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The Angelenos in this year’s L.A. Weekly People Issue have a passion for what they do. For some, it’s cooking the best pasta outside of Italy or sharing the community-building aspects of samba. For others, it’s fighting to change immigration laws that separate families or harnessing the power of rock & roll to empower young women.

But there is a common thread running through this year’s People Issue profiles. These Angelenos give their all to innovative, influential jobs or avocations while also looking for other ways to serve their community.

Snow Mercy worked as a dominatrix in L.A. while she got her Ph.D. in biochemistry. She tried teaching but it wasn’t enough, so she went back full-time to her dungeon and her whips. Still, she has found time to travel to Peru, Haiti or Nepal to help those less fortunate and to raise money for pet rescue groups.

Scientist Emmanuel Masongsong did clinical trials with the HPV vaccine and studied cervical and HIV-related cancers. When he found the lab work isolating, he joined UCLA’s Department of Earth, Planetary and Space Sciences, where he’s now managing the school’s first satellite. He also performs in bands playing Indian, jazz, classical and even black-metal music.

Christopher Mack spent two years in prison on drug charges in the 1990s but eventually got sober. After years of data processing for a credit card company, he got a job doing HIV surveys of the homeless, which led to his current post as an outreach worker on Skid Row. He is also co-founder of a community choir on Skid Row.

“We are trying to sing so other people can have a better feeling about themselves,” he says.

That’s what these Angelenos are doing — they are singing in their own ways to give back and help others.
FRIENDS DON’T LET FRIENDS TAKE THE 405

Beat the traffic and fly through Hollywood Burbank Airport.
With bright red hair, a quirky vintage look and a vibrant personality to match, Echo Park local Allison Wolfe has long been a role model for empowered girls and women, beginning in the ‘90s when she fronted the well-known Riot Grrrl band Bratmobile. “The whole point of Riot Grrrl,” Wolfe explains, “was to make our academic feminism more punk, more real-life, maybe more girly, and to make punk rock more feminist. We could wear lipstick and sound like Valley Girls yet still be feminists and still need to have rights and be respected.”

Wolfe, 48, still performs in bands today, but after recently obtaining a master’s in arts journalism from USC, her most recent project has been hosting and producing a monthly podcast for Tidal called *I’m in the Band*. She interviews female punk rock and indie musicians such as Donita Sparks (L7), Patty Schemel (Hole), Alice Bag (The Bags), members of The Raincoats and more, sharing their stories with sincerity and candor.

The podcast title is a play on the groupie mantra “I’m with the band” and also the title of a Bratmobile song. It is demonstrative of the fact that women and girls are much more than the wallflowers that rock & roll history has often portrayed them to be, and that they deserve to be viewed as equal participants.

Wolfe and her producer/engineer partner, Jonathan Shifflett, collect tales from those who have survived the punk-rock trenches and bring inspiration to those who are often without a voice. “There is no real canon,” she stresses. “We have to find it or create it. If we don’t tell our own stories, we’ll be erased from history. I’m trying to bring strong women’s stories to the forefront and to show younger generations, ‘hey, here’s your history.’”

Condensed into a half-hour oral narrative, each episode focuses on a particular artist’s experiences and memories and seeks her sense of empowerment. “All marginalized people need to see an example of themselves to feel that they can do it too and build from there,” Wolfe says. “With historical erasure, we don’t have that. That’s why we all have to be telling our own stories.”

With the current uncertain political climate, many people have been drawing lines in the sand and raising their collective voices. In particular, the #MeToo movement has reverberated locally, creating a new focus on women’s rights and shining a light into often-misguided entertainment business practices. We have been clearly seeing that women’s voices are best heard when eloquently expressed by a relatable insider, someone who is not afraid to speak the truth.

Wolfe has demonstrated that she is very much that insider. As an activist, she often participates in panel discussions, such as “Women of Rock: An Oral History Project” in January at Zebulon, while as singer of the band Ex Stains (previously Sex Stains) she continues the punk-rock tradition of opening people’s ears while simultaneously opening their eyes.

A few years ago she began conducting interviews of key players involved in the Riot Grrrl movement, with the eventual intention of publishing an oral history book. “I want to be the one telling our stories, filtered through me, because I was there,” she explains. “But my main goal with what I do is to create inspiration for others, seeing someone who is strong, speaking her mind and isn’t just toing to the mainstream. I want to continue to create the culture I want to see.”

—NIKKI KREUZER
skateboarding and Venice — it can be classic or it can be cliché. Blake Johnson, born and bred in this neighborhood, would dismiss the latter, not even troubling himself with an argument. Johnson, pro skater for the last two years, is most at ease in these streets. It is apparent in the many skate parts he has filmed in the area. And it is certainly apparent in his relaxed swagger as he walks up to the beach’s famed skate park, board in tow.

Said skateboard is one of Johnson’s most recent with long-standing skateboard company Santa Cruz. It features an illustration of a baby Blake in a diaper with his hair looking like he stuck his finger in a light socket. The board reflects Johnson’s Venice Beach origins; it’s where he stepped on his first board, a Christmas present when he was 8 years old.

“When I realized it could be a career, that was a big motivation,” says Johnson, 26, who is sponsored by Adidas, Dickies and Hardies Hardware, to name just a few, and who is wearing at least one item of clothing from each sponsor.

Johnson is a bona fide ATV or all-terrain vehicle skater, meaning he is as adept at street skating as he is skating concrete parks, smoothly navigating bowls and effortlessly flying across high rails. This is something he attributes in part to spending his after-school hours at the Boys and Girls Clubs of America, skating at a park that had all the setups, including half-pipes and wood ramps.

“I was so dedicated and so focused,” he says of his pre-pro days, his voice a beach-swept drawl. “I didn’t want to have a Plan B. I feel like if you even have a Plan B, it gives a probability of your Plan A not working. I stopped skating for two years, stupid teenage partying and stuff. People would see me walking around the beach and ask, ‘Where’s your board at?’ Then I would wonder, ‘Where is my board at?’ My friends that cared enough were telling me, ’You’re throwing away a lot of talent. Even if you don’t want to go pro, you should be skating.’ I got back on it like that.”

There was a time, however, when Johnson, not yet a high school graduate, was homeless, couch surfing and more concerned with getting a job just to be able to live. When his mother was set up in Venice again and had space for him, her encouragement got Johnson back on his board for good.

He says, “I tell kids all the time, anybody that’s struggling with something, don’t give up, not even if you have to work steady jobs. There are 365 days in the year. There are a lot of years. You have a lot of days of trying to reach for the top. Figure it out.”

Now Johnson has his eyes on Tokyo 2020, reeling off the skating Olympics qualifications as if they are part of his very being. Like all professional athletes, Johnson takes care of his body with massages, Epsom salt baths, cryotherapy and a pescatarian diet. He looks to veteran skaters like Daewon Song and Andrew Reynolds and basketball players like LeBron James for inspiration, and fellow Santa Cruz legend Eric Dressen for advice. Johnson has already decided that he is going to stay relevant and good at what he is doing for as long as he chooses.

“Goal after goal,” states Johnson, whose pre-issue Santa Cruz board follows his “Venice Origins” board. Coming up this summer he has notable clips in TransWorld Skateboarding’s summer video montage and his own part for Santa Cruz on Thrasher’s platform.

“Goals keep me structured,” he says. “I don’t look at goals as, ‘Maybe this won’t work’ — not just with skateboarding but with everything in life. If you want something you just go out and get it.” —LILY MOAYER
Bao Tranchi has one of the most uniquely sensual clothing brands around, her body-conscious designs melding elements of lingerie, fetish and couture-level detail into pieces that show skin in a strategic way that’s both edgy and powerful. Tranchi’s style is so eye-catching that it’s what Jennifer Lopez chose to wear for her 46th birthday party, her revealing look was seen across the globe, sparking cultural conversation about age-appropriateness and what is sexy.

Ever since “the birthday dress,” Tranchi’s signature pieces have been worn by celebrities who want to be noticed: rap star Nicki Minaj, model Gigi Hadid, plus-size sensation Ashley Graham. Her clothes are worn by women who want to make a statement; they’re being chosen over the biggest names in high fashion.

But things weren’t always so glamorous. Tranchi left her native Vietnam when she was 10 months old, escaping a refugee camp with her family and coming to America for a better life. Growing up in Granada Hills, she watched as her mom spent years working in sweatshops in downtown L.A., which is how Tranchi learned to sew.

“One of my first memories was actually sitting by my mom’s foot pedal on the sewing machine at the factory and just, like, hearing the constant sound of machines,” Tranchi says. “I think I just knew from the get-go — like 4 years old — that I wanted to make clothes.”

After graduating from Otis School of Design, Tranchi was offered a job at Anne Klein but opted for styling and wardrobe gigs, working with Madonna stylist Arianne Phillips on films such as *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* and *Charlie’s Angels*. In 2003 she was a featured designer during the first big L.A. Fashion Week sponsored by Mercedes Benz at Smashbox Studios, showing her first line alongside Jeremy Scott and House of Field.

Tranchi’s work has always been provocative and very rock & roll, but “what I’m doing now is totally different than what I was doing before,” she says, adding that the evolution was sparked by changes in her life. “My mom passed away in 2010 and it made me reprioritize everything. I worked on a bunch of movies after that, and then I met Brandon.”

Photographer Brandon Showers is Tranchi’s partner in business and in life. When the couple moved to Vietnam to work on movies and photography, it became a full-circle turning point. Tranchi gave birth to their daughter, Sadie, and had success in the film industry there, while Showers became the creative director of Hearst Vietnam’s fashion publications.

Tranchi’s success in the homeland she escaped as a baby was meaningful, of course, but the United States and her life in L.A. beckoned, and the family returned a few years ago. She says the time away, and her changing body during pregnancy, helped hone her now-signature curve-enhancing aesthetic.

Selena Gomez was one of the first to give Tranchi major exposure, donning her strappy black bodysuit for Taylor Swift’s “Bad Blood” video. After that, her line exploded. In addition to her instantly recognizable skin-baring cutouts and bondage-esque use of straps and lacing, Tranchi has been experimenting with new colors and textures, adding velvet to the mesh, elastic and lining materials she’s known for.

In another full-circle moment, J-Lo donned Tranchi’s latest, featuring velvet birds on mesh that beautifully and bodaciously cover the breasts, last year for her 48th birthday, and she looked hotter than ever. “I call it ‘intellectual sexy,’” Tranchi says. “With the cutouts and sheer materials, it makes you do a double take. It’s a little bit more thought-provoking. I realized that before, I was designing sexy from the outside in — like how the world views ‘sexy’ — so I started designing from the inside out, and that’s what I continue to do.” —Lina Lecaro
He’s an imposing bearded presence as he navigates his way down Arizona Avenue at the Santa Monica Farmers Market, inspecting the puntarelle that will end up on the menu at his restaurant, Felix. At a broad 6 feet tall, Evan Funke shops with a bit of a swagger and is a large figure on many levels. The local vendors call him “the mayor” behind his back.

Felix just celebrated its first anniversary, and it’s not any easier to secure a reservation today than it was on day one. Bon Appétit calls him “the pasta whisperer,” and declared his the best pasta they ate in 2017 in the United States.

By his own account, to say Felix has been a success is an understatement.

“I’m sometimes flabbergasted by the sheer volume of people,” Funke says. “It makes it difficult, because we want to extend a complete experience — true, warm, genuine hospitality to 350 people on a Monday night. Our clientele expect the best and I expect the best. I’ve learned a lot, including patience, in this last year.”

He credits his team, who trained for five weeks before the doors even opened. “I’m just one guy,” he says. “This restaurant runs because of the team and their heart behind it. It’s also our vendors and farmers.”

Funke, 39, grew up in a family of five kids in Pacific Palisades. His father is Academy Award–winning special effects photographer and cinematographer Alex Funke, whose work ethic inspired the chef. But his greatest inspiration for his Casalinga-style pasta making has always come from women.

“The connection to a mother figure, in addition to my own mother, has been a strong theme throughout my life,” he says. “There has always been a strong woman who has guided me at some point. Somehow the women I have attracted into my life have shot me in the right direction.”

Funke was two weeks away from heading to Marine Corps boot camp when a former girlfriend talked him into going to culinary school instead. It made sense, as he reflected on his love of food and fond childhood memories around the dinner table. He worked at Spago and dove into the kitchen lifestyle with reckless abandon, discovering his passion for pasta.

Funke — who had never traveled alone outside of the United States — moved to Bologna and immersed himself in the Bolognese style of hand-rolled pasta making with one of the world’s masters, Alessandra Spisni. He was fascinated with how the region’s specific pasta shapes were made; he sat in Italian alleyways making orecchiette the way it’s been done for generations. He was determined to bring that knowledge back to his climate-controlled pasta lab.

The 12 different pasta shapes on the Felix menu are divided into sections — north, central, southern and the islands.

When he returned home, he consulted for various restaurants and eventually opened and closed the ill-fated Bucato in Culver City.

Enter Janet Zuccarini and the Gusto 54 Restaurant Group, run entirely by women; she reached out to Funke to launch Felix on Abbot Kinney in Venice.

“Janet completely understood me and the feminine side of making pasta, which made us connect. There are not a lot of men who make pasta in Italy. It’s the social aspect of the gathering of making pasta by the women of the house. They sit around the table, listen to bad Italian pop music and make tortellini.

“Minus the bad pop music, that’s how it’s been for centuries,” Funke says. “I have a great connection with that, and I want my restaurant to feel like a grandmother’s house and instantly familiar.”

— Michele Stueven
THE BEST NIGHTS START WITH A LITTLE EFFEN.
Deep in the Valley among a sea of beige warehouses is a lush “dungeon” with cherry-colored walls and crystal chandeliers. Within it, one can find leather harnesses, assorted restraints, man-size padded cages and the mistress of the manor: Snow Mercy.

Six feet of Latex fury in a pageboy haircut, Snow has been doling out punishment in the Los Angeles area for more than a decade. But the dominatrix is more than just the embodiment of female power. With her doctorate, her activism and her entrepreneurial activities (including her own perfume), Snow transcends labels.

“I think people find it unexpected that I got a Ph.D. in biochemistry and then continued to be a dominatrix after I graduated. Most people retire,” she says. “They use becoming a dominatrix as a way of getting to their next career, but you can do what you want. You don’t have to follow a formula.”

As a professor, she became a lecturer in biochemistry at a local college but discovered she didn’t like it. “It was very male-dominated, and I wasn’t getting paid well. Being a dominatrix was more fun, more flexible, and it felt more natural to me,” she says.

“I was teaching and a domme on the side, but before I knew it, I was less of a teacher and more of a domme. And then I just took the plunge.”

Some people may think she’s wasting her degree, but that’s not the case. “I use my degree every day. It wasn’t just about what I learned in the books but how to organize my time, how to speak in public, how to research.”

Giving up her day job allowed Snow more freedom to explore her humanitarian side. Her altruistic treks first started in 2009 when she went to Pisco, Peru, which had been devastated by the 8.0 earthquake that hit in 2007.

“I wanted to go into the Peace Corps back when I finished grad school, but the timing didn’t work out,” Snow says. “I always wanted to do something for other people.”

She went to Peru with the Burners Without Borders organization, which was made up of people involved with Burning Man. “Through those friends, I went to help Haiti in 2010. I went three times that year.”

Two years later, Snow went to Nepal with fellow dominatrix Bella Bathory to help construct housing and clear rubble for the locals. “During that trip, someone called us Mistresses Without Borders and we just embraced it.”

Snow continued with Mistresses Without Borders — she and other L.A.-area dominatrixes crafted street survival gear for the homeless on Skid Row. The bundles included backpacks, underwear, socks, warm clothes, tampons, needles and donated Metro cards.

She also works with Hollywood’s Food on Foot, which distributes food to the dispossessed, as well as Los Angeles Homeless Services Authority, which attempts to keep a record of L.A.’s displaced population so it can distribute aid. She also raises funds for the Humane Society to help animals affected by fires. For each dollar donated, Snow offered clients a discount on their sessions.

“Being a dominatrix is not my only identity. I do the charity work. I do have a social life outside of BDSM,” she says. “I love men. I don’t hate them. And I don’t do this for the money — I do it because it is who I am.”

Snow Mercy is currently working on two books, a history of the dominatrix and a guide to spanking, and can be found at Mercy Studios L.A. But please, make an appointment. She doesn’t take walk-ins. —ERIN MAXWELL
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—Erin Maxwell
Jeff Goldblum — the actor who’s played everyone from Satan to comedian Ernie Kovacs to cosmic comic-book character the Grandmaster — can be found in his off hours lately singing with his jazz combo, The Mildred Snitzer Orchestra, at Los Feliz supper club Rockwell Table & Stage. His is an insanely entertaining revue, bursting with audience interaction, guest singers and trivia games about his storied career.

Occasionally, people take the stage and do impressions of Goldblum. He stands there amused, the very soul of good sportsmanship, as they hurtle deep into the heart of Jeff Goldblum Consciousness. Then he sings standards in that vibrantly velvet voice of his.

Goldblum, 65, reveals how the Rockwell residency came to be. “I’ve been playing out and about for a couple of decades now, ever since actor and occasional pianist Peter Weller sort of cooked up this thing. He came back from a job and said, ‘We should start playing out and about.’ And we did. Since the years passed, he’s gone on to other things and I’ve kept this core band, and producer John Mastro has helped me every step of the way. He’s been instrumental in it and directs the show now.”

“We’ve played a lot of different places — the Hollywood Bowl; the Playboy Jazz Festival one year. Mildred Snitzer, by the way, was a lady that was a friend of my family in Pittsburgh who lived to be 100.” The MSO is rehearsing for the recording of its upcoming live album in the confines of the Capitol Records Building, a landmark that is itself no stranger to elegance and eloquence.

In Annie Hall, Goldblum famously forgot his mantra. This is ironic, given the fact that he’s remembered so many choruses and songs for his Rockwell revue. “In 1973 or 1974, I had actually been initiated into Transcendental Meditation,” he says. “It was just a little session where they teach you a thing or two, and then the qualified person whispers in your ear a mantra. They said never to utter it out loud or to share it with anyone because it’s sort of a powerful seed that grows over the years with attendance and use with meditation. That was the mantra that I had then — I still make use of that sound, that mantra, but in my own way, as needed.”

“Playing music, I think that certain sounds and tone combinations and rhythm combinations are very powerful and, in fact, now that I’m thinking about it … magical!”

Much as water seeks its own level, from that prior enlightenment to today’s Mildred Snitzer Orchestra, there’s been a tone running through Goldblum’s life. It’s like a river running underground, watering all good things. “That’s very interesting,” he says. “It reminds me of my sons, River Joe and Charlie Ocean. And I really love that song ‘Old Man River’ — and that song by Carly Simon from that movie Working Girl, ‘Let the River Run.’ And I like that song from Norma Rae, ‘It Goes Like It Goes.’ ‘So it goes like it goes and the river flows...’

