

LAW WEEKLY

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THE ROSE IN VENICE

has a mouth-watering
new menu

BY MICHELE STUEVEN

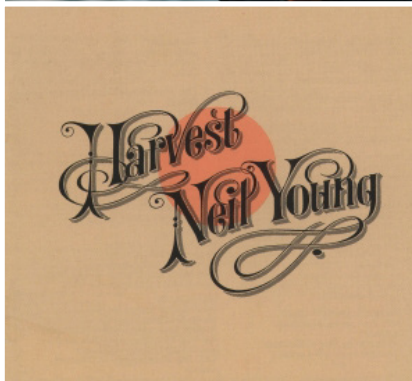


MUSIC

JAMESTOWN REVIVAL REVISITS NEIL YOUNG'S 'HARVEST'

Zach Chance and Jonathan Clay of indie folk/Americana darlings the Jamestown Revival told us about their love for a Neil Young classic.

BY BRETT CALLWOOD



REPRISE

Jamestown Revival

GRACE HERR

Zach Chance: It might be an obvious choice but Neil Young's *Harvest* always seems to find me at the right time. I can put it on if I'm happy or somber, or if the season is cold or warm. It always seems to complement the moment I'm experiencing. This album has always served as a North Star for our band and certainly influenced the music of the *Outsiders* musical.

Jonathan Clay: Through the decades, this is an album we continue to come

back to. Nothing is overhyped, or overdone. The album draws you in with its subtlety. Listening to it feels a bit like what I imagine it'd be like to drive a classic Jaguar. It's not the fastest car in the world, but it's not trying to be. It's effortlessly cool. All this to say, "A Man Needs a Maid" and "There's a World" feel like total wildcards on this album (and I always skip them). In a way, though, even they add to an eclecticism that makes this album what it is. [E]

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CONTENTS



ON THE COVER: A delicious offering from The Rose Venice, courtesy Michele Stueven
See page 3 for more!

MUSIC.....2
Jamestown Revival speaks on the power of Neil Young's *Harvest*.
BY BRETT CALLWOOD

FOOD3
The Rose Cafe has charms in Venice.
BY MICHELE STUEVEN

FOOD - WHAT'S POPPING UP ..4-5
Saweezie's seafood boil, Summer Soiree and a pie for Pride!
BY MICHELE STUEVEN

ENTERTAINMENT6
Another home run for Snoopy lovers of all ages.
BY CHUCK WILSON

ENTERTAINMENT7
The Bikeriders is a new kind of classic.
BY CHAD BYRNES

CLASSIFIED.....8

BULLETIN BOARD8

LA WEEKLY

PRODUCTION AND DESIGN
LAURA E. WHITE FOR STREET MEDIA



FOOD

THE BLOOM IS BACK ON THE ROSE IN VENICE

BY MICHELE STUEVEN



Chicken liver mousse

MICHELE STUEVEN

It's been six months since native Angeleno chef Ray Garcia took over the menu at the [Rose Cafe in Venice](#) in its 45th year, and it's a playful and personal diversion from his Mexican and South American-inspired concepts like ¡VIVA! Las Vegas and Qué Bárbaro in DTLA.

The completely overhauled menu reflects a relaxed and casual little sister version of Garcia's Asterid at the Walt Disney Concert Hall, featuring favorites that

blend the flavors of LA, like a twist on his signature chicken liver mousse made with blackberry compote and Indonesian long pepper. It's topped with fresh blackberries and feuilletine, a crispy crumbled confection made from thin, sweetened crêpes that puts the combination of sweet and savory into a whole new context.

The wood-fired oven once employed for pizza now sizzles with grilled bread and blistered shishito peppers.



Lamb neck and crispy sweet potatoes

MICHELE STUEVEN



Cashew muhammara with ancho chile

MICHELE STUEVEN

For starters, there's homemade naan bread with a vibrant cashew muhammara and delicately spiced chile ancho with feta cheese, as well as Wagyu beef tartare made with beef tenderloin and black truffle blanketed in parmesan with house-made focaccia.

