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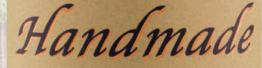
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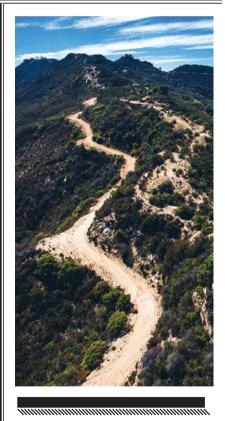
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I walked 67 miles of the Santa Monica Mountains to find out who owns the future of the Backbone Trail.

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PHOTO BY HENRY CHERRY

News // ON THE FLOOR Here's what it was like to be a California delegate at the Democratic National Convention

BY HENRY CHERRY

s Hillary Clinton took the Democratic National Convention stage Thursday night, dressed in a shimmering white suit, you couldn't miss the blue spark of vitality transmitted by her eyes, multiplied in size on the two gigantic Jumbotron screens towering above her. That night at Philadelphia's Wells Fargo Center, the former senator, secretary of state, first lady (and wife, mother and grandmother) sounded presidential.

That's what voters and the media look for, those soundbites we can latch onto. But you can see in Secretary Clinton's eyes, those huge Jumbotroned eyes, something that doesn't often translate in her speeches. Her eyes burn with an intense drive. When she talks, even Sanders delegates cheer. There's a reason they host political conventions inside sporting arenas.

But it was a long road to the unity forged by Clinton's final speech. Well into July, Clinton's main competitor seemed to be Sen. Bernie Sanders, rather than Republican nominee Donald Trump. Sanders offered an endorsement on July 12 but continued toward the convention unbowed. A few days before the DNC began, Sanders supporters held protests and a secondary "people's convention" after a monthlong orgy of shootings by, and of, police officers across the country. Then the Democratic National Committee email leak reignited many of Sanders' supporters and caused delegates to argue vocally and, in some cases, physically. On Sunday, the day before the convention began, Debbie Wasserman Schultz resigned her post as head of the DNC. But here at the final night of the convention, Clinton stood onstage and hoped to connect with delegates from around the country and viewers around the world.

Bill Kysella is one of these delegates, representing California.

He's a Hollywood local with a deep connection to Hillary. As a Clinton delegate, he was a part of the four-day political karate chop. At that final Thursday speech, he held his Clinton/Kaine sign as he watched intently among the audience of Wells Fargo Center. "In November, a lot of people will be voting against Trump," he says, "[but] I'm voting for Hillary."

The delegates' days at the convention are packed with meetings, parties and forums. Kysella made sure to stay on schedule. He made notes of the lunches and dinners that would have the largest impact. He was a member of the LGBT caucus, the environment caucus, the labor caucus and the Hispanic caucus.

This isn't his first time as a delegate, and she's not the first Clinton he's supported. His first election as a delegate was during Bill Clinton's 1992 campaign. Kysella hails from an Orange County union family. He went to UCLA and then law school at UC Davis. A Los Angeles city attorney for the Department of Water and Power, the politically savvy Kysella spent five years as a prosecutor in Hollywood. "It was a great job," he says. "I was working in the community where I lived.

"IN NOVEMBER, A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL BE VOTING AGAINST TRUMP, BUT I'M VOTING FOR HILLARY." -CALIFORNIA DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE BILL KYSELLA

When I was there, it got better through the Business Improvement District, the neighborhood councils, the LAPD and then-councilman, now-Mayor Eric Garcetti. Some of my best friends now are Republican cops. "

Gay and Latino, Kysella is not hemmed in by identity politics: "I'm a Democrat," he states proudly. But his drive isn't fueled by a hatred for the Republicans. Instead he agrees with Clinton's view of America. "Most Americans will see [Trump's] selfishness and disloyalty. We're already seeing the recklessness of Trump inviting Russians to hack American computers," he says. "There's a stark difference between Clinton and Trump."

But his week at the DNC was marked by differences between Democrats.

Early in the week, the California Democrat breakfasts set a dramatic stage for Kysella and the other delegates fueling up in the Marriott for the daytime DNC events. These breakfasts offered the most visceral moments outside of Wells Fargo Center.

On both Monday and Tuesday, Bernie supporters interrupted the meal and proceedings with Occupy-style protests. Conflict erupted when Sanders himself urged his disappointed supporters toward Clinton. A mass of protesters and media gathered at the foot of the Sanders' podium, while the packed room watched in awe. The protesters expressed betrayal, crowding the stage, waving arms, placards and fists at Sanders, California Attorney General Kamala Harris and congressman Adam Schiff.

During one eruption, Kysella sat at a table near the back of the hall and reflected on the protesters' passion and freshness, rather than castigating their anger. As a determined Clinton delegate, Kysella was at the philosophical center of some Bernie supporters' ire, though none directly engaged him. Even after that raucous second California Democrat Breakfast, Kysella embraced a kind outlook. You could mistake it for careful political sentiment, which might be somewhat true, but he empathizes with Sanders' supporters. After all, he's been on the losing end, too. "Some of Sen. Sanders' supporters are experiencing the first time coming up short," he says. "It always sucks when your candidate doesn't win. Booing is easy. But Sen. Sanders finally said the words."

Through the monstrous Philly humidity of the last days of July, Kysella and the other delegates weren't just there to battle; they were in Philadelphia to have fun. The general election campaign promises to be brutal, so Thursday night's speech by Clinton was to be a celebration and a call to action. This is the energy that delegates like Kysella are charged with bringing back to their home states.

On Thursday night, the grand finale, Kysella stepped inside the Wells Fargo Center ready to celebrate. He cheered and waved a Clinton/Kaine placard as the wash of the political crescendos began to fall around him. This is the moment, the bell ringer when his candidate takes the stage and aims to shatter the glass ceiling. There's a sparkle in Kysella's eyes when he sees Clinton finally taking the stage.

After it's all over, he says he wants to bring the spirit of the convention back to California. "I'm looking forward to actually leaving Philadelphia energized to campaign back in L.A.," he says, "to share the experiences: This is what Sen. Sanders told us. This was the impact of Michelle Obama's speech. That's going to help get others excited back home."

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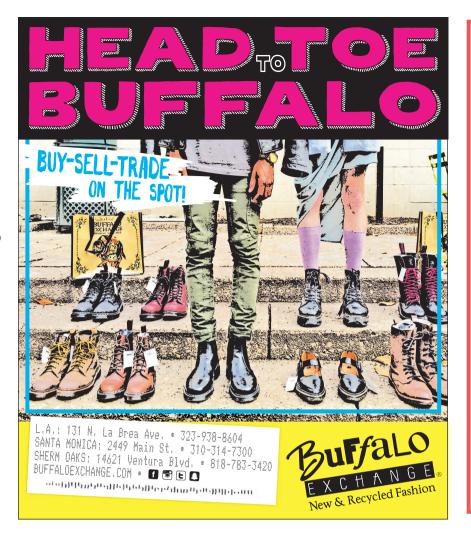
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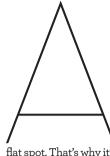
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dventures start with a crazy idea. On July 3, I embarked on a journey across 67 miles of the Santa Monica Mountains, tracing the new Backbone Trail, which starts as an unassuming path above the ever-green polo field of Pacific Palisades' Will Rogers State Park and ends near Point Mugu, across the county line.

I hadn't hiked much in years, and there I was, three days into my long walk, and I was a little lost. So I did what any 21st-century explorer would do: I called an expert.

"You do remember the Santa Monica Mountains run east-west." The sound of my old community college botany professor's voice was breaking up — I only had one bar on my phone. "Look for the flat spot. That's why it's called Saddle Peak," Doug Allan told me.

I'd spent two hours trying to find my return to the Backbone Trail by trial and error, bushwhacking and backtracking through thick chaparral, peering into the manicured properties along the ridge that divides Calabasas from Malibu. My friend Doris Yee had joined me for the day and so far we'd wandered in circles in an area no larger than a couple of square city blocks. She lives in Lincoln Heights and works for a major tech firm. We studied our maps — mine the paper folding kind, hers the handheld pixel kind. "Well, it just shows you how big the world is, I guess," she said.

The Backbone Trail, I would learn, contains multitudes. Los Angeles now has a premier trail network worth bragging about, one that starts well within city limits, climbs through nearly every watershed of the Santa Monica Mountains, and ends at the shimmering Pacific. Over the course of six hot summer days, I hiked the whole freaking thing. I carried and drank about a gallon of water a day. I ate a couple dozen terrible freeze-dried meals. I wrapped each of my toes and my heels with duct tape. I got locked inside a Malibu vineyard. I basked in some transcendent sunsets with swarms of dragonflies and a few deer as my only companions.

The Backbone Trail took some four decades to cobble together through 180 parcels of land acquired by several state and federal agencies and private conservation groups. This year the gears of bureaucracy went into overdrive so that the Backbone could be dedicated during the centennial year of the National Park Service. One of the last swaths of **(10** »

I walked 67 miles of the Santa Monica Mountains to find out who owns the future of the Backbone Trail

BY ZACHARY SLOBIG

» 9) land needed to link up the trail in the hills far above Zuma Beach was finally donated in June. It was owned by Arnold Schwarzenegger and Betty Weider, the widow of the fitness impresario who got the former California governor his first acting role as "Hercules in New York" by claiming he was a German Shakespearean actor.

Hiking this trail end to end is a logistical challenge still — the National Park Service hopes to someday have water and trail camps at regular intervals. I camped four nights and flopped with my older brother in Woodland Hills two other nights — he also acted as shuttle driver the subsequent mornings. There are only four campgrounds along the way, two of which are a good mile walk from the actual trail. Camping "out of bounds" is illegal, and I promised to play by the rules, thus the San Fernando base camp.

While I trudged west along this dusty trail, I wondered how well the Backbone would entice Angelenos from all backgrounds. The physical barriers to full public access are now gone, but the powerful invisible barriers remain that have long kept recreational use of the Santa Monica Mountains as white as its nearby communities. A mere 26 percent of Angelenos are white, while the most recent data available shows that 72 percent of the recreational users of these mountains are white, like me.

For me, this trail is a personal journey, too. Some 24 years ago, in the summer following the 1992 riots, I swung a pick and stomped shovels with the Los Angeles Conservation Corps to maintain trails in

Why We Walk

Long walks are great for thinking, for epiphanies and for transformation. Pilgrims along the Camino de Santiago through northwest Spain have been having "aha" moments for centuries. Polymathic newspaper man and Southwest Museum founder Charles Lummis took a job at the *L.A. Times* in 1884 and relocated by walking for 143 days from I thought about my wife, who would soon undergo a major surgery and wouldn't be able to cuddle our 3-year-old daughter until the end of the summer. With each step, I was quietly taking inventory of my life. "I like walking because it is slow, and I suspect that the mind, like the feet, works at about three miles an hour," writes Rebecca Solnit in her *Wanderlust: A History of Walking.* "If this is both black. Every morning that summer I joined the other corps members in that former firehouse for "PT" (calisthenics), and a run through the neighborhood that was still called South Central. Then we'd load up the vans with trail tools and head for the Santa Monica Mountains, where we'd spend the day fixing up worn and washed-out trails. I saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time from





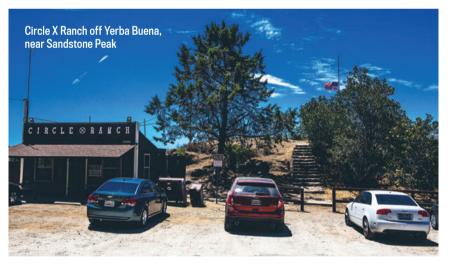
this range. A handful of years later, I spent a spring semester at Santa Monica College wandering sections of what now is the Backbone above Topanga in a field botany class, geeking out on native shrubs and wildflowers, and reigniting my major crush on these overlooked mountains. I'd now come back to familiar ground - I live in $\operatorname{San} \operatorname{Franciscothese} \operatorname{days} - \operatorname{totake} \operatorname{stock} \operatorname{of}$ what it means to have a wilderness experience in the largest urban national park, to hike this trail that can magically deliver urbanites into the wild less than 20 miles from downtown L.A., and to explore closeby nature as a powerful prescription, a balm for our harried times of violence, political discord and the endless echo chamber of our digital lives.

Cincinnati to Los Angeles. Spanish explorer Cabeza de Vaca wandered the Southwest for eight years, and transformed from a conquistador to a mystical faith healer.

Along my comparatively meager stroll, I found myself jotting down in my notebook all sorts of little jolts of ideas. As I huffed and puffed up the Bulldog Motorway west of Malibu Creek, thoughts came about what to do with my aging parents, who have bunked with my sister in a two-bedroom apartment not far from Los Angeles High School for a couple years because they can't afford another option. As I followed switchbacks above Mulholland west of the Malibu Country Club, ideas flowed about what my little brother might do when he's sprung from prison late next year. As I topped Sandstone Peak, so, then modern life is moving faster than the speed of thought, or thoughtfulness."

I thought back to the summer of 1992, when I joined the Los Angeles Conservation Corps, the urban cousin of the CCC, which operates out of an old firehouse on South Main Street. I lived just a short bike ride away. Many of my fellow corps members were former gangbangers – one of my crewmates was shot and killed that summer right in front of LACC headquarters - and the neighborhood still smoldered from the riots that had shaken the city just a few months prior. I was a 17-year-old white kid from Washington, D.C., where I grew up in a mostly black, working-class neighborhood in a mixed-race family. I have two older brothers, one white, one black, and a younger sister and brother, one of those LACC vans when it made that curve through the tunnel where the 10 freeway becomes PCH.

Along my hike, I thought a lot about how the Backbone Trail could play a central role in reimagining "the outdoors" as a place of inclusivity — here is this wilderness experience so proximate to the most dynamic, diverse metropolis in the country. This trail could be a powerful antidote to the dizzying pace of life, the daily micro traumas that go unaddressed. "This is your trail, Los Angeles," I scrawled in my notebook. "Wilderness is a construct." Grandiose, for sure, but I'd been rereading John Muir's classic *My First Summer in the Sierra* along my journey because I wanted to find some affinity with a famous long walk. I found in that **(12 »**





***10)** journal he kept in the summer of 1869 the manic, poetic Muir who inspired the conservation movement that eventually gave us the national parks. I found the meticulous botanical descriptions and amusing sketches of animal behavior. I found the phrase "passionate ecstatic pleasure-glow," which might be the perfect way to describe the charged, mildly psychedelic feeling of a long, solitary walk in a stunning landscape.

And You Will Know Us By Our Trails

On July 7, 1976, young, perhaps slightly psychedelic Gov. Jerry Brown signed into law an experimental department that he described as "a combination Jesuit seminary. Israeli kibbutz and Marine Corps boot camp." He modeled the California Conservation Corps after the Depression-era Works Progress Administration programs. If you've hiked a trail on public land in this state, there's a pretty good chance that the CCC either built it or helps to maintain it. The CCC motto is "hard work, low pay, miserable conditions ... and more!" These 18- to 22-yearolds, many of whom have had trouble with the law, sign up for these minimum-wage jobs and along the way, have an opportunity to complete their high school diploma. If they endure, they just may find their way to a better future. Some don't — my youngest brother was kicked out of the CCC, never got his act together, and a decade later landed in a federal prison for armed bank robbery.

Bruce Saito, former head of LACC, took over last year as head of the CCC. Both organizations deserve a heaping amount of credit for building and maintaining the Backbone Trail. The week after my hike, I caught up by phone with Saito, working on a Saturday. He told me of Ron Webster, a machinist by trade and volunteer trail builder, who as far back as the 1970s had led groups of other volunteers on trail-building outings to what are now sections of the Backbone. Webster directed many LACC crews, and Saito described a sometimes fraught dynamic. "I wanted so badly to get these urban, inner-city young people out there, and yeah, it was really hard work out there," Saito told me. "Here was this cantankerous old white guy and he'd have these black and brown kids look at him like, 'Why the fuck are you telling me what to do?' His issue was perfection. If it didn't look right, he'd rip it out. He wasn't just reinforcing the environmental conservation work, he was showing young people that whatever you do, don't do it half-assed."

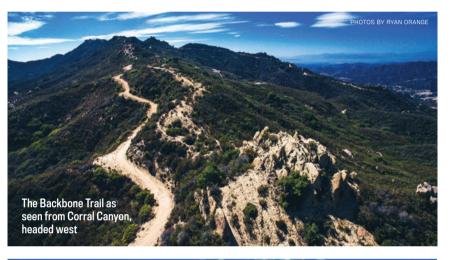
Webster's sections of trails are marvels of sighting and alignment through tricky terrain. He had a gift for threading a trail through a landscape for maximum scenic pleasure. Walk the Musch Trail — the first of his trails — which drops you down from Eagle Rock in Topanga Canyon State Park to the Trippet Ranch backcountry camp, and you see that Webster thought hard about everv switchback and turn. He wanted visitors to fall in love with this place. "Look, I don't believe in a lot of things," Webster told me by phone. "But I believe that in wildness is the preservation of the world, like Thoreau said, and trails should lay lightly on the land. Trails are a compromise with the wildness, so people can be affected by it." He's 82 years old and still gets out every Saturday for trail maintenance with a group of Sierra Club volunteers. Webster is responsible for one

third of the total Backbone Trail, and that's just a fraction of the miles of trails he built throughout the Santa Monica Mountains.

On July 7, the 40th anniversary of the California Conservation Corps, I hiked just over 15 miles from Kanan Road across the county line to the campground at Circle X Ranch. As I walked that day through several new sections of trail lined with scarlet larkspur and Indian pink, hummingbirds swooping all around, I still knew nothing of Webster. As I continued on through the former Schwarzenegger/Weider property, I thought of the young men and women I worked with almost 25 years ago with the LACC. I wondered how many people who use these trails are aware residents fought for 15 years a proposed development by one of Walt Disney's heirs, which would have plopped 97 luxury homes and a golf course at the top of the canyon. Somehow it seems, though, that successful preservation of wild lands — at least, in the Santa Monica Mountains — has created a recreational space primarily for white people.

The Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area, one of the first and largest of the urban national parks, actually was intended to give people of color and the urban poor a better opportunity to experience nature. This was all part of the progressive "parks to people" movement of the 1960s. Yet access to parks remains complex. Consider

I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE LIGHTEST THING IN MY BACKPACK WAS WHITE PRIVILEGE – MOST WHITE FOLKS NAVIGATE THE WORLD OBLIVIOUS TO IT.





that so many of them were built by mostly young black and brown people from tough neighborhoods, who had never before been in the Santa Monica Mountains.

Parks to the People

At some point along every section of the Backbone, I walked within spitting distance of very expensive homes. The Santa Monica Mountains are some of the whitest and wealthiest ZIP codes in the area, and the NIMBY forces here are legion. Some of that territoriality has been positive — Topanga the findings of a study conducted by Jason Byrne, then a Ph.D. candidate in geography at USC. Byrne and his co-researcher surveyed people at 33 spots throughout the Santa Monica Mountains and found 72 percent of users were white, 11.8 percent Latino, 5.5 percent Asian and 1.6 percent black. The 2005-09 American Community Survey shows that just 29 percent of Angelenos are white.

Byrne pointed to a few concrete, infrastructural reasons for why these trails are so overwhelmingly white, and much had to do with signage. It's all in English, for one, and without a good map, best of luck finding trailheads in areas directly bordering neighborhoods. "This could suggest to people of colour that such neighbourhood trails are 'off limits," the British researcher wrote. "It is also possible that people of colour perceive the character of the neighbourhoods surrounding the park as a barrier to access."

That perceived barrier - which Byrne conceded required further research - might well be the greatest impediment to the Backbone Trail hosting a stream of users that begins to look like the city of Los Angeles. My friend Liz Dwyer, a black woman and mother of two boys, told me there's a strong sense of not being welcome in Malibu and the Santa Monica Mountains. "It's sad, but it's not surprising," she said. "It's part of the legacy of the racial dynamics of this city and the omnipresent dividing line of the Westside." She's lived in Los Angeles for decades, was once a teacher in Compton and, until meeting me on the trail in Topanga Canyon State Park, had never been in the Santa Monica Mountains.

On the Fourth of July, Doug Allan, my old botany professor from SMC, met me and Liz and her two sons – Olinga, a high schooler, and Toussaint, a middle schooler - and we walked west along the Backbone to the foot of Saddle Peak. Allan has lived in Topanga Canyon for more than 30 years and knows these ridges and valleys better than just about anyone. He has a goofy sense of humor, and some of his little jokes I recalled from way back: one native plant, big pod ceanothus, he calls "the official plant of Malibu" because the seed pod looks like a Mercedes symbol. He pointed out the sound of mourning doves and wrens and the tapping of woodpeckers. We stopped at a blossoming yucca and he told us how the Chumash had a zillion uses for it - from fuel to fiber to food.

We paused on a bridge that spanned a dry tributary to Topanga Creek to just be silent and listen. The call of a wren, the crackle of a lizard scampering over dry leaves, the faint background hum of honeybees somewhere high above us. "This sounds like someone exhaling," Toussaint said. We climbed the last stretch of switchbacks up a section called the Hondo Canyon Trail and suddenly we were in a river of coastal fog flowing over the ridge, twirling into perfect little waves above us, a blast of cool, damp air straight from the ocean. Olinga turned to face it, letting it pour all over him. He closed his eyes and he smiled.

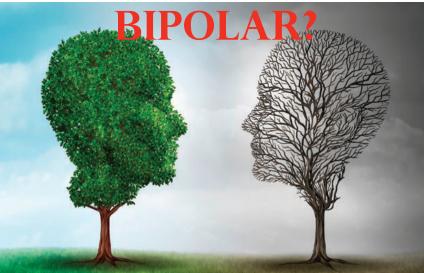
When I caught up with Liz on the phone the week after the hike, she told me that she's seen Toussaint taking little pinches of leaves off of plants now in their neighborhood, crushing them between his fingers and smelling them — just as Allan had showed him. "They just seemed so relaxed up there," Liz said. "There's no Twitter feed, and no news of the latest black kid who's been shot. It's so therapeutic to just walk in nature."

The morning after our hike, Toussaint and Olinga woke up to the news of Alton Sterling being shot in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and with the following evening came the news of Philando Castile's killing at the hands of police near St. Paul, Minnesota. The next night, Micah Xavier Johnson ambushed police in Dallas, killing five cops. I knew nothing of any of this, each day's horrors rippling through the nation in real time, while I kept on walking west, blissfully unaware in my (**15** »

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*** 12**) solitude. I stepped away from the world during what one headline dubbed "the week from hell," a detachment that I somehow achieved a short distance from the center of one of the largest cities in the country.

Trail Blazers

The most important tools for my hike weren't my pack, sleeping bag or tent (all of which I borrowed) but four detailed, topographic maps made by a guy named Tom Harrison, who lives in San Rafael, north of San Francisco. He's been making the best maps of California public land for 30 years. Each of these maps covering a different section of the Backbone Trail cost me \$10, for a total of \$40. For some, that's no big deal. For others, it might be yet another invisible barrier to entry. I emailed Harrison to ask if he had thought of working with urbanaccess organizations such as Outdoor Afro or Latino Outdoors to get his maps into the hands of people who may not be able to afford them. "No," he wrote back. "In the 30 years I have been in business, this is the first time the question has ever been asked." Melanie Beck, outdoor recreation planner

Los Angeles State Historic Park, Sap said, are "portals to the Santa Monica Mountains," stepping stones to adventures in wilder places. "We're doing this in the most park-poor community in a city that is one of the most park-poor in the country," Sap said. "We're all in when it comes to community engagement. We're trying to break down this view that 'those parks are for white people, not for us.'"

The Last Few Miles

My last night on the trail, I camped under a clear sky with a group of Cal State L.A. archaeologists performing fieldwork in Point Mugu State Park. They told me about a nearby site where Chumash feasted regularly for at least 1,500 years. Piles and piles of shellfish were ferried up into this sycamore-lined valley, a walk of at least eight miles from the coast. As I made my way down those eight miles the next morning, I thought about the potential of the Backbone to become a path toward an outdoor community with an equal place for people of color. I thought about the fact that John Muir may be the celebrated godfather of California conservation, but his writings often revealed his racism, and



for NPS, is one of the people most responsible for pulling together those 180 parcels of land that now connect the 67 miles of Backbone Trail. While she celebrates the triumph of a public right of way, she is concerned about equity in access. She told me of the Park-LINK shuttle bus that began in 2004, ferrying people from the Orange Line to a dozen spots in the Santa Monica Mountains, including two Backbone trailheads. The ParkLINK was a pilot project and ended in 2007.

Glimmers of hope are visible in the heart of the city, though. Kate Kuykendall, NPS public affairs officer, points to the L.A. Ranger Troca, once a taco truck, now "a mobile national park visitor center" for urban engagement. Craig Sap, superintendent of the Angeles District of California State Parks, points to the three years of L.A. River Campouts, a collaboration between State Parks, the National Park Service and arts organization Clockshop, to give Angelenos – who may otherwise be excluded from the outdoor community - an opportunity to sleep under the stars, sit by a campfire and even reel in a fish or two. Experiences like this and the nature trails of the soon-to-reopen, 32-acre

perhaps that has much to do with the whiteness of "wilderness." I thought about the fact that the lightest thing in my backpack was white privilege — most white folks navigate the world oblivious to it. I thought about how this trail can provide a crucial reset button, so close to a really, really big city. It was the Saturday after "the week from hell," as I would learn of from my friends who picked me up at the bottom of the trail while I was stripping duct tape off my toes. In the span of a week, the world had gone crazy while I had gotten a bit more sane.

Those last few miles of the Backbone are a spectacular descent, hugging the east side of La Jolla Canyon, through the rich smell of sagebrush, with a horizon more ocean than sky. I threw my pack down and sat on the side of the trail for a few minutes, breathing in the cool, salty air. A steady trickle of day hikers passed by, including an older Korean woman shaded with a big floppy hat, softly singing. "It's a hymn called 'Under His Wings,'" she told me. As she continued down the trail, I could just barely hear the last verse: Under His wings, O what precious enjoyment! There will I hide till life's trials are o'er.