He tends to sing constantly — charmingly — whenever he talks about music. The consummate showman.—DAVID COTNER
Jeff Goldblum — the actor who's played everyone from Satan to comedian Ernie Kovacs to cosmic comic-book character the Grandmaster — can be found in his off hours lately singing with his jazz combo, The Mildred Snitzer Orchestra, at Los Feliz supper club Rockwell Table & Stage. His is an insanely entertaining revue, bursting with audience interaction, guest singers and trivia games about his storied career.

Occasionally, people take the stage and do impressions of Goldblum. He stands there amused, the very soul of good sportsmanship, as they hurtle deep into the heart of Jeff Goldblum Consciousness. Then he sings standards in that vibrantly velvet voice of his.

Goldblum, 65, reveals how the Rockwell residency came to be. “I've been playing out and about for a couple of decades now, ever since actor and occasional pianist Peter Weller sort of cooked up this thing. He came back from a job and said, 'We should start playing out and about.' And we did. Since the years passed, he's gone on to other things and I've kept this core band, and producer John Mastro has helped me every step of the way. He's been instrumental in it and directs the show now.”

“We've played a lot of different places — the Hollywood Bowl; the Playboy Jazz Festival one year. Mildred Snitzer, by the way, was a lady that was a friend of my family in Pittsburgh who lived to be 100.” The MSO is rehearsing for the recording of its upcoming live album in the confines of the Capitol Records Building, a landmark that is itself no stranger to elegance and eloquence.

In *Annie Hall*, Goldblum famously forgot his mantra. This is ironic, given the fact that he's remembered so many choruses and songs for his Rockwell revue. “In 1973 or 1974, I had actually been initiated into Transcendental Meditation,” he says. “It was just a little session where they teach you a thing or two, and then the qualified person whispers in your ear a mantra. They said never to utter it out loud or to share it with anyone because it's sort of a powerful seed that grows over the years with attention and use with meditation. That was the mantra that I had then — I still make use of that sound, that mantra, but in my own way, as needed.”

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He tends to sing constantly — charmingly — whenever he talks about music. The consummate showman.

—David Cotner

Location: Rockwell Table & Stage. Mr. Goldblum's grooming by David Cox for Art Department using R+Co. Styling by Andrew Vottero.
Peer through the steamed windows of Culver City’s Brasil Brasil Cultural Center on the right night and you’ll see an ecstatic, frenzied mass of people: mature, young, thick, thin — a corporeal democracy, every body dancing between pain and transcendence, spurred by driving, dazzlingly layered percussion thundering from the sound system. At the center of the cyclone is a woman, a luminous smile escaping as she yells, “Sambaaa!” Since leaving Brazil more than two decades ago, Ana Laidley (aka Aninha Malandro) has cultivated a global, L.A.-based samba community, preserving the roots of an ancestral culture and promoting profound aspects of an art often reduced to its more familiar export: bikini-clad showgirls.

“Samba brings so much to a community: It brings a bond, a sense of belonging; reliability, trust, self-confidence. And it’s so beautiful when you see people developing their own way of expressing,” says Laidley, 51.

A psychotherapist who recently defended her dissertation on the healing effects of samba, Laidley has a benevolent vibe people gravitate toward. Growing up in a samba family in Rio de Janeiro, she was more interested in Michael Jackson than the insular culture of samba schools, which grew violent as sponsorship money poured in. “Samba was so serious, people would get killed — for nothing. For samba. And witnessing that was not fun for a child.”

Her father, world-renowned percussionist Carlinhos Pandeiro de Ouro, spent a lifetime on the road; her mother braved the grueling travel, low pay and harassment that often comes with being a dancer.

“Looking back, my family was so dysfunctional. … A lot of negative situations I would connect to samba,” Lindley says. “I was so sure that’s not the way I want to go in my life.”

But something from that time stuck with her, something profound that she wouldn’t articulate until years later.

“I was already at that age very conscious of those people from the roots of samba, the elders at the time, that they have a value in the culture in Brazil. I knew that, and I used to imitate them.”

In 2006, she stepped onstage with the white suit and sly, dazzling confidence of the malandro, a popular male archetype in samba and Brazilian folklore.

“You see the importance of malandro in Brazilian culture because that was the first statement about a black man saying, ‘Hey, I’m poor but I know how to dress; I have good taste and know how to work the system. I’m not a victim’ — not ‘I was a slave’ — nothing like that,” she says.

“And Malandro is the joker. He alleviates the pain of the people, that seriousness. If we don’t have samba, Brazil would be a very depressing place.”

In performance, it offers a rooted elegance, a character she uses to “go back to who I am,” discovering her father, the ultimate malandro, in herself. Until she did it, she’d never seen women perform as malandra. Now dance groups and competitions dedicated to the form are sprouting in her wake — including at the International Samba Congress she organizes in downtown L.A. (It runs June 14-17 this year; for more information, go to internationalsambacongress.com).

Onstage, Laidley is a torrent of raw power buoyed by refinement and a lightning quickness; a master of improvisation and ephemeral sublimity.

Growing up, it was never steps or technique — “It was just ‘Samba! Be yourself!’ ” Translating that can be difficult, but Laidley persists, delighting when someone opens to the exchange of energy she insists is at the heart of samba.

“I just need to connect with people, and give people the message that samba has a healing power that everyone can access.” — BEIGE LUCIANO-ADAMS
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Perhaps because he spent some time in the film industry, restaurateur Nguyen Tran has always set himself apart from the foodie pack with his unerring flair for the dramatic. He dresses up in costumes a 5-year-old wouldn’t go near — he was once mysteriously groped by a gang of old Vietnamese women when he appeared in public dressed as a banana.

He talks more like a profane extreme-sports star than a chef. And he’s proud of his ignorance; indeed, you could say he celebrates it.

“We’ve fucked up so much,” Tran says of his career so far. “We were in a hole more than once and worked hard to get out of it. That’s part of my personality — when you’re pushed against the wall, you’ve got to have the will to push back.”

Tran is a firm believer in the common observation that you have to be a little crazy to get into the restaurant business. “Most of them have a high failure rate. To be a great entrepreneur, you have to have this insatiable curiosity. It’s the shoulda-coulda-woulda thing that consumes me. Sometimes you just have to do it. And sometimes at the end you say, ‘Well shit, that wasn’t so hard.’”

Tran’s underlying philosophy is about bravery. It’s an idea formed from years of talking to his customers. “I used to for a long time be out there meeting people. It wasn’t because I thought people needed to know me but because the best way to make my restaurant better was to get people’s opinions and figure it out.

“My restaurant isn’t all about me. As arrogant as everyone thought I was in the banana suit, it’s about trying to convince people to try something they wouldn’t try otherwise. Why not have some fun in the process?”

—Paul Hodgins
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Kristin Hensley and Jen Smedley, the duo behind the hilarious and popular web series #imomsohard, have come a long way since their early days, when Hensley posted her phone number on the comedy pair’s Facebook page.

“Jen and I didn’t understand how Facebook or social media or any of that stuff worked,” admits Hensley, a comedian and mom of two. “It said, ‘Do you want a project phone number,’ and I was like, ‘Sure!’”

Dozens of phone calls later, Hensley opted to take down her number, but it was that kind of intimacy that helped build a loyal fan base of sleep-deprived moms from all over the country. Whether Hensley and Smedley were squeezing into Spanx (“beige and delicious!”) on camera, getting real about body hair (“I have to Epily my nose!”) or just drinking wine (“bring your own bottle”), the L.A.-based pair found a way to relate to more than a million women who might be covered in spit-up but still wanted to laugh about it.

They launched #imomsohard in 2016 with the intention of giving Facebook-addicted moms something to laugh at without feeling judged. “It’s actually kind of a lonely time, and you’re on social media so much,” Smedley, also a comedian and mom of two, says about modern motherhood. “You’re seeing everyone with their perfect life and feeling like, ‘How is everybody else nailing it, and I’m really doing a shitty job?’ So Kristin and I both felt like there needs to be something out there that doesn’t tell you how to do what you’re already doing better.”

Fast-forward to two years later, and the comedy duo have more than 1.5 million social media followers, a successful Moms Night Out tour (currently in its second run) and a pilot at CBS produced by Michelle Nader (2 Broke Girls), Rob Thomas (Veronica Mars) and Warner Bros. TV.

“There are no words when you find out you get to shoot a pilot for CBS,” Hensley says. “We didn’t even know that we had an office, and I couldn’t get in there fast enough. It felt so real, and so incredible and so magical.”

Both women grew up in Nebraska but met in L.A. more than 15 years ago. While they might be new to the television scene, they’re no newbies when it comes to the comedy circuit. Smedley eventually joined the Groundlings and Hensley spent time at Second City. Both praise the Westside Comedy Theater in Santa Monica, where Hensley met director and now-husband Colin Sweeney.

The pair also acknowledge what a unique time it is to be female creators in Hollywood.

“I specifically feel like the voice of mothers is another #othervoices because if you went back to the Stone Age, the life of a mother has been very similar, but it’s been an uninteresting, unsexy story. To us, it matters,” Smedley says. “Calling somebody a mom is like the ultimate insult, but they’re badass on multiple levels because they have to do everything else that other humans have to do, and they have to keep young people alive and well-dressed.”

The duo also have tackled the tricky terrain of body image. “It would be way easier for me if I had a perfect, hot, ripped bod, but that’s just not my reality,” Hensley says. “Honestly, I’m OK with being a 7. A 7 for me is a great day, and it means that I get to enjoy my life.”

And that, she says, is how we can also start toning down the judgment, whether it’s toward ourselves, moms or women in general.

“We have to give women permission to be like, ‘Hey man, we all got a little cellulite, but you’s still got to get on that beach and you’s got to have those memories with your kids.’” —LAURA CLARK
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Known for funny videos featuring slice-of-life stuff in L.A., plus sit-down interviews, covering topics ranging from sex to family, and scorching comedy skits, Timothy DeLaGhetto is a YouTube superstar with a persona that’s as rollicking as it is real. But the guy who inspired him was not — real, that is. “I feel like many of us were greatly influenced by the Fresh Prince. I might even say the Fresh Prince helped raise me,” says the web personality, who is also a cast member on Nick Cannon’s *Wild ’n Out* on MTV. “He was always so confident, and when you watch, you wanna be like Will (Smith). That show helped me learn how to dance, dress, even talk to girls. … I just wanted to be the Asian Fresh Prince. … So when I saw the episode where he made up the poet ‘Raphael DeLaGhetto,’ I thought it was the perfect stage name for my YouTube channel.”

DeLaGhetto (real last name Chantarangsu) started his YouTube channel in 2005. “My friends and I had been making short comedy films since high school, so I thought it might be a good way to spread our movies around. I gradually began to build an audience,” he says. “When I first started, many people online weren’t used to seeing an Asian guy rapping or talking about [things] the way I was, so I think that’s helped me stick out. “Back in the day, I used to do a lot of advice videos about sex and relationships. I think the young Asians, the ones that were in high school that felt shy and insecure, they didn’t have people they could talk to about sex and taboo topics, so they would write to me,” DeLaGhetto recalls. “A lot of my fans will approach me now and say, ‘Dude, you were like the older brother that I could turn to, you helped me get through high school.’”

While his fan base is diverse, DeLaGhetto’s Thai background and L.A. upbringing (he was born in Billings, Montana, but grew up in Long Beach) influence his output in many ways. “When people see how bluntly I speak about sex, they always ask, ‘How do your parents feel about the stuff you say in your videos?’ and I tell them, ‘Where do you think I got it from?’ Thai people are some of the most laid-back and hilarious people when it comes to sexual humor.”

Aside from the dirty jokes, DeLaGhetto’s Thai pride is prominent. “I try to make sure and speak Thai in my videos on occasion, because I want young Asian kids to embrace their culture and their language,” says the 32-year-old.

Next up for the YouTuber/comic actor: working on music (hip-hop) for the first time in five years, getting married in August, and making movies and TV shows that bust apart stereotypes. “The main reason I even started pursuing entertainment and making YouTube videos is because I was frustrated at how Asian dudes were always portrayed, if ever portrayed at all. Even on my favorite show, *The Fresh Prince*, I remember an episode with a nerdy Asian guy in a stupid-looking tuxedo at prom, and I remember thinking, ‘Wow, this is how the rest of the world sees us,’” he says. “I wanted to show the world that there were Asian dudes who weren’t awkward, who could dress, who were funny and outgoing … like me! Things have definitely improved over the years, but we got a long way to go.”

—LINA LECARO
inger, songwriter and YouTube sensation Kina Grannis was on the Southeast Asia leg of her international tour in 2015 when the promoters messed up the visas. Grannis and her band ended up stuck in Jakarta, Indonesia, where she and her crew were told they had broken the law, and the punishment was five years in jail for both her crew and the opening band. The rest of the tour was canceled, which meant a lot of waiting around.

One hundred days later, Grannis was fined and deported. Today, she says she's grateful for the harrowing experience — the lack of certainty for an extended period of time brought her a profound sense of focus.

"Just waking up every day wondering if we were going to go to jail or if we'd ever go home," she says. "Fear and anger turned into an amazing journey of self-reflection. ... Coming home from that is something that has continued to set the tone for my life. I thought I might be done with music. Slowly, I came back to music."

Music has always been an integral part of Grannis' makeup. Almost from the moment she began talking she was singing; it didn't occur to her until she reached adulthood that she was behaving in an unusual way.

"I grew up making up songs all the time and teaching them to my little sister," she says. "It wasn't until I was 15 that it occurred to me that I might be able to pick up the guitar. That's when I started really writing."

A school Christmas choir concert she attended convinced her that performing music was in her blood. She played her first show after high school and never looked back.

With an acoustic style she describes as a "little bit folk," she started to rise to public prominence when she took to self-releasing her music on YouTube.

She continued with her schooling and played around L.A., waiting to be discovered and then, hopefully, signed. In her mind, that was the golden ticket. After graduating, she moved to Austin to try that music scene.

It was while in Texas that she caught an unlikely break from a corn chip company: "My boyfriend (now husband) said that Doritos was doing a contest to get a music video played during the Super Bowl, and the winner gets signed to a major label."

Grannis entered, and she won. However, the contract, with Interscope, wasn't the dream deal she was hoping for. The label heads wanted to control her output, with her songs to be co-written.

"For me, music has always been incredibly personal," says Grannis, 32. "It's something I do by myself in the middle of the night. The idea of sitting with a stranger and making songs that have to be approved by a label, that were radio-worthy or whatever they were looking for, sounded like it defeated the purpose of making music. I was able to get out of that deal and go on my own."

She's now working on the follow-up to her 2014 album, *Elements*, and last year started her own record label. And she still loves performing live. That's where she connects with her fans.

"I had my entire life before that of feeling that I had no idea how to connect because I was so shy. Now, when I get to go play shows, I feel like I get to connect with everyone in the room in that second."

—Brett Callwood
THE METAL SCIENTIST

EMMANUEL MASONGSONG

A native Emmanuel Masongsong knew he wanted to pursue a career in science after he got a book on his sixth birthday. “It had pictures of the planets, the solar system and the galaxies. I knew I wanted to learn more,” says Masongsong, 36. “I began to check out all the books I could on volcanoes, the Earth, the moon, rocks, earthquakes, the Space Shuttle, airplanes and all that.”

After excelling in math and science at school, Masongsong ended up studying science at UCLA. He started out in psychobiology but decided to go with microbiology, immunology and molecular genetics. After graduation in 2004, he began working in the lab, doing clinical trials with the HPV vaccine, then studying cervical cancer and HIV-related cancers.

After a dozen years in the lab, he began to feel isolated. “I liked the science but I didn’t like the long hours and being alone in the lab all the time,” he says. He started looking for a new job and found one at UCLA’s Department of Earth, Planetary and Space Sciences.

Now Masongsong is managing the ELFIN Mission — UCLA’s first satellite, set to be launched into orbit in September. “There are a few researchers and scientists working with us on this mission, but it’s mostly teams of students,” he says, noting that the project is being completed in conjunction with NASA.

The satellite will collect data on the Earth’s magnetic field, the aurora, and how solar winds affect our magnetic system. “The ELFIN mission will also help us understand solar radiation, and how solar storms affect our planet,” he says.

Even with a full-time career in science, Masongsong finds an outlet as a musician, performing Indian music and jazz, classical and even black metal. “I started playing music at 6 or 7,” he says. “I heard my grandma playing piano growing up, and I was absorbing the musical language.”

By middle school Masongsong had taught himself to play guitar. “When I got into high school, grunge was in full effect,” he says. “I got into metal, and started playing with friends. This would eventually become our band Exhausted Prayer, a black metal-influenced proggy band.”

Masongsong and his bandmates (guitarist Chris McCarthy, drummer Mike Caffell and bassist Richard Vulich) have played hundreds of shows over the past two decades, toured the country several times and performed with some top-notch underground metal bands, such as Asesino, Cattle Decapitation, Intronaut and Enslaved.

A couple of years ago, Masongsong joined several other musician friends and formed Cetacean, an experimental metal group that just played an EP release/tour kickoff show at Five Star Bar. Masongsong, who plays guitar and saxophone, jokes that Cetacean describe their post-metal sound as “Black Floyd,” combining the harsh, darker elements of black metal with the ethereal, haunting psychedelic nature of Pink Floyd.

Masongsong also has toured the world with renowned Indian classical sitar musician Nishat Khan since 2002. With Khan, he has performed at such legendary venues as Carnegie Hall and the Royal Albert Hall in London. “Khan is the master of the sitar, descended from 500 years of ancestry in India,” Masongsong says.

Masongsong sees a connection between his two passions. “Music is related to science because they are both adaptive, you have to be aware of your surroundings and it’s constantly changing, so you have to be able to take in new information,” he says. “Science, like music, is also a universal language, but people need to learn the language to understand it. All people have the capacity to respond to music; music transcends all barriers.” —Alex Distefano
A native Emmanuel Masongsong knew he wanted to pursue a career in science after he got a book on his sixth birthday. “It had pictures of the planets, the solar system and the galaxies. I knew I wanted to learn more,” says Masongsong, 36. “I began to check out all the books I could on volcanoes, the Earth, the moon, rocks, earthquakes, the Space Shuttle, airplanes and all that.”

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—Alex Distefano
Lydia Night is only 17 years old, but The Regrettes’ lead singer-guitarist has already inspired a legion of passionate fans who look up to her as a role model and hang on her every word at concerts.

Her L.A. band—which includes lead guitarist Genessa Gariano and bassist Sage Chavis—plays unusually catchy pop songs driven by a thrilling punk-rock ferocity. But much of the growing fascination with The Regrettes centers on Night’s bold lyrics. Whether she’s reveling in the sheer exuberance of a new romance in “Hey Now” or rejecting society’s assumptions about women in the feminist anthem “Ladylike/Whatta Bitch” (“Be insecure, be a wife, cater to a man for the rest of your life,” she purrs sarcastically), Night writes with a wit and wisdom that belies her young age.

“Most of our songs are written right after something happens in my life,” Night explains by phone from a tour van driving the band to San Francisco. Of her juiced-up remake of Dion & the Belmonts’ 1959 eternal lamentation “A Teenager in Love,” from The Regrettes’ recent EP Attention Seeker, Night says, “It’s always been one of my favorite songs — Oh my God! We just drove by a lot of cows — I’m a teenager, I’m in love, I can relate.

