination popular with tourists for its clambakes and stereotypical California vibe, an iconic clip in any visual depicting what was typical L.A. After all, it was just a few hundred yards from where you could get a glimpse of Pamela Anderson jogging down the beach on the Baywatch location.

When Riordan, who also owns the Original Pantry Cafe and Riordan's Tavern downtown, bought the seaside eatery, some probably wondered why he would want the fading rose at the end of Sunset Boulevard. “That's just what my psychiatrist asked me,” Riordan tells LA Weekly. “I wanted to cure it, I think. The food was suffering and things were going downhill.”

The private company SBE took over day-to-day operations during that time and tried to turn Gladstones into a nightclub, but that ended up losing even more customers looking for a barefoot walk on the beach before dinner.

“I loved it when it had peanut shells all over the floor, but the health department came in and said they’d sue us if we didn’t clean it up,” Riordan recalls.

He still remembers the popular shellfish towers — his favorite. They are starting to come back again around L.A., he said. “You see them everywhere now.”

Velasquez is bringing back the golden era of favorites, like a lighter version of Gladstones' famous lobster thermidor and an updated oysters Rockefeller. Many of the servers and support staff have been at Gladstones since the '80s and are looking forward to going backward. And yes, 30 years later, Miguel, Pedro and Herman are still on deck to transform your leftovers into mesmerizing art.

The warm sourdough loaf is on the menu for $2; the seafood towers of snow crab, mussels, ceviche, bay scallops, shucked oysters and tuna tartare ($50 for two, $125 for four or more) are there too. The clambake is also back and includes a 1-pound Maine lobster, a pound of snow crab legs, clams, mussels, shrimp, linguica sausage, corn, potatoes and seasonal vegetables ($150 and feeds four to six).

The classic Gladstones fried fisherman’s platter of fish, clams, shrimp, calamari and onion rings is on the menu ($30) as is the shrimp and crab Louie ($25). The big Kahuna chocolate cake has returned to the dessert menu. Brunch is available on weekends and the signature brioche French toast is back, too ($15).

There also will be an “Eggstones” breakfast-to-go service, where you can call in your order and pick it up from the parking lot without leaving your car.

According to Riordan, the lease has been extended a minimum of two years and a maximum of five years, which in coastal planning terms can mean anything. Although the kitchen has been newly redone, the existing building is pretty deteriorated and outdated.

“What the county wants is somebody to come in and say they’ll put $10 million on the line to knock our restaurant down and put a better one up on that patch of land, which belongs to the county,” Riordan says. He’s bet it will take five years.

This five-year lease addendum will stretch the timespan of Gladstones to 50 years.

So for at least another few years, customers can relive the old surfer days with updated favorites and that famous indoor/outdoor 180-degree ocean view from Point Dume to Catalina. Dolphins still pass by every day. The wooden walls have been whitewashed, but the historic photos still hang and Morris’ old office has been turned into dining space.

A couple of doors down from trendy Tallula’s on Entrada Drive in the Santa Monica Canyon, the overgrown and crumbling original Gladstones still stands. Would Riordan consider moving it again? “I haven’t thought about that. I’m 80 years old and don’t know what lies ahead. A jealous husband could kill me any minute — you just never know.”

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**ONLY THE BEGINNING**

Google/YouTube’s GodComplX has big dreams of reshaping Hollywood

*BY LYDIA KEATING*

This is what the second season of GodComplX looks like: A 16-year-old, Aniya Wolfe, directing two episodes; a staff, cast and writers room that is 95 percent women; and a plot that follows a young woman of color establishing herself as a top software developer. The series features characters who historically have been underrepresented in Hollywood — people of color, women, people who identify as LGBTQ and people with disabilities. This, by most standards, is not your typical Hollywood production.

GodComplX, a Google web series, started with big dreams — specifically, the dreams of Claire Conroy Brown and Daarna Greene. Greene, executive producer of GodComplX and owner of Conroy Productions, was determined to make a space in Hollywood that had yet to exist: a place for aspiring writers, directors and talent to do what they dreamed of one day doing. But Brown wanted to give them the chance to do it right now, not years from now.

Brown also had a vision for this space to be representative of the real world, both in front of the lens and behind it. “Let’s rid ourselves of unconscious bias by shifting the demographics behind the camera and in front of the camera,” she says.

Meanwhile, Greene, head of Google’s multicultural engagement team, was on a mission to alter implicit biases, specifically those toward demographics associated with STEM (science, technology, engineering and math). Greene sought to influence mainstream television toward increasing the representation of groups not stereotypically associated with STEM — women, people of color and people with disabilities, to name a few.

She has worked with shows, including Silicon Valley, The Fosters and The Quad, to encourage the creators to develop characters who don’t fit the stereotypical mold of a person working in technology. “Our goal is to break out of that stereotype,” Greene says. “If you have a character who is working in tech and want to make them a white male in a hoodie, that’s fine, but have a reason.”

Greene found intermittent success working with existing television shows, but she really had not had the impact that she’d hoped to have. “There were limitations,” she explains. “We would be waiting for the next season, or have just missed that moment in the writers room when we could have the most impact. We were having to wait and be very patient.”

That’s when Greene came up with the idea of original content. “There were all these obstacles and I thought, ‘Why not just create a totally new show?’” She pitched the idea for original content to her Google team and immediately connected with Brown. They started brainstorming ways they could create original content on a digital platform.

The two women blended their overlapping visions for diversity, technology and fostering a space for the up-and-coming generation of Hollywood creators to make GodComplX, which follows a group of software developers who start a tech company, and how things get complicated when the new hire falls in love with the CEO.

Behind the camera, they hired underrepresented people — people who wouldn’t otherwise be given the opportunity — as creators, writers, cinematographers and directors. In front of the camera, they created a story about engineers who were women, minorities, LGBTQ people and people with disabilities. They created content that challenges our subconscious stereotypes of what a person working in tech looks like.