Also making an appearance is a Mediterranean take on Garcia's love of lamb, with a fall-off-the-bone lamb neck nestled in harissa braised eggplant and dill yogurt served alongside more naan for dipping. Pair that with surprisingly crispy roasted Japanese sweet potato slathered in a yuzu kosho yogurt paste.

Rose versions of Asterid's roasted John Givens carrots and brick-grilled maitake mushrooms with coconut curry, red

chimichurri and scallions round out a menu of plant-based side orders. And on the subject of vegetables as a main course, the cauliflower Bolognese with tagliatelle, basil and parmesan is a vegetarian indulgence.

Always known for its pastry program since its humble hippie beginnings as a cafe, the Rose's selection is as robust as ever. Led by longtime pastry chef Jose Mariscal, the cases are filled with fresh strawberry cheese danishes and seasonal, specialty croissants. And if you happen to be celebrating a Girl's Night Out Gemini birthday, dip into the Tropicana Pavlova made with tropical fruit, coconut whip, guava ice cream and macadamia nut crumble. 

FOOD

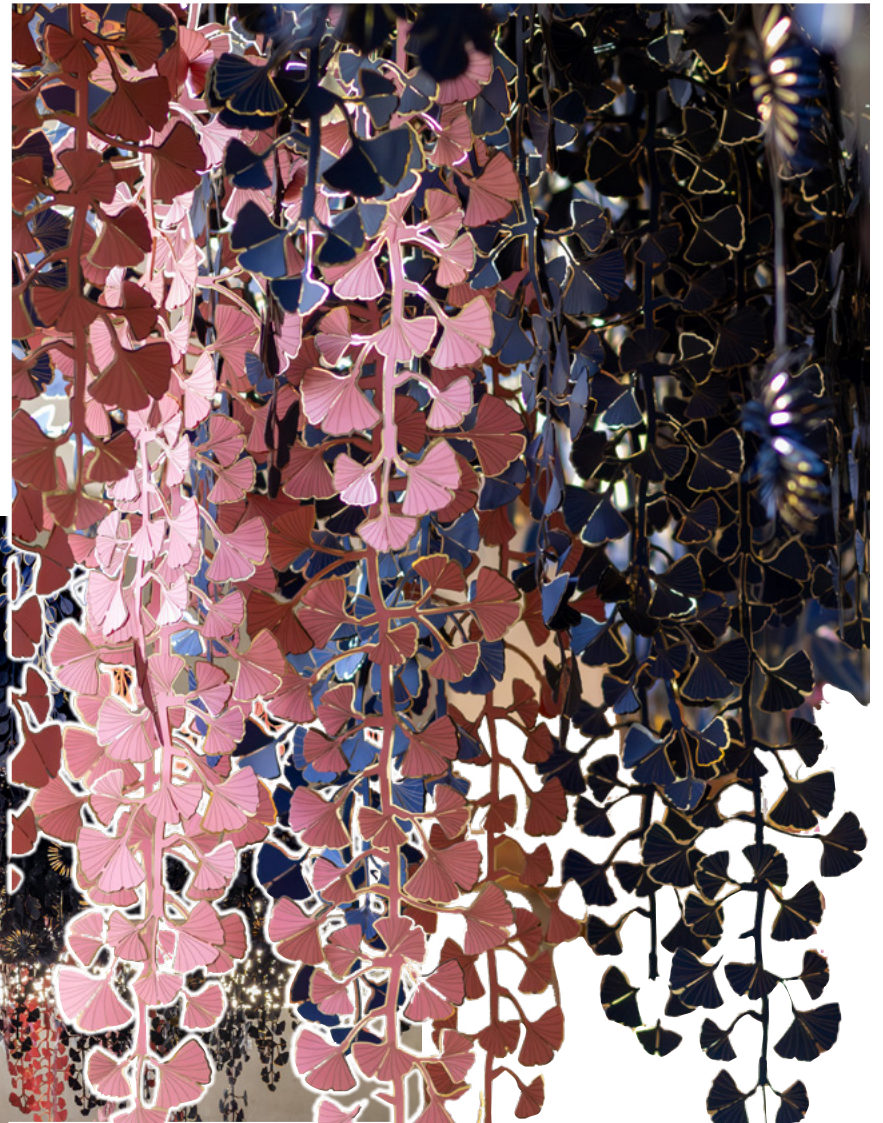
WHAT'S POPPING UP

Summer's For Crudo e Nudo And Saweetie's Hot Mess

BY MICHELE STUEVEN



Views of the Kimpton Rowan Palm Springs



POCIAL

Crudo e Nudo on Main Street in Santa Monica has started a weekday happy hour this week with \$2 oysters and \$10 wines. On the bakery front, June specials at [Valerie Confections](#) will be available at both the Glendale bakery and Echo Park cafe from Friday through