“I feel lucky to have my life. I don’t feel like I’ve had a typical miserable high school time but I’ve gone through a lot of shit — classic teenage miseries — but I’m happy now. That cover touches on the more intimate sides of being a teenager,” she adds. “That’s what’s cool about our music. It’s written as a personal diary entry. It’s not a skewed memory.”

Night, who splits her time between Eagle Rock and Century City, was born in New Orleans but spent her early years in Santa Monica before her family moved to L.A. At age 7, she started performing with LILA (Little Independent Loving Artists) at the school carnival and even McCabe’s; she later was half of the duo Pretty Little Demons with early Regrettes drummer Marlhy Murphy.

“I grew up listening to a lot of Britney Spears. And also Gwen Stefani, of course. I like Beyoncé; I like a lot of Rihanna’s songs. ... My No.1 influence has been The Ronettes, The Crystals and so many incredible girl groups [from the 1960s] who are timeless. My first favorite band was The Ramones. When I was 2 or 3, I’d run around singing ‘Beat on the Brat’ or ‘Blitzkrieg Bop’ because I could easily pick them up. I could remember them.”

Did Night have any idea what she was singing about? “God, no!” she laughs.

Despite the anger in some of her own songs, Night always seems to be having fun onstage, joking and whispering midsong to Chavis. “Usually, I’ll say things like, ‘I’m so nervous!’ or ‘My arm hurts!’ Sometimes, I’ll look at her, and I’m like, ‘Is this in the key of A? What am I doing?’ There’s a lot of ‘Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!’ There’s so much adrenaline going through me.”

But performing hasn’t always been so carefree for Night. “The more I played shows, the more I noticed, because of my age and gender, I was more of a target. ... I know how to stand up for myself. Men are scared of us because we are so powerful. Women have [historically had] to apologize for themselves. ... When you stop giving a shit, the world is yours.” —FALLING ANGIES
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If anybody ever tells you that they are an expert in homelessness, run!” cautions Christopher Mack, community outreach worker with the Wesley Community Health Clinic on L.A.’s Skid Row.

Armed with a clipboard and an encyclopedic knowledge of available services, Mack, 65, traverses the tent- and garbage-littered streets, looking for people who need help.

Friends and admirers call the lanky 6-foot-2 Mack, who always wears his Tilley — a hat that floats on water and comes with a four-page owner’s manual — an urban sage. An artist painted a portrait of him for the Skid Row History Museum & Archive on Broadway.

He began working on Skid Row in early February 2003. When Mack celebrated three years of sobriety, his Alcoholic's Anonymous sponsor called and asked if he wanted a job doing HIV surveys. “I had to find out whether the men were having sex with women or men or both and whether they were using needles,” he recalls.

A child of the ’60s, Mack says his life derailed in 1979 when he “started using heavily.” In 1994 he was convicted for possession of a controlled substance and spent two years in prison.

He sobered up at the Rena B Recovery Center on Burns Avenue almost 20 years later.

The L.A. native took computer courses at local trade schools and did data processing at MasterCharge (before it became MasterCard) in the late ’70s. After that he worked for U.S. Bancorp in Century City for a while and then did odd jobs until he began working on Skid Row.

Adjusting to Skid Row was difficult. “I cried for two years. From 2003 to 2005, I cried every day,” he recalls. “To see people in these conditions is painful.”

Then clients began to tell him about their small victories, like a job lead or a place to stay. “I stopped seeing people as just dying, I saw them rise and take care of themselves — that’s resilience,” he says.

Mack grew up at 50th and Figueroa near the USC Coliseum, one of 11 children. His single mother worked as a security guard. Nine of his siblings are still alive, most of them settled in or near L.A. Two sisters live in Hawaii.

He had one son, who died last year. “I have seen life,” he says.

In his 15 years on Skid Row, he has seen various efforts to alleviate the homeless crisis. “Four walls and a roof is not just a thing but the individual taking pride in his life — how do we begin that conversation?” he asks.

Mack thinks apathy and disenfranchisement are to blame. Housing people by itself won’t cut it. “That’s why we keep getting this thing wrong — we have to help a person move from that ‘I don’t care’ condition to ‘Wait a minute, I’m something good,’” he says.

Home, he argues, is more than a physical address. “It’s a place inside that a person identifies with and that makes him feel good about himself. It gives him the heart of a lion, the courage of a champion.”

Together with Leeav Sofer, a faculty member at the Colburn School and frontman of modern Jewish folk band Mostly Kosher, Mack founded the Urban Voices Project, a community choir on Skid Row. “We are trying to sing so other people can have a better feeling about themselves,” he says.

If there is such a thing, Christopher Mack is an expert in homelessness. —JESSICA DONATH
This may be L.A.’s Year of King Tut, but the ongoing exhibition at the California Science Center shouldn’t suggest the boy king is the only Egyptological celebrity in town. For nearly a decade, professor Kara Cooney has educated students — and the public at large — in the ancient ways of the land of the pharaohs. She’s UCLA’s Nefertiti of Near Eastern studies, and she’s as statuesque as some of the granite likenesses she’s studied in the field.

The 6-foot-tall, charismatic brunette discovered early on that she was a natural not only in the classroom but in front of the camera, and first made her mark as the host of Discovery Channel’s Out of Egypt in 2009. But Cooney’s milestone achievement (thus far) is a trade publication, The Woman Who Would Be King, which tells the story of Egypt’s Queen Hatshepsut, not a household name like Cleopatra but a towering 18th Dynasty figure to all who have visited Egypt and beheld her colossal 3,500-year-old funerary temple near Thebes.

The book, Cooney freely admits, is not a scholarly treatise and is necessarily conjectural in much of its narrative, but it nevertheless earned Cooney a popular niche in social media (her Facebook following is impressive for an academic, at nearly a quarter million), where she holds forth on — or reposts — instructive archeological stories and findings. Cooney’s book also champions a thematic focus that she has branded as her own: women of authority and power in the ancient world.

“Why does Hatshepsut’s leadership still trouble us today?” she asks in its preface. “Female rulers are implicitly branded as emotional, self-interested, lacking in authority, untrustworthy and impolitic. The ancient Egyptians likewise distrusted a woman with authority, and this context makes Hatshepsut’s achievements all the more astonishing. For more than 20 years she was the most powerful person in the ancient world. But when she finally died, all that she built was instantly over...”

If there is a certain timely resonance in that passage, Cooney, over a beverage at UCLA’s faculty center, takes the point further. “Look, on the one hand you have the ancient Egyptians being ruled by a woman of great power and purpose — on the other, this civilization was one of the most enduring, autocratic societies in history.” She makes the troubling observation that, historically speaking, people have “liked” autocratic rule. “You may not like it or I may not like it, but others have felt protected by it,” she says.

Granted that we can all learn from history, but why does one become an Egyptologist? “That’s a question Egyptologists are always asked but would never ask each other because there isn’t an answer,” is Cooney’s glib response. Putting it another way, she facetiously adds, “I was an upper-middle-class white chick from Texas who was told she could do whatever she wanted to do.”

From Texas Cooney went to Johns Hopkins for her Ph.D. working under another noted woman, Betsy Bryan. Once installed in L.A., one of her first major roles was co-curating the last Tut exhibition at LACMA, in 2005.

Asked how she reconciles traditional scholarship with the “popularizer” role, which she has embraced but others disdain, she says, “That’s what’s great about UCLA. Here the lunatics really do run the asylum — you can have it both ways.” She’s preparing her next online summer extension class, “Women and Power in the Ancient World” in addition to chairing her department.

While her professional scholarship has focused on such topics as scarabs and burial practices, her advice to her students is, “Don’t just stay down in the weeds. Focus on that Big Idea.” Cooney’s Big Idea? She didn’t say, but one safe bet would be “Women Rule.” —Jeffrey Burbank
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— Jeffrey Burbank
THE PURIST
NECK FACE

Whether or not you’re among his legion of maniacal fans, it’s hard to deny the wicked genius of Neck Face — an artist whose singular style has retained its intensity from graffiti to gallery, always a step ahead of proliferative copycats. Since moving to L.A. nearly a decade ago, the 33-year-old has gleefully inhabited the underbelly of Tinseltown, finding inspiration in its darkest reaches for his paintings, sculptures, skateboards, books, haunted houses and gallery shows. These days, he also has an eye on animation.

“When I moved here it was all glitz and glamour, Hollywood this, Hollywood that. Like, ‘Oh, you’re a Hollywood guy now,’” he says over a pint of tequila and soda water at Black, the bar he opened on Melrose a few years ago, after one of his regular dives threatened to kick him out. “There’s the darkest corners you’ve ever seen in your life here. And I’ve explored all of them.”

An inveterate troublemaker, his big eyes and deadpan expressions animate next-level mischief but also radiate warmth and depth. Much like his characters — those bristling, vibrant demons paired with punchy humor and a corrosive tinge of testosterone that make a curious, timely heir to both Bosch and Bukowski — he has a knack for one-liners delivered with old-school comedic timing.

He also has a complicated relationship with his liver. Days start with a slug of pickle juice, for the hangover. A promising sober streak ended recently when his friend, skater Preston “P-Stone” Maitetter, died in a tragic accident. “That’s no excuse. But I just started drinking there and just kept going. And I was like, all right, I got it. I can still handle my work.”

When not drawing he’s often on the road, skating. “I don’t skate every day, but mentally,” he says, finger to forehead, “I’m skating all the time.” And unlike most skateboard artists — “guys who just sit in an office and draw” — he says, “I’m actually in the van, these are actually my friends, I hang out with these dudes all the time.”

Covering his face in skate videos became burdensome, so he gave up on anonymity. “And also, I was like, girls ain’t even gonna know who I am.”

Like many artists throwing fans off their scent, mythology is part of the game. “I have been mis-portrayed, but I also like it,” he says. “Because it just keeps the mystery going. If everyone has all the fuckin’ answers, nothing else to see.”

He’s had opportunities to sell out and cash in. But behind the raw style and haphazard flow, an uncompromising artistic drive is in charge. “I always look at myself and the projects I approach as an outsider and I’m like, ‘Man, imagine if the dude I looked up to did this…’ Everything that I do I back 100 percent,” he says.

At his poorest, living on $5 a day in New York, he turned down $70,000 for an album cover — “it would’ve been the last money I ever made,” he says. Now you can buy skate socks on Amazon emblazoned with his tomato-red devils — a death knell for art stars who peak early and burn into oblivion — but his street cred remains airtight, his longevity up to him.

“There’s no retirement for what I’m doing,” he said. “I promised myself a million times, when I was broke or not broke, I’m gonna do this forever. And it’s because I love doing it. I don’t give a fuck if someone’s buying it or not. I’ll fuckin’ do it and throw it away. … That’s the ultimate feeling, when you do something, and you see the outcome of it and you’re like, I did that. I … did … that. No money, whatever. That feeling, I did that.”

—BEIGE LUCIANO-ADAMS
There is no bus at the Plus Bus. But this cheerful little spot in Glassell Park offers something more important: community.

“In a city full of millions of people who are plus-sized, we’re still the only [place] offering a safe space for fat bodies to experience fashion and to have access to self-expression through clothing,” Plus Bus co-founder Jen Wilder says. “It becomes very personal when you’re a bigger girl — it becomes more than just clothes, it’s opportunity.”

Wilder knows what she’s talking about. She’s a big presence. She’s 5 foot 10 and what she would call fat: “I identify as a fat woman and I call myself a fat woman, to take the power away from people using that as a degrading term to me my whole life,” she says.

“I’ve been making clothes since I was 14, because I grew up plus-size and there was nothing to wear,” she says. She now has a full-time corporate job, designing “all these clothing lines I couldn’t wear,” she says with a laugh. In 2012 she started her own plus-size line, Cult of California. Although it shuttered in 2014, Wilder hopes to restart it. “Five-year plan, I’m looking for an investor to do my line again and to have franchises of the Plus Bus.”

She dreams big: “I feel like it’s a very important store that is needed in a lot of cities, if not all major cities. Not even just in the United States, like worldwide — you need a plus-size store in every town because there’s just not much going on for us.”

Wilder wasn’t always destined for fashion. She was pre-med in college, with plans to become a forensic pathologist. “But I couldn’t get my homework done because I was always making dresses! So I decided that I probably should go with what I’m passionate about instead of trying to go with something that was rebellious against my family of artists.”

College was the University of Oklahoma — her parents, spooked by the 1992 L.A. riots, moved the family there from Orange County when Wilder was 16. Although it was “a bit of a culture shock,” she says, “I honestly feel like it made me a better version of myself. … If you’re an artist and a weirdo in Oklahoma, it’s kind of an identity, and it’s like big fish in a little pond, because there’s not much competition for a plus-size designer in Oklahoma.”

Visiting her brother in L.A., Wilder discovered the Fashion Institute of Design & Merchandising and became determined to attend. She went home and put together a new collection, shot it on models, did a PowerPoint presentation of it and, within six months, was a student there.

Something else came out of her FIDM days: husband Doug Meyer and, eventually, their two kids. “My first class was my husband’s class [in art history], and I fell in love with him at first sight. I’m pretty much that kind of person. I set my mind to something and I don’t let go until I get it,” she declares.

Her persistence has paid off. The Plus Bus celebrated its second birthday in April, and it’s going strong. “What I say is we took our closets and we turned it into a community,” Wilder says. “Since I was 14 until now — I’m 40 — it’s been such a huge change in the focus on women’s bodies. It used to be Barbie and now it’s Kim Kardashian,” Wilder continues. “But there’s so little thought in the fashion world of the plus-size customer. … It’s not just the clothes. It opens people, it allows them to envision their lives in a way that is different, and it allows them to envision a whole life that isn’t just held back by the value or worthiness of that body.” —Lisa D. Horowitz
Drew Droege is so prolific on that he doesn’t even know how many videos he’s done. He has impersonated Chloe Sevigny, voiced an animated unicorn and depicted enough bitchy gay men to rival RuPaul’s Drag Race. The comedic actor has been developing personalities online for a decade.

Growing up in North Carolina, Droege, 41, watched The Carol Burnett Show, Saturday Night Live and In Living Color. He was especially inspired by Doug Liman’s 1999 film Go, which included the movie debut of a then–little known Melissa McCarthy, a Groundlings alumna.

Droege moved to L.A. that same year and immediately enrolled in the improv school/theater. He joined the Groundlings’ Sunday Company and LGBTQ improv team The Gale, and is currently an instructor.

In 2002, Droege read a particularly pretentious interview with indie film’s then–It girl, Sevigny. “She was name-dropping so many esoteric, hyper-literate references,” recalls the Beachwood Canyon resident. “I thought, ‘This is so bizarre.’”

So he put on a blond wig and mimicked Sevigny in theaters and at TV auditions. No one understood the act. It was the early 2000s; most Americans didn’t know the difference between Balenciaga and Banana Republic.

Years later, Droege started posting videos of himself as Sevigny, and an Internet star was born. “Before digital comedy, you would just go into an office, pitch ideas to people and they would say yes or no,” he says. “In digital, you do what you want. There’s no middleman. There’s an audience for everything.”

Droege’s Sevigny is a symbol of Americans’ growing obsession with all things high-concept. After nearly 50 of the videos, he’s officiated a wedding as the actress and even appeared in a 2016 Marc Jacobs campaign.

Onstage at Silver Lake’s Cavern Club, Droege has embodied all sorts of larger-than-life women, such as Vogue villain Miranda Priestly in The Unauthorized Musical Parody of The Devil Wears Prada. But he doesn’t consider himself a drag queen. “I never set out to do that. I’m into the essence of the character.”

Droege is even more gifted at portraying snarky gay men, especially in Not Looking, a hilarious online parody of HBO’s Looking. “I’m not interested in playing likable people. It’s a lot more fun to be villains and assholes. We have to not lose our sense of humor, intelligence and context. It’s all about intention.”

Droege has a recurring role as a drama teacher in Paramount Network’s TV version of Heathers, premiering July 10. And he recently finished the New York run of his one-man show, Bright Colors and Bold Patterns, directed by Michael Urie. Written in 2013, the year gay marriage was legalized in California, the play centers on a lonely and caustic guest on the eve of a gay wedding in Palm Springs — where everyone is asked to resist wearing “bright colors and bold patterns” — who’s not only conflicted about marriage equality but the normalization of queer identity.

“I was thrilled,” Droege says, “but I wondered, what are we losing in the name of equality and trying to keep up with the Joneses, or rather, keep up with the straight? Because that’s what it feels like we’re doing. We’re taking away our brightness and boldness in the name of conformity.” —SIRAN BABAYAN
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FLATBREAD! PASTA! & SANDWICH
A lifelong resident of a city enthralled by fame, former Power Rangers actress Alyson Sullivan was oblivious to her own cult celebrity until she started appearing at fan conventions in 2014 — fully a dozen years after she'd starred as Taylor Earhardt (aka “the Yellow Power Ranger”) in superhero TV series Power Rangers Wild Force.

“I had lines [of fans] all day,” she recalls of her first convention, in Pasadena. “I had fans wearing my costume. … Boys were wearing my costume!”

While L.A. may boast more celebs per capita than anywhere else on Earth, Sullivan personifies what is probably a much larger segment of its population: entertainers who have on-again, off-again relationships with fame (and its accompanying fiscal rewards). In the case of this classically movie star–striking blonde, this means earning additional income from posing for photos and selling merchandise at “cons,” while also — of all things — handmaking and marketing her own brand of vegan mustard.

For 41-year-old Sullivan, whose family has lived in Los Feliz since 1913, these ostensibly diverse pursuits are bound by her instinctive, and very palpable, love for humankind.

“She has always been so warm and kind to other millennials,” says Sullivan’s 11-year-old son, Evan, who resides in Silver Lake with his parents. “She’s just a really wonderful person.”

Aft er studying theater at USC (“looking like me, I should have some type of degree”), she was (re)discovered by a producer for MTV’s Undressed while hosting at a Los Feliz restaurant. By 2002, having read for the show “probably six times,” she was a Power Ranger.

Yet her 40 episodes of Power Rangers didn’t make Sullivan (who appeared under her maiden name, Alyson Kiperman) feel famous, as most of the show’s fans were young children with whom she had little contact. So when Power Rangers conventions began in 2007, she ignored repeated invitations.

“I thought that I was going to show up and no one was going to care,” she insists. “I had no clue!”

Her long absence from cons, at which she now appears all over the U.S. and U.K., has only made her an even hotter commodity. The money she makes at these multiday events has been welcome, says Sullivan, who a few years ago sold her yellow Power Rangers vest on eBay for $1,500.

Following her season on the series, she co-owned a gym franchise in Hancock Park for many years, while also appearing in Lifetime TV shows and in Larry Bishop’s 2008’s neo-outlaw biker film Hell Ride. She’s slated to star in another Bishop movie, The One-Way Ride, which is in preproduction.

For the past four years, Sullivan also has been developing and selling her Sullivan Farms Sweet & Spicy Mustard. Based on a friend’s family recipe, modified to be gluten-, dairy- and soy-free, the business was born from her passion for throwing holiday parties, where guests would insist she start selling her condiment creation.

“It gave me so much delight to … feed all the people who didn’t grow up here [in L.A.],” she glows, “who didn’t have a family to go to.”