In the process, Greene and Brown have impacted the lives of many, including Aniya Wolfe, the aforementioned teenage director. “We put up a posting on our Facebook page and she was one of the individuals who applied,” Green explains. “Her mom drove her to set. I have never been more impressed with a 16-year-old. Instinctually, something was telling me it was the right thing to do [to bring her on as a director]. She has raw talent and she is rising to the challenge directing two episodes.”

One of Brown’s central goals in making GodComplX is to give young artists a chance to do what they really love — something that Hollywood doesn’t really allow for until one reaches a certain level of experience. They now have a staff, both behind and in front of the camera, who come from wide-ranging backgrounds and experiences. “We have a Google software developer who quit her job to be a writer on the show,” Brown says. “Another writer was at a restaurant and overheard us talking about GodComplX. She ended up sending her samples and we hired her.”

Those are just some of the examples of the type of people working on GodComplX, and it is exactly what Brown wanted — to create, as she puts it, “an avenue to say ‘yes’ to young people.”

Brown and Greene’s partnership in original content is growing. They now have six more original series in the pipeline, all of which focus on underrepresented groups working in technology. Brown says that original ideas revolving around technology are abundant and have yet to be fully explored by Hollywood. “This is our future,” she says. “There are people working in STEM that are doing mind-blowing things that none of us know anything about. It is easy to make mind-blowing content because the stories are there and have been there.”

The two women pride themselves on the culture of collaboration on GodComplX, attributing much of that to the extremely diverse demographics of the team. “There is always a different energy on any set,” GodComplX is a 95 percent female crew and there is something really special that happens when that many women come together to create,” Brown says. “It is a kind of energy and collaboration that I have never before.”

Greene agrees: “We want as much diversity behind the screens as we do on camera. There are so many beautiful people on set and we want to give such a family, learning from one another and understanding each other’s different perspectives. It is all about acceptance and love. It has really been amazing.”

Morenike Joel, a writer, director and showrunner for GodComplX, says she loves that the show is disruptive to the Hollywood status quo on so many levels. “We are proving that there are diverse and talented creatives and crew that are able to be in lead positions in front of and behind the camera.”

For Diana Ly, a Googler turned screenwriter for GodComplX, the career change was a big adjustment. “But I’m enjoying the creative process of tackling issues that I care about through stories, especially ones about women, immigrants and fellow nerds,” she says.

A show like GodComplX is timely and necessary in the era of #MeToo and #TimesUp, says supervising producer Nikisaha Celistan. “It was the epitome of women reaching back and pulling other women forward,” she says.

Brown and Greene are undoubtedly doing something completely new and disruptive in the Hollywood television space. As one of their writers, Lauren Hart, puts it, “This project has taken constant, big risks on letting new voices make creative choices, injecting fresh and unique perspectives that wouldn’t have been possible without that leap of faith.”

GodComplX has momentum as the team finishes season two — they have bigger names attached, more money and a larger audience. However, Brown and Greene are not straying far from their original mission. They will continue to inspire and create more platforms for the next generation of Hollywood voices — voices far more diverse and wide-ranging than ever before.

“Women working together to produce this story is a dream come true,” says Beth Tashjian, executive producer of GodComplX. “Their dedication and hard work are inspiring to me. I hope this becomes the norm in Hollywood.”
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LA WEEKLY
THE PRICE OF DEMOCRACY

The Madres revisits Argentina’s desaparecidos

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

Among the 20th century’s catalog of atrocities is the chilling fate of Los Desaparecidos of Argentina — unknown thousands of that country’s citizens who were kidnapped, tortured and murdered by right-wing death squads between 1976 and 1983. Some of these people were guerrillas fighting the ruling military junta, but most were noncombatant torturers and murdered by right-wing death squads.

The story unfolds in 1978, in the modest home of apolitical Josefina (Margarita Lamas) and her middle-aged daughter, Carolina (Arianna Ortiz). Carolina, to her mother’s chagrin, has been marching with the Madres since the disappearance of her own newly married and pregnant daughter, Belén, several months prior. Both mother and grandmother are deeply anxious about Belén, who was once in love with her but now is a soldier stationed at the camp, and proud of it. He also asks questions about Belén and seems skeptical when told she’s in Paris.

Designer Christopher Scott Murillo’s interior establishes the plain but well-kept abode of a dedicated housewife, and Lamas’ Josefina fits right in — a conventional woman and a reminder of what can happen to or — words fail to describe the terror her character endures.

The good news is that the production picks up in the second act, when the frightened and intimidated Belén finally appears, and the production builds to an effective climax.

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THE UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
The Last Movie Star does Burt Reynolds no favors

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

The first time Burt Reynolds walked onscreen with a cane was all the way back in 1989, in Bill Forsthy’s elegiac burglar buddy comedy, Breaking In. Reynolds, then 50-ish but playing 60-ish, embodied in that too-little-seen film something American men know all too well: He played the guy who wishes he could be a Burt Reynolds character, who dreams of laid-back cocksureness, of facing life with an easy laugh and a rakish mien, of being feted and fondled by beautiful women in between the car chases.

Breaking In is so good that it might make Adam Rifkin’s The Last Movie Star, the latest entry in the “Reynolds reflects” genre, superfluous. Here, almost 30 years later, the now 80-ish Reynolds again gets around with a cane, again looks dismayed by aging, again perks up in those moments in which life affords him the chance to live like young Burt Reynolds. Breaking In let viewers make the connections between character and performer, trusting our attentiveness and its lead’s star persona; The Last Movie Star, by contrast, is cornily meta-fictional, and performer, trusting our attentiveness.

The film’s nadir comes in scenes in which present-day Reynolds — frail, rasping, but TV appearances. with footage of actual Reynolds movies and olds-like star whose backstory is filled out, by contrast, is cornily meta-fictional, Star and its lead’s star persona; and performer, trusting our attentiveness Burt Reynolds.

