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By Michael Tullberg
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Dancing to Memories of War

For almost three years, choreographer Ariane MacBean and her troupe The Big Show Co. have conducted more than a dozen workshops with U.S. veterans. This exploration of veterans’ memories and issues of remembrance and forgetting is a starting point to develop what has become the scripts for Collective Memory Project. Employing her signature mixture of dance, theater, text, music and visual imagery, MacBean promises an intimate event; in an effort to bridge the space between civilians and the military, the audience is seated onstage with the performers. Working with the L.A.-based nonprofit Veterans in Media & Entertainment, MacBean’s efforts with veterans already were evident in another set of performances earlier this year involving vets and locally based Diavolo | Architecture in Motion. Ford Theatre, 2580 Cahuenga Blvd. E., Hollywood Hills; Fri., June 29, 8:30 p.m., $25, 323-461-3673. fordtheatres.org. —Ann Haskins

Memorializing a Mexican Legend

Sometimes it takes time to fully realize what you want to say about someone after they’ve died. It takes even longer to put those emotions into art that’s worthy of the person in question. Fiesta Mexicana — Yo Te Recuerdo: Homenaje a Juan Gabriel is the tribute concert that fans of the beloved Mexican singer-songwriter Gabriel (1950-2016) have been waiting for. Their patience will be richly rewarded by performances of Gabriel’s most famous and deeply loved songs by Mariachi Garibaldi de Jimmy Cuellar and Ballet Folkloríco de Los Angeles de Karelí Montoya, featuring vocalist Hernan Nuñez, Shay and Paige Brooks. Ford Theatre, 2580 Cahuenga Blvd. E., Hollywood Hills; Sat., June 30, 7 p.m.; $67, $52 & $42. (323) 461-3673, fordtheatres.org/calendar/fiesta-mexicana-juan-gabriel. —David Cotner

Tell Me ’Bout It, Stud

Grease is the movie-musical equivalent of “We Are the Champions” or “Y.M.C.A.”: Everybody knows all the words. Forty years later, the 1978 film is still a songfest. The Hollywood Bowl’s Grease Sing-Along takes you back to Rydell High in the 1950s, where you can pretend to be a Pink Lady or T-Bird and sing along to all the lyrics, from the “tell me more, tell more” of “Summer Nights” to the “rama lama lama ka dinga da dinga dong” of “We Go Together.” Didi Conn, who played beauty school dropout Frenchy, hosts the screening, which is preceded by a performance by Grease band and flashback act Sha Na Na. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood Hills; Sat., June 30, 7:30 p.m.; $12-$127. (323) 850-2000, hollywoodbowl.org. —Siran Babayan

Crackin’ Good Time

Keep your dogfish, your narwhals, your manta rays and your killer whales — this month’s Summer Lobster Celebration is the Palm’s eagerly anticipated annual festival of all things lobster. Throughout July, you get lobster bisque, jumbo Scotia lobster roll, Nova Scotia lobster with poached Nova Scotia lobster, Nova Scotia lobster, Nova Scotia lobster, Nova Scotia lobster, Nova Scotia lobster and many other culinary delights paired with lobster in ways hitherto unimaginined. With this many options to enjoy and appreciate lobster, the only thing left to do is to take one home and release it back into the briny deep yourself. The Palm Los Angeles, 1100 S. Flower St., downtown; Sun., July 1, through July 31; menu prices. (213) 763-
The Secret Doctrine
Study Class, 6:15 to 7:20 PM in The Bhagavad-Gita

Evening meetings (7:30 PM - 8:45 PM) Talks and questions on Theosophy
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SATURDAYS
July 29 - Ancient Religions and Modern Truth
July 22 - The Karma of Every-Day Life
July 15 - Metaphysics and Ethics
July 8 - A Seven Fold Universe - Why?
July 1 - Freedom

PROGRAM FOR JULY 2018

Spanish Study Class, 2:30 to 6:00 PM in La Doctrina Secreta by H.P. Blavatsky

The fifth annual ‘Merica Fest is Angel City Brewery’s extravaganza of national pride and outsized summertime fun. We, the people, in order to form a more perfect union of beer, music and tacos, establish justice in judging your ‘Merica costume and grant fabulous Brewery prizes, provide for the common defense of the lawn space you called dibs on, promote the general welfare of all involved with picnics, and grant fabulous Brewery prizes, promote the blessings of liberty from firecracker-related injuries, holiday traffic, bone bits in your hot dogs, and another shitty sequel to The Purge. Angel City Brewery, 216 S. Alameda St., downtown; Tue., July 3; Wed., July 4, noon-8 p.m.; free. (213) 622-1261, angolecitybrewery.com/event/merica-fest-2/.
—David Cotner

A More Perfect Union
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—David Cotner

A Magical Time
You don’t need a Sorting Hat to tell you where to go at the Diagon Alley Style Magical Craft Faire. Brimming with all manner of magic, sorcery and arcane goods, it’s your chance to pick up magical candles, sorcerial goblets and other unique and one-of-a-kind items from local artisans and vendors for the witch and/or wizard in your life. There are raffles held every half-hour, a cosplay contest and several chances to pet some soft friendly cats swanning about the place on a regular basis (the GeeKitties aspect of Geeky Teas is a nonprofit 501(c)(3) no-kill cat rescue as well). Geeky Teas & Games, 2120 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank; Sun., July 1, 11 a.m.; free. (818) 601-4862, geekytea.com.
—David Cotner

Eating Well
Just because restaurants put up signs

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From Mowgli to Baloo the Bear, Kaa the Snake and more, Jungle Book re-imagines Kipling’s classic stories and brings to life the characters that we know and love. Through eye-popping video, interactive technology and the whimsical and soulful stories, poems and songs from the original novel, this time-honored tale will transport audiences of all ages to the world of the jungle for a magical journey.

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4600, thepalm.com/special/summer-lobster-celebration-2018/. –David Cotner

PHOTOGRAPHY
Larger Than Life
In the Big L.A. Portrait Gallery, it’s not celebrities who have their faces enlarged for countless thousands to see. In its second year, Grand Park becomes an after-dark art gallery featuring photographs by L.A.-based artists projected on the south wall of the Los Angeles County Hall of Records — a canvas 100 feet wide by 100 feet tall. A creation of visionary architect Richard Neutra, the Hall of Records features faces from the city but also the stories that are its lifeblood, as presented by photographers such as Aly Aliano, Gizelle Hernandez, Spencer Lowell, Melodie McDaniel and John Francis Peters. Grand Park, 200 N. Grand Ave., downtown; Mon., July 2, 8 p.m.-mid.; free. (213) 972-8080, grandparkla.org/event/big-l-a-portrait-gallery-2018/?instance_id=98343. —David Cotner

FAIR
A Magical Time

BEER
A More Perfect Union
The fifth annual ‘Merica Fest is Angel City Brewery’s extravaganza of national pride and outsized summertime fun. We, the people, in order to form a more perfect union of beer, music and tacos, establish justice in judging your ‘Merica costume and grant fabulous Brewery prizes, provide for the common defense of the lawn space you called dibs on, promote the general welfare of all involved with picnics, and grant fabulous Brewery prizes, promote the blessings of liberty from firecracker-related injuries, holiday traffic, bone bits in your hot dogs, and another shitty sequel to The Purge. Angel City Brewery, 216 S. Alameda St., downtown; Tue., July 3; Wed., July 4, noon-8 p.m.; free. (213) 622-1261, angolecitybrewery.com/event/merica-fest-2/.
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that say “pastrami” doesn’t mean there aren’t vast food deserts in the greater metropolitan Los Angeles area. With an eye toward teaching you about nutrition, the Chinatown HEAL Program — in partnership with API Forward Movement, an initiative to strengthen the city’s Asian and Pacific Islander communities via wholesome food — presents this week’s nutrition education courses. You’ll learn about simple but crucial things you can do to eat well, witness cooking demonstrations and enjoy free samples of healthy food. Los Angeles State Historic Park Welcome Pavilion, 1245 N. Spring St., Elysian Park; Tue., July 3, 10 a.m.; free. (323) 441-8819, facebook.com/events/174499886981276/.

—David Cotner

**ART**
**Bands You’ve Never Heard of Rohit Records: A Record Store for Bands That Don’t Exist** is an installation by artist Rohitash Rao in which album covers, band shirts and concert posters present a world of music that exists only inside the confines of a record store — and the artist’s mind. Like Minging Mike or Henry Darger before him, Rao has created his own devotional pop landscape, a rhapsody to record stores like Camelot, Licorice Pizza, Music+,

Sam Goody, Tempo, Tower and The Wherehouse — where stars were born, exploded and imploded, and took on new life through imagination, nostalgia and love. Through July 8. Pop Obscure Records & Art Gallery, 735 S. Angeles St., downtown; Thu., July 5, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.; free. (213) 629-3898, popobscure records.com/pop-obscure-gallery.html.

—David Cotner

**CONVENTION**
**Cornucopia of Cosplay** The annual mecca for at least 100,000 anime fans is coming back to town! Anime Expo returns to the L.A. Convention Center, providing an opportunity for anime fans and industry members to celebrate and network over the course of the four-day festival — plus there’s a pre-show night on July 4. Attendees should check out the expo’s website in advance to plan their festival strategy, because this epic celebration of Japanese animation, manga and cosplay offers performances, competitions, interactive shows, celebrity guests, art shows, gaming zones, sets for photo ops, industry panels, film screenings, charity auctions, karaoke, educational sessions, a repair station for broken cosplay props, vendors of all things anime, and lots more! L.A. Convention Center, 1201 S. Figueroa St., downtown; Thu.-Sun., July 5-8; $35-$160. anime-expo.org.

