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Chain FEST

MUSIC

PARIS PALOMA IS BRINGING DIVINE FEMININE RAGE WITH HER NEW ALBUM CACOPHONY

BY TARA FINLEY / BUST



Courtesy Robin Little/Redferns

“You take such delight in killing my light/ If I don’t make a sound, does it even hurt?” The exaltation of Paris Paloma’s divine feminine rage shows no signs of letting up, and thank Goddess for that. Known for galvanizing womankind with her powerful singles “labour” and “boys, bugs and men”—the latter’s lyrics are featured above—the rising U.K. artist is set to drop her debut album, *Cacophony*, on August

30. *BUST* had a chance to sneak an early listen to the highly anticipated fall release and song after song, it is everything we’ve been both hoping and impatiently waiting for. Each of the album’s 15 tracks hit us right in the heart, speaking to the joy, sorrow, rage, and beauty of the female experience. From the haunting lyrics and melody of “the last woman on earth” to the healing, folksy sound of “the warmth,” Paloma has bled every inch of her soul into this album to create something truly breathtaking in both its artistry and its familiarity.

“You make me do too much labour,” has become the rallying cry of women everywhere who have had enough of being forced into the roles of therapist, mother, maid, nymph, virgin, nurse, and servant—concurrently and without consent. Hearing the impassioned screaming of lyrics from the crowd at Paloma’s shows makes evident the power of the female spirit, and how strong our voices are when we join them together. *Cacophony* is a brilliant example of both, and we can think of no better musical steward of such powers than Paris Paloma herself. [L]

COURTESY JENNIFER MCCORD

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LA WEEKLY

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IN 'CLOSE YOUR EYES,' TIME PASSES WITH PALPABLE INTENSITY

BY MICHAEL ATKINSON

Who knew Victor Erice was still around, ready for an octogenarian's victory lap, with what is just his fourth feature film in over 60 years. Returning like the Ghost from Art Film Past, Erice has been MIA since 1992, when his last film, the quasi-doc *The Quince Tree Sun*, emerged and stood as the only significant challenge to his first film, *The Spirit of the Beehive* (1973), as the greatest Spanish movie ever made. We can only guess at what motivates a globally acclaimed

filmmaker, with that kind of lock on his nation's legacy, to disappear for more than three decades — it's as if he assumed we wouldn't be interested, and/or as if he thought he was just going to live forever.

As it is, that vast yawn of frittered years inevitably punctuates how we see Erice's new film, whatever else is going on, and in fact *Close Your Eyes* is categorically an old man's movie, entirely formed around the sense of time having already passed you by. With its length (10 minutes shy of three hours), unhurried pacing, and air of rue-

ful retrospection, there's a feeling of sitting at the slow-moving man's side, not watching the clock, and patiently letting him spin his yarn his way. It's not a film about our enrapturement; it's about Erice, and he's earned it like a civil servant's pension.

The film's first act is a feint — an ex-Loyalist fighter (José Coronado) is summoned, in 1947, to the lavish chateau of an aging Sephardic Jew (Josep Maria Pou), and is unhurriedly given an assignment: Travel to Shanghai to find the old man's half-Chinese daughter — who, in the first of the movie's cinephiliac allusions, has been theatrically trained in the "Shanghai gesture." (Meta-camp-exotic reference to Josef von Sternberg's outrageous 1941 film fully intended.) We settle in, only to have a voiceover inform us that this footage, shot in 1990, belongs to an unfinished movie, and that the actor played by Coronado, Julio Arenas, disappeared without a trace immediately thereafter.

Cut to 2012, as the film-within-a-film's grizzled director, Miguel (Manolo Solo), long retired, shows up at the production office of an unsolved-mysteries TV show to sign over the rights to use the footage for a program exploring Arenas's disappearance. Erice is baiting us, setting up a

classical mystery narrative using old celluloid as evidence — but the old-school satisfactions of such a construction are not interesting to him, any more than the identity of the fugitive in *The Spirit of the Beehive* or the outcome of the painting in *The Quince Tree Sun* ever were. Rather, the movie follows the exhausted and quite cagey Miguel's autumnal meanderings through the detritus of his life: not merely the unfinished film and the potential fate of the vanished actor (who was a lifelong friend, and anti-Franco prison buddy as well), but the remembered death of his son, the fate of an old lover, his own failures as a writer and artist, and, naturally, the remnants of a passion for movies, which are themselves physical memories of an otherwise unretrievable history.