Originally sold at local farmers markets, Sullivan Farms Mustard now is available at Larchmont Village Wine, Spirits & Cheese; the Oaks Gourmet in Hollywood; and the Cheese Store of Silver Lake. Sullivan says also she’s in talks with two major supermarket chains. —PAUL ROGERS
A lifelong resident of a city enthralled by fame, former Power Rangers actress Aly-son Sullivan was oblivious to her own cult celebrity until she started appearing at fan conventions in 2014 — fully a dozen years after she'd starred as Taylor Earhardt (aka "the Yellow Power Ranger") in superhero TV series Power Rangers Wild Force.

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"I like to make people happy," she enthuses, demurely perched on the sofa of the tiny Silver Lake bungalow she shares with her Irish drummer husband, as their seven pets chirp and slurp interjections. "Whether it's acting or feeding them."

The disarmingly charming Sullivan was a fixture in TV commercials from age 9, and recalls first being asked for autographs while a recurring character in The Torkelsons sitcom in her mid-teens. After a break from professional acting while studying theater at USC ("looking like me, I should have some type of degree"), she was (re)discovered by a producer for MTV’s Undressed while hosting at a Los Feliz restaurant. By 2002, having read for the show "probably six times," she was a Power Ranger.

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For the past four years, Sullivan also has been developing and selling her Sullivan Farms Sweet & Spicy Mustard. Based on a friend’s family recipe, modified to be gluten-, dairy- and soy-free, the business was born from her passion for throwing holiday parties, where guests would insist she start selling her condiment creation.

“It gave me so much delight to … feed all the people who didn’t grow up here [in L.A.]," she glows, "who didn’t have a family to go to."

Originally sold at local farmers markets, Sullivan Farms Mustard now is available at Larchmont Village Wine, Spirits & Cheese; the Oaks Gourmet in Hollywood; and the Cheese Store of Silver Lake. Sullivan says also she’s in talks with two major supermarket chains.

—Paul Rogers
FriendsWithYou is the art-making duo of Samuel Borkson and Arturo Sandoval III, aka Sam and Tury to their friends, which includes you. They've been working collaboratively since 2002, starting out in Miami, where they operated a sort of open studio that was not only a workspace but an indie-art gathering place. In 2012 they packed up their circus and moved to Los Angeles, their home ever since, although their nonstop exhibition schedule keeps them globetrotting.

Highlights of just the past few years include locales from Seoul to Art Basel, Singapore, MOCA, the High Line, the Santa Monica Pier and the most happy-making booth at this year's Art Los Angeles Contemporary art fair, courtesy of New York–based the Hole. (Pro tip: Next time you see that giant rocking-horse Pokey sculpture they showed at ALAC, remember you are in fact allowed to ride it.)

FWY is beloved by actual kids and the inner children of fancy art folks alike for its fantastical, candy-store cartoon wonderlands of inflatable, illuminated, large-scale, immersive public art installations and shared interactive experiences, from bouncy castles to virtual reality. FWY also paint, sculpt, perform live and are three seasons into an animated Netflix series, True and the Rainbow Kingdom, working with Pharrell Williams’ production company.

By blurring boundaries between high and low, art and life, play and culture, toys and objets d’art, FWY seek to erase the boundaries that separate people from one another.

And that is the really special idea at the core of what FWY do. Their work looks like playtime — like an acid dream of playtime — but the truth is, as Tury, 41, puts it, “We ask high theological questions, based on deep things we mine in the art world. "We've always been medium-agnostic," he explains, "with a greater goal of forging meaningful connections. One day I'm maybe sick of working with the technology, and I want to use my hands, so I get some clay! It's more like conceptual art — we ask the same question but always framed a different way. And that is: How can we create long-lasting communal interaction?"

“Our consciousness changes all the time,” offers Sam, 38, “and this is reflected in the work. Making these things is a healing bath.” The two of them carry on working while you’re talking to them, drawing mostly, but today they’re making clay sculptures that will become a series of unique bronze castings. They move with a casual joyfulness, which translates into the work. Often, they produce large runs of affordable editions, specifically to create an intentionality for being inclusive and accessible, the better to spread the peace and love.

Soon they’ll decamp for an NEA-supported residency in Shreveport, Louisiana. Three months of activations within underserved communities. “Our medicine is fine art,” Sam says. “We want to think free like kids do, to inspire and be inspired by them to be champions for humanity. Fuck Instagram, fuck likes, we need to win back humanity's love for this world.”

Their inflatables and paintings, sculptures and designed editions are intriguing and eminently covetable. But asked about their experiments with VR and AI, Tury gets even more excited. “Mixed reality is here and it's going to get so freaking weird! This is a crazy moment of enlightenment, and we don't know what to do with it yet.”

They agree that humanity has a lot of choices to make. Their advice? “Be yourself, get weird and enjoy the adventure.”

“It's about transcending ego,” Tury concludes. “If you're doing it right, you're channeling some shit you don't even understand.”

—Shana Nys Dambrot
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“It’s about transcending ego,” Tury concludes. “If you’re doing it right, you’re channeling some shit you don’t even understand.” —SHANA NYS DAMBROT
Horror films are big business these days. Just ask Screamfest founder and festival director Rachel Belofsky, who has done her part to help shepherd the slasher and sci-fi industry into its newfound respect.

Genre movies have come a long way since the era of video nasties. The masked maniacs, mad scientists and knife-wielding boogeymen who once drew the ire of parents and critics have finally found a place in Hollywood’s good graces thanks to a little Oscar attention and a whole lot of box office appeal.

“I started in 2001 when I had produced a documentary called Fast Women, about women in auto racing. I took it to festivals and it won awards, but the experience wasn’t enriching. I felt lost in festivals,” Belofsky says. “After that, I felt I wanted to do something to help filmmakers. It really came from a place of understanding that you go to these festivals to show your film, but now what?”

When Belofsky aimed to start a film fest of her own, she quickly noted that there wasn’t a local festival for horror pics. “It was baffling to me since it was genre that makes Hollywood millions of dollars, yet it’s treated as the bastard child of the industry.”

A longtime fan of the genre, the director-producer made the jump. She was quickly supported by Hollywood’s neglected film community.

Now in its 18th year, the “Sundance of Horror” spotlights short films and features that offer gore, guts and grime dripping from each frame (it runs Oct. 9-18 this year, and submissions are open). Embraced by genre-loving cinephiles, Screamfest has made its mark on the industry as a fount for new talent.

“Paranormal Activity was probably our biggest achievement: discovering those filmmakers and having Oren (Peli) go on to build a successful franchise,” Belofsky says. “But really, it’s the small, individual moments that are great, like helping a filmmaker get his film sold. This year, for instance, there was an unknown filmmaker who directed Vidar the Vampire and it got sold to Epic Pictures. And he said the best thing to ever happen to his indie film was coming to Screamfest, because that’s where they saw it and bought it.

“It’s awesome. We make those connections and we see the results the next day.”

While it’s a challenge for traditional Hollywood to cozy up to its genre peeps, there has been a gradual switch in attitude toward the scene, which validates Belofsky’s hard work.

“The genre is slowly becoming more accepted,” she says. “We just did a screening of Mom & Dad. It’s bloody but it isn’t a horror film, per se. It’s a black comedy. Yet we were able to do a screening last month with Nicolas Cage right before its release.”

This is a big change from past requests, when studios and producers did their best to avoid a genre label. “There wasn’t that automatic shutdown that might have happened in past years,” she says.

“Screamfest benefits the community by giving them a place to come and show their work while we try to pair them with like-minded filmmakers that can help,” Belofsky says. “It’s a place to come and not be judged. Everyone here gets everybody.”

To budding scribes, Screamfest offers a screenplay writing competition; the winner gets a chunk of change to help with their chosen path and a sit-down with a Blumhouse exec as a way to help open doors.

“I would like the festival to be remembered as an event that really helped filmmakers while championing the genre,” Belofsky says. “And to give the people of Los Angeles a chance to experience new indie films, see them first and to jump on the next big trend or cult hit before anyone else.”

—ERIN MAXWELL
JUNE PROGRAM
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Evening meetings (7:30 PM - 8:45 PM) Talks and questions on Theosophy

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June 3 - Reincarnation: Do we remember?
June 10 - Relationship and Solitude
June 17 - The United Lodge of Theosophists:
  What, How, Why?
June 24 - The Heart Doctrine

WEDNESDAY AT THEOSOPHY HALL
Study Class, 1:00 to 2:15 PM in The Bhagavad-Gita
Study Class, 6:15 to 7:20 PM in Wednesday Thinkers - Basic Theosophy
Study Class, 7:30 to 8:45 PM in The Secret Doctrine by H.P. Blavatsky
Spanish Study Class, 7:30 to 9:00 PM in La Doctrina Secreta by H.P. Blavatsky

SATURDAYS (THE FIRST SATURDAY OF THE MONTH)
Spanish Study Class, 2:30 to 6:00 PM in La Doctrina Secreta by H.P. Blavatsky

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"I’m going to tell you this story of a family you consider illegal but you’re gonna recognize as uniquely American," writer Rafael Agustin says of the “edgy, Latino Wonder Years” TV show he’s sold based on his life growing up undocumented in L.A. “I always wanted to call it Illegal because I wanted to make a statement: ‘Listen, we’re gonna get rid of this word once and for all.’”

We’re at Silver Lake’s El Caserio, and since Agustin is Ecuadorian, not only are my taste buds grateful that llapingachos beat out Salvadorean pupusas (my suggestion) but there’s also a realization of a shared experience as our talk centers on being Latin American immigrants in America. We indulge in a varied spread, ranging from the origins of ceviche to magical realism to telenovelas to Trump and DACA.

“We lived a minimum-wage existence for a very long time, but my parents always instilled hard work and education,” says Agustin, 37. Currently writing for The CW’s runaway hit Jane the Virgin, he echoes the experience of not just many a Dreamer but also a majority of Americans. His experience as an Ecuadorian immigrant would be familiar to many Angelinos as well.

Nigger, Wetback, Chink is the name of the play that put Agustin on the map. He co-wrote it, co-starred in it and toured it all over the country to much critical acclaim, if some predictable controversy due to its unspeakable title. The play is a three-man show dealing with cultural stereotypes in the time of “Obama, Sotomayor and the Tea Party,” as the Weekly wrote in 2011.

Considering there are comparatively few Ecuadorians in L.A., I ask him how he’ll portray growing up Latino on that autobiographical show he’s sold, which he’s developing with Jane star Gina Rodriguez. “My starting point is my experience, which is Ecuadorian. But it’s gonna be global real quick. You cannot tell a Latino story in the U.S. without taking into account the Mexican and Central American experience.”

That experience just got a lot richer for many kids throughout California, thanks in part to Agustin’s role as executive director of the Youth Cinema Project for the Latino Film Institute. Open to inner-city students of all races, the program arms fourth- to 12th-graders with movie cameras to point, shoot and inspire at a time when schools are being threatened with insane ideas on how to make learning environments safe.

“We bring graduate-level film class to schools, hoping to engage kids in a different way, trying to prevent dropouts. Our secret is we don’t want to make filmmakers, we want to make sure every kid goes to college,” Agustin says.

This summer, Agustin also will help enrich the cinematic landscape as executive director of the Los Angeles Latino Film Festival (June 20-24 at the Chinese TCL Theatre). As a Latino writer, he’s aware there’s a lot at stake in not only curating the talent but also being part of the talent pool that’s tearing down walls and breaking glass ceilings.

“There are phenomenal directors, actors, DPs. But we haven’t focused on our writing, and that’s what we need a bigger push on. We’re just now telling deeper, meaningful, complex stories.” If Agustin’s personal story is any indication, there will be a wave of meaningful, complex Latino stories to celebrate in our future.

—Marvin Miranda
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Even by modern opera standards, Peabody Southwell is a fascinating anomaly. The 34-year-old L.A. native is that rare singer who is equally at home in traditional, classic opera productions and more adventurous, avant-garde experiments. Even rarer, Southwell is a vocalist who is also a director, dramaturge, and production and costume designer.

In recent seasons with L.A. Opera, the mezzo-soprano has demonstrated her impressive range by vamping it up as the coquettish La Ciesca in Woody Allen's production of Giacomo Puccini's bittersweet farce *Gianni Schicchi*, stealing scenes as a charismatic Paquette earlier this year in Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* and flitting about a sur-really cartoonlike set as the ethereal Third Lady in Barrie Kosky's visually fantastic interpretation of W.A. Mozart's *The Magic Flute*.

Southwell revealed much more of herself — literally and figuratively — when she daringly performed fully nude as the corpse of an executed murderess in the 2016 world premiere of David Lang's bloody and engrossingly macabre operatic vivisection, *Anatomy Theater*. In another experimental production at REDCAT, she portrayed the Doctor in Beth Morrison Projects’ 2017 adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's psychological drama *Persona*.

“For me, being naked on a table covered in fake blood while a bunch of men pontificate about my evilness felt very resonant of the perception of women in [modern] society,” Southwell says about *Anatomy Theater* during an interview at her home perched on a steep hill in Echo Park, where she lives with Twombly, a courtly black Lab mix. “Opera is about telling human stories in one of the most primal ways we can.”

Southwell has appeared with L.A. Philharmonic, San Francisco Symphony and Long Beach Opera. She has worked alongside an unusual assortment of directors, conductors, singers and composers from traditional and avant-garde disciplines, including Plácido Domingo, James Conlon, John Adams, Esa-Pekka Salonen, Michael Tilson-Thomas and Ted Hearne. She'll make her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York this fall in composer Nico Muhly's *Marnie*.

“I'm proud to be known as game,” Southwell adds about her reputation for taking on challenging roles. She was raised in Glassell Park and Sierra Madre by her mother, Joan Southwell (“a super creative preschool teacher”), and her father, Tom, a production designer. “I grew up on film sets,” she says, and began singing at age 4. “My dad claims I sang before I spoke.” One of her grandmother’s friends sternly warned Southwell’s parents, “Your daughter will be an opera singer; don't mess it up.”

“I have no interest in giving up singing. It's a compulsion for me. ... But my voice is activated by fuller activity,” Southwell says. “I'm fascinated by stories and how that translates into sets and costumes,” as well as how she can shape often-complicated opera plots into streamlined narratives. “The dramaturge is the protector of the story,” she explains.

“I consider all these interests as one skill, which is storytelling,” Southwell says. “I think that the classical and opera scene in L.A. is completely underrated. ... It felt for a while that we had a cultural vacuum here, but it's filling with a vengeance. And I'm really happy to be a part of it.” —Falling Mayweather
Joe Sanberg, a California native, has spent the past eight years as a philanthropic entrepreneur building socially conscious companies and organizations. Most notably, he is the founder of aspiration.com and of the nonprofit CalEITC4Me.org.

Sanberg’s passion for helping others afford life’s basic needs began early; he experienced the very problems he is determined to rectify. His father left him and his mother when Sanberg was young and didn’t provide any financial support. “I grew up in a low-income household with a single mom and an abusive father who terrorized my family,” he says.

Sanberg attended Harvard, where he was a community organizer, on student loans and aid. He wanted a job that let him provide financial security for his mother — so he went into the financial industry in New York City.

Nearly a decade ago, Sanberg moved back to California. “I wanted to build businesses that fix problems instead of create them,” says the 38-year-old L.A. resident. “There is a huge opportunity to create socially conscious enterprises that can tackle the biggest, hardest problems. And the biggest problem we face right now is that most people who are working can’t afford life’s basic needs. We have an economy that isn’t valuing work and a culture that has become obsessed with treating us all as variables instead of treating us as humans who have value and worth.

“California has the highest rate of poverty in the country — one in five Californians live in poverty,” he says. And it’s a women’s issue.

“The gender wage gap is most severe among low-income women, like my mom, who are at the wrong end of a rigged economy.”

These issues inspired him to develop aspiration.com in 2013 and CalEITC4Me in 2015. Aspiration.com makes it easier for people to match their values with their banking, investing and spending, he says. It is a financial company that gives people access to socially conscious bank accounts and investing tools.

Aspiration.com invests in “humanitarian companies” that match the customer’s values. “Every single day we can use our spending to promote goodness in the world,” he says.

Sanberg also aims to offset the gender wage gap, specifically by lifting the wages of low- and middle-income women. He created the group that first lobbied state lawmakers to pass the Earned Income Tax Credit (EITC) — a cash-back tax credit for low-wage earners.

However, the state didn’t initiate any outreach to make sure people knew about the EITC, so Sanberg created CalEITC4Me.org. The group operates statewide, encompassing a coalition of partners who work in low-income communities to spread awareness of the tax credit and encourage those eligible to file their taxes so they can receive it.

On May 9, Sanberg announced that CalEITC4Me had “sparked over 1.2 million low-income households to claim the EITC they’ve earned,” and those households have received $285 million of CalEITC and nearly $2 billion in federal credits.

“There were issues that I saw when I was 6 years old, when there would be one pot of Hamburger Helper for four or five meals for an entire week,” Sanberg says. “I take this issue deeply seriously and won’t be satisfied by anything else in my life than creating a country where everyone can afford life’s basic needs.” —LYDIA KEATING
If there are two things in this world that can help keep out the chatter and help one stay balanced, it’s yoga and a glass of good wine. Yogi sommelier Chiara Shannon has brought the two together at her workshops, which combine wine tasting and yoga.

In fact, the 37-year-old is one of the only known dual certified sommeliers and 500-hour yoga instructors in Southern California.

“Yoga and wine intersect on many different levels,” Shannon says. “I’ve been practicing yoga for 20 years and in the wine business for 10 years.

“Wine tasting is a very focused practice that requires discipline, and my experience with yoga helped me with that. Focusing on the breath, being in the present moment, tuning out distractions and concentrating on what’s going on in terms of sight, smell and taste. The yoga practice of sensory discrimination control is exactly what you do when you evaluate wine.”

A native Angeleno, Shannon grew up in La Cañada Flintridge and landed in Napa Valley after attending college at UC Berkeley and traveling through the vineyards of Spain.

She spent time in Northern California wineries sampling vintages and living in the moment, which ignited her fascination with oenology, the study of wine, and her desire to educate others.

She started working at Napa Valley’s Schramsberg Vineyard, where she developed her love of sparkling wine and knowledge of seasonal patterns and all that is wine making. She went on to become K&L Wine Merchants’ head sommelier in the Bay Area and is now a certified sommelier and full-time manager at Mission Wines in Pasadena.

She says she came back home to be part of the energized downtown L.A. food, wine and arts renaissance and to become part of the changing Greater Los Angeles neighborhood landscape.

One of her typical studio workshops is about two hours long; it starts with yoga and meditation practice and ends with wine tasting. Fifteen minutes are spent just looking at the wine, which itself is an exercise in discipline because students usually want to just dive right in.

“It’s not a happy hour let’s-do-yoga approach. I don’t think doing yoga and getting drunk is helpful to people. That implicates imbalance,” says Shannon, who takes her instruction very seriously.

Then comes the education in taste and smell, questions and answers. The whole experience is designed to demystify wine tasting in a very relaxed and focused state.