—Scott Feinblatt
SIZZLA
ORLANDO OCTAVE ~ DIZZY WRIGHT
MARLON ASHER ~ HASHAHOLIC ~ MELEKU
IZAAC KING ~ ITAL VIBES ~ PRIME LIVITY

FRIDAY
JULY 13TH

BASSNECTAR
BIG GIGANTIC ~ LUDACRIS
BLOC BOY JB ~ CUT CHEMIST ~ THRIFTWORKS

SATURDAY
JULY 14TH

BONE THUGS N HARMONY
CURRENSY ~ THE PHARCYDE
KURUPT ~ AWARD CEREMONY

SUNDAY
JULY 15TH

*line up subject to change

chalicecalifornia.com
TO FIND MY LIGHT,” he says. “I travel through the unknown triangle symbolizing masculinity and the beings, the common ground between one faith — but also the unity between human part of his upbringing, thanks to his Marley tells me. The Star of David, he represents a powerful woman and this leading a religious revolution in which husband, the pharaoh Akhenaten, for queen.

Perhaps it’s no surprise that Bob’s profi le bust of Nefertiti, ancient Egyptian on a golden chain — a Star of David and a him, two golden ornaments side by side life. He wears a necklace his mother gave have been a guiding force in Marley’s other femininity. Marley doesn’t subscribe to a single belief system — he’s not religious, simply spiritual, he distinguishes, subscribing to the eclectic wisdom derived from a pantheon of faiths. “It’s really about the lessons you learn and how you’re living your life,” he says. “I really do grab from everything.” Having grown up in a split household — technically half Christian, half Rastafarian — he says he wasn’t forced into anything.

But regardless of religious structure, he explains, ganja, the sacred herb, is spiritual no matter how you use it. Rastas uphold the plant as a sacrament, a religious rite, evoking the common belief that cannabis was found growing on the grave of King Solomon. For Marley, cannabis serves as a vehicle of creativity, an opportunity to “tap into a different vibration.”

Perhaps it’s no surprise that Bob’s eldest grandson, hailing from a legacy of music makers, has also taken a musician’s path. But Bambaata is careful to stake out his own individuality. He’s admittedly yet another Marley in what seems to be an ever-expanding power clan of musically endowed revolutionaries and peaceniks but also his own self within that — a Marley of the millennial generation, a product, yes, of Kingston, his hometown, but also Miami, where he spent his teenage years, and Los Angeles, where he’s lived for the past seven years.

The album UNX is about being himself, he says, not being held down by anything. “It’s about being as free as you really want to create and be who you want to be,” he says. “When I do music, it’s me being exactly who I want. I feel genuinely in my heart that if I feel good about it, other people will feel good about it.”

The message of his song “In a Ray,” for instance, calls on the listener not to compromise their light for anything or anyone, Marley says, while “Deadbeat” speaks about “people who live their life for the hype and in that have lost out on the true beauty of life and the people they share it with.”

No doubt any 28-year-old coming of age, with or without the surname Marley, has given some thought to the dissonance between society expecting one thing and the reality of delivering another. Like any young Angeleno musician, Marley is discovering life and his sense of self in a world that’s increasingly uncertain as well as unknown. Politics aside, he says, he wants his music to make people feel good and to open up a conversation.

Marley’s living room looks much like that of any other young L.A. artist, a speaker system and music station in one corner, decorations repping More Justice (his sister Justice’s clothing brand) in another, a surfboard against the wall, bicycles under the staircase, a large-format book about Bob Marley on the coffee table, and a portrait of the reggae legend hanging on the wall by the window. It appears like any other casual fanboy decor but without the cliché. After all, it’s an homage to Granddad.

“I can’t feel any way but proud that someone had that much passion and energy, and I feel honored to share DNA and a legacy with someone so special,” Marley says. “But based on him passing before I was born, the way I learned about him was just the same way as you; most of my digging was through the same YouTub e everyone has, reading the same interviews.”

His grandfather’s mission was truth, Marley says, freedom of expression and spiritual expression, especially for the black community. These are issues that remain relevant today — liberation, honoring the sacred herb, providing hope despite the politics depressing our generational consciousness. “He inspires me to be something good and something greater than myself,” he says.

Marley has been performing his whole life — he’s still that same kid that father Ziggy threw onstage when he was barely 5 years old. More than two decades later, here’s Marley now, giggling on the couch with Justice over their favorite YouTub e clip, of one of Ziggy’s countless performances featuring his babies onstage, standing there clueless but confident, singing their own childlike rap, a display of the Marley family philosophy: Bring your kids on tour, throw them in the water and let them learn to swim — literally (at least that’s what Marley says Ziggy did with him). “It gives us freedom and bravery,” Justice chimes in. That’s maybe where Marley’s relatability originates: We can all relate to figuring it out.

Marley’s favorite sport is soccer, his favorite food plantains from the local Mexican market, his favorite thing about L.A. “Catching vibes”  — the beach with his guitar. Ganja’s a part of his daily life, but he didn’t start smoking until he was of age, after having finished school. He says he didn’t want to disappoint his mother. Today, he gets his bud straight from a grower. When I asked his favorite dispensary he said he didn’t have one, preferring instead to go as natural a route as possible, to know exactly what goes into cultivating his pot.

Interviewing Marley feels like a hang — he’s rolling a joint, listening to music, pacing the room, pulling out his art for me to see. He paints, too, and has a cloth and a surfboard against the wall, bi-

The title of Bambaata Marley’s debut album, UNX, stands for “the unknown.” In the unknown, as Marley rattles off in a text message, is where knowledge is sought after and found. “I travel through the unknown to find my light,” he says.

The palpable freedom and opportunity for self-realization amidst the unknown have been a guiding force in Marley’s life. He wears a necklace his mother gave him, two golden ornaments side by side on a golden chain — a Star of David and a profile bust of Nefertiti, ancient Egyptian queen. Nefertiti, herself a symbol of feminine wisdom, is celebrated, along with her husband, the pharaoh Akhenaten, for leading a religious revolution in which they worshipped only one god. “Nefertiti represents a powerful woman and this real unknown knowledge of the world,” Marley tells me. The Star of David, he adds, represents not only Judaism — a part of his upbringing, thanks to his father Ziggy’s own exploration into the faith — but also the unity between human beings, the common ground between one triangle symbolizing masculinity and the other femininity.

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Interviewing Marley feels like a hang — he’s rolling a joint, listening to music, pacing the room, pulling out his art for me to see. He paints, too, and has a clothing line, Damn Too Nice. “You’re nice at what you’re doing, so do that well,” he explains. It’s that generational philosophy — you do you, ditching the dated prescription of a 9-to-5, carving out one’s space in the world via an untraversed path. Marley’s family history may be known the world over, but his music is about the unknown he’s heading into, just like the rest of us.
In today’s golden age of home entertainment, technology has literally brought the world into our homes, far beyond the original promise of television in the baby boomer era. The choices of how to amuse, outrage or anesthetize ourselves without having to get off the couch are now more numerous than ever. The convenience is great, but for many gamers it masks a certain emptiness, a void created by the lack of human contact that’s inherent in home gaming. It’s little wonder that many of today’s players yearn for a simpler type of play, one that’s more fun and social in nature, with actual person-to-person interaction.

This desire to get out of the house and find stimulating playgrounds with other gamers has fueled the rise of the barcade over the past few years, as venues such as EightyTwo, Button Mash and AYCE Gogi demonstrate. Their mixture of vintage arcade coolness and modern-day socializing has proven to be a winning combination. They also have resurrected the fortunes of a beloved yet long neglected staple of coin-operated entertainment: the pinball machine. Pinball flourished in L.A. bowling alleys and bars through the ’90s, but the old stalwart fell on hard times along with these venues in the aughts, disappearing from Southland clubs faster than dubstep did a few years ago.

However, pinball is now back in a major way, snagging a new generation of happy millennial fans who’ve been won over by the game’s rattling, buzzing excitement and its thrilling nexus between fortune, technique and exhilarating tension. It’s not just the modern, computerized examples one would expect, either, like the dazzling new Iron Maiden, or the Bluetooth-enabled Dialed In (yes, there is such a thing as Bluetooth pinball). At the newish Walt’s Bar in Eagle Rock, one wall is lined with 10 classic electro-mechanical machines — the vintage kind, whose bells ring and chime. It’s a linear arrangement of flashing, blinking retro-cool that’s near irresistible.

“It’s really crazy. It’s a Tuesday night, and almost every machine is taken up,” enthuses Walt’s co-owner Jeff Johnsen. It’s true, and there doesn’t seem to be anyone over 35 at the moment. “It’s been really good. The games have been doing really well, and the people seem to be really excited about having something else to do besides staring at a giant TV screen with football on it.”

Sabrina Degnan, 21, is working hard this particular night on the hypnotic 1979 game Xenon, which beckons her onward with the sampled “ooh’s”
Pinball was banned in much of the country until the mid-1970s, due to suspicions that the machines were used for gambling. L.A.’s ban lasted from 1939 to 1974. The world’s largest pinball machine measured 53 feet 9 inches long, 24 feet 7 inches wide and 35 feet 1 inch tall. It was made by Heineken Italia in support of Heineken’s SUB draft beer dispenser. It was demonstrated and measured in Porta Genova, Milan, Italy, on April 12, 2014.

Rock bands with their own pinball machines include AC/DC, Aerosmith, Guns N’ Roses, Metallica, Kiss and the Rolling Stones. Get the ’79 version of the latter if you can find one.

You can order a genuine steel pinball for yourself for less than $2.

The first talking pinball game was 1970’s demonic-themed Gorgar. It has a vocabulary of seven words.

Muhammad Ali’s 1980 pinball machine supposedly was designed by the champ himself.

The Dialed In pinball machine can be licensed title, but they may discover that they’re from the neighborhood or coming in from somewhere else.

“Pinball bridges gaps with all generations that,” Brenton adds. “People of all ages, whether their grandparents bought pinball games and had them in their house, they look at it as pretty badass.”

It seems that a silver ball makes a great icebreaker.