The film’s first third finds him complain-ing, moping and mournfully staring at the asses of young women who no longer notice him. Reynolds never appears in full command of his body, and at times the performance is painful to watch, not simply because the one-time golden boy has aged but because the role demands that he act as if aging is a betrayal, as if he has nothing to offer the world without his youthful vigor.

Movies like this inevitably pair the old man with a young woman. At least this time they don’t hook up. Ariel Winter is all shouting nervous energy as thonged and short-shorted Lil, Vic’s volatile driver for the weekend. I emphasize her character. You can guess Lil’s arc from her first scene: As she leaps from her car, shouting into her phone at some dude who has betrayed her, she snarls, “I do too have a job — I’m picking up some old asshole for my brother.” What are the odds that, eventually, maybe after an impromptu road trip, she’ll come to love and respect Vic, and learn that she’s too good for the cheater, all while sparing viewers the apparently verboten sight of octogenarian Reynolds sharing the screen with a woman anywhere near his age? (Clark Duke, as Lil’s brother, does some warm and funny work as the film fan throwing the threadbare festival.)

The Last Movie Star asks us to feel piercing regret for the choices that the real Burt Reynolds made, and to find it a little sad that young women don’t throw themselves at him. Another low point: Vic, at the festival Q&A, notes that the breasts of one long-gone ex-love “probably look like saggy socks filled with manure now.”

The script contrives to make him seem a nicer, better man by the end, of course, by sending him on a drive through his old hometown. But it never comes close to illuminating its character or Reynolds — something Breaking In achieved with wit and emotion.

Vic never answers that question about why he starred in so many car-chase movies, and The Last Movie Star, after having brought it up, can’t find anything fresh or interesting to say about it. An uneasy implication hangs over the rest of the film: That The Last Movie Star, meandering and maudlin and drearily predictable as it is, is somehow redemptive for Reynolds, that this makes up for lost time and Cannonball Run II. But by the time Rifkin has given us the sight of Vic, drunk, straddling the kids’ mechanical horse in front of a grocery store and lecturing about how he never should have given up being a stuntman, all I could think was, “But the car-chase movies were better than this.”

THE LAST MOVIE STAR // Written and directed by Adam Rifkin | A24 | Royal and on DirecTV

COURTESY A24 FILMS
Shell Games
THE CHINA HUSTLE EXPOSES FINANCIAL FRAUD THAT WALL STREET CAN’T BE BOtherED TO STOP

By Alan Scherstuhl

“W hat is capitalism?” a voice asks at the start of Jed Rothstein’s alarming The China Hustle. The question is posed as we’re shown ominous footage of Wall Street skyscrapers, close-ups of the famous brass bull and the crowds who snap reverent photos with it, of footage of Wall Street skyscrapers, of the Price Waterhouse China is not the same thing as the Price Waterhouse in the United States.

Chinese law does not punish its citizens for lying to foreign investors, so executives at a company worth $10 million could file with our Securities and Exchange Commission as one worth $100 million — and, once enough investors bought in, driving up the stock price, the liars could sell their shares and profit. One investigator suggests that these business owners were told to claim as their companies’ value what they hoped they would be worth after the selloff. In the 10 years after 2006, some 400 Chinese companies have joined the U.S. markets, 80 percent of them through reverse mergers, which found the Chinese companies merging with defunct American banks and auditors not to rigorous investigation but all IPOs must be subjected to rigorous investigation but that all Chinese companies on U.S. exchanges are most likely fraudulent. China’s e-commerce giant Alibaba might well be exposed someday, but The China Hustle doesn’t manage to reveal whether the rumors of fraud that have long dogged the company are true — even as the film suggests that they must be. The sequence plays as if some key allegation has been edited out.

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OPENING THIS WEEK

AFTER LOUIE
Alan Cumming, as frus-
trated artist and former AIDS activist Sam Cooper, frequently confers with the dead: the idea of the queer community he once depended on and who he thinks has been replaced by apathetic millennials, the dreams of what that community might have looked like today and his old friend William (David Crane), who died of AIDS in the ’90s. Sam hovers over a timeline on his computer, his progress on a video installation moving at a glacial pace. A third of the film is directly about Sam’s relationship to one specific art project, a period tone poem shot in shabby DBV, and it’s in these interactions between life and death — ACT UP posters and pins232 and even unseen Sam (O’Dowd, who also counts Vincent Gagliostro’s film After Louie as its strongest. Though the film poses trauma, of the queer sort, as something to constantly work through and reconcile with, writer-director Gagliostro presents Sam’s reconciliation with trauma, outside the immediate context of the video installation, as unexpectedly tedious. Sam’s no angel, sanctimonious and oblivious, and the broad stories outside the commanding performances of Cumming and Drake — a younger lover and older boyfriend; friends dying; friends getting married — yield paltry returns. Its subject matter is interesting, and it’s right to remind viewers of the need for different generations of queer people to communicate, but Already Burston (Stefany C. Lai) is the single, unmarried woman in the kind of role usually given to 24-year-olds. (Though Stone’s character, Senna, is supposed to be 46 at the beginning of the film, my enthusiasm still stands.) An aspiring fashion designer, Senna has just lost her job as a retail buyer and is a bit of a mess, but she’s independent, fashionable and turns coy, Harbaugh closes on a cremation ceremony that’s been portrayed in too many films — it’s no wonder she’d find Chris O’Dowd’s performance asable character tics and “love conquers all” ethos of pushing three little guinea pigs toward manufactured outcomes? What are the motivations of a flashy financier (Michal NeHandl) making a holdout in this political debate, nature versus nurture, has stamped countless great minds. In Emanuel Hoss-Desmarais’ comic family drama Birdmarked, ultra-dedicated scientists Catherine (Toni Collette) and Ben (Matthew Goode) take on this challenge and embark on the kind of child-rearing experiment you might imagine in a college psychology class. They attempt to raise three kids against their so-called genetic nature: Their biological son (Jordan Poole) will become an artist, their adopted son (Anton Gillis-Adelman) will eschew his parents’ violence for pacifism and their adopted daughter (Megan O’Kelly) will channel her inner Einstein. Live-in child psychologist Simmons (Andrews Aplenc) cares for the brood, stars in this oneiric and tree. The quiet, dark tableaux fit the India. True to 2017 profession herself, Tatiennes eyes him up when he’s being set up with. A charming and promising start gets derailed by the structure of the film, which continually jumps from one year to the next, always on Senna’s birthday, as different characters take talking-head interviews about their own birthday wishes and fulfillments. The jump-shift format renders the comedy between Senna and Adam so incoherent that by the time you watch them have their big first kiss, then break up, then get back together again, it plays less like a real mov-
FLOWER