Sunday, until sold out. In celebration of Pride, this month's specials include a [Pride Pie](#) — a rainbow of fruit on a buttery flaky pie crust, available at \$8 per slice and \$55 whole, as well as milk bread filled with vanilla cream and strawberry jam, a rustic peach buttermilk cake, and a layer cake with three layers of coconut



Saweetie gearing up to make a "Hot Mess"

POSTMATES

cake, cream cheese frosting and raspberry jam.

[The Boiling Crab](#) is partnering with Saweetie and [Postmates](#) to bring The Hot Mess to homes across the U.S. this summer — a dining experience of cracking crabs, peeling shrimp and chomping on corn. Fresh off the release of her summer anthem "[NANI](#)," Saweetie options include The Hot Mess for 2 (snow crab, shrimp, corn, andouille sausage, and fries) for \$50; The Bigger Hot Mess for 3-4, which adds potatoes, fried shrimp, steamed rice and clams for \$80; and The Biggest Hot Mess for 5-6 with snow crab, shrimp, corn, andouille sausage, potatoes, fried shrimp, steamed rice and clams for \$120. Now through Sunday, July 7 (including Independence Day), every meal will be delivered in limited-edition packaging and will include custom bibs (while supplies last), to keep the hot mess to a minimum.

The 15-day [Dine LA Restaurant Week](#) event starts Friday, July 12. Summer Dine LA marks the program's "Sweet 16" by celebrating the original four restaurants that have participated every year, including Lawry's Beverly Hills, Tam O'Shanter,

Dal Rae Restaurant, and Michael's on Naples Ristorante, in addition to new participating restaurants like Dulan's on Crenshaw Soul Food Restaurant, Pez Coastal Kitchen and Bludso's BBQ.

If you love the heat, you'll love the [Summer Soiree](#) at [Kimpton Rowan Palm Springs](#).

A dreamy escape is brought to life at The Rowan's [Window Bar](#) in the lobby living room through multi-sensory experiences and programming, lavish decor, fresh culinary and cocktail menus, and other special offerings. The pop-up experience runs through Monday, Sept. 2. Activations include a lush paper floral installation designed by Barcelona-based atelier [Wanda Barcelona](#); a new menu of fresh botanical cocktails and seasonal chef bites; high tea on Fridays and Saturdays featuring a selection of botanical iced teas, sandwiches, scones and pastries; a postcard station with pre-stamped postcards; and a vinyl listening station with a stereo turntable, headphones, and curated vinyl records. There's also live music by artist in residence [George Delegans](#) on Fridays (times vary late afternoon/early evening). 📺