Veteran fans of pinball have a unique perspective on the resurgence. For years it was a small group of devotees that kept the pinball flame alive locally, even as most of the manufacturers of the machines were closing down. It wasn’t hard to see why things were getting bad, as pinball machines are often pricey investments that require a lot of maintenance — not exactly a top priority for establishments hovering on the edge of solvency during the recession-plagued ’00s. While the game still enjoyed a certain popularity in hipster centers like Seattle and Portland, Oregon, L.A. became pretty much a pinball desert, with only a few cases scattered across the city for people to enjoy.

One of the most crucial of those was the underground pinball collective known as Pins & Needles. Residing for much of its run in Echo Park’s Bedrock rehearsal studios (with a significant amount of time spent in the building’s loading dock), Pins & Needles was one of the centers of L.A.’s pinball community, where the city’s champions gathered regularly late at night to battle it out as cars coming off of the nearby 2 freeway zoomed past.

Struggling actor Danny Belrose (Portlandia) was one of those regulars, hired by P&N co-creator Molly Atkinson to help run things and maintain the extremely informal, BYOB atmosphere.

Being in a rehearsal complex, P&N created many new fans among musicians from the building, including members of Eagles of Death Metal and Queens of the Stone Age, who would stop by to play regularly. The genuine underground ambiance of the place was a factor that helped bind the regulars and new adherents into a tight-knit group, the kind that nurtures and cultivates a scene toward its fruition, as the L.A. rave community had so successfully done years before.

An early P&N convert was
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**PINBALL WEBSITES**

- **Pinside.com** is “the absolute best web destination for all things pinball.” A thorough, loaded-up website with more resources and information about the game than you can imagine. It even has a constantly updated nationwide directory of restaurants, bars and locations carrying the machines.

- **Presource.com** is more for techies than fans. This site specializes in the upkeep and maintenance of the machines.

- **Pinballmap.com/la/events** has a huge calendar of events.

—Michael Tullberg

“Pinballmap.com/la is another great tool for finding individual machines. This site actually has more local locations in its database than Pinside does. And its subpage pinballmap.com/la/events has a huge calendar of events.”

> arcade game aficionado Scott Davids. “I’d met Molly through my girlfriend. I’d been into arcades my entire life, and funny enough on our first date, she was like, ‘Yeah, we’re into this pinball league, if you wanna go over there, have a drink and hang out.’ That was our first date, and my first reaction was like, ‘Whoa, that’s amazing!’ and the second was, ‘How the hell did I not know about this place?’ But that’s how I met Molly, and so I ended up hanging out there, playing in pinball leagues.”

Belrose, at one time the No. 70-ranked pinball player in the United States, had encountered Atkinson earlier at tournaments in other cities, and he (along with most of the local pinball luminaries) credits her as one of the main reasons for the game’s survival in Los Angeles. Davids concurs: “She has such a genuine passion for the gaming and pinball community, and really pushing it hard. She donated so much of her time to making Pins & Needles happen.” It was Atkinson’s devotion to the machines, together with a talent for fixing them, that kept P&N alive until 2017. Though she keeps a mostly low profile nowadays, Atkinson is still involved in the community, helping run the L.A. Pinball League on Tuesday nights at EightyTwo.

The tipping point came in 2014 with the much-anticipated launch of that venue in DTLA, featuring most of the principals of Pins & Needles. A very sly form of guerrilla marketing had preceded the event by several weeks, instigated by Davids, who’d set up arcade games inside the building site on dirt floors, even before permitting and construction had begun. “People would walk by and be like, ‘What the hell’s going on in there? Why are those games there? Is this, like, an art exhibition?’ So we started kind of generating buzz that way,” he says. “And we knew a lot of people around town, and people were really excited that this was a cool new thing happening.”

Thanks to some astute social media marketing, even EightyTwo’s soft opening was packed, and by the time the official debut came that weekend, patrons were lined up around the block. “It was really something, man, that was exciting,” remembers Belrose, who quickly became the club’s chief pinball manager. It was a case of all of the pieces coming together at the right time and place, evidenced today in the lines that still snake...
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Barcades and Pinball Locations

EightyTwo: One of DTLA’s necessary go-tos, this leader of L.A.’s barcade movement is wedged between Little Tokyo and the Arts District. EightyTwo always has a potent blend of pinball and arcade games. DJs spinning, and usually a great food truck in the parking lot. 707 E. Fourth Place, downtown; (213) 626-8200, eightytwo.la.

Button Mash: This ever-popular Echo Park location sports not only a great selection of games but also a yummy menu of East-West fusion food from Starry Kitchen. A fave of EP’s hipsters, as well as Dodger fans exiting the nearby stadium on game nights. 1391 Sunset Blvd., Echo Park; (213) 250-9903, buttonmashla.com.

Walt’s Bar: The latest entry in the L.A. pinball community, this new Eagle Rock retro bar features almost entirely old-school pre-1980s games and a menu of good, simple grub. 4880 Eagle Rock Blvd., Eagle Rock; (323) 739-6767, instagram.com/waltbar.

AYCE Gogi: Van Nuys is well represented by this first-rate Korean restaurant with a surprisingly large selection of modern-day pinball machines located in the back. The place has played host to the IFPA California State Championships. 7128 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys; (818) 465-3050.

Blipsy Bar: A Koreatown dive bar, Blipsy has no sheen, shine or polish whatsoever, and that’s the way its regulars like it. Small selection of games, occasional DJs and grungy atmosphere galore. 369 N. Western Ave., Koreatown; (323) 461-7067.

PINZ Bowling: A Valley stalwart, PINZ carries on the decades-long pairing of bowling and pinball. 12655 Ventura Blvd., Studio City; (818) 769-7600, pinz.com.

Playland Arcade: Some of the Westernmost pinball machines in all the land reside on the Santa Monica Pier, just above the (mostly) blue Pacific. 350 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica; (310) 491-5133.

Mission Control Arcade: Orange County fans often swarm to this arcade, which hosts the Downtown Santa Ana Pinball League and the all-female Bells & Chimes OC. McFadden Public Market, 515 N. Main St., Santa Ana; mcfaddenpublicmarket.com, dtsapinball.us.

Family Arcade: Not a bar or a barcade, this LACC-adjacent arcade has been providing quarter-based entertainment for 40 years now. 876 N. Vermont Ave., East Hollywood. –Michael Tullberg

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Angeles seems daunting,
there are still endless spots to find an affordable lunch. You
don’t need to travel far to experience cuisines from around the
world. On his CNN show Parts Unknown, Anthony Bourdain introduced the world
to the possibilities of living and eating in culturally rich L.A. by highlighting the city’s
easian enclaves, from Koreatown to Little
Armenia, Little Ethiopia, and beyond. Street vendors are now legal, and
some of the best bites can be found in tiny strip malls, family vans, makeshift pop-up stands, food trucks and food halls. The Los Angeles food scene is America at its best.

Soothe your soul (and belly) with grub that won’t empty your wallet. Here are 10 dishes for $10 or less (drinks not included) — crunchy tacos, fresh ceviche, döner
sandwiches, udon noodles, fresh sushi and homemade chorizo burritos. L.A. is a foodie paradise, its 503 square miles offering a vast array of hard-working Angelenos preparing your next lunch with pride.

BY MELISSA CURTIN

LA’S BARGAIN EATS

Here’s where to find 10 lunches for less than 10 bucks

PALMOS: Wiki Salmon bowl at Tikifish ($9.95)

Dive into the healthy Wiki Salmon Signature Bowl topped with fresh, sushi-grade salmon and filled with green onions, cilantro, corn, jalapeños, crispy shallets and spicy sesame sauce made in-house. Select your preferred base (sushi rice, brown rice, mixed greens or kale) or create your own Hawaiian-inspired bowl with a tiki twist. Add premium toppings like creamy uni for more bucks and ask for off-menu items like the Fire Bomb Special with ahi tuna, spicy mayo, green onions, masago and wasabi. Find this casual spot in a tiny plaza on Overland next to Phorage. tiki.fish.

KOREATOWN: Pork belly bowl at GoGoBop ($8.95)

K-town is known for affordable eats but this Korean rice bar, diagonally across from the Line Hotel on Wilshire, is one of the best. It offers affordable kimbop (Korean rice rolls) and build-your-own rice bowls with tofu or succulent meat options including pork belly, spicy pork, braised beef, carne asada and chicken — similar to a poke bowl but with cooked proteins. Start with Korean mixed rice, two sides (black beans, pinto beans, grilled cabbage), and add toppings such as green onions, miso peppers, kimchi, cucumbers, mac salad and more. Finally, your lunch bowl with sauces, such as sesame oil, sriracha, red salsa or the signature gochujang-mayo sauce. Enjoy your udon broth and save room for the $2 Hotteok (Korean sweet pancake) filled with syrupy brown sugar. goobop.com.

SAN PEDRO: Chori-bean and cheese burrito at the Chori-Man ($8.95)

Several years ago we discovered an unforgettable breakfast burrito with homemade chorizo from a tiny stand outside Brouwerij West, a Belgian-style brewery and taproom in a San Pedro warehouse. The Chori-Man (Humberto Raygoza), a fourth-generation Zacatecas-style chorizo maker, now has his own brick-and-mortar restaurant offering handmade Mexican chorizos. The traditional red style chorizo is a guajillo chili blend with chicken, while the Southern Mexican style is green pork chorizo with poblano chilies filled with herbs and spices. Pick your preferred meat before the burrito is packed with Chori-beans (mayocoba beans simmered in chorizo spices), cheese and salsa. facebook.com/TheChoriMan.

WESTSIDE: Carne asada hard taco at Tacos Por Favor ($3.75)

Order two of these generously stuffed, wide-crunchy tacos with lettuce, guacamole, sour cream, salsa, onion and cilantro, topped and loaded with shaved cheese. The seasoned meat tacos with crispy crunchy shells made in-house can be found at three locations on the Westside, all casual spots to roll in with flip-flops. Enhance your taco at the salas bar. Each order comes with a bag of tortilla chips, which are perfect for scooping up all the remnants falling out of the crisp shell. tacosporfavor.net/index.php.