*Promotion applies to select pets

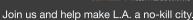
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Eats // Fork Lift // MISSION OF BURNA Daw Yee Myanmar Corner may be the most accessible Burmese restaurant

in the United States

BY JAMES GORDON

alvin Trillin's American Fried: Adventures of a Happy Eater, published in 1974, details his tour of the United States in search of regional fare and set a standard

for generations of adventurous eaters. He writes about visiting fried chicken shacks, barbecue joints and roadside diners, debunking the idea that "authenticity" should be the sole barometer for measuring the pleasures of food. To Trillin, it's more important that food tastes good.

At Daw Yee Myanmar Corner, the new Burmese restaurant stationed in Silver Lake, authenticity is a tired subject. Delyn Chow, the restaurant's proprietor, faces the burden of the authentic standard almost daily, as he fastidiously scours the Yelp reviews of his place. But authenticity in cuisine is often relative. Chow claims that *mohinga*, the catfish noodle soup regarded as Myanmar's national dish, is made in two dozen ways in Monterey Park alone, and wishes good luck to anyone who can get two Burmese to agree on which recipe is more genuine. Like Trillin, he instead prefers to judge food on a spectrum between delicious and displeasing.

Chow was born in Yangon (formerly Rangoon) in Myanmar, and learned to cook by watching his mother at the stove. When he opened his first restaurant in Monterey Park in 2013, it was a simple choice to name it after her: Daw Yee. Authenticity was never really an issue; he was using his mother's recipes and, after all, most of his customers were local Burmese. DYM Cafe, as he now calls it, quickly became one of the two major strongholds for Burmese cuisine in the community, along with Yoma Myanmar down the street.

By the time Chow opened DYM Corner, his second venture, he'd started to wrestle with the challenge of providing authentic Burmese dishes to a much larger clientele. Should he use fish sauce in salads, which would require that servers warn every potential vegetarian — who are ubiquitous in Silver Lake— that they might encounter fishy funk? And how much of the menu would be approachable to a community unlikely to embrace "pork mix," a celebrated Burmese dish composed entirely of pig offal?

Overall, Chow has tabled the authenticity debate, and Daw Yee Myanmar Corner has benefited. It has the potential to become one the most accessible Burmese restaurants in the United States — or at least west of the 710 in L.A. — and Chow hopes it will offer diners a good introduction to the cuisine.

The dishes that Chow chose to feature at Corner are very hard to dislike. The *kima platha*, a *roti*-like layered bread stuffed with lamb or chicken, is fried to a slight crunch and served alongside a tangy, spicy sauce – it's delicious.

Chow has an easy hand with oil, which is probably a good thing. As a result, his curries tend to be milder than what you might sample in Mandalay — they're rich, herbal and mostly tomato-based. An aromatic goat and lentil stew, related to the familiar Indian *dal*, is served alongside *naan*.

And there are noodles: the mohinga, of course, with a peppery broth and savory flavor that tastes distinctly Burmese, and Shan noodles served in a light chicken curry. Kyae oh noodles come in a mild Vietnamese-style broth, while tophu nwe noodles, layered with a custardy chickpea-flour mixture, are drizzled with enough chili oil to remind you of Sichuan. Chow hopes more Silver Lake customers order ohnoh, the noodle soup said to be the inspiration for northern Thailand's khao soi, because he thinks it will appeal to the city's ramen-philes.

Myanmar's food often is described as a cultural intersection of the countries with which it shares borders: a mix of southern China's delightfully hefty noodles, aromatic curries from northeastern India and fragrant salads from Vietnam, Thailand and Laos. That's certainly true to an extent — people in northern Myanmar, for example, share direct ethnic ties with those in the southern Chinese province of Yunnan, and their food reflects that.

However, as in Thailand or China, food in Myanmar varies considerably by region, to the point that Burmese won't refer to the food from Shan state or Kachin state as Burmese; they'll call it Shan food or Kachin food, respectively. Equating mohinga or tea leaf salad with Burmese food is much like equating the dish pad thai with Thai food. It's a good reference point to the national cuisine, but it doesn't tell the whole story. The reason that Burma changed its name in the first place was because Burma is a reference to the country's largest ethnic group, the Bamar, and the new name - Myanmar - is meant to be more inclusive of the nation's hundreds of other ethnic groups.

Chow is fiercely defensive of the integrity of traditional Burmese dishes, but he also has an air of sturdy practicality, attained while earning a business degree at UC Riverside. If a dish won't sell, it doesn't go on the menu. Chow's stand contrasts with that of Kris Yenbamroong. the chef of another Silver Lake restaurant, Night + Market Song, who stubbornly kept a dish of raw blood soup on the menu for months, despite predictably poor sales. Like Yenbamroong, Chow has become a de facto ambassador for an underappreciated cuisine. Ultimately, your first impressions of it may well depend on a willingness to chew a dish of pig intestine (which is absolutely wonderful, by the way).

The restaurant's salads could be its greatest attraction, arranged with the meticulous detail you'd recognize from Monterey Park. Some of them are noodlebased, like the *khao* shwe thoke, which is studded with the characteristic Burmese flavors of fried garlic and toasted sesame, and *nan gyi thoke*, served with chicken and punchy with chili oil. Lahpet thoke, the tea leaf salad that is perhaps Myanmar's most famous dish, is appropriately smoky and crunchy (Chow imports the tea leaves from Myanmar). And the gin thoke, a ginger salad, is so unabashedly good that a picky teenager might reconsider salads as a food group.

DYM Cafe veterans won't be surprised that Chow put some thought into the design of the restaurant space, which, while small, feels clean, modern and hip. Sure, it's a far cry from the plastic tables and grungy charm that some might consider a more authentic venue for a true Burmese meal, but, like Trillin, you'll ultimately conclude that it doesn't really matter: The food speaks for itself.

DAW YEE MYANMAR CORNER | 2831 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake | (213) 413-0568 | Mon.-Fri., 5-11 p.m.; Sat., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m.-10 p.m. | Entrees \$11-\$30 | No alcohol | Lot and street parking

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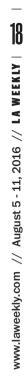


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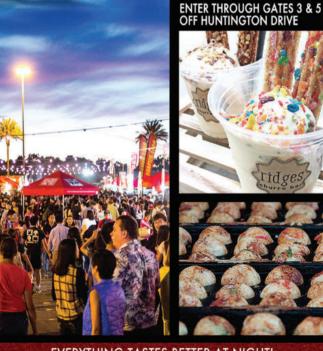


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Eats // Squid Ink // **UNI ICE** REAM? WEIRD FLAVORS ARE HOT NOW



long with the summer temperatures, unusual ice cream flavors seem to be on the rise all over Los Angeles. Traditionalists need not fret: Plenty of Los Angeles

ice cream shops are still churning out incredible classics and fail-safe flavors. But there's a new wave of ice cream innovation coming through, involving vegetables, meats, herbs and spices.

"Every four weeks we change out our menu and try to use each season as a way to push the expectations of what ice cream can be," said Salt & Straw head ice cream maker Tyler Malek. That push has lead to the creation of unusual ice cream concoctions like strawberry cilantro lime cheesecake, or green fennel and maple. And there's no attempt to hide unusual ingredients, either.

"We always deliver on the flavor," Malek said. "Fennel will taste like fennel, tomato like tomato, etc. But the flavors always meld in ways that are incredibly tasty."

The trick to changing the ice cream game may be in reshaping the way ingredients are seen. "Fennel can be so floral, and using the entire plant, stem to stern, gives a huge spectrum of beautiful flavor notes that is often overlooked when you're strictly thinking about it as a savory ingredient," said Malek.

But the trend spans beyond seasonally driven vegetable flavors into the realm of savory protein touches — and no, we don't mean bacon.

At Chaya Downtown, chef Joji Inoue has put an uni ice cream sandwich on the menu, riffing on the traditional Japanese dessert monaka, which is made with crisp

mochi wafers sandwiching various fillings.

"Uni is one of my favorite ingredients and flavors to work with, and is very popular with our guests," said Inoue. "We kept the uni subtle for this. Guests have really been enjoying it so far."

Over in Culver City, chef Chris Oh at Hanjip put together some ice cream sandwiches in partnership with Coolhaus. They're inspired by Korean foods that he loves. His favorite of the new trio is the Hawaiian Pizza, which features pineapple ice cream with chunks of Spam smashed between two white chocolate macadamia nut cookies. Despite the big portions of Spam in there, the bright, sweet pineapple is the flavor that shines the most.

According to Inoue, this concept isn't groundbreaking. It's just less common for Americans. "The idea of a savory treat is not new, and Japanese food is known for umami, so this twist on a monaka seemed to be an obvious one," he said.

Unusual flavors tend to be great marketing tools. Malek said that customers wait in front of the shop before new flavors are launched. It doesn't matter if customers even buy the wild ice creams.

"Unique flavors are always an attraction. Some sell really well and some don't," said Ryan Morgan, experience leader at Jeni's Splendid Ice Creams. "But if they don't, they bring people inside to taste them even if they just end up getting a scoop of salty caramel."

Perhaps that's why places like Scoops Westside will always feature crowd pleasers such as mint chocolate alongside edgier options like chili bourbon, saffron honey, strawberry basil seeds and makgeolli banana pecan. (Makgeolli is a sweet Korean liquor made from rice and yeast.)

So why has it taken so long for unusual ice cream flavors to make their mark on the industry?

"Ice cream is such a nostalgic dessert, and it can be hard to get away from your favorite flavors as a child," Oh said. "People seem to have their go-tos with ice cream, and don't always want to mix it up. I think lately though, more places ... are realizing that ice cream provides a neutral canvas to experiment with, and people are excited to mix it up."







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did lce Creams, 1954 Hillhurst Ave., Los Feliz; (323) 928-2668, jenis.com. Uni ice cream sandwich at **Chaya**

Downtown, 525 S. Flower St., Downtown (multiple locations); (213) 236-9577, thechaya.com.

Chili bourbon at **Scoops Westside**, 3400 Overland Ave., Palms; (323) 405-7055, scoopswestside.com. -**Natalie Compton**

COMINGS & GOINGS

Clifton's Cafeteria Gets a New Chef — But That's Not the Point

Landmark dining hall Clifton's Cafeteria has a new chef at the helm. Andrew Pastore is now in charge of the daunting task of feeding thousands of daily traywielding diners. He will continue to serve the same "Clifton's Classics," such as meatloaf, mac and cheese and, of course, Jell-O, while also bringing in new additions like vegan meatloaf and cauliflower quinoa cakes with roasted beet puree.

In addition to the updated menu, Pastore will be launching a takeout coffee shop called the Old Mill, named after an actual mill that once stood on the same site. The new coffee shop will serve Stumptown cold-brewed coffee, doughnuts, desserts, sandwiches and pastries.

But menu updates aside, the mammoth, renovated, multistory dining hall is worth visiting whether you have an appetite for square Jell-O or not. Despite the surrounding hype when the Clifton's building reopened last fall, the nostalgiabased cafeteria offerings have not been met with praise.

Brant Cox wrote in *The Infatuation* last November, "What Clifton's is currently serving is not just bad, it's borderline offensive. For \$12, their 'Thanksgiving Dinner ... Daily!' gets you a piece of turkey that tastes like it's been held out of a moving car window for an hour." Though memorably phrased, it might be that we are all missing the point. Clifton's shouldn't be judged for its food, nor is that the reason to go there.

The cafeteria, which originally opened its South Broadway location in 1935, was founded by Clifford Clinton on the pay-what-you-wish principle that no one should go hungry. Those who couldn't afford it would eat for free. The food was filling and hearty but never gourmet. Anyone who says the food was better before current owner Andrew Meieran took over has rose-colored tastebuds.

We can't blame the restaurant for attempting to improve the cafeteria offerings. (Though it might need to think about those raised prices.) But based on the loyal following that continues to dine at Clifton's, it doesn't appear that it needs to. It is endearing to see that many of the lunchtime customers probably dined there when they were kids, 50 or 60 years ago. And there's no question that for a child, being taken to lunch at Clifton's would be thrilling. There are the myriad cakes and cookies, the rainbow of Jell-O colors, the old-fashioned milk machine and ice cream sundae station that give the cafeteria a Willie Wonka's Chocolate Factory vibe.

Adults can appreciate all those whimsical elements, too. Ignore the fact that the food isn't excellent. It never was. You go to Clifton's to experience living Los Angeles history, in the gorgeously renovated building with its many nooks and crannies. (Don't miss the chapel on the second floor.) The cafeteria is only a small part of the multilevel building's offerings. So head upstairs to one of several bars and lounges for a more elegant night on the town with craft cocktails and reservation seating. Soon the tiki bar Pacific Seas will be open, too. We're thinking Clifton's is really now a drinking hall. **–Heather Platt**

648 S. Broadway, downtown; (213) 627-1673, cliftonsla.com.

DIVE BARS

Rediscovering the Roost in Atwater Village

If your favorite bar gets rid of its beloved popcorn machine, can you ever forgive the new owners? What if, instead of popcorn, they now serve high-quality, homemade Thai and American comfort food?

Many regulars were vocally upset when the Roost, an excellent dive bar in Atwater Village, changed hands a few years ago. That famous popcorn machine (which was famous just for existing; it was the kind you'd find in any vintage movie theater or SkyMall catalog) was taken away and the decor was updated just a bit. Not too much. It is still undeniably a dive.

That new owner who upset so many people by updating the space is a woman who goes by the name Sai, who had been bartending at the Roost for many years. Soon after she bought the bar, she realized that the previous owner had been creative in interpreting the bar's liquor license. It's a conditional license, and the establishment must serve food to be compliant. Popcorn alone does not, technically, cut it.

Sai is a real take-charge type — if she doesn't like your order, she'll tell you what you're having instead — and she enlisted a friend, Jan Nakkaew, to start cooking.

Nakkaew was a career bartender who had only been at the Roost for a couple of months when the request was made. She had always been a good home cook, and she decided to try something new. She bought all the kitchen equipment herself and got to work. "Going to school to learn something costs too much money. Better to just do it and learn on the job. It's a quicker profit," Nakkaew says.

The restaurant is technically a separate business from the bar (that's why you







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can use a credit card for food, while drinks remain cash-only). The restaurant is called Dragonglass Kitchen, and it serves a mix of American bar staples like chicken wings, burgers and onion rings, and familiar Thai dishes like fried rice, pad thai and *pad see ew*.

There's an emphasis on quality at Dragonglass that is fairly unusual for a dive bar. Nakkaew says nothing is frozen: She makes her own dumplings and French fries, and onion rings are even sliced to order. The wings, in a sauce more Western than Thai, might give those famous ones at Ye Rustic Inn a run for their "best in L.A." crown. The pad thai is better than that at most Thai restaurants and the *pad see ew* is flavorful and complex. A standout is the beef salad, with its abundance of fresh herbs.

You won't miss the popcorn. –Katherine Spiers

3100 Los Feliz Blvd., Atwater Village; (323) 664-7272, roostcocktails.com.

AWARDS

The Five L.A. Finalists on *Bon Appétit*'s List of Best New Restaurants

The annual *Bon Appétit* magazine list of best new restaurants is a rather big deal in the food world. It's the rare culinary publication that still covers the entire country, so the competition is pretty hot. The list of 50 is just the first step: Later in the month the magazine will announce the top 10, and after that one lucky restaurant reaps the rewards of being named No. 1. Here are the five Southern California finalists.

Baroo: Have you heard about the glory of fermented foods? You certainly will here. It's something of an unlikely success story, but then, who doesn't like a good pickle? 5706 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; (323) 819-4344, baroo.com.

Winsome: This is, of late, the hottest brunch spot in town. The baked goods get a lot of praise, as do savory items such as roasted root vegetables with spiced carrots. It's all very wholesome. 1115 Sunset Blvd., Echo Park; (213) 415-1818, winsome.com.

RiceBar: Filipino food is making an overdue splash in SoCal right now, so we're glad to see it get national attention. And this place specializes in heirloom grains and housemade charcuterie. So very L.A. 419 W. Seventh St., downtown; (213) 807-5341, ricebarla.com.

Trois Familia: Co-owners Jon Shook, Vinny Dotolo and Ludo Lefebvre are the kind of chefs who get noticed. Between their charm and their buttery burritos, it's no shocker that their latest, Trois Familia, is on the list. 3510 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake; (323) 725-7800, troisfamilia.com.

Cassia: This might be the most perfect French-Vietnamese restaurant open today — and there are a fair number of such establishments. Try the seafood and the charcuterie. 1314 Seventh St., Santa Monica; (310) 393-6699, cassiala.com. –Katherine Spiers





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FOOD & DRINK

Who's Your (Craw)Daddy?

Now in its 23rd year, the Long Beach Crawfish Festival is a New Orleansthemed weekend with zydeco music, Café du Monde-style chicory coffee and beignets, and crawfish meals that include red baby potatoes, corn on the cob and a creamy remoulade dipping sauce. The Friday night feature is a masquerade ball, while Saturday and Sunday will showcase a variety of brass-band, jazz, Cajun and zydeco music. Performers include the Mudbug Brass Band, Step Rideau & the Zydeco Outlaw and CZ & the Bon Vivants. Drinks tickets are extra, as are the crawfish, which you order by the bucket, in either two- or three-pound sizes. Remember: When it comes to a crawfish boil, the bigger and messier, the better. Rainbow Lagoon Park, East Shoreline Drive, Long Beach; Fri., Aug. 5, 5-10 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., Aug. 6-7, noon-10 p.m.; \$13-\$30. longbeachcrawfishfestival.com. -Katherine Spiers

DANCE Salsa on the Side

8/5

It's salsa night this week at **Dance Downtown**, the Music Center's free, al fresco summer dance party. Of course, watching is an option, but with beginner lessons available, everyone can join the party for hours of open dance to a live band. After tonight, there are only two more Dance Downtown Friday nights — samba (Aug. 19) and disco (Sept. 2). Before the summer slips away, grab those dancing shoes and join the fun. *Music Center Plaza*, 135 *N. Grand Ave., downtown; Fri., Aug. 5, 7-11 p.m.; free. musiccenter.org.* –Ann Haskins



BIKE RIDES

Mass Appeal

Once a year, the radically feminist and strictly WOC bicycle posse Ovarian Psycos organizes **Clitoral Mass**, L.A.'s biggest critical mass by and for women, more specifically "womxn of color, trans, queer, two-spirited and gender nonconforming folx." The subjects of a recent eponymous documentary, Ovarian Psycos set out to raise social consciousness — of poverty, gentrification and cycling, of course — by physically taking up space on the streets, and for five years, the Clitoral Mass has successfully spoken louder than words. This year's route is approximately 35 miles with curated pit stops along the way. *Meet at Lou Costello Jr. Recreation Center,* 3141 E. Olympic Blvd., Boyle Heights; Sat., Aug. 6, 9 a.m. (departure at 11 a.m.); free. facebook.com/events/1789249477978168. -**Gwynedd Stuart**

CONVENTIONS

Oh, the Horror

If you're convinced that this will be the year you outdo your neighbors for Halloween, head to Pasadena for **ScareLA**. The annual convention has a "Halloween High" running throughout the weekend, so you can learn how to turn your home into a haunt, make gory treats and create frightening sounds. You don't have to be a DIY-er to have fun here — whether your interests are in fashion, movies or video PHOTO BY MICHAEL RAINES

games, there's something for anyone with creepy sensibilities. Be sure to check out the frightful experiences inside the convention, which include mazes, escape rooms and even a zombie ballet. Among this year's guests are James Marshall (*Twin Peaks*), magician Todd Robbins and Elvira, Mistress of the Dark. *Pasadena Convention Center*, 300 E. Green St., Pasadena; Sat., Aug. 6, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.; Sun., Aug. 7, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.; \$30-\$110. 2016. scarela.com. -Liz Ohanesian

COMEDY

Laugh Marathon

Comedy festivals with big-name talent cost big bucks. As long as you have the stamina to watch nearly 200 local improv teams perform for 13 hours straight, the free **L.A. Indie Improv Festival** is the best bargain in town. These performers love the element of surprise and are fast on their feet. They've made the rounds at theaters including UCB, Groundlings, iO West and Second City, they produce their own shows, and their acting and writing credits include *Saturday Night Live*, *MADtv, Jimmy Kimmel Live!* and *Key &*

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Peele. Shows take place at Los Feliz-area venues the Clubhouse, Impro Theatre, Moving Arts Theater and Lyric-Hyperion Theater & Café, as well as on a shuttle, which will transport attendees between stages. The festival also features beverages and food trucks during lunchtime. Various locations; Sat., Aug. 6, noon-1 a.m.; free, donations requested. (323) 540-0935, laindieimprovfestival.com. -Siran Babayan



SHOPPING The Best Things in Life Are Flea

Summer is supposedly flea market season, but who feels like rummaging through stuff — old or new — when outside it's approximately 10 degrees hotter than hell? On the first Sunday of every month, the Regent Theater's Great Rock & Roll Flea Market offers a pleasant, climate-controlled alternative to outdoor swap meets. In addition to the obvious - vendors selling vinyl, vintage clothes, jewelry and a variety of handcrafted food stuffs - there's a full bar, DJs and even brunch. Sure beats sweating all over a crate of someone's old VHS tapes. Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., downtown; Sun., Aug. 7, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.; free. rnrflea.com. -Gwynedd Stuart

LGBT

Pride and Joy

This afternoon's inaugural DTLA Proud Festival, featuring parties, performances and DJ sets, rockets like a firework into the sky to celebrate both the energized DTLA area and the LGBTQI movement. High-minded matters of community will be at hand, but at its heart, DTLA Proud is a party that just happens to offer community booths showcasing dozens of local restaurants and shops, as well as DJs, a pop-up water park, parties by Queen Kong, Dragalicious, legendary performance troupe The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, Jackie Beat, Carole Pope and scads of others in performance spaces ranging from the New Jalisco to the new Globe Theater. Pershing Square, 532 S. Olive St., downtown; Sun., Aug. 7, noon-10 p.m.; \$10. (213) 847-4970, dtla proudfestival.org. -David Cotner



COMEDY

Just Pete It

You know **Pete Davidson** as the "Resident Young Person" on *Saturday Night Live*, where he sits in on the "Weekend Update" segments and riffs on mostly millennial-related topics, including *The Walking Dead*, Hulk Hogan, transgender rights and pot. At 22, he's the youngest current cast member on the series. And as a featured player, he doesn't get much screen time, which is why he's embarking on his first national tour — titled "Prehab" — returning to his stand-up roots, where



PHOTO BY PETER RIGAUD

he began at 16. He'll be performing new material in anticipation of his first Comedy Central special in the fall. Largo at the Coronet, 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Grove; Mon., Aug. 8, 7 p.m.; \$30. largo-la.com. – Siran Babayan



FILM

8/7

Dancing Queen

Is "Films based on the music of ABBA, featuring ABBA-loving characters or generally embracing ABBA in all their glory" an official genre yet? Whoever's in charge of that can look to 1994's Golden Globe-winning Muriel's Wedding for a persuasive dose of quirky dramedy. Our delightful protagonist (Toni Collette), obsessed with the music of ABBA, yearns to leave her tiny hometown of Porpoise Spit for the glamorous, metropolitan life that surely awaits her in the big city - Sydney (oh yes, the film is Australian; ABBA fandom spreads far and wide). The hilarious Claudia O'Doherty (*Trainwreck*) and John Early (The Characters) host, alongside a DJ who's only allowed to play — well, you know. Cinefamily, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., West Hollywood; Tue., Aug. 9, 7:30 p.m.; \$14. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org. -Neha Talreja

MUSIC

Eenie, Meenie, Miney, Mozart

The L.A. Philharmonic is aptly calling tonight's concert Magical Mozart, because, really, is there anything more magical than a full evening of Mozart under the hazy stars at the Hollywood Bowl? Guest conductor Andrew Manze presides over a program that demonstrates much of W.A. Mozart's dynamic range, from the dramatic grandeur of the overture to the opera *Don Giovanni* to the winsome lyricism of the Austrian composer's 41st (and final) symphony. In between, Manze – a violinist himself and a noted Mozart scholar – welcomes German-Japanese violinist Arabella Steinbacher, who will weave her way through the Violin Concerto No. 5 with achingly evocative precision. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood Hills; Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m.; \$8-\$113. (323) 850-2000, hollywoodbowl. com. -Falling James







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READINGS

What a Girl Wants

Selfish is an intersectional art-and-lit magazine born of the desire to see a world in which female-identified storytellers "create without consequence," i.e., a world where women are encouraged to be selfish. The publication's last two years of experimental output have included innovative forms of memoir - recent issues have delved into themes like losing one's innocence, the "modern woman" and the general fluidity of female identity (duh). Latest issue "Hot and Bothered" unpacks the ever-present tension underlying women's daily lives (and no, it's not always the good kind). Join six of the badass women featured in the issue - A. Nicole Kelly, Bonnilee Kaufman, Allison Noelle Conner, Dacy Lim, Kelsey Nolan and Chloe Isabella Parks – for an evening reading with plenty of wine. Skylight Books, 1818 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz; Wed., Aug. 10, 7:30 p.m.; free. (323) 660-1175, skylightbooks.com. -Neha Talreja

STORYTELLING

Radical. Dude

Dallas Clayton is an L.A.-based children's author, poet, illustrator and public speaker behind the Awesome Book series (An Awesome Book!. An Awesome Book of Thanks!. An Awesome Book of Love!). In 2015, Amazon Prime ran a series based on Clayton's other children's book, Lily the Unicorn, produced by the Jim Henson Company. That year, he collaborated with Amy Poehler's online network, Smart Girls, to create a mural at Downtown Disney to celebrate the release of Inside Out. Clayton also has performed at UCB, where he's hosting new, monthly adult show Radical Feelism With Dallas Clayton, which will mix personal storytelling with poetry. UCB Sunset, 5419 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Wed., Aug. 10, 7 p.m.; \$5. (323) 908-8702, sunset.ucbtheatre. com. -Siran Babavan

8/11

hu

COMEDY Cut the Bullshit

Penn Jillette was about to turn 60. His blood pressure was violently high. He weighed more than 300 pounds. He thought his kids might watch him die before his time. He was a haunted dude! So, using that existential terror and a former NASA scientist's nutritious potatoes (for real), he bounced back and wrote a book about it. Tonight, Jillette discusses his book Presto!: How I Made Over 100 Pounds Disappear and Other Magical Tales. He'll also discuss his feelings about God, sex, magic, showbiz and anything else about which he feels like cracking wise. Ann & Jerry Moss Theater, 3131 W. Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica; Thu., Aug. 11, 8 p.m.; \$20-\$95. (310) 855-0005, livetalksla.org/ events/penn-jillette. -David Cotner





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<u>Blueprint for Paradise fictionalizes the planning</u> of a Pacific Palisades haven for Nazi sympathizers

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

lueprint for Paradise is reminiscent of those 1940s anti-Nazi films in which a superficially charming man with a German accent plots to infiltrate America – but at the last minute is thwarted by brave noble citizens and/or the FBI. (I can't put my finger on the exact name of the film or films, only that recollections of such linger from my childhood.)