As the writer-director of Ingrid Goes West and now the writer — along with Alex McLaughlin and Max Winkler — of the teen comic drama Flower (directed by Winkler), Matt Spicer is claiming a niche as the comic drama go-to guy for adding drama and especially the irresistible urge to pull out their own eyes and dream. There are things to like. Zac Efron is infuriatingly talented. Efron (as Philip Carlyle) and Jackman both radiate an impishness and glimmer. In another Efron number, Carlyle is paired with a trapeze artist named Anne Wheeler, a character based on Anita Hemmings and played by Zendaya, who swoops down on a rope to meet Carlyle, only to see her fly away again. It’s lovely choreography, a genuinely thrilling moment in a film that’s mostly Cirque du So Lame. (April Wolfe)

I KILL GIANTS

Anders Walter’s I Kill Giants, based on Joe Kelly and Ken Niimura’s graphic novel, is a moody, full-hearted tale of a preteen girl who believes that she’s the only thing standing between life and the imminent destruction of her seaside town at the hands of giants right out of myth. When we see the monsters, which isn’t often, they’re gargantuan beasts with horns and sharp teeth, stomping around the woods. But giants for the most part comes off as grounded in reality, a gritty world of bullies, tenuous friendships and financial struggles. Barbara Thorton (Madison Wolfe) spends her free time in a little washed-ashore boat that she has transformed into a secret clubhouse. She’s kind of kid a frustrated mother might call “too smart for her own good.” Barbara can intellectualize her grief as a coping mechanism — she just can’t allow herself to feel it. Instead, she busies herself laying down protective talismans and conducting experiments to find which concoctions of whatever’s left in the refrigerator for Deucht, who carries this film from funny to tragic and back again. (April Wolfe)

THE GREATEST SHOWMAN

Lily James as the greatest showman P.T. Barnum by opic musical is a film for folks who think Moulin Rouge was too racy and had too many distinct songs with distinct flavor or genre (soul/funk/rock) and would prefer instead that a computer algorithm that over-emphasizes the words “eyes,” “stars” and “dream” spit out flattened, autotuned anthems. Hugh Jackman is charming, as ever, and two dance scenes are mildly inventive and well-executed, but that’s not enough to earn the “greatest” in the title. The second movie opens we’re thrown into a big song-and-dance number, where Barnum (Jackman) sashays and spins a rope around his body in a dance that’s also-dancing “freaks.” And then that segues right into another song-and-dance number, where young Barnum (Ellis Rubin) is the poor son of a tailor trying to charm a little rich girl named Charity (Seylan Dunn). Then that turns into a montage of little Barnum writing letters to Charity, caring for his dying father, and stealing bread to survive, before joining a traveling circus, which triggers something about life and herself — maybe at the Halloween costume party? Meanwhile, welessly thespian Martin (Logan Miller) has discovered Simon’s secrets and has threatened to reveal Simon’s and Blue’s emails unless Simon helps the weasel win the heart of Abby (Alexandra Shipp), a dear friend of Simon’s. The cast and filmmakers stir these elements of secrets, lies, masks and matchmaking for all they’re worth, preferring telling the story over the story — and piercing it over broadly comedy. Relationships that in the film’s first moments seemed simple, copy-pasted from other movies, prove prickly and complex. It’s a fleet and sweet comedy/romance/mystery where the stakes couldn’t be higher — it deals with the public exposure of teenagers’ secrets! — but also where every high school crisis or embarrassment passes with time — because people, it turns out, are fundamentally decent. If what teens watch on their screens shapes future teen behavior, Love, Simon’s utopian society is a gift to the teens of the future who may grow up on it. (Alan Scherstorh)

TOMB RAIDER

Just over halfway through Roar Uthaug’s Tomb Raider, our skeletal Lara Croft (a marvelous Alicia Vikander) at last plunges with a squad of villains and her own father into the usual under-mountain hellmouth. What follows is like an old pop star’s greatest-hits medley, where you get listless scraps of what you turned up to see. Uthaug smash-cuts from one perp to the next, the explorers never seeming to move from chamber to chamber. We keep jumping back and forth again and again, already in progress. Lara solves a brain-teaser to open the doors to this tomb, but the movie doesn’t involve us in her thinking or invite us to play along. This Tomb Raider movie, like all Tomb Raider movies, shriks the impressive pleasures of the video games. Still, it’s a better Tomb Raider than Angelina Jolie st건onts in. Here the ghosts of Lara Croft, one stripped of the advantages of her wealth and all bruised up from her adventures, Vikander makes clear, as her Lara strangles-drowns a henchman in a mud puddle, that the act of killing has hardened this young woman, and traumatized her, too. A set piece in a rust-bucket plane perch on a waterfall delights in its one-thing-after-another cartoon logic. But the best sequence is the quietest, when Lara infiltrates the camp of the movie’s Bad Dude ( Walton Goggins, for once not playing a racist goon). Vikander is a first-rate action star, her abs and jawline running form as sharp as midcareer Tom Cruise’s. Her eyes express everything a relatable heroine should: quiet confidence, then raw fear, then I pulled that off, then what now? then I got this. (Alan Scherstorh)