DOWNTOWN: Dirty Chili Dog at Dirt Dog ($7.25)

Elebrate your wiener with “the Official Hot Dog of Los Angeles.” Load up the ultimate bacon-wrapped hot dog with Dirt Dog’s specialty house-made all-beef chili and melted bacon cheddar and you have a haurious dirty o’ lunch. All juicy wiener is made with quality beef franks and come wrapped in bacon, but you’ll find it difficult to choose among the messy, delicious gourmet dogs. Add a side of corn or fries for an extra-Dirty dish. dirtdogla.com/default.asp.

Silver Lake, Whittier: Double cheeseburger at Rick’s Drive In and Out ($7.60)

What’s more SoCal than a burger? Sometimes your body has to have one — that greasy cheeseburger seasoned just right, with a single crisp lettuce leaf, tangy thousand island dressing in classic drive-in paper wrapping. This old-school diner doesn’t disappoint. Order up a fire-grilled quarter-pound of meat or a double patty on a warm toasted bun with gooey cheese or bacon cooked to perfection. Add chili or a side of fries. ricksdrivein.wixsite.com/ricks.

Sawatelle: Tonkotsu udon at Marugame Udon ($8.50)

Slurp your square-shaped, handmade Suki noodles cooked al dente at this Japanese restaurant on Sawatelle. Made-to-order udon noodle bowls include soup stocks made from sardines, mackerel, bonito, Japanese kelp and soy sauce. Popular choices include beef udon and the tonkotsu udon with pork broth, chashu pork, miso ground pork, garlic, egg and chili oil. Your perfect bowl (kake udon) can be concocted with complimentary toppings (green onions, cilantro, wasabi, grated ginger, tempura flakes) or additional tempura vegetables and protein. For an extra $1 each, enhance your udon with light and crispy shrimp tempura or vegetable kingdom tempura (onions, sweet potatoes, carrots, green onions). Large bowls are less than $10. marugameudon.com.

Westwood, Eagle Rock: Istanbul beef döner sandwich at SpireWorks ($9.50)

The Istanbul beef döner sandwich is flavored like the traditional döner kebab that we’ve sampled in Turkey, Israel and Berlin, but this version is held together in a fluffy crusty bread with seasoned fresh tomatoes, cucumbers, pickled red onions and za’tar labneh (spiced yogurt sauce). SpireWorks offers vertically spit-roasted meats with unique flavors and creative toppings from around the world. Select from beef or chicken döner, or veggie kofte, a meatless meatball medley made of cubed vegetables mixed with chickpeas flour and Urfa pepper. The incredible bread comes from a legendary L.A. baking family. Sample the standard Mediterranean flavors or branch out to the other “destination” flavors. Not in the mood for your döner on a sandwich? Have it protein-style on rice or salad. The menu changes daily. spireworks.com.

BY MELISSA CURTIN
A WELCOMING SPOT ON SKID ROW
DOWNTOWN WOMEN’S CENTER CAFE/BOUTIQUE OFFERS EMPLOYMENT AND ASSISTANCE TO HOMELESS WOMEN

Sitting inside MADE by DWC, the Downtown Women’s Center’s cheery and spacious cafe and gift boutique, you could almost forget that Skid Row is just outside. While the cafe can offer a respite from harsh reality, the whole point is to be aware of the tent-housed people lining the streets — because MADE by DWC exists to help and empower them.

The Downtown Women’s Center began in 1978 out of a friendship between a homeless woman named Rosa and an outreach worker named Jill Halverson. “As Jill got to know Rosa, she realized there were absolutely no services for women downtown, even basic places to eat and have a safe place to rest,” says Ana Velouise, DWC’s director of communications and policy. “So Jill took the money she was going to spend on a down payment for a house and opened the Downtown Women’s Center.”

Since then, the original center on Los Angeles Street has expanded its services and opened a resale boutique that sells high-end donated items. A second Downtown Women’s Center location was added a few blocks away on San Pedro Street, along with a cafe and gift boutique in 2011. The cafe serves homeless people, who may come inside for water and a rest, as well as people who work in the area.

All the proceeds from the cafe and boutiques go to Downtown Women’s Center and its programs to help women transition out of homelessness. This includes permanent supportive housing — the two locations have 119 units for single adult women. DWC also has a community-based housing program where case managers throughout L.A. County connect women with housing outside of Skid Row. The center’s health and wellness program includes three meals a day at the center and the only health clinic in the area for homeless women. The clinic addresses physical needs like primary care, STD and HIV testing, tuberculosis and cancer screenings, vaccinations and mammograms as well as mental health needs.

DWC’s two locations serve about 4,000 women a year. Velouise says the average age of the women they see is 55. The 2018 Greater Los Angeles Homeless Count showed that females make up 34 percent of the homeless Skid Row population, a 35 percent increase from 2017. The 62-and-over age group for homeless men and women increased by 5 percent during that time.

In partnership with the Los Angeles Regional Initiative for Social Enterprise (LA:RISE), DWC provides education and job training through MADE by DWC — the center’s cafe, boutiques and handmade goods.

DWC’s cafe and boutiques employ formerly homeless women who have gone through the center’s programs. The goods they sell in the boutiques and online are made by women at the center and include stylish scented candles and soaps as well as one-of-a-kind journals made from old books. The women earn minimum wage to create goods or work at the boutiques and cafes, while also learning skills to hopefully help them for future employment.

“They are trained to work in a retail barista environment like this with the hope and intention that through this training they could go on to become employed at Starbucks or another cafe-type environment,” Velouise says.

The women make all the hot, iced and blended coffee, tea and fruit drinks on site. Of course they have almond and soy milks and the coffee is organic. Chipotle pineapple tea and a passion fruit slush are among the more distinctive offerings.

In honor of summer, the current special is an Arnold Palmer. Fake flower garland also hangs from the ceiling this time of year.

“It’s been interesting learning the different coffee drinks and how to make them and serve them,” says Reanna, a formerly homeless woman who has worked at the MADE by DWC cafe for about three years. “I love selling the products that the ladies make.”

Reanna says she also appreciates the computer training on the cafe’s register. The cafe’s full case of food includes several premade salads from Simply Salad, such as the popular Downtown Cobb ($8.95), the Seared Samurai with ahi tuna ($10.95) and the plant-based Earthy Nutty Crunchy with tofu, beets, edamame and artichoke hearts ($7.95).

Sandwiches and pastries are from Homeboy Bakery, part of downtown’s Homeboy Industries, which helps gang members transition out of that lifestyle. Think staples such as tuna salad and turkey arugula sandwiches ($7.50 and $8.75) plus scones, croissants, bagels, muffins, coffee cake and big chocolate chip cookies ($1.75 to $3.25).

Happy hour is every Friday from 2 to 4 p.m.; coffee, tea and pastries are 30 percent off.

Jessica Hamlin

MADE by DWC Cafe and Gift Boutique, 438 S. San Pedro St., downtown; (213) 213-2888. MADE by DWC Resale Boutique, 325 S. Los Angeles St., downtown; (213) 225-8020. madebydwc.org.
I hate to say it, but I'm not a true artist,” Eric Joyner insists. “I'm not a madman. It's not a catharsis for me.”

If there is anything torturous and maddening about the life of Joyner—the world's leading pop surrealist painter of the mysterious interactions of robots and doughnuts—it's his workload. On Saturday, the prolific San Mateo native presides over the opening reception of “Glazed Machinations,” his latest exhibition of paintings at downtown's Corey Helford Gallery.

Joyner has been displaying his fantastically absurd tableaux—in group exhibitions and more than a half dozen solo shows—locally with gallery owners Jan Corey Helford and Bruce Helford since 2006, when their gallery was based in Culver City. While “Glazed Machinations” plunges further into Joyner's ongoing obsession with the little-understood, symbiotic battles and atonement of toy tin robots and their glistening doughnut muse-rivals, the San Francisco painter introduces several new elements, including two relatively rare instances in which he uses Los Angeles as a setting.

Earlier this year, Joyner published his second book, Robot Existentialism: The Art of Eric Joyner (Dark Horse Books), a collection that ranges from the seemingly whimsical but oddly momentous majesty of gigantic robots looming over the Grand Canyon in The Horseshoe Bend to the pastoral enchantment of robots resting in fields of flowers in both False Spring and Daydream.

He drew upon his past in advertising by designing collectible robot- and rocket-shaped boxes for South Korea's Dunkin Donuts, in a recent campaign that makes the American doughnut chain's packaging look drab in comparison. Joyner also painted the cover of the August issue of Mad magazine, depicting the feet of the ever-woeful Alfred E. Neuman sprouting from the wet cement of a robot-less Las Vegas—complete with a lovely white mushroom cloud surging above the late-'50s Las Vegas—complete with a lovely white mushroom cloud surging above the usual urban milieu of San Francisco to depict a street scene of tourist robots gathering in late '50s Las Vegas—complete with a lovely white mushroom cloud surging above the casino skyline.

Randy's Donuts in Inglewood is the target of an unlikely assignation in Happy Accident, as the Oscar Meyer Weinermobile hurtles recklessly toward the center of the shop's iconic doughnut statue. Along with the Mad cover and 2008's Just Another Day (a Godzilla-versus-King Kong fantasy set atop an L.A. skyscraper), Happy Accident is one of Joyner's few paintings with a Southern California setting.

“I was thinking about doing a scene at Pink's,” he says, mentioning the Bradbury Building as another potential backdrop. “I need to do more research in L.A. There's so much there. But Joyner continues to find inspiration in his longtime home of San Francisco. “It's a very pretty city. It's cool. People are great here, the architecture is awesome. I like the country too, but it's kind of important for an artist to live near where there's a lot of people.”