The thing is, *Blueprint*, written by Laurel M. Wetzork and staged by director Laura Steinroeder at the Hudson Mainstage, has a basis in fact. Although the characters and plot details are fictional, prime elements of the narrative — plans to build a compound and training facility for Nazi sympathizers in Pacific Palisades, from designs by African-American architect Paul Revere Williams — actually did transpire.

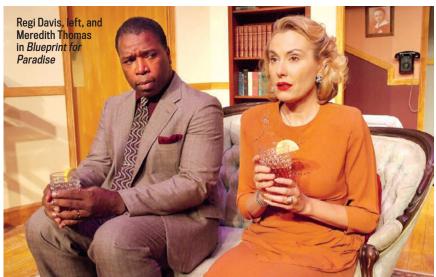
The play opens in 1941, pre-Pearl Harbor, in the Hancock Park living room of a comfortably well-off couple, Clara (Meredith Thomas) and Herbert (David Jahn) Taylor, whose servants include Fenny (Ann Hu), a Chinese maid, and Alex (Alex Best), an Italian chauffeur, fixit man and all-around gofer.

The pivotal Clara is a rather nervous and fragile person; she attends meetings of the National League of Mothers of America, which aims to keep America out of the war. Other than that she doesn't do much; she's a trophy wife who brought to her marriage a considerable inheritance, which her husband controls. The other thing about Clara is that she suffers the ever-present loss of her only child, a son who died at 14.

While Clara tries to stay occupied, Herbert manages his business, with plans to expand it in collaboration with Herr Wolfgang Schreiber (Peter McGlynn), a representative of the German government and an acquaintance of Hitler (to whom the Taylors had been introduced on a prior visit to Germany). Herbert, an unapologetic racist, has secured a location for the compound, but it falls to Clara to find an architect after their original choice reneges. She suggests Williams, whose work she's noted in magazines, unaware that he's black.

The remainder of the drama unwinds through scenes in which the gentlemanly Williams (Regi Davis) conducts himself with courtesy and restraint while absorbing the backhanded insults and patronizing disrespect of these white people. When, however, he speaks of the death of his infant son, it strikes a chord with Clara, and the two gradually build a relationship founded on his kindness and her growing regard.

Most any play that sheds light on racism and the oppression of women gets my vote, and *Blueprint for Paradise* does both. The first act plods a bit, with Schreiber's villain and his homegrown Nazi sidekick Ludwig (Steve Marvel) coming off as somewhat clichéd. The marriage between Clara and Herbert as written is pretty stock as well. Act 2 is considerably snappier, but its climax, while ultimately satisfying (recall the charge you got when the good guys triumphed in those old films?), registers as not-quite-credible



Hollywood melodrama.

What makes the production really worth seeing is Thomas' realization of a naive and dutiful housewife who, rather like Nora in *A Doll's House*, struggles with her lot until an illuminating epiphany grants her the will to choose otherwise. Thomas does wonderful work. And Hu is enormously sympathetic as her open-hearted and faithful servant; the evolution of that relationship is one of the play's finest threads.

Davis has a likable presence, but it's as if all his energy is taken up in pretending to ignore the affronts of the others. There's not much depth to his architect, PHOTO BY ED KRIEGER

who, history tells us, was a brilliant and remarkable man. Jahn is convincing as a wealthy bigot, a prime candidate for fascist recruitment, who also exemplifies male chauvinism at its privileged worst.

Considering that Williams is always praising Clara for her innate sense of design, Gary Lee Reed's living-room set could use spiffing up. Michael Mullen's stylish period costumes for Clara are a major plus.

BLUEPRINT FOR PARADISE

| Hudson Theatre Mainstage, 6539 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood | Through Sept. 4 | (323) 960-4412 blueprintforparadise.com

VELDA PLENDOR STRIKES Again

In the realm of hateful, horrible '80s movie villains, Velda Plendor is up there with Hans Gruber from *Die Hard* and Charles Lee Ray, the criminally insane man whose vengeful spirit possessed little Andy's Good Guy doll, in *Child's Play*. Except that Gruber wanted the money from Nakatomi Plaza and Chucky wanted a human form to inhabit – Velda, the ruthless overlord of the Wilderness Girls organization in 1989's *Troop Beverly Hills*, just really hated privileged tweens from tony neighborhoods, to the extent that she'd maroon them in the woods and leave them to die. She also slaughtered, ate and wore the gutted pelt of a skunk as an act of revenge. Sick stuff.

Wearing a comically oversized gym coach's whistle and a green beret pinned to his blond wig, comedian Drew Droege plays the Velda role with gusto in Rockwell Table & Stage's latest escapist confection, *The Unauthorized Musical Parody of "Troop Beverly Hills."*

"It's my favorite thing to do, playing the villains and the nightmares," Droege said in a recent phone interview. "The stakes are Girl Scouts and cookies and she's this epic, evil character. I love to play horrible people with no power whatsoever."

Droege also played the Miranda Priestly character in the recent five-month run of the theater's *The Devil Wears Prada* parody – "It was a dream come true, to do Meryl Streep doing Anna Wintour" – but he's probably best known for the series of web videos in which he impersonates Chloë Sevigny; he's been making those since 2010. The Sevigny character he created has less to do with the actress herself and more to do with his vision of what it means to exist in perpetuity as a vapid, indie It-girl. "I really like her as an actor, but I try to avoid her now," he says. "It's so much more fun to be this sort of alien offshoot — it is her, but not her." (He just completed a new batch of videos last week.)

His depiction of Velda— played onscreen by Betty Thomas — is more on the nose. Having a man play an overtly masculine female character isn't the most original gag, but Droege takes it to its comedic limits, indignantly spitting obscenities and making jokes that probably would've been inappropriate for a PG-13 kids movie. (Although the film's Velda did get to call her daughter and the rest of the Red Feathers "little bitches" on at least one occasion, and really loudly.)

Continuing the tradition of turning cult classics into "unauthorized" musicals, Rockwell's Troop Beverly Hills - written by Kate Pazakis and Ray Wetmore, directed by Tye Blue and Gregory Nabours - makes musical numbers out of eraappropriate pop songs that cleverly propel the popular movie's plot. We meet Phyllis Nefler (extremely talented Broadway actress Marla Mindelle) and company as they sing and dance along to Madonna's "Material Girl," and Phyllis and Freddy's marital woes are examined to the tune of a Paula Abdul medley of "Cold Hearted" and "Straight Up." Poor Chica Barnfell (Lindsay Pearce) sings a sapphic rendition of Heart's "Alone" when her parents notoriously abandon her on her birthday for a trip to Monte Carlo.

The show riffs on the story's goofier aspects, but ultimately it's parody presented for an audience that has enough of an emotional attachment to the film to see a stage version



PHOTO BY BRYAN CARPENDER

over brunch or dinner.

Several members of the talented ensemble pull double duty, including Pearce, who also plays Freddy's new girlfriend, and Droege, who also plays troop member Claire's horny romance-novelist mother. And besides the singing, dancing and acting, the setting requires the actors to use their improv skills. There's no stage, only a small catwalk jutting into a room full of tables where people who've been encouraged to use their phones as promotional devices are eating hamburgers and drinking beers.

Every inch of the room becomes part of the set. Near the end of the show, when Velda's broken her ankle during the jamboree, Droege finds himself positioned on the bar wailing to the rafters. Somewhere in L.A., Betty Thomas' ears tingled, I'm sure of it. –**Gwynedd Stuart**

THE UNAUTHORIZED MUSICAL PARODY OF TROOP BEVERLY HILLS | Rockwell Table & Stage, 1714 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz Through Sept. 10 | \$22-\$49 (323) 669-1550 | rockwell-la.com.

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Arts // Art Picks // **GREEK GOD** OR ROCK GOD?

A TRIUMPHANT FIGURE MEETS CUBIST RUGS AND A GIANT CAN OF LACROIX IN HOLLYWOOD

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

his week, an artist shows deceptively pretty paintings about censorship, and a brutal ritual plays out in Santa Ana. Churning mess Joshua Nathanson.

who curated "GRIND" at Various Small Fires, wanted his show to approximate the dysfunction and clutter of 21st-century city life. "The city is a churning mess of ancient/current/future," he wrote in the press release. "Grand hopes now seem naive and it's really a bummer." His show is indeed a mess. B. Thom Stevenson's rugs recall Cubism, sidewalk chalk and high school yearbooks. Asha Schechter's big inkjet prints of commercial objects adhered to gallery walls are obnoxious - the oversized LaCroix can takes the cake but fittingly so. Lothar Hempel's photos on aluminum show a triumphant figure, like a cross between David Bowie and some Greek god of fire. before metal and stone (there's also a light bulb sticking out of the aluminum). The scene is industrial and glam. 812 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood: through Aug. 27. (310) 426-8040, vsf.la. Word games

Beijing-born, Berlin-based Jia paints with traditional Chinese characters. But in a cynical homage to the "character simplification" program under Mao, which streamlined the look and communicative potential of Chinese language, Jia has arranged her characters according to how they look. Their meaning becomes limited and irrelevant but the patterns appeal. At Steve Turner, her understated paintings hang on the walls while the sculptures of Buenos Aires-based Luciana Lamothe take up the floor. Lamothe's forms, made from construction materials, are aggressive and dangerous. She's cut into metal so brutally that the limbs of her sculptures looks as if they'd make you bleed. But the sculptures have a formal internal logic that makes them seem, in spite of themselves, selfcontained and elegant. 6830 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; through Aug. 27. (323) 460-6830, steveturner.la.

Silent pictures

In Matt Siegle's slideshow Last Skin, commercial images of fit models in activewear are interspersed with images of campsites and makeshift homeless shelters. It's a disjointed advertisement for activity of many kinds that's interchangeably peppy and foreboding. Siegel's is one in a series of 14 slideshows that play one after another in "Queue," the show orga-

Lothar Hempel's



COURTESY OF VARIOUS SMALL FIRES AND THE ARTIST

nized by artists Brica Wilcox and L.E. Kim in Klowden Mann's back room. Wilcox and Kim asked artists to make or send them short slideshows. Watching them is like flipping through someone's photo albums. Even if the rhythm gets monotonous, you keep going because there's the promise of discovering something intimate. Kristen Merola's This Is Why I Married Your Sister features vintage photos with all the subjects' heads cut off. There are weddings, vacations and holidays, but who's who remains a puzzle. 6023 Washington Blvd., Culver City; through Aug. 20. (310) 280-0226. klowdenmann.com.

Self-portrait with mom's boyfriend

show herself in a bathroom mirror, or in a mirror that's propped on a radiator, or on her bed as her mother's bovfriend rests in an adjoining room visible in the frame. They also show her family's neighborhood in Pennsylvania undergoing aggressive changes. Certain buildings get demolished while others cave in. The images, all blackand-white, hang at China Art Objects in a show about the many sides of selfportraiture called "Me, Myself, I." The show has little aesthetic continuity, which may be its strength. Emily Mae Smith painted an open mouth shaped like a computer screen. Inside the mouth, a single breast floats against a stylized, cloud-filled sky. 6086 Comey Ave., Mid-City; through Aug. 20. (323) 965-2264, chinaartobjects.com. **Rope ritual**

The "Nowannago" is a symbol and the place where the cultures of West Africa maps and excavates this place in her work, Portuguese traders. If a woman conquered and killed her captor, she was allowed to go free. Hinkle and artist Tyler Matthew Oyer visitors are invited to write down names of people who have died because of systemic Santa Ana; Sat., Aug. 6, 7-10 p.m. (714) 567-7233, grandcentralartcenter.com.



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LaToya Ruby Frazier's photographs

artifact that artist Kenyatta A.C. Hinkle discovered while researching Kentrifica, and Kentucky merge. (Hinkle defines, as a way to understand tangible cultural realities). The Nowanngo resembles a double noose used to force mating between Kentrifican women and British or will perform a Nowannago ritual at Grand Central Arts this weekend, playing tug-ofwar while tied together. As they struggle, violence and injustice. 125 N. Broadway,

SOUR PATCH

The villains of *Suicide Squad* almost transcend the usual comic-book action

BY BILGE EBIRI

he world changed when Superman flew across the sky," Viola Davis' Amanda Waller says early on in *Suicide Squad.* "And then it changed again when he didn't," she continues, over somber images of the Man of Steel's funeral following his (non-)death at the end of *Batman v Superman.* Luckily, that bit of poetic portent is among the very few sops to shared-universe franchise building in this otherwise gleefully nihilistic movie. David Ayer's film may not always work, but when it does, it's a perverse delight.

Waller is a tough-talking, ruthless intelligence officer who has decided that the emergence of meta-humans — "flying men and monsters" — calls for a new kind of weapon. What if, she asks, the next Superman isn't a do-gooding All-American space alien but a terrorist hellbent on destroying humanity? So she assembles Task Force X, aka the Suicide Squad, a top-secret collection of psychos, assassins and beasts housed in a kill-youif-I-tell-you secret prison in Louisiana, who are to be coerced into fighting for the good guys.

Supervillains as superheroes is, admittedly, a pretty fantastic hook. But the dutiful little vignette introducing each character shows that levels of villainy can vary. Deadshot (Will Smith) is a cold-blooded assassin for hire, but he still loves his daughter and won't kill women or children. Harley Quinn (Margot Robbie) is a shrink who got seduced by the Joker (Jared Leto), lost her mind and became a soulless murderer in hot pants. "Pyrokinetic homeboy" El Diablo (Jay Hernandez) is a former gangbanger who can instantly incinerate half a prison yard if he gets too angry (think the Hulk meets the Human Torch), but he's renounced his fiery past and now just wants peace.

There's also Captain Boomerang (Jai Courtney), a sociopathic irritant and professional thief who can't miss with the weapon he's named for; Killer Croc (Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje), who is half-man, half-crocodile with cannibalistic tendencies (it's unclear whether that means he eats people or crocodiles, but I'm guessing both); and Enchantress, aka June Moon (Cara Delevingne), an archaeologist who accidentally unleashed the soul of an ancient witch and can now pass through dimensions and cast spells. Heading up the team is the decidedly unvillainous Special Forces officer Col. Rick Flag (Joel Kinnaman) — a straight-arrow tough guy, only he's fallen in love with Enchantress, which, uh-oh.

Phew. Got all that? For a movie with an almost comical amount of backstory to get through - almost every member's introductory scene comes complete with a classic pop song – Suicide Squad clocks in at just over two hours. Unfortunately, the seams show. After the bravura intros, the story leaps into a quick, montage-like action sequence in which Enchantress' demonic brother (a golden, flaming, godlike being who can slice through subways and turn ordinary people into pustulecovered super-lizard warriors) takes over a sizable chunk of a nearby metropolis called Midway City. Then he liberates Enchantress, who promptly announces that she will build a machine to destroy humanity.

How will she do this? What will this machine actually do? Who the hell are these demons? Why do they even hate humanity so much? Bah, details! At least X-Men: Apocalypse allowed its awakened-ancient-mutant-villain to air some grievances before he began laying waste to mankind. There are so many gaps and dodgy edits in these parts of Suicide Squad that the movie sometimes plays like a trailer for itself. (Meanwhile, the Joker - who in this iteration is more a slick, flamboyant mob boss than the deranged anarchist of *The Dark Knight* — is working to free Harley Quinn, a subplot we lose for vast stretches.)



But the film recovers, in part because Ayer, a director whose previous work has mostly been cop dramas and war movies (he wrote Training Day and directed End of Watch, Harsh Times and Fury), makes this comic-book stuff play to his strengths. He has a feel for the ways that people handle desperation - for high-pressure situations in which flawed men and women are forced to live up to their responsibilities. So he builds up the team's differences and the fact that each member has private reasons for seeing the mission through. His dialogue is sharp and tight: Even as these antiheroes banter and jaw and distrust one another, they reveal who they are. Suicide Squad is one of the rare superhero movies in which I actually found myself wondering about the characters' inner lives.

The actors help. We know the film would never dare to make Will Smith a true villain, but he adeptly handles the hard edge of his ultimately valiant character, convincing us of his ruthlessness. ("You're just a serial killer who takes credit cards," Flag tells Deadshot, and the line stings.) Robbie is clearly having the time of her life as the gyrating, acrobatic, utterly nutzoid Harley Quinn, who balances batshit cruelty with a kind of mundane bubbliness. ("Ooh, look at the PHOTO BY CLAY E

pretty lights!" she exclaims as they approach the giant flashing, swirling laserand-fire show that is the Enchantress' ... well, whatever the hell it is Enchantress is creating.) Still, it's Davis who gets most of the best lines, as the ball-busting, no-nonsense Waller. A wise choice: Viola Davis dropping one-liners left and right buys a lot of audience goodwill.

Aver isn't really an action guy. When the Squad leaps into the fray, we get a generous amount of slo-mo beheadings and thousand-bullet shootouts, but it's all functionally violent - just gritty and loud enough not to lose us entirely, but rarely inventive, surprising or exciting. And while the film has plenty of action scenes, I can't help but suspect that the director understands his limitations: The best part of the third act is a random, chatty interlude in an abandoned bar, an unannounced pit stop sandwiched between two big face-offs. It makes very little narrative sense. You might even argue that it stops the action dead. But it feels like the movie's true climax — and the sign of a filmmaker asserting himself over the anonymity of his material. I'm alad it's there.

> SUICIDE SQUAD | Written and directed by David Ayer | Warner Bros. | Citywide

HIERONYMUS BOSCH DOC BEDEVILED BY DETAILS

Both lawyering and art history can be a slog, each a wash of obsessive detail that's meaningless without context yet riveting to those in the know. In Dutch documentary *Hieronymus Bosch: Touched by the Devil*, the minutiae often wins out.

Pieter van Huystee's 2015 film fancies itself an investigation, following a team of Dutch art historians as they cross the globe, visiting museums to examine Bosch's work for stories, for veracity, for fraud. Even when the stakes are high, a close-up infrared investigation of a 500-year-old painting can play onscreen as exacting and dull.

The high-resolution images of Bosch's twisted work are gorgeous, but it's hard not to feel

the doc is a poor substitute for seeing the art in person. Watching art historians sit in sterile conference rooms

in sterile conference rooms **the Devil** negotiating with the staff of far-flung museums is boring and can inspire serious class envy — which is a shame. Even now,

Hieronymus

Touched by

Bosch:

Bosch's lively, populist work remains resonant. Van Huystee's fault is one of emphasis. Fewer than 30 of Bosch's canvases survive, yet they're known and beloved around the world for their vivid, fantastical and disturbing imagery. How would Bosch's paintings have been received and interpreted at the time of their creation? What does that say about our conception of morality and sin today? The most fascinating moments in *Touched by the Devil* come from art historians once they've turned to the work of history: creating meaning and context, wrestling with

COURTESY KINO LORBER these questions. The film renders this conversation beautifully, and in moments begins to feel

urgent in spite of itself. -Diana Clarke

HIERONYMUS BOSCH: TOUCHED BY THE DEVIL | Written and directed by Pieter van Huystee | Kino Lorber | Royal, Playhouse, Claremont

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NSU: German History X

Film// DAS JACKBOOT DON'T SLEEP ON NETFLIX'S NSU: GERMAN HISTORY X

BY MIKE LAWS

ou can have your houses of cards, your Jessica Joneses, your wet hot American summers. The Netflix original with its finger firmest on the pulse of our fraught current moment? It comes from Germany, comprises three feature-length "episodes" and commences its tale more than a quarter-century ago.

NSU: Germany History X (as it's being called Stateside, in a bald play on U.S. audiences' prior associations) begins in 1989, just after the toppling of the Berlin Wall - an event that comes to bear, in ways profound and mundane, on the lives of Part One's three principals: Beate Zschäpe, Uwe Mundlos and Uwe Böhnhardt. If those names seem familiar, it's because they made international news not long ago, having finally been linked, in 2011, to a spate of murders and bombings over the previous decade. How the group got from A to B – from tooling around the former East German town of Jena to allegedly carrying out terrorist violence in the name of the so-called National Socialist Underground — is the narrative arc described by *NSU*'s first installment.

Sound sensationalist? Fear not. The broad strokes might read like Michael Bay, but the execution is more like Krzysztof Kieslowski: It's the why, not the what, that this docudrama is interested in. The series' genius lies in its studied avoidance of exploiting (or, worse, exulting in) the grisly fate its plot pushes toward. This first chapter, in fact, only goes so far as sketching a single murder, that of ethnic Turk and florist Enver Simsek in 2000, and it gets there only in its waning moments; that "nine more will follow" is left to a closing title card to convey.

Instead what we get is sociologic in scope and rendered with a novelist's eye for telling detail: The sudden proliferation in consumer brands (yogurt, beer, hairspray) is as central to these characters' lives as any speechifying from the Bundestag; Beate's and "Böhni's" penchant for petty thuggery gets as much airtime as any nefarious planning or plotting (most of it bungled at that).

The pace doesn't quite meander, but it's in no particular hurry, either, with long static shots filmed from far enough away for us to glean a sense of place, to feel as though we're inhabiting a corner of Europe as it might actually have existed. And what's there but blight and decay, depression and stagnant wages — and, for this cohort, the facile but beguiling notion that their birthright has been usurped by foreigners. a perceived Jewish financial elite and the bleeding hearts who accommodate both.

German History X takes upon itself the task of making this psychology understandable, if perhaps not quite relatable. With rare nuance and rarer sympathy, the show nails the appeal of fringe movements to those most vulnerable/amenable. It makes no bones about its central figures falling under the sway, broadly, of an ultra-right nationalist politics, but it is also careful to point up the basic human motivations that permit such an extreme worldview to gain purchase: the enfolding blanket of belonging offered by this community, such as it is; the licit outlet for viciousness that community affords; the seductive

promise of actually mattering in the world.

In so doing, the show offers a round rebuke of the contemporary echo chamber, which tends to process each successive incidence of mass murder by filing it under a readymade heading (ISIS! neo-Nazis! lone wolf!), bewailing how the media handle these things (don't even print the bad guys' names!), then moving on to the next attack (as soon, that is, as media reports surface). That's a fundamentally dismissive practice, which suggests the individual pathology at play isn't worth examining.

It's here that NSU provides a sorely needed, though far from clear-cut, corrective. Militaristic Mundlos may be a true believer (just look at that faraway fascist smile as he marvels, "The people are finally starting to get it!"), but most of his energies go to wrangling the other members of his cell, who have become, to him, closer than family. Beate and Böhni, meanwhile, are fairly stupid and might be sociopaths, but they aren't otherwise mentally deficient; conversely, they might crack the odd joke about the soap at Buchenwald but aren't otherwise fluent in the ideology they (nominally) espouse. So why do they do what they do? The truth, as ever, lurks deep in the gray.

As for where the terrific, poignant Part Two takes things, in a hard left to beat all hard lefts, it'd be unfair to spoil that — except to say that for all of you who harp on coverage of perpetrators vis-à-vis victims, here's your chance to put your money where your mouth is.

NSU: GERMAN HISTORY X (MITTEN IN DEUTSCHLAND: NSU) | Directed by Christian Schwochow, Züli Aladag and Florian Cossen | Netflix

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

Get French With Cocteau, Rivette, Pialat Friday, Aug. 5

Gabriel García Márquez's dalliances with screenwriting are so unheralded that most aren't even aware the One Hundred Years of Solitude and Love in the Time of Cholera author transposed his talents to the silver screen.

But screenwrite he did, with 1966's *Tiempo de Morir* (Time to Die) earning a reputation as one of the literary giant's strongest cinematic efforts. Boyle Heights' Libros Schmibros Lending Library marks the Western's golden anniversary with an outdoor screening at the Ford Theatre preceded by a discussion with Márquez's son, filmmaker Rodrigo García (*Last Days in the Desert*). John Anson Ford Theatre, 2580 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood Hills; Fri., Aug. 5, 7:30 p.m.; \$18. (323) 688-4850, librosschimbros.org.

The greatest of all Vietnam movies, **The Deer Hunter**, screens at the Aero. Robert De Niro, Meryl Streep, Christopher Walken (who won an Oscar) and John Cazale's characters hail from a Pennsylvania coal-mining town, and it isn't until they return home – or don't – that the war's full effects take hold. It's directed by the late Michael Cimino, whose Oscars for Best Picture and Director earned him the freedom to do whatever he wanted. That was *Heaven's Gate*, which was unfairly reviled and torpedoed his career (it screens Aug. 6 at the Aero). *Egyptian Theatre*, 6712 Hol-Jwood Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., Aug. 5, 7:30 p.m.; \$11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Saturday, Aug. 6

Two Maurice Pialat/Gérard Depardieu collaborations at UCLA: *Loulou* and *Under the Sun of Satan*. Made in 1980, the sexually charged *Loulou* finds Depardieu opposite another Gallic icon of the screen, Isabelle Huppert. *Satan*, which was greeted by boos when it won the Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1987, is a dark, hard-won look at the intricacies of grace, temptation and forgiveness. *UCLA's Billy Wilder Theater, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sat., Aug. 6, 7:30 p.m.; \$10. (310) 206-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.*

Cinespia continues its summertime revelry with **Speed**. To call this Peak Keanu would falsely imply that Mr. Reeves is *not* an immortal being who will always be at the top of his game (look it up), but it's certainly an exemplar of mid-'90s genre filmmaking. Sandra Bullock co-stars in Jan de Bont's thriller, a classic action flick as well as

Tiempo de Morin

PHOTO BY ALAMEDA FILM/CESAR SANTOS GALINDO

a time capsule of L.A. as it was 20 years ago. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Aug. 6, doors 7:15 p.m., movie 9 p.m.; \$16. (323) 221-3343, cinespia.org.