UNSANE

Steven Soderbergh shot Unsane on an iPhone, but not in the way Sean Baker’s bright and funny Tangerine was, where the director did everything he could to minimize that fish-eye look. Instead, Soderbergh embraces the technology and its limitations, giving us flat compositions and the sense that his camera is surveil-ling the characters rather than carefully photographing them. That’s thematically appropriate. This pulpy thriller tells the story of a terrorized woman in a mental hospital who’s trying to convince the staff and patients she shouldn’t be there and is being held against her will. Her phone has been taken from her and the movie has the look of having been smugged out itself. Simple and well-acted, Unsane has tension enough to knot the stomach. But it’s wildly different from Soderbergh’s previous film, the star-studded and critically acclaimed country caper Logan Lucky, which was set in a cardboard-cutout moment. Unsane comes closer to the spirit of his first feature, Sex, Lies and Videotape, not in subject matter or genre but in experimentation of form. In Unsane, Soderbergh experimented with the distance that medium created between audience and character. Here, he’s eliminating distance almost completely, as Sawyer Valentini (Claire Foy) appears on the screen as any of your faceless contacts might. And while the director obvi-ously employed tracking shots in Six, he’s patient with static shots in Unsane, allow-ing the blocking of his actors’ movements to create dynamism. It’s not necessarily with the kind of careful choreography of a Steven Spielberg take, but with a kinetic energy that had me questioning how and where the characters would go next, as I might in a tense stage play. (April Wolfe)

WHAT WE STARTED

For a documentary that aims to be a comprehensive history of the modern dance DJ, What We Started tends to be both as enthusiastic and as unfocused about the whole scene as the average young EDM fan addled on molly. Filmmakers Bert Marcus and Cyrus Sraidy trace the evolution of the DJ back to the golden days of disco, when spin men were selling the movie) and Paul Oakenfold, but what about the DJs from the trip-hop, jungle and drum-and-bass scenes? At a glance it is obvious this electronic music into the mainstream? What We Started is a cute round-up of how EDM came to be, but much like the DJs it shines a light on, it only scratches the surface. (Craig D. Lindsey)
CULVER CITY, LAX, MARINA DEL REY

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(310) 668-3344

Eat & Drink

Thurs., 7-8 p.m.

Enjoy You Alive (original)

Thurs., 7 p.m.

The Metropolitan: Cosi Fan Tutte

ENCORE, Wed., 11:30 p.m.

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Deadmau5 goes orchestral with new album and concert

BY BRETT CALLWOOD

Over the course of the decade and a half or so of Deadmau5’s career, the Canadian DJ and producer born Joel Zimmerman—who dragged progressive house into the mainstream, attracting the attention of the Grammy committee along the way—has been pored over and examined in detail by a rabid press. The fact that he found fame and no small amount of artistic respect while wearing turkey, and I got a call from a random number. It was Dean Wilson, his manager, just asking if I can do this project. I was like, sure. We moved on from there.

“I Don’t Want to Be That Guy That Fucking IS GONNA TAKE ELECTRONIC MUSIC AND MARRY IT WITH ORCHESTRAL AND MAKE THIS HYBRID PIECE OF SHIT. ONE DOES NOT COMPLEMENT THE OTHER.”

—DEADMAU5

If we’re going to do something, give it a purpose,” Zimmerman says. “I think we’ve got to get shit out.”

Similarly, the forthcoming set at the Wiltern, a very big affair that one might imagine took some serious coordinating, came together in two weeks. “As much as I would love to say, ‘This is three years in the making,’ it wasn’t,” Zimmerman says. “It was a little over two weeks. I don’t fuck around.”

It feels like Zimmerman is joking about at least some of this stuff, but it’s hard to tell. He’s easy in conversation, likable even, and blessed with an acerbic, biting sense of humor. He’s not one to gush publicly about what he’s got going on. Reveret is a little more forthcoming. “It’s all been like a dizzy dream for this past whatever time it’s been, and after the Thanksgiving call, after it was all lined up and we started digging our teeth into this, it was Dec. 18,” Reveret says.

“That was when we put the green light on this thing. We recorded the beginning of February. That’s the sort of timeline, from start to finish, that you’re looking at.”

“The bulk of the work was the scoring, arrangement and transcription,” Zimmerman adds. “I guess second place would have been the organization of the players. The execution was just like, fucking literally real time. It was nuts. The first time they played the first song, no one’s ever heard it before. They just got the music in front of them, they fucking played it, no one missed a note, and I was like, OK. Next. It’s not surprising what happens when you hire musicians to play fucking music.”

When we ask the pair if they consider this project an opportunity to expose fans of electronic music to orchestral and vice versa, Reveret responds with an immediate “Absolutely,” while Zimmerman shuts him down with an “Absolutely not.”

“No fucking way, dude,” Zimmerman says. “I don’t want to be that guy that fucking is gonna take electronic music and marry it with orchestral and make this hybrid piece of shit. One does not complement the other. Orchestral music is super-advanced shit, in terms of scoring and performance. To take all this shit and then bury it in a mix, like way down low, throw a kick drum on it, godawful synths. It’s called Where’s the Drop? for a reason. There’s hardly any electronic music involved in this. The focal point is more around the music that I’ve written. Not big beats.”

Moving forward, both Deadmau5 and Reveret will get on with their own work, though they’re keen to work on movies together in the future. These are two genuine artists, visionaries, and the thing they care about the most is creating something new.

“If we’re going to do something, give it a purpose,” Reveret says. “I think we’ve achieved that.”