Joyner has often amped up the cuteness factor by strategically placing intrepid astronaut kittens in such paintings as Catfish, one of a series of trippy jungle pieces inspired by a trip to Thailand that he discussed in a 2012 L.A. Weekly interview. But the artist enters new territory with Corgi of Vallejo, in which a robot warrior torches a stack of frosted doughnuts with a ray gun while another robot is ported in a carriage on the back of an impossibly adorable canine beast.

“It's the first time I've made a dog in a robot painting,” Joyner says. “I had a really heartfelt pleading from a visitor at the studio to add a corgi. I'm sort of an open-source artist, which means I'm willing to listen to other people. I don't place restrictions on myself,” he adds. “I work in such volumes, I do whatever it takes.”

So which theme came first in his paintings, robots or doughnuts? “Robots,” says Joyner, who studied at the Academy of Arts in San Francisco. “I had done about 10 robot paintings, but I was stopped up. There's a scene in Pleasantville where Jeff Daniels paints a pile of doughnuts, and I had an epiphany.”

It was around this time that Joyner established five basic rules for his art. He decided that he was only going to paint things he liked. His art had to be unique and had to be something he could maintain for a 30-year career. Additionally, his work needed to be within his abilities yet also had to appeal to other people.

“I like a good challenge,” Joyner continues. “I keep it interesting, not stupid. Although sometimes stupid is better. It seems like the robots and doughnuts got the most interest from people. It's gone through a big evolution, when I went from painting street scenes and it evolved to robots and doughnuts eventually after five years of trial and error.”

Does Joyner ever get hungry when painting his doughnuts? “No, but what makes me hungry is mixing the colors of the paint. I like pudding, and I like Jello. I definitely have a sweet tooth, and the colors are kind of delicious,” he says. “I love your basic glazed doughnuts; technically, they're called raised doughnuts. They have the same appeal as cotton candy. There's nothing there, but they still taste like candy.”

Joyner estimates that he only eats doughnuts once every two months or so. Would he ever paint a chamoy? “I would, but I definitely wouldn't paint an apple fritter. They look funny, and I like Jello. I definitely have a sweet tooth, and the colors are kind of delicious,” he says. “I love your basic glazed doughnuts; technically, they're called raised doughnuts. They have the same appeal as cotton candy. There's nothing there, but they still taste like candy.”

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Jason Jones and Natalie Zea spend almost an entire episode of quirky comedy *The Detour* in a tub in the middle of nowhere.

**A LIVE-ACTION SIMPSONS**

TBS' off-kilter comedy *The Detour* goes to places other sitcoms don't

**By Michele Raphael**

Natalie Zea, who co-stars with Jason Jones on off-kilter sitcom *The Detour*, is changing the face of comedy TV, stealing scenes with her sometimes bawdy, sometimes sensitive portrayal of an imperfect but well-intentioned mom and wife on the edge. She also uses her physicality as humor, flipping the script on the typical “male gaze” by unapologetically owning her character’s sexuality and embracing the show’s ironic political incorrectness.

Season 3 ended with the upended Parker family on the lam and a cliffhanger as their rebellious teen, Delilah, finally runs away. So what can audiences expect next from the show, recently renewed for a fourth season on TBS, and created by Jones and his wife, comedic powerhouse Samantha Bee?

“All I can say is this: I can’t wait to simulate uncomfortable sex with Jason for another season!” jokes the L.A.-based Zea, who spoke with *L.A. Weekly* before and after the show’s renewal.

Zea’s quip points to a bigger underlying aspect of the series. Her character, Robin, is overtly sexual in ways that aren’t often portrayed on a mom on TV, maybe in a way we haven’t seen since *Married... With Children*, where Peggy (deftly played by Katey Sagal), often busting out of her cheetah-print top, was always after a bumbling Al (also played to a T by Ed O’Neill). For example, take the scene in Season 3 when

Robin comes home drunk after dancing in a strip club with the noble goal of supporting her financially defunct family. She wants one thing from a bewildered Nate (Jones).

“Robin’s the heart of the show,” says Zea. “She’s the one who’s actually the drunk.”

“For me, playing drunk is really hard to do because it’s really easy to look like you’re ‘playing’ drunk and it’s really hard to actually look like you’re drunk. So I was very nervous because when you don’t do it well, and it’s hard to do well, it just looks stupid. It just looks like you’re acting.”

Robin, like many other women in the industry, is changing the way people approach her body as beautiful, as Zea explains: “I say it I’m like, ‘Oh, I have no reason to worry,’ ” admits Zea. “But we all have an expiration date, so I’m like, ‘Let’s do this and I’m not going to be ashamed of it.’ And I think that’s just so lovely and we should all think that way.”

“Last year we had this flashback homebirth episode that just made me laugh from beginning to end as Natalie is trying to get to the birth of his children and just smirnoud the Herculean tasks put before him to get to the birth,” Zea told Variety recently about her directorial debut. “The only real way to do something is to get behind the camera.”

According to Brennan Shroff, executive producer of *The Detour*, who has been collaborating with Jones and Bee since their years of working on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, the comedy is a “feminist show and a progressive show that pushes against gender stereotypes with jokes.” It’s also about just having fun, which audiences gravitate toward. But it’s mostly about family, which is its main draw, Shroff says, and the concept stems from the creators’ own lives.

“The Parker family are constantly changing money, and all of us grew up without a lot of money, all of us watched our fathers struggling to make money and make everything seems like it’s all OK,” Shroff told *L.A. Weekly*. “They’re white but they’re not privileged, kind of more like a surreal, funny live-action Simpsons. The Simpsons was a big part of our creative upbringing, and so the show is more Simpsons than *National Lampoon’s Vacation*. But it [comes down to] a dad who is just struggling to keep it together for his family.”

Although *The Detour* has its cult following, it has mostly escaped the radar of major media. So its renewal was a relief, as always. “I know it’s hard to cut through the noise of all the TV out there, when people find it they fall in love with it,” says Shroff, who also directs and writes episodes of the show. “People want to laugh.”

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Jones encourages people unfamiliar with the show to watch the pilot, an over-the-top family vacation gone wrong with some gross humor, involving periods and lots of urine. (Yes, it gets weird.) But some of his favorite episodes are ones that are “sweet and tender and tell a great story” — and explore family dynamics.

“Then there’s other ones that just like purely make me laugh. Literally just like just outrageously comedic, like, the one this year when we bring the plane down in the wilderness, just the four of us struggling to survive,” Jones told *L.A. Weekly*, referring to “The Funeral,” directed by Shroff. In the episode, after their plane crashes, the foursome are not only dealing with the death of their terminally ill 90-year-old bush pilot (and dragging him to hide/bury him) but also the aftereffects of all in the family (except Nate), including daughter Delilah (Ashley Gerasimovich) and son Jurgis (Liam Carroll), getting bitten by a laced gummy bear, Nate gives them by accident. It’s psychedelic and funny, as Robin lets loose, and the kids express their deep feelings; it also serves as a showcase for the four talented actors, with Jones, again, playing the desperate straight man.

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“Last year we had this flashback homebirth episode that just made me laugh from beginning to end as Natalie is trying to get to the birth of his children and just smirnoud the Herculean tasks put before him to get to there,” Jones continues. The series’ renewal is the culmination of Jones’ ultimate goal to do something that appeals to a broader audience, a show that can be subversive without alienating the lovers of typical family sitcoms.

“I’m proud that we’re still on when there are like 600 TV shows to choose from,” Jones says. “If you like laugh-out-loud comedy, give the show a try because it sits in a really nice sweet spot. We go in places that I don’t think people expect, and that is why people come back to watch.”
the release of Stefano Sollima’s Sicario: Day of the Soldado will forever be intertwined with the real-life travesties taking place in one of the film’s locations — McAllen, Texas. There’s no way Sollima or writer Taylor Sheridan could have foreseen exactly the scenario unfolding in Texas the week before the film’s release: What once seemed just a small border town filled with regular folks now harbors hundreds of immigrant children stripped from their parents and caged like animals in overcrowded facilities. Meanwhile, torrential rains flood the streets and Melania Trump visits in the most offensive jacket of all time, bidding those children a pitiful “good luck” as she boards her plane to eat another plate of nachos. Further, viewers are ready to board a bus with strangers in the dead of night. Alejandro could retort, “Yeah, all these people are trying to escape this place because your father is making their lives a living hell.” But he doesn’t. He says, instead, “That’s how it is.” Alejandro and Isabel’s scenes have the least of this sequel’s dialogue — at one point, Alejandro is speaking purely in sign language — yet their impact on the story is the greatest. Del Toro and Moner say everything that’s needed with painted, bewildered eyes.

Meanwhile, Graver speaks with relentless American cynicism. He is both funny and unnerving, and maybe more unnerving because he’s being funny, even as he orders drones to pinpoint and obliterate an enemy. Of course, viewers demand from this kind of geopolitical thriller some basic plausibility, and I fear that Graver’s story edges too deeply into fantasy. His superior Cynthia Foards (Catherine Keener) chews him out for murdering a bunch of Mexican police. POTUS is infuriated, Foards tells him, because the public is outraged and Fox News is playing footage of the dead Mexicans 24/7. Do I even have to say how surreal it is to think there might be a world where Fox News cares about dead brown people?
Saluting Don Bluth and the Shaw Brothers

Friday, June 29

Throughout the 1960s and ‘70s, the Shaw brothers (Runje, Runde, Runme and Run) reigned supreme as the owners of the largest independent film studio in the world: Shaw Brothers Studio. Although prolific in many genres, their excursions into martial arts action-adventure proved to be the most popular with Western audiences. The American Cinematheque is in the midst of a three-night tribute to these Hong Kong-based master moguls. Friday night’s program includes two extravagantly bizarre horror smashups, Black Magic 2 and Human Lanterns. But the third and final film of the evening is by far the most controversial. The Boxer’s Oman is being advertised by the Cinematheque as “one of the craziest damned things you’ll ever witness in a movie theater.” If you doubt their boast, just run a Google search and browse the images.