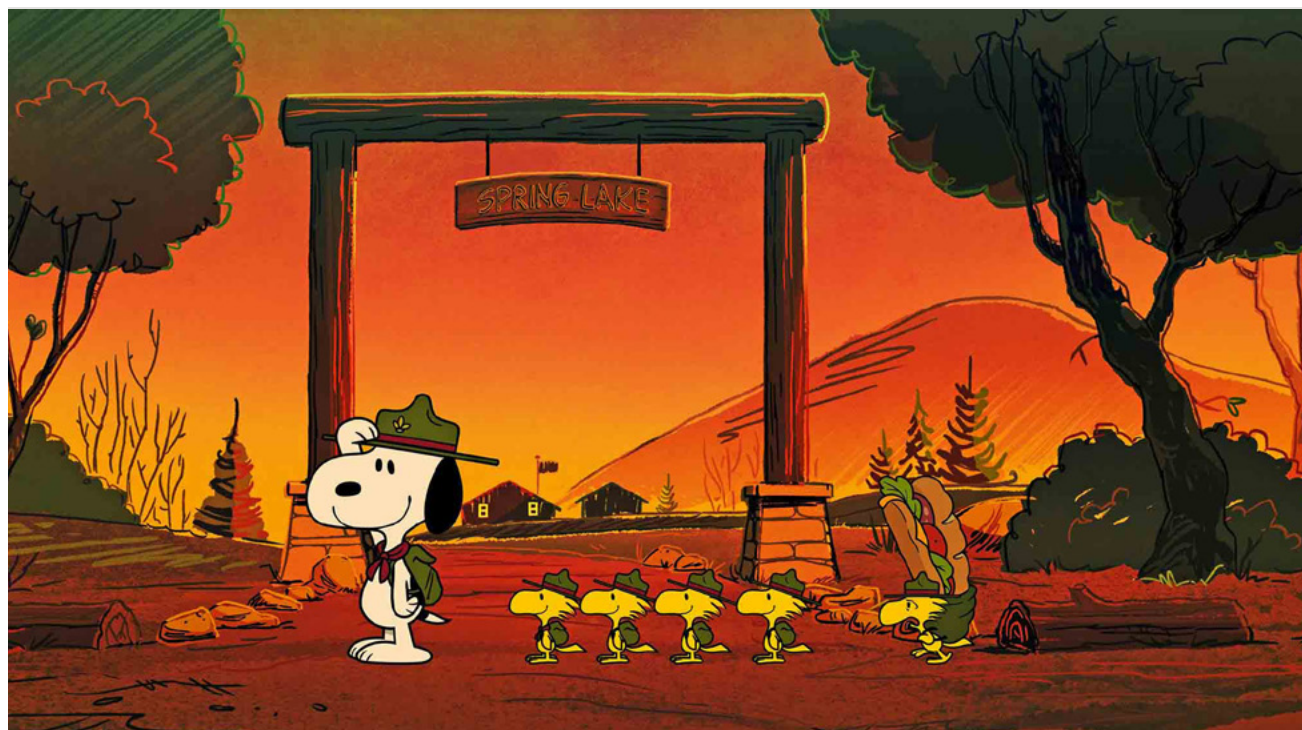
Pride Pie

VALERIE CONFECTIONS

ENTERTAINMENT

'CAMP SNOOPY' BRINGS PATHOS AND JOY TO A BOY AND HIS DOG TALE

BY CHUCK WILSON



Snoopy and the gang are back together for a summer adventure

APPLE TV+

Everything I know about summer camp I learned at the movies ... and now from *Camp Snoopy*, the delightful new Apple TV series created, in part, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Peanuts' universe's Beagle Scouts. Snoopy's round-headed pal, Charlie Brown, is, of course, an old hand at summer camp fun (and its emotional complexities). He's been going there since June 5, 1965, the day the late cartoonist Charles M. Schulz first placed a forlorn Charlie Brown at a bus window as it drove him away from home. In a follow-up strip, Charlie Brown wrote a letter home, saying, "My first day of camp is over. I lived through it."

In the first of the 13 20-minute *Camp Snoopy* episodes, all directed by Rob Boutilier, Snoopy, wearing his green Beagle Scout troop leader hat (with a yellow paw print as its center emblem), comes into the kitchen where Charlie Brown is preparing his little sister, Sally, for her first camp summer. Suddenly, the telephone

rings. It's Beagle Scout Headquarters with distressing news. Snoopy's troop is on the verge of being kicked out for not having earned enough performance badges. Snoopy sputters in outrage but then does some quick arithmetic to calculate how many badges his troop has earned: $5 + (-5) = 0$. To attain the necessary badges, Snoopy's five-bird troop, which includes Woodstock, hurriedly prepares their own trip to Spring Lake. Charlie Brown and Sally take a bus. Snoopy calls a taxi.

This might be the moment to say that Spring Lake and the mountains that surround it have never been so artfully rendered. The Peanuts gang went to camp in some of the 1970s-era feature films and TV specials, but the color palettes of yesteryear pale considerably against the sweet vibrance of *Camp Snoopy*. The daytime skies over the camp are pastel-blue and the verdant landscape below is darkened with a marker, as Schulz himself might do. At night, the moon shining down on the tents has rings radiating

from it, like a child's painting pinned to the refrigerator.