Deadmau5’s Where’s the Drop? takes place at 7 p.m. on Saturday, March 31, and Sunday, April 1, at the Wiltern.
COMING SOON:

3/29 PARTY ANIMAL
3/30 PALM TREES EP RELEASE PARTY
3/30 VIERNES 13 & THE PARANOIAS
3/31 SPEAKERS & PALM TREES
3/31 XCELLERATED PRESENTS: THE WORLD OF DRUM & BASS
4/4 MACHINE GIRL
4/5 ROBIN HARRIS JR
4/6 MIXED BRAINS X UNION
4/6 FUJIIYA & MIYAGI “TRANSPARENT THINGS”
4/8 THE FLASHBULB
4/10 RYAN CARAVEO

4/13 ALT. MEASURE FOR MEASURE
4/13 SAVED BY THE 90S
4/20 SAH E + MADCLOWN
4/20 LAPALUX W/ SPECIAL GUEST
4/27 DADELEUS
4/28 DAS MORTAL
4/28 THE LOS ANGELES PANCAKES & BOOZE ART SHOW
4/28 SUPA BWE
4/28 THE LOS ANGELES PANCAKES & BOOZE ART SHOW
5/4 DAS BUNKER STAR WARS NIGHT
5/5 PLATTENBAU

4/6 CLUB 90’S
4/7 EARTHQUAKE
4/7 CHINKY EYED LOS ANGELES PRESENTS VG SPENCER
4/12 CLUB 90’S
4/13 NOCHEKANDLA, LOS MALDITOS
4/14 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
4/16 WILDAIR - EXPERIENCE
4/19 LIVE REGGAE CULTURE
4/19 DEVIN THE DUDE
4/19 SEAN REALY PRESENTS: CASKEY architectural IN CONCERT
4/19 PRLJAVO KAZALISTE LIVE IN SUBHUMANS - (THE STATIC AGE)
4/30 SUBHUMANS - (THE STATIC AGE)

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Picks

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<td><strong>GTA</strong>&lt;br&gt; <strong>@ THE ECHOPLEX</strong>&lt;br&gt; Not one, not two but three shows at the Echoplex. Hailing from Miami, GTA are an electronic music duo consisting of house, trap and hip-hop. Comprising producers Julio Mejia and Matt Toth, GTA live by the mantra “death to genres.” This is a call to action that the two have been living and breathing since the beginning, a declaration of intent to break down any boundaries in music. Now, GTA are rolling out a brand-new concept for their live shows that will allow fans to experience this to the fullest. Each night will be represented by three distinct colors for the specific genres GTA will be curating: yellow for moombah, club and world; purple for house and techno; and red for rap, trap and bass. GTA will explore each of these genres on a deeper level, resulting in unique, one-of-a-kind sets for every show. Titled the 3 Night Stand tour, they will be hitting five cities across the country and taking over smaller venues so you won’t want to miss out.</td>
<td><strong>Nina Diaz:</strong>&lt;br&gt; See Thursday.</td>
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| **Dying Fetus**<br> **@ THE GLASS HOUSE**<br> The adolescent offensiveness of Dying Fetus’ name is at once a millstone around the necks of these in fact highly musically mature and lyrically informed technical death metal vets and a banner of the trio’s progress over 27 years, 14 members and eight albums. Last year’s Wrong One to Fuck With finds sole lineup fixture John Gallagher and his current rhythm section ever so slightly refining rather than remotely reinventing DF’s time-honored, once hugely influential sonic signature, with yet more über-accomplished ultra-brutal grooviness packed into its perhaps overly long 50 minutes. While wildly lead guitar is a traditional heavy metal staple, with Dying Fetus everything gets wildly, save for the unintelligible, from the beyond-dual vocals of Gallagher and bassist Sean Beasley (bowel-movingly guttural and infinitesimally less bowel-movingly guttural, respectively), with gnat’s-attention-span shifts in tempo and feel equally attention-holding on headphones or adrenaline-pumping in the pit. | **The Deadbeats**<br> **@ MAUI SUGAR MILL SALOON**<br> The closest The Deadbeats ever used to come to a tuneful pop song was the cheery late-’70s anthem “Kill the Hippies.” But most of the L.A. band’s early music was too darkly cynical—a musically bent combination of No Wave jazz, art rock and noise — to cater even to punk rockers. Leader Scott Guerin’s latest incarnation of The Deadbeats features the darkly propulsive guitar of Egrets on Ergot guitarist Crow Jane, and such early punk heavy-hitters as keyboardist Paul Roessler (45 Grave, Nina Hagen) and producer-guitarist Geza X have occasionally joined the group onstage. Tonight, in a reunion of ’77-era bands who used to play at the Masque, The Deadbeats are billed with former Wall of Voodoo bassist Bruce “Ravens” Moreland, as well as ex-Skulls leader Billy Bones’ rocking The Sold & Bones. | **The Voidz**<br> **RELEASE PARTY**<br> W/ **MUSIC MAN MILES**

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| **The Dickies**<br> **@ THE VIPER ROOM**<br> New Dickies albums appear about as often as Halley’s Comet, but L.A.’s clown princes of punk will finally release a new record this year. The Dickies’ most recent album, All This and Puppet Stew, was is-sued in 2001, replete with sarcastic if now dated odes to the Dalai Lama and Courtney Love. In concerts this year, the band have been debuting a new self-referential song about punk rock and another tune called “Glitter Vacation.” Last year, singer Leonard Graves Phillips and guitarist Stan Lee celebrated the band’s 40th anniversary with a show at the Whisky, where they were joined by local saxophonist Doug Webb on “Infidel Zombie.” This winter, The Dickies made their debut in China, and in May they’ll perform during a screening of Killer Clowns From Outer Space at the Ricardo Montalbán Theatre. | **Pussy Riot**<br> **@ THE ECHO**

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The closest The Deadbeats ever used to come to a tuneful pop song was the cheery late-’70s anthem “Kill the Hippies.” But most of the L.A. band’s early music was too darkly cynical—a musically bent combination of No Wave jazz, art rock and noise — to cater even to punk rockers. Leader Scott Guerin’s latest incarnation of The Deadbeats features the darkly propulsive guitar of Egrets on Ergot guitarist Crow Jane, and such early punk heavy-hitters as keyboardist Paul Roessler (45 Grave, Nina Hagen) and producer-guitarist Geza X have occasionally joined the group onstage. Tonight, in a reunion of ’77-era bands who used to play at the Masque, The Deadbeats are billed with former Wall of Voodoo bassist Bruce “Ravens” Moreland, as well as ex-Skulls leader Billy Bones’ rocking The Sold & Bones. **—Falling James**

Celebrating the release of The Optimist on vinyl, Ryan Porter (trombone), Kami Washington (sax), Cameron Graves (keys), Miles Mosley (bass) and Tony Austin (drums) sign copies of the album, and play a live set — showing how L.A. modern jazz is done!