Her destination workshops are a half-day with yoga practice and a vineyard tour with grower and winemaker; they culminate in a lunch with food and wine pairings and discussions about balance in wine and yoga.

Her class will be part of this fall’s four-day nature and wellness “Restival” in the middle of the Arizona desert, which promises to help participants escape the digital grind and reconnect. All wines in the workshops are organic, biodynamic or naturally made from grapes farmed without pesticides, she says.

“Even though I’m certified in both, I still consider myself a student of wine and a student of yoga,” Shannon says. “A yogi sommelier is a yoga-informed educator of wine who speaks to an audience that has wellness and health as a center to their lives and enjoys good food and wine. There are so many threads that connect it all.”

—Michele Stueven
To know D.H. Peligro is to like him. The St. Louis native with the warm voice has an infectious smile and the sort of easygoing vibe that’s incredibly easy to be around. He’s also dripped in humility; there’s nothing about Peligro that instantly betrays the fact that he has a more-than-impressive punk rock pedigree.

Peligro, 58, is the drummer with Bay Area punk legends The Dead Kennedys, as he has been since their 1981 EP In God We Trust. Incendiary debut album Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables is the only DKs album Peligro isn’t on, though very soon after joining the band, he made those early tracks his own.

Peligro was convinced to journey to San Francisco from St. Louis by a friend who wanted him to join his band. When Peligro arrived, he found himself comfortable in his new surroundings, with an eclectic array of people everywhere he looked.

“I loved the city and the way it was set up,” he says. “When we didn’t have a place to stay, we would go to all the gay hangouts and wonder why there were no girls in there. I was 17, and I didn’t understand. They would dose me with loads of acid and the city looked even better. I got a van and a job, and I was living in the van in an alley.”

Peligro ended up joining a local punk band called SSI, and that band would occasionally open for The Dead Kennedys. “I was working at a gay bondage hotel, and The Dead Kennedys would come on the radio,” Peligro says. “I really liked them, and they were in heavy rotation. The drummer had left and I was willing, so I auditioned. The rest is history.”

At that point, there were very few black people in punk bands, Bad Brains being a notable exception. Peligro says that in San Francisco he received very little grief. But touring was a different matter.

“You go down South, you go across the Midwest, then people were thinking that it was music for white people, or I was the janitor or security or something,” he recalls. “You got to experience the racism firsthand, because everybody wasn’t as open-minded as they were in San Francisco. It’s a bit more open and accepted today, but there’s still pockets of people who want to use punk rock to create hate music.”

That angers me to no end.”

The Dead Kennedys broke up in 1986 and, in ’88, Peligro relocated to Los Angeles (where he still resides) and briefly joined The Red Hot Chili Peppers. That didn’t last long, although he did co-write three songs on the Mother’s Milk album. He played in a bunch of other bands and then, in 2001, The Dead Kennedys re-formed with singer Brandon Cruz.

The DKs still tour (Ron “Skip” Greer now has the mic), and the drummer also has his own band simply called Peligro.

“I’m still doing Peligro, and we’re recording some new stuff at the moment,” he says. “DKs got some stuff coming up in the summer. We’ll probably go to Europe and do some festivals over there.”

Peligro has written a script based on a book he wrote, and he’s looking to do a series. “It’s about all the stuff you don’t hear about from African-American punk rockers. Music would take me to places I wouldn’t normally go, and it’s fine while you were onstage but when you got off, they’d get drunk and call you all kinds of names.” —BRETT GILWOOD
Undocumented status should be temporary and change to something more permanent for everyone,” Angelica Salas, executive director of the Coalition of Humane Immigrant Rights (CHIRLA), says during an interview in the organization’s Westlake office. “That’s why we are fighting for a permanent immigration solution.”

It’s a principle born of personal experience. Before obtaining a green card and eventually citizenship, Salas was an undocumented child whose family was torn apart by immigration politics. Then, as a history major at Occidental College, delving into immigration, race relations and Latin America, Salas had an epiphany: “This isn’t just about my family, it’s really about a system.”

While her post-graduation trajectory was bound for the Northeast — grad school at Yale and, she recalls with a hint of humor, a man she loved at Princeton — the brewing battle over California’s anti-immigrant Proposition 187 inexorably drew her to CHIRLA as a volunteer.

“I remember thinking I would stay one more year [at CHIRLA],” she reflects. “But as everything fell into place, I decided to stay — one of the best choices of my life.”

While Salas is an impassioned orator, she’s resolute in preferring to raise resources for the community rather than running for office. AB 60, a law that gives the undocumented access to driver’s licenses, is a point of particular pride — and not just because it took a decade of perseverance and politicking. In many respects it embodies Salas’ ethos: grassroots legislation that offers some security in police interactions and an economic and social resource for millions daily. It’s one more plank in a nationally scalable policy framework that integrates immigrants into mainstream America.

In her 23-year tenure at CHIRLA, Salas has prioritized identifying and investing in “today and tomorrow’s community leaders.” In fact, “The organization’s leaders today are the immigrant youths I met 10, 15, maybe even five years ago,” she declares proudly.

There have been challenges. Salas was onstage in MacArthur Park on May Day 2007 when the LAPD, truncheons swinging and rubber bullets flying, drove out demonstrators — the brewing battle over California’s anti-immigrant Proposition 187 inexorably drew her to CHIRLA as a volunteer.

“To the immigrant community, the state and the country, Salas has a simple message: “CHIRLA is going to be with you. We’re going to fight, we’re here and won’t back down. We’re going to defend our families.” — Avery Bissett
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It’s been 18 years since Alex Hernandez opened the now-beloved Alex’s Bar in Long Beach. The venue, with a vibe that falls somewhere between punk dive and vampiric love nest, is a haven for musicians and lovers of music alike. Most nights of the week, quality rock & roll can be seen and heard — and heard clearly thanks to the great sound.

Before going into business for himself, Hernandez, 45, had been booking shows since 1994. He was working security at Long Beach’s now-defunct Foothill Club and would receive demo tapes from hopeful bands, which he would pass on to the head booker.

“I started booking shows on Sundays at the Foothill — their all-ages night,” Hernandez says. “I branched out and started booking shows at the Clipper and the Java Lanes [both in Long Beach], I just went on from there.”

By 2000, the Foothill and the Clipper had been sold, and Java Lanes was winding down. Hernandez saw a hole in the market and felt that, with his years of experience, he was the man to fill it.

“There was definitely a need, and I felt it was time to have more control over what I was doing,” he says. “Working with different club owners was always really difficult, trying to get everybody to push toward the same goal of making shows successful.”

It wasn’t smooth sailing from day one, and Hernandez says he made all of his mistakes early — got them out of the way. He had no mentors, no teachers, and it was a constant struggle. In fact, he says, it still is.

“People think we’ve been open so long so we must have it down — it must be easy,” he says. “The struggle never stops. You’re paddling in a canoe against the current constantly, and if you stop paddling you’re gonna go down the falls.

“We’re such a niche market,” he says. “The music industry isn’t what it was, so we’re trying to keep the music industry going a little bit. Support and nurture the local scene, keep developing artists, and then be waiting there for them when they’re coming back down and not playing the 1,000-capacity rooms anymore.”

Nowadays, Alex’s Bar is a room that bands love playing. It’s a home base for a Long Beach music scene that Hernandez believes is in a good place right now.

“There are plenty of rooms to play in town,” he says. “The city’s evolved through the years since I started, from being completely anti-music. It took us two years to get the entertainment license because the city was so anti-music at that point. Now we have Mayor [Robert] Garcia, who’s embraced the local scene. Put music back on the street.

“I would have never imagined things would come ‘round to where we are now from where we were when I started. I’ve just been doing it longer than anyone else. Agents know that if they’re trying to book a show that isn’t L.A. proper, I’m the guy.”

Hernandez lists The Melvins, Black Flag and The Jesus and Mary Chain among his favorite bands to have graced the Alex’s Bar stage. As for the future, he’s hoping for more of the same.

“Kids keep on picking up guitars and making music,” he says. “I don’t see it slowing down at any point. Especially when you see who we have in office for president. There are plenty of angry kids looking to make music.”

—Brett Callwood
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"Helps with my chronic pain & a family member with their social anxiety. Wish I hadn't waited so long to try it!"

-Renee K., Verified Buyer
Dancer Lee Angel was midcentury rock & roll’s premier muse, a backstage asset who exerted an irresistible force over Little Richard, Screamin’ Jay Hawkins and Jackie Wilson.

She was both a burlesque legend and the ultimate rock & roll insider — when John Lennon and Yoko Ono got together, Apple execs ponied up long coin and begged Angel to break ’em up — but she would have no part of the sleazy scheme, she has said.

For Angel, it all started as an out-of-nowhere fluke. “It was 1956, I was done with high school for the day and out doing an errand for my stepmom,” Angel says. “All the kids were excited about the big dance that night with Little Richard, but they said, ‘We know you won’t be there,’ because I hated Little Richard’s music.”

With his “Long Tall Sally” storming the Top 10, the frantic, self-proclaimed architect of rock & roll was pacing the floor in a hotel room when he spied Angel’s stupefying physique gliding along the sidewalk.

“Someone came up to me on the street and said, ‘Excuse me, Little Richard wants to meet you,’” Angel recalls. “I said, ‘Does he know I’m a girl?’ Curiosity kicked in, as usual, and I walked in that room, took one look at Richard, and we’re still close 68 years later.”

The pair’s instamatic perma-bond became an almost mythic alliance, one that bred much lurid speculation, due in no small part to Richard’s well-known switch-hitting hyper-sexuality and penchant for staging the most untamed orgies. “He’d have little midget women running back and forth around this huge, giant man. All kinds of people,” musician Dewey Terry told me in 2001. “But Angel never took part in it, because Richard just wanted her to watch and he made sure that’s all she did.”

Angel hit the road with Richard but soon found her own career in the arts. “Dizzy Gillespie was the one who really gave me the clue to start dancing. I was in Nashville and went to hear him play. ‘Night in Tunisia’ started the whole thing — I was dancing with someone and all of a sudden I was floating in air. Dizzy brought me up onstage, said, ‘You’re a dancer, now become a musician’ — he wanted me to be like a saxophone, another instrument in the band.”

She fell in with Screamin’ Jay Hawkins, the horror-rock wildman with whom she also maintained a torrid lifelong alliance. “I miss Jay,” Angel says. “The insanity we had in our lives throughout the years was unbelievable. I left Savannah for Philadelphia and had just started dancing when I met him. We were staying in the same boardinghouse and he was giving me the ‘I was the only one for him’ line. Then he walked in with another ‘only one’ and I really gave it to him! And that went on throughout our entire relationship, back and forth.”

Angel’s trove of high-flying, hard-living memories is as inexhaustible as it is flabbergasting, but even at the most intense moments, she maintains a coolly elegant, very Southern air of reserved genteel. Following some recent health issues (heart surgery and a rehab stint), she bounced back in typically spectacular fashion, tossing her walker aside and hitting the dance floor at a 2017 fundraiser.

Ironically, she was never a big fan of rock music. “I always liked the freedom of jazz when I was dancing. I picked all my own songs and I did it all over the world for 30 years,” she says. “I never dreamed I’d have such a life, but I did have a lot of fun.”

—Jonny Whiteside
Dancer Lee Angel was midcentury rock & roll's premier muse, a backstage asset who exerted an irresistible force over Little Richard, Screamin' Jay Hawkins and Jackie Wilson. She was both a burlesque legend and the ultimate rock & roll insider — when John Lennon and Yoko Ono got together, Apple execs ponied up long coin and begged Angel to break 'em up — but she would have no part of the sleazy scheme, she has said.

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The tall, unassuming gent sprawling in the lounge at downtown's Seven Grand whiskey bar, sporting a flannel shirt and jeans, might easily pass for a customer, but he's here to chat about his burgeoning sidewalk empire of cocktail lounges. For nearly two decades, Cedd Moses has helmed 213 Hospitality, the organization responsible for more than a score of distinctive drinking (and eating) establishments that have revitalized the downtown L.A. social scene — and a few other scenes as well.

But before taking up the subject of his enterprise, Moses takes up the drink he just ordered and rhapsodizes about Seven Grand's newly installed machine that concocts the perfect highball. "It allows you to achieve the right levels of carbonation and coldness so that the ice doesn't dilute the whiskey," he enthuses.

Whiskey is just one of Moses' passions — he's a downtown L.A. booster in love with the grit and texture of its older buildings, so it's no accident that most of his establishments are sited in historic structures. "Generally, for a bar, you don't need obvious retail frontage — it's better to have an element of discovery," he says, explaining why some of his properties are below street level or otherwise tucked away.

The Varnish is Moses' homage to a Prohibition-era speakeasy, and is itself hidden at the rear of the street-level Cole's French Dip, L.A.'s oldest restaurant, which Moses took over (and saved) in 2007, and restored to the tune of $1.6 million. Surprisingly, this isn't the business Moses started out in. It's no secret that his father was celebrated L.A. artist Ed Moses, and that he comes from a family of creative trailblazers. Moses, 58, began as a money manager, but his upbringing encouraged passionate exploration, and now he embraces his love of food and drink, atmospheric places and noirish sensibilities. He's also an inveterate racetrack habitué: His first bar, Liquid Kitty, was named for Moses' own thoroughbred horse (which in turn was named for a punk band he played in).

All these passions are at home at 213 Hospitality, which has expanded to new cities (San Diego and Austin, Texas, where 7 Grand has new outposts), and whose other L.A. venues are now almost too numerous to mention. Moses is loath to single out any of his properties as favorites, but he does like to observe that one of his earliest, the Golden Gopher, has the oldest liquor license in L.A. "It's grandfathered to actually allow carry-out booze," he says.

Another one on his mind in blueprints: the long-shuttered 1939 Harvey House restaurant at Union Station, a magnificent cavernous space that Moses has leased and will open later this year with an in-house brewery.

But what Moses is most passionate about is people — his 600-plus staff and those in his host neighborhoods. "I see the 213 business as an inverted pyramid. I'm at the bottom — and I work for everyone else," he says, adding that he strives to build a nurturing, career path-focused environment where barbacks can aspire to be mixologists, where brewmasters and events staff have room to grow.

Meanwhile, outside the doors of many 213 Hospitality properties are throngs of homeless men, women and children. To raise funds for L.A.'s 60,000 dispossessed, Moses co-founded the nonprofit Spirited Coalition for Change, whose current focus, Hope Gardens, offers services to women and children. "If you order the Community Drink at any of our participating bars, $1 goes to the nonprofit. We hope to raise $150,000 this year for Hope Gardens," he explains.

It's clear that what Moses also hopes to raise is awareness that downtown Los Angeles is now a vibrant, 'round-the-clock district, alive with entertainment and authentic social interaction. He and his team just happen to be one of the biggest reasons why. Like the machine in his whiskey bar, he's added much more fizziness to the mix. —Jeffrey Burbank
Shawn Simons remembers the first cat she ever saved. With her Kitty Bungalow Charm School for Wayward Cats, Simons and her assistants have for the past eight years intercepted, spayed, neutered and released or rehoused more than 8,000 feral cats in Los Angeles. As ongoing dilemmas of city life go, stray cats can rank up there with potholes and downed power lines; they are as much a part of the landscape as the trees and the traffic and the tragedies.

But when people talk about the at-risk members of a society, they usually forget about the wildlife. Shawn Simons doesn’t forget.

His name was Mittens. Simons and her husband originally built a fence to keep out the mean, surly tomcat. Emblematic of the exploding cat population of the West Adams area to which they’d moved, Mittens one day just threw himself at their feet. Ravaged by mange and fatigue. Reduced from a rough alpha to a pathetic cripple. “My husband was really the animal lover,” Simons says. “I didn’t grow up with animals. I never wanted to be a vet. I never wanted to have a pony when I was little.”

What she did want, however, was to solve a problem. Simons, 49, a former reality TV producer, realized that she could no longer bear the rigors and inertia of that job shortly after she began rescuing cats. The original Kitty Bungalow Charm School for Wayward Cats — first located in a 1979 Travel Trailer, then a small coach house and now a 1,700-square-foot complex — was inspired by the street urchins in Dickens’ *Oliver Twist*.

Simons quickly discovered that if she was only rescuing the kittens across the already overpopulated cat landscape, and not addressing the root of the problem, “I could do that for the rest of my life and only rescue the cats coming from my backyard,” she says. During her time developing Kitty Bungalow, she’s become an unusually aware and involved community organizer, learning about everything from hyper-local politics to no-kill shelters to the technique known as TNR (trap, neuter, return) — something she calls “the first real tool to solve the problem” of cat overpopulation in Los Angeles.

While all those neutered cats might indicate a great success story for Kitty Bungalow, the reality is slightly more complex. “We’re working on a proposal now to talk with some of the big organizations, like the ASPCA and Best Friends, about changing how funding is approached for TNR,” she says.

Closing out colonies of feral cats is Kitty Bungalow’s ultimate goal — not just allocating funds to various areas of Los Angeles, because cats in heat can be notoriously nomadic. If that weren’t enough, the city of Los Angeles issued a TNR injunction eight years ago on behalf of local bird watchers, vexed that so many feral cats were biting their beloved birds.

This meant “no speaking about, no educating, no funding, no anything about TNR,” which of course means that people who don’t know any better — were they to look to the city for guidance — likely would take feral cats to shelters, where they’re eventually exterminated. Also forbidden from recommending people to Kitty Bungalow are the ASPCA and Best Friends — both of which operate from buildings on city property.

It’s a challenging, maddening and downright draining process — or, as Simons rather memorably puts it, “Charity is hard.” —David Cotter
American theater has long been a lively forum for political activism and consciousness-raising, and in these turbulent times its role is as sharp-elbowed as ever. It’s the perfect moment, in other words, for an artist like Snehal Desai.

“There’s always been a strongly political part of me,” says Desai, 38, who in July 2016 was appointed artistic director of East West Players, one of the country’s most important Asian-American theater companies. A recent production was Allegiance, George Takei’s musical about his Japanese-American family’s experiences in an internment camp when he was a child during WWII.

“Theater excels at making performers and audiences imagine what it’s like to be in someone else’s shoes,” Desai says.

He learned early on what it was like to be an outsider. “I grew up in a very rural town in Pennsylvania, a place where people looked at me differently and I stood out. Theater became an escape for me.”

He pursued acting through middle school and high school. “When I was 16 I did my first project outside of school. It was a play called Into the Black Hole, inspired by a true story about a woman who had suffered from spousal abuse at the hands of two men. Early on in our run, we performed the play for a domestic violence shelter. I saw the impact of what theater can do and how it can affect lives and speak to social changes.”

When college beckoned, Desai’s parents — immigrants from India — persuaded him to pursue something more serious. Ironically, it was honoring his parents’ wish that honed Desai’s theatrical sensibilities. He enrolled at Emory University as a political science major but continued to study theater.

In his junior year, he took a directing class. “That’s when things clicked for me, and I found my place and learned how to bring a vision to life.”

Desai went to Yale University to pursue a master’s degree in theater. It was a period of creative fervor. “I was frustrated by the white Western canon and didn’t see myself reflected in it.” So he wrote and premiered a one-man play at Yale Cabaret, then toured with it for two years. Its title was an eyebrow-raiser: Finding Ways to Prove You’re Not an Al-Qaeda Terrorist When You’re Brown (and other stories of the Indian).