Eggsy’s (Matthew McConaughey) new mission is to clear his name while avoiding the seemingly inevitable foray into the bowels of the sub, aided by two marine repurposed as a CIA black site. But as the movie drags along, with the two action stars and their apparent lack of chemistry accompanied by torrential rain — seems to drown the characters rather than wash their baggage away. It’s in Alice’s battle with her brother Joe (Mark Stanley) that the film is at its most compelling. He’s reluctant to hand over the land, given the fact that he’s been taking care of it (and their father) for a decade and a half in her absence, and Wilson and Stanley swing from tenderness to rage without making either seem forced — or at all predictable. As the latter emotion inevitably builds, Dark River loses some of its certainty to the demands of telling a story with a beginning, middle and end, but the final scene, which relies almost entirely on expressions rather than words, is almost enough to make up for it. (Karen Han)

Friday, June 29

From his early introduction and historical connection to his co-star, it’s natural to assume that Rob Reiner’s character will be a fast- talking team-up picture, with the two action veterans circle-kicking bad guys side by side. But as the movie drags along, with Wheeler looking like a man whose only mission is to grab some Zs, it becomes apparent this won’t be the case. Marlo isn’t even sprung until the third act, and although Van Damme visibly brightens up for the few moments they’re together, Lundgren is barely on screen for 15 minutes. Criminal negligence of Dolph is far from Black Water’s only sin — there’s also the sluggish pacing, murky musical score and somnambulant lead — but it might be its most egregious. (Pete Vonder Haar)

THE CAKE MAKER is a recipe for trouble. Thomas (Tim Kalkbrenner) is a baker in Berlin with a flour with Oren, a visiting Israeli businessman, grows more serious with each of his monthly visits. He is given a new dishwasher. Quiet, humble and friendly, Thomas’ penchant for conventionality soon boosts the sleepy coffeehouse’s clientele, even if it skirts strict kosher laws. Naturally, Thomas and Anat (the widow, played with wonderful wistfulness by Sarah Adler, seen recently in Fast & Furious) and her son bond soon after, even though she doesn’t know he is sharing their grief. Her brother-in-law (Zohar Strauss) doesn’t trust the newcomer, and Oren’s mother (Sandra Sade) only needs an instant know. (Mothers, somehow, always know.) The tenderness in these speak of anything-else scenes is extraordinary. The Cake Maker is more of a petit four than a belly bomb, but it’s striking in its particularity. Though shot in Jerusalem, there’s nothing of the Old City or anything else about the Fodor’s travel guide. Israel’s religious codes are just a fact of life for secular Jews, like traffic in Los Angeles or stalled subways in New York. As the story cooks, we wait for Thomas to get burned, but don’t judge him too harshly. Though in a rough situation, these are fundamentally good people; the film’s aftertaste isinges.
Colonel Kasongo,” an anonymous whistleblower — and one-time rebel — now high within the Congolese military. Shown in shadowed profile, Kasongo makes the case for President Kabila’s corruption, laying bare how the current exploitation of Congolese resources and people has grown right out of centuries of cruel colonial precedent. McCabe and his editor, Alyse Ardell Spiegel, sketch out a searing abbreviated history of the country, one of several flourishes distinguishing a film that’s brisk in metabolism but rich in urgent incident. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**WOMAN WALKS AHEAD** | Directed by Stefano Sollima

Stuck in the Mexican desert. Alejandro Beltran (Daniel Soner) splits up — with Alejandro and Isabel Reyes (Isabela Moner) from the fancy set of an ends-heavy white stuff startup. He’s a little too savvy, the good guys who just stumbled into this cartel war, but she’s a little too dumb, the shit-starter Matt Graver (Josh Brolin) is tasked with starting a war between the cartels. Graver’s a bit of a story with no easy heroes. Elite mercenaries vary from striking to scarifying. But his film’s power lies in the repeated interviewee is the mysterious Tomboy, a patriot so charismatic that his images vary from striking to scarifying. His world is being stolen from him. Laura has some very clear boundaries.

**BOUNDARIES** | Directed by Alice Wu

Greyeyes is stirring as a man of power and vision whose world is being stolen from him. Laura has some very clear boundaries. Laura (Vera Farmiga) plays Laura Jaconi, a frazzled single mom to Henry (Lewis MacDougall), a star — only requires the former leading man to portray an even more wayward teenage brother. The real reason to see this film is Kiersey Clemons’ Sam and her romance with aspiring artist Rose (Sasha Lane). The relationship alternates between sweet and scorching (though we never see the couple do anything more than kiss, fully clothed) and is the fount of the love songs Sam writes for the band she and her father form. I couldn’t help, in spite of the sometimes very clunky script, breaking into a smile every time Sam and Rose have a scene together, even a corny bike-riding one. (Ren Jender)

**GO HEREDITARY** | Directed by Ari Aster

This is the sixth war that I am running from this sewing machine,” announces Hakiza Nyirabahuta, a tailor, early in This Is Congo. In its first half, Daniel McCabe’s engaging heartbreaker of a doc surveys life across the Democratic Republic of the Congo early this decade, as government forces battled Rwanda- and Uganda-backed rebel groups for control of the city of Goma, deep in the country’s mineral-rich east. Despite that presumptuous, confident self-portrait, McCabe shows that some of his subjects tell their own stories. Nyirabahuta is one of a quartet of speakers whose words play over vivid footage of everyday moments and extraordinary happenings. McCabe served as cinematographer, and his images vary from striking to scarring-to magnificent. But his film’s power comes from its voices. These include the National Army’s Colonel Mamadou Ntala, a patriot so charismatic that his superiors seem shaken by the love newly liberated Goma citizens display for him. Handsome Ntala is all too happy to redirect their accolades up the chain of command, to the president he quite offhandedly calls “the Supreme Commander, His Excellency, Joseph Kabila.” The final recurring interviewee is the mysterious adoption, that Donald Trump will not win; footage of nuclear tests; a history of fall- ing wages in Detroit. The throughline has left the building. (Alan Scherstuhl)
IZOTOPE & AUDIOPHILE XXL
(ALL VINYL ALL NIGHT) W DANNY KRIVIT & MARQUES WYATT
H US KINGPIN & MORE
7/2  MARVELOUS MOMENTS LA W/
7/3  C AMP CHARLIE
7/6  OS MUTANTES
7/4  DAMAGED SOUNDS PRESENTS
7/7  JEWEL'S CATCH ONE:
7/9  DIRTY LOOKS
7/9  JEWEL'S CATCH ONE:
7/13  DESTRUCTO, DOC MARTIN
7/15  SUNDAY BENDER
7/20  MAC AYRES
7/27  MARVELOUS MOMENTS W/
8/6  SKYZZO
8/12  REP YOUR FLAG LA
8/16  LOS MIRLOS
8/17  TONY2REAL
8/17  ALL VINYL ALWAYS PRESENTS:
8/18  L uke Hess AND Kenneth Graham
9/29  DEMRICK
9/29  REVOCATION, EXHUMED,
RIVERS OF NIHIL, YAUTJA

COMING SOON:
7/13  ELEMENT RADIO PRESENTS THE
FREAKIES + ANIMAL SHOW +
BAND APARTE (LA)
7/14  CLUB 90'S
7/13  BRD : BUTTA - HIP HOP HOORAY
HOSTED BY :FLASH NIPER
7/14  TECHNO CUMBIA + LATINX DIVAS
EDITION
7/14  AFRO GOGO : THE AFRICAN FIESTA
TRYVVL - (TRIBAL ) AFRO HOUSE +
GOOM
7/15  EVA LUNA, ROBERTO TEJADA
7/15  PUNK ROCK SUNDAYS: DEFECTED
DROINES
7/27  BAILALO BASSMENT HOSTED BY GECSFOLI
7/15  TIM NED
8/1  BORN FOR BURNING PRESENTS:
8/3  SKELETAL REMAINS, MORTUOUS

THUR. JULY 14
DEEP PRESENTS “REMEMBER?”
(ALL VINYL ALL NIGHT) W DANNY KRIVIT & MARQUES WYATT

SAT. JULY 07
CLUBLAND USA: LOS ANGELES

FRI. JUNE 29
IZOTOPE & AUDIOPHILE XXL
PRESENT COFFEE BREAK

FRI. JUNE 29
NEKROMANTIX

WED. JULY 11
WEED EATER

SAT. JULY 07
CLUBLAND USA: LOS ANGELES

SAT. JUNE 30
DISTRIKT

FRI. JUNE 29
NEKROMANTIX

COMING SOON:
7/2  MARVELOUS MOMENTS LA W/ PLANET ASIA, BIG TWIN, HUS KINGPIN & MORE
7/3  CAMP CHARLIE
7/4  DAMAGED SOUNDS PRESENTS MONSTERS VS THE AKATSUKI CHOP MUSIC
7/5  STR THE SAUCE X PAPER CRANE PRESENT: A SOCIETY
7/6  OS MUTANTES
7/7  CLUBLAND USA: LOS ANGELES
7/9  JEWEL'S CATCH ONE:
COLE, JUPITER JAMES
+ ELLIOT REED WITH TRAVIS D AND KYLA TANGE
7/9  DIRTY LOOKS

4067 W. PICO BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90019 (323) 737-1159 TICKETS & INFO AT UNIONCLUBLA.COM
Ex-Stooges guitarist James Williamson keeps rockin’ with new band Pink Hearts

James Williamson’s story is one of the weirdest that rock & roll ever threw up. It was he who played guitar on the third Stooges album, Raw Power, a true punk-rock masterpiece that was shrouded in glamour and controversy as David Bowie held court over the Iggy show. Original guitarist Ron Asheton was switched to bass, they recorded in London, egos ran wild — it should have been a disastrous shitshow. And in many ways it was.