**THE MOTELS**


**WALLOWS**

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**DETOUR**

Detroit Rising Release Party W/ Music Man Miles

**RYAN PORTER W/THE WEST COAST GET DOWN**

Celebrating the release of The Optimist on vinyl, Ryan Porter (trombone), Kami Washington (sax), Cameron Graves (keys), Miles Mosley (bass) and Tony Austin (drums) sign copies of the album, and play a live set — showing how L.A. modern jazz is done!

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Manticore
@ 5 STAR BAR
There’s something wonderfully inappropriate about Satanic black/death metal band Manticore performing on Easter Day. But then, it is also April Fools’ Day, so it’s entirely appropriate, too. The band describe themselves online as “violent, Satanic, down-tuned filth,” which really does nail it. No surprises here — those nail-gargling, Cookie Monster vocals are out in full force, along with fast, heavy guitars, upside-down crosses and a bit of facepaint here and there. Fans of this sort of music will love it, while those already down on death metal aren’t going to be swayed by Manticore. Song with titles that include “Feast of the Beast” and “Behold the Ascension of the Execrated” hint at the joy that lies in a gig from this band of black-clad children of the fallen one. —Brett Callwood

I’m With Her
@ TERAGRAM BALLROOM
Sarah Jarosz, Aoife O’Donovan and Sara Watkins just unveiled their debut album, See You Around, in February, and if you ever wanted to see a band sloughing off the amniotic fluid that comes from being, because of technology and machines, are falling apart. We’re living at a breaking point, and a lot of the themes on the album are talking about those fault lines.” It all sounds fascinating, and should make for a great show at Zebulon. —Brett Callwood

Nina Diaz
@ THE HI HAT
A few years ago, Girl in a Coma made waves as a thrilling punk-inspired band whose songs were distinguished by Nina Diaz’s soaring, powerful yet poppy vocals. The San Antonio trio toured with The Go-Go’s and were signed to Joan Jett’s Blackheart Records. But GIAC have been on hiatus while Diaz pursues her solo career. The group’s other two members, Nina’s drummer-sister Phanie Jett and bassist Jenn Alva, have since formed an energetic and more consistently punk-oriented side project called FEA. But Diaz’s new video, “For You,” demonstrates the singer’s talent for belting out majestic, grandly stirring pop anthems that have a lot of mainstream commercial-pop potential. “Rebirth,” from Diaz’s solo album The Beat Is Dead, infuses that pop-minded attitude with a funky electronic backing. —Brett Callwood
HARRISON & STONE:

THE CANYON SANTA CLARITA: 24201 Valencia Blvd, Santa Clarita, CA. 91355. Thursday, April 5, 8:30 p.m., $5. Kim Richey, Monday, April 2, 8 p.m., $20.

MAGGIE'S DOOR: 4307 Village Dr., Big Bear Lake. The Red Shepherd, Thursday, March 29, 9 p.m., $15.

THE CLINIC: 207 S. Broadway, Suite 1, Los Angeles. Colorful, Tuesday, March 31, 8 p.m., free. Wallows, Thursday, April 5, 5 p.m., free.

THE ITALIAN RESTAURANT: 28261 E. Melrose Ave., Canoga Park, CA. Thursday, March 29, 7 p.m., $30. Rob Huebel, Bruce McCulloch, Kurt Iswarienko, and David Cross take the stage for a night of stand-up, music, and improv.


THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Pizza Party with Tony Krawitz, Thursday, April 5, 8 p.m., $5.

DOWNTOWN CARSON: 221 W. Third St., Carson. The Palms, Friday, March 30, 9 p.m., $10. The Hunnas, Saturday, March 31, 7 p.m., free.

THE VIPER ROOM: 8901 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. The Implants, Thursday, April 5, 8 p.m., $16. Yves Tumor, Puce Mary, Sky H1, Thursday, April 5, 9 p.m, $25.

THE ROYAL: 9009 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Thieves Like Us, Thursday, April 5, 8 p.m., $32.50 (see Music Pick). Marlon Williams, Wednesday, April 4, 9 p.m., $16.50. The Hunnas, Saturday, April 7, 9 p.m., $25.

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SEVEN GRAND:
THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE:
THE DRESDEN RESTAURANT:
CATALINA BAR & GRILL:
Mark Z. Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7-11 p.m., free.
Manning, Theo Saunders, Sat., March 31, 7 p.m.; The House of Vibe All-Stars, 8:30 p.m., $25. Oleg Frish, Sun., April 1, 7:30 p.m.
Marty & Elayne, Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9 p.m., free.
Tue., April 3, 9 p.m., $5. Mike Gurrola, Wed., April 4, 9 p.m. The Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz Ensemble, Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

LAS PERLAS:
EL CID:
THE CONGA ROOM:
VITELLO’S ITALIAN RESTAURANT:
SPAGHETTINI SEAL BEACH:
—Falling James


AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Dieselboy, Spook, Not Sorry, Des McMahan, Fri., March 30, 9:30 p.m. Darren Emerson, Danny Howells, Dave Seaman, Sat., March 31, 7 p.m. Tiger Heat, Thursdays, 10 p.m., $5.