Sunday, Aug. 7

A bucket-list item for cinephiles, the kind that screens rarely and remains unavailable on DVD or Blu-ray, *Celine and Julie Go Boating* plays on 35mm in Cinefamily's **Une fantaisie: The Dream Cycle of Jacques Rivette (1974-1981)** series. Co-presented by La Collectionneuse and Mubi, the four-film retrospective looks at the French auteur's most fantastical period. *Celine and Julie* is revered as a standout among standouts, an exploration of magic and narrative marked by whimsy and puns. *Cinefamily/ Silent Movie Theatre*, 611 N. *Fairfax Ave., Fairfax*; *Sun., Aug.* 7, 8 p.m.; \$12. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org.

Tuesday, Aug. 9

Disney's animated version is a classic and we've little reason not to give the new live-action version starring Emma Watson a chance, but Jean Cocteau's **Beauty and the Beast** (1946) likely will remain unmatched in its visual sumptuousness. LACMA screens the romantic fantasy as part of **Fuel for Nightmares**, a series curated by Guillermo del Toro. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue, Aug. 9, 1 p.m.; \$5. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

Wednesday, Aug. 10

The only good bug is a dead bug. **Starship Troopers** has, like much of Paul Verhoeven's oft-maligned filmography (see also: *Basic Instinct* and *Showgirls*), been somewhat reclaimed in recent years, but just because there's more to this fascist allegory than giant, murderous bugs aren't awesome in a lizard-brain kind of way. *ArcLight Culver City*, 9500 Culver Blvd., Culver City; Wed., Aug. 10, 7:30 p.m.; \$15. (310) 559-2416, arclightcinemas.com.

OPENING THIS WEEK

AMATEUR NIGHT A minor film genre emerged in the '80s in which an uptight protagonist crosses a threshold into an unexpected world that only appears when the sun sets. His adventure lasts until daybreak, and he experiences an existence wider and deeper than what's usually concealed by his cubicle walls. John Landis' Into the Night, Jonathan Demme's Something Wild and Martin Scorsese's After Hours aren't really classics, but for certain nebbishy, middle-aged suburb dwellers. the stories have always evoked lost possibilities - or even accessible ones. Never mind that the worlds those films illustrated weren't as vivid or as strange as their directors thought they were. In that sense. Amateur Night is a broadly typical example of the form. But directors Lisa Addario and Joe Syracuse invert it: Those earlier films' worlds were products of a strong economy; this one emerges from the post-recession hangover. Where the older protagonists were boomers escaping stultifying, uppermiddle-class lives into gritty, neon Narnias, Guy (Jason Biggs) is an overeducated millennial who flees unemployment for

a job driving sex workers around L.A. Over the course of one night, Nikki (Janet Montgomery) herds him through strange new responsibilities: chauffeuring her to meet johns; washing lube-smothered dildos; raking small bills from the carpet at a bachelor party. Besides the narrative reversal, Montgomery is the only interesting part of the film – smart, obstinate and ambitious. The gross-out scenes and raunchy banter between the sex workers are funny, but the film's world is pretty small and unsurprising. (Chris Packham)

THE BROOKLYN BANKER Troy Garity has never looked more consistently ashen than he does in *The Brooklyn Banker*. The usually lively actor (you can watch him getting continually turnt with Dwayne Johnson on HBO's sports-agent comedy *Ballers*) spends most of the movie with a constant look of worry on his mug. There's a good reason his banker is so anxiety-



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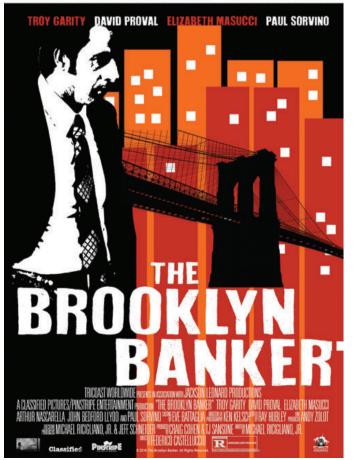
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Q&A with SARAH HAGAN AND THE FILMMAKERS FRIDAY 8/5 AFTER THE 8:15 PM SHOW



LAEMMLE ROYAL AUGUST 5th-11TH LIMITED RUN FOR ACADEMY CONSIDERATION



ridden: His neighborhood's resident mob boss (David Proval) wants this numberscrunching family man to join his crew. As much as our boy would prefer to stay on the straight-and-narrow, he knows this quietly menacing mafioso is not going to take no for an answer. This '70s-era period piece is the directorial debut of Federico Castelluccio (aka ponytailed enforcer Furio from The Sopranos), who attempts to create the sort of gritty, solemn character study that probably could've come out during the Me Decade. But this low-budget production comes up short in many ways: limited performances, barely developed characters, a muddled script. The movie also has a sluggish, lumbering pace, practically offsetting the paranoid, anxious vibe of Garity's performance. If anything, it feels more like a psychological thriller than a character-driven crime drama. Unlike most other gangster films, which envision mobsters as untouchable badasses, Banker presents them as ball-busting boogeymen, always keeping a percolating reign of terror in the neighborhood they claim to love so dearly. The Brooklyn Banker recalls a time when wiseguys were a necessary evil back in the day but also reminds you they were still evil. (Craig D. Lindsev)

EMBERS What makes you you? Claire Carré's thoughtful sci-fi film is set a decade after a virus has left humanity suffering from retrograde and anterograde amnesia - the soap-opera kind and the Memento kind, respectively. Wandering through the blighted, sparsely populated landscape are disparate characters like the pair of lovers (Jason Ritter and Iva Gocheva) who must start from scratch each morning and a not-quite-feral kid (Silvan Friedman) who's taken in by a former professor (Tucker Smallwood) who may be on the verge of rediscovering memory. Meanwhile, quarantined from the virus in a high-tech underground bunker with her father (Roberto Cots), teen Miranda (Greta Fernández) yearns to escape into the outside world, even though she knows that would mean losing her memories. A lovely meditation on identity and the difficulties of personal connection. Embers is a descendent of Tarkovsky's Stalker in both tone and mise en scène, a connection made manifest by an early scene with a fellow (Matthew Goulish) who's a dead ringer for Stalker's title character. Embers ends without answering all the questions it raises, or firing all the (metaphorical) guns it introduces, but that's fitting: In a world without permanent memory, you may quickly forget that you're bleeding out. (Sherilyn Connelly)

FIVE NIGHTS IN MAINE Five Nights in Maine makes strictly minimalist drama out of tearjerker material. David Oyelowo gives a quietly tortured performance as Sherwin, whose life is upended when, early in the film, his wife dies in a car accident. There

WOMAN OF COURAGE

Aug. 5-11, 2016 券 Daily at 12:15 pm Laemmle's Royal Theatre 11523 Santa Monica Blvd. 券 West L.A., CA 90025 310-478-3836 券 laemmle.com

are flashbacks of time spent with his wife, Fiona (Hani Furstenberg), but the snippets (karaoke, a possible alcohol problem, hoping to have a child) are frustratingly diffuse. Lucinda (Dianne Wiest), Fiona's mother, asks Sherwin to come to her home in Maine. Much of this short film (less than 80 minutes) is spent in the company of Lucinda and Sherwin as they try to communicate their grief and frustration. Director Maris Curran relies on close up shots that build tension but quickly begin to feel claustrophobic. That's likely intentional, but it might be interesting to see what the story would be like with more breathing room - this conceit and small cast could work just as well, if not better. as a one-act play. The leads both bring intensity to their parts; Wiest plays the ill, aging mother-in-law with iciness rather than simpering self-pity. The colorblind casting is admirable - any racial tensions between mother and son-in-law are left unspoken. While Wiest and Oyelowo carry the drama. Rosie Perez gives a fine, lowkey performance as Lucinda's caretaker. Five Nights in Maine may leave audiences wanting more grounding in the husbandwife/mother-daughter drama that is a constant, foggy presence, but the raw confusion and sadness associated with great loss shines through. (Abbey Bender)

LACE CRATER Lace Crater essentially chronicles the consequences of a lonely woman's sexual encounter with a ghost. That makes it sound like little more than a feature-length sick joke, and certainly there is comedy in Harrison Atkins' debut feature, albeit of a deadpan, awkward cringe variety. But Atkins also is aiming for serious thematic game despite eliciting laughs by depicting the spirit. Michael (Peter Vack). as a shy, mumbly type. Lace Crater invites viewers to read it as a cautionary tale about the dangers of one-night stands: Days after her night with ghost-Michael during a weekend getaway with friends in the Hamptons, Ruth (Lindsay Burdge) is diagnosed with an unidentified STD. More intriguing than its moralizing, however, is the implication that, despite her postcoital physical struggles, Ruth, having recently gone through a breakup, may prefer the romantic company of a ghost over that of the friends from whom she becomes alienated. "I didn't do anything wrong!" she cries out to those friends at an emotionally climactic moment. Alas, that line doesn't resonate with the tragic power that it could: Atkins seems less interested in exploring Ruth's psychological breakdown than in using it as the pretext for a barrage of surreal imagery and creepy mood-painting. Slight though it may be, Lace Crater's mix of Andrew Bujalski-style naturalism and Roman Polanski-style body horror is at least off-kilter enough to keep one absorbed throughout. (Kenji Fujishima) LET'S BE EVIL The makers of virtual-reality

thriller Let's Be Evil, a horror film about the dangers of living vicariously through smart technology apropos of our current Pokemon Go moment, squander an irresistible premise: What if a generation of children weaned on computers grew up to be sadistic monsters? Co-writer/ director Martin Owen downplays his conceit's most intriguing aspects - where are the parents? - to focus instead on monotonous chase scenes that pit a gang of generically creepy tweens against a trio of self-described "chaperones"/teachers led by anxious audience surrogate Jenny (Elizabeth Morris). These poorly choreographed set pieces are especially disappointing when compared with the atmospheric scenes that establish the claustrophobic world of the Prosperity Project, a subterranean education center for emotionless, hyper-intelligent white kids. Because the story is told from the limited perspective of Jenny and fellow chaperones Darby (Elliot James Langridge) and Tiggs (Kara Tointon), we only learn about Jenny's kiddy tormentors and her dark past through skimpy expository dialogue, uninspired subjective camerawork and negligible flashbacks. We also aren't shown much of the Prosperity Project's futuristic technology, like the headsets that break down any visible object's name, location and biological composition through Terminator-style pop-up windows. Jenny's lack of interest in her VR spectacles makes no sense given that, as she explores the Prosperity Project's pitch-black corridors, she needs her glasses to illuminate anything in front of her face. Let's Be Evil's vision of the future is similarly tantalizing but shortsighted. (Simon Abrams)

THE MIND'S EYE The Mind's Eve ought to hit the sweet spot for fans of early David Cronenberg, the more violent X-Men comics and the kinds of indie horror movies Larry Fessenden always cameos in, as he does here. Set in the late '80s/early '90s and centering on a snow-covered facility studying psychokinetics, the second feature from writer-director Joe Begos (Almost Human) would be equally at home as a Scanners or Marvel spinoff. The facility is purportedly for the subjects' own good, but by the third time the doctor in charge (John Speredakos) bugs his eyes out and screams his dialogue, you'll suspect something else is afoot. Steve Moore's delightfully '80s score and a few appearances by super-bulky cellphones are the primary benefits of the period setting, while the many practical gore effects should keep your eyes either riveted to or permanently averted from the screen (the former in my case, all the way). Actual head-splosions are makeup, but returning Almost Human lead Graham Skipper is perfectly cast as a man who looks perpetually on the verge of bursting every blood vessel in his noggin. Perhaps the only unintended modern touch: a principal female character named Rachel Meadows, suggesting that Begos is a fan of MSNBC, (Luke Y, Thompson)

CO MISS SHARON JONES! Barbara Kopple's Miss Sharon Jones! tells the kind of true story that makes you want to kick creation itself square in the crotch. Here's that firecracker soul singer, nearing her 60s, her boogie still majestic, her band still a tight retro marvel, her wail still the southern end of a northbound dragster. Jones entered chemo for pancreatic cancer in late 2013. By the next February, she was back on the road. Kopple's film follows the indefatigable singer through those tough months, showcasing her resilience, her hopefulness and her everyday eccentricity. Jones was a regular person longer than she was an indie soul star, working as a corrections officer and singing in a wedding band before finally putting a record out at age 40. So she faces her diagnosis like people you know might: humbly, grateful for the help and love of those around her. Kopple's film is intimate and rousing. One of the most moving scenes shows Jones, bald and thin, working through new numbers with her band, her voice still resonant. The performance is a treasure even without her strutting footwork and percussive James Brown growls and shouts. It all builds to a feel-good ending belied by the fact that the story hasn't ended. Jones is again undergoing chemo treatments. this time for cancer in her stomach, lungs and liver. Meanwhile, she's touring with Hall & Oates. "I get up on the stage and the pains seem to go away for a while." she said on Billboard's Soul Sisters podcast. That's proof of what you feel at a great musical performance: Some talents are actually healing. Stay strong, Miss Jones. (Alan Scherstuhl)

OLYMPIC PRIDE, AMERICAN PREJUDICE

The 1936 Olympics stand as a testament to the triumph of sportsmanship over hatred, with four-time gold medalist Jesse Owens famously at the front of the pack in Berlin. But what about that year's 17 other African-American Olympians? Olympic Pride, American Prejudice shines the spotlight on those whom time has forgotten. Director Deborah Riley Draper gives voice to those athletes through footage of the 1936 Games as well as interviews with their families and more recent medal winners such as Carl Lewis and Joanna Haves. You get a feel for life on the Olympic circuit - taking a ship to Berlin, training with competitors, entering a country engulfed by Aryan supremacy - at a time when lynchings were common in the States. The announcer in a vintage newsreel exclaims as sprinter Archie Williams rounds the track during his gold-medal race, "That negro is dangerous!" Of the 18 African-Americans on the U.S. team, only two were women, and just one of them actually competed in the Games, making for two of the doc's most riveting and tragic threads. These stories aren't surprising, but that doesn't mean they're not revealing. With the Rio Games on the horizon and racial tension ever mounting in the United States, this doc stands as a vital reminder of the power of rising above it all on the world stage. Riley portrays this fellowship of black athletes not as victims but as pioneers proving themselves against white supremacy behind enemy lines. Yet this doc also pulls them back down to earth as mere men and women competing against the odds, human to human. (Tatiana Craine) SUN CHOKE Ben Cresciman's Sun Choke continues the current woman-sliding-into madness film trend, but thankfully it's more of a piece with Queen of Earth than

I Smile Back or the overpraised Krisha. Having recently suffered from a psychotic break, Janie (Sarah Hagan) is recovering under the strict, new-agey regimen of her longtime nanny and caretaker Irma (Barbara Crampton). Irma's methods are questionable at best and torture at worst. but they go unchallenged, Janie's mother having died and her father being away on business - or so Janie is told. In one of her occasional forays outside the house, Janie begins stalking a beautiful stranger, Savannah (Sara Malakul Lane), eventually kidnapping her and venting her frustrations toward Irma. Both Janie and Irma are unreliable narrators at best, harboring secrets and motivations they don't let each other (or us) in on; the only character whose motivations are entirely clear is Savannah, who just wants to go on with her life and not get drawn into Janie's violent, psychosexual personal hell, Though all three leads are strong, this is Hagan's picture - it's told entirely from Janie's increasingly fractured point of view, and Cresciman pulls the rug out from under the viewer on more than one occasion. flirting with but never quite veering into

torture porn. (Sherilyn Connelly) GO THE TENTH MAN (EL REY DEL

ONCE) In his lovely new film, Argentine director Daniel Burman mixes reality with fiction in inventive ways. In Buenos Aires, there's a lewish aid foundation run by a legendary figure known only as Usher. Burman sends the fictional Ariel (Alan Sabbagh, grand) on a one-week trin from New York to Buenos Aires to visit his father, Usher (playing himself), whom he

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both reveres and resents. The Tenth Man takes place in the week leading up to the Purim holiday, and as the days pass, Ariel gives up on the idea that he'll see Usher in person. His father communicates via cellphone and sends him on a succession of foundation errands. Filming on location and using real-world foundation locals, Burman has created a film that never feels like a documentary yet always feels true. On the crowded city streets, Ariel's phone is spatched from his hand, and the moment doesn't feel scripted. Maybe it wasn't, maybe it just happened, and that naturalistic sense extends to Ariel's plotted journey, which includes a potential romance. More resonantly, Ariel keeps running up against his Jewish heritage, which he'd largely rejected when he left Argentina, By Purim, Ariel may not be religious but he's fully engaged with the world - much like his father. (Chuck Wilson)







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Los Angeles Times CRITICS' CHOICE

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Neighborhood Movie Guide //

Wed 7:30 n m

(323) 664-2169 Jason Bourne 1:30,4:15,7,9:45 p.m. Caft Society 1:30,4:15,7,9:45 p.m. Ghostbusters 1:30,4:15,7,9:45 p.m.

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 Hollywood Blvd. (323) 461-3331
 Suicide Squad Wed, 11 am; 1, 415, 730, 1030 pm; Sun, 12:15, 315, 6:30, 9:45 pm; 14, 415, 730, 10:30 pm; Jun, 12:15, 315, 6:30, 9:45 pm; Mon-Wed, 1, 4:15, 730, 10:30 pm.
 Bad Moms Fri-Sat, 12:20, 2:45, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 pm; Sun, 12 noon, 2:25, 4:50, 7:15, 9:40 pm; Mon-Thuss, 12:20, 2:45, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 pm; Sun, 12:15, 330, 6:45, 10 pm; Mon-Thuss, 12:30, 3:45, 7, 10:15 pm; Wed, 12:30, 3:45 pm; Thurs, 12:30, 3:45, 7, 10:15 pm; Wed, 12:30, 3:45, 7, 15, 10:15 pm; San, Jason Bourne Fri-Sat, 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15 pm; San,

7, 10:15 p.m. Jason Bourne Fri-Sat, 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.; Sun, 12:45, 3:40, 645, 9:40 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 0:15 p.m.; Sun, 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15 p.m. Lights Out Fri-Sat, 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45 p.m.; Sun, 12:40, 2:45, 5, 7:15, 9:20 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45 p.m. Star Trek Beyond 3D Fri-Sat, 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.; Sun, 1:3:50, 6:40, 9:30 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 1:20, 4:10, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.

TCL CHINESE THEATRE IMAX 6925 Hollywood Blvd. (323) 461-3331 Suicide Squad: An IMAX 3D Experience Fri.-Su

TCL Chinese Theatre Tour Fri-Sat., 12 noon, 12:15.

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Blvd., west of Highland (323) 467-

Finding Dory Fri.-Sun., 10 a.m., 1:15, 4:30, 7:45 p.m.;

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9:30 a.m., 12:30, 3:45, 7, 10:15 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:30, 3:45, 7, 10:15 p.m. Lobyists & Handprints Tour Fri.Sat, 10, 10:30, 11, 11:30 a.m., 1:30, 2, 2:30, 4, 4:30, 5:30, 8:30 p.m.; Sun, 10 a.m.

L Chinese Theatre Four Fir.Sat, 12 Hout, 12:15, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 6:30 p.m.; Sun, 10:30, 11, 11:30 a.m., 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2, 2:30, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 4, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 10, 10:30, 11, 11:30 a.m., 12 noon, 12:15, 1:30, 2, 2:30, 3, 3:15, 3:30, 4, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30 p.m.

6:30 n m Suicide Squad Fri.-Sat., 1 a.m.

Schedules are subject to change: please call ahead to confirm showtimes. See Film & Video Events for other programs.

HOLLYWOOD & VICINITY

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ARENA CINEMA 1625 North Las Palmas Avenue - Next to Egyptian Theater (323)306-0676

- Lace Crater Fri, 10:10 p.m.; Sat, 5:30, 9:55 p.m.; Sun, 7:30 p.m.; Mon, 7 p.m.; Tues, 9:55 p.m.; Wed, 7 p.m.; Thurs, 9:55 p.m.
- Let's Re Full Fri 6:45 nm · Sat 8:30 nm · Sun 6
- 8:30 p.m.
- ARCLIGHT HOLLYWODD SUITSEL BIV0. at Vine (323) 464-4226 Absolutely Fabulous: The Movie Fri, 9:10, 11:35 am, 115, 2:35, 4, 6, 8:10, 10:20 pm, 12:04 9:10, 11:35 am, 115, 2:35, 4, 6, 8:10, 10:20 pm, 12:04 am; Sun, 9:10, 11:36 am, 115, 2:35, 4, 605, 8:10, 10:20 pm; Won, 11:36 am, 115, 2:35, 4, 605, 8:10, 10:20 pm; Won, 11:36 am, 115, 2:35, 5:40, 805, 11:10 pm; Wed, 10:10, 11:20 am, 105, 3:5, 5:40, 805, 11:10 pm; Wed, 10:10, 11:20 am, 105, 3:10, 5:15, 7:15 9 nm
- Hell or High Water Thurs., 6:30 p.m.
- Heil or High Water Thurs., 6:30 p.m. Pete's Dragon in Disney Digital 3D Thurs., 12 mid. Suicide Squad Fri-Sat., 9, 9:30, 10, 10:30, 11:15, 11:45 a.m., 12:15, 12:45, 2, 2:30, 3, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 7, 7:30, 8:30, 9, 9:45, 10:15, 11:45 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; Sun., 9, 9:30, 10, 10:30, 11:15, 11:45 a.m., 12:16, 12:45, 2, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 7, 7:30, 8:30, 9, 9:45, 10:15 p.m.; Won., 10, 10:30, 11:15, 11:45 a.m., 12:15, 12:45, 2, 2:30, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7, 7:30, 8:30, 9, 9:45, 10:15 p.m.; Tues., 10, 10:30, 11:15 a.m., 12:10, p.m.; Yed, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7, 6:30, 9:45, 10:15 p.m.; Yed, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 5:15, 4:15, 5:45, 7, 8:30, 9:45, 10:15 p.m.; Yed, 10:11 a.m., 12:30, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:45, 6, 7, 8:45, 9:45, 11:30 p.m.; Fir.Wed, 1:30, 8. Li:15 p.m. Suicide Squad 3D Fri.Sat., 9:15 a.m., 12 noon, 2:45,
- Suicide Squad 3D Fri-Sat 9:15 a m 12 noon 2:45

- 4:15, 5:49, 6; 7; 8:45, 9:45, 11:30 p.m.; Fri.-Wed, 1:30, 8; 11:15 p.m.
 Suicide Squad 3D Fri.-Sat, 9:15 a.m., 12 noon, 2:45, 7:15, 10:45 p.m.; 10m.; 12 noon, 2:46, 7:15, 10:45 p.m.; 4:45 p.m.
 Bad Moms Fri.-Sat, 11:10 a.m., 1:20, 3:40, 5:25, 8, 10:10 p.m.; 10:15 a.m.; 1:20 a.m.; 0:3, 40, 5:25, 8, 10:10 p.m.; 10:15 a.m.; 1:20 a.m.; 0:3, 40, 5:25, 8, 10:10 p.m.; 10m, 1:105 a.m., 1:20, 3:40, 5:25, 8, 10:10 p.m.; 10:0, a.m.; 1:20, 3:40, 5:25, 10 p.m.
 Indignation Fri.-Sat, 9:10, 11:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:50, 7:10, 10:40 p.m.; 10:05 a.m., 1:22, 3:45, 5:20, 8:20, 10:44 p.m.; 10:05 a.m., 1:25, 3:45, 5:26, 8:20, 10:44 p.m.; 10:05 a.m., 1:25, 3:45, 5:26, 8:20, 10:44 p.m.; 10:05 a.m., 1:25, 3:45, 5:26, 8:20, 10:44 p.m.; 11:35 a.m., 1:20, 3:42, 5:30, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 11:35 p.m.; 10:05 a.m., 1:26, 3:45, 5:30, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.; 12:30 a.m.; 120, 0:45, 3:30, 1:40, 4:5, 1:30, 1:15 p.m.; 10:45 a.m., 12 noon, 1:30, 2:45, 3:30, 1:40, 4:5, 3:30, 7:45, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.; 10:45, 3:30, 1:30 p.m.; 10:45, 1:30, 1:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:45, 3:45, 1:45, 1:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:46, 3:40, 1:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:46, 3:40, 1:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:46, 3:15, 10:11:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:46, 3:15, 10:11:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:46, 3:15, 1:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:45, 1:15 p.m.; 12:45, 1:40, 1:15



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- Let's Be Evil Fn, okap pm; Sat, 8:30 pm; Sun, o pm; Mon, 8:30 pm; Tues, 7 pm; Wed, 8:30 pm; Thurs, 7 pm. Sun Choke Fri, 8:15 pm; Sat, 7 pm; Sun, 8:55 pm; Mon, 9:55 pm; Tues, 8:30 pm; Wed, 9:55 pm; Thurs, occ
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Florence Foster Jenkins Thurs., 7, 955 p.m. Ice Age: Collision Course Fri-Sun, 935, 11:50 a.m., 210, 455 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:50 a.m., 210, 425 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:50 a.m., 210, 425 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:50 a.m., 12:0, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 240, 5, 7:10, 930 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:10, 11:30 a.m., 12 noon, 12:30, 11:52, 220, 250, 320, 410, 510, 540, 610, 7, 8, 830, 9, 950, 10:35, 10:50, 11:20, 11:50 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Star., 91:5, 94:5, 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 12 noon, 12:30, 11:50, 11:20, p.m.; Mon., 10:30, 11:15 a.m.; 12:00, 250, 320, 410, 510, 540, 610, 7, 8, 830, 9, 950, 10:50, 11:20, p.m.; 12:50, 11:20, 11:50, 11:20, p.m.; 10:51, 11:20, p.m.; 10:30, 11:30, 21:10, 21:40, 510, 640, 7:30, 9:50, 10:50, 11:20, p.m.; 10:51, 11:51,

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Tugs -Thurs

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Star Trek Bevond Fri-Wed., 10:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:30.