No spoilers, but the mystery of what happened to Arenas has legs, as it happens, and Miguel becomes activated, shall we say, in aligning the unresolved past with the bitter present. But there's little narrative urgency — it doesn't matter very much what happened to Arenas, and we've been prepped by the film's long-gueurs and sad temperature not to expect a pulpy revelation. If anything, whatever the "true story" ends up being, it's just another manifestation of the merciless roll of time. *Close Your Eyes* is easily the talkiest of Erice's films (not a high bar to pass), but Erice is also using time — the stretch of it, the waste of it, the dread of its inevitability — like he hasn't before, as material as well as subject. It feels a bit, in its wizened take on measuring out life's regrets, like late-phase Manoel de Oliveira, when the Portuguese legend was in his 90s. Enormous swaths in Erice's film are spent just hanging out. Deep in, once Miguel returns from Madrid to his coastal shack-trailer and we see what his retiree's life really looks like, he spends an affectionate drinking bout and song-fest with a few locals, a long and leisurely interlude that "goes" nowhere but, for a change, lives vividly in the right-now, not in memory.

Erice is quite obviously indexing his own life as a cineaste throughout — he even casts Ana Torrent, the iconic 7-year-old heroine of *The Spirit of the Beehive*, as the estranged grown daughter of Arenas, and, in a bit role, the Spanish theater legend Juan Margallo, who played the wounded Loyalist fugitive in that first film, so long ago. We even get to wrestle with a giant old analog film projector in a closed and obsolete small-town movie house, where the film's climax comes, irresolutely, by way of forgotten celluloid. In the film and out of it, the differences between the past and movies are, for this codger as well as his characters, all but irrelevant. These resonances overlap and stew, just as classic film culture, like Erice, slowly fades to black. [A]



COURTESY FILM FACTORY

WHAT'S POPPING UP

ChainFEST In October And Ut Unum At Meteora

BY MICHELE STUEVEN



IMAGES COURTESY OF CHAINFEST

Chef Tim Hollingsworth will head up the the food and pop-culture [ChainFEST](#) in Los Angeles on Saturday, October 5, which will 10,000 Angelenos for the world's largest celebration of chain restaurants Full of both big flavors and bold nostalgia, Hollingsworth is expected to glam up dishes from restaurants including KFC, Red Lobster and Panda Express.

Under the culinary direction of Michelin-starred Hollingsworth, each chain will showcase a one-of-a-kind pop up restaurant. ChainFEST will feature gourmet versions of iconic dishes, resurrect discontinued fan favorites, and debut new items that are headed to

select menus later in the year. There will be more than 15 activations and collaborations from Domino's, KFC, Panda Express, Cracker Barrel, White Castle, Johnny Rockets, Krispy Kreme, Red Robin, Red Lobster, Dutch Bros, Hot Dog on a Stick, Trader Vic's, and the return of Koo Koo Roo.. Also expect a curated taste of Los Angeles during this time when my restaurant Otium is looking for a new home."

"We have twice as many partners at ChainFEST this year as our inaugural festival, which gives me an opportunity to pull inspiration from my entire culinary journey," Hollingsworth tells L.A. Weekly. "With Cracker Barrel, I get to

pull from my childhood roots in Texas with a country fried creation, we're serving something with KFC that's inspired by my winning dish at Tenderfest and I'm even pulling in some of what I learned at The French Laundry for our Red Lobster dish. I'm excited to share all these dishes with Los Angeles during this time when my restaurant Otium is looking for a new home."

Tasting Tickets start at \$99.99 with 15+ gourmet bites included in every ticket, plus access to free games, photo moments, and other immersive experiences. VIP all-inclusive tickets start at \$399.99 and include unlimited bites from all Chain restaurant partners,

early festival entry, an open bar experience, and more. Want the world's most luxurious chain restaurant experience? Reserve a seat at ChainFEST's exclusive Chef's Tasting VIP Table. A seated, full service, non-stop chain food buffet with a never-ending supply of exclusive menu items from each of the participating chain restaurants begins at \$1,299.99.

Started by *The Office* actor BJ Novak partner Hollingsworth, CHAIN is a nostalgic celebrity-driven concept of chain restaurants. The pop-up turned permanent space in LA brought on Chrissy Teigen as a strategic advisor and investor earlier this month.





[Meteora](#), the holistic, live-fire, and multi-sensory restaurant from award-winning Chef Jordan Kahn of Destroyer and Vespertine will welcome Chef Leonor Espinosa of the celebrated restaurant [Leo](#) in Bogotá to Los Angeles on Monday, Sept. 9 for a one-night-only collaborative dinner. The experience will represent the second installment of Meteora's inaugural Ut Unum series. Translating to "as one" in Latin, Ut Unum is a new, annual series where Kahn and the Meteora team host some of the most revered and masterful chefs from around the world to create a multi-sensory, ephemeral experience. The first chapter begins with Latin America.

The six-course experience at \$195 a person will feature signature dishes from both chefs as well as collaborative dishes created especially for this dinner along with optional beverage pairings.