BABCA’S: 315 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. The Makers, Tuesdays, 10 p.m., free.

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THE MOSAIC NIGHTCLUB: 3953 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Paul Chesne, Fri., March 30, 9 p.m., free. Raggosam, Sat., March 31, 9 p.m. Charles Locke & Loaded, The Right, OG Purp, MV Noise, Sun., April 1, 9 p.m. The Hot Club of LA, Mondays, 9 p.m., free. Fallen Stars, Wed., April 4, 9 p.m. Scone Mason & the Rattlers, Thu., April 5, 9 p.m.

TOFFEE GALAXY BACKSTAGE: 2029 N Lake Ave., Altadena. LoveDove, Fri., March 30, 7:30 p.m., $15. The Lakers Brothers, Sat., March 31, 2 p.m.; $15. The Tall Men Group, Sat., March 31, 7 p.m., $20. The Satellites, Sat., April 1, 7 p.m., $15.

COWBOY COUNTRY: 3321 E. South St., Long Beach. Michael Monroe Goodman through March 31. 9 p.m. $5.

THE COWPATEL PALACE: 2636 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. John Pisano, Thursdays, 8 p.m., $15. JB & the Big Circle Riders, Sat., March 31, 8 p.m. Hollywood Hills Bbq, Sun., April 1, 6 p.m. Debra Lee, Wed., April 4, 8 p.m. Morgan Ridge, Thu., April 5, 8 p.m.

IRELAND’S: 1721 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys. Kayak, Tuesdays-Saturdays, 9 p.m., $5. Sisters of Jass Jam Session, Sundays, 8 p.m., $5. Jazz Jam Session, Thursdays, 9 p.m., $5. —Falling James

LATIN & WORLD

CAN A RUM BAR: 714 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. Sitarra Son, Tuesdays, 10 p.m., free. Likkie Reggie Band, Wednesdays, 10 a.m., free.

THE CONGA ROOM: 600 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. Discoteca DTLA, Fridays, 9 p.m. Congo Room Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., TBA. Baby Rasta y Gringo, Thu., April 5, 9 p.m.

EL CID: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Flamenco Dinner Theatre, Saturdays, 8 p.m., Sundays, 7 p.m.

EL FLORIDITÀ RESTAURANT: 1253 N. Vine St., Los Angeles. Salisa Night, Fridays, Saturdays, 9 a.m., $5.

THE GRANADA LA: 17 S First St., Alhambra. Salsa Fridays, Fridays, 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Salsa & Bachata Saturdays, Saturdays, 7 p.m.-3 a.m., $15.

LAS PERLAS: 107 E. Sixth St., Los Angeles. Voz Bohemias, Mondays, 10 p.m., free.

MULCAHES: 15334 Whittier Blvd., No. 8, Whittier. The Susie Hansen Latin Band Fridays, Thursdays, 7-10 p.m. —Falling James
Ruston Kelly. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd.

DUMBFOUNDEAD: With Year of the O, G Yamaazawa, DJ Zo, 9 p.m. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd.

MALRAT: 8 p.m., $35. The Observatory.

MOOSE BLOOD: With Lydia McCafferty, 8 p.m., $27. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

TRAP SYMPHONY: Presented by Bang & Olufsen, 9 p.m., $25. Theatre at Ace Hotel.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4

CROWDERS: 6 p.m. Riverside Municipal Auditorium, 3485 Mission Inn Ave., Riverside.

KRS-ONE: 8 p.m., $5. The Observatory.

MARC E. BASSY: With Rex Life Raj, Gianni Taylor, 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

MATT & KIM: 8 p.m., $35. Hollywood Palladium.

GO THE RESIDENTS: 9 p.m., $37. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5

ARLO GUTHRIE: 8 p.m., $48-$78. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills.

AUTOGRAF: With Win + Woo, Cofresi, 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

THE CLAYTON-HAMILTON JAZZ ORCHESTRA: 8 p.m., $33-$578. The Soraya, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge.

GIULIANA BAZZI: With Koffin Kats, Goddess Gallows, Gamblers Mark, Against the Grain, 8 p.m., $20. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

UPCOMING

APRIL

AMERICAN YOUTH SYMPHONY: Carlos Izcaray leads performances of music by Revueltas, Copland and Beethoven, and premieres his own Strike Fugaciar, Sat., April 8, 7:30 p.m., free. UCLA, Royce Hall.

ANDRAS SCHIFF: Sun., April 8, 7:30 p.m. Walt Disney Concert Hall.

ANGELA GIBSON: With Chastity Brown, Fri., April 6, 9 p.m. The Fonda Theatre.

BEBE GILBERT: Tue., April 24, 7 p.m., $35. Hollywood Forever Cemetery.

BIG SEAN: With Playboi Carti, Shy Glizzy, Gashi, Wed., April 4, 6 p.m., free. LACMA, Bing Theater, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

ELECTRIC SIX: With Northern Faces, Fri., April 6, 8 p.m., $15. The Observatory.

GLORIA TREVI, ALEJANDRA GUZMÁN: Sat., April 14, 8 p.m., $39.95-$250. Hollywood Bowl.

JADE SMITH: With Willow Smith, Sat., April 7, 9:30 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft.

KATE MASH: With Mya Folick, Tue., April 10, 9 p.m., $30 & up. The Fonda Theatre.

LAURIE ANDERSON: Fri., April 20, 7:30 p.m. Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts.


MAVIS STAPLES: Sat., April 28, 8 p.m., $50 & up. Carpenter Performing Arts Center.

OMARA PORTUONDO: With DJ Canyon Cody, Sat., April 7, 8 p.m., $44 & $67. The Regent Theater.

ST. VINCENT: Wed., April 11, 8 p.m., $29-$46. The Orpheum Theatre.

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