7:25,10:15 pm. Ghostbusters Fri-Wed., 2:15,7:40 p.m. The Secret Life of Pets Fri-Wed., 10 a.m., 12:15, 2:30,

4:45.7:05.9:25 p.m. VISTA 4473 Sunset Dr. (323) 660-

6639 Suicide Squad 1, 4, 7, 9:50 p.m.

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Summertime (La belle saison) Fri., 7, 9:15 p.m.; Sat-Sun., 5, 7:15 p.m.; Mon., 8 p.m.; Tues., 7 p.m.; Wed., 4 p.m.; Thurs., 7 p.m. CGV CINEMAS LA 621 South Western

Avenue (213)388-9000 Operation Chromite Fri-Tues., 10:15 a.m., 1, 4, 7, 10 p.m.

Jason Bourne Fri.-Tues., 9:45 a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 6:30,

- 5.30 p.m. Train To Busan (Bu-San-Haeng) Fri.-Tues., 10:45 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:30 p.m. **REGAL CINEMAS L.A. LIVE STADIUM**
- Regal CINEWAS LA. LIVE STADION 14 1000 West Olympic Blvd. (844)462-7342 4046 Ice Age: Collision Course Fri, 12:35, 3, 5:20 p.m.; Sat, 5:20 p.m.; Sun, 12:35, 3, 5:20 p.m.; Mon, 12:15, 2:40, 5 p.m.; Tues, 12:35, 3, 5:20 p.m.; Wed, 12:15, 5 nm

- 2:40, 5 p.m.; Tues., 12:35, 3, 5:20 p.m.; Wed., 12:15, 2:40, 5 p.m.;
 DCI 2016: Big, Loud & Live 13 Thurs., 3:30 p.m.
 Nine Lives Fn. Sun., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.;
 Mon, 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:40, 9:30 p.m.; Tues., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.; Wed., 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:30 p.m.
 Suicide Squad Fn. Sat., 12:50, 4:10, 7:20, 10:40, 11:30 p.m., 12:30, 3:50, 4:30, 7, 10:20, 11:40 a.m., 2:10, a.m., 12:30, 3:50, 4:30, 7, 10:20, 11 p.m.; Tues., 12:30, 4:10, 7:20, 10:40, 11:20 p.m.; Mon, 11:20 a.m.; Sin., 12:50, 4:10, 7:20, 10:40, 11:20 p.m.; Wed., 11:20, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 8, 10 p.m.; Mon, 11:20 a.m.; 110, 2:30, 5:40, 7:40, 9 p.m.; Tues., 12:10, 1:30, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 8, 10 p.m.; Mon, 11:20 a.m., 110, 2:30, 5:40, 7:40, 9 p.m.; Tues., 12:10, 1:30, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 8, 10 p.m.; Mon, 11:20 a.m., 110, 2:30, 5:40, 7:40, 9 p.m.; Tues., 12:10, 1:30, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 8, 10 p.m.; Mon, 11:20 a.m., 110, 2:30, 5:40, 7:40, 9 p.m.; 7, 10:50, 1:30, 1:30, 1:40, a.m., 2:50, 6, 9 p.m.; 10:51, 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 6, 9 p.m.; 10:52, 0:40, 0:30, 8:20, 11:10 p.m.; Mon, 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 8, 10:50 p.m.; 11:45, 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 8, 10:50 p.m.; 11:45, 2:30, 1:10, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 7, 40, 9 p.m.; 1:45 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 8, 10:50 p.m.; 11:45, 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 8, 10:50 p.m.; 11:45, 2:30, 1:10, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 7, 740, 9 p.m.; 1:45, 3:30, 4:30, 1:10, 2:30, 5:40, 7, 7;40, 9 p.m.; 1:45, 3:30, 4:30, 1:10, 2:30, 5:40, 7;40, 9 p.m.; 1:45, 3:30, 4:30, 4:30, 7;40, 9 p.m.; 1:45, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 1:10, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 1:145, 3:30, 1:10, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 1:145, 3:30, 1:10, 3:30, 4:50, 6:40, 3;30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:50, 6:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30, 8:20, 5:30, 8:20, 1:10, 3:30, 4:30, 7;40, 7;40, 5:30,
- 2:40, 350, e.c., 1110 μm, weu, 11.43 am, 220, 310, 8, 10:50 μm.
 Jason Bourne Fri-Sat, 12:30, 110, 3:40, 4:30, 7, 7:40, 10:20, 11, 11:50 μm; xun, 12:30, 1:10, 3:40, 4:30, 7, 7:40, 10:20, 11 μm; Won, 12:10, 12:50, 3:20, 4:10, 6:40, 7:20, 10, 10:40 μm; twes, 12:30, 3:40, 7, 10:22 μm; Wed, 12:10, 12:50, 3:20, 4:10, 6:40, 7:20, 10, 10:40 μm; Wes, 12:30, 3:40, 6:50, 9:20 μm; Wet, 1:20 am, 1:50, 4:20, 6:50, 9:20 μm; Wed, 1:30, 4:630, 9 μm; Hist, 12:0 am, 1:50, 4:20, 6:50, 9:20 μm; Wed, 1:30, 4:630, 9 μm; Hist, 11:20 am, 1:50, 4:20, 6:50, 9:20 μm; Mon, 12:52, 2:50, 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 μm; Hist, 12:52, 12:50, 5:20, 7:50, 10:10 μm; Star Trek Beyond Fri-Sun, 12:40, 3:50, 7:10, 10:10
- S.10, 540, 6.10, 10.50 p.Int., Web., 12.25, 2:30, 5.20, 7:50, 10:10 p.m.
 Star Trek Beyond Fri.-Sun, 12:40, 3:50, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.; Mon, 12:20, 3:30, 6:50, 9:50 p.m.; Tues, 12:40, 3:50, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.; Wed, 12:20, 3:30, 6:50, 9:50 p.m.; Fri.-Sun, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Mon, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Tues, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Mon, 12:20, 3:20, 6:20, 9:10 p.m.; Wed, 12:0, 3:0, 8:50 p.m.
 The Secret Life of Pets Fri-Sun, 11:25 a.m., 1:40, 4, 6:30, 8:50 p.m.; Med, 1:20, 3:40, 6:10, 8:30 p.m.; Les, 11:25 a.m., 1:40, 4, 6:30, 8:50 p.m.; Wed, 1:20, 3:40, 6:10, 8:30 p.m.;
- 6.10 8.30 nm
- UNIVERSITY VILLAGE 3 3323 S. Hoover St. (213) 748-6321 Call theater for schedule.

WEST HOLLYWOOD, BEVERLY HILLS

- LAEMMLE'S AHRYA FINE ARTS **THEATRE** 8556 Wilshire Boulevard
- (310)478-3836
- (S10)4716-3630 The Infiltrator Fri.Sun, 1:30, 7 p.m.; Mon, 1:30 p.m.; Tues., 7 p.m.; Wed. Thurs., 1:30, 7 p.m. Lincoln Center Series: Ballet Hispanico feat. Carmen Mon, 7:30 p.m.; Tues., 1 p.m. Swiss Army Man Fri.Sat, 4:30, 9:55 p.m.; Sun. Thurs., 4/20 p.m.
- **SUNDANCE SUNSET CINEMA** 8000 West Sunset Boulevard (323)654-
- Absolutely Fabulous: The Movie Fri., 7:20, 9:30 p.m.; Sat.Sun, 7:45, 10 p.m.; Mon, 7 p.m.; Tues.-Wed, 7:45, 10 p.m.; Thurs, 10 p.m.; Fri., 3, 5:15 p.m.; Sat.Sun, 12;45, 3, 5:15 p.m.; Mon, 3, 5:10 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs, 3,
- 12:49, 3, 3:19 Juli, mon, 9, sax pena, -5:15 pm. Equity Fri, 7:45, 10:15 pm; Sat.Wed, 7:15, 9:45 pm; Thurs, 7:30, 9:45 pm; Fri-Sat, 2:30, 5 pm; Sun, 11:45 a.m, 2:30, 5 pm; Mon-Thurs, 2:30, 5 pm. Don't Think Twice Fri-Sun, 7, 8, 10:15 pm; Mon, 8, 10:15 pm; Tues-Thurs, 7, 8, 10:15 pm; Fri, 2:45, 5:30 pm; Sat.Sun, 12:15, 2:45, 5:30 pm; Mon-Thurs, 2:45, 5:30 pm.
- Captain Fantastic 7:30, 10 p.m.; Fri., 2, 4:45 p.m.; Sat., 12 noon, 4:45 p.m.; Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:45 p.m.; Mon-Thurs., 2, 4:45 p.m.
- Branagh Theatre Live: Romeo and Juliet Mon p.m.; Sat., 12:30 p.m.
- Hunt for the Wilderpeople Fri., 215 p.m.; Sat-Sun., 12 noon, 215 p.m.; Mon-Thurs., 215 p.m.; Sat-Sun., Tickled Fri.-Wed, 9:15 p.m.; 4:30 p.m. Almeida Theatre: Richard III Thurs., 7:15 p.m.
- LAEMMLE'S MUSIC HALL 3 9036
 - Wilshire Blvd. (310) 274-6869 Five Nights in Maine 12:10, 2:40, 5, 7:20, 9:55 p.m. The Remains 9:55 p.m.
 - The Land 7:30 nm

 - The Innocents 12 roon, 4:50 p.m. Hunt for the Wilderpeople 2:35, 10 p.m. The Music of Strangers: Yo-Yo Ma and the Silk Road Ensemble 12 roon, 5 p.m. Ovation 2:30, 7:30 p.m.

WESTWOOD, WEST L.A.

AMC CENTURY CITY 15 10250 Santa Amc CENTURY CITY 10250 Sam Monica Blvd. (888)AMC-4FUN Ice Age: Collision Course fri, 11:50 a.m., 225, 5, 740, 10:20 p.m.; Sat, 11:55 a.m., 225, 5, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sun, 11:50 a.m., 225, 5, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Mon-wed, 10:50 a.m., 1:35, 4:10, 6:45, 9:10 p.m.;

The Infiltrator Mon-Tues, 10:35 p.m.; Wed., 6:50 p.m. Sausage Party Thurs., 7 p.m. Lincoln Center Series: San Francisco Ballet's

Romeo & Juliet Tues., 7 p.m.

Nine Lives Fri-Sun, 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7:20, 9:45 p.m. Suicide Squad Fri, 9:30 a.m., 12:25, 3:35, 6:45, 7:15, 9:55 pm, 12:15 a.m.; 8:4, 9:30 a.m., 12:35, 3:40, 6:45, 7:15, 9:55 pm, 12:15 a.m.; 9:30 a.m., 12:55, 3:35, 6:45, 9:55 pm, 12:16 a.m., 155, 5:05, 8:15, 11:25 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; 3:4, 10:45 a.m., 155, 5:05, 8:15, 11:25 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; 3:4, 10:45 a.m., 155, 5:05, 8:15, 11:25 p.m., 12:30 a.m.; 3:4, 10:45 a.m., 155, 5:05, 8:15, 11:25 p.m.; Sun, 10:45 a.m., 155, 5:05, 8:15, p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11 a.m., 155, 5:05, 8:15 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45, 5:05, 8:15, p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45, 5:05, 8:15 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45, 5:09, 8:15, p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45, 5:09, 8:15, p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45, 5:09, 9:10 p.m.; Suicide Squad: An IMX 3D Experience Fri, 1:10, 7:30, 10:40 p.m.; 12:md; Sat.Sun, 1:10, 7:30, 10:40 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 20, 7:30, 10:40 p.m.; Suicide Squad: The IMAX 2D Experience Fri.Sun,

Star Trek Beyond Fri-Sun, 10:40 a.m., 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 1:30, 4:20, 7:10, 9:55 p.m.;
 Caff Society Fri-Sun, 10:10 a.m., 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 9:45 p.m.;
 Mon-Thurs, 1:2:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:10, 7:30, 9:45 p.m.;
 Captain Fantastic Fri-Sun, 11 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:55 p.m.; Mon-Tiues, 11:05 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.; Mon-Tiues, 11:05 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.; Mon-Tiues, 11:05 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.;
 Must for the Wilderreenle Fri Sun, 10:05 a.m.; 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50 p.m.;

L:40, 4:30, 7:10, 9:50 p.m. Hunt for the Wilderpeople Fri-Sun., 10:05 a.m., 12:30, 2:55, 5:20, 7:45, 10:05 p.m.; Mon-Wed., 12:30, 2:55, 5:20, 7:45, 10:05 p.m.; Thurs., 12:30, 2:55, 5:20

CULVER CITY, LAX, MARINA DEL REY

Drive (310)568-3394 lce Age: Collision Course Fri-Wed, 11:20 a.m., 1:55, 4:35, 7:10, 9:40 p.m. **DCI 2016: Big, Loud & Live 13** Thurs, 3:30 p.m. **Nine Lives** Fri-Wed, 1:21, 5:25, 4:55, 7:15, 9:35 p.m. Suicide Squad Fri-Wed, 1:20, 4:25, 7:30 p.m.; Fri-Sin, 11 a.m., 5:10, 8:15, 11:20, 11:55 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 11 a.m., 5:10, 8:15 p.m.; Wed, 11 a.m., 5:10, 8:15, 11:20, 11:55 p.m.; Fri., 11 a.m., 12:10, 1:40, 3:15, 5:10, 6:20, 7:50, 8:15, 9:25, 11:20, 11:55 p.m.; Sat, 11 a.m., 12:10, 3:15, 5:10, 6:20, 7:50, 8:15, 9:22, 11:20, 11:55 p.m.; Sun, 11 a.m., 12:10, 3:15, 5:10, 6:20, 8:15, 9:25, p.m. Suicide Squad 3D, Fri-Mon, 10:15 a.m. 10:35, p.m.

Weu, Halm, Jacky, S.J.S. 516, 522, 613, 522 p.m. Suicide Squad 3D Fri-Mon, 10:15 a.m., 10:35 p.m.; Tues, 10:20 a.m., 10:35 p.m.; Wed, 10:15 a.m., 10:35 p.m.; Fri-Wed, 11:35 a.m., 2:05, 2:40, 5:45, 8:50 p.m.;

p.m.; fri., 940, 10:40, 11:35 a.m., 2:09, 2:40, 3:43, 8:50 p.m.; fri., 9:40, 10:40, 11:35 a.m., 12:45, 2:05, 2:40, 3:50, 4:50, 5:45, 7, 8:50, 10, 10:55 p.m.; Sat., 9:40, 11:35 a.m., 12:45, 2:05, 2:40, 3:50, 5:45, 7, 8:50, 10, 10:55 p.m.; Sun., 9:40, 11:35 a.m., 12:45, 2:05, 2:40, 3:50, 5:45, 7, 8:50, 10 p.m.; Mon. Wed, 11:35 a.m., 12:45, 2:05, 2:40, 3:50, 5:45, 7, 8:50, 10 p.m.

3:00, 5:49, 7, 8:30, 10 µm.
Bad Moms Fri-Sat, 12 noon, 2:35, 3:15, 5:10, 8, 8:45, 10:40 µm.; Sun, 12 noon, 2:35, 5:10, 8, 8:45, 10:40 µm.; Wed., 12 noon, 2:35, 5:10, 8, 10:40 µm.;

Wea, 12 noon, 2:3, 5:10, 8, 10:40 p.m. Jason Bourne Fir.Sun., 9:40, 10:30 a.m., 12:35, 1:30, 2:40, 3:35, 4:25, 5:40, 6:35, 7:20, 8:40, 9:35, 10:25, 11:40 p.m.; Wed, 10:30 a.m., 12:35, 1:30, 2:40, 3:35, 4:25, 5:40, 7:20, 8:40, 10:25, 11:40 p.m. Nerve Fir.Sun, 9:50 a.m., 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:20 p.m.; Wed, 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 10:20 p.m.

Lights Out Fri-Wed., 10:15 a.m., 12:35, 2:55, 5:15, 7:40,

Toto J. J. Star Trek Beyond Fri-Wed., 10:20 a.m., 1:15, 4:10, 7:05, 10 p.m.; Fri-Sat, 12:20, 5:50, 11:20 p.m.; Sun., 11:05 a.m., 5:50, 11:20 p.m.; Wed., 11:05 a.m., 11:20 p.m.

Ghostbusters Fri-Wed., 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:40, 7:35.

RAVE CINEMAS BALDWIN HILLS

CRENSHAW PLAZA 15 + XTREME

4020 Marlton Avenue (323)296-

1005 Ice Age: Collision Course Fri-Wed, 12:50, 6:30 p.m. Nine Lives Fri-Sun, 9, 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:20 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:30 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:20 p.m. Suicide Squad Fri-Sat, 11 a.m., 2:10, 5:20, 8:20 pm; Fri-Wed, 9:30 a.m., 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 9:50 pm; Fri-Sat, 9:30 a.m., 12:10, 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 9:50 pm; Fri-Sat, 9:30 a.m., 12:10, 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 9:51 pm; Fri-Sat, 9:30 a.m., 12:10, 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 7:10, 9:50 11:40 pm; Sun-Wed, 9:30 a.m., 12:10, 12:40, 3:40, 6:40, 7:10, 9:50 pm.

9:50 p.m. Suicide Squad 3D Fri-Wed, 10 a.m., 1:10, 4:20, 7:30, 10:40 p.m., Fri-Sat, 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 5:50, 9 p.m., 71:210 a.m.; Sun-Wed, 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 5:50, 9 10:20, 11:50 p.m., 9:10, 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 3:550, 9, 10:20, 11:50 p.m., 12:10 a.m.; Sun, 9:10, 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 3:15, 5:50, 9, 10:20 p.m., Bad Moms Fri-Wed, 10:40 a.m., 1:20, 4:10, 6:55, 9:30 n m

p.m. Jason Bourne Fri.-Sun, 9:20, 10:10 a.m., 12:20, 1:30, 3:30, 4:40, 6:50, 7:40, 10, 10:50 p.m.; Mon., 10:10 a.m., 12:20, 1:30, 3:30, 4:40, 6:50, 7:40, 10, 10:50 p.m.; Tues, 10:10 a.m., 12:45, 1:30, 3:45, 4:40, 6:50, 7:40, 10, 10:50 p.m.; Wed, 10:10 a.m., 12:20, 1:30, 3:30, 4:40, 6:50, 7:40, 10; 10:50 p.m.

Irido, 10, 10:50 pm.
 Nerve Fri-Wed, 11:20 a.m., 2:30, 5, 7:35, 10:10 p.m.
 Ice Age: Collision Course 3D Fri-Wed., 10:20 a.m., 3:20, 9:10 pm.
 Lights Out Fri-Wed., 9:50 a.m., 12:30, 3, 5:30, 8, 10:30

Star Trek Beyond Fri-Wed., 1:50, 7:50 p.m. Star Trek Beyond 3D Fri-Wed., 10:50 a.m., 4:45,

The Secret Life of Pets Fri-Wed, 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 9:40 p.m. The Legend of Tarzan Fri-Wed, 10:30 a.m., 5:10 p.m. The Purge: Election Year Fri-Wed, 11 p.m.

AMC LOEWS CINEPLEX MARINA MARKETPLACE 13455 Maxella Ave.

(800) 326-3264 704 Suicide Squad Fri-Sun, 930, 11:10 a.m., 12:35, 3:45, 7, 10:15 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45 a.m., 12:30, 3:45, 7, 9:10, 10:15 p.m.;

Suicide Squad 3D Fri.-Sun., 10:15 a.m., 1:30, 2:45, 4:45,

6, 8, 11 p.m. Bad Moms Fri-Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:15, 5:30, 8:30, 11:40

Jacom Bourne, Fri-Sun, 912, 0 a.m., 215, 5:30, 8:30, 11:15 p.m.; Jason Bourne, Fri-Sun, 9:50 a.m., 1, 4:15, 7:30, 10:45 p.m.; Mon-Wed., 11:30 a.m., 3, 6:15, 9:30 p.m.

Star Trek Beyond Fri.-Sun., 12:10, 3:15 p.m.; Mon.-Wed.,

Star Trek Beyond 3D Fri.-Sun., 6:30, 9:45 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 1:50, 4:40, 7:30, 10:45 p.m.

6, 8, 9:10, 11:15 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 11:10 a.m., 2, 2:45, 5,

Ghostbusters Fri.-Wed., 1:40, 8:10 p.m.

2:30, 4:50, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Wed., 1 7:20, 9:45 p.m. Finding Dory Fri-Wed., 12:05 p.m. Max Mon., 10 a.m. Batman Sun., 2 p.m.; Wed., 2, 7 p.m.

10:30 p.m. The Secret Life of Pets Fri-Sun., 9:40 a.m., 12:05,

2:30. 4:55. 7:20. 9:45 p.m.: Wed., 12:05. 2:30. 4:55.

. 10:05 p.m.

1005

p.m

10:55 p.m.

Max Tues.-Thurs., 10 a.m.

CINEMARK 18 & XD 6081 Center

Drive (310)568-3394

p.m.

- 7:30, 10:40 pm, 12 mid; sat-sun, 110, 7:30, 10:40 pm; Mon-Wed, 1:30, 7:35, 10:45 pm.
 Suicide Squad: The IMAX 2D Experience Fri.Sun, 10 am, 4:20 pm; Mon-Wed, 10:30 am, 4:30 pm.
 Bad Moms Fri.Wed, 11:am, 145, 4:35, 7:15, 10 pm.
 Jason Bourne Mon-Tues, 10:40 am, 1:45, 4:45, 7:40 pm; Wed, 10:40 am, 1:45, 4:45, 7:40 pm; Wed, 10:40 am, 1:45, 4:45, 7:40 pm; Wed, 10:40 am, 1:45, 4:45, 10:40 pm; Wed, 10:40 am, 1:45, 4:45, 7:40 pm; Wed, 10:40 am, 1:45, 4:50, 8 pm; Fri, 9:30, 11:10 am, 1:235, 2:10, 3:40, 5:10, 6:40, 8:10, 9:40, 10:20, 11:15 pm; Sat, 9:30, 11:10 am, 1:2:30, 2:10, 3:35, 5:10, 6:40, 8:10, 9:40, 10:20, 10:55 pm; Mon, 11:50 am, 3, 6:05, 9:05, 10:05 pm; Tues, 1:50 am, 3, 6:05, 9:05, 10:05 pm; Tues, 1:50 am, 3, 6:05, 9:05, 10:05 pm; Star, 3:60, 5:05, 5:00, 10:20, pm; Sun, 9:50 am, 1:2:30, 3:10, 5:50, 8:20, 10:20 pm; Sun, 9:00 am, 1:20, 4:10, 7:20, 9:50 pm.
 Star Trek Beyond Fri-Sun, 9:40 am, 1:25, 1:25, 7:10, 10:10 pm; Mon, 11:20 am, 1:20, 3:10, 5:50, 8:30, 11:10 pm; Sun, 2:05, 10:50 pm; Sun, 2:05, 10:50 pm; Mon, 4:55, 4:55, 10:45 pm; Wed, 10:30 am, 1:20, 4:15, 7:10, 10:10 pm.
 Star Trek Beyond 3D Fri-Sat, 2:05, 11:05 pm; Sun, 2:05, 10:50 pm; Mon, 4:55, 10:45 pm; Wed, 11:30 am, 4:25, 10:45 pm; Wed, 11:50 am, 4:55, 10:45 pm; Sun, 2:05, 10:50 pm.

- Mon.-Wed, 11:15 a.m., 4:55, 10:45 p.m. **Ghostbusters in 3D** Fri-Sun, 1:30, 7:20 p.m.; Mon.-Wed, 2:05, 7:50 p.m. **Hillary's America: The Secret History of the Democratic Party** Fri-Sun, 11:20 a.m., 5:15 p.m.; Mon, 11:35 a.m., 5:35 p.m.; Tues., 10:30 a.m., 1:15, 10:05 a.m. 10.05 n m 10:05 p.m. **The Secret Life of Pets** Fri, 9:45 a.m., 12:20, 3, 5:35, 8:05, 10:45 p.m.; Sat, 9:30 a.m., 12:30, 3, 5:38, 8:05, 10:45 p.m.; Sun, 9:45 a.m., 12:20, 3, 5:35, 8:05, 10:45 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m. **Finding Dory** Fri.Sun, 10:40 a.m., 1:25, 4:15 p.m.; Mon., 10:40 a.m., 1:20, 4:35 p.m.; Tues-Wed, 10:40 a.m., 1:20, 4 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATER 11523

Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5581 Rurouni Kenshin Part 1: Origin Tues., 7:30 p.m.;

Rurouni Kenshin Part 1: origin 1003, 1200 p.m., Wed, 9:55 p.m. The Brooklyn Banker 1:40, 7:20 p.m. The Tenth Man (El rey del once) Fri, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Xa-Sun, 10 a.m., 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Wed, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50 p.m.; Thurs, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 n.m.

/:50, 10 p.m.; Mon. Tues, 120, 330, 540, 750, 10 p.m.; Wed, 120, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50 p.m.; Thurs, 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Hieronymus Bosch: Touched by the Devil Fri, 12:45, 3, 5:20, 7:40, 10 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10 a.m., 12:45, 3, 5:20, 7:40, 10 p.m.; Mon, 12:45, 3, 5:20, 7:40, 10 p.m.; Tues, 12:45, 3, 5:20, 10 p.m.; Wed. Thurs, 12:45, 3, 5:20, 7:40, 10 p.m.;

Our Little Sister (Umimachi Diarv) (Umi-gai

Diary) Fri, 4:20 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10 a.m., 4:20 p.m.; Mon.Thurs., 4:20 p.m. The Neon Demon 9:50 p.m. A Town Called Panic: Back to School 12 noon.

LANDMARK'S NUART THEATER

Thurs., 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 9:45 p.m. Batman Fri., 11:59 p.m. The Rocky Horror Picture Show Sat., 11:59 p.m.

Allowed

Texting Allowed

11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 473-8530; No Texting Allowed
 Miss Sharon Jones! Fri.Sat, 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 9:55 p.m.; Sun.Wed., 12:30, 2:50, 5:10, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.;

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Florence Foster Jenkins Thurs., 7:15, 9:45 p.m. Absolutely Fabulous: The Movie Fri. Sun., 10:50 a.m., 1:05, 3:20, 5:35, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:35, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:35 p.m.