Presented by OpenTable, Ut Unum will continue on Wednesday, Sept. 25 when the Meteora team will welcome Chef Rodolfo Guzman of [Boragó](#) in Santiago, a collaboration with Chef David Castro Hussong and Pastry Chef Maribel Aldaco Silva of [Fauna](#) in Mexico's Valle de Guadalupe will conclude this year's series in October. [E]





IMAGES COURTESY OF METEORA

ENTERTAINMENT

'BETWEEN THE TEMPLES' GOES FROM THE HEAD TO THE HEART

BY CHUCK WILSON



COURTESY SONY PICTURE CLASSICS

A film as eccentric as its main characters, director Nathan Silver's *Between the Temples* offers perennial scene stealers Jason Schwartzman and Carol Kane the lead roles they've long deserved. He's Ben Gottlieb, a recently widowed cantor in an upstate New York synagogue who finds himself unable to sing; she's Carla O'Connor (née Kessler), a retired music teacher who decides, 57 years after her 13th birthday, to study for her bat mitzvah. As his grade school teacher, Carla brought music into Ben's life, and now, at synagogue class, he will bring formal Judaism into hers.

On his first night back at Shabbat services, after taking months off to mourn the accidental death of his novelist wife, Ben ("Cantor Ben," as he's lovingly known), freezes up, a song of prayer catching in his throat. He flees, and as he exits the temple he listens to a suggestive phone message from a woman we'll later learn is his late wife. In the message she apologizes for missing shul and imagines how sexy he looked up on the bimah. "Your Hebrew warbling makes me vi-

brate," she says.

Ben ends up in a bar but seems a novice in the setting, which explains how he ends up in a fistfight so quickly. He's decked, and Carla, who'd been singing karaoke in the back, offers a hand. When she reports that she's just retired from teaching, the woebegone Ben lights up: He had been her "Little Bennie." She gave him an A! "It was music class," Carla declares, "Everybody got A's." The next day, as he's teaching a B'nai Mitzvah class to a group of adolescent boys and girls, in walks Carla, just as class is ending. She wants to join, to study for her long-delayed bat mitzvah. Ben says no, firmly, even insultingly, but a persistent Carla ends up pleading her case in front of Rabbi Bruce (filmmaker Robert Smigel), who can't resist a new congregant. Little Bennie has no choice. He has a new pupil.

Some of the chief pleasures of *Between the Temples* are the classroom scenes: Ben using humor to hold the attention of his restless students; Carla reciting her Torah lesson, her face flush with pride at her accomplishment, then using a goofy grade-

school breathing lesson to help Ben rediscover his voice. Throughout the movie, he is a lost man — lost in grief and in a crisis of faith, and in middle-age confusion — but in a classroom, Ben knows the language of life. Silver and company have made a comedy about grief and friendship and faith that is also a love letter to the teachers whose lessons mold us for all of our days.

Renowned for his micro-budget indie films, including *Uncertain Terms* and the wonderful online documentary series *Cutting My Mother*, Silver, aided by co-writer C. Mason Wells, may be aiming for a wider audience this time out, but his sense of humor remains prickly and his story beats unpredictable. (A blessing.) When she tells Ben the traumatic story of being 13 and not getting a bat mitzvah of her own, she's not sure he's listened, so she makes him repeat the story back to her, a demand that feels almost hostile.

Much later, while on a date with the rabbi's daughter, Gabby (Madeline Weinstein), Ben admits that he listens to old phone messages from his wife, many of them provocative. In what is sure to be one of the more original sex scenes of the film year, Gabby recites back one message, and a moment of seduction is born. The moment is strange and surprising, and, as Schwartzman plays it, familiar. Ben, it would seem, knows from women taking charge.

When Ben and Carla begin studying at her house, he starts sleeping over in the bedroom of her adult son (Matthew Shear), who drops by to visit and is not

pleased at the sight of Ben wearing his old pajamas. Ben's mom (Caroline Aaron) and her partner (Dolly De Leon) are also puzzled about why he's spending so much time with his bat mitzvah student. When Ben brings Carla for Shabbat dinner, on a night that the Rabbi and Gabby are also invited, all manner of expectations and tensions bubble over.

Carla wasn't raised in a religious home. Friday night Shabbat dinner is new to her, and so is Ben's family. Taking her place next to him at the top of the table, she tries to take it all in, to respond to all the competing voices even as she navigates food traditions and prayers she should know better. Both excited and overwhelmed, Carla doesn't know where to put her hands or where to look, so she swivels left, then right, lest she miss a word or not say the right thing. Fifty years after her Oscar nomination for the immigrant drama *Hester Street*, Kane is still finding new subtleties, new depths.

The evening will take a turn. Planted deep within an interior reverie, as if he's been sitting alone at the end of a bar for too long, Ben upends the evening by announcing an epiphany, a thing rarely welcomed at family dinners, Shabbat or otherwise. Melodrama ensues, as it will, and then mania, and later, silence, which is always the scary part. As a filmmaker, Silver takes a leap forward with the dinner party sequence, but his most artful leap may be the soft landing he finds for Ben and Carla the morning after. It's the loveliest thing: A gentle reprieve, open to prayer and song. [A]

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Thank you Saint Jude, Saint of the Impossible, EC

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