Raw Power in 1973 was the last Stooges album until 2007’s The Weirdness (which didn’t feature Williamson) and then 2013’s Ready to Die (which did). The band split in February ’74, as the influence of heroin grew. Pop and Williamson recorded Kill City together in 1975, though it wasn’t released until late ’77. In 1979, Iggy’s New Values reunited the pair again, Williamson producing and playing some guitar.

After that, though, Williamson slid away from music pretty much completely. In ’82, he graduated from California State Polytechnic University with an electrical engineering degree. He spent 15 years with Advanced Micro Designs in San Jose, and then, in ’97, was taken on by Sony as its vice president of standards. This wasn’t a “necessary day job” for Williamson. This was a real career that saw him win awards and earn great acclaim for his work in Silicon Valley.

He lived a full life, had a family and was a tech guy surrounded by colleagues who had no idea what he had done in his youth. During the recession in 2009, Williamson accepted an early retirement buyout offer from Sony. That same year, Stooges guitarist Ron Asheton died. The band had re-formed six years earlier with a lineup of Iggy Pop, Ron and Scott Asheton, and new-guy bassist Mike Watt, and played to huge crowds around the globe. Ron Asheton’s death rocked the remaining members and fans to the core. If the band were going to continue, the only valid option was to bring back Williamson.

That’s what they did. The guitarist returned, the Stooges were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and it was business as usual until Scott Asheton died in 2014. That, as far as touring Stooges was concerned, was that.

“I got a chance to go full circle with The Stooges,” Williamson says. “I got the tail end of it, where really we were at the peak of our careers, and got all the validation.”

—JAMES WILLIAMSON

“I got a chance to go full circle with The Stooges. I got the tail end of it, where really we were at the peak of our careers, and got all the validation.”

James Williamson says. “At that point, I really didn’t want to continue. I felt like it was kind of ridiculous. I’ve done things just with Iggy, but we couldn’t really be The Stooges with just me and Iggy. That wouldn’t ring true.”

Williamson recorded the Re-Licked album in 2014 — new recordings of songs demos and performed live by The Stooges in the mid-’70s but never officially released. Williamson used a variety of awesome vocalists, including Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedys), Bobby Gillespie (Primal Scream), Lisa Kekaula (The Bellrays) and Carolyn Wonderland. He played a few gigs, but Williamson needed a band. Enter The Pink Hearts, which sees the guitarist join forces with Frank Meyer of the Streetwalkin’ Cheetahs and Petra Haden of The Decemberists.

“Cheetah Chrome [The Dead Boys] recommended Frank,” Williamson says. “I had met Petra Haden through Mike Watt, [and had used her] on the last Stooges album, Ready to Die, on a number of different things, both as vocalist and as a violinist. So I knew about her talents. I knew I wanted to use her again. The only thing I didn’t know is what the combination of Frank’s gravelly voice and Petra’s super-pure voice would be like. So I decided, once we had written a few songs, I came to L.A. and recorded them with the two of them, and it was immediately magic. So it’s been a great thing having this arsenal of different vocal capabilities, and I think they’ve enjoyed it as well.”

Behind the Shade, The Pink Hearts’ debut album, was released on June 22 and, while Haden’s voice does add a new element, the combination of Williamson and Meyer, the latter a longtime Stooges aficionado, results in a trademark raw, rock & roll noise. After all, the name of Meyer’s other band, The Streetwalkin’ Cheetahs, is a reference to the Stooges song “Search and Destroy” from that Raw Power album.

“It’s like, OK, so I don’t have to explain The Stooges to him for sure,” Williamson says. “He’s just generally a good guy to work with. His lyrical capability is amazing. That was one of the biggest things I was looking for — somebody who could write lyrics, because I can’t. I was so impressed immediately. He was turning around lyrics overnight, and good ones. That part of putting the band together has been really straightforward.”

What has been a little more complicated has been the commute for the band members between their bases in Northern and Southern California. That resulted in some delays getting the album out, but it’s all worked out well. And this week, we get to hear the results of those endeavors in a show at the El Rey.

“It’s gonna be a rockin’ night,” Williamson says. “The album is 11 songs, and so obviously we’re not going to have a whole set with just the album. We’ll play some of my back catalog as well, and that’ll be fun. You’ll hear stuff in a slightly different way, given the talents that I have to work with. It’ll be a fun night. I’m really looking forward to it.”

After that, the band are working on booking a full tour. Beyond that, the future is wide open for Williamson and his Pink Hearts.

“As long as we’re having fun, I think we’ll keep trying to do it and take it from there,” he says.

James Williamson and the Pink Hearts play with Prima Donna and DJ Judith Christ at 9 p.m. on Friday, June 29, at the El Rey.
JAG @ THE ROXY
JAG is one of Los Angeles’ hardest spitters. Hailing from South L.A., the socially conscious rapper has for the past few years consistently put out real hip-hop that feeds the soul. Earlier this year, he released his most powerful video yet, “The Kapernick [sic] Effect,” which resulted in a swarm of LAPD flooding the streets of Fairfax in broad daylight. Since then, JAG has collaborated with the likes of Crooked I, Dave East, James Fauntleroy, Murda Mook and Cassidy. Last November, he released his highly anticipated debut album, Dalton Ave, which reminded listeners of his spitfire flow, vivid storytelling and meaningful messaging. Now, he gears up to headline the Roxy. —Shirley Ju

James Williamson & the Pink Hearts @ EL REY THEATRE
Iggy Pop might be the world’s forgotten boy, but for many years James Williamson was the world’s forgotten guitarist. Williamson came to attention in the late, mid-1970s lineup of Iggy & the Stooges, co-writing many of the classic songs on Raw Power and playing fierce, blistering solos that would influence many early punk guitarists. Williamson also collaborated on the sessions that would end up as the underrated Kill City album, which revealed Iggy’s more vulnerable, classic-rock side, especially on the Bob Dylan-ish ballad “I Got Nothing.” Disenchanted by the music business, the guitarist stopped performing music and worked designing computer chips in Silicon Valley before joining the final Stooges reunion. Williamson still retains flashes of his old fiery tone on Behind the Shade, a competent if patient affair. If you’re a fan of classic rock, you’ll want the Williamson & the Pink Hearts set. (See Music, page 29, for more.) —Falling James

U.S. Bombs, D.I. @ THE VIPER ROOM
This is the sort of double bill that practically guarantees carnage. Orange County’s originator of the U.S. Bomb’s label, by eternal troublemaker Duane Peters, join forces with fellow O.C. boys D.I., the band formed by former Adolescents/Social Distortion man Casey Royer. Both bands have changed their lineups so much over the years that Peters and Royer might be the only original guys left, but no matter — both bands still bring uncompromising, boot-to-the- face punk rock when performing live. It’s been 11 years since D.I.’s On the Western Front, and 12 since U.S. Bombs’ We Are the Problem, and hopefully there will be new material soon. In the meantime, expect solid, career-spanning sets. When the Viper Room gets swinging, it’s a sight to behold. The crowd will surely be slamming for this one. —Brett Callwood

El Conjunto Nueva Ola @ LA CITTA
The Lucha Libre masked cumbia group known as El Conjunto Nueva Ola (ECNO) are known in their native Mexico City as the “heroes of rhythm” for their superbly hi-NRG and tighter-than-a-rat’s-ass stage shows featuring truly funny songs that heap amusement on pop culture in parodies of contemporary Latin and North American musical acts. With their elaborately ornate costumes and kustom-krafted Mexican wrestling masks they’re a laff-riot, true, but musically this is a ferociously slamming crew whose meltdowns of a panoply of skanky-ska/ragamuffin and trad Latin music styles (such as the Peruvian Huayno-influenced cumbia heard on their latest single, “El Deposito”) is a real dance-floor igniter. Warning: Get your tix now, because these guys have a rabid cult following who’ll be turning out in droves to pay their respects. Also at Levitt Pavilion in MacArthur Park on Saturday, July 8. —John Payne

Wand @ THE MOROCCAN LOUNGE
Wand’s new Perfume EP on Drag City is a springlike explosion that the local group describe as “new music via seven new electric hues, shocks of light that flagrantly provoke the dark, a posy’s clutch of purple, fuchsia, green and snowy white that curl around the stench of plague.” “The Gift” unfurls just like a flower, its new tendrils reaching ardently toward the sunlight as singer-guitarist Cory Hanson murmurs, “I can’t find my way back,” against a backdrop of glowing, glimmering chords that swirl dreamily around him. “Pure Romance” is another overly pretty assortment of jangling guitar and Hanson’s introspective crooning, whereas the EP’s title track is a jarringly jagged collision of hard-rocking riffs with his typically wispy and hazy observations. —Lily Moayeri

Dirty Penni Fest @ THE ECHOPLEX
Co-presented by Dirty Laundry TV and Pennbakk Records, the Dirty Penni Fest returns for its third annual edition.
with a daylong lineup of some of this region’s best and brightest punk and indie bands. Local duo No Age recently released their fourth album, Snarls Like a Haircut, as Randy Randall and Dean Allen Spunt ride along a surge of their own blurry chords and restless drums to create a form of punk that’s more droning and noisily hypnotic than drums to create a form of punk that’s of their own blurry chords and restless Dean Allen Spunt ride along a surge
Like a Haircut, as Randy Randall and rock forcefulness. 10,” which mimics T. Rex with a glam-good time on older songs like “Number That said, Giuda still crank up a pretty their clumsy, clichéd lyrics ever will. their carefree, party-time attitude than hard-charging rhythms say more about songs about rock & roll, but the quintet’s onward guilelessly anyway. “Rock ‘n’ Roll Music” is the latest in a long line of tracks that broke through to semi-mainstream status despite being oddballs within their own scenes. Bay Area trio Primus were the clown princes of the ‘90s alternative-rock scene, their quirky alt-funk odes to strange characters, such as “Jerry Was a Race Car Driver” and “Wynonna’s Big Brown Beaver,” serving as a much-needed sideshow to the otherwise overly serious rock of the time. They’re anchored by the off-kilter bass work and nasal vocal delivery of real-life eccentric bandleader Les Claypool. Mastodon broke through in the mid-2000s thanks to a sound grounded in thunderous stoner-metal, with a growing emphasis on prog-metal freakouts and heady lyrical material, making recent efforts such as 2017’s Emperor of Sand conceptual treasure chests overflowing with riffs and immersive lyrical stories. —Jason Roche