1:10, 3:20, 5:35 μm.
Anthropoid Thurs., 7:40, 10 μm; 1 hurs., 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:35 μm.
Anthropoid Thurs., 7:40, 10:20 μm.
Hell or High Water Thurs., 7:40, 10 μm.
Suicide Squad Fri. Sum, 10, 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:40, 7, 7:30, 9:45, 10:15 μm; Mon, 11:05 a.m., 1:230, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 9:45, 10:15 μm; Thurs., 11:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 0:15 μm; Thurs., 11:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 0:15 μm; Thurs., 11:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 0:15 μm; Thurs., 11:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 μm; Med., 11:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 μm; Wed, 1:05 a.m., 12:30, 1:50, 3:25, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 μm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:225, 2:50, 5:15, 7:40, 10:20 μm; Sat. Sun, 10:a.m., 2:25, 2:50, 5:15, 7:40, 10:0, m; Mon.-Thurs., 11:30 a.m., 2:4:30, 10:05 μm; Thurs., 11:30 a.m., 2:4:30, 7:05, 9:35 μm;
Wed, 2:4:30, 10:05 μm; Thurs., 11:30 a.m., 2:4:30, 7:05, 9:35 μm;
Indignation Fri.Sun, 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 4:10, pm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:05, 7:40, 10:10 μm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:05, 7:40, 10:10 μm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:05, 7:40, 10:10 μm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 4:10, pm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 4:10, pm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 4:10, pm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 1:05 μm; Mon.-Thurs., 12:50, 1:40, 4:30, 7:20, 10:05 μm; Mon.-Thurs., 11:45, 4:30, 7:20, 10:05 μm;

Don't Think Twice Fri-Sun., 10:45 a.m., 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 9:55 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 11 a.m., 1:10, 3:20, 5:30, 7:45, 9:55 p.m.

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A meta luce 12 noon. Disco Inferno Fri.-Sun., 12:35 p.m. **Guarding Grace** 12:30 p.m. **Refugee (2016)** 12:50 p.m. **Woman of Courage** 12:15 p.m.

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| Music //

PHOTO BY SHANE

SAFETY DANCE <u>Some advocates believe a misguided law is blocking their efforts</u> <u>to reduce drug-related deaths at EDM festivals</u>

BY KATIE BAIN

he history of electronic music in Southern California, while vibrant, is shadowed by its accompanying death toll. In the past decade alone, more than a dozen people in So-Cal and Vegas, several of them teenagers, have died from drug-related complications after attending festivals organized by L.A.-based festival brands including Insomniac, Coachella and Hard Summer.

The latter event, the ninth incarnation of which took place last weekend at Fontana's Auto Club Speedway, has seen five attendees die in just the past two years. Two teenage girls died from drug overdoses after attending the fest at its former home, the Pomona Fairplex, in 2015, leading reps for the venue to announce in March that they "are not looking to host [electronic dance music] concerts or related events in 2016." That prompted Hard Summer's move to the speedway, where one man and two women, all in their early 20s, died after attending the festival last weekend. Their causes of death remain undetermined. (A representative for Hard Summer declined to comment.)

As festival promoters in L.A. and beyond navigate the delicate relationship between fans, drugs and law enforcement, the scene has found an unlikely advocate in Dede Goldsmith. Based in Virginia, 60-year-old Goldsmith knew nothing about dance music until August 2013, when her daughter, Shelley, died after taking MDMA and attending a Dada Life show at a Washington, D.C., club. Shelley danced for hours in the hot, crowded venue before dying of cardiac arrest caused by overheating. She was 19.

The final hours of Shelley's life were heavily covered by the media, which marveled that an honors student with political aspirations and a full college scholarship could die from drugs. Her daughter's death sent Goldsmith into what she calls a "crazy" 10-month tailspin, from which she emerged determined to educate young people about the pragmatic realities of drug use, specifically MDMA, information she feels might have saved Shelley's life.

"I don't object to the music. I'm not Tipper Gore. It looks like a fun party to me," Goldsmith says. "But these kids need to have access to information warning them about things that might happen under the influence of drugs, should they choose to use."

Goldsmith's mission is to amend a piece of federal legislation called the Illicit Drug Anti-Proliferation Act, commonly known as the RAVE Act. (RAVE in this case stands for Reducing Americans' Vulnerability to Ecstasy.) This act, Goldsmith and her allies believe, is the key impediment to harm-reduction services at festivals. (Her effort would not apply to one of the most controversial harm-reduction strategies, on-site drug testing.) While her Amend the RAVE Act petition now has more than 15,000 signatures, the complex political and economic web surrounding EDM events, especially in Los Angeles, creates additional barriers between young fans and potentially life-saving information.

Sponsored by then-senator Joe Biden, the RAVE Act went into effect in 2003 and, essentially, made it illegal for event promoters to offer harm-reduction and drug-education services. While such services long had a presence at smaller festivals such as Lightning in a Bottle, large-scale, corporate-owned festivals are understandably nervous about how onsite drug education might be perceived by venue owners, insurers and local government agencies — all of which can block an event from happening.

"There have never actually been any prosecutions under the RAVE Act," says Stefanie Jones, director of audience development at the Drug Policy Alliance (DPA), "but the law is on the books, and lawyers and festival producers who don't want to ruffle any feathers will still refuse to have drug education and other harm-reduction services because of that law."

Instead of petitioning for a formal amendment to the act, a complicated and likely time-consuming political process, Goldsmith and her allies, the DPA and harm-reduction organization DanceSafe, are asking the Department of Justice to offer a clarification stipulating that promoters who do offer harm-reduction services will not be prosecuted under the RAVE Act.

"Biden has said that he never intended to go after responsible event producers," Jones says. "He was trying to aim the law to go after producers who were using raves as a front for drug sales. But that's certainly not how it's been interpreted."

Goldsmith worked with her local senators (one of whom, Tim Kaine, is now the Democratic vice presidential nominee) to draft a letter to U.S. Attorney General Loretta Lynch asking her to issue the clarification. While there has not yet been a response from the Department of Justice, the hope is that Biden will lend his influence to move the process along before the end of the Obama administration. "This law has stood out symbolically as the biggest thing that has prevented people from doing something," Jones says. "If this campaign is successful, it's a huge demonstration [on] the federal level that the message has been heard."

Others, however, wonder why the responsibility to educate audiences falls on promoters rather than parents and educators, and question whether harmreduction resources are worth the cost.

"There are things that could be done," says an industry professional who requested anonymity, "but for most [promoters] it's also a financial question. Am I really going to spend money on this, because ultimately it goes back to that question of who is responsible, and how do you stop that dealer/buyer transaction from happening in the first place?"

Goldsmith rejects that line of reasoning. "Putting finances before safety goes against the whole PLUR thing," she says, citing the dance world's core values of peace, love, unity and respect. "If that's what you're really about, prove it."

Many promoters are doing what they can. Insomniac, the producer of events including EDC Las Vegas, released a public service video in 2015 saving that festival attendees will not get in trouble for going to the authorities when they or a friend need help – a message many promoters cite as the most important to get across to festival attendees. (Full disclosure: I worked for Insomniac at the time and appear in the video.) Insomniac also deploys an on-the-ground assistance crew called Ground Control, whose members patrol the festival looking for attendees who might need medical attention. Hard released a similar PSA video last year and recently announced its own peer safety team, Stand Up + Dance.

But Goldsmith argues that it hasn't been enough. "Whatever we're doing, we're not doing a very good job," she says. "We're suffering hundreds of medical emergencies at these events, and often deaths."

Following Hard Summer 2015, the DPA's Jones participated in a task force led by the L.A. Department of Health that included community partners and medical and law enforcement representatives. The goal was to determine ways to make events safer. The initiative resulted in a comprehensive list of health and safety recommendations that Jones felt was progressive, but she was discouraged when L.A. County venues including the Fairplex decided to stop hosting dance events before promoters could implement the proposals.

Goldsmith and Jones believe that if their petition gets enough signatures, Biden is more likely to push for the clarification. But whether changes to the RAVE Act would make dance music events safer, or encourage politicians and venue owners to bring them back to L.A. County, remains to be seen.

"What a crazy relationship Southern California has with this scene," Jones says. "They've fostered it, and such a strong part of the scene has always come out of SoCal. But the community itself cannot seem to wrap its arms around how to handle it. That's really unfortunate."

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FRI. AUGUST 5



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- 9/30 CLOCK DVA
- 10/6 TWIZTID



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FRI. AUGUST 5

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SAT. AUGUST 6



TRVPGODS MO GWOP & DAVID ARAIZA

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- 8/9 MARK SULTAN / BBQ 8/10 **NO! PRESENTS:**
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- 8/10 THE BORN REBEL TOUR
- **TRAITOR JOE** 8/11
- LLAMADON TAKEOVER 2016 8/11
- 8/11 TRIP EAZY PARTY:
- **TRIP EAZY & FRIENDS** 8/12 A CLUB CALLED RHONDA
- 8/13 UTENA
- 8/13 INDIAFEST INDEPENDENCE
- DAY PARTY 8/14 FROM THE QUEENS THRONE JAM SESSION



THU. AUGUST 4



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SAT. AUGUST 6



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- 8/18 HAPPY LIVES 8/18
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| **Music** // | Bizarre Ride //

The Delroy Enigma

IT'S HARD TO PIN DOWN ELECTRONIC PRODUCER AND L.A. CLUB RESOURCE LABEL BOSS DELROY EDWARDS — AND THAT'S JUST HOW HE WANTS IT

BY JEFF WEISS

f you're unfamiliar with Delroy Edwards, that's in part by design. In an era when obnoxious selfpromotion and social media stunting are often seen as unimpeachable virtues, the Silver Lake resident exists as a refreshingly enigmatic alternative.

Despite his swiftly rising stature as one of L.A.'s best dance producers and label magnates, Edwards has done only a handful of interviews. He's avoided the lucrative festival circuits and wait-forthe-drop Hollywood clubs. If there's a local heir to the throne of the seldom-seen Madlib, it might well be this similarly reclusive experimentalist, whose excellent debut LP, this week's *Hangin' at the Beach*, blends house, techno, hip-hop and melancholy psychedelic music into an album that avoids all California surf and sand clichés.

"I'm pretty open to anything, as long as they're down to hear what I do as an artist," Edwards says when asked why he's taken a less conspicuously commercial route than many of his peers. "I've played shows where people really didn't get it, and I've played the Avalon on Hollywood and was happy to do it. Whenever I feel inclined to do something I'll do it, but if I'm not inclined it's hard for me."

This is a circuitous way of saying that

HIS RELEASES OFTEN ARE SLATHERED IN TAPE STATIC AND FUZZ.

Delroy Edwards doesn't give a fuck. That attitude has become a marketing cliché in its own right, but his actions and vibrant artistic left turns afford him the requisite credibility. He seems wholly uninterested in celebrity or the Faustian bargains that end in a big-font Coachella booking or Diplo remix.

His far-reaching vision and creative energies are wholly funneled through his own imprint, L.A. Club Resource, which is distributed through Gene's Liquor, a collaboration with Edwards' managers and partners Henoch Moore and Jimmy Mock. They've released everything from



COURTESY OF GENE'S LIQUOR

vinyl re-pressings of lost Memphis rap classics to VHS copies of DJ Screw and Screwed Up Click to Chicago house pioneers.

Now in his mid-20s, Edwards' initial releases came on the respected New York dance imprint L.I.E.S., which helped build his reputation both domestically and internationally. Over the last three years, the New Roads graduate has kept things exclusively in-house, assembling talent for his own roster and creating an aesthetic steeped in nostalgia that still manages to feel forward-thinking.

"I'm kind of stubborn and feel like I don't have time to waste," Edwards says in his Silver Lake house, surrounded by analog keyboards, tape machines and vinyl. He's 6-foot-5 and sports a shaved head, high-waisted plaid pants and sleeve tattoos. The child of a Jamaican dancehall- and gangsta rap-loving mother and Jewish, jazz-obsessed father, Edwards speaks softly with a quick, disarming wit.

"It's like a sports mentality. I want to do things better than everyone," Edwards continues. "It's not a mean-spirited thing; there's a lot of labels I like and respect. But I want to have total control and I'll never be able to do that otherwise."

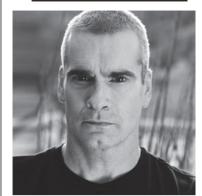
He's not willfully obscure, just dedicated to doing it on his own terms. He's an old soul but too savvy to use such a toothless phrase. Nonetheless, he's averse to computers and prone toward analog equipment, because he likes being able to work the machines with his hands. His releases often are slathered in tape static and fuzz, almost like a house-music analog to Ariel Pink.

His favorite movies are 1950s and '60s Westerns; his favorite basketball player, Elgin Baylor. Even *Hangin' at the Beach* refers to a trip taken last year to Big Sur, rather than the Santa Monica and Malibu imagery you'd expect from an L.A. native.

There are plenty who seek to replicate the past, but Edwards is one of the few and best seeking to remake it in his own image.

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss. com.





AMERICA'S PREHISTORIC FUTURE

T t's been an interesting if not unsettling couple of weeks with the back-to-back Republican and Democratic national conventions.

The RNC is always more interesting. The speakers strike me as bizarre, brimming with bellicose, unhinged derangement. Clint Eastwood and the chair was the best one-man show I had ever seen, until Ted Cruz spoke at this year's RNC. Cruz's speech started with his usual banal sentiments and Joe McCarthy-esque smarm, so truly cringe-worthy they almost stop time. Who knew that this patter was only the Trojan horse for his ninja ghost punch of not mentioning Donald Trump, thus invoking the roiling anger of the audience, already seething at the idea that Hillary "Lock Her Up" Clinton might be the next president?

Mr. Cruz smacked the scariest hornet's nest in America. Don't do it, maaaan! There's a Toby Keith song about that. Perhaps it was all those times of being called "Lyin' Ted" that inspired the Cruzer to take the trumpshot for the score. If Cruz thought that was the best way to insert his finger into the rectum of the 2020 election, it will be interesting to see what he comes up with next. There is no way you've seen the last of that guy.

When any political operative invokes God, I tune out immediately. There was so much God at the RNC, it was as if the omnipotent entity was running and not Trump. Through all the speeches, the main topics seemed to be God, exterminating the enemy (for the last seven years, we've been too easy on them because the president is a pussy Muslim sticking up for his extremist buds), the failures of Obama's tyrannical administration, the Great Wall of Trump, and the despicable Hillary. Oh, and the lack of freedom. It's as if they have been living with dry cleaning bags over their heads, struggling for breath in a Stalinesque nightmare of regulation and same-sex marriage.

I am genuinely afraid of these people. They seem think that a Trump victory will exact some kind of revenge upon those who wanted to keep America from being great again — which I guess means people like me. I get angry letters asking what I'm going to do if Trump gets elected, as if life as I know it will be over. I reply that I will enjoy the tax cuts and keep on groovin'.

The selling of Hillary Clinton will be one of the heaviest lifts in American politics since they tried to make Nixon palatable. The anger directed toward Ms. Clinton not only from Republicans but from Sanders supporters is off the charts. Many Sanders supporters must feel betrayed on a Shakespearean level. Then there are the citizens like me, who think she is a robotic political machine, powered down at night, rebooted in the morning and uploaded with the newest software upgrades.

No matter which team wins, there will be literally millions of truly mad Americans to share the roads with. I know that seems like the situation now, but until the votes are in, everyone thinks their candidate will be the one. This summer, as hot as it is, might be the last enjoyable one for quite some time.

I don't know how it is in other countries, but sometimes I get the feeling that there are a lot of Americans who get off on the deeply divided state of things, as if it helps them to define themselves.

We humans are a fantastic pain in the ass because we're right about everything. Just ask us. Knowing that it's rare that someone changes their mind about much of anything, I try not to waste time or put myself in situations that could be detrimental to my good looks and abundant humility. In the midst of this ever more loathsome election cycle, I remind myself that all is not lost by keeping music on. Right now, I'm listening to James Brown's *Revolution of the Mind: Recorded Live at the Apollo Vol. III*, four sides of sheer perfection.

One day, I was sitting next to Mr. Brown at a press conference. A journalist asked me to say something about him. I told the guy that James Brown made the best live album of all time with *Revolution of the Mind*. The Godfather of Soul hugged me and said, "This man knows what he's talking about!"

I think the best experiences of my life are almost all music-related.

A few days ago, I was at Hollywood Forever, the cemetery and venue on Santa Monica Boulevard. I went to be part of the Johnny Ramone tribute that Linda Ramone, Johnny's widow, puts on every year.

Several minutes after arriving, I had another one of those fantastic music-related experiences. What I witnessed was as great as being onstage talking about The Ramones to fellow Ramones fans later that evening.

I was in a trailer, waiting for the show to start. John Doe of X and Steve Jones of The Sex Pistols came in to rehearse a song they were going to play that night. I watched them work on The Ramones' classic "Rock 'n' Roll High School." Jones on acoustic guitar, Doe on vocals. They sounded great!

It occurred to me that the first time the three of us were in the same room was at a Ramones show in November of 1984 at the Palladium, and there we were again, brought together by one of the greatest rock bands ever. That's what I took to the stage for my brief time I was allowed — the idea that when humans are in the right setting, like a bunch of Ramones fans hanging out, we can get along quite well.

It's enough to make you keep trying. I wish I could vote for that.

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THIEVERY CORPORATION	9/30 Greek Theatre	8/17 » EI Rey JMSN 8/19 » EI Rey DIIV + WILD NOTHING
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RÓISÍN MURPHY ON SALE FRI. 8/5 @ 10AM	11/9 El Rey	TEAM SUPREME 9/10 » EI Rey EDEN 9/16 » EI Rey
LANE 8 ON SALE FRI. 8/5 @ 10AM	12/8 Fonda Theatre	WHAT SO NOT 9/16 » Fonda Theatre (18+) MARIAN HILL 9/21 » EI Rey
LOUIS THE CHILD ON SALE FRI. 8/5 @ 10AM • (18+)	12/10 Fonda Theatre	GALLANT 9/21+2? » Fonda Theatre NOTHING BUT THIEVES 9/26 » Fonda Theatre
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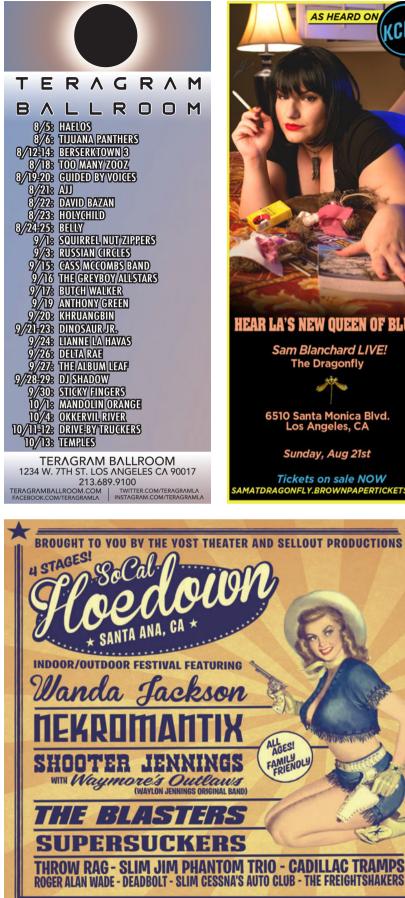


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OCWEEKLY



8/5

Adele

@ STAPLES CENTER After the untimely death of Amy Winehouse in 2011, the world was ready to worship another British retro-soul diva, and Adele was perfectly positioned to be next in line for the throne. Adele was already a major presence in the U.K., but the London native's career really took off that year with the release of her second album, 21, which vaulted her into superstar status. The problem with being a pop goddess is that there's little room for error, such as when the previously infallible singer was distracted by technical difficulties at this year's Grammy Awards. The truth is, the 28-year-old Adele is still evolving. For every memorable gem like "Rolling in the Deep" and "Rumor Has It," she also still writes generic, treacly tunes such as "Someone Like You." Also Saturday, Aug. 6; Tuesday-Wednesday, Aug. 9-10; Friday-Saturday, Aug. 12-13; and Saturday-Sunday, Aug. 20-21. -Falling James

Mac Sabbath, PPL MVR, Haunted Garage, Radioactive Chicken Heads @ REGENT THEATER

Halloween comes early this year with a lineup of garishly cartoonish bands that are just as visually striking as they are musically gory. Mac Sabbath's brilliant McDonald's-themed costumes are so colorfully authentic and wacky that they sometimes distract from the local group's spot-on Black Sabbath tributes and seriously morbid lyrics about the horrors of factory farming and synthetically processed food. PPL MVR dress up as furry, apelike yetis, but they also crank out propulsive hard rock mixed with unexpectedly jangly alt-pop interludes such as "Annie." B-movie actor Dukey Flyswatter has been gushing rivers of fake blood with sinister metal-punks Haunted Garage since the mid-'80s, although he's shedding real tears now after the recent death of his former onstage foil, Duchess de Sade. Meanwhile, campy costumed cutups Radioactive Chicken Heads are more goofy than scary. -Falling James



Cornelius @ ORPHEUM THEATRE

Keigo Oyamada aka Cornelius earned big props with the 1997 *Fantasma*. The fantastically orchestral sampling arrangements of the Japanese producer-composer (whose alter ego tips a hat to *Planet of the Apes*) prompted comparisons to the visionary likes of Brian Wilson and made him in demand as a producer/remixer for Blur, Beck, Bloc Party, MGMT and James Brown. Subsequent projects have further

8/6



Mac Sabbath: pushed Cornelius' probing use of sampled found sounds and full-body mu-

sounds and run-body indsound as periences, such as 2008's Sensurround + B Sides, which earned a Grammy nomination for Best Surround Sound Album, and anime freaks will know Oyamada as the guy who scored the mighty Ghost in the Shell: Arise. Cornelius, who has performed as part of Yoko Ono's reformed Plastic Ono Band, brings his full band for a live event renowned for its stunning visuals synchronized to the music. –John Payne

Lavender Country, Laura Jean Anderson @ THE BOOTLEG

"I'm glad I'm gay," Patrick Haggerty declared on Lavender Country's selftitled debut album in 1973, several years before Tom Robinson's similarly titled punk anthem was a minor British hit in the late 1970s. Haggerty and his Seattle band, Lavender Country, briefly existed in their own universe, releasing sincere, nonsarcastic tunes like "Cryin' These Cocksucking Tears" as the mainstream country establishment studiously ignored them. The openly gay Haggerty was kicked out of the Peace Corps and incarcerated in a mental institution, and Lavender Country drifted into obscurity after their initial breakup in 1976, until renewed interest in the band led to recent reunion tours. Laura Jean Anderson possesses a voice that's as big as a house vet still infused with hints of soul and indie pop. -Falling James

The Flakes, The Premiers, The Shag Rats @ PICKWICK GARDENS

Veteran garage-rock strongman Boss Hoss definitely pulled a dangerously rabid bill out of his musty wighat for this one. Between headliners The Flakes (Bay Area bosses of heat-seeking scream 'n' snarl big-beat frolic) and legendary '60s East L.A. psych-garage architects The Premiers (cherished for gloriously primitivo disks "Farmer John" and "Get On This Plane"), there's already rock & roll ka-pow enough to make one's gums PHOTO BY PAUL KOUDOUNARIS

8/7

bleed. But the mind-rending musical action rolls on with another incomparable Eastside combo, The Shag Rats, who specialize in a roaring brand of R&B punk. Rats Lew and Rex will also accompany The Premiers' sibling founders Lawrence and John Perez (original bassist Frank Zuniga died in 2011 and guitarist George Delgado doesn't gig). Expect nonstop, frantic rock & roll kicks. –Jonny Whiteside



Punk Rock BBQ @ LIQUID KITTY

The one good thing about Liquid Kitty losing its lease is that there have been several months to properly celebrate the Westside bar before it goes out of business at the end of August. Proprietor Dave Childs hosts one more edition of the club's popular Punk Rock BBQ series, with a typically atypical lineup of notnecessarily-punk groups, including surfinstrumental explorers Lawndale and the intricately gnarled and gnarly guitar ravaging of Sylvia Juncosa. In addition to the ubiquitous Mike Watt and the heavy punk pummeling of Somos Mysteriosos, the afternoon barbecue includes the febrile jazz-punk ranting of Jack Brewer and Saccharine Trust. Fittingly, the final band will be The Last, the presciently punky South Bay power-pop band that directly influenced such disparate acolytes as Black Flag, Urinals, The Descendents, The Gun Club and Watt's Minutemen. -Falling James

Wolf + Lamb vs. Soul Clap, Pillow Talk, No Regular Play @LE JARDIN

House purveyors Wolf + Lamb and Soul Clap go head-to-head Sunday night when they headline The Love Train Tour's stop at Hollywood dance club Le Jardin. The two duos are behind Crew Love, a collective of music makers who keep the sounds soulful, and they're riding in on the Love Train Tour with a few of their groovy cohorts. No Regular Play release their sophomore album, *Can't You See*,



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(KRAFTWERK, CULTURE CLUB + more!), collectibles, gift certificates from our amazing neighbors and other things you never knew you had to have! **PROCEEDS BENEFIT INNER-CITY ARTS**



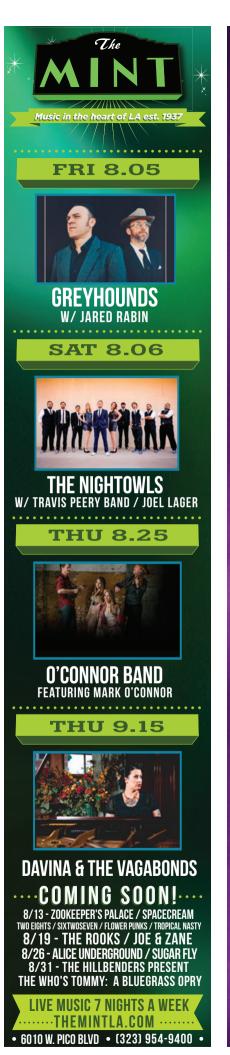






PHOTO BY SIMON EMMETT

on Crew Love Records just days before the gig. Mixing jazz flourishes with house vibes, No Regular Play have created a heartfelt testament to the healing power of music; *Can't You See* was inspired by the loss of member Gregory Paulus' father. The Brooklyn duo is set to play live, as are fellow Crew Love outfit Pillow Talk. **-Liz Ohanesian**