There are three segments in each episode, all of them jauntily scored by composer Jeff Morrow, who clearly keeps a reverent ear tuned to the original Vince Guaraldi Peanuts music. Morrow appears happiest when bringing to life the adventures of Snoopy and his Scouts, who demonstrate in each episode a key lesson from their Handbook, such as How to Pitch a Tent and the importance of being Trustworthy. They also steal all sorts of extra screen time. My favorite: Snoopy is sleeping atop his tent and his noisy snores are generating giant Z's that float up and over the tents of the bird troopers, one of whom gets so annoyed that he flies over with a butterfly net, captures Snoopy's Z's and buries them.

Kids are sure to love the antic "Beagle v. Bug" and relate to "Sally's Tooth," which finds her worried that the Tooth Fairy won't be able to locate her at camp. Lucy is not sympathetic; she knows to always

leave a forwarding address. Among the summer's key events are a cardboard boat regatta, the presentation of the Piney Awards (Pigpen wins Tidiest Bunk), and a bonafide crisis when Linus's blanket goes missing: "I guess I have to learn to live as one-eighth of myself."

In the surprising "Leave It Like You Found It," halfway through the season, the kids crash into an idyllic meadow the Beagle Scout troop has discovered and end up ruining it with loud music, trash, and general disregard for the natural world. Snoopy is disgusted. The gang quickly sets things right, but the story remains jarring, one of the rare times Charlie Brown and his friends have acted rashly, and, worse, affected the world in a negative way.

The brilliant 2022 special *It's the Small Things*, Charlie Brown finds Sally becoming the protector of a lone dandelion growing in the middle of Charlie Brown's pitcher's mound. Desperate to clear the field for a big game, Charlie Brown grabs at the flower and the dandelion is destroyed, devastating his little sister. Such moments, so unexpectedly fraught, confirm that the Apple TV Peanuts renaissance spearheaded by Charles Schulz's son Craig is not only pleasing to the eye but thematically ambitious. And the filmmakers are quietly bringing joy into Charlie Brown's life. It was there at the end of *The Peanuts Movie*, and it's all through *Camp Snoopy*. He's still a pessimist and still trips over his own feet (literally), but he also becomes something of a touchstone for his fellow campers. They continually turn to their friend Charlie Brown for insight when they feel down on themselves. Who better?

Snoopy loves Charlie Brown too. He always has, of course, but in the emotionally evolved Peanuts animation of today, he's more willing to show it. As summer ends, boy and dog get locked in a storage shed and end up playing astronaut, and they're having a blast when rescued. Not long after, it's time to head home. Charlie Brown climbs onto the bus. We don't see him at the window but we know he's not sitting alone, despairing at his summer failures. He's sitting with his friends, sure as anything, and he's smiling. [A]

'THE BIKERIDERS' IS A SWAGGERING, SUBVERSIVE INDICTMENT OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

BY CHAD BYRNES

After a long hiatus, writer/director Jeff Nichols returns with *The Bikeriders*, a brash, sprawling, grubby portrait of a motorcycle club in the late '60s to early '70s, a time in American culture when things went from idyllic to ugly in a nanosecond. While some viewers might be turned off by the movie's lack of plot or character development, Nichols's brilliant camerawork, propulsive narrative, and tightly wound script subvert any conventional expectations. Unspooling like a grand opera on bad acid and cheap whiskey, his latest isn't a glorification of biker culture as much as an exploration of the American dream and its glimmering seductions and brutal repercussions. Thematically, the film has more in common with *The Great Gatsby* than, say, *Sons of Anarchy*. It's also a return to form for a director who began his career by dismantling the mystique of blue-collar masculinity in films like *Shotgun Stories* and *Mud*, tales of men with dirt under their fingernails and a yearning to break out of their stale environments. Nichols takes this precedent to dizzying heights in this swaggering film, whose pulse never dissipates, consistently seduces, and eventually shows that these leather-clad bikers aren't merely criminals but seekers of the American Dream — a dream that's always one stretch of highway out of their reach.