After graduating from Yale, Desai started his career in New York. A directing fellowship at San Diego’s Old Globe brought him to Southern California in 2013. During his busy six-month stay, Desai came to L.A. to attend a theater conference. That’s where he met Tim Dang, then producing artistic director of East West Players.

A conversation led to an invitation to attend an Asian-American theater conference at EWP. Desai returned the following year to work on a solo play he had written; in the spring of 2014, he directed his first production at EWP, A Nice Indian Boy.

Dang stepped down in 2016, at the end of EWP’s 50th season, and gave Desai complete control of EWP after a two-month transition period.

Desai points to a common shortcoming of larger theater companies: Their boards don’t fully reflect the demographic complexion of their communities. “Our board includes people of color and women and someone who’s under 30, because they’re all important parts of our community.”

He doesn’t want to wall his theater behind a thick veil of exclusivity. “I want to create an inclusive theater where people can be fully who they are. In order for us to do that, we need to create a space where all communities are welcome.” —PAUL HODGINS
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Working in the beauty field might seem a shallow pursuit, but when you meet Courtney Casgraux you realize there’s an admirable depth to the calling. The SoCal native and founder of Go Blush Yourself (GBY) is beloved by L.A.’s hippest hotties and influencers, especially when it comes to her luscious lash extensions.

But the company is about alternative beauty, enhancing features to express individuality, not some cookie-cutter ideal. To that end, GBY, which she started with partner Kendra Studdert, offers other fun services to personalize one’s look, from micro-bladed eyebrows (thick brows are as coveted as long lashes right now) to tooth gems (crystals and gold letters or symbols glued to your pearly whites) to airbrush tanning and makeup application, all available at GBY’s two newish L.A. storefronts in WeHo and Silver Lake.

It’s lashes that have made Casgraux an entrepreneurial success story, though. The makeup artist turned “lash guru” was one of the first to offer the lid-lengthening service and even developed her own glue (the much-imitated Active Lash formula, which is sweat-proof and won’t come off, even with oily makeup removers).

As she’s grown her company, the O.C.-born single mother has sought to give back, too. She always seems to have some new idea to celebrate women and make the world a better place, whether it be helping low-income girls through puberty with period kits under the name “Cycle” (she distributes them at local camps and girls clubs around the city for free) or celebrating freedom of expression with refugees in Iraq via an art show she conceptualized.

With her finger on the pulse of pop culture and her “girls,” as she calls her clients and crew, doing exciting things in the community and breaking down boundaries via social media, Casgraux has been noticed by big companies seeking collaboration. She’s worked with Nike, and partnered with companies like Google and Buzzfeed, who nominate women for free beauty services and classes to become beauty technicians.

Currently Casgraux is under contract with Hurley Surf, consulting on their women’s relaunch and helping redefine surfwear aesthetics with an inclusive eye on casting for fashion shows and print advertising.

“They brought me in to help them find their muse,” Casgraux says. “Even though I grew up in Southern California, surf was an environment that I’ve never really felt comfortable in. ... We want the perception of the industry to change and to expand, to appeal to everyone. So I’m choosing their muses, who they collaborate with, and bringing in a new energy and fresh faces.”

Casgraux’s work with big brands and campaigns is changing our perception of beauty in a major, culturally driven way, but the personal touch and connections provided in her salons remain central. At her salons there’s a real sisterhood feel (in WeHo this includes men, too) and she offers special services to highlight the good vibes, including Reiki and crystal therapy on “Mystic” Mondays.

Though GBY initially got attention and press for celebrity clientele (Kylie Jenner, Selena Gomez) its brand ambassadors run the gamut. They’re mostly cool L.A. girls, from biracial to nonbinary to punky and funky tattooed types working in the music, art and fashion worlds. Casgraux and Studdert often throw parties for their girls with wine, food and goodie bags.

Social media and brand sharing is an aspect but highlighting women’s accomplishments or what they see as potential is the point. “I want to encourage women and girls to feel good about themselves,” Casgraux says, always looking at the bigger picture. “But I also want to give them the opportunity to be embraced by commercial brands and the mainstream.” —LINA LEJARDO
There’s a studio in town making epic CGI movies starring legendary characters like Snow White, Sleeping Beauty, Thor and Hercules, adapting authors such as Jules Verne (20,000 Leagues Under the Sea) and Edgar Rice Burroughs (Tarzan). “We’re the shitty Disney!” exclaims the Asylum’s chief operating officer, Paul Bales, answering my riddle.

In the 20-plus years it’s been around, the Asylum has released more than 300 straight-to-video and TV movies, most of which have sidestepped pop culture celebrity. The ones that have earned the studio its much-deserved notoriety, however, are world-famous. With their genre-bending, hyperbolic, improbable plots worn on their sleeves, tongue twisters like Mega Shark Versus Giant Octopus, Mega Python vs. Gatoroid, Mega Shark Vs. Crocosaurus and, of course, the Sharknado series have become events upon their television premieres.

Then there are the “mockbusters,” those movies drafting off the marketing and success of big studio blockbusters. It’s how Snow White and Sleeping Beauty, Thor and Hercules, Verne and Burroughs — all up for grabs in the public domain — receive their Asylum makeover to coincide with big studio releases.

In mirroring the Hollywood studios, the Asylum has become a sort of anti-Disney. It’s making fun-filled movies for adults, not necessarily the whole family. “We will take the studio’s high concept, take the amount of money we think we can make back, and make that high concept with that amount of money,” explains David Rimawi, 54, whose business card cheekily reads “Quality Control Manager.” As Machiavellian as that plan sounds, the process that ensues once the numbers are crunched is no different from moviemaking since the birth of cinema: Dust off an existing property and retool it for a specific audience. Whether you’re Disney or a director with a strong vision, a personal style emerges, making the final product immediately identifiable.

There’s no mistaking an Asylum movie. “The auteur is the Asylum,” says Bales, 54, whose business card reads “Corporate Tool.” “We’ve gotten to a point where we’ve made our movies director-proof. If we have a terrible director, it doesn’t matter. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a better film if it’s a great director, but it’s a formula that works and we are consistent about protecting that.”

That formula — like most successful formulas — is at times mind-bendingly simple. “Every shot — even the boring dialogue stuff — pretend it’s going to be in the trailer. Don’t just have a boring master, close-up, close-up. It doesn’t cost anything to move the camera,” says David Latt, 52, alias “The Jackal,” alias “I’m With Stupid,” according to his business card.

Latt and longtime friend Rimawi founded the Asylum back in 1997 as a distribution company. Recalls Rimawi, “When we started the company, we were acquiring indie comedies and dramas from the festivals. [Video rental chain] Hollywood Video said, ‘Why don’t you get some horror movies for Halloween?’ When they sent us royalty reports, it was 10 times the amount we normally got!”

It’s clear to see what led the Asylum to become the genre-generating giant it is today. What might be a little murkier is its carrying of the torch in an exploitation legacy that includes such names as Roger Corman, Samuel Arkoff, Larry Cohen and Lloyd Kaufman. The boys rattle off these influences as though programmers for Midnight Screenings. What might surprise you is the name Spielberg. Rimawi admits, “We love the spectacle, the popcorn entertainment of a Spielberg movie. Beautifully told story, very emotional.” Latt concedes, “[Spielberg] probably influences us more than we’re aware.”

“However, his movies are made for a theater. We’re fighting the fast-forward button and commercials,” Bales interjects.

But who needs Spielberg when there’s more than one way to shoot a shark? “You might have an Oscar-winning script. Great, now take the first two acts and throw them away. The genre film starts at act three, when the monster is chasing them,” Latt says. “You get more character development from someone trying to run from a zombie and who can’t swim because of childhood trauma. The issues are going to come up in the stress and the tension of the moment rather than, let’s talk for 10 pages of background you’re not going to care about until 60 pages later.”

It may not be Disney or Spielberg, but with the stress and tension whipped up by a tornado full of sharks, there’s plenty of spectacle in an Asylum movie to go with the popcorn at your next viewing party. —Marvin Miranda
When she arrives at work each day at the American Cinematheque’s Egyptian Theatre headquarters on Hollywood Boulevard, Margot Gerber cannot help but be reminded of her avocational passion — historic preservation. The Cinematheque notably restored Sid Grauman’s exotic movie palace to much of its original 1922 glory two decades ago, something that cannot be said for so many other beloved structures in town.

So, when Gerber isn’t promoting the Cinematheque’s film programming as its director of marketing and publicity, she is fighting for other Hollywood landmarks, some perhaps not as familiar as her own workplace but, as far as she is concerned, equally precious as part of an endangered civic fabric.

“Los Angeles is increasingly controlled by developers,” she laments over a meal at Taix, the historic L.A. bistro that seems to accord with her own flair for a certain nostalgic look (brunette bangs, vintage-style eyewear). “There’s really no master plan for our city — and our skyline is changing drastically.”

To that point, Gerber invokes one of her heroes, noted urbanist Jane Jacobs, who “fought against the notion that the city knows best.” For the past two decades this native Angeleno has entered into that fight, advocating ardently for some of Hollywood’s fast-disappearing architectural gems, from Craftsman bungalows to jewel-box storefronts.

As an erstwhile board member of Hollywood Heritage and current president of the Art Deco Society of Los Angeles, Gerber has evangelized on behalf of a litany of threatened structures, fought countless battles — and won many. She counts among her successes the city’s recent Historic Cultural Monument designation for The Hollywood Reporter’s original home (and the L.A. Weekly’s for a while), which she worked to save as part of a coalition that included the Los Angeles Conservancy. “That was the first preservation project I oversaw as [Art Deco Society] president,” she says. “The campaign process was exhausting... There is a lot of coordination to get people to hearings and help them shape their ideas.”

Another feather in Gerber’s fedora is the Earl Carroll Theatre (later the Aquarius Theatre and the home of Nickelodeon), the 1930s Hollywood supper club that she toiled hard to help landmark. Other deco and streamline moderne touchstones that have benefited from Gerber’s vigilance include Mid-Wilshire’s Firestone Building and Hollywood’s Wilshire Professional Building and Redwine Building.

Despite her devotion to all things vintage, it would be a mistake to accuse Gerber of living in the past or being averse to development. She is very much focused on the future — L.A.’s and Hollywood’s. “The organizations that I am involved with are not anti-development. We believe that the layers of history can co-exist in a city. Historic resources can and should be part of new developments,” she says, with particular concern for projects that focus disproportionately on luxury housing complexes at the expense of affordable housing. “Whole city blocks of small bungalows that might have been a couple’s first house are being demolished,” she sighs.

Gerber wryly notes that while her day job often focuses on marketing classic films, movies in many ways can speak for themselves onscreen, while historic buildings cannot. “Margot is a beacon of light in the preservation world, with her perseverance and complete genuineness in her motivations,” says John Girodo of Hollywood Heritage’s preservation committee. In that regard, she may well be a cultural monument herself. —Jeffrey Burbank
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When you ask loyal customers what keeps them coming back to the iconic Dan Tana’s restaurant in Hollywood (it celebrated its 50th anniversary in 2014), some point to the classic red-sauce Italian cuisine, while others mention the stiff drinks and rambunctious party atmosphere. But to many die-hard regulars, the main reason to visit the restaurant is endearingly cantankerous, mustachioed, longtime bartender Mike Gotovac.

Quick-witted, with acerbic jokes aplenty, Gotovac is nearing his 50th anniversary bartending for the old-school joint. His longtime fans over the years have witnessed his transformation into the grizzled septuagenarian with the softest heart around. In a town full of celebrities, he’s the real deal.

An immigrant to L.A., Gotovac landed here without much money in his pocket but the desire to succeed. He came to Los Angeles in 1967 from the small, bucolic beachside town of Split, Croatia. A friend living in San Pedro got him in touch with Dan Tana’s manager (also of Croatian descent).

Gotovac landed the job in 1968, starting off as a waiter, and within months became the bartender despite his limited English and cocktail-making knowledge.

“Being successful as a bartender requires fast moves, great concentration, and thinking about what you’re doing when making drinks for customers,” he says.

The retiring bartender quickly showed him the ropes; loyal customers took it upon themselves to help Gotovac learn English and mixology. Many of these early customers would become some of his closest friends and would spend Thanksgiving with him. “Many close customers didn’t have family in L.A., so I invited them to my home every year,” he says.

Now Gotovac efficiently whips up extra-dry martinis or super strong old-fashioneds in rapid-fire succession while delivering a joke or two, making it all seem easy. (He handles the drinks for the entire restaurant without missing a beat.) If he hasn’t seen you for some time, he may welcome you back with a shot of Pelinkovac, an uber-bitter Croatian liqueur. Or he may warmly shout, “How’s your sex life?”

He seamlessly orchestrates a lively bar scene that just seems to work, where strangers strike up conversations, even becoming fast friends. It’s just that kind of place, much to his credit.

For decades, Gotovac was the veteran conductor of this eccentric symphony up to seven days a week; in recent years, he has cut back to two. He’s nearing his 75th birthday, yet he keeps returning because interacting with customers (as well as taking shots with them) still brings him great joy and the management has treated him quite nicely over the decades, he says.

On his days off, he loves spending time with his three grandchildren — a complete change of pace and much-needed respite from hours holding court behind the bustling bar. He’s an avid soccer fan and used to play soccer on his days off. “I used to go to Rams games at the Coliseum in the ’70s and ’80s, drinking beers and enjoying the game with friends,” he recalls.

Gotovac has touched the lives of generations of Dan Tana’s patrons, some of whom started visiting when they were children and subsequently brought their own kids.

In the fickle, fly-by-night L.A. restaurant scene, he remains an intrepid fixture.

—Kayvan Gabbay
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In comedy — as in life — timing is everything. On March 31, Meltdown Comics closed after 25 years in business. The announcement was swift, gutting and unexpected.

As it closed, so too did NerdMelt, the performance space at the back of Meltdown that for the better part of a decade hosted some of the most forward-thinking, audacious and courageous evenings of comedy ever seen in L.A. One of the people responsible for bringing NerdMelt to the state of grace in which it found itself — even as its plug was most unceremoniously pulled — was producer Caitlin Durante, 32.

Born in Pennsylvania but brightening the Boston comedy scene in her formative years throughout the aughts, Durante started as an intern at NerdMelt when she moved to Los Angeles. From there, it was a relatively speedy path to promotion as program director. For almost three years she curated NerdMelt’s calendar, becoming the face of its social media presence and taking show pitches for any number of truly groundbreaking intersections of color, creed and identity.

“I decided early on that I wanted to make this a very inclusive space that celebrated diversity,” Durante says. “Anytime I was pitched a show by people of color, women, queer people, I was all ears. I tried to put on as many of those shows as possible.” Some of the shows developed under her canny and tender auspices include presenter Amanda Seales’ Smart Funny & Black (currently packing ‘em in over at the Roxy); Two Dykes and a Mic; and actress Nina Daniels’ off-kilter music-and-comedy hybrid The Playground.

They seemed as if they’d go on forever. Until they didn’t. “I can’t claim ownership of the community that’s formed here — the sense of community is one of the best things about this place, I think,” Durante says. “I’m just proud that I was able to maintain the legacy that had been built before me. When I started, the staff was almost entirely men — in terms of the paid staff — and as it stands right now….”

She pauses, remembering the past tense looming over NerdMelt.

“We had three men on staff, and we had six women and one nonbinary person on staff. The majority are now women. Were.”

What’s next? “I’m going to try to focus a lot on my own creative pursuits,” she says, adding pragmatically, “One of the most promising things is my podcast, which is called The Bechdel Cast. It is about the portrayal of women in movies — so I and my co-host, Jamie Loftus, and a guest each week talk about a specific movie, and the portrayal and representation of the women in that movie through an intersectional feminist lens.

“Surprise! Hollywood usually does not portray women very well,” she says with a rueful laugh.

Because you’ve got to laugh. —David Cotner
What’s in a hairstyle? For homeless LGBTQ youth navigating complex identities and dangerous social landscapes — a lot. That truth drives ProjectQ, the nonprofit Madin Lopez started in 2012 with little more than a mission and a barber kit.

Providing free haircuts — about 700 each year — to homeless kids is a small-scale approach to a gaping need; an everyday gesture belying the profound impact of community, belonging and self-esteem for some of this city’s most vulnerable residents.

“It has such higher stakes when you don’t have a home. It’s so much easier to become the downtown Skid Row homeless. There’s so fewer steps in between them and that than there is between you and I being in that position,” says Lopez, 31, a full-time hairstylist who, like a proper Angeleno, juggles a constellation of projects.

Having lived through their own traumas — coming out, abuse, homelessness — Lopez stepped into the role seamlessly. “I kind of became my own role model and emotional support at the same time, through the process of helping other people.”

A rush of media attention, occasional grants and donations help, but the venture is a labor of love — about $52,000 in loans and credit cards so far, “just to get to the point where we can stay afloat.”

As ProjectQ expands — plans include a new retail space in Chinatown — Lopez is mapping a broader vision for their brand of hyperlocal activism: building community, integrating elements of Black Lives Matter’s agenda and exploring innovative approaches to social justice. The ProjectQ “hairstream” trailer (a road-ready salon where Lopez sees clients in Echo Park) will head out on a cross-country summer tour to visit shelters in states where “they’re stripping away laws to protect queer folk and people of color,” while an upcoming class will teach Stanford doctors how to speak to trans and nonbinary people, “because so much is wrapped up in old ideas of who we think we are.”

Stylish, poised and determined, Lopez has an air of sobriety beyond their youthful appearance that may come in handy in a run for political office (definitely on the table, sometime in the next decade).

“We thought for a long time there was a generation of folks dying out — the dinosaurs, the old racists, the old homophobes — and then we saw all the alt-right rallies last year. So it’s about speaking to the youth, but who’s getting to them first?”

Many ProjectQ events, such as its annual fundraiser gala, create intergenerational spaces where young people can see glimpses of their future selves.

“Do I get to see myself in a way that’s three-dimensional? No, I don’t,” Lopez says. “Until watching Black Panther, I hadn’t seen representation of a queer-ish, black, female-bodied person that had integrity, that was strong but graceful, that was attractive but not sexualized. It’s really upsetting it took me 31 years to find a character who resembles who I want to be like … in my whole life!”

If this expansive moment feels tenuous under a Trumpian sky, Lopez is deeply confident, resolute. “I read today that black female entrepreneurship has risen in the past year. Now’s our time, cool. So who’s my hero? Me.”

—BEIGE LUCIANO-ADAMS

More about Madin Lopez and ProjectQ at projectq.me.
A quick Google search of Ze Frank will reveal that he is a pioneer of internet virality, head of BuzzFeed’s newly organized research and development team, three-time TED Talk speaker, and a charismatic performer and comic.

However, what doesn’t come up is that, in addition to the aforementioned, Frank has been a neuroscience researcher, musician, construction worker, festival organizer, hobbyist coder, designer and illustrator.

Despite his wildly multifaceted résumé, his introspective and humble nature appears to be a constant in his approach to life, and perhaps a fundamental reason why he has so seamlessly succeeded in an array of disparate roles. “I was not some genius who had some vision or perfect idea,” Frank says. “It was fluid and playful, and there were a lot of stops and starts.”