Holy Grail, Exmortus @ THE ROXY

Holy Grail and Exmortus have risen within the modern-day Los Angeles metal scene by placing an emphasis on the art of shred guitar. Holy Grail's latest record, Times of Pride and Peril, layers a modern sheen atop a catchy, traditional heavy metal sound rooted in the path welltraveled by '80s greats such as Diamond Head and Anthrax. Vocalist James Paul Luna takes a melodic approach that soars high over the dual attack of guitarists Eli Santana and Alex Lee. The metallic attack of Exmortus on their latest record, Ride Forth, is a more primal beast, but its thrash metal tales of warriors in battle are tempered by neoclassical shredding solos from guitarists Jadran "Conan" Rodriguez and David Rivera, which would make original genre greats like Yngwie Malmsteen proud. -Jason Roche



Tele Novella, Summer Twins @ RESIDENT

Austin, Texas' Tele Novella and Riverside's Summer Twins make perfect sense together: two bands that figured out their own distinct ways to fit the '90s and the '60s together by way of K Records-style indie The Zombies and precisely chosen girl-group B-sides. Tele Novella (featuring members of Agent Ribbons and Voxtrot) have a theatrical and literate sound; they've appeared on a Wes Anderson tribute compilation, but they've got a little of Tom Waits' or David Lynch's sense for the outré as well, with moments more appropriate for Blue Velvet than The Royal Tenenbaums. Summer Twins recently teamed up with Sacramento producer and mad sonic scientist Chris Woodhouse for their *Limbo* album on Burger, highlighted by the Bo Diddley beat-driven "Fire" and the lush and noir-ish "Ouija." With Samira's Infinite Summer and the Honey Power DJs, too. -Chris Ziegler



Mark Sultan aka BBQ @ LOS GLOBOS

Mark Sultan has a rare and deep instinct for writing music that's (supernaturally) natural and real. Sometimes he calls that "soul," which is smart — there's too much Suicide and Dion and Urinals and The Velvet Underground's Guitar Amp Tapes in these songs simply to call them garage rock and do them justice. For decades, he's been relentlessly reinventing and refining his sound into a superb synthesis of soul, blues, gospel and R&B, where every song sounds like a lost classic. His War on Rock 'n' Roll live album catches him blasting through a one-man show in Brazil in an effort to prove something to himself and to an audience that didn't wanna listen. But you should listen - you might learn something. -Chris Ziegler



Flume @ SHRINE EXPO HALL

Since he first became a household name in the Australian dance scene upon the release of his debut album in 2012, Flume has emerged as the rare electronic producer who can boast both critical and commercial success. Other artists have noticed as well, as Flume has remixed songs by such stars as Sam Smith, Lorde and Disclosure. But his versatile sound extends further, which is how he recruited the likes of AlunaGeorge, Vince Staples, Little Dragon and Beck to appear on his sophomore effort, Skin, which was released in May. If his standout Coachella performance is a sign of things to come, then Flume has a chance to emerge as the next dance producer to make the leap to pop superstar. Also Thursday-Saturday, Aug. 11-13. -Daniel Kohn



Rüfüs du Sol @ Santa Monica Pier

What better place to experience Rüfüs du Sol's breezy vibrations than the location to which the Australian group's music is most likened: the beach at the height of summer. In this case that would be Santa Monica Pier's Twilight Concert Series. The indie dance-pop trio, whose songs function as an instant stimulant, maintain the groove-based, laid-back, house-y rhythms of their debut album, Atlas, on recent follow-up Bloom. Rüfüs du Sol focus on the chill aspect of electronic dance, with soft instrumentation and vocalist Tyrone Lindqvist's understated delivery. The steady builders "Like an Animal" and "You Were Right," with their scaffolded breakdowns, are as hectic as these guys get. With gentle shufflers such as "Brighter" and "Daylight," Rüfüs can keep your mood upbeat long past the last note. -Lily Moayeri

CLUBS

ROCK & POP

- ALEX'S BAR: 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. The Aggrolites, Jason Hanna & the Bullfighters, Feo Casanova, 16 Again, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$15. The Bassics, The Patterns, Schizophrenic Soul Revue, Capsouls, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$12. Labretta Suede & the Motel 6, Wyatt Blair, Rats in the Louvre, Black Mambas, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., \$5.
- AMOEBA MUSIC: 6400 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Gnome Beats, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., free. DJ Nite Jewel, Sun., Aug. 7, 2 p.m., free. Young the Giant, Thu., Aug. 11, 5 p.m., free.
- AMPLYFI: 5617 Melrose Ave., L.A. Imani Chyle, Logan Grant, The Cabin Fever, Skyler Lutes, Fri., Aug. 5, 7:30 p.m., \$12. Bad Feelings, Young & Divine, Nobi, Can Attack, Sat., Aug. 6, 7:30 p.m., \$12.
- THE BACK ROOM AT HENRI'S: 21601 Sherman Way, Canoga Park. The Back Room Trio, first Saturday of every month, 7:30 p.m., \$5.
- BIGFOOT LODGE: 3172 Los Feliz Blvd., L.A. The Pharmacy, Fri., Aug. 5, 10 p.m., free. Boots Electric, Black Pussy, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., free. BLANTONIA: 1455 Venice Blvd., L.A. Edith Crash, The
- Great Sadness, Rasplyn, Sun., Aug. 7, 7:30 p.m., \$5. BOOTLEG THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd., L.A. Jandek, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$25. Lavender Country, Laura Jean Anderson, Sat., Aug. 6, 8:30 p.m., \$15 (see Music Pick). Tiny Stills, Kali Kazoo, Harrison Kipner, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., \$7. Nico Yaryan, Mondays, 8:30 p.m. Thru Aug. 22, free. Omni, Surf Curse, Shark Toys, Tue., Aug. 9, 8:30 p.m., \$8. Caveman, Henry Wolfe, Maxim Ludwig, Wed., Aug. 10, 8:30 p.m., \$15. Chrome Canyon, DJ Folerio, Dez Fink, Tolliver, OOFJ,
- Thu., Aug. 11, 8:30 p.m., \$7. CAFE NELA: 1906 Cypress Ave., L.A. The Probe, Constant Grimace, Santina Giordano, SA90, Fri., Aug. 5, 8:30 p.m., \$5. The Glowbars, Child, Plastic Crimewave Syndicate, Flying Hair, Sun., Aug. 7, 8:30 p.m., \$5. Exploding Pintos, Thu., Aug. 11, 8:30 p.m., \$5.
- CANYON CLUB: 28912 Roadside Drive, Agoura Hills. Warren G, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$25-\$35. Erotic City, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., \$19.50. 10,000 Maniacs, Sun., Aug. 7, 9 p.m., \$25-\$35.
- CLUB FAIS DO-DO: 5257 W. Adams Blvd., L.A. New Maximum Donkey, The Hollow Suns, Evil Maria, Jimmy Haber, The Superfuzz, The Furious Seasons, Fri., Aug. 5, 7:30 p.m., \$10.
- CODY'S VIVA CANTINA: 900 Riverside Drive, Burbank. The Woody James Big Band, Fridays, 1-3 p.m., free; Gary Myrick's Blues Trash, 3 Balls of Fire, The Belle Ringers, Fri., Aug. 5, 5 p.m., free. The Cody Bryant Experience, Wheelhouse, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., free. Murphy's Flaw, Sun., Aug. 7, noon, free; Debra Lee & Trigger Happy, Sun., Aug. 7, 6 p.m., free. The Brombies, Mondays, 7:30 p.m., free. The Flight 584 Big Band, Tue., Aug. 9, 7:30 p.m., free; John Pisano's Guitar Night, Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m., free. Cody Bryant, Jimmy Lee Harris, John Palmer, Wednesdays, 7 p.m., free. This Ain't Your Daddy's Big Band, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., free. The Glen Roberts Big Band, Thursdays, 7 p.m., free; Cody Bryant, Carmine Sardo, Ronnie Mack, Thursdays, 9 p.m., free.
- COMPLEX: 806 E. Colorado St., Glendale. Predatory Light, Blue Hummingbird on the Left, Harassor, Dolovotre, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$10. A Benefit for Brooklyn Payne, with Adlib, Madchild, Split Divo, Glife, Ernie D, DJ Maddstyles, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., \$10.
- DIPIAZZA'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE: 5205 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach. Missions, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m.
- THE ECHO: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Draemings, Vowws, Psychic Love, Brass Box, Fri., Aug. 5, 8:30 p.m., \$9,50, Austin McCutchen, Jeremy Pinnell & the 55s, Sun., Aug. 7, 3 p.m., free; Moving Units, Viktor Fiction, Second Still, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 & 10:30 p.m., \$13. Kauf, Your Friend, Vox, Mon., Aug. 8, 8:30 p.m. free. The Cairo Gang, Flat Worms, Shannon Lay, Tue., Aug. 9, 8:30 p.m., \$11.50. Transviolet, Bridgit Mendler, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$14. Lucy Dacus, Goon, Thu., Aug. 11, 8:30 p.m., \$9.50.
- THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., L.A. Monsieur Perine, Irene Diaz, Sun., Aug. 7, 7:30 p.m., \$14.50-\$22.50. Manatee Commune, Shallou, Thu., Aug. 11, 8:30 p.m., \$9.50 & \$11.50.
- EL CID: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Wes Haas, Seth Wood, Taylor John Williams, Matt Dunne, Fri., Aug. 5, 9:30 p.m., \$10. Dignitary, Empty Palace, Neonderthal, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., \$5. The Tikiyaki Orchestra, Sun., Aug. 7, 8:30 p.m., \$10. Open Mic, Mondays, 8 p.m., \$5. L.A. Takedown, Bart Davenport, Michael Stasis, DJ Showbiz

Pig, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$8.

THE FEDERAL BAR: 102 Pine Ave., Long Beach. Cash'd Out, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., TBA. FINGERPRINTS: 420 E. Fourth St., Long Beach. Spain,

- Fri., Aug. 5, 7 p.m., free. GASLAMP RESTAURANT & BAR: 6251 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach. Baby Bash, Sat., Aug. 6, 8
- p.m., TBA; Litmo, Sat., Aug. 6, 8:30 p.m., TBA. GENGHIS COHEN: 740 N. Fairfax Ave., L.A. Candice Courtney, Sat., Aug. 6, 7:15 p.m., TBA.
- THE GLASS HOUSE: 200 W. Second St., Pomona. What So Not, Mon., Aug. 8, 8 p.m., \$17-\$25. Thousand Foot Krutch, Adelita's Way, Smashing Satellites, 3 Pill Morning, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$19.50-\$50. Bondax,
- Thu., Aug. 11, 7:30 p.m., \$12-\$18. GRAFTON ON SUNSET: 8462 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Steve Cooke, Fri., Aug. 5, 8:30 p.m., free.
- GRAMMY MUSEUM: 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A. Melanie, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$20. Judy Henske & Jerry Yester, Thu., Aug. 11, 8 p.m., \$25.
- HARVARD & STONE: 5221 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. Johnny Travis Jr. & the Delta Dawns, Sundays, 8 p.m., free; Jeremy Pinnell, Sun., Aug. 7, 10 p.m., free.
- THE HI HAT: 5043 York Blvd., Highland Park. The Explorers Club, Gospelbeach, Mapache, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$10, Audiomammal, Wam Dingis, Little Bones, Edith Crash, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$5. Tyler Horn, Shannon Lay, Chase Burnett, Emily Wryn, Mon., Aug. 8, 8 p.m., \$5. Bones Muhroni, Smokey Knights, Boroughs, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., free. Rebecca Jade & the Cold Fact, Dani Bell & the Tarantist, Birdy Bardot, Cardinal Moon, The Midnight Pine, The Redwoods, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., free.
- THE HOTEL CAFE: 16231/2 N. Cahuenga Blvd., L.A. Angelou, Andre Henry, Moz, Fri., Aug. 5, 7 p.m., TBA. The Station Breaks, Famous October, Clinton Washington, Matt Bloyd, India Carney, Sat., Aug. 6, 7 p.m., \$12.50. Casey Abrams, Aug. 7-8, 7 p.m., TBA. The Brandon Brown Collective, Jasmin Cruz, Emi Secrest, Zarah Mahler, Alexandra Savior, Wed., Aug. 10, 7 p.m., TBA. Scotch Jane, Leah Capelle, Sean Carney, Thu., Aug. 11, 7 p.m., \$10.
- HUMAN RESOURCES: 410 Cottage Home St., L.A. Folktale Fest VII, with Carla Bozulich, Human Behavior, Night Auditor, Rococo Jet, Charlyne Yi, Fri., Aug. 5. 8 p.m., \$10.
- HYPERION TAVERN: 1941 Hyperion Ave., L.A. Ye Olde Hushe Clubbe, with DJ Don Bolles, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., free.
- LARGO AT THE CORONET: 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., L.A. Tig Notaro, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$30. Janeane Garofalo, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$30,
- LIOUID KITTY: 11780 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. Punk Rock BBQ, with The Last, Saccharine Trust, Mike Watt & the Missingmen, Lawndale, Sylvia Juncosa & the Stone Cold Ninjas, Somos Mysteriosos, Defenders, Sun., Aug. 7, 1-8 p.m., free (see Music Pick); Carlos Guitarlos, Sun., Aug. 7, 9 p.m., free.
- LOADED: 6377 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. Boots Electric, The Blackouts, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., TBA.
- LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Alper, Dylan Kidd, Imprintafter, Kwame, Kyross, Levitin, Midoca, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., TBA. TVRPGods, Mo Gwop, David Araiza, Sat., Aug. 6, noon; Starcrawler, Sat., Aug. 6, 6:30 p.m.; Digityl, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., TBA. DJ Hoppa, Demrick, Jahni Denver, Oliver Spitts & Marley B, G'San & E-Stro, Kwestion, Jarred Illiad, All
- Kings, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., TBA. Mark Sultan, Them Howling Bones, Lawndale, Harry J. Erkface, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$10 (see Music Pick). Lord Pidjeon, Brown Bomber, YungTaiwan, Dirty Merlin, Leemz, EMP, Teflon, Wed., Aug. 10, 7:30 p.m., TBA; Zeus Rebel Waters, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., TBA. Traitor Joe, Townes, Sonic Bath, Sundown, Downhome, Thu., Aug. 11. 9 p.m., TBA.
- THE LOVE SONG: 450 S. Main St., L.A. Spain, Tuesdays, 9 p.m. Thru Aug. 30. free.
- MCCABE'S GUITAR SHOP: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. Calico, Amelia White, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$20. Rob Laufer, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$15.
- THE MINT: 6010 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. Greyhounds, The Jared Rabin Band, The Rave-Ups, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$12. The Modernists, The CheeseBergens, Kikstart, Bassic, Sat., Aug. 6, 12:30 p.m., \$10; The Nightowls, Joel Lager, The Travis Peery Band, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 p.m., \$12. Johnny Blaze, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., \$12. Hunnypot, Every other Monday, 7 p.m., free; The Slit, Mon., Aug. 8, 10 p.m., free. Ben Ballinger, Gabriel Johns, Short Sleeve Heart, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$12. The Woodworks, The Redemptions, The Bright Smoke, Windowsill Audrey, Love x Stereo, Wed., Aug. 10, 7:30 p.m., \$10. Cash Passion, Tre Capital, That

Benefiting Los Angeles Children's Charities UNDERWRITTEN BY CAROLYN & LOU LUCIDO

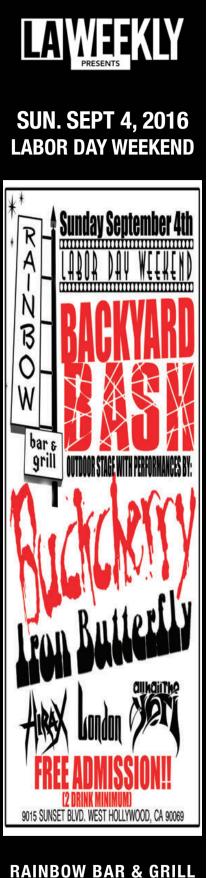


A DAY OF INTERACTIVE FAMILY FUN!

Ozokidz, Lisa Loeb, Lucky Diaz and The Family Jam Band, Rhythm Child, Justin Willman (Host of Cupcake Wars), Los Angeles Galaxy Foundation, explore with Kidspace Children's Museum, kavak and fish with The National Park Service, face painting, visit with animals from Star Eco Station, play field games and much, much more!







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Hippy Dee, Deezo, Rikki Blu, Chubby Jag, Thu., Aug. 11, 8:30 p.m., \$15.

MOLLY MALONE'S: 575 S. Fairfax Ave., L.A. Ciro Hurtado, Sun., Aug. 7, 7 p.m., TBA. The Reluctant Apostles, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., TBA.

NON PLUS ULTRA: 4310 Burns Ave., L.A. The Urinals, Mike Watt & the Missingmen, Saccharine Trust, Side Thing, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$10.

PAPPY & HARRIET'S PIONEERTOWN PALACE: 53688 Pioneertown Road, Pioneertown. The Farmers, Aug. 5-6, 8 p.m., free. The Sunday Band, Sundays, 7:30 p.m., free.

PASADENA CIVIC PLAZA: 300 E. Green St., Pasadena. The Spazmatics, Fri., Aug. 5, 7:30 p.m., \$10-\$40.

PICKWICK GARDENS: 1001 Riverside Drive, Burbank. The Flakes, The Premiers, Tom Kenny & the Hi Seas, The Shag Rats, Mercury Futuregrade, Tiny & Mary, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$15. See Music Pick.

- THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 W. Second St., L.A. Badr Bogu, Trapped Within Burning Machinery, Pigeon Wing, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10. Steel Cranes, Electric Mind Machine, The Sound Reasons, EZ Tiger, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10. The Invalids, Lunch, Low Brow, Sun., Aug. 7, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10. Water Tower, Two Smokin' Barrels, Tue., Aug. 9, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10. Labretta Suede & the Motel 6, The Glam Skanks, Loverman, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10. Anti Matter, Born Rivals, Since We Were Kids, Cycotic Youth, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10.
- RESIDENT: 428 S. Hewitt St., L.A. The Sheepdogs, The Quaker City Night Hawks, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., \$20. Tele Novella, Summer Twins, Samira's Infinite Summer, Mon., Aug. 8, 8 p.m., \$5 (see Music Pick). Vokes, Lo Moon, Sure Sure, Ture, Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$7. Ben Sollee, Julia Jacklin, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$17.
- THE ROSE: 245 E. Green St., Pasadena. Savor, Rock of Ages, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$19.50. Scare L.A.: The Witching Hour, Sat., Aug. 6, 7:30 p.m., \$35-\$65; The Spazmatics, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., \$19.50.
- THE ROXY: 9009 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Los Rumberos de Massachusetts, Ana Victoria, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$20. Warm Brew, Duckwrth, Polyester the Saint, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 p.m., \$20. Holy Grail, Exmortus, Spellcaster, Sun., Aug. 7, 7:30 p.m., \$15 (see Music Pick). BJ the Chicago Kid, Elhae, Tish Hyman, Tue., Aug. 9, 8:30 p.m., \$22. DJ Earl, Nicola Cruz, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$20.
- S. MARK TAPER FOUNDATION AMPHITHEATRE: 12601 Mulholland Drive, Beverly Hills. Shane Henry, Maggie McClure, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., free.
- SAINT ROCKE: 142 Pacific Coast Highway, Hermosa Beach. Devon Allman, Josh Arbour, Fri., Aug. 5, 8:30 p.m., \$15. Graceband, Killer Queens, X86, Sat., Aug. 6, 8:30 p.m., \$20.
- SASSAFRAS SALOON: 1233 Vine St., L.A. The Rayford Brothers, Fri., Aug. 5, 10:30 p.m., free. Rusty Boys, Sat., Aug. 6, 10:30 p.m., free. The Rumproller Organ Trio, Mondays, 9 p.m., free. Runaway Saints, Tue., Aug. 9, 10:30 p.m., free. Oliviero, Wed., Aug. 10, 10:30 p.m., free. Reverend Tall Tree, Thu., Aug. 11, 10:30 p.m., free.
- THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., L.A. Stag, Wet Leather, Sun., Aug. 7, 8:30 p.m., \$8. Zipper Club, Mondays, 9 p.m. Thru Aug. 29, free. Faulkner, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., free. Lex, Lila Rose, Polartropica, Brit Manor, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$10.
- THE SAYERS CLUB: 1645 Wilcox Ave., L.A. Zander Bleck, Thu., Aug. 11, 10 p.m., \$23.99.
- BIVERLAKE LOUNGE: 2906 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Prophetcy, Peggy Judy, JayCee Curry, P. Lenon, Tiny Hands, The Funky Soul Brotha Xperience, and others, Fri., Aug. 5, 7 p.m., \$8-\$14. Ride the Wave, New American, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$8. Mute Swans, Thu., Aug. 11, 8 p.m., \$8.
- SKINNY'S LOUNGE: 4923 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood. International Pop Overthrow, with The Jeremy Band, Marston, The Galaxies, Kathleen Farless, Tremelo Lights, Josh Joshtone & the Stanleys, Sun., Aug. 7, 1 p.m., \$10.
- THE SMELL: 247 S. Main St., L.A. The Bash Dogs, Super Lunch, Espresso, The Sue She's, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., \$5. Skating Polly, Peg, Qui, Liily, Sun., Aug. 7, 9 p.m., \$5. Cthtr, Saint-James Adenoid, Pure Shit, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$5.
- **SOL VENUE:** 313 E. Carson St., Carson. One Drop, Fri., Aug. 5, 7:30 p.m., \$10-\$25.
- THE STANDARD HOLLYWOOD: 8300 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Robert Ellis, Melaena Cadiz, Wed., Aug. 10, 7:30 n.m., free.
- STORIES BOOKS & CAFE: 1716 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Candice Goetsch, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., free. SURF DOG'S SPORTS GRILL: 5932 Warner Ave.,

Huntington Beach. International Pop Overthrow, with The Jeremy Band, The Stanleys, Blame the Bishop, Awkward Talker, Popdudes, The Hour Zero, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$10.

- TAIX FRENCH RESTAURANT: 1911 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Lucky Otis, Joe Baiza, Fri., Aug. 5, 10:30 p.m., free.
- THE TERAGRAM BALLROOM: 1234 W. Seventh St., LA Haelos, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$20. Tijuana Panthers, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$16. Thee Oh Sees, Thu., Aug. 11 8 p.m., \$20.
- TIMEWARP RECORDS: 12204 Venice Blvd., L.A. The Cloud of Unknowing, Andy Warpigs, Fri., Aug. 5, 5 p.m., TBA.
- TRIP: 2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. Gonzalla, Sun. Aug. 7, 8 p.m., free. The Julian Coryell Trio, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free. Triptease Burlesque, Wednesdays.
- THE TROUBADOUR: 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. People Under the Stairs, Thanksgiving Brown, Melina Jones, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$15. Whitney, Michael Rault, Jimmy Whispers, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$15. Sleeptalk, Partly Cloudy, Michael Barr Jason, Mon., Aug. 8, 7 p.m., \$14. Craig Wayne Boyd, Roem Baur, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$15.
- THE UNDERGROUND DTSA: 220 E. Third St., Santa Ana. The Weirdos, Soto St., Splinter, Broken Patron Saints, Thu., Aug. 11, 7 p.m., \$15.
- UNION NIGHTCLUB: 4067 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. Bastard Noise, Facialmess, Actuary, Conscious Summary, Bacteria Cult, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$10. Slow Hollows Current Joys, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., \$8.
- THE UNIVERSAL BAR & GRILL: 4093 Lankershim Blvd. N. Hollywood. Big School, Fri., Aug. 5, 11:45 p.m., \$7. THE VIPER ROOM: 8852 W. Sunset Blvd., West
- Hollywood. Circus of Power, Moth, Ten Ton Mojo, The North, Westfield Massacre, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., TBA. Murashita, Mon., Aug. 8, 8:30 p.m., free. Monolord, Beastmaker, Sweat Lodge, Ironaut, Tue., Aug. 9, 7:30 p.m., TBA.
- WHISKY A GO-GO: 8901 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Beck Black, Sat., Aug. 6, 11:45 p.m., TBA. Mitch Malloy, Wed., Aug. 10, 7 p.m., TBA. The Red Jumpsuit Apparatus, XO Stereo, Thu., Aug. 11, 7 p.m., \$15. -Falling Jame

JAZZ & BLUES

- ARK GALLERY & STUDIOS: 2599 Fair Oaks Ave., Altadena. Schwartz/Sharp/Valsamis, Duo B, Fri., Aug 5, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
- <u>AU LAC:</u> 710 W. First St., L.A. Nolan Shaheed, Sat., Aug. 6, 7:30 p.m., \$10-\$25. Jamie Findlay, Wed., Aug. 10, 7:30 p.m., \$10-\$25.
- THE BAKED POTATO: 3787 Cahuenga Blvd. W., Studio City. San Miguel, Fri., Aug. 5, 9:30 p.m., \$20. The Baked Potato All-Stars, Sat., Aug. 6, 9:30 p.m., \$20. The John Daversa Contemporary Big Band, Sun., Aug 7, 9:30 p.m., \$25. Monday Night Jammmz, Mondays. 9:30 p.m., \$10. Connie Han, Tue., Aug. 9, 9:30 p.m., \$15. La Tenaza, Wed., Aug. 10, 9:30 p.m., \$15. Nili Brosh, Thu., Aug. 11, 9:30 p.m., \$20.
- BLUE WHALE: 123 Astronaut E.S. Onizuka St., L.A. The Jeff Babko Group, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., TBA. Richard Sears, Billy Hart, Dayna Stephens, Roman Filiu & Martin Nevin, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 p.m., \$20. Alex Chaloff, Tucker Antell, Anthony Wilson & Larry Goldings, Mon. Aug. 8, 9 p.m., \$15. The Mike Gurrola Group, Tue., Aug. 9, 9 p.m., TBA. Joey Sellers' Jazz Aggregation, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., TBA. The Aruan Ortiz Trio, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$15.
- CATALINA BAR & GRILL: 6725 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Kay-Ta, Sun., Aug. 7, 7:30 p.m., TBA. Natasha Agrama, Tue., Aug. 9, 8:30 p.m., TBA. Jennifer Leitham, Wed., Aug. 10, 8:30 p.m., TBA. The Four Kin Cousins, Thu., Aug. 11, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
- DESERT ROSE: 1700 Hillhurst Ave., L.A. The Mark Z. Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7-11 p.m., free.
- HARVELLE'S SANTA MÓNICA: 1432 Fourth St., Santa Monica. The Toledo Show, Sundays, 9:30 p.m., \$10. The House of Vibe All-Stars, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., \$10. Jessie Payo, Thu., Aug. 11, 9:30 p.m., \$10-\$35.
- HILL AVENUE GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH: 73 N. Hill Ave., Pasadena. Phat Cat Swinger, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$15.
- THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE: 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach. The Theo Saunders Quartet, Sat., Aug. 6, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free. The Peter Meyers Big Band, Sun., Aug. 7, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., \$10. The Danny Janklow Quartet, Wed., Aug. 10, 6-9 p.m., free.
- LUXE SUNSET BOULEVARD HOTEL: 11461 Sunset Blvd., Brentwood. Juliana Hatcher & Carey Frank, at jazz brunch, Sundays, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., \$60.
- MAVERICK'S FLAT: 4225 Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. Spanky

Wilson, Sun., Aug. 7, 6 p.m., \$30 & \$35. **ROCKWELL TABLE & STAGE:** 1714 N. Vermont Ave., L.A. Kendall Amon, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$15-\$25.