**Giuda**
@ GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE

Giuda are a five-piece band from Italy, but they sing in English with a sound that mimics 1970s-era hard rockers. Such tracks as “Roll the Balls” attempt to approximate the swaggering boogie of Thin Lizzy with maybe a dose of Grand Funk Railroad punchiness. Their lyrics are dumb as hell, without the saving grace of a self-mocking Spinal Tap/Turbonegro wittiness, but Giuda rock onward guilelessly anyway. “Rock ‘n’ Roll Music” is the latest in a long line of songs about rock & roll, but the quintet’s hard-charging rhythms say more about their carefree, party-time attitude than their clumsy, clichéd lyrics ever will. That said, Giuda still crank up a pretty good time on older songs like “Number 10,” which mimics T. Rex with a glam-rock forcefulness. —Falling James

**The Go-Go’s**
@ THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Just two years ago, The Go-Go’s announced that they were performing their final tour, which culminated in two shows in Southern California. Since then, however, the band have reconciled with longtime bassist Kathy Valentine and appear revitalized now that their songs are being turned into a new Broadway musical, Head Over Heels. Any chance to hear The Go-Go’s timelessly summery pop-punk anthems is always welcome, as the group usually sound fully energetic in concert despite not having released any new material since 2001’s underrated album, God Bless the Go-Go’s. While it’s a shame that the quintet have yet to reunite with their often-forgotten original bassist, Margot Olavarria, who basically formed the band, the current lineup mix their occasional early punk blasts with their more poppy and better-known later material. Also Monday-Tuesday, July 2-3. —Falling James

**Primus, Mastodon**
@ THE GREEK THEATRE

This tour marries two generations of rock acts that broke through to semi-mainstream status despite being oddballs within their own scenes. Bay Area trio Primus were the clown princes of the ‘90s alternative-rock scene, their quirky alt-funk odes to strange characters, such as “Jerry Was a Race Car Driver” and “Wynonna’s Big Brown Beaver,” serving as a much-needed sideshow to the otherwise overly serious rock of the time. They’re anchored by the off-kilter bass work and nasal vocal delivery of real-life eccentric bandleader Les Claypool. Mastodon broke through in the mid-2000s thanks to a sound grounded in thunderous stoner-metal, with a growing emphasis on prog-metal freakouts and heady lyrical material, making recent efforts such as 2017’s Emperor of Sand conceptual treasure chests overflowing with riffs and immersive lyrical stories. —Jason Roche

**Faster Pussycat**
@ SAINT ROCKE

This Hermosa Beach room is an interesting venue for the reigning kings of Sunset Strip sleaze, but Faster Pussycat’s Taime Downe will play anywhere that will have him. Downe grew tired of Pussycat after 1992’s Whipped! received a lukewarm reception within their own scenes. Bay Area trio Primus were the clown princes of the ‘90s alternative-rock scene, their quirky alt-funk odes to strange characters, such as “Jerry Was a Race Car Driver” and “Wynonna’s Big Brown Beaver,” serving as a much-needed sideshow to the otherwise overly serious rock of the time. They’re anchored by the off-kilter bass work and nasal vocal delivery of real-life eccentric bandleader Les Claypool. Mastodon broke through in the mid-2000s thanks to a sound grounded in thunderous stoner-metal, with a growing emphasis on prog-metal freakouts and heady lyrical material, making recent efforts such as 2017’s Emperor of Sand conceptual treasure chests overflowing with riffs and immersive lyrical stories. —Jason Roche
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**COUNTRY & FOLK**

**Boulevard Music:** 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Big Daddy, Sat., June 30, 8 p.m. The Cinema Bar, 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Acoustic Jam, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free.

**LA Cita:** 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. DJ Conroy & the Law, Fri., June 29, 9 p.m., free. Donn Jeffort, Sat., June 30, 9 p.m. The Hot Club of LA, Mondays, 9 p.m., free. The Swing Riots, Quartet, The Les & Small Band, The Youn, Tues., July 3, 9 p.m.

**Boardner’s:** 3135 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. Snapback, Mondays, 10 p.m., free.

**E.B.’s Beer & Wine Bar:** 15334 Whittier Blvd., No. 8, Whittier. The Other People, Thursdays, 8 p.m., $5-$10.

**COUNTRY & FOLK**

**Joes Great American Bar & Grill:** 943 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Larry G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, ages 21 & over, Fridays, 9 p.m., $8.


**SOUND NIGHTCLUB:** 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Party Thieves, Xan Griffin, Basko, Jeremiah Red, Michael Mind, Stank Phace, Fri., June 29, 9:30 p.m., free. Bree Nicky, Karra, Casey Rasch, Jorza, Sat., June 30, 10 p.m. House Pre-4th of July Party, Tues., July 3, 9 p.m. TigerHeat, Thursdays, 10 p.m., $5.

**Boardner’s:** 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Bar Snifter, Saturdays, 10 p.m.-$20. Blue Mondays, Thursday, 8 p.m.-1:30 a.m., $3-$5.

**Bohemia:** 1455 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Wunderground Wednesday, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Continues through Aug. 30, free.

**The Echo:** 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. MSIA, Thurs., July 5, 7 p.m., $20.


**The Hollywood Bowl:** 2301 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles. With house DJs & $20.

**Los Globos:** 102 Pine Ave., Long Beach. Snapback, Mondays, 8 p.m., $3-$7.

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**The High Street Band:** With Precious Byrd, 6:30 p.m., $20-$200. Microsoft Theater, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

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LAURA PAUSINI: Sat., July 28, 8 p.m., $54-$149. The Greek Theatre.
LITTLE RIVER BAND: Sun., July 22, 7 p.m. Libbey Bowl. ($35).
LOGIC: Fri., July 20, 7 p.m., $39.50-$99.50. The Forum.
THE LONGSHOT: With Frankie & the Sticks, The Trash Bags, Tue., July 10, 8 p.m., $27. The Observatory.
LOS LONELY BOYS: Thu., July 19, 5 p.m. Libbey Bowl.
MARINA DEL REY SYMPHONY: It’s “Opera at the Shore,” as the orchestra backs vocalists TBA for an evening of arias, Thu., July 12, 7 p.m., free. The orchestra performs a ballet-themed birthday-centennial salute to Leonard Bernstein, Thu., July 26, 7 p.m., free. Burton W. Chace Park.
MARINA DEL REY SYMPHONY: With ModPods, Thu., July 12, 8 p.m., $20. The Observatory.
MIRAGE: With The Pettybreakers, Sat., July 14, 6:30 p.m. Starlight Bowl.
MOPPY: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $29.50. The Observatory.
NEUROSIS: Fri., Aug. 10, 6:30 p.m., $35. The Observatory.
ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD: With Fortunate Son, Sat., July 28, 6:30 p.m. Starlight Bowl.
OZOMATLI: With Benny & Mexicats, Los Duques, Sat., July 7, 7 p.m., free. Pershing Square.
PARAMORE: With Foster the People, Jay Som, Fri., July 6, 6 p.m., TBA.
PAT BENATAR & NEIL GIRALDO: Fri., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., $55-$150. The Greek Theatre.
PENN & TELLER: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $30-$250. Pershing Square.
PETAL: With Camp Cope, Wednesday, Sat., July 7, 8 p.m., $20 & over. The Observatory.
PHISH: Sun., Aug. 5, 3 & 5 p.m., $50. Mount Wilson Observatory.
POMPECCI: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $20. The Observatory.
PLAYBOI CARTI: Fri., July 27, 8 & 11 p.m., $40. The Observatory.
POUND: With Camp Cope, Wednesday, Sat., July 7, 8 p.m., $20 & over. The Observatory.
POUND: With She Wants Revenge, Sat., July 21, 7 p.m., free. Pershing Square.
PUNK BROTHERS: With Madison Cunningham, Fri., Aug. 24, 9 p.m., $38.50. The Theatre at Ace Hotel.
QUATTROSOUND: Sun., Aug. 5, 3 & 5 p.m., $50. Mount Wilson Observatory.
RAMMSTEIN: Fri., July 6, 9 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre.
RAHIM ALI YUSEF: Fri., July 6, 6 p.m., TBA. The Observatory.
REVENGE, Sat., July 21, 7 p.m., free. Pershing Square.
RIHANNA: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $29.50. The Observatory.
ROD STEWART: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $29.50. The Observatory.
RUTS & THE FEETWARMERS: Fri., July 6, 6 p.m., TBA. The Observatory.
SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS IN THE DOME: With Neil Frances, Thu., July 19, 5 p.m. Libbey Bowl.
THE ENGLISH BEAT: Fri., July 6, 9 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre.
THE GRETCHEN BAKER BAND: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $10. The Observatory.
THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Fri., July 6, 6 p.m., TBA. The Observatory.
THE LYNX QUARTET: With The Pettybreakers, Sat., July 14, 6:30 p.m. Starlight Bowl.
THE LYNX QUARTET: With ModPods, Thu., July 12, 8 p.m., $20. The Observatory.
THE PUNCH BROTHERS: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $29.50-$129.50. The Forum.
THREE DAYS GRACE: Fri., July 6, 6 p.m., TBA. The Observatory.
TOMMY FRIEDMAN: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $29.50. The Observatory.
TOWER OF LONDON: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $27. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre.
TRIXIE CHIANG: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $27. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre.
TRAVIS: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $27. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre.
TWO SIDES: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $27. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre.
TWISTED SISTER: Fri., July 6, 8 p.m., $27. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre.
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