Inspired by Danny Lyon's 1968 book, *The Bikeriders*, which compiled a series of photographs of and interviews with a 1960s Illinois motorcycle club, the movie chronicles the life of a fictionalized motorcycle gang called the Vandals, from their innocent start to their austere demise, when hard drugs and lost souls pulled them in unexpected directions. Combining Martin Scorsese's street-level edge with Bob Rafelson's dappled natu-

ralism, Nichols immerses us in their lives with a deceptive breeziness before slowly pulling the rug out from underneath us, one stitch at a time. Of course, nobody would give a damn about walking in the Vandals' boots if Nichols didn't do such a good job of humanizing them, which is no mean feat. We're talking about dirty rogues who drink morning, noon, and night, smoke three packs a day, break every traffic law ever written, and brawl like animals ("fists or knives" is their axiom). And yet, like samurais in a Kurosawa epic, they live by a sacred code: They're allowed to break every law but their own.

The movie's real surprise is Jodie Comer, who practically steals all the thunder from the boys. The British actress's turn as Kathy is altogether screwball, abrasive, and vulnerable. With her beehive hairdo and "awe-shucks" Midwestern quirks, Comer narrates the film in a confessional tone as she's interviewed by Danny (Mike Faist), a callow photographer meant to be author Danny Lyon. Kathy tells him about the time she met Benny (a slick-as-grease Austin Butler), a reclusive biker who's big on mood and light on talk. Butler is magnetic as a man who harbors a deep-seated darkness that only comes out in moments of impulsive violence.

Kathy first spots Benny leaning on a pool table as the room swirls in slow motion. Time stops, like the first time Nick Carraway entered Jay Gatsby's raucous party and saw the man himself in a white suit: the ultimate dreamer, the quintessential lost soul.

After they get hitched, Kathy realizes that she also married into the Vandals, a group of greasy outcasts piloted by Johnny (a brilliant Tom Hardy), a hardened family man who rules his club with an iron fist and demands Benny's attention as much as Kathy does. "I used to be respectable," she quips, before we slowly follow her into a labyrinth of crime, crashes, and compromises.

If it sounds brooding and depressing, it's not. Although episodic in nature, the whiplash editing and fluid camerawork invigorate what could otherwise be a plodding chronicle. From the first frame, the movie bursts with high-octane energy, rhapsodic humor, and a fully developed personality. One of Nichols's many tricks in seducing his audience is exploiting the cultural tropes of that era. The late '60s/early '70s never looked this cool (well, besides *Goodfellas*). Lacing the narrative with deep cuts from the Shangri-Las, the Sonics, and the Stooges, Nichols captures a time when freedom was not just a word but a concept that was stretched to its limit. He explores this idea through the film's acerbic tone and steadfast pace, and also through incredible performances from character actors such as Michael Shannon, Boyd Holbrook, Norman Reedus, and Beau Knapp. And yet, for all the

blustering grit and camp, Nichols keeps his vessel steady and balanced, never allowing it to descend into grotesquerie.

As we bear witness to the rise and fall of a club that once represented something pure and homegrown, loyalties are exchanged, power struggles ensue, and a new batch of outsiders insinuate themselves with hard drugs and a peculiar rage. Nichols simply drops us into this entanglement without an ounce of exposition. He wants us to experience paranoia, not have it explained to us; these themes are embedded in the filmmaking, not in dramatic character developments or long speeches. While he keeps us at a distance from the inner lives of his characters, he also keeps us close to their experience, intimately so. Like Scorsese and Altman, or '90s auteurs such as Gus Van Sant, Nichols works in that lost art of paradox. Although he seemingly venerates the bikers' raucous lifestyle, glossing it up with excitement and seduction, he's also deconstructing it, questioning their morality from the inside out, searching for a kernel of truth in the garbage heap.

The Bikeriders is one of the most visually exciting and poignant films of the year. Although some of its themes get lost in the shuffle, Nichols has crafted a rapturous fable that touches on subjects like the tragedy of the American Dream, the loss of innocence in a country gone awry, and the consequences of living on the margins. The film has a ghostly, elusive spirit that lingers in your memory long after the lights go out and the sound of revving engines fades into the distance. **A**



The boys fight with "fists or knives," but British actress Jodie Comer steals their thunder

KYLE KAPLAN/FOCUS FEATURES

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