VIBRATO GRILL & JAZZ: 2930 Beverly Glen Circle, Bel-Air. The Rob Lockhart Quartet, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., free. John Daversa, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 p.m., free. Paris Chansons, Sun., Aug. 7, 7:30 p.m., \$20. Brenna Whitaker, Tue., Aug. 9, 9 p.m., \$25. Nicole Haley, Wed., Aug. 10, 8 p.m., \$20. Billy Valentine, Thu., Aug. 11, 7:30 & 9 p.m., \$20.

<u>VITELLO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT.</u> 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City. Chuck Johnson's Interplay, Sun., Aug. 7, 8 p.m., \$15. DW3, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., \$20 & \$40.

WORLD STAGE PERFORMANCE GALLERY: 4321 Degnan Blvd., L.A. Theo Saunders, with Henry Franklin, Marvin "Smitty" Smith & Chuck Manning, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 & 10:30 p.m., \$20. Munyungo Jackson, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 & 10:30 p.m., \$20. Sisters of Jazz Jam Session, Sundays, 8 p.m., \$5. Jazz Jam Session, Thursdays, 9 p.m., \$5.

-Falling James

LATIN & WORLD

<u>CASA ARJONA:</u> 4515 E. Harvey Way, Long Beach. Katia Moraes & Brazilian Hearts, Sat., Aug. 6, 7 p.m., \$20. COCOPALM RESTAURANT: 1600 Fairplex Drive.

Pomona. Chino Espinoza y los Duenos del Son, Fridays, 10 p.m., free.

THE CONGA ROOM: 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A. Discoteca DTLA, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., TBA. Conga Room Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., TBA.

<u>EL CID:</u> 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Flamenco Dinner Show, Fridays, Saturdays, 7:30 p.m.; Sundays, 6 p.m., \$20 & \$35.

EL FLORIDITA RESTAURANT: 1253 N. Vine St., L.A. Salsa Night, Fridays, 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 9:30 p.m., \$10.

THE GRANADA LA: 17 S. First St., Alhambra. Salsa Fridays, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., \$10. Salsa & Bachata Saturdays, Saturdays, 7 p.m.-3 a.m., \$15. Salsa & Bachata Tuesdays, Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m., \$5. Bachata Thursdays, Thursdays, 8 p.m., \$5-\$10.

TIA CHUCHA'S CENTRO CULTURAL & BOOKSTORE: 13197-A Gladstone Ave., Sylmar. Open mic, Fridays, 8-10 p.m.

-Falling James

COUNTRY & FOLK

THE CINEMA BAR: 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Boyfriend Material, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., free. Round 12, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., free. Juke Joint Dogs, Sun., Aug. 7, 9 p.m., free. The Hot Club of L.A., Mondays, 9 p.m., free. Nervous Rex, Tue., Aug. 9, 9 p.m., free. R. Jay Souza, Tawny Ellis, Johnny Elkins, Dylan Luster, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., free. David J. Moriarty, Thu., Aug. 11, 7 p.m., free.

THE COFFEE GALLERY BACKSTAGE: 2029 N. Lake Ave., Altadena. Grace Kelly, Fri., Aug. 5, 5 & 8 p.m., \$25. Rattle the Knee, Sat., Aug. 6, 7 p.m., \$18. Tom Fair, Samantha Elin, Bob Gothar, Sun., Aug. 7, 3 p.m., \$20; The Jangle Brothers, Sun., Aug. 7, 7 p.m., \$20. Roy Zimmerman, Mon., Aug. 8, 8 p.m., \$18.

EB'S BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET: 6333 W. Third St., L.A. Molly Hanmer & the Midnight Tokers, Sat., Aug. 6, 7 p.m., free. IRELAND'S 32: 13721 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuvs.

Acoustic Jam, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free.

JOE'S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL: 4311 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank. Lee Harper, Fri., Aug. 5, 9 p.m., free. Sayed Sabrina, Toni Boller, Sun., Aug. 7, 5 p.m., free. Dave Stuckey & the 4 Hoot Owls, Mon., Aug. 8, 9 p.m., free. The Swingin' 88s, Tue., Aug. 9, 9 p.m., free. Dragon Jive, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., free.

TEMPLE AKIBA: 5249 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Roy Zimmerman, Sat., Aug. 6, 8 p.m., \$30.

TINHORN FLATS SALOON & GRILL: 1724 N. Highland Ave., L.A. Tina Michelle & the Rhinestone Cowgirls, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free.

-Falling James

DANCE CLUBS

THE AIRLINER: 2419 N. Broadway, L.A. Resonant Sound, Sat., Aug. 6, 7:30 p.m.-2 a.m., \$5. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.

AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., L.A. Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more, 19 & over, Fridays, 9:30 p.m.; Dieselboy, Downlink, Mayhem, Not Sorry, Fri., Aug. 5, 9:30 p.m., TBA. Avaland, where DJs are in the house with techno, trance and more, 21 & over, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m.; Nora en Pure, Redondo, Randy Seidman, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., TBA. Junkie Kid, Wed., Aug. 10, 9 p.m., TBA. CREATE NIGHTCLUB: 6021 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. EC

CREATE NIGHTCLUB: 0021 HollyWood Bivd., LA. EC Twins, Fri., Aug. 5, 10 p.m., \$16.98; Noize Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m. Helena Legend, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., \$16.98; Arcade Saturdays, Saturdays, 10 p.m. DRAGONFLY: 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., LA. Respect

Drum & Bass, Thursdays, 10 p.m., \$10. DRAI'S HOLLYWOOD AT THE W HOTEL: 6250

Hollywood Blvd., L.A. Night Splash Fridays, Fridays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Thru Sept. 9, \$20. **EXCHANGE L.A.:** 618 S. Spring St., L.A. John

O'Callaghan, Bryan Kearney, Standerwick, Fri., Aug. 5, 10 p.m., TBA; Awakening, Fridays, 10 p.m. UZ, Bare, JayKode, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., TBA; Inception, Saturdays, 10 p.m.

THE FEDERAL BAR: 5303 N. Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood. L.A. Silent Party, Sun., Aug. 7, 9 p.m., \$10. GENERAL LEE'S BAR: 475 Gin Ling Way, L.A. DJ Joey

Altruda's Shanghai Noir, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., free. **GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB:** 943 N. Broadway, L.A. Club Underground, with DJs Larry G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21 & over, Fridays, 9 p.m., §8. Boombox, first Saturday of every month, 9 p.m. Night Shift, second Thursday of every month, 9 p.m. Starts Aug. 11. Thru Nov. 10, free. **LE JARDIN:** 1430 N. Cahuenga Blvd., L.A. Wolf + Lamb, Soul Clap, Pillowtalk, No Regular Play, Poolside, Sun.,

Aug. 7, 4 p.m., \$30. See Music Pick. LOS CLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Club '90s, Fri., Aug. 5, 10 p.m.; Sat., Aug. 13; Sat., Aug. 27, 10 p.m.;

Low Limit, Them Jeans, Sodapop, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., TBA. Llamadon, 3lon, J. Robb, Tek Lun, Urban Shaman, Butch Dawson, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m., \$10. OHM NIGHTCLUB: 6801 Hollywood Blvd., LA. Sangria Sundays, Sundays, 4 p.m. Thru Sept. 25, free.

RADISSON HOTEL WHITTIER: 7320 Greenleaf Ave., Whittier. EDM Thursdays, Thursdays, 8 p.m.-1:30 a.m. Starts Aug. 11. Thru Oct. 27, \$10.

THE REGENT THEATER: 448 S. Main St., L.A. Bootie L.A., 21 & over, Every other Saturday, 9 p.m., \$15. RIVIERA 31: Hotel Sofitel, 8555 Beverly Blvd., L.A.

HDG, a house, garage and disco night with DJ Garth Trinidad & DJ Mateo Senolia, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., free. **THE SATELLITE:** 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., L.A. Dance

Yourself Clean, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m., \$5. SHORT STOP: 1455 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Super Soul

Sundays, 21 & over, Sundays, 10 p.m., free. Motown on Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m., free. SOUND NIGHTCLUB: 1642 N. Las Palmas Ave., L.A.

Victor Calderone, Lupe Fuentes, Fri, Aug. 5, 10 p.m., \$20. Bad Boy Bill, Richard Vission, Sat., Aug. 6, 10 p.m., \$25.

THE STUDY HOLLYWOOD: 6356 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m.

THAT '80S BAR: 10555 Mills Ave., Montclair. '80s Dance Party, with new wave, old-school and freestyle favorites, Fridays, Saturdays, 7 p.m.-2 a.m., \$5-\$10.
THE THEATRE AT ACE HOTEL: 929 S. Broadway, L.A.

Dublab Vibing Time, with Dublab DJs, Sundays, 1 p.m., free. **UNION NIGHTCLUB:** 4067 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. Das

Bunker, Fri., Aug. 5, 10 p.m., \$10. Get Heavy, Sat., Aug. 6, 9 p.m., \$15-\$25. Fly Hii, Thu., Aug. 11, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free.

THE VIRGIL: 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. Planet Rock, with DJs Chuck Wild & Canyon Cody flipping hip-hop, funk, Latin, reggae, disco and house, Saturdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free.

ZANZIBAR: 1301 Fifth St., Santa Monica. Seductive Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., TBA. Soundstage, Sundays, 9 p.m., TBA.

-Falling James

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

FRIDAY, AUG. 5

CONCERTS

98.7 ALTIMATE SUMMER CAMP: With Capital Cities, The Naked & Famous, The Strumbellas, Bishop Briggs, Lewis Del Mar, JR JR, Declan Mckenna, Grace Mitchell, DJ Scotty Fox, 4 p.m., \$39.50-\$100. Santa Monica Pier, 200 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica.

Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., L.A. See Music Pick. **ARIRANG AFROBEAT:** With Najite & Olokun Prophecy,

7:30 p.m., free. Korean Cultural Center, 5505 Wilshire Blvd., Third Floor, L.A.



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with JASON BENTLEY

THE BIRD DOGS: 12 p.m., free. Pershing Square, 532





FRIDAY - AUG. 5 TAYLOR JOHN WILLIAMS. SETH WOOD, MATT DUNNE, WES HAAS

S*aturday - Aug. 6* Dignitary, Empty Palace, Neonderthal

SUNDAY - AUG 7 THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA

MONDAY - AUG. 8 NHOLLY GUACAMOLE OPEN MIC

WEDNESDAY - AUG. 10 FUTRA PRE-PARTY: FUTURE CHOIR, JOYEUR, DJ KNYPHY, + MORE

HURSDAY - AUG. 11 A. TAKEDOWN, BART DAVENPORT, IICHAEL STASIS, DJ SHOWBIZ PIG

FRIDAY - AUG. 12 ANDREW KEOGHAN (RECORD RELEASE), **DOE PAORO, DANKE**

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DAVID BENOIT: 7:30 p.m., \$40-\$50. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre, 2100 E. Thousand Oaks Blvd., Thousand Oaks.

FRANK TURNER & THE SLEEPING SOULS: With Josiah & the Bonnevilles, 11 p.m., \$30. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

HUNTER HAYES, CASSADEE POPE: 7:30 p.m., TBA. Pacific Amphitheatre, 100 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa. GO MAC SABBATH: With PPL MVR, Haunted Garage,

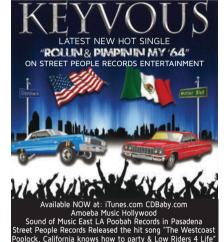
Radioactive Chicken Heads, 8 p.m., \$21.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A. See Music Pick.

MIRANDA LAMBERT: With Kip Moore, Brothers Osborne, 7:30 p.m., TBA. Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre. 8800 Irvine Center Drive, Irvine.

RYAN ADAMS, NICE AS FUCK: With Jenny Lewis, Erika Forster & Tennessee Thomas, 7:30 p.m., \$35-\$55. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., L.A.

SUMMER NIGHTS IN THE GARDEN: With musicians TBA, 5 p.m., free. Natural History Museum of L.A. County, 900 Exposition Blvd., L.A.

WEEZER, PANIC AT THE DISCO: With Andrew McMahon



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in the Wilderness, 6 p.m., \$55.50-\$69.50. Santa Barbara Bowl, 1122 N. Milpas St., Santa Barbara. THE WOMBATS: 8 p.m., \$20. The Observatory, 3503 S.

Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. THE WOOD BROTHERS: 7:30 p.m., free. Figat7th, 735 S. Figueroa St., L.A.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6

GO ADELE: 7:30 p.m., \$39.95-\$149.50. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., L.A. See Music Pick. A.J. CROCE: 8 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion Pasadena. 85 E. Holly St. Pasadena

CORNELIUS: With DJ Nosaj Thing, 8 p.m., \$28. The Orpheum, 842 S. Broadway, L.A. See Music Pick.

DESI VALENTINE, SAM FISCHER, T.O.L.D.: 6:30 p.m., TBA. Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St. Ste 203, L.A.

THE FAB FOUR: 8 p.m. Pacific Amphitheatre, 100 Fair Drive Costa Mesa

THE GREG REITAN TRIO: 5 p.m., \$12. Norton Simon Museum, 411 W. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena. HAMISH ANDERSON: 8 p.m., free. Grand Central

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- KANSAS: With Blitzen Trapper, 8 p.m., free. Pershing Square, 532 S. Olive St., L.A.
- L.A. SKACORE INVASION: With Sektacore, Tijuana No!, Viernes 13, Raskahuele, Red Store Bums, La Resistencia, South Central Skankers, Ultima Caida, Happy Drunk Cartel, No Moral, 23 Skunks, Isolated Victims, Los Arambula and others, 2 p.m., \$20. Plaza de la Raza, 3540 N. Mission Road, LA.
- MBONGWANA STAR: 8 p.m., free. California Plaza, 350 S. Grand Ave., L.A.
- MICKEY AVALON, SHWAYZE: 8 p.m., TBA. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A.
- **<u>NEPTUNE COCKTAIL:</u>** 6 p.m., free. Redondo Beach Pier, 100 W. Torrance Blvd., Redondo Beach.
- <u>OH WONDER:</u> With Xylo, 8 p.m., \$25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
- ROCKY DAWUNI: With DJ Drez, 7 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion at MacArthur Park, 2230 W. Sixth St., L.A.
- THE SANTA BARBARA MARIACHI FESTIVAL: With Aida Cueva, Lila Downs, Mariachi Sol de Mexico, Mariachi Reyna de los Angeles, Mariachi Nuevo Tecalitlan, 12 p.m., TBA. Santa Barbara Bowl, 1122 N. Milpas St., Santa Barbara.
- A SICKSIDE LOVE AFFAIR: With The Delfonics Revue, Black Ivory, 7 p.m., TBA. 333 Live, 333 S. Boylston St., LA.
- TASTE OF SAN PEDRO: With performers TBA, 5-10 p.m., \$55. Crafted at the Port of L.A., 112 E. 22nd St., San Pedro.
- WEEZER, PANIC AT THE DISCO: With Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness, 8 p.m., TBA. Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre, 8800 Irvine Center Drive, Irvine.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7

- BRETT DENNEN: 4:30 p.m., free. Hermosa Beach Pier, 1 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach.
- THE FAB FOUR: 6:30 p.m., \$15. Starlight Bowl, 1249 Lockheed View Drive, Burbank.
- JAMISON ROSS: 7 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion Pasadena, 85 E. Holly St., Pasadena.
- KURT VILE: 7 p.m., TBA. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., L.A.
- LA SIRENA Y ORQUESTA MAR DE ASHÉ: 5 p.m., free. Stewart Street Park, 1836 Stewart St., Santa Monica.
- MATCHBOX TWENTY TOO: 6 p.m., free. Warner Center Park, 5800 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Woodland Hills. MICHAEL MCDONALD: 6 p.m., \$50-\$100. Libbey Bowl,
- 210 S. Signal St., Ojai. ROCK THIS TOWN: 6 p.m., free. Memorial Park, 222 W.
- Sierra Madre Blvd., Sierra Madre. SHWAYZE, MICKEY AVALON: 8 p.m., \$5. The
- Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
- SUFJAN STEVENS, KURT VILE & THE VIOLATORS: With Ibeyi, 7 p.m., \$14-\$151. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., L.A.
- TRAIN, MIDNIGHT HOUR: 7:30 p.m., TBA. Pacific Amphitheatre, 100 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa.
- WARPED TOUR: With Falling in Reverse, Four Year Strong, Less Than Jake, New Found Glory, Reel Big Fish, Set It Off, Sum 41, Yellowcard, Waka Flocka Flame, The Summer Set, Atreyu and others, 12 p.m., \$29-\$41.50. Pomona Fairplex, 1101 W. McKinley Ave., Pomona.
- THE ZETZ KLEZMER ENSEMBLE: 4 p.m., free. Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

MONDAY, AUG. 8

- KID CADAVER: 8 p.m., \$8. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
- RADIOHEAD: With Shabazz Palaces, 8:30 p.m., TBA. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall, 665 W. Jefferson Blvd., L.A.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9

Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., L.A. See Music Pick. ALABAMA SHAKES, DAWES: 7:30 p.m., \$39.50-\$69.50.

The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., L.A. <u>PITY PARTY:</u> 9 p.m., \$8. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10

- **CO** <u>ADELE:</u> 7:30 p.m., \$39.95-\$149.50. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., L.A. See Music Pick.
- ALABAMA SHAKES, DAWES: 7:30 p.m., \$39.50-\$69.50. The Greek Theatre, 2700 N. Vermont Ave., L.A. BRASIL BRAZIL: 12 p.m., free. Pershing Square, 532 S.

Olive St., L.A.

- GO FLUME: 8:30 p.m., \$34.50-\$43.50. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall, 665 W. Jefferson Blvd., L.A. See Music Pick.
- <u>GZA:</u> 8 p.m., \$5. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. JEFF BECK, BUDDY GUY: With Steven Tyler, Beth Hart,
- 8 p.m., \$1-\$151. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., L.A.
- LINDSEY STIRLING, CARAH FAYE: 7:30 p.m., TBA. Pacific Amphitheatre, 100 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa. PSYCHIC TV: 7:30 p.m., \$30. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11

BONE THUGS-N-HARMONY: 11 p.m., \$25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. BRIAN FERRY: With LP, 8 p.m., \$49.50-\$125. Microsoft

- Theater, 777 Chick Hearn Court, L.A. CANNIBAL CORPSE, NILE, AFTER THE BURIAL: With Sufficientian Corrifor Provention Kristian Shurchton
- Suffocation, Carnifex, Revocation, Krisiun, Slaughter to Prevail, Ingested, 2 p.m., \$29.50. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana. CHRIS YOUNG, RUTHIE COLLINS: 7:30 p.m., TBA.
- Pacific Amphitheatre, 100 Fair Drive, Costa Mesa. DARRELL MANSFIELD: 6 p.m., free. Redondo Beach Pier, 100 W. Torrance Blvd., Redondo Beach.
- **EO** <u>FLUME:</u> 8:30 p.m., \$34.50-\$43.50. Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall, 665 W. Jefferson Blvd., L.A. See Music Pick.
- <u>GZA:</u> 8 p.m., \$5. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A.
- INDIGO GIRLS: With Lucy Wainwright Roche, 9 p.m., TBA. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. LUCKY DIAZ & THE FAMILY JAM BAND: 7 p.m., free. Levitt Pavilion Pasadena, 85 E. Holly St., Pasadena.
- M.A.K.U. SOUNDSYSTEM: 8 p.m., free. Skirball Cultural Center, 2701 N. Sepulveda Blvd., L.A.
- THE MICHAEL VLATKOVICH SEPTET: 8 p.m., TBA. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood.
- MISSY ANDERSEN: 7 p.m., free. Culver City City Hall Courtyard, 9770 Culver Blvd., Culver City. CO RÜFÜS DU SOL: With Marc Baker, Thu., Aug. 11,
- 7 p.m., free. Santa Monica Pier. See Music Pick. **RUSS:** 9 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd.,
- L.A. <u>SUMMERLAND 2016 FEST:</u> With Sugar Ray, Everclear, Lit, Sponge, 7 p.m., \$38-\$78. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills.

-Falling James

- CENTER STAGE: The worlds of Broadway and opera
- collide via vocalists Audrey Babcock, Delicia Malkia Smith, Cedric Barry and the Cal Phil Chorale, Sun., Aug. 7, 2 p.m., \$20-\$100. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., L.A.
- THE HENRY J. BRUMAN SUMMER CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL: Kaleidoscope Chamber Orchestra focuses on Mozart and Beethoven, Thu., Aug. 11, noon, free. UCLA, Powell Library Building, 405 Hilgard Ave., Westwood.
- JUN ASAI: The Pasadena-raised pianist gives a recital of Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody and sonatas by Chopin and Prokofiev, Sat., Aug. 6, 4 p.m., free. The Colburn\ School of Music, Zipper Concert Hall, 200 S. Grand Ave., L.A.
- LA. PHILHARMONIC: Dancers from American Ballet Theatre enliven selections from Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake, and fireworks streak over the band shell as Gustavo Dudamel conducts the Russian composer's brassily euphoric 1812 Overture, Aug. 5-6, 8 p.m., \$14-\$182. Violinist Arabella Steinbacher stitches together Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5, and Andrew Manze conducts the Austrian composer's Don Giovanni Overture and Jupiter Symphony, Tue., Aug. 9, 8 p.m., \$8-\$113 (see GoLA). Swiss pianist Francesco Piemontesi unravels Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4, and Andrew Manze conducts Schubert's Ninth Symphony, Thu., Aug. 11, 8 p.m., \$1-\$149. Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., LA.
- SANUBAR TURSUN: The Uyghur vocalist performs a free set, Sun., Aug. 7, 7 p.m., free. California Plaza, 350 S. Grand Ave., L.A.
- THE SPIRIT OF KOREA: The L.A. Korean-American Musicians Association's chamber choir teams with Yoon Hak Won Choral, Fri., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., \$20-\$80. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., L.A. –Falling James



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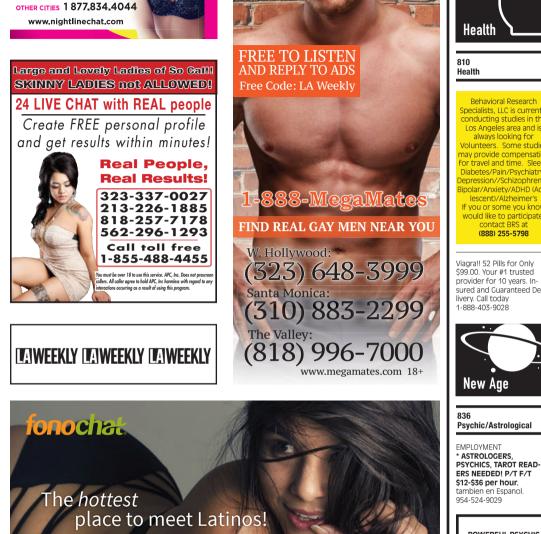
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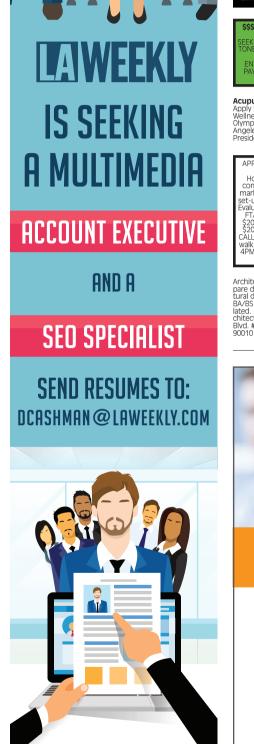
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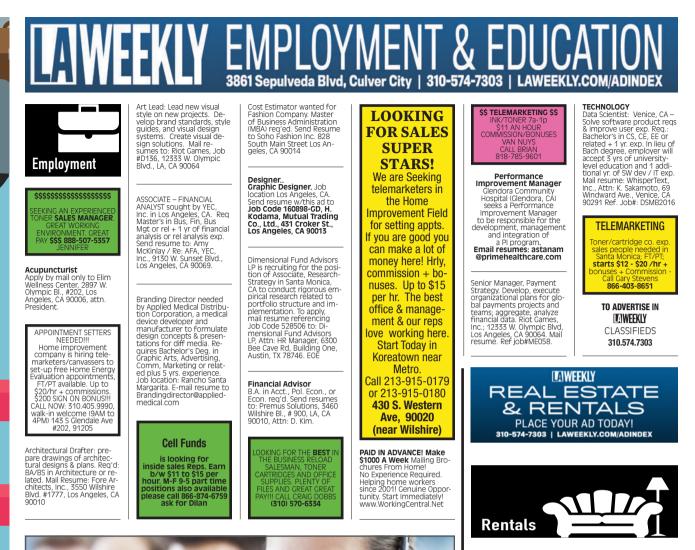


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