Frank has been an Angeleno for 10 years. “Los Angeles is a geographical marvel. I don’t subscribe to the idea that it isn’t a place,” he says. “It is nuanced and never stops.”

However, Frank hails from a much different world: the “sleepy town” of Albany, New York. Growing up, he relied heavily on his imagination as a source of entertainment. “I was an art kid and I felt like I never fit in,” he recalls. “But that never stopped me from searching for different ways to do interesting things.”

After graduating from Brown University with a bachelor’s in neuroscience, he stayed at Brown to work in a lab studying rats’ visual cortex. Although he was set on pursuing graduate work in neuroscience, Frank decided to instead pursue music. His rock band drew him out of the lab and took him to New York City — where he and his bandmates pursued music full-time. To make money on the side, he worked in construction.

At 27, when the band started to dissipate, Frank got his first credit card and with it purchased a computer. He started to teach himself how to use it to digitally illustrate. The temp agency where he was working at the time, placed him as an illustrator at Dennis Interactive, where he was quickly promoted to full-time art director.

He started learning and playing with a program called Flash, which combined graphic design and coding. With that foundation, he made his first major step in the world of internet entertainment with his viral video, “How to Dance Properly.” “I was very fortunate to come into my creative self with a certain kind of urgency at a time that rewarded playfulness and not a very strong understanding of the ways things were supposed to work,” Frank says.

Since his first viral video, Frank has continued his quest to understand the value and role of internet content in the shared human experience. He and his R&D team at BuzzFeed are looking into the way our physical and digital lives intersect. “People want real-life experiences that are connected to their digital lives,” he explains. “The plan is to look at the advantages of the digital age like sharing, organic distribution, the capacity to hit audiences across the world, examining data, leaning on production technologies that are now cheaper. [Virtual reality and augmented reality] are also certainly interesting to me, as are simple things like the fact that cellphones are making filmmakers and directors out of almost everyone.”

Beyond the impressive diversity of roles Frank has held are the themes that have and continue to inform much of his work. “That which makes us feel alone has the greatest ability to connect us,” he says. Viral content is a reflection of what connects us. “If you focus on joy, empathy and acceptance, you get good results.” —LYDIA KEATING
One day, during Prohibition, I was forced to live for days on nothing but food and water. – W.C. Fields

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Everybody knows Gloria Tamai. She’s the friendly face and familial force behind Tamai Family Farms. If you frequent any of the local farmers markets between Santa Barbara and the South Bay, you’ve likely bought some of her produce. Dedicated weekly customers include the Lucques group of restaurants, Jon & Vinny’s stable of eateries, Kismet, the Little Door and the RC Family, which includes Rustic Canyon, Milo & Olive and Cassia.

The Tamai family has been farming in the Southland for more than 75 years, starting four generations ago with Katsugoro Tamai, who grew melons in the Imperial Valley. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Tamai family was rounded up along with other Japanese families from L.A. and relocated to the Manzanar internment camp in the Owens Valley. Determination and hard work brought them back to the fields of Oxnard after the war, where they started over.

Gloria, her husband of 40 years, Steve Tamai, and their four children (sons Jason and Aaron and daughters Aja and Julia) now run the family business. At one point they were at 29 farmers markets six days a week across the Southland, including Pasadena, Santa Monica, Torrance, Culver City, Redondo Beach, Burbank and Mar Vista. They delivered to their first farmers market in Glendale in 1979.

“I never imagined this would become so successful or that anybody would even come,” says Tamai, 60, who is originally from Colombia and met her husband while she was working on the strawberry farm. “We sold everything so cheap at the market. We’d sell three baskets of strawberries for $1.49 back then. My husband always insisted that my name should be on all the tarps ‘because people are attached to Gloria.’ His motto was, ‘Good produce at a good price.’ And I don’t know, they all just started to come. Thank God.”

It’s not just people like chef Rich Mead, from Farmhouse in Newport Beach, who has been making the drive to the Santa Monica Farmers Market and back every Wednesday for 20 years to buy Tamai Family Farms produce; it’s also the local seniors in wheelchairs who are loyal strawberry customers. The Tamai matriarch greets them all with the same warm and welcoming smile.

Even though she still drives (and parallel parks) the enormous Nissan Diesel UD2600 from the family farms in Oxnard and Camarillo, Tamai has cut down to only three markets a week since her bout with colon cancer six years ago.

The kids have happily taken the reins both on the farm and at the markets with the same familial charm as their mother.

So how do they see the future of the farm?

“We’re so busy, it’s a day-by-day situation,” Julia Tamai says. “We don’t own the land, just lease it. Jason’s son adores the farm and wants to ranch. We just try to keep up with the demands of the day and never take it for granted.”

“The chemo slowed me down for a while, and the family filled in for me for nine months,” Tamai says. “I still have a little numbness in my hands, but I’m good. I really didn’t eat many vegetables before, but I eat them every day now!”

—MICHELE STUEVEN
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"I heard that anyone who graduates with zero debt is one of the richest people at their age," recalled Simone Jackson, who just completed her sophomore year at The Master’s University in Santa Clarita – debt-free.

But avoiding taking out student loans hasn’t been easy for Jackson, 19. She works an average of 30 hours a week in a restaurant, had to have two roommates during her freshman year in dorms and, last semester, was forced to move back in with her parents. Predictably perhaps, her major is accounting.

All too many students succumb to the temptation of deferring college costs by borrowing, or simply have no choice. With federal and state grants failing to keep pace with increases in college costs, and new students continually taking out loans that will often be repaid over decades, student loan debt in America recently topped $1.5 trillion for the first time, according to the Federal Reserve (more than a 50% increase compared with just six years ago).

"Milestones like these may be impressive, but the impact on individual borrowers matters more," said Mark Kantrowitz, publisher of PrivateStudentLoans.guru, a free website that provides information about private student loans. "So long as the total student loan debt at graduation is less than your annual starting salary, you should be able to repay your student loans in a reasonable amount of time, such as 10 years or less."

Otherwise, in-debt grads will need an extended-repayment or income-driven repayment plan to afford the monthly loan payments. But these mean stretching the term of repayment across decades, according to Kantrowitz – to the point where some people are still paying down their own student loans when their children enroll in college.

*Prospective college students who wish to graduate debt-free should consider the following:

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“I heard that anyone who graduates with zero debt is one of the richest people at their age,” recalled Simone Jackson, who just completed her sophomore year at The Master’s University in Santa Clarita—debt-free. But avoiding taking out student loans hasn’t been easy for Jackson, 19. She works an average of 30 hours a week in a restaurant, had to have two roommates during her freshman year in dorms and, last semester, was forced to move back in with her parents. Predictably perhaps, her major is accounting.

All too many students succumb to the temptation of deferring college costs by borrowing, or simply have no choice. With federal and state grants failing to keep pace with increases in college costs, and new students continually taking out loans that will often be repaid over decades, student loan debt in America recently topped $1.5 trillion for the first time, according to the Federal Reserve (more than a 50% increase compared with just six years ago).

“Milestones like these may be impressive, but the impact on individual borrowers matters more,” said Mark Kantrowitz, publisher of PrivateStudentLoans.guru, a free website that provides information about private student loans. “So long as the total student loan debt at graduation is less than your annual starting salary, you should be able to repay your student loans in a reasonable amount of time, such as 10 years or less.”

Otherwise, in-debt grads will need an extended-repayment or income-driven repayment plan to afford the monthly loan payments. But these mean stretching the term of repayment across decades, according to Kantrowitz— to the point where some people are still paying down their own student loans when their children enroll in college.

“Prospective college students who wish to graduate debt-free will need to make careful choices about the schools they attend and the majors they choose,” Kantrowitz said.

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Fielding Graduate University Responds to Mental Health Care Shortage

In response to the master’s current shortage in mental health care workers, Fielding Graduate University has launched two master’s programs in mental health: Clinical Mental Health Counseling and Couple/Marriage and Family Therapy. Both are grounded in social justice and developed to respond to the growing need in the Los Angeles area for persons who are skilled at working with marginalized populations, and those who are typically misdiagnosed, misunderstood and oppressed.

Fielding’s graduates will be prepared to provide affirmative counseling and therapy, and address commonly diagnosed conditions in the United States: depression and other affective disorders, anxiety, substance abuse and domestic violence. For example, more than 4.5 million women living in California have experienced intimate partner violence at some point in their lives. Not every incident of domestic violence leads to an arrest, but preventing violence in relationships is just one of the functions of the mental health disciplines.

Fielding’s master’s programs are special because they recognize institutional barriers that complicate life’s journey such as racism, sexism, ableism and homophobia, and they prepare graduates for real-life work with real clients in real situations.

In 2015, while employers posted 5,683 jobs requiring a master’s degree in a mental health discipline, institutions conferred only 3,054 degrees nationally. There is clearly a need to train culturally competent practitioners to provide counseling and therapy.

Fielding’s concentrations include Working with Persons of African American/Black Heritages, Working with Persons of Latinx Heritages, Working with LGBTQIA+ Individuals and Communities, and Medical Family Therapy. If you value social justice and advocacy, join Fielding and discover the difference you can make together.
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Not since the Star Wars special on Donny & Marie has there been such an erotic homage to the sexier side of the Force as The Empire Strips Back: A Burlesque Parody. Whether it’s the bleeped-out dirty talk of R2-D2, the power dynamics of storm troopers or just really perking up dirty talk of Darth Vader, you’re sure to find something to tickle your midichlorians. Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, downtown; Fri., June 1, 8 p.m.; $45-$125. (213) 623-3233, acehotel.com. —David Cotner

DANCE

Moving Up in the World

Eight of Peggy Lee’s signature vocals join the debut album of British-born deejay Perc (aka Ali Wells), compositions from Arvo Pärt and Pierre Boulez, plus iconic American jazz from Clark Terry, Oscar Peterson and Count Basie, as L.A.-based contemporary company BODYTRAFFIC closes its 10th-anniversary season at the Wallis. This season finale offers an impressive choreographer lineup, with works by Chad Naharin, Matthew Neeman, Richard Siegal, Stijn Celis and Sidra Bell. Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts, 9080 N. Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills; Fri., May 31, Sat.-Sun., June 1-2, 7:30 p.m.; $25-$45. thewallis.org. —Ann Haskins

LGBTQ/ART

Queer Utopia

Across several weeks and multiple venues, the third iteration of the Queer Biennial brings together the work of over 100 local and international, emerging and established artists. Painters, sculptors and photographers plus literary, performance and cinematic artists and a team of curators all aim to express the central idea of a queer utopia. Anchored by a two-week group show at NAVE, 1611 S Hope St., downtown; reception: Fri., June 1, 8 p.m.-2 a.m.; free. queerbiennal.org. —Shana Nys Dambrot

FARMERS MARKET

Think Sustainable

Think and act locally at Urban Air Market: Los Feliz, an exhaustive journey into the depths of Los Feliz consciousness with 100-plus designers and makers of everything from couture to art to decor. This year’s theme is sustainable design. Exhibitors include Eclectic Collective, Lizbeth Navarro Ceramics and the Preserve Company. Hillhurst and Franklin avenues. Los Feliz; Sun., June 3, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.; free. urbanairmarket.com. —David Cotner

ARCHITECTURE

Downtown Focal Point

Stephen Gee discusses Los Angeles City Hall: An American Icon ($45, Angel City Press), his new book about the 90-year-old institution that’s survived smog, earthquakes and flying saucer attacks. The tallest building in L.A. when it opened, City Hall immediately became a source of civic pride. Vroman’s, 695 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena; Mon., June 4, 7 p.m.; free. (626) 449-5320, vromansbookstore.com. —David Cotner

COMEDY

Educating One Laugh at a Time

Selene Luna, Danielle Perez and Greg Wallach would rather be appreciated as comedians than as people with disabilities, which is why they’re calling their stand-up show Don’t Laugh at Us! A Special Comedians Comedy Special. The three use humor not only as a point of connection between their disabilities and the audience but also to talk about their careers, dating and romance. Cavern Club, 1920 Hyperion Ave., Silver Lake; Tue., June 5, 8 p.m.; $15 advance, $20 at door. (323) 662-4255, cavernclubtheater.com. —Siran Babayan
Research Description & Purpose
The goal of this study is to learn about areas of functioning in cannabis users. Information will be collected using individual assessments over the course of three months. This research is being conducted by UCLA researchers Dr. Yih-Ing Hser and Dr. Larissa Mooney, and is funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

Would the study be a good fit for me?
This study may be a good fit for you if:
• You are 18 years or older, and
• Are a regular cannabis user

What would happen if I took part in the study? You would be asked to:
• Attend 4 assessment sessions where you will be asked questions about your cannabis use and daily life.
• Provide urine samples that will be tested for drug use
• Wear a Fitbit device for the duration of the study (about 3 months)

For attending all of the assessment sessions, you will be paid at $145. Additionally, you can be paid as much as $415 if you follow all of the study procedures.

Contact Information: To take part in this research study or for more information, please call 1 (800) 581-9847.

Protocol ID:IRB#17-001767    UCLA IRB Approved   Approval Date: 3/16/2018   Through: 2/12/2019   Committee: South General IRB

The Social Anxiety and Alcohol Treatment study is seeking individuals between ages 18-65 who suffer from social anxiety disorder and alcohol use problems.

If you or anyone you know would be interested in participating in this study, please feel free to contact Nicholas Pistolesi by phone at 310-267-5324 or email NPistolesi@mednet.ucla.edu.
In the infuriating *American Animals*, dumb criminals’ remorse is their reward

**BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL**

An easy way to suggest that a tangled story about desperate people brushes up against profundity is to throw the word “American” in the title. So it goes with Bart Layton’s dreamy, infuriating, based-on-real-stupidity heist drama *American Animals*. Like *I, Tonya*, the film winkingly dramatizes an incident of criminal violence planned and executed by dipshits and then suggests it tells us something about the true nature of the young men who pulled it off.

The movie suggests that it’s only afterward, when the crime goes wrong, that the young men understand there’s no moral distinction between actually performing the assault themselves and profiting from it. It’s easy to wonder: If they’d gotten away with it, would they still all be so torn up about it?

Yes, turn up about it. Layton (director of 2012 documentary *The Impostor*) cuts from a tense, upsetting dramatization of the attack on the librarian (Ann Dowd) to quick shots of the real criminals looking pained and ashamed. I don’t doubt that their revulsion at facing their past is genuine, though there’s something pitiful in the way Layton shows us the tears of both the real perpetrators and the actors portraying them. That the actors’ proved more convincing to me is almost certainly a consequence of the performers’ confidence in front of a camera.

The very existence of these scenes bespeaks the central argument the filmmakers have crafted *American Animals* to make. Again and again, we’re told that these guys chose to do this because they wanted to matter in the world — one resort to the old “we were told we were special” cant as explanation. Even the actual librarian they assaulted echoes this, noting in a climactic interview segment that the boys were so “selfish” in their zeal to be somebody that her pain seemed to them justifiable. So I must ask: Why reward the bastards with exactly what they wanted by putting them on screen in a movie? Now they are special, you yutzers! They plug their current gigs and artistic projects. One shows off his tats. The only price they paid for it: one woman’s pain, seven years in prison and a willingness to exhibit remorse on cue.

I haven’t mentioned the race of the perpetrators. You can guess, of course: For all its jittery heist drama, *American Animals* is, above all else, an accidental study in just how much white kids can get away with and still be welcomed back into society. The second word of the title suggests that the filmmakers aren’t charmed by their subjects, but the film itself — so eager to show us that the animals, too, are shocked by their behavior — presents the crime as just the mistake of bored kids, a dumb idea that spun out of control. Rather than plumb the apparent sociopathy that gripped these young men, Layton toys with unreliable narration and the vagaries of collective memory. (When much ado was made of whether one minor character’s scarf was purple, I scribbled WHO CARES across a full page of my notebook.)

Look, I’m glad their lives weren’t ruined forever over all this. And I’m glad the librarian is doing well. But the movie turned my stomach. Sometimes that was intentional: Layton and his actors excel at capturing dudes losing their cool, and *American Animals* emphasizes the raw psychology of panic. The heist sequence has a nervy, handheld look, with intentionally grating, often repetitious noises on the soundtrack gnawing at the boys.

Entering the library on the day of the robbery, dressed in horrid old-man makeup, some of the crew pant and fight back tears as they psych themselves up to do what seemed so easy in the planning stages. The assault is protracted, messy, soiling, the way violence is in real life. Lead heist-dope Warren keeps apologizing to the librarian, when he’s not screaming at her. As he tries to figure out the details they should have thought through — where to get keys to display cases, how to haul away all three volumes of *Birds of America* — she crawls toward the door to escape. He drags her back with surprising tenderness. I wish that more movies’ depictions of violence were this miserable.

The actors, to their credit, never try to charm us — they play these no-empathy idiots as no-empathy idiots. Still, Layton tries to wring some laughs from the crew’s study of movie heists, especially in a protracted sequence in which they assemble Reservoir Dogs-style nicknames. Of course, one bro objects to getting “Mr. Pink” — assaulting the librarian is fine but that’s too much. They’re inspired by a film where the robbery goes wrong and almost everyone dies might have been an illuminating irony. But by coupling the horror of committing the crime with the present-day reassurance that these guys mostly turned out OK, *American Animals* dashes away its own moral authority. It promises that crime doesn’t pay — but it can get you in the movies.

**THE ACTORS, TO THEIR CREDIT, NEVER TRY TO CHARM US — THEY PLAY THESE NO-EMPATHY IDIOTS AS NO-EMPATHY IDIOTS.**
OPENING THIS WEEK

RODIN Let’s give it this much: Jacques Doillon’s tough-sit sex-life-of-the-artist boob-a-palooza looks great, especially in its opening moments. RODIN’s first scene, an arresting long take, finds the great sculptor Auguste Rodin thinking away in his wide cinder block of a studio, scheming out a great work that would take him decades to complete. The Gates of Hell, inspired by Dante’s Inferno. The hands and heads of the damned — sculpted by students and assistants — surround him. The story kicks in before that shot cuts off. Rodin marches to side room, where a young woman, his student, is toiling. It’s clear, immediately, that the woman — Camille Claudel (Izia Higelin) — is also his lover, and that their relationship is as prickly as it is passionate. What’s less clear, at first, is that she is gripped by her own genius, a fact the film’s only tangentially interested in. It really doesn’t care, much, about what women do with the lump of clay or flesh he can’t shape himself. Other than the sets and facsimiles of sculptures, Higelin is the most engaging thing in Rodin, its heat and its heart. Her Claudel at first is all eagerness and promise, dancing high-spirited rings around her older, often inexpressive lover. He spends the next years of his life moping over her once the affair goes sour. You might mope, too, when she’s suddenly gone from the movie — when we’re left to regard the miserable moments of a miserable man, wandering his studio, cheering himself up by intensely regarding the naked flesh of his models. (Alan Scherstuhl)

UPGRADE Leigh Whannell has set his vince, stylish sc-fi pulp thriller Upgrade in a near future of self-driving cars and fully Alexa-ruled homes, telling a story of revenge and possession while wittily targeting contemporary anxieties. It asks, between its whip-fast head splatters and face knifings, is something essentially human lost when we turn ourselves over to technology? In form and function, though, Upgrade is as committed to the pulp past as it is the tech dystopia to come.

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

A Double Dose of Marilyn Monroe

Saturday, June 2

The American Cinematheque’s rare tribute to Czech animator Jiri Trnka continues with a program headlined by A Midsummer Night’s Dream, a phantasмагoric Shakespeare adaptation performed entirely by puppets. All unintended comedic potential is cut short by the breathtaking beauty of the film’s colors and movement, which suggest an Arabian Nights ambience. The evening will begin with two of Trnka’s short subjects, Merry Circuses and The Animals and Brigands. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sat., June 2, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Monday, June 4

In Alice Adams, Katharine Hepburn plays a young social climber from a podunk town who falls in love with wealthy Fred MacMurray. Booth Tarkington wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, George Stevens directed, and Hepburn garnered a Best Actress nomination. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences has curated a special evening in honor of the Stevens family, beginning with a lecture and remarks by screenwriter and Academy Governor Robin Swicord, followed by a screening of the film. Samuel Goldwyn Theater, 8949 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; Mon., June 4, 7:30 p.m.; $5. (310) 206-8013, www.oscars.org.

Tuesday, June 5

Charles Chaplin — already the most recognizable movie star in the world — expanded his artistic scope with The Kid, his first foray into features. The Dickensian story, of a little tramp who cares for an orphaned boy, features a knockout mixture of meticulous clownery and heart-tugging pathos, and would establish the elegant writer-director-composer’s career. LACMA will feature the film in a monthlong tribute to Chaplin as part of its Tuesday Matinees series. A mere $4 gains you access to a 35mm print, LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., June 5, 1 p.m.; $4. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

Laemmle’s Anniversary Classics Tuesday series offers a double dose of Marilyn Monroe for the price of a single ticket. In Gentlemen Prefer Blondes — based on the smash novel by Anita Loos — Monroe teams up with Jane Russell for a gold-digging romantic expedition in Paris. This is the one that opens with “Diamonds Are a Girl’s Best Friend,” and the dazzling sights and sounds hardly let up after that. How to Marry a Millionaire fills out the double bill, and finds Marilyn keeping company with Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall as NYC roommates who contrive to ensnare Mr. Big. Debra Levine of arts*meme introduces the 7 p.m. screening of Blondes at the Royal, Laemmle Royal (also playing at Noho 7 and Playhouse 7), 11523 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Tue., June 5, 7 p.m.; $13. (310) 478-3836, laemmle.com.

Thursday, June 7

Laemmle’s Throwback Thursday series, a collaboration with Eat/See/Hear, will screen Sam Peckinpah’s death-and-sweat-drenched 1969 Western The Wild Bunch — the 144-minute director’s cut. This transitional American classic dramatizes the plight of a group of outlaws at the twilight of the Old West, and also functions as a farewell to the Western genre itself, which, along with the American musical, was going the way of the dodo. The bold displays of macho violence resulted in some well-earned notoriety (the film was butchered for its original theatrical release), although it remains, at heart, a deeply sentimental picture. Laemmle Noho, 5420 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood, Thu., June 7, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (310) 478-3836, laemmle.com. —Nathaniel Bell

From the Directors of THE TWO ESCOBARS

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OUR TEAM

“CHARGED AND POIGNANT”
THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

STARTS FRIDAY,
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SANTA MONICA
Laemmle’s Monica Film Center

Q&A with Co-Directors JEFF ZIMBALIST & MICHAEL ZIMBALIST
Friday 6/1 & Saturday 6/2 after the 7:10 show

Teeming with abandoned buildings full of thugs to be dispatched, ruled over by shadow corporations and wicked artificial intelligence, Whannell’s film plays like the smarter-than-you’d-think 2018 version of some 1988 kill-em-all VHS cheapie. But Whannell (Insidious: Chapter 3) has upgraded the 20th century’s gritty city one-man-army cyborg thrillers with some killer twists. Rendered quadriplegic in the crash and attack that murdered his wife and motivated his heroism, Grey (Logan Marshall-Green) regains control of his limbs once a reclusive billionaire inventor talks him into agreeing to have an experimental AI implant clipped to his spine. The first surprise: STEM, the upgrade, can drive Grey himself when Grey allows it to — it’s an efficient and pitless dicer of us’ meatbags. As Grey’s body caves up the villains, Grey’s face is agast, disgusted, horrified — and, of course, a little turned on. STEM, it seems, has none of Grey’s human concerns, so when Grey yields control of his body, he also relieves it from his morality. Like us, he becomes an observer of the carnage that the movies have so often insisted is heroic. Whannell’s Upgrade has something truly seen in violent thrillers: ideas about violence. (Alan Scherstuhl)

ONGOING

YADVI - THE DIGNIFIED PRINCESS

There’s more enthusiasm than skill on display in Yadvi, a leaden biopic made by sisters Jyoti and Gauri Singh to honor their grandmother Rajmata Yaduwarashum Kumari. They use family history to illustrate the decline of Indian royalty during the 20th century, when princely states that had been internally autonomous during the British Raj were absorbed into the new democracy. Yadvi was an adoring daughter of Maharaja Bhupinder Singh of Patiala, the world’s wealthiest men and a towering figure in Indian politics and society. Screenwriter Gauri and director Jyoti paint an adulatory portrait of the Maharaja (Bollywood actor Chandrachur Singh, the filmmakers’ cousin), high-lighting the Sikh ruler’s belief in religious equality and his down-to-earth approach to life. Cinematographer Jigme Tenzing adds sumptuous lushness to interiors and airy delicacy to outdoor scenes, which polishes some of this incipient rough edges. Unfortunately, the film shifts from historically minded docudrama to romantic melodrama once the adult Yadvi (played by Jyoti Singh) leaves home for a politically motivated arranged marriage in Maihar. Royal by birth, regal by nature, common by circumstance, Yadvi is a scanty figure of self-sacrifice, her humility touched with pride. But the Singh’s aren’t able to make Yadvi more distinctive than any other women whose fate is controlled by the hubris of men, or who’ve lost the wealth their titles once afforded them. The stilted English-language dialogue (made more glaring by subtitles the filmmakers deem necessary for a global audience to understand the actors’ accents) never illuminates Yadvi’s inner life. And she remains forever the dutiful daughter, accepting hardship with equanimity, just as her father instructed. (Serena Donadoni)
Ian Anderson Presents Jethro Tull 50th Anniversary Tour
@ THE GREEK THEATRE
How many bands took their name from the inventor of an 18th-century seed drill? By the time Aqualung came out in 1971, Jethro Tull were the entry point into serious Anglophilia for many of us seeking rock more intricate and literate than the norm. The suede lace-up boots; sordid songs from the woods; bedraggled characters you could smell. And that thrilling, trilling flute. Yes, the flute, ideally performed in Ian Anderson’s iconic one-legged stance. And Tull rocked prodigiously hard. At this celebration of 50 years of Jethro Tull, we’ll be treated to songs both well-known and rare. And we’ll learn if a man in his 70s can still play the flute while standing on one leg. Ticket holders are warned to be in their seats five minutes before the show starts, or you’ll be standing (on one leg or two) till a “suitable gap in the performance.” —Libby Molyneaux

Deceased
@ THE HI-HAT
The crossover between heavy metal and horror-movie fandom has been a match made in hell since the beginnings of the genre, going back to when Black Sabbath made in hell since the beginnings of the horror-movie fandom has been a match—Libby Molyneaux

The Mike & Micky Show
@ THE ORPHEUM
Just two years ago, when The Monkees stopped by the Pantages Theatre on tour for their unexpectedly delightful comeback album of new material, Good Times!, it was announced that it would be Michael Nesmith’s final local concert with the band. The singer-guitarist had only rarely reunited with other Monkees following the garage-pop-psychedelic band’s breakup in 1971, but, as the group’s best songwriter, Nesmith provided a surge of energy that reminded again what a great and even subversive band they can be, despite their made-for-TV origins. Earlier this year, a revitalized Nesmith re-formed his underrated but quietly influential country-rock combo The First National Band, and now he’s back onstage with Monkees singer–drummer Micky Dolenz, whose mellifluous vocals are as smoothly assured as ever. Expect plenty of obscurities along with the beloved corny pop hits. —Falling James

Ray LaMontagne, Neko Case
@ THE GREEK THEATRE
Neko Case has long cast her powerfully soaring vocals aloft through a series of richly rewarding and fable-like solo albums and her work with The New Pornographers. On Case’s epic new song, “Curse of the I-5 Corridor,” from her upcoming record Hell-On, she braids her majestic singing with the low, funereal intonations of guest Mark Lanegan as she sets out on a rueful walk through her own past. “In the current of your life, was an eyelash in the shipping lanes,” Case muses. “I fucked every man that I wanted to be/I was so stupid then/Why should mystery give its last name?” She instills a girl-group fervor on “Bad Luck,” whereas the title track is a more ethereal and artsy glimpse of spirituality. Headliner Ray LaMontagne confides low-key romantic ruminations on his new release, Part of the Light. —Falling James

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Johnny Marr
@TERAGRAM BALLROOM

It's pretty much impossible to be in the public's eye and not be attacked, found fault with and harshly judged. Johnny Marr, revered guitarist and one-time co-pilot of the legendary Smiths, manages to avoid all of the above. Coming up on his third solo album, Call the Comet, the unconditional devotion Marr generates to his followers remains steadfast. Marr's nimble fingers continue to make his signature mark all over his fretboard, but he has also stepped handily into the frontman position. Call the Comet, the melancholic "Hi Hello" and moody "Day In Day Out." Giving his audiences what they want, Marr includes in his sets off-kilter observations. This is a moody album, but Marr is the frontman position.

Cautious Clay
@MOROCCAN LOUNGE

Sudden talent coming from nowhere isn’t particularly new. When that sudden talent comes from Cleveland, playing a flute and weaving some of the most soulful songs to be unveiled in many a moon, you've got to pay attention or you're nowhere. The occasional nod of the hat of Joshua Karpeh, Cautious Clay is at points sexy and contemplative, knowing and anxious, insular and bursting with off-kilter observations. This is a moment in time at which Karpeh honors his inestimable talents before the crush and rush of labels, before the crafting of the public image — before all those things that issue forth drain an artist's talent before they were loved too quickly, too hard and too long. Cautious Clay is talent at ground zero, artistry at square one and a rare somewhere in a vast cemetery of nowheres. —David Cotner

Smino
@EL REY

Hailing from St. Louis, Missouri, Smino proves to be exactly what the rap/R&B game is missing. The 26-year-old has been surrounded by music his whole life, growing up in the church alongside his four older sisters. With both of his parents professional musicians, real name Christopher Smith Jr. was always exposed to soul, funk and jazz. Now he’s ready to reinvent this concept of gospel altogether. In 2010, Smino moved to Chicago to attend Columbia College, which marked the beginning of his recording career. Fast-forward to 2017, when he unleashed his debut album, b!skrn. With standout songs such as “Anima” and “Netflix & Dusse,” listeners couldn’t help but tune in. Now, he takes over two nights at the El Rey with his JUPTRband. Also Friday, June 8.

Paige Calico
@THE BOOTLEG THEATER

It’s perhaps no surprise that a performer with the name Paige Calico happens to be a country singer. But the New Jersey–raised vocalist isn’t anything like the typical Nashville pop careerist. Calico’s version of Americana is more windswept and austere. Her poignant new single, “Country Mind,” floats slowly along a gently rolling landscape as she fantasizes about a rural escape while observing lights that “gleam through the murky fog of such Sewer steam” and “people with the faces [that] just can't be fulfilled.” On her 2016 debut EP, Crying Diamonds, Calico roams from the stately romanticism and jangling guitars of “The Hard Way” and the hopeful “On the Ground” to the more strangely affecting hallway of echoes “Haunting Me.”

Minus the Bear
@THE MAYAN

Seattle’s Minus the Bear have spent 17 years perfecting a sound that straddles the line between emotional emo-punk and super-intricate, proggy math-rock. It’s a precarious stance but one that they’ve pulled off thus far. The guys have six albums packed with intelligent, heartfelt lyrics and technical brilliance and, like Coheed and Cambria or Mars Volta, have proven time and time again that you don’t have to sacrifice raw honesty if you want to showcase instrumental wizardry. Their most recent full-length, Voids, was released a year ago, so by now the quintet should be utterly comfortable with killer tunes like “Last Kiss” and “Call the Cops.” —Brett Callwood
CONCERTS

FRIDAY, JUNE 1

**GO DIGABLE PLANETS:** 8 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A.

**DR. DOG:** 8 p.m. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd.

**ERIC BELLENGER:** 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre.

**JAMES TAYLOR, BONNIE RAITT:** 7:30 p.m., $40.50-$251. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., L.A.

**GO JETHRO TULL:** 8 p.m., $50-$150. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., L.A. See Music Pick.

**THE NICK MANCINI COLLECTIVE:** 6 p.m., free. LACMA.

**JIMMY FALLON:** 8:30 p.m. The Greek Theatre.

**TONY BENNETT:** 7:30 p.m., $79 & up. Segerstrom Hall, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

**TUXEDO:** 5 p.m., $20. Natural History Museum.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

**BILLY PORTER:** 8 p.m., $48-$98. The Soraya.

**CALEXICO, JULIA JACKLIN:** 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre.

**CHUCHITO VALDÉS:** 5 p.m., free. LACMA.

**GO DIGABLE PLANETS:** With MC Lyfe, 9 p.m. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

**GZA:** 8 p.m., $5. The Novo by Microsoft.

**HUEVOS REVUELTOS TOUR:** With Enanitos Verdes, Hombres G, 7:30 p.m. Hollywood Bowl.

**LORD HURON:** With Stef Chura. Greek Theatre.

**LUMMIS DAYS FESTIVAL:** 5-9 p.m., free. York Park, 4596 N. Avenue 50, Highland Park.

**THE MIKE & MICKY SHOW:** With The Monkees’ Michael Nesmith & Micky Dolenz, 8 p.m. Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, L.A. See Music Pick.

**POWER TRIP:** With Sheer Mag, Red Death, Blazing Eye, 7:30 p.m., $20. Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

**WANGO TANGO:** With Ariana Grande, Shawn Mendes, Meghan Trainor, Backstreet Boys, 5 Seconds of Summer, Marshmello & Logic, Miguel, Sabrina Carpenter, Janelle Monáe, 6:30 p.m. Banc of California Stadium, 3939 S. Figueroa St.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3

**LUMMIS DAYS FESTIVAL:** 12-7 p.m., free. Sycamore Grove Park, 4702 N. Figueroa St., Highland Park.

**RAY LAMONTAGNE, NEKO CASE:** 7:30 p.m., $39.50-$89.50. The Greek Theatre. See Music Pick.

**WET:** 7 p.m., $35. Hollywood Forever Cemetery.

MONDAY, JUNE 4

**MAROON 5:** With Julia Michaels, 7:30 p.m., $49.50-$170. The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd.

**TUESDAY, JUNE 5**

**DR. DOG:** 8 p.m., $35. The Theatre at Ace Hotel.

**ERIC BELLENGER:** With Loote, 8:30 p.m. The Fonda Theatre.

**MAROON 5:** With Julia Michaels, 7:30 p.m., $49.50-$149.50. The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd.

**TODD RUNDGREN’S UTOPIA:** 6 p.m. Fox Performing Arts Center, 3801 Mission Inn Ave.

**WANG TANGO:** With Ariana Grande, Shawn Mendes, Meghan Trainor, Backstreet Boys, 5 Seconds of Summer, Marshmello & Logic, Miguel, Sabrina Carpenter, Janelle Monáe, 6:30 p.m. Banc of California Stadium, 3939 S. Figueroa St.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

**ICEAGE:** With Mary Lattimore, Gun Outfit., 8 p.m., $20. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

**MINUS THE BEAR:** With The New Trust, 7 p.m. The Mayan, 1038 S. Hill St., L.A. See Music Pick.

**THE KOOKS:** With The Academic, Gems, 7 p.m., $25-$35. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., L.A.

**THE YARDBIRDS:** 8 p.m. The Fonda Theatre.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7

**ICEAGE:** 8 p.m., $25-$35. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., L.A.

**MINUS THE BEAR:** 8 p.m. The Fonda Theatre.

**THE YARDBIRDS:** 8 p.m. The Fonda Theatre.
Kaleidoscope Chamber Orchestra: Jonathan Morgan: The local soprano has revealed her bright, vibrant vocals in a dizzying variety of roles in L.A. Opera productions this season, including Crossing, Orpheus and Eurydice, Rigoletto, Sat., June 2, 8 p.m., $50, 1200 N. Broadway, 407 W. 6th St. and media artist Refik Anadol, Fri., June 1, 8 p.m.; Sat., June 2, 8 p.m., $27 & up. Reneé & Henry Segerstrom Concert Hall, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

The Violinists: dogstar14: tunnel music: Dog Star Orchestra presents Heathen Lack's new work for seven vocalists, Song to be Performed in a Tunnel in Your Town, park at Eaton Saddle Trailhead, Sun., June 3, 3 p.m., free. Muusier Tunnel, Mount Lowe Road, Mount Lowe.

The Eulmer String Quartet: the gentlemensclubglendale.com

Ciaramella Early Music Ensemble: Carrie Kennedy & Joel Pargman: L.A. music for bodies (+ some marbles): Ian Power and Carolyn Chen engage in “Ligeti tug-of-war, mimed instrument duo, Cervantes organ monologue, sonorous tai chi, and movement quartets for blindfolded struggle” with Erika Bell and Liam Mooney, Tue., June 5, 8 p.m., $18. Automata, 504 Chung King Court, L.A.

Pacific Symphony: Pianist Boris Giltburg lays out Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2, and Eckart Preu conducts Glinka's Kamarinskaya and Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony, Sat., June 2, 8 p.m., $55-$59. Long Beach Terrace Theater. A long drive for someone: Colin Wambourg's installation centers on memory and gender and is structured as a response to Modest Mouse's This Is a Long Drive for Someone With Nothing To Think About, Fri., June 1, 8 p.m. Coaxial Arts, 1815 S. Main St., L.A.

Soprano & Piano: and pianist Francois Chouchan also perform selections by Zhou Long, Glazunov, Ravel, Tchaikovsky, Sat., June 2, 8 p.m., $18. Automata, 504 Chung King Court, L.A.

Kaleidoscope Chamber Orchestra: The Alex Iles & Friends Brass Quintet ascend the mountain for a set of J.S. Bach, Wilke Renwick, Verne Reynolds, Michael Kamen, Eric Ewazen, and the premiere of Todd Mason's The Quest, Sun., June 3, 3 & 5 p.m., $50, Mount Wilson Observatory, Red Box Mount Wilson Road, La Cañada Flintridge. See GoLA.

SUN - THUR 12pm - 4am  FRI - SAT 12pm - 5am  MON - WED 11AM TIL 2AM  THURS 11AM TIL 3AM  FRI - SAT 11AM TIL 4AM  SUN 6PM TIL 